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# ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

## FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.

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VOLUME XXX.

PART I., NOVEMBER, 1902, TO APRIL, 1903.

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THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK  
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# ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XXX.

PART I.

SIX MONTHS—NOVEMBER, 1902, TO APRIL, 1903.





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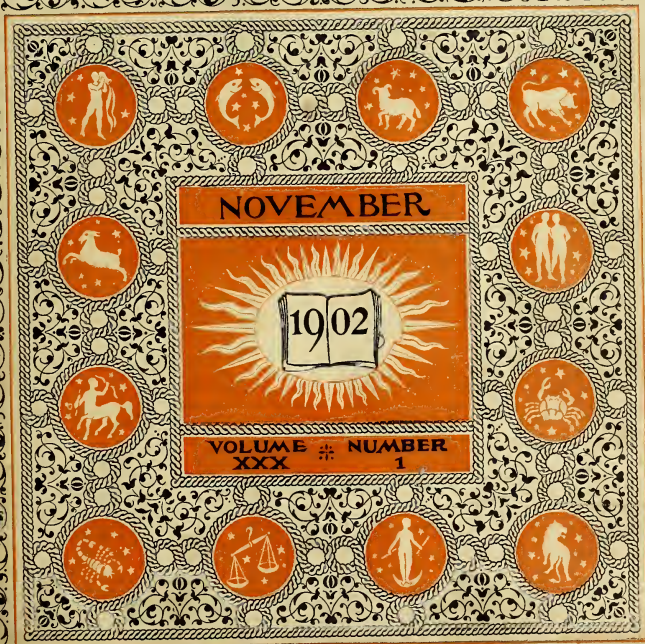


"The Story of King Arthur," by Howard Pyle

# ST. NICHOLAS

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

CONDUCTED BY  
MARY MAPES DODGE



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\*NOTE—A. Asti, who is captivating Paris and other great art centers with his exquisite portrayals of beautiful women, dates his instant success "BLOSSOMING," exhibited at the Paris Salon of 1899. The subject, the half figure of a woman, lovely beyond compare, stamped Asti at once as a coming man, and ever since his works have been eagerly sought and prized by connoisseurs and all lovers of feminine beauty in art. "Blossoming" was followed by a number of paintings similar in subject and treatment, and each revealing the same feeling and the same devotion to feminine grace, beauty, and purity.

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WILLIAM W. ELLSWORTH, *Secy.*

THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York, N. Y.



# ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1903

FIRST ANNOUNCEMENT—AND MORE TO FOLLOW!

SINCE the first number of ST. NICHOLAS was published, in 1873, many weekly and monthly publications for children have come and gone, but ST. NICHOLAS still holds its place—the unrivaled “prince of periodicals for young folk,”—and seemingly never *can* grow old or dull. It was never more prized by its young readers than now. One “just-grown-up” critic wrote recently: “I have read ST. NICHOLAS for twelve years, and I think that 1902 has been the banner year of this wonderful magazine.”

Assuredly, the editor and the publishers are bent upon securing for it the utmost that money, enterprise, and unceasing effort can achieve in providing for Young America entertaining, varied, and helpful reading.

The November number begins the thirtieth volume of “St. Nicholas.” In the volume just ending “St. Nicholas” made an absolutely new departure in magazine editing by discarding entirely the serial story, which had long been regarded as an essential feature, and printing a long story complete in each number of the magazine. A large majority of the young readers have declared themselves in favor of this plan, but there are still a goodly number who enjoy the old-time “to-be-continued” story. Perhaps the best solution of the problem is suggested by a young reader who requested “continued stories during the winter months when boys and girls have to study,” and “long-stories-complete in the summer, when they have no lessons to learn, and plenty of time to read.”

However, it is the good fortune of ST. NICHOLAS to have obtained for next year a long story which seems to offer an ideal serial, both for the lovers of the “to-be-continued” story and for those who like the “long-story-complete.” This is:



## “The Story of King Arthur” By Howard Pyle

Young readers everywhere are familiar with Mr. Pyle’s story of “Robin Hood”—and in this new serial the famous artist-author furnishes a companion story to that well-known book, but even surpassing it in the

strength and interest of the narrative and the beauty and richness of the illustrations. There is little doubt, indeed, that this story will be known as Mr. Pyle’s masterpiece for young readers. It is no recounting of old



## ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1903—continued.

stories, but an entirely new series of picturesque, romantic tales woven about the old legend of King Arthur. The narrative as a whole is Mr. Pyle's own creation, and it is worthy to rank with any of the famous chronicles of King Arthur and his court.

The story will run through twelve numbers of the magazine and thus will be a serial. But each instal-

ment, with its episodes or adventures, is complete in itself. Altogether, this story, enriched by Mr. Pyle's preëminent gifts as an illustrator, is likely to prove the most notable work for young readers published in the English language during the coming year. And it appeals equally to boys and girls.

Another announcement of great interest to young readers, everywhere, is that of

## Two Short Stories by Louisa M. Alcott "Lu Sing" and "The Eaglet in the Dove's Nest"

These two charming stories were written by Miss Alcott for her own little niece; and the one entitled "Lu Sing" derives an added interest from the fact—explained in introductory comments by Mr. F. Alcott Pratt—that "the characters are representative of real persons, including the author herself."

Nearly all of Miss Alcott's best stories, during the

later half of her life, were written for ST. NICHOLAS, and it is peculiarly appropriate that these two tales by the famous author of "Little Women" should also appear in this magazine. They were held unpublished by her relatives after her death, and have only recently been obtained by ST. NICHOLAS. Each will be accompanied by several illustrations.

The magazine is fortunate, also, in having secured a new, original, and interesting short story with the quaint title of

## "The Watermelon Stockings"

By Alice Caldwell Hegan

Miss Hegan's story of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" has attained astonishing popularity during the past summer, and her present contribution, written especially for ST. NICHOLAS, exhibits the skilful mingling of humor and pathos that gained so wide a circle of readers for her book.

## "Alligator Hunting in Florida"

By Frank R. Stockton

This article was written especially for ST. NICHOLAS by Mr. Stockton, and it will be sure to interest boys and girls, both because of the picturesque subject

itself, and the many characteristic touches which this favorite author has given to his account of it.

## "Baby' Elton, Quarter-Back"

By Leslie W. Quirk

A foot-ball story which will appeal strongly to all lovers of the great college game; and it outlines other equally entertaining episodes of college life, apart from the foot-ball contest which it so stirringly describes.

## "In Yedo Bay"

By Jack London

Tells the story of a plucky Yankee boy's adventure in getting back to his ship from the Japanese mainland.

## "Lady Baby"

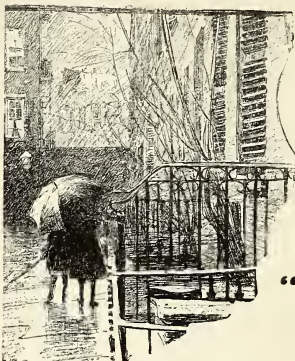
By Ruth McEnery Stuart

Is a brief story of a charming little Southerner, ending with a characteristic bit of Southern verse.



ALICE CALDWELL HEGAN.

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."



"A CORNER OF QUEERIN PLACE."

## "Beth of Queerin Place"

By Marion Ames Taggart

Is a unique story of a unique and little-known corner of New York, by the author of "The Wyndham Girls,"—and other admirable stories for girl readers.

## "Little Man Friday"

By Clara Morris

Is a fine story, written in the best style of this gifted woman and popular author.

## "What Another Summer Brought to Denise and Ned Toodles"

By Gabrielle E. Jackson

Girl readers everywhere will be interested in the announcement of this long story, which is a sequel to that very popular St. NICHOLAS serial "Denise and Ned Toodles."

## PAPERS OF INFORMATION

An unusually rich and varied list of descriptive sketches will be published in the new volume. It is far too long to be enumerated in full, but a few of the most striking papers of information may be mentioned:

Young lovers of athletics who delight in startling feats will be pleasantly amazed by an article—

### "Snow-Shoeing in Norway"

By C. Borchgrevink

The famous Antarctic explorer here describes the remarkable descents made by Norwegian ski-riders, and the sensational leaps through the air which they per-

form. This will be illustrated, moreover, with very striking pictures drawn from photographs furnished by the author.

### "How Uncle Sam Observes Christmas"

By Clifford Howard

This seems, at first sound, a trite subject. But when young readers reflect that "Uncle Sam" has now grown to be a "world-power" and that his territory reaches from Alaska to Porto Rico, and from the easternmost point of Maine to the Philippines, they will understand

the significance of this interesting article. Readers young and old, moreover, will be surprised by the vast differences in the Christmas celebrations at the extreme points of Uncle Sam's big domain. Several well-known artists will collaborate in illustrating the sketch.

Other interesting papers relating to our own country include:

### "Children of the White House"

By Waldon Fawcett

A brief historical glimpse of the children and child-relatives of the various Presidents who have lived in the Executive Mansion from its first year down to the present day.

## ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1903 — continued

### “Our Boys and Our Presidents”

By Charles Benjamin

This novel and suggestive paper gives a summary and review of the careers of the various Presidents, their boyhood, the vocations which they chose, and the turning-points which led each one of them into the path that ended finally in the great office of President. All boys intending to be President should read this article, for it will enable them to calculate with reasonable accuracy their chances of attaining this ambition!

Two very interesting descriptive papers will describe :

### “A Trip Through the New York Navy-Yard”

With photographs of several unique scenes taken “on the spot,” and—

### “A Trip Through the Assay Office of New York”

Giving the reader an inside view of one of the most interesting and least-known government institutions in the country. The place where an employee may be seen using a ninety-thousand-dollar pile of gold bars for a luncheon table, and another, worth seventy-five thousand dollars, for a chair, must be well worth visiting.

A contribution of especial interest, just at this time, is a double paper entitled:

### “The Story of Two Buried Cities”

This article will describe the destruction of Pompeii and of St. Pierre in Martinique. And from it young readers will gain a good idea of the similarity between two of the greatest disasters in the world's history—involving the destruction of two cities separated by thousands of miles and nearly two thousand years.

### “Book-Plates for Children”

By Wilbur F. Macey

Is a novel contribution, with very charming pictures, showing the value and the beauty of book-plates for little folk, which may easily be made as artistic and appropriate as those of the grown-up book-lover and collector.

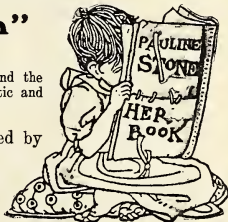
An important series of six brief papers will be contributed by Dr. E. E. Walker, under some such title as —

### “Until the Doctor Comes”

These little articles will tersely and clearly tell young folk what to do in case of accident—such as drowning, sunstroke, burns, wounds, etc.—in the interval between the sending for the doctor and his arrival, pointing out the few simple, safe, and helpful things that can be done and the mistakes that can be avoided.

Among other practical or descriptive papers, there will be accounts of “The Hundred Year Old Academy at West Point,” “A Sled with One Runner,” “Grip, the

Talking Crow,” “In the Night Crew” (a railroad sketch), and historical papers such as “In Chaucer's Youth,” “Richard, my King,” etc., etc.



A BOOK-PLATE FOR A CHILD.

## FUN AND NONSENSE

ST. NICHOLAS would not be ST. NICHOLAS without its funny pictures, its jolly nonsense rhymes, and the many contributions in prose and verse that appeal to the rollicking sense of humor in boys and girls. Contributions of this sort will abound in the new volume—one of the most delightful comicalities being a charming poem, “The Family Noah,” by GUY WETMORE CARRYL, which will appear, with illustrations, in the Christmas number.

LAURA E. RICHARDS will contribute several pieces of nonsense verse. And a very catchy and amusing “Calendar,” comprising one page of the magazine each month, will be contributed by Miss CAROLYN WELLS, whose clever rhymes have so often delighted the readers of the magazine.

There will be, also, a rich supply of funny pictures by such favorite artists as Miss Fanny Cory, Reginald Birch, E. Warde Blaisdell, and others.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1903 — continued

## DEPARTMENTS

The Departments of "Nature and Science" and the "St. Nicholas League," which have proved so popular during the last few years, will be continued throughout 1903.

The "Nature and Science" pages of the magazine have received the warmest commendation from teachers and scientists everywhere — for they are not only of incalculable benefit to the boys and girls, but also of great assistance in the school-room. In one large city, indeed, a course of Saturday morning lectures for children has been successfully conducted during the past few months, based entirely upon the "Nature and Science Department" of ST. NICHOLAS.

The "St. Nicholas League" is constantly growing in membership and popularity, and was never so prosperous as now. The work of the young folk in the various competitions instituted by the "League" has attracted the attention and aroused the admiration of parents and teachers all over the land, and the enthusiastic interest of the boys and girls themselves is evinced by the thousands of letters received, as well as by the contributions sent in.



"AT REST IN AN OLD BIRD'S NEST."  
*From "Nature and Science."*

## AN EARLY RENEWAL

of *your* subscription, if it expires at about this time, will insure your receiving the numbers promptly. We do not mean to lose any of our old subscribers this year, and we do mean to add many new ones. Can you help us in this?

The new volume begins with November.  
Price, \$3.00 a year.

## Two Unsolicited Testimonials

### *From a Grown-up*

"Thank you very heartily for the pleasure and profit ST. NICHOLAS brings to my boys."

JOHN BACH McMASTER,  
Professor of History,  
University of Pennsylvania.

### *From a Young Girl*

"My drawing teacher says he wishes there had been a League when he was little, and I always count the days till ST. NICHOLAS comes, and then I just sit down and read *every* word of it, advertisements and all, so that I may not miss anything!"

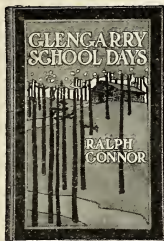
RUTH E. CROMBIE.  
(A subscriber.)

THE CENTURY CO., UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK



*Tales of Adventure and of Wonderful Experiences for*  
**Youngsters and Oldsters**

*Send for our New Illustrated List of Fall Books.*



*Author of "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot," Etc.*

**Glengarry School Days**

By RALPH CONNOR. Illustrated. 12mo, cloth, \$1.25.

The new story fittingly supplements "The Man from Glengarry" (now 140th 1000) in that it deals with some of the same characters. "His material is magnificent in its contrasts and opportunities. Ralph Connor is a man to keep in mind as one of the most virile, faithful and wholesome writers of to-day."—*Public Ledger, Philadelphia.*

*The True Indian Life in Story*

**Two Wilderness Voyagers**

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS. Cloth, \$1.50.

The author of "The Mississippi Bubble" says: "Mr. Calkins has done something new. He gives us Indians, but they are not merely buckskinned manikins. He gives us the West, but he does it without pose. Moreover, he gives us a story, a white story done in red."

*Author of "By Canoe and Dog Train," "On the Indian Trail," Etc.*

**My Dogs in the North Land** By EGERTON R. YOUNG

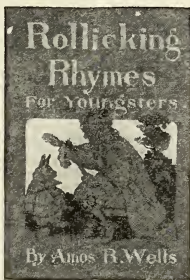
Illustrated and decorated, 12mo, cloth, \$1.25 net.

"Egerton R. Young tells the story of many exciting adventures in the snowy wastes of the Frozen North in which his dogs were concerned, and many amusing and pathetic ones."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

**Rollicking Rhymes for Youngsters**

By AMOS R. WELLS. Illustrated in colors by L. J. Bridgman. 4to, cloth, illustrated, \$1.00 net.

L. J. Bridgman, whose unique illustrations in "Guess" last year made his fame world-wide, has united with Amos R. Wells, already known to ST. NICHOLAS readers, to produce this ideal child's book.



**The Gift of the Magic Staff**

The Story of Paul's Journey in Two Wonderlands. By FANNIE E. OSTRANDER, author of "Baby Goose." 4to, finely illustrated, decorated cover, \$1.00 net.

An ideal blending of the healthfully fanciful fairy element with the healthful teaching of elementary morals. Illustrations by Will Dwiggins add charm and expression.

**Topsy Turvy Land, Arabia pictured for Young Folks.**

By SAMUEL M. and AMY E. ZWEMER. 8vo, illustrated, 75 cents net.

"Admirable in purpose and cleverly written. A book that can hardly fail to delight the youthful heart, besides being informingly wholesome and stimulating."—*Brooklyn Times.*

*Author of "The Araminta and Arabella" Stories.*

**The Queen of Little Barrymore Street**

By GERTRUDE SMITH. 12mo, cloth, decorated, 75 cents net.

"She has made a thorough study of the ways, the manners, and the chirpings of little girls. Her success in getting at the utmost simplicity is wonderful."—*N. Y. Times Sat. Review.*

**Fleming H. Revell Company, Publishers**

**NEW YORK**, 158 Fifth Ave. **CHICAGO**, 63 Washington St. **TORONTO**, 27 Richmond St. W.  
**LONDON**, 21 Paternoster Square, E. C. **EDINBURGH**, 30 St. Mary St.

The two pictures on this page are from a list of fifteen subjects which appeared originally in

**St. Nicholas and The Century Magazine**

They have not been published in any other form, and have not hitherto been obtainable at all as separate pictures. By special arrangement with *The Century Co.* they are now reproduced in **the genuine**—look for our monogram **C** on all **genuine**—

**COPLEY PRINTS**

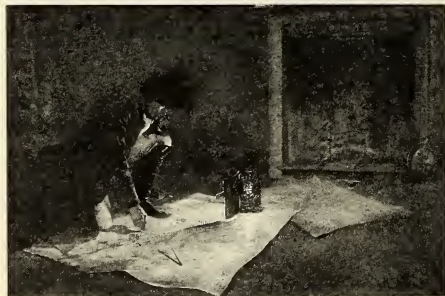
The list includes two charming pictures of French children by Boutet de Monvel; two subjects by Howard Pyle; Madonna by Louis Loeb; "A Pet of Society," by A. Castaigne; another of *The Century's* famous Napoleon pictures; an amusing and timely picture entitled "Ping-Pong after 2 A. M." (this subject being published, however, as a lithograph, in six colors, and not as a Copley Print); "Some of Our Wise Virgins," by Charlotte Harding; "Little Bo-Peep with Three of Her Sheep," by George Wharton Edwards; an



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extremely attractive little golf picture, entitled "Mama's Little Caddy," by M. O. Kobbé; and two of Miss Cory's characteristic pictures of children,—in addition to these two

**Battle Pictures**



Copyright, 1896, by The Century Co. Copley Print copyright, 1902, by Curtis & Cameron. NAPOLEON PLANNING A BATTLE.—BY ERIC PAFE.

The Copley Prints of the above-mentioned pictures are effective for framing for one's walls; they are also suggested as gifts that would be most welcome to one's friends. Several of them, especially the *St. Nicholas* subjects, are unusually appropriate and attractive for children's rooms.

The Prints come in several sizes, varying in price from 50 cents to \$5.00, delivery prepaid. Sold at the leading art stores, or they will be sent "on approval" by the publishers, if desired.

A fully illustrated brochure about these pictures, planned to assist one in making selections

will be sent to any address upon receipt of a 2-cent stamp. (The complete picture catalogue of the Copley Prints will be sent upon receipt of 10 cents. *Stamps accepted.*)

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**CURTIS & CAMERON, 18 Pierce Building, opp. Public Library, BOSTON.**

## Appletons' New Juvenile Fiction

### BEHIND THE LINE

A Story of School and Football. By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR. Illustrated by C. M. Relyea. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.20 net; postage, 12 cents additional. (*Just Published.*)

THIS is a football story by a writer who has placed himself at the head of writers of stories of college sports. "Behind the Line" deals with life at the preparatory school and in the earlier years at the university. It contains thrilling descriptions of football contests, and gives an intimate view of the preparation and training for football and other athletics. The story is one of much variety and incident.

By the same author

**The Half-Back.** A Story of School, Football, and Golf. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

**For the Honor of the School.** A Story of School Life and Interscholastic Sport. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

**Captain of the Crew.** Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

### WITH THE FLAG IN THE CHANNEL; or, The Adventures of Capt. Gustavus Conyngham

By JAMES BARNES, author of "Midshipman Farragut," "Commodore Perry," etc. Illustrated by Charlton T. Chapman. (Heroes of the Navy series.) 12mo. Cloth, 80 cents net; postage, 8 cents additional.

THE wonderful story of adventure at sea which Mr. Barnes tells in this volume will be new to almost all readers, but it is founded upon fact. Captain Conyngham was the predecessor of Paul Jones. When Dr. Franklin and Silas Deane of the Marine Committee of 1777 issued the commissions for vessels which were to sail in the capacity of national cruisers, the first commission, dated March 1, 1777, was given to Captain Conyngham. He crossed to the British Channel, captured English ships, entered English ports in disguise, and his brilliant exploits filled England with dismay.

### MISS LOCHINVAR

A Story for Girls. By MARION AMES TAGGART. Illustrated by William L. Jacobs. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.20 net; postage, 12 cents additional.

MISS TAGGART knows all the workings of the girlish heart. The experiences of the country girl brought up to worship nature and truth, to take things at their true worth, and to look always for the best in her friends and surroundings, suddenly called upon to face life in the home of her rich city cousins, and her unconscious influence in overcoming the petty jealousies and meannesses that make themselves manifest in an artificial society, form the theme that Miss Taggart has used for an intensely sympathetic and interesting story. While written especially for girls, it contains a lesson for boys. It is one of the most important recent additions to wholesome juvenile literature.

### JACKS OF ALL TRADES

A Story for Girls and Boys. By KATHARINE NEWBOLD BIRDSALL. Illustrated in two colors by Walter Russell, with many text cuts. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.20 net; postage, 12 cents additional.

HERE is a story that shows conclusively that "the child is father to the man." Miss Birdsall has written a book that should be read by every boy and girl who has any ambition or purpose to develop the best that is in them. The author has taken nobility of character as the key-note for a most wholesome and inspiring story, the plot of which is of absorbing interest.

D. Appleton & Company, Publishers, New York



# New Books for Young Folks

## Barnaby Lee



By JOHN BENNETT, author of "Master Skylark." 12mo, 454 pages, including 34 full-page illustrations by Clyde O. DeLand. Price, \$1.50.

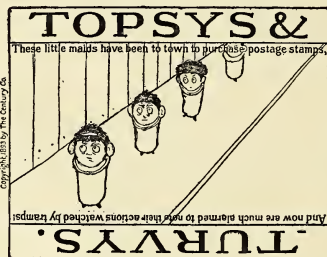
**T**HIS book makes a strong appeal to both boys and girls. The time and scene of the book bring its young hero to New Amsterdam during the sway of doughty Peter Stuyvesant. Barnaby—a runaway from the tyranny of a scoundrelly ship captain little better than a pirate—is rescued from his many troubles by the timely capture of the Dutch city when the English fleet arrives. Many colonial notables, drawn with the truth and force the author exhibited in his exquisite "Master Skylark," play their stirring drama on this little stage. Girls will find a heroine and boys a hero or two in its pages.

## Peter Newell's "Topsys and Turvys"

This book contains 36 illustrated subjects printed in seven colors. Price, \$1.00 *net* (postage 11 cents).

**F**UN for the young folks. And surprises, too! Wonder and amazement for the older ones. This is a picture-book of a unique character. The pictures are wonderfully clever and have gained a wide popularity. Hold the book in one position for one picture; invert it, and behold! another one entirely different.

The cover is a "Topsy Turvy" picture in eight colors.



*Turn  
the cut  
around*

## The Wyndham Girls

By MARION AMES TAGGART. 12mo, 303 pages, with illustrations by C. M. Relyea. \$1.20 *net* (\$1.33 by mail).

**T**HIS story is that rare thing—a wholesome, clever book for young girl readers. Some city girls, used to a life of luxury, are suddenly reduced in circumstances and set about making a home for themselves and their mother. The reality in the story and the fascinating touch of romantic fiction, together with the brightness, charm, and the humor of the girls,—the Wyndham girls,—make this book of peculiar fitness and interest to girl readers.

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**The CENTURY CO., Union Sq., New York**



# The New "St. Nicholas Books"

*Issued in uniform and very attractive binding,  
richly illustrated, \$1.00 net (\$1.10 by mail)*

## Eight Girls and a Dog

By CAROLYN WELLS. 12mo, 275 pages, with illustrations by C. M. Relyea.

A JOLLY story of *real* girls who went a-summering at the sea-shore and kept house for themselves in "Hilarity Hall." The incidents are funny, the dialogue brisk, and the pictures are lifelike and charming. The author is a very popular writer, well known to magazine readers.

## Sir Marrok

By ALLEN FRENCH. 12mo, 281 pages, with illustrations by Bernard Rosenmeyer.

A FAIRY-STORY romance of the Britain of King Arthur and the Round Table. The hero is a knight changed to an animal by a wicked witch, and his brave battle with wrong-doers, his good deeds, and his final triumph make a book unlike any but the "Morte Arthur," and for young readers more to be commended than Sir Thomas Malory's classic.

## The Boy and the Baron

By ADELINE KNAPP. 12mo, 210 pages, with illustrations by Bernard Rosenmeyer.

A STIRRING romance, interesting to boys and girls alike, dealing with the times of the robber-barons in Germany, when the nobles were absolute lords of their own castles and the regions round about,—the days of the Crusades, of outlaws, of sudden change of fortune for man and boy.

## The Cruise of the Dazzler

By JACK LONDON. 12mo, about 275 pages, with illustrations by M. J. Burns.

A BOY runs away to sea, as many do. He wishes he had not, as all do. He finds, however, a good friend, and makes the fault a means of rescue. The story gives a vivid and exciting view of the modern pirates who live by robbery along the Pacific Coast—petty criminals, but men who at times are dangerous. A true sea-story, with the dash of waves and the creak of timbers.

## Tommy Remington's Battle

By BURTON E. STEVENSON. 12mo, 257 pages, with illustrations by C. M. Relyea.

THIS is the record of a boy's fight for an education. Born a coal-miner's son, Tommy succeeds in overcoming all obstacles that keep him from college life, and then meets perhaps the greatest of his difficulties in the question of "College Athletics vs. College Studies."

## The Boys of the Rincon Ranch

By H. S. CANFIELD. 12mo, 249 pages, with illustrations by Martin Justice.

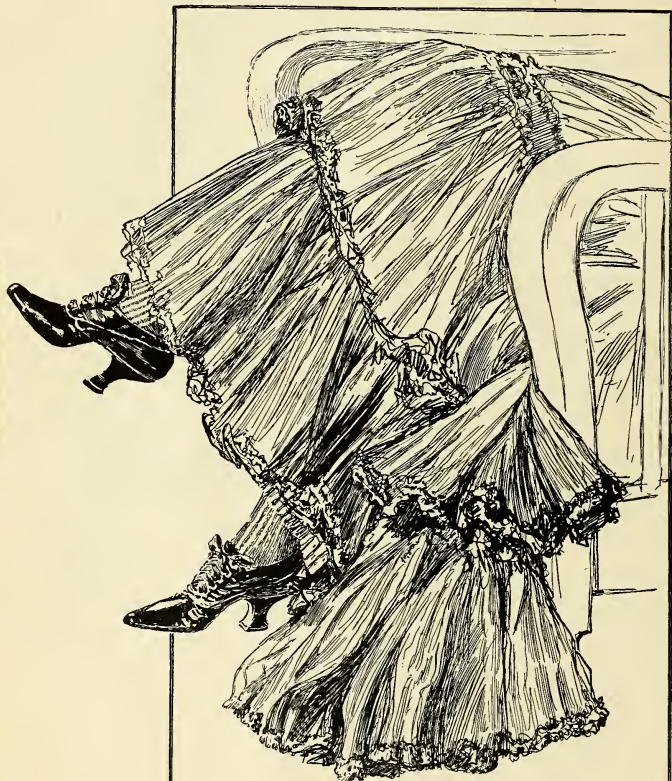
HERE is a story of ranch life in Texas. To read it is almost as good as joining the two New York school-boys who spend those delightful months with their Texan cousin in real—not "dime-novel"—adventure. It is like Mayne Reid without melodrama.

See notice of "Shopping List" on opposite page



FROM "EIGHT GIRLS  
AND A DOG"

The CENTURY CO., Union Sq., New York



Another Style of Sorosis Shoes  
Not supposed to be on exhibition.





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GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE. FROM THE CELEBRATED  
PAINTING BY GAINSBOROUGH.

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXX.

NOVEMBER, 1902.

No. 1.

## A PICTURE WITH A MYSTERY.

*(Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. Painted by Thomas Gainsborough.)*

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BY ISABEL McDOUGALL.

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WHEN you look at this portrait you must try to imagine it all shining with colors—the blue silken gown of the richest, the lace of the finest, and the lady's face most charming in expression, with a pure complexion like pink and white roses, and eyes so bright that an enthusiastic Irish laborer once said he could light his pipe at them. Was not that a queer compliment to pay a fine lady? For this was a very fine lady, indeed—Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, who about a hundred years ago was a beauty and a leader of fashion in England, and, what is more, a great politician.

There were two great parties in England in those days, the Whigs and the Tories, like the Republicans and the Democrats here, and Georgiana, the duchess, was one of the fiercest of the Whigs. Once, when a very exciting election was going on, she went about begging every one to vote for her candidate, William Pitt. Americans ought to remember Pitt, for he spoke up nobly for Americans when King George III. of England was bent upon oppressing them.

Many great ladies, countesses, marchionesses, and the like were excited over this election of Pitt. Some were for him and some were against him. Gilded coaches, with the coachmen in powdered wigs, and haughty dames in

brocades and nodding plumes went among the cottages of the poor, the ladies making themselves agreeable to common laborers, praising the wives and petting the children, in the hope of persuading the husbands and fathers to vote as they desired. But no one was so energetic as the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire. When the roads were too narrow for her coach she would go in her sedan-chair, which footmen in rich livery carried. And she would wear her richest brocaded gown, with a big bow of Pitt's colors, buff and blue, pinned on her breast, and she would laugh and talk and coax her prettiest till hardly any one could refuse her.

It was not only her lovely face, but her liveliness and amiability and grace which made the Duchess of Devonshire so greatly admired. When she was a young bride she used to wear very simple dresses and little lace caps which every one thought quite enchanting. By and by the French ambassador presented her with a magnificent ostrich plume three feet long. Then my lady at once takes to huge dashing hats, rakishly fastened up on one side and down on the other, with the feathers nodding and waving above. Every one else had to wear big hats also—and that, by the way, is a fashion



that returns at intervals. We do not, however, call them "Devonshire hats," as we might very well do, but "Gainsborough hats," after the man who painted portraits of a great number of these ladies in their wide, shady, picturesque headgear.

Yes, Gainsborough painted the picture shown you here. It was a second attempt. Once he had tried to put the duchess's lovely face on canvas, and though every one thought it exquisite, he was not satisfied that he had done her justice. "Her Grace is too hard for me," he said, so he took his brush, full of wet paint, and smeared it across his half-finished picture.

But this time he did finish her portrait, and let me tell you of the strange things that happened to it. I do not know for whom it was painted in the first place, nor how many times it may have been given away or sold, but long after Gainsborough's death a sharp-eyed man noticed it hanging in a common little shop. It was quite dirty and the frame was broken, and I dare say the shopwoman thought she was making a great bargain when this man bought it for fifty pounds. Well, he took it home and cleaned it, and sold it to some regular picture-dealers for seventy-five pounds. So he made money on it, but they made more. It looked so fine when it was properly cleaned and had a new frame that a gentleman gave six hundred pounds for it. By and by he died, and all his pictures were sold. The minute the portrait of the lovely duchess was shown a man called out, "I'll give a thousand guineas for it!"

"I'll give two thousand!" shouted another.

"I'll give three thousand!"

"Four thousand!"

"Five thousand!"

And so it went on. Everybody looked and wondered. At last a well known picture-dealer offered ten thousand guineas,—about fifty-three thousand dollars,—and no one bid any higher. That was the largest price which, up to that time, had ever been paid for an English picture at auction. A great many people went to see the portrait of the beautiful duchess that was now the talk of the town.

Behold! one morning the town had news to talk of. The earliest visitors found nothing but an empty frame. As you know, pictures are

painted on a coarse linen cloth called canvas. In the night some one had cut this all around, rolled it up, and taken it away. And so it disappeared.

For twenty-five years the "lost duchess" was gone, but there had been so much talk about the theft that the thieves never dared trade upon or bring to light the stolen painting, for fear of being punished. At last, not so long ago, the picture was found again in Chicago and returned to its rightful owner, the picture-dealer Agnew. He has not explained exactly how it was traced, and perhaps no one will ever know all that happened to the likeness of the beautiful court lady when it was ripped from its frame, brought across the ocean, and hidden a quarter of a century ago.

As for Thomas Gainsborough, who painted it, although he never received in his lifetime such tremendous sums as have been given for his pictures since his death, yet he made a very good living. He and Sir Joshua Reynolds were considered the two greatest portrait-painters of their day. They painted nearly all the famous men and beautiful women and children then in England, and Gainsborough also painted landscapes which are still considered among the best that have ever been done. One of them, called "The Lock," is in the Chicago Art Institute.

He was a tall, handsome man, of a queer, restless, quick temper, although really of a kind heart.

Among others, the quick-tempered Gainsborough had quarreled with his rival, Sir Joshua Reynolds. He was extremely jealous of him, although he always declared that Sir Joshua was a great painter. Indeed, Gainsborough was full of praises of really good artists, and his especial admiration was for the famous Van Dyck, who died long before Gainsborough was born, but from whose paintings Gainsborough felt he had learned a great deal.

When Gainsborough lay dying he forgot all his jealousy of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and sent for him, and the two had a long and kindly talk. Then Gainsborough was at peace with all the world, and fell asleep, murmuring, with a pleasant smile, "We are all going to heaven, and Van Dyck is of the company."

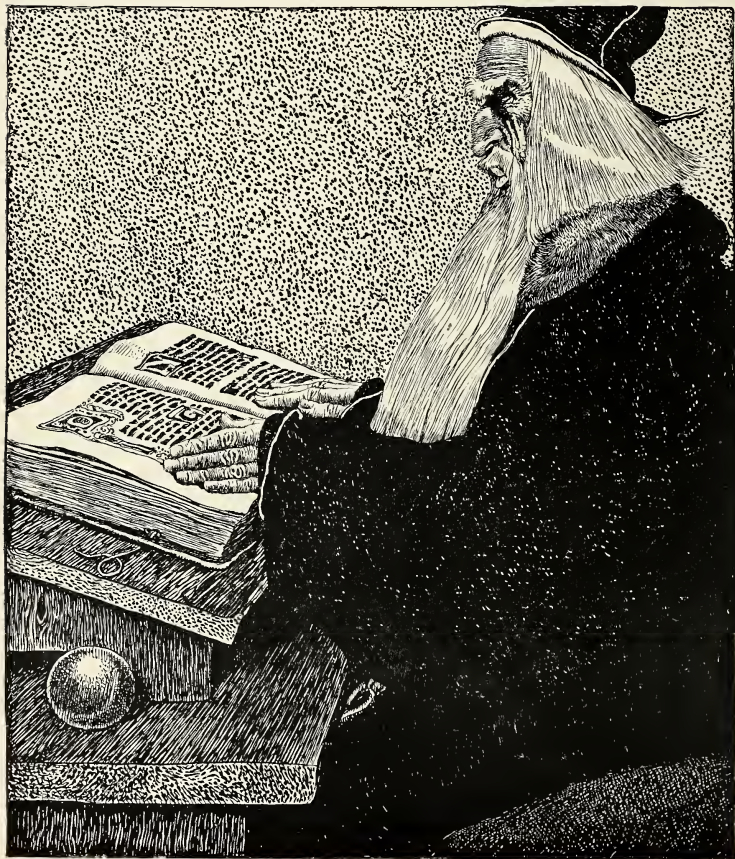


**The Story of  
King Arthur  
and His  
Knights**



Written and Illustrated  
by Howard Pyle

# The Enchanter Merlin. *S*







## ❖ Foreword. ❖



ALL these things that are to be told in this story happened in the ancient days of chivalry, when men were braver and stronger and truer than in these times of ours; when the earth was younger, the sky

was a deeper azure, the grass and trees of a richer hue, and the sun shone more brightly. So, if you will come with me, I will lead you into a land that is not here, nor there, nor anywhere but in the fancy of mankind. There we shall roam together, beholding many wonderful sights; there we shall enjoy brave and knightly adventures; there we shall meet many high and lordly folk: kings and queens, noble lords and fair châtelaines, brave knights in shining armor and squires gay, magicians and enchanters. There we shall find giants and dragons maybe, and beautiful damsels, and crooked dwarfs. There shall we discover strange castles of enchantment, wonderful cities, and marvelous places. There shall we roam in smooth, fair meadows where the sun shines warm and bright, where shepherds pipe and maidens dance, and where lords and ladies go

a-maying; there we shall embower ourselves in the dark shadows of gloomy forests, where live strange outlandish folk and where wild creatures roam at will; there shall we suffer no foot-weariness or dull, dark care; for when we grow a-tired we have but to close our eyes and open them again, and, lo! we are back in the land of every day once more.

So come with me and I shall show to you, in story and in picture, how lived King Arthur of old and his knights of the Round Table.

Now in the days of the great King Uther Pendragon, before King Arthur came to Britain, all the world had been at peace. Of those goodly times it was said that a rich commoner might travel all of the way from the Northland to the South Coast and never have need to tie his purse-strings.

But after King Uther's death all the world of Britain fell to pieces, so to speak. Everything was sadly changed, for then each petty king sought to make himself overlord of all his fellows; earls and dukes strove to become as great as princes; baron fought against baron and knight against knight in woeful battle; robber bands roamed the forest depths, and wicked nobles haunted highways and byways, stopping

townfolk and levying toll of them. No longer could burgher or merchant travel in safety—hardly did they dare to venture without the town-walls.

Now there was in those days a great enchanter whom men called Merlin. He was learned in all the lore of the black arts, and he could read into the future and tell all the signs of the stars so as to know what they foretended; he knew the language of birds and beasts, and was wise in all the secrets of the forests and the hills; he could, when he chose, make himself invisible, and evoke images of dragons or flying monsters to terrify his enemies. He was the sagest man in all the world, and had, in his time, been King Uther Pendragon's councilor and adviser.

All men knew of the wisdom of Merlin, so one day the Archbishop of Canterbury summoned the enchanter to him. "Merlin," he said, "thou art the wisest man in all the world, men say. Canst thou do naught to mend the distractions of this woeful realm? Bend thou thy wisdom to this matter, and choose thou a king that shall be a fit overlord, so that we may enjoy law and right once more, as we did in the days of Uther Pendragon."

"Nay, my lord," quoth Merlin; "no man can of his own force make straight the crookedness of all the world, be he never so wise. Nevertheless I may tell you this: I do divine by my knowledge of futurity that this country shall have a king anon who shall be wiser and greater and more knightly than was ever Uther Pendragon. Stronger he shall be of limb, more noble of presence, more gallant of mien, more kingly of estate, and the renown of him shall last as long as men shall speak of Britain. Moreover, I may tell you that this king shall be of Uther Pendragon's full blood, and that the time is presently ripe for his coming."

"What thou sayest, Merlin, is good news indeed," quoth the archbishop, joyfully; "but, tell me, when shall this king come, and how shall we know him when he appeareth amongst us? Many little kings there are who would fain be Overlord of Britain, and many such there are who deem themselves fit to rule as thou sayest. How then shall we know the real

king from all these many who proclaim themselves to be the rightful one?"

"There shall be no choosing to be done, my Lord Archbishop," quoth Merlin; "for I shall set an adventure which, if any man achieve, all the world shall know that he is the rightful king and overlord of all this realm. As for when he shall come, I may tell you that it will be no later than Christmas day."

And this was how Merlin set the adventure by which the true king should be known:

He caused a huge marble stone, foursquare, to be placed before the great cathedral at London Town. Upon it he caused an Anvil to stand, and into the Anvil he thrust, by means of magic, a great naked Sword midway deep of the blade. This Sword was the most wonderful that men had seen, for the blade of blue steel was as polished as a mirror, and inlaid with strange devices of angels and dragons and gryphons and winged creatures. The hilt was of gold, chased and carved most marvelously, and was inlaid withal with precious stones that flashed like flaming stars in the sunlight. Around the Sword were written these words in letters of gold:

**Whoso Pulleth out this Sword  
from the Anvil, that same is  
Rightwise King=Born  
of England.**

"Behold, my Lord Bishop," quoth Merlin. "Yonder is the true sign. Call together all the kings and lords and commons of this land. Let them gather here at Christmas day, and whoso of all there present may draw forth this Sword and so achieve this adventure, him ye may proclaim rightful King of Britain!"

So the archbishop did as Merlin advised, and forthwith sent forth a proclamation unto all the land—and so this story beginneth.

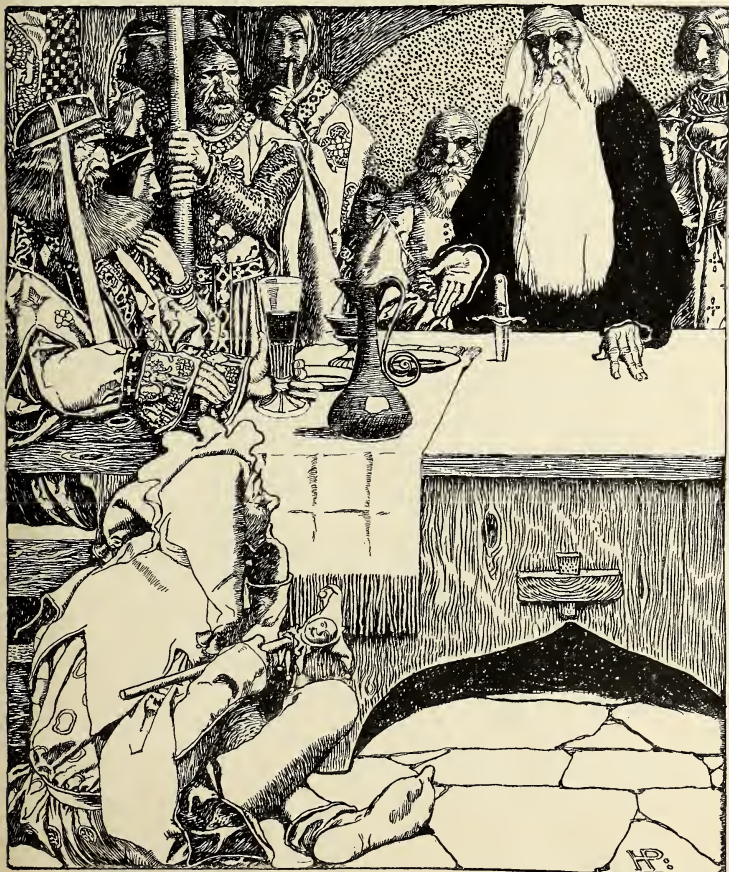
#### CHAPTER I.

##### THE FOREST INN.

IN answer to the archbishop's summons, all the world began presently wending their way toward London Town: kings and dukes of counties, lords of lordships, barons of baronies, knights, esquires, and commoners of estates,



How one clad all in Black did a  
wonder before King Leode-  
grance of Camilard. *~ ~ ~*





gentles, ladies, and men-at-arms—all presently began traveling down to the choosing of a king and overlord. The highways were full of people of all degrees. Travelers crowded the inns, and the streets of every town were noisy with the clashing of iron-shod hoofs and the clanking and ringing of polished armor. Jugglers juggled and minstrels played and sang at crossways, and crowds gathered everywhere to look and to listen. It was as though it were a fair in May-time instead of the bleak midwinter season.

This time (the day was cold and full of snow) three travelers of high degree, with their attendants and a great wain laden with their furniture, were passing through the wintry forests of Gloucestershire, bound, as were all, for London Town. Bleak blew the north wind; fast fell the snowflakes from the gray sky, so that folk said that Saint Hildegarde in Paradise was plucking geese for feather-beds.

The travelers drew their cloaks and hoods all close about them and bent their heads to the bleak wind. First there rode Sir Ector the Trustworthy, a good knight and true, and of great estate both in England and in Wales. Next there rode Sir Kay the Black, his son—a young knight green of years and prowess, still unrenowned in arms, but of great promise. Next there rode one called Arthur, his brother—a youth of eighteen, not yet knighted, but with the golden down of coming manhood already shading his cheeks and lip and chin. As yet he was but esquire to his brother, Sir Kay, but by and by he should be knighted like the other.

Behind these folk of quality there came the men-at-arms, and behind them the wain, creaking and groaning upon the rough forest roads, and dragged by two stout and shaggy horses.

And would you know how looked these three of whom you are to hear so much anon? Sir Ector was like a winter apple, so red was he of face, so sound and true of heart; Sir Kay was like a hawk, with black and restless eyes, and black, curving eyebrows that met above his thin hooked nose; Arthur was like a young eagle, gazing straight at the world about him with quick, stern, unwinking, fearless eyes, and with haughty, level brows.

Such were these three as, with their attendants

and their chattels, they journeyed forward toward London Town through the wintry forests of Gloucestershire in obedience to the behest of the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Already day was fading into the gray of winter twilight. The weary horses snorted out great clouds of breath upon the frosty air; anon a raven croaked in the dark and hollow woods, and all the while the snow fell silently like the ghosts of little hands. Right glad, accordingly, were the hearts of Sir Ector and his two sons when, at a turning of the road, they beheld before them a forest inn, ablaze with lights and warmth and goodly cheer. Bright shone the windows with the comfortable firelight that blazed within, and as they drew nigh they might see that the inn-people were running hither and thither with great bustle, and that there were many travelers already harboring there for the night.

As they came closer they could hear the sound of harping and of sweet singing, and the minstrelsy made them glad and stout of heart.

At Sir Ector's call the host himself came forth to greet his guests, bringing with him a flood of warmth, and a fair and savory smell of good things cooking. With much ceremony he ushered his guests within, where was a goodly company already assembled. The great room was warm and ruddy with the light of a huge fire, that, shouting as it raged, flung flocks of sparks whirling up the black and gaping chimney; and a damsel, accompanied by the music of four harps, sang most sweetly.

The lord of all the worshipful company there gathered was King Leodegrance of Camilard, who, with his daughter, the Princess Guinevere, and his noble court of lords and ladies, was journeying down to London Town in obedience to the archbishop's command. A great and haughty man was he—a right kingly man, with a long gray beard and frowning brows that drew far down over his stern and shining eyes. Of him I must here tell you that in days gone by he had been the friend and ally of the great King Uther Pendragon, and that when King Uther had died he had bequeathed to his friend the famous Round Table which Merlin had made in honor of his royal master.

So now, because he was master of the famous

Round Table, and because he had once been so nigh in comradeship to King Uther Pendragon, King Leodegrance deemed himself to be king and overlord of the realm. Wherefore he was now journeying to London Town, flattering himself with high hopes that it might fall to him to draw forth the magic Sword from the Anvil.

As for the Princess Guinevere—I must tell you that, though she was not yet fourteen years old, she was held to be the most beautiful damsel in all the world. And indeed this was sooth, for both Sir Ector and his sons, upon beholding her, were astonished at her beauty. Nor, even although she was a princess, could they forbear to gaze at her: for her eyes were as soft as those of a young heifer; her plaited hair, wrapped about with ribbons of gold, was as black as the wings of a raven; her eyebrows were arched like a bow, and were as fine as though drawn with a pencil; her lips were as red as coral and her teeth were like pearls.

As the singing damsel sang, four harpers in green and black played upon harps a sweet accompaniment; the while King Leodegrance sat gazing with haughty pride straight before him, and the Princess Guinevere stroked the head of a great staghound, that with collar of silver, rested his throat upon her knees.

And thus the singing damsel sang:

“Gentle river! Gentle river!

Clear thy crystal waters flow,  
Drifting smoothly, drifting ever,  
Where the golden lilies grow.

As it drifteth toward the sea,

So my love flows out to thee;

As it mirroreth the sky,

So my hopes on love do lie;

As the flowers beside it blow,

So delights and pleasures grow.

Come, my love, and let us roam

Where the river bids us come.”

As the song ceased, the harpers struck their harps with one accord and the music ended.

Then Sir Ector and his two sons made their obeisance to King Leodegrance and the princess, and took their places in the company according to their station.

Then the landlord and the attendants of the inn came, bringing in the feast: stews and broths

of forest mutton and lentils; huge venison pasties, hot from the oven; great flagons of spiced wine, beer, and mead; huge loaves of bread, baked brown and sweet in the ashes—a noble repast for hungry folk. Thereupon all fell to with a right good will, and for a long while nothing was heard but the rattle of platters and the clanking of cups and flagons.

But at last the feast was ended and the table cleared, and by that time dark night had fallen; albeit all within the place was bright and comfortable with lamps and firelight.

Then King Leodegrance called aloud for the tumblers and the jugglers to come and tumble and juggle for his entertainment, and straightway came those who could do strange and wonderful feats—standing upon their heads, twisting themselves into knots, balancing plates of silver or tossing gilded balls, five, six, or seven at a time. And anon there came one clad all in red, and with him he brought two cups. He brushed the table clean with his palm; he placed the cups thereon, the bottoms upward; he lifted one cup—lo! there was a ball of gold; he lifted the other cup—lo! there was a ball of silver. Then straightway he covered one ball with one cup and the other ball with the other cup; he lifted the one cup—lo! there was nothing; he lifted the other cup—lo! there was nothing. He brushed the table with his palm, and saluted King Leodegrance, whereupon all clapped their hands and shouted amain, for it was good juggling.

Now all this while there had been sitting by the ingle-nook a lonely and aged stranger all richly clad from head to toe in black. None paid him heed and no one spoke to him. Yet he was of reverend guise; tall of frame was he, and broad of bone—a huge build of man, such as the times begot. A long white beard hung down upon his breast, and long locks of hair, as white as spun glass, fell down waving upon his shoulders. He himself spake to no one, nor did he pay aught of heed to anything that happened about him. Nevertheless, from the corner where he sat, he ever gazed from under the deep shadows of his bushy brows with keen and steady looks at young Arthur. Anon he would direct a glance at Sir Ector, and again anon he would observe Sir Kay; but ever again

his eyes returned to Arthur, and no other sign of life or motion gave he than this.

But when the juggler had ended his play, this old man suddenly arose, and, speaking in a deep voice that shook like the tones of a mighty bell, he thus addressed himself to King Leodegrance of Camilard.

"King Leodegrance," quoth he, "I can, haply, do no such tricks of juggling as this good fellow hath performed. But, by your gracious leave, I will do another sort of trick for your entertainment. Behold!" As he spake he drew forth from beneath his robe a long knife, thin of blade and keen of temper. With one blow he drave the point deep into the table before him. "King Leodegrance," said he, "I am but a feeble and aged man, but have you ere a knight in all your train who can draw forth that blade again?"

"That can I," quoth Sir Bevis of Gaunt Castle, who sat near by. "That can I, and easily enough, I trow!" Thereupon he seized the haft of the knife and strove right strongly to wrench out the blade; but lo! it moved not a hair's-breadth.

Then all present stared with amazement, for Sir Bevis was a right strong and doughty knight; and some there were who laughed, for never had so strange a trick been seen by any of them. As for Sir Bevis, he waxed right hot and angry because he had not drawn forth the blade. Again he strove, and yet again, to draw forth the knife; but as well might he have striven to pluck out one of the forest oaks by the roots. Then another knight strove to draw forth the knife, and another and another; but one and all were foiled thereat as had been Sir Bevis.

Then, last of all, King Leodegrance himself, clothed with all the pride of his royal majesty, came down from his high seat, and he, too, strove to draw forth the magic blade; but neither could he stir it as much as a hair's-width.

Then, when all there had so striven and failed, the tall stranger turned to Sir Ector. "And thou, Sir Ector the Worthy of Trust," said the old man, "wilt thou not assay this little adventure?"

"Ay, that will I," quoth Sir Ector; "haply there be better men than I have striven and failed, but never yet failed I to answer chal-

lenge of any man." Then, seizing the haft of the knife, he strove with might and main to draw it forth; but he, too, moved it not.

"And thou, Sir Kay the Black," said the old man, "and wilt thou not assay?"

"That will I," quoth Sir Kay, boldly; and thereat, with flashing eyes, he grasped the hilt as though he would wrench the very steel asunder; but it moved not.

"And thou, young man," said the old magician to Arthur, "and wilt thou not assay this little adventure?"

"Ay," quoth Arthur, "an my father give me leave."

"Thou hast my leave, my son," said Sir Ector; and thereupon Arthur stepped to the board and laid his hand upon the knife. He drew, and lo! in the instant the knife came forth, leaving not so much as a scratch to show where it had been driven into the wood.

Then behold! a singular miracle happened; for before the eyes of all the knife was a knife no longer, but a red rose, as fresh and as fragrant and as dewy as though it had but now been plucked from a bush in the month of June.

The tall stranger smiled until his ancient face was all enmeshed in wrinkles. "Young Arthur, thou hast well assayed," quoth he. "And as thou hast assayed so small a thing as this, so mayst thou, with the same success, assay great things when they shall thus confront thee. But tell me, now that thou hast thy rose, what wilt thou with it?"

"I will that it belongeth where it beseemeth best," answered Arthur. Thereupon he turned, and striding straight up the room, he kneeled and offered the flower to the Princess Guinevere.

The princess blushed as red as the rose itself; nevertheless she took the flower, albeit she found not a word of thanks to speak. But King Leodegrance was angry at Arthur's boldness (for he looked but a common lad of big and sturdy frame), and he frowned upon the young man with a fell and angry look.

Then up and spake the old magician. "Nay, look not so angry, King Leodegrance," said he; "dost thou not look to assay the drawing forth of the Sword that stands in the Anvil at London Town? Haply it may be found a crown is not more hard to win than was yonder rose."

"And who art thou, old man, who darest to address me thus so boldly?" quoth King Leodegrance, with a stern and threatening voice.

"That will I tell thee," quoth the old magician. "I am one of whom thou mayst haply have heard, for men call me Merlin the Wise."

At this a dead silence fell for a little while upon all. For those who heard were astonished, and doubted if their ears heard aright. Then one voice spoke, and then another. "Merlin the Wise—Merlin the Wise!" said they, speaking

amazedly and with bated breath. "Merlin the Wise—Merlin the Wise!" Then began a great bustle and stir that presently filled the whole room. Each man tried to see that famous wise man, even though he thrust in front of his fellows. Some stood upon benches the better to see above the heads of those who stood before.

Then, of a sudden, where was Merlin? Lo! he was gone. Upon an instant he had vanished from before their eyes, nor did any man behold him again that night.



## Sir Kay overthroweth his Enemies.

### CHAPTER II.

OF THE TOURNEY AT LONDON TOWN, AND OF  
WHAT GREAT THING BEFELL THEREBY.



pages, and attendants. In honor of this goodly gathering and of what it all ushered in, the arch-

London Town was assembled all the high chivalry of Britain: a mighty gathering of folk of fame and great renown—kings, dukes, lords, and barons of high degree, noble knights, stout esquires,

bishop had proclaimed a great tourney to be held a week and a day before that Christmas morning whereon a king of all Britain was to be chosen.

All gay and glorious was ancient London Town on that bright morning when this famous tournament was fought. Clear was the air as crystal, and sharp and biting as good mead six years of age. Swift blew the strong, cold wind, and ten thousand silken banners and streamers snapped and crackled in the sunlight like many-colored sparks of flame.

Within and without the walls were spread in thousands the gay and brightly colored pavilions of knights and lords and royal folk; for London



might not hope to house all those who had come thither upon the Lord Archbishop's summons.

The open fields nigh to the great cathedral had been set apart for the passage at arms that had been ordained, and thither now all the folk began to gather in prodigious numbers: not only kings and queens, surrounded by all the glory of their courts, not only lords and ladies in silks and satins, with their attendant households in gaudy raiment, but sober prelates, monks and clerks, burghers, tradesmen, and folk of all degree. A vast crowd, I ween, was that which came pouring into and overrunning the lists. Even as in time of flood the torrent rolls down its narrow channel and thence spreads slowly out and covers shallow and level places, so came that crowd pouring into the alleyways and overflowing all the benches and high seats that surrounded the tournament fields. So at last all were seated in their places.

Then, when the confusion was quieted again, there entered from the southern gate the Lord Archbishop himself, in slow and dignified procession, as lord of the tourney. He rode upon a cream-white palfrey hung with purple trappings. All purple was his raiment, and a broad jeweled chain hung around his neck; from the chain depended his great episcopal cross of massy gold, hanging down upon his bosom. Nobles and lordly prelates walked beside him to escort him to his seat, and thus it was he came in great honor to his place. There, arriving in front of his high seat, an esquire held his stirrup whilst he dismounted from his palfrey.

Then, followed by his noble court, he mounted the carpeted steps that led to his station overlooking the entire ground.

And thereupon that great and famous tourney was opened.

Then, all being thus prepared, the archbishop leaned forward over the rail in front of his seat and bade the marshal order the herald to summon the combatants to the field. Thereupon the marshal bade the herald sound a blast, and the herald, setting his silver trumpet to his lips, blew a note both loud and clear, the echoes whereof immediately came sounding back in echo from the great cathedral walls as though another herald were trumpeting thereat.

Anon a trumpet sounded, in reply, from the southern barriers; anon another sounded from the north. Then slowly the turn-pikes at either extremity of the field swung slowly open, and in there poured the knights-contestant of the tourney—one hundred and twelve upon the south, under the leadership of Sir Boris de Haute Montagne, one hundred and twenty from the north, under the leadership of Sir Gilliet de Beau Regard. So, having entered the gates of the barriers, the two companies spread out upon the right hand and upon the left. Then, each facing the center of the field, they presently formed into array, and stood fast in a great line fronting one another, with spears erect and vizors closed. Meanwhile their esquires and attendants took station behind them to serve them, and to succor them if the need for succor should arise.

Bright flashed the burnished armor in the sun! Loud neighed the war-horses, tossing their heads, champing their bits, and snorting at the smell of coming battle! Loud shouted the onlookers in acclamation of the gallant spectacle!

Now Sir Kay had taken up his stand with the defenders of the side of Sir Boris de Haute Montagne, for, though fewer in numbers and of less lordly estate, yet Sir Boris himself was of well tried courage and of well approved force of arms, and those who gathered under him were knights of valor and of great achievement. So Sir Kay chose to follow in his rather than in Sir Gilliet's company.

Behind Sir Kay stood young Arthur as his esquire, clad all in crimson and black; and about him gathered the attendants, clad also in the same livery. Hot burned young Arthur's cheeks and bright flashed his eyes, for he was of a right knightly spirit, and the thought of battle caused his blood to leap all swift and tingling through his veins. All that he possessed in the world would he have given to be one of those who sat a-horseback, ready for that great assay; ten years of life would he have given to be this day a knight like his brother Kay, in mail of proof and with a good stout spear of ashwood in his fist.

But now all were in array and ready for the onset, and thereupon a great silence fell upon



the entire assembly. The Lord Marshal lifted his baton; he let it fall, and thereupon the herald blew a great blast upon his trumpet.

In an instant, and as by an earthquake shock, the two companies of iron-clad men and horses drove down the one upon the other. Like a hurricane in a cloud of dust they rushed together. In the midst of the field they met with the crash of a thunderbolt. Down fell horse and man, rolling over and over in the dust! High flew the splinters and the slivers from the shattered lances, whilst all who looked thereon joined in one great roar of loud acclaim!

Then round wheeled they who still sat fast, and back they rode, those two gallant companies, trotting in slow retreat toward their stations, whilst, the dust of battle lifting, showed where, on the ground, lay four-and-seventy noble knights in overthrow. Here and there also lay sundry war-horses, whilst others, with empty saddles, ran hither and thither, neighing affrightedly. And some there were of those good knights who moved not, whilst others there were who moved and strove to rise, but could not. To all ran flocking esquires, pages, and men-at-arms, lifting some up and bearing them away, whilst others they supported to places of safety at the barriers.

And well and gallantly did Sir Kay comport himself in that goodly onslaught, for against him had driven Sir Glamis of Mordaunt, a knight well renowned in arms and well approved of valor. Him Sir Kay cast down so violently that he smote the earth like a falling tower, so that when his esquires and attendants ran to his assistance, they found him lying in a swoon, like a man that had been smitten dead.

Arthur ran forth to meet his brother Kay, giving him loud acclaim and shouting with great rejoicing at his prowess. But him Sir Kay answered not; nor, indeed, did he hear his brother's voice, so wode was he with the fever and the madness of the contest. Nothing he saw, nor nothing heard, but only knew he, with great gladness and triumph, that he had overthrown his man, and that he whom he had conquered was a famous and renowned knight, and one of power and of weight. So he made no reply to young Arthur, but, full of the lust of battle, wheeled his horse and again

took his station in the ranks of his companions in battle.

And now again, when all was ready and the two ranks of contestants well arrayed, the herald blew a blast upon his trumpet, and once more the two companies of knights launched together, to meet, as before, in the center of the field, with a crash and splinter of lances and a gallant overthrow of knights and steeds.

And again Sir Kay cast down his opponent — this time a young knight hight Sir Gilles de Tête Rouge.

Then again each company rode back again to its station at the northern or the southern entrance of the barriers.

And then, for the third time, after a considerable while had been allowed for rest, the herald sounded his trumpet, and for the third time those goodly knights spurred their war-horses forth to the assault.

Now in so great a tournament as this a man may not know until the moment of meeting who that one shall be against whom his spear shall be set. So, what with the dust and the onrush, Sir Kay could hardly behold the man who ran against him until they met with the crash of onset. Again did his opponent's lance burst into splinters, and again did Sir Kay bear down his enemy, so that man and horse smote the earth together with a thunder crash of armor and a cloud of dust. Then, as with furious rush Sir Kay sped past him, he beheld that the colors of the fallen knight and of the trappings of his horse were white and blue and black.

But of this he recked naught till, having reined in his horse and wheeled him around, he heard a thunder-roar of voices that shook the very earth. Then he beheld for the first time that he whom he had overthrown into the dust was none other than the leader of the other side, the great Sir Gilliet de Beau Regard himself.

At this a great joy seized upon Sir Kay, so that he was nigh blinded therewith. Loud he shouted behind his vizor. Loud he shouted, holding his spear high aloft and waving it in mad and furious triumph. And loud shouted those about him, waving their spears aloft in triumph. And ever the thunderous roar of fifty

thousand voices filled the cold and winter air. "A dragon!" cried they who stood near (for Sir Kay bore upon his shield the image of a crimson dragon rampant, that being the coat of arms of his house). "A dragon—a dragon!" And then the voices from bench and seat, dais and cushioned place, took up the cry, "A dragon—a dragon!" And Arthur with his young lion's voice shouted aloud, "Sir Kay!—Sir Kay!"

Sir Boris, the chief of that party, himself came to Sir Kay and gave him greeting and acclamation, and with all the great delight of his triumph Sir Kay could scarce contain himself, but it was as though his swelling bosom would burst his breastplate asunder.

So ever, as Sir Boris's company rode back to their station at the southern barriers, they shouted amain without stinting, waving high aloft their ashen spears; the pennons thereof fluttered like sparks of fire against the blue and frosty sky.

Meanwhile Sir Gilliet de Beau Regard's esquires and attendants, all clad in blue and white and black, ran across the field and lifted their master up from where he lay, nigh dead with grief and bitter shame that so young and untried a knight should have caused his overthrow. Then these attendants bore their master away from the place; for, having been overthrown, he might fight no more that day.

But Sir Kay, dizzy with triumph, rode shouting back to the southern barriers, where, casting his lance to Arthur, who caught the huge beam of ashwood, he drew his flashing sword, wheeled his steed, and took again his station with his companions in arms.

For I must tell you that, according to the rules of the tourney, three courses only were allowed, and the rest of the battle was to be fought out with sword and shield—man against man—to the end of the combat. And now, all being in array, for the fourth time the herald sounded his trumpet, and for the fourth time the combatants rode out, the one against the other—not this time with the fiery onrush of the tilt, but with the slower and more determined gait of those who advance to an assault. So, they met midway of the field, and there halted face to face. Then the marshal raised

his baton; he let it fall; loud the herald blew his trumpet. Bright as lightning flashed one hundred six-and-ninety swords in the sunlight, and, with a crash to deafen the ears, blade fell upon blade and shield smote against shield. And so began that fell, fierce ending of the contest.

Then presently there arose a cloud of dust so thick you might hardly see the combatants because of it. Nevertheless one might behold them anon as though through a yellow smoke—how they wheeled and foined, how rushed together and smote one another, how they wheeled and foined again, whilst the din and crash of sword and armor sounded high above the deep and roaring acclaim of the great crowd that gazed upon that goodly spectacle.

And, even as before, well did Sir Kay comport himself in that fierce encounter, and well did he uphold the honor of his father's name, and well did he approve himself that day worthy of the seat that he sometime filled at the famous Round Table. For now, because of the overthrow of Sir Gilliet, those of the other side sought ever to cast him down in revenge. Accordingly at times there would be two or three or even four knights set upon him all at once to compass his humiliation. Then others of his party would rush to his defense, and so he would have respite for a while.

Four good knights, well proved of great renown, did he cast down in this hand-to-hand assault: Sir Patrice of the Isles, who in single combat had slain the giant Gotmain of Cardiff; Sir Keith de Beaux Mains; Sir Edregaine of Cumberland; Sir Giles of Force Argent. All shattered and broken was his armor, all battered and defaced his shield; and, had he never fought battle more and never got him greater fame than this, yet would he there have approved himself the peer of any living man that day. For hardly had it been heard that one so youthful and so untried in arms as he should, with his own hand and in one day's encounter, have overthrown seven such knights as those who had confronted him. Yet so fought those knights who were sometime of the Round Table.

Now after he had overthrown his seventh opponent there came against Sir Kay a gigantic

**S**ir Kay breaketh his sword,  
at y<sup>e</sup> Tournament. 



knight, by name Sir Aymer de Front Noir. Furiously this great knight smote at Sir Kay to overthrow him. Well did Sir Kay guard his defense with shield and sword, and furiously did he return the blow. So fell and strong was the stroke that he delivered that the good sword could not abide it, but snapped short at the haft, the blade whirling high aloft into the air.

Then Sir Aymer arose in his stirrups to smite down Sir Kay, and ill might it have gone with that young knight (he being now altogether unarmed and without defense, save his battered shield) had not three knights of his party thrust in betwixt, with intent to take the assault upon themselves.

So Sir Kay gained respite, and, reining back his war-horse through the press, he came forth from the combat still holding his broken sword-hilt in his grasp.

Therewith, finding himself presently clear of the battle, he wheeled his steed and drave back, like one gone mad, across the field to the southern barriers, where stood Arthur, straining his ardent gaze at the combat.

"A sword!" cried Sir Kay, right furiously, being all mad and frantic with the heat and fury of the combat. "A sword, knave! How now! Why tarriest thou? A sword, I say! A sword! Hasten, get me a sword!"

He had raised his vizor. A stream of blood ran down his face, all bewet with sweat, yet he knew it not. His eyes shone like flaming sparks, a foam was at his lips, and his cheeks were all streaked with red and white. And still he cried ever, like one gone mad: "A sword! A sword! A sword!"

"I have no sword," said young Arthur.

"Answer not!" cried Sir Kay, rising in his stirrups and lifting high his broken weapon as though he would fain have smitten his brother. "Answer me not! Hasten to our father's pavilion; there shalt thou find his sword. Fetch it hither! I must have a sword, else may I fight no more nor win me any more of glory this day."

Therewith an attendant reached Sir Kay a great goblet of spiced wine, which Sir Kay snatched at with passing eagerness, for the thirst of battle was strong upon him and his throat was like an oven. And Arthur tarried

not, but, setting his palms upon the high barrier fence, he leaped lightly over, and so ran down the alleyway within and away upon his brother's bidding.

Swift ran young Arthur from the tourney fields, coursing over the ground like a greyhound, leaving farther and farther behind him the uproar of the combat. Swift he ran, until he had come over against the cathedral where was the great cube of marble stone, the Anvil, and the mystic Sword thrust midway deep therein.

Now over cube, Anvil, and Sword there had been built a canopy to shelter those mystic things from the beatings of the weather. Moreover, the archbishop had ordained that a guard should be continually stationed thereat to see that no harm should befall the precious weapon, because of the meddling of ill-minded men. So now there stood beside the Sword and Anvil a knight of giant frame, bareheaded and in glittering armor—a grand and noble knight with a face like the face of an ancient lion. Right well was this knight known to fame of all men, for he was no other than Sir Ulfius the Steadfast. In his time he had been the chiefest knight of all those of Uther Pendragon's court. Many times had he led Uther's knights to battle, and ever was he the first and foremost in the onset. Now he was past his prime, albeit still of giant frame and strength and with the presence of a lion.

So there stood Sir Ulfius the Steadfast upon guard over that mystic glave. Motionless he stood as any carved image, leaning the while upon a huge two-handed sword, whilst from his neck and over his shoulder there hung his great shield, emblazoned with the figure of a crouching lion—black upon silver.

As Arthur came running fleetly past where Sir Ulfius stood upon guard, an aged man, clad from head to toe in black, called to him and stopped him in his flight. Well did Arthur know him, for he was Merlin the Enchanter.

At his demand Arthur stinted his running and saluted the wise man with all respect and duty.

Then Merlin said: "Whither away so fast, young Arthur?"

"I go upon an errand," said Arthur, "where-



fore I prithee stay me not, good father! My brother Kay has broken his sword in the onset at the tourney, and I am sent to fetch him another in its stead. Accordingly I hasten with all speed to my father's pavilion, there to find a fitting weapon for my brother."

"Why go so far?" quoth Merlin, smiling as he had smiled at the inn—so that his face became covered all over, as it were, with a net of wrinkles like a fine covering of silver threads. "Why go so far? In yonder Anvil there stands a Sword better, haply, than any other that thou mayst obtain this day. Why not take it to thy brother Kay?"

"But who may draw out that sword?" said Arthur. "And how may any wight hope to take it hence when Sir Ulfus the Steadfast himself standeth guard over it?"

"Ulfus will not stay thee in the venture," said Merlin. "As for drawing forth the Sword—hast thou forgotten how thou didst draw forth the knife from the table at the inn?"

"Nay," cried Arthur; "that have I not forgotten!"

Thereupon, and with a great heart, he lightly leaped him up upon the marble cube. At his coming Sir Ulfus moved not, nor spake a word, but ever gazed with fixed and unwinking eyes upon him. Then straight young Arthur grasped

the hilt of the Sword, and setting his knee against the Anvil and bending his frame to the assay, he slowly and smoothly drew forth the blade from out the iron matrix in which it stood embedded.

Bright flashed the blade in the sunlight! Bright it flashed, as flashes the stream of lightning when it flames from cloud to earth! Bright flashed the jewels in the golden hilt as sparkle the raindrops with ten thousand colors when the lightning and the sunlight together blaze upon a falling shower in summer-time! So glorious the noble Sword that the eyes of man might scarce behold its splendor for be-dazzlement.

Then Arthur, with the naked weapon held tightly in both hands, turned him about and lo! Merlin had vanished from the spot where he had stood a moment since.

Then straightway Arthur leaped down from the great marble cube, and still Sir Ulfus stayed him not, either by word or motion. Only he gazed upon the bold youth with steadfast and unwinking eyes.

Young Arthur wrapped the Sword in his cloak, so that its great beauty might be hidden from the sight of curious eyes; then, turning, he ran with all speed back again to the tourney field, right glad that he had got in so short a time so goodly a weapon for his brother's using.

(To be continued.)

## JINGLES.

### A SEEMING CONTRADICTION.

"It 's queer, I admit," said Harold to May,

"But I 'm telling you what I have seen.

Ask the gardener. William!—a minute, I say!

Are n't *blackberries red* when they 're *green*?"

G. M. L. Brown.

### A QUEER THING.

Oh, trouble is a thing which many people borrow,  
And the flight of time gives other folks some sorrow.

And it is a fact, my dear,

Which to me seems very clear,

That *to-day* will be *yesterday*, *to-morrow*.

Loftus Frizelle.

## WHERE THE SURPRISE CAME IN.

BY CHARLOTTE SEDGWICK.

THAT cooking-club pretty nearly ruined the digestions of the small cooks who composed it, and it also seriously injured the dispositions of the big cooks in whose kitchens it caused a fortnightly recurrence of much fussing and musing and upsetting of things generally.

"Sure, now, Miss Sally," coaxed Mrs. Comstock's Norah, on the eve of the first supper of the club, "if it's Parker House rolls you're wantin', you'd better let me make them for you; they're putterin' things for a girl to be botherin' with. Run away, now—there's a darlin'; and when I get me table cleared off I'll just mix them up in no time; and in the mornin' I'll knead them out and bake them for you—and there you are."

"No, thank you, Norah," Sally replied with dignity. "It is entirely contrary to the rules of our cooking-club—I am the *president*, you know, Norah—for any of us to have any assistance whatever in the preparation of anything for a club supper."

"Oh, indeed, then," flied Norah, "and it is not myself that is wantin' to assist the *president*!" And she whisked away into the dining-room with her head held high in the air.

Norah was in a hurry, and she felt hindered. But Sally, absorbed in a cook-book, was deaf to battle alarms. Receipts, she was thinking, were more perplexing than compound proportion.

"One pint of cold boiled milk," she read. "Two quarts of sifted flour."

At that stressful moment the door opened and Mrs. Comstock looked in.

"Why do you try to make anything so difficult the first time, dear?" she asked. "I know some experienced cooks who hesitate to attempt Parker House rolls. Don't imagine that they are simple just because those that our Norah makes are always so delicious."

"But I know they're not simple, mama," responded Sally. "For, you see, we girls thought we would do the hard things first, and then the easy ones would n't be any bother at all—they would just come to us naturally."

"Well, you must not expect Norah to help you at all—it would be contrary to your regulations, you know. Go on with your work, Norah; Miss Sally will find whatever she wants, and when she is through she will wash her own dishes and put them away."

"Huh! that's a gray horse of another color, is n't it?" scoffed Jack, who, with thoughts



"MY! BUT ARE 'NT YOU LOVELY IN THAT APRON."



turned on offensive warfare, happened into the kitchen by way of the back porch just as his mother happened out of it by way of the dining-room: such coincidences were a common thing in the house of Comstock. "My! Sally, but

But she had her weapons, and when Jack, his occupation gone, insisted on showing her "how to fix up those P. H. rolls," she opened the door into the dining-room and called with the rising inflection of sustained patience:



"THEY HELD SOLEMN COUNCIL."

are n't you just too lovely in that apron—I don't think!" he continued. "Let 's have a towel, Norah, and I 'll show you how to wipe dishes. It 's such a pleasure to see her ladyship Miss Sally working that I 'm inspired to try it myself."

Norah laughed, her good nature quite restored. Gay, tormenting Jack Comstock had a way of finding the kind side of most people, including Norah. She supplied him with towels, and he carefully dried all the dishes for her, while he kept up a lively fire of remarks aimed at Sally, who scorned to return his shots. Long and wearing experience had taught her that silence was her surest defense against attacks of that sort, and now she went quietly about her work, collecting necessary things from the pantry, putting milk over the fire to boil and then on the ice to cool, and sifting flour with impartial hand over everything within range.

"Mama? Please come get Jacky?"

Returning to the kitchen, Mrs. Comstock captured her reluctant son and marched him playfully away with her, while Sally politely bowed them out, saying sweetly, "Good-by, Jacky; do come again when you can stay longer."

Sally, by virtue of office, was to entertain the club on the occasion of its first supper, and the next afternoon, almost before Norah had finished her Saturday's work, six excited girls in dainty frocks and big aprons invested her kitchen, which she promptly left vacant at the first summons. At six o'clock, having convinced herself by reconnoitering that the club's attention would be engaged in the dining-room for an hour at least, she slipped back and hastily prepared supper for the other members of the family, who very obligingly came around by the outside way to eat it in the kitchen.

For it suited the club's notions of importance to hold its banquets in strict privacy, without observers and without guests. That arrangement was regarded as grievously unfair by the masculine half of the "Jolly Dozen" who kept life in Brinton from jogging along at too even a pace, and saw to it that their teachers earned their salaries. Jack, in fact, had hospitably bidden the fellows to come around Saturday night and help the girls eat. But Sally had informed him with dignity and finality that she guessed they *could* manage to get along for once without a lot of boys bothering around.

"Just get along for twice, then!" Jack had retorted. "Wait until we fellows get along at a coasting-party without any girls bothering around! Say, fellows, you'd better keep away to-morrow night; the 'presidentess' is cranky."

Sweet little Serena Morris had hastened to explain to him that they would *like* to ask the boys to come, only they did n't dare have any company until they knew how to cook better; by and by, when they were more experienced, they were going to give a big supper, and each girl was going to ask a boy,—Serena was blushing shyly,—and they were going to dance afterward, and she— Well, the first supper might not be a perfect success.

And, in strict truth, that first supper was not a flattering commentary on cook-book lore. Emily Hunt's angel-cake did not rise to the demands of its name and reputation; Serena's chicken croquettes were of a chip-like quality and flavor; Katherine Flemming's mayonnaise was lumpy and incoherent; and as for Sally's rolls!— Jack came in during the feast, and proclaimed that he had found out why they called them Parker House rolls: they were made of the same stuff as the Parker House.

Often in life, as in an old-time spelling-book, we have to learn *failure* before *success* is pronounced to us. Chagrined but not discouraged by their first tumble, the young cooks picked themselves up pluckily and proceeded to climb the culinary ladder from the bottom. The next supper was at Jeanie Cameron's, and the bill of fare included boiled eggs, baked potatoes, custard baked in pretty cups, and a simple cake. Everything was an inspiring success except Mary Burton's bread, and she declared

her brave intention of making bread every time until she knew all about it.

"Let's have that for a rule, girls," suggested Emily Hunt: "if any one fails on a thing she's got to make it over again the very next time."

This rule was rigidly enforced, with the happy result that, when the time of adjourning for the summer drew near, every mother's daughter of them secretly felt that it would be no calamity to her particular family if the cook should take an indefinite vacation; and then they began to plan for their great final supper, which was to be a beautiful object-lesson to the makers of other feasts in Brinton.

Everything in connection with this festivity was to be kept a profound secret until the event proclaimed it, and, after eating their last supper but one, the girls retired to a cozy corner in Mrs. Comstock's parlor, where they held solemn council, while the twilight darkened into night.

"Let's have a yellow tea," suggested Katharine Flemming. "We can decorate the table with yellow ribbon and yellow candles, you know, and—"

"Oh, yes!" agreed Jeanie Cameron, eagerly; "and I'll ask grandma for her lovely old yellow bowl, and we'll put yellow roses in it for a centerpiece."

"But we can't eat ribbons and candles and roses," said Mary the practical. "What are you going to have to *eat* at your yellow tea?"

"Oh, lemon sherbet, and cakes with yellow icing, and salad, and cheese sandwiches, and—"

"And custard-pie!" came in ecstatic tones from the library.

There was a fluttering chorus of "How long has he been there?" "Oh, that awful boy!" "Let's *choke* him!" while Sally flew and brought the sliding doors between the rooms together with a bang. Then they continued their discussion in subdued voices until the details of the supper were settled to the last course thereof.

"And now," said Emily, "let's decide about our invitations. Who is going to ask whom? Or why not just send an invitation to each one in the name of the club?"

"Oh, that would n't be half so much fun!"

objected Katherine. "They ask *us* separately to attend their treats, and I think it's nice to have a chance to return the compliment."

"I'll tell you!" cried Sally. "Let's not any of us tell which boy we mean to ask. That will make it like a—a surprise-party, you know, and it will be lots more interesting."

"I don't see where the surprise comes in," said Mary, doubtfully. "There are just six boys anyway, and so it does n't matter much who asks them—they all will be there. I suggest we have the whole thing all settled beforehand; then there will be no misunderstanding, and nobody will be left out."

But Serena Morris, to whose shy soul it was torture to think that everybody should know what boy she wanted to ask, decidedly favored Sally's plan, and that settled it. Quiet little Serena seldom took sides in the discussions of

the club, but when she did she always seemed to make a majority, somehow. Perhaps it was because she lived in the biggest house in town, and her grandfather had been governor of the State, and she herself had been to Europe.

In our early teens we pay frank respect to pomp and circumstance. Or it may have been because there was about Serena, unconsciously to herself, an air of sweet and gracious dignity which made deference and homage seem to belong to her by a sort of queenly right. So her support carried Sally's absurd plan, and the meeting was soon after adjourned. As the girls started to go homeward under Jack's escort, Sally called after them from the doorway:

"Now don't you tell! And be sure to tell the boys not to tell a soul, either—that would spoil the surprise. And say! let's not ask anybody until the day before the supper."

But in fact Sally cared much less about a surprise than she cared about guarding her own purpose from prying eyes. She meant to ask Philip Howland, and she knew that Jack would extract much enjoyment from that fact if he knew it. Furthermore, she knew that the girls, in a definite arrangement of invitations, would simply take it for granted that she wanted to ask Ned Burton, who had taken her to all the sleigh-rides and skating-parties that winter; and, bold as she was, Sally felt that she





SERENA GIVES HER INVITATION TO THE CLUB SUPPER.

was not bold enough to declare other intentions, especially in the presence of Ned's sister.

Philip Howland enjoyed the distinction of being "the new boy from New York." His father, the chief engineer of a new line of railroad which was being put through that part of the State, had chosen to establish his headquarters in Brinton, the quaint old home of his boyhood, and one day in the preceding September, Philip had made his appearance at the village academy. He was a bright, manly lad, with wonderfully pleasing manners, and everybody liked him at once: the teachers because he was intelligent and courteous; the boys because he was a "good fellow" and made them feel as if they had always known him; and the girls because they *had n't* always known him. In exactly two days and a half he was adopted into the Jolly Dozen, where he took the place of Harry Reeves, who had gone away to a military school.

It never occurred to Philip to feel flattered by all this popularity. He liked everybody and everybody liked him, that was all; it was as simple and intelligible as Axiom I.

In his attentions to the girls he was genuinely impartial. If he walked to school with Serena, as he often did, because he lived next door to her, he was pretty sure to be found sitting by Mary's desk at recess. If he took Katherine tandem-riding one afternoon, it would be Emily the next afternoon, and Jeanie the afternoon following. He was seldom "nice" to the same girl twice in succession, and the result was that he seriously interfered with the Jolly Dozen's old trick of definitely pairing off. Another result was that no one could safely guess which girl would ask Philip to the club supper.



SALLY GIVES HER INVITATION.

On the Friday morning before the supper Serena happened to leave her gate just as Philip left his, and they walked to school together.



He was about to leave her at the girls' entrance, when she stopped him and said with shy dignity:

"I should like to have you come to our club supper to-morrow night, Philip; it's going to

head of the stairs as he went up, and before he reached the last step she blurted out:

"I say, Philip, you must come to our supper to-morrow night—at Serena's, you know—six o'clock. Don't tell who asked you."



"AFTER SCHOOL PHILIP CALLED THE OTHER FIVE BOYS TO A PRIVATE CONFERENCE."

be at our house, and we're going to dance afterward, you know."

"Thank you, I'll be glad to come," he returned. "What time?"

"Six o'clock. And oh, Philip, you must not tell anybody that I asked you—we're keeping our invitations secret."

"What did you say? Oh, all right!" And, lifting his cap, he was gone.

It just happened, also, that Sally was at the

"Thank you," he began. "But see here—hold on a minute!"

But Sally had fled into the assembly-room, and before he could overtake her the bell rang and he was obliged to go to his seat.

"Come to our supper to-morrow. It is at Serena's," whispered Mary, offering him a share of her song-book during the opening exercises; "and you are not to tell who asked you."

"Thank you, I'll come," he murmured, and



went on singing, while a naughty light glimmered in his eyes for a minute. It was wicked of him, but he liked a joke even better than he liked pleasing the girls, and he wanted to see how far the absurdity would go.

It went just as far as six girls could take it. Emily whispered an invitation to him on the way to the algebra class; Katherine passed him a little note in the class-room; and Jeanie casually mentioned on the way out that his presence at that supper was a thing to be desired. All these invitations he shamelessly accepted with a simple "Thank you—allright"; and after school that afternoon he called the other five boys to a private conference in the farthest corner of the campus, out of range of girlish eyes.

"Who 's going to the supper to-morrow night?" he asked by way of opening.

There was silence for a minute, and then Ned Burton said rather gloomily:

"Well, I 'm not; I have n't had a bid."

Four faces brightened visibly.

"Well, neither have I," said four voices in chorus.

"I wonder what those girls are waiting for," Gerry Hopkins went on. "What do you suppose they 're up to? They 've been looking mighty coy and mysterious all day."

Then Philip told his story, with careful attention to particulars, and before he was half through most of the boys were chuckling with keen delight over the joke. No jealousy of the favor shown Philip disturbed their glee.

"I know it was mean of me," he finished, "and I suppose the girls will never forgive me; but I *had* to let it go on—it was too good to spoil."

"Oh, my!" groaned Jack, weakly, when he could speak without laughing. "I seem to recognize Sally's footprints in this thing," he said; "that child has a conspicuous talent for getting her foot in it. She wanted a surprise, you know, and I guess she 'll get it. Now you fellows listen. You go to the supper, Phil, and keep mum until the girls find how the land lies. Then of course they 'll chase you out after the rest of us, and when you come after us we 'll all be at my house; do you see?"

"I don't believe I care to go where I 'm not

invited," said Arthur Hammond, who was rather sore over Mary's defection.

"Oh, come, Art!" said Jack, philosophically. "You know there 's no use on earth in getting mad at girls; they can always make you think you 're the one to blame in just about three minutes. And, besides, a joke 's a joke and a supper 's a supper; this one is going to be a dandy, too. You be at the house to-morrow at six, and you may be sure we 'll show you some fun, my boy."

As the clock struck six the next evening the girls, who had been lingering about a beautifully set table in Mrs. Morris's dining-room, gave a final look of pride at the result of all their plans and labor, and fluttered into the stately old parlor, which seemed suddenly to break into bloom with their bright presence. They had hardly time to form in a prim little line on the hearth-rug before the bell rang. They expected that the boys would come in a body, as they usually did on similar occasions, and they felt a little disappointed when only Philip Howland entered. He was overflowing with fun, and not at all abashed by the formal, grown-up courtesy with which he was received. Beginning with Serena as chief hostess of the evening, he bravely met the ordeal of that stiff little line, making to each girl what seemed to her a particularly pretty speech. By the time he had reached the end the ice was decidedly broken, and the girls were chattering as freely as if this was any ordinary occasion.

Ten, fifteen minutes passed, and the girls began to grow a little quieter. What made those boys so late? Twenty minutes, and still the bell was silent. Philip could see that his hostesses were getting nervous, and he redoubled his efforts to be entertaining. But they seemed to be lacking in appreciation, and only looked at one another with anxious, wondering eyes. Finally, when the clock struck the half-hour, Sally's patience snapped.

"I should think, girls," she cried in a voice shrill with indignation, "that you might have told those horrid boys to be on time! Did n't you *tell* them six o'clock sharp?" Then, suddenly seeing that this speech left no doubt as to who had invited Philip, she suddenly ceased speaking and blushed crimson with confusion.

"Wha-a-t?" faltered Serena, also flushing painfully. "Oh, Sally!"

"Why, Sally Comstock!" Katherine began, and stopped short, looking from Serena to Sally,

realizing that the end of a joke is not always so funny as the beginning.

"I should *think*," she said, with ice in her tones, "that you would—" But the absurd-



"PHILIP BRAVELY MET THE ORDEAL OF THAT STIFF LITTLE LINE."

ity of the thing suddenly struck her, and she began to laugh. "No, Philip," she gasped; "it was all our own idiocy—I don't blame you a bit. *This* is where the surprise comes in, Sally."

But the absurdity of the thing suddenly struck her, and she began to laugh. "No, Philip," she gasped; "it was all our own idiocy—I don't blame you a bit. *This* is where the surprise comes in, Sally."

"But think of all that supper, girls!" groaned Katherine. "We'll make you eat enough for six, Mr. Philip Howland, you sinner!"

"But he can't *dance* enough for six!" grieved Jeanie, looking ruefully at her pretty slippers.

"We'll never, never hear the last of this!" exclaimed Emily, looking tearful. "And our fun is all spoiled."

"Oh, of course we've got to have those boys," said Mary, cheerfully. "Where are they, Philip? Do you happen to know?"

"At Jack's; I'll go and round 'em up—have 'em here in five minutes."

and back again to Serena, while Mary's keen eyes were on the three of them. "Is there any one here who *did n't* ask Philip to come to this party?" she asked in calm desperation. "Emily? Jeanie?" Then she turned to Philip, who was uncomfortably

"Those awful boys know *all* about it!" wailed Emily, as the door closed behind Philip. "Oh, we never *shall* hear the last of this!"

And there are six unfeeling boys in Brinton who seem determined that her prophecy shall be fulfilled to the very letter.

## "BABY" ELTON, THE QUARTER-BACK.

BY LESLIE W. QUIRK.

"BABY" ELTON limped slowly away from the gymnasium in the fast-gathering darkness. He was proud of the limp, for it was an injury of the football-field, a symbol of the pluck with which he had launched his one hundred and thirty pounds of muscle against some one hundred and eighty pounds of brawn in a successful "tackle" which laid to the ground a padded giant of the "gridiron." Moreover, it had been no common player who was thus stopped with unerring skill, but the captain of the varsity team.

It was all in a practice game, to be sure, and Elton had been playing on the "scrub" or second eleven. But, for all that, the fact remained that he had stopped the burly full-back captain after half a dozen others had failed. And, to add to the glory of it all, the big player had slowly arisen, wiped off some dirt, gingerly stroked an arm, and had finally said, "Good work, old man!" which is as enthusiastic praise as a really good football-captain ever gives.

It left such a pleasant taste that Elton never once noticed a great bruise on his leg till he was taking his shower-bath a little later. Even then it failed to worry him. He knew bruises were no handicaps when once the turmoil and zest of a game ran through one's veins—always provided there was pluck on the part of the injured person.

As he walked slowly along the street he was conscious of but one trouble in all the wide world. That particular cause for worry was his one hundred and thirty pounds of weight. For football, it must be understood, is a game where weight well-nigh outclasses science; and when weight and science are combined in one man that person is a fit subject for the football-field, and, as readily follows, is given preference over a lighter man who may possess equal skill.

So it had been with Elton. He had donned a football-suit at the beginning of his junior year at college, and in one season had thoroughly

mastered all the principles of the game. When his last year in school began, he came forth as a candidate again, with a few pounds more weight and a wonderful knowledge of football. But a new man, twenty pounds heavier, also tried for the same position, that of quarter-back, and found no difficulty in securing a place on the team. This left Elton substitute quarter-back.

He was thinking of it all now as he trudged painfully along. There was no bitterness against Saunders, the player who had won the coveted position, for he knew the heavier man possessed a decided advantage. Nevertheless it seemed wrong, somehow; he had been one of the few faithful who had never missed practice through all the weary days of rain and sunshine and snow and mud. And now, with the season about to terminate in the great championship game, it looked as if all his hard work were to go for nothing. Certainly there was injustice somewhere.

"Oh, Baby Elton!"

Far back along the walk Saunders himself was striding forward with the ease of a man who boards at a training-table—and does not get hurt in practice. Elton was glad of the opportunity for a brief rest, and waited till the other had reached his side. Together the two walked, and recalled victories of the glorious eleven that bade fair to claim championship honors in the West.

"It has been a good season all around," declared Saunders, at last.

"For you it has," said Elton, before his brain fairly formed the words. Once spoken, he would have given much to recall them.

They walked on in silence for a few minutes; then Saunders suddenly stopped.

"Look here, Baby," he said; "I understand just what you mean. Had it not been for me, and for the fact that I am heavier than you, the position of quarter would of course have

been played by you. I'm sorry the way it is, and I'd give a lot if things were different. But I don't see how you can blame me."

There was a long silence. "You see," he went on, "I graduate next spring. The game Saturday is the last of my college days, the last

I shall ever see from the side-lines, the last time, in all probability, I shall ever wear a football suit. It comes hard, old man, to think I shall have no part in it. I believe I would willingly give almost anything just for ten minutes in the midst of the broiling scrimmages, with men piling on top of me, and with the ball in my arms. It means more to me than you can imagine; and yet there is no possibility of my playing unless"—here he hesitated—"well, to be frank, unless you get hurt; and I know I should rather remain on the side-lines than see you laid up."

Saunders smiled. "Do you know, Baby, it is pretty nearly a case where I wish I might get hurt. Sort of suicidal view, is it not?" "Verily it is," said Elton, lightly, in an endeavor to assume his natural jolly nature before entering the dining-hall.

There was a great mass-meeting the Friday evening before the game. It seemed that every student in the whole university attended, and yelled and sang himself hoarse. Football songs of jargon half unintelligible were fitted to popular airs and repeated again and again. Then the members of the football team were called



J.N. MARCHAND.

"THE CAPTAIN CALLED HIM TO HIS SIDE AND SPOKE A FEW ENCOURAGING WORDS THAT DID MUCH TO QUIET THE NERVES OF THE PLUCKY QUARTER-BACK." (SEE PAGE 31.)

"I don't," said Elton, decisively. "I am upon one by one, and stood upon the platform just sorry for myself." And he tried to laugh. with great hulking figures and crimson cheeks,

and chokingly told how on the morrow they would play the game as they had never played before. Finally the crowd called for "Baby—Baby Elton, the orator"; and he marched up the steps of the platform and grinned pleasantly at the cheering mob of students. And when the crowd had at last quieted, he told tales of other football games; and through it all ran his peculiar vein of happy humor, just as if he had never experienced a disappointment. Next the professors, ignorant of football, rose and told how the game should be won. And then, promptly at nine o'clock, the trainer bunched the great pink-cheeked babies of his and took them off to bed, and the meeting broke up amid the din of the varsity yell.

Saturday dawned bright and clear, with a crisp coldness in the air that foreboded snappy football. Early in the morning special trains began to arrive, each car crowded to its limit, until the staid little university city became a giddy metropolis, fairly swarming with people. And still they came on every train.

When Elton, near the rear of the little squad of athletes, trotted clumsily out upon the field a few minutes before the game was called, he emerged into a chaos of noise and people. On every side of the white-ribbed parallelogram great tiers of seats, circus style, slanted skyward. It reminded Elton of a huge funnel, with the broad expanse of blue sky above and the waving banners on the sides that narrowed down to the ridiculous little patch of sawdust cut into curious slices by the glaring white lines. Over it all hung the holiday air of unreality.

The rival university bands now woke to the occasion, and tried to outdo each other with their rollicking, inspiring music. The bleacher crowds fitted words to the tunes, and howled them forth with deep-lunged vigor. Wordy duels between the owners of megaphones added to the spectators' enjoyment. And last and by far the most pleasing were the varsity yells: one, snappy and short; the other, cadent and long drawn out. Thousands of voices in perfect unison made the yells reverberate and echo far over the little city.

The game started at last. Squatted near the side-lines with a blanket thrown carelessly about his shoulders, Elton sat passive and immovable,

as became his stolid Indian appearance. He only grunted with high glee when he saw the captain of his team send the ball in a long, twisting kick almost to the goal-line; he only grunted cheerfully when he saw Vanders, the fast little end, bring down the opponent who caught the ball before that person had shifted it under his arm. His enthusiasm did not exceed the habitual grin even when the full-back who wore the opposing colors hit the line with a dull thud, and fell back for a loss. Elton knew each man on the team, and good plays were no more than he had a right to expect.

It was a championship game, and to this day men who know all the arts and guiles of football speak of it with awe. Minute after minute the two teams struggled for supremacy. Neither could advance the ball appreciably, and both were forced to resort to kicking tactics. Back and forth sailed the ball with monotonous regularity. Where it was caught, there it was downed. Not a fumble marred the perfect playing; not a hint of undue roughness called the spectators' attention. Each of the teams was backed by traditions of college lore and that loyalty which is the inspiration of great universities.

So all through the first half they fought with dogged hopelessness. Neither side scored; neither team, in fact, was once within striking-distance of the taunting white goal-posts and the coveted line beneath. Up in the grand stand, between halves, men talked of the Harvard-Yale games which had ended with scores of 0 to 0. The rival bands struck up gaily as the players retired for their rest of ten minutes. The bleacher crowd broke forth with its wild medley of yells and songs again, with an occasional new rhyme pertinent to the game. But, for all the noise, the suspense was almost unendurable.

In the dressing-room Elton busied himself rubbing soothing liniment on sore arms and legs, always with a happy bit of encouragement and a cheerful grin. The men were not disheartened over their failure to score, but despaired of doing more than preventing a touch-down on either side during the second half. The coach spoke very briefly; he knew his players and knew how to influence them.



"Boys," he said, "you have been playing a perfect game. Try to play a better. Remember, it is to bring the championship to your university."

It seemed the second half was to go the way of the first. For twenty long minutes the two teams strained and tugged, neither winning, neither losing. The play was not as snappy and fast now, for the terrible strain was beginning to tell. Fresh men were substituted in a few of the minor positions, and Elton, each time he saw the captain glance toward the row of blanketed players, felt his heart thumping violently. But his summons failed to come. Saunders, he knew, would play till he dropped from sheer exhaustion.

But at last he saw something that made him quiver from head to foot. It was a mass play—a confused tangle of suits and legs and arms; and when the different men had finally disengaged themselves, he saw, stretched full length on the ground, a form he at once recognized. It was that of Saunders.

Before the captain had a chance to beckon, Elton had stripped off his great woolen sweater and was trotting out upon the field.

"Where are you hurt, Saunders?" he asked anxiously.

Saunders smiled as if it were a huge joke.

But the doctor who came running up to examine his wrenched ankle said decidedly:

"Young man, if you are not careful of that ankle, I won't be responsible for the consequences."

Saunders looked at the doctor, and smiled again, as he began: "Football and risks go together, doctor."

But just then he caught sight of the eager face of Elton the substitute, and, with a heavy sigh, he went on: "Still, if you order me off, why, off I must go, I suppose! Come on, Elton." Then, before the doctor could speak, the trainer walked him limping off the field. Elton watched the trio till the captain called him to his side and spoke a few encouraging words that did much to quiet the nerves of the plucky little quarter-back. Then the shrill blast of a whistle announced that time was up, and a second later the two teams were in position, ready for play.

Elton crouched back of the line, with his

heart doing queer antics. He knew the importance of the game, and realized only too well the consequence of a single error. But when the ball was snapped to him, hard and true, it brought back his confidence, and he passed it to the runner with deft precision. And when the signal for the next play was called, his head was as clear and his hand as steady as though he were a veteran.

But still neither team was able to score, and the announcement, "Five minutes more to play," came when the ball was almost in the center of the field.

Just how it happened not one of the spectators could say. But there was a fumble somewhere, and the ball shot high in the air and far to one side, where it rolled lazily along. For an instant it seemed no one of the players had seen it; then there was a sudden rush. But Elton had spied it first, and it was he who reached it in advance of the others. With a quick dive he lunged, head first, straight at the wriggling leather; then, as he gathered it in his arms, he turned a complete somersault, and shot down the field with the ball clutched tightly under his arm.

With thousands of voices urging him on, and counter-thousands praying for him to fall, he ran straight for the looming goal-posts. The chalk-lines shot beneath his feet till they looked like cracks in a sidewalk. Twenty yards ahead he could see a determined player waiting to tackle him. To the rear he could hear the breathing and footsteps of the horde which was pursuing him, eager to once get its hands upon him. Up in the grand stand and bleachers banners waved back and forth in a great blur of color, and staid men and women, some with gray hair, jumped up and down in the frenzy of their excitement. The game was in the balance.

Now he was almost upon the tackler, and it seemed he was to be brought down. He ran straight for the man, dodged suddenly, recovered himself, and swung past on the other side. The tackler dived and clutched Elton's mole-skin trousers, but his fingers slipped slowly down as he sought desperately to gain a hold. Elton plunged his open hand against the man, and managed to shake himself free. Then he ran toward the goal with redoubled speed.



"TOGETHER WITH TWO TACKLERS HE SLID OVER AND SCORED THE TOUCH-DOWN."

They caught him just as he reached the goal-line, and, together with two tacklers, he slid over and scored the touch-down. Then he was allowed by the captain to try for the goal, and dropped the ball neatly over the white bar. The score was 6 to 0.

Time was called a minute later, and the game was won, together with the championship.

There was a sudden roar. Elton looked up quickly, and blushed with dismay as he found the whole crowd shouting his name. Soon the people began to pour out upon the field, and Elton was hoisted on willing shoulders and carried toward the gymnasium. As a body-guard the university band closed about him, playing a strange mixture of rag-time and national airs.

Elton looked hopelessly at his captors. Then he gasped with astonishment. One of the per-

sons carrying him was Saunders, who had been forced to go out of the game because of injuries.

"I say!" he exclaimed in Saunders's ear.

Saunders smiled broadly, but made no reply.

"Did n't you get hurt?" demanded the perplexed Elton.

"Get hurt?" said Saunders, vaguely. "Do you mean me?"

"Why—but—of course you did."

"My ankle was turned a little—but I am not an invalid, am I?" persisted Saunders. "Drop it, Baby; it is all over now."

An inspiration came to Elton. "Did you," he asked solemnly, "consent to leave the game that I might have a chance to play?"

But Saunders only smiled vaguely again, and yelled reprovingly:

"Oh, Baby Elton!"

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### "THE LIFE FOR ME."

(A Song.)

WHEN summer smiles and dimples sweet,  
 And skies are fair and blue;  
 When all the earth is gay with flowers  
 Of radiant shade and hue;  
 When birds and bees and butterflies  
 Are out at work and play,  
 And all the fresh and busy world  
 Goes singing on its way—  
 Oh, then in summer's scented air  
 How happy I can be!  
 The pleasant, careless outdoor life—  
 Oh, that 's the life for me!

When winter frowns and puffs his cheeks,  
 And bitter north winds blow;  
 When springtime sleeps beneath the shroud  
 Of cold and glistening snow;  
 When dull and chill the sunset fades,  
 And stars gleam far and bright,  
 And living creatures shelter seek  
 From winter's cheerless night—  
 With friends and work and books beloved,  
 How happy I can be!  
 The cozy, cheery life at home—  
 Oh, that 's the life for me!

*Maria Elsie Ball.*

## IN THE NIGHT CREW.

BY HENRY PAYSON DOWST.

AFTER two months of anxious waiting, Andy McAndrews, who all his life had watched the engines of the Great Southeastern Railroad pound in and out of his native town of Mill Cove, secured work in the employ of that great company. This he did by sheer persistency; for he had been refused a place twice by letter, and once, when he had called to see him in person, by the division superintendent himself.

But he hung around the railroad yard, watching every movement of the shifters and of the countless freight-cars they handled. He made friends with the yardmen, bore a hand here and a hand there, learned how to signal the engineer, to "pull a pin," to climb upon a moving car, and to walk steadily along the foot-board as the car jolted over frogs and uneven sidings.

One afternoon when Roger McCullough left the yard with grippe, he did his work for him, and did it fairly well; so that "Easy" Mills, the yard-master, recommended him for the position of spare yardman, to which position Andy was at length appointed by the division superintendent.

Andy McAndrews was properly elated at this turn in his fortunes, and his friends among the very young men of the town said he was "stuck-up" about it. But that was only because they were envious. Andy was an earnest and hard-working boy, who deserved all that came to him in the way of good luck. He stuck to his work early and late, did what he had to do as well as he could, and six months later, when one of the men was discharged, Andy was given his place on the regular day crew under Easy Mills.

He was called "Easy" Mills for two reasons. One of these was that his initials were "E. Z." The other was that he did what came in the line of his duty without apparently great exertion. It took a man with a head for checkers to make a good yard-master for Mill Cove. In

the first place, there was the main line to be kept clear for trains. Then there were the long lines of drays waiting outside the freight-houses of the company for their loads; and the full cars of freight, having arrived at their destination, must be shifted into the houses, where their contents could be unloaded by the consignees. There were the cars loaded with outward-bound merchandise, too, which had to be shifted out and made up into trains, local and "through." Way cars, refrigerators, "Pink Line" cars destined to the other side of the continent, cattle-cars, flats laden with carriages, machinery, and what not, all made a hopeless jumble of cars, coming in every day by dozens and going out as fast. More than all that, the Mill Cove yard was said to be the most intricate, the most cramped, and in all respects the worst of the whole system. The tracks ran in every direction, the switches were tangled, the curves sharp.

But Easy Mills was equal to the occasion. He could extract a car of corn from the midst of apparent chaos, and send it spinning into the "Inward Freight" siding with quickness and precision, and this he did without unnecessary rough talk, yelling, or "getting hot under the collar." His men all liked him, too, because he was cool and patient, and because he treated them like fellow-beings.

Andy McAndrews was lucky to be under such a man, and, realizing the fact, he did his best to learn what he could from the example set him by his superior. After a while he had the maze of tracks in the Mill Cove yard sketched out in his brain like a map; he could see it all in his mind's eye, and he was therefore never at a loss by way of location. Easy said he had the makings of a good railroad man in him—which pleased Andy immensely.

The night yard-master was different from Easy. Possessed of less calmness and foresight, he was likely to be irritable when things

did not go just right, which was often enough the case. His position was a difficult one, to be sure, but he took it hard. However, he was a steady, conscientious man, and "got lots of work out of the men," as the superintendent expressed it.

One night, when Andy was tired by a hard day's work, this night yard-master, Ivers, came to Mills, saying that he was in hard luck and wanted some assistance.

"Johnson has fever," he explained; "Scott is laid off again with his bad knee; and you see that makes me two men short. And now Aiken, the spare hand, has gone out with Emerson's crew to help fix the Hominy Stream bridge.

very well; not because he was not straight enough, but he was a bit arbitrary, and the men were a little too likely to notice small things. Andy McAndrews, who was new to the business, had not yet formed many strong likes and dislikes. He thought of the hot steak and fried potatoes his mother already had waiting for him, and of the meager remains of his noonday meal in his dinner-pail; of the evening paper; and of the cold wet night as opposed to his warm bed. Then he thought of Ivers's trouble.

"If one of you fellows will stay till twelve o'clock, I'll see that he gets credit for his time," said that worthy.

Andy thought of the extra dollar; but he



"THE MILL COVER YARD WAS SAID TO BE THE MOST INTRICATE, THE MOST CRAMPED, AND IN ALL RESPECTS THE WORST OF THE WHOLE SYSTEM."

I wish one of you fellows would help me out to-night."

This last was addressed to the members of the day shift, who were standing around, dinner-pails in hand, about to start for home and supper.

Three of the men murmured excuses. Two more said nothing. None of them liked Ivers

also thought again of Ivers's difficulty, be it said to his credit.

"I'll stay if Amos will drop in and tell my mother when he goes by my house," said he.

"You ain't very big, nor very old," said Ivers, looking at him in frank disappointment. "But I guess you 'll be better 'n nothin'."





"THE SOUTHEASTERN LIMITED CAME CAREENING AROUND THE CURVE." (SEE PAGE 39.)

Easy Mills said, "He 's smarter than you think, Billy."

So Andy McAndrews became, for the time being, a member of the night crew. He was not used to night-work, but he knew the yard, he was active and wiry; and once Ivers said, "You 're doin' well, skipper."

Andy did not like to be spoken to in this condescending way. He had not much beard, to be sure, but he considered himself as good a yardman as any of the others. Still he said nothing.

It was a hard night, for there were even more cars than usual, and they seemed to have come in on the late freight-train in the most haphazard order. There was a big lot of "outward bounds," too, and a bunch of empties that at best it would take two solid hours to untangle. The short-handed crew worked like troopers, and Ivers became very much excited. Differing widely in method from Easy Mills, he did things that seemed to Andy the "longest way round" in some cases, though that was none of Andy's affair. The boy was going home at twelve, for he was tired and hungry and had promised to stay only until then. If Ivers thought he was nothing but a kid, he would save his energies for application under more appreciative eyes.

But at midnight Ivers asked him to stay a couple of hours longer, saying that he had been a great help and was doing first-rate. Good-natured Andy, much mollified, consented to stay. For Ivers it was a good thing he did so.

The night yard-master was a reckless handler of equipment. He had a habit of crowding the main line full of cars when there really seemed no need of it, and it looked to Andy McAndrews as if Ivers made some rather close allowances. There were several trains passing, and once the line was cleared with only four minutes to spare. But he seemed lucky, too, for he would get matters into what had the appearance of a hopeless tangle and then out again by some trick unforeseen by the rest of the men. Easy Mills always did his work "as he went along," so to speak, and there was never a time when, a shift once begun, his men could not tell about what he meant to do next. But Ivers's moves were mysterious. He was

over-ingenuous, and twice Andy McAndrews thought he saw where the result of a complicated movement might have been arrived at by much simpler means.

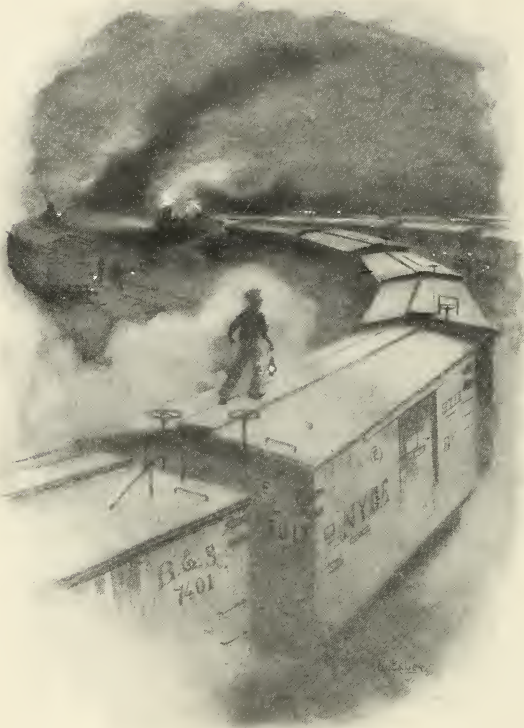
The night wore on and the time drew near for the pride of the company, the Southeastern Limited, to come along. Like all other big roads, this one had its "star" train, and any one who caused delay to the Southeastern Limited placed himself in danger of summary discharge. Ivers worked like a fiend, shouting and rowing at the men, becoming more and more excited from one minute to another. There was the lot of empties to be shifted in, and the local freight that was to leave at six in the morning for Broadhurst was yet to be made up. Ivers took several cars out on the main line. Then he got a line of cars on each side of those, covering all the switches for nearly a hundred yards. Just what he meant to do no one knew, for before the movement was completed he fell off the top of a Wabash furniture-car and nearly broke his neck. In fact, he did not recover consciousness until the next forenoon.

Picking him up, they carried him into the office of the round-house and telephoned for a doctor. Then Henry Elder, the oldest man in the force, took charge of the yard. Another man was left in the round-house with the injured Ivers.

So Andy McAndrews was one of three men who had to do work for six, and he doubted if even that number could do it. There was the main line full of cars, and the Limited due in twenty minutes. Henry Elder frankly confessed that he had no idea in the world of what Ivers had intended going before the accident interrupted the work; but he felt sure that if he had to flag the Limited he would lose his place—a feeling that did not add materially to his presence of mind.

"Got to try it, anyhow," he said. And try it he did. At one time it looked as if he were going to succeed. Then he became mixed in his reckoning, and got two flat-cars, loaded with some sort of a long shaft for a ship or a factory, right across the main line, with four empty box-cars standing by themselves squarely on the right of way of the Southeastern Limited.

There they stuck, and, try his best, Elder



"ANDY WAS ONE OF THREE MEN WHO HAD TO DO THE WORK OF SIX."

could not dispose of them. He backed No. 203, the shifter, into the empty cars from the rear, and Stevens, the engineer, was responsible for the force with which the locomotive and cars came together. The coupler on the tail-end of the shifter was damaged to the point of uselessness. Of course that complicated matters. Poor Elder looked at his watch.

"We'll have to flag 84," he said sadly (that meant the Limited). "I can git 'em straightened

around, but I've got to take my time. It'll take half an hour, and I'll lose my job. Andy, git the lantern and go up the line, that's a good boy."

Andy went into the round-house, where the doctor was working over poor Ivers, and took down a red lantern. Of course if the line was not clear, 84 would have to be stopped until the cars could be shifted out of the way, and that meant that the whole crew would be discharged in a lump. The crew could not, strictly, be held responsible, but delaying the Limited was an exceptional offense.

The boy started up the line with the red light, sad at heart. He had only just won his place, and if he had gone home instead of volunteering to help a man he had heard little good of, he would now be safely in bed, and in no danger of losing the position he valued

so highly. He looked at his watch. In seven minutes the express would come along and—and—stop?

Not if he knew it. Why had he not thought of it before? And why had not old Henry Elder thought of it? He broke into a run, and when he reached the required distance from the congestion on the main line he set his red lantern firmly down between the rails and turned back, running at the top of his speed.

There in his brain was sketched the map of the Mill Cove railroad yard—a map he had failed to use. The reason for the failure was that he had grown into the habit of discipline which offers no question when orders are given.

Henry Elder had done what he could, and Andy had accepted his orders without second thought. But once out of the old fellow's sight the map had come before his mind's eye, and there lay the solution of the puzzle, as plain as day. It was now a matter of haste on his part whether the line was cleared or the Limited delayed and the whole crew dismissed from the service of the company. Besides this, he had some pride in the splendid train, in common with every other operative on the road. It *must* be allowed to go on without slowing down.

When Andy arrived breathless at the scene of the discomfiture of Henry Elder, he found the situation practically unchanged. There were the two flats across the track, there was the shifter at the other end of the box-cars, and there was the broken coupler. In a few hurried words the plan was explained to Elder.

"Oh, Andy, it's too late now! Why did n't I think of it before?" groaned Henry.

"It is n't too late, man," cried Andy. "Try it. There 's nothing to lose."

Elder pulled himself together. Yes, there was a rope on the tender. Why, of course, there was the short spur into the coal-pit. A signal to Stevens, and 203 began to puff and fume; down the track the three box-cars were hauled and disposed of in accordance with Andy's

plan; and then back through the maze of tracks the little snub-nosed engine threaded its way, pushing a car here and scraping narrowly by another there, until the rear-end of the two offending flats was reached. A spurt of steam, a snort, a spinning of wheels, and they were dragged out of the path of the Southeastern Limited, and the line was open.

"Don't stop to holler, boys," yelled Andy, as a shout went up. "Remember the lantern."

Then began a race up the track that lasted during the last thirty seconds of the seven-minute interval. Andy, who had placed the lantern on the track, won the race, snatching the signal from between the rails and giving it the vertical jolt that extinguished the flame. And just at that instant, prompt to a dot, No. 84, the Southeastern Limited, came careening around the curve, and in another moment was indicated only by two fast-diminishing green points in the murky distance.

A week later Andy McAndrews went around to Billy Ivers's boarding-place to call on the sufferer, who, with his head carefully bound in gauze, grinned wanly at him from the depths of a feather-bed.

"How are you getting along?" asked the boy.

"A good deal better than I would be if you folks had stopped 84 that night," answered the injured man. "Henry Elder was in to see me, and he told me about it. Put it there, Andy, shake! Say, I guess Easy was right when he said you had the makin's of a railroad man."







NEWMAN WYATT

THE OLD WILLOW-TREE.





# The Old Willow Tree

by Mary Gage.

O WILLOW, weeping willow, with your sturdy trunk of brown,  
And your slender little leaflets like sword-points hanging down,  
I sat upon your branches, and 't was there I read a tale  
That told about a dryad maid, so tall and slim and pale.  
It said she lived in tree-trunks, and really was it true?  
I wonder, oh, I wonder if she ever lived in you!

I waited and I waited, and I dreamed of her at night;  
And oh, she was so pretty in a gown of green and white;  
Her hair it was all golden, and it rippled to her feet;  
And oh, her eyes were tender, and her voice was wond'rous sweet.  
They said that she was timid, that she seldom walked about;  
I lingered and I lingered, but she never did come out.

I hunted and I hunted, and I talked to you all day;  
I thought that she might listen and would answer in some way.  
I whispered all my secret joys and all my troubles too;  
I used to eat my bread and jam and dream all day in you.  
For tight across your branches they had nailed a little seat;  
I stayed there, and I played there, and I dangled down my feet.

I wondered and I wondered if you were the dryad's home;  
And if she lived inside of you, all silent and alone;  
And had a winding stairway that went up and up so high,  
It kept right on a-winding till it reached the very sky.  
There was a dainty bedroom at the very top, you know,  
All lined and twined with satin blue; I'm sure it must be so.

I pleaded and I pleaded, with my earnest childish might,  
To be allowed to sit in you upon a moonlight night.  
For then, so ran the story, timid dryads oft were seen  
To glide beneath the whispering trees bedecked in wreaths of green.  
But no one seemed to b'lieve in you; they always laughed and said  
To stop my talking nonsense and go right straight off to bed.

O willow, weeping willow, my poor heart will break, I know;  
They 've sold you with the homestead, and alas! I too must go.  
And never, never, never shall I be there any more,  
Or see the dryad maiden when she opens soft her door.  
And oh, when I am gone away, I 'll often think of you;  
For if *you* are weeping, willow dear, *I* am weeping too.

## BOOK-PLATES FOR CHILDREN.

BY WILBUR MACEY STONE.

THERE are a lot of grown-ups, even, who do not know exactly what a book-plate is, for these little labels are not known everywhere; so it is hardly fair to expect the younger folk to know about them. Mr. Gordon Craig has told us very plainly what a book-plate is: "A book-plate is a piece of paper stamped with a name or device, generally both, and pasted on the inside of a book to show the ownership. A book-plate is to the book what a collar is to the dog. On the dog-collar we engrave, 'I am Smith's dog.' Alter the word 'dog' to 'book,' and add a simple adornment in the shape of a flower, a map, a butterfly, or a crest, and lo, the book-plate." So you see it is just something nicer than writing your name in your book. Large folks have used these little labels, off and on, ever since books were printed, and just now there is an active revival of the pleasing custom. And as nowadays as never before the boy is father of the man, so now the boy has his personal book-plate often before his father has one. Also, it is really a very delightful and useful custom. Our children are growing to be more and more book-lovers and book-owners, and with ownership comes the appreciation of the "little things" of books. And as I maintain that a real book-lover should also be a book-lender,—in a prudent way, of course, or he may soon cease to be a book-owner,—why, the book-plate becomes almost a necessity.

Book-plates for children are of comparatively recent origin, and it is only within a very few years that the custom has been at all wide-spread. Now, in England, Germany, France, and America, there are a lot of youngsters who own book-plates. And we, as Americans, hold the record for a young book-plate owner, for I know of one miss who at the ad-

vanced age of three months had a book-plate among her Christmas gifts. It was presented by an enthusiastic book-loving and book-plate-collecting aunt. That suggests another pleasing branch of the subject. Your elders, in all



solemnity and earnestness, collect these little bits and arrange and classify them just as you

do the sea-shells and starfish during your long summer vacation. And really, in the winter-time, when one can't get shells and pebbles, they make a fair substitute. I know of some half-dozen girls and boys who have little collections of book-plates that show perseverance and appreciation, and they exhibit them with as much pride as do their elders. There are

a good many owners of book-plates who are pleased to exchange, and the children who have them are always quite glad to have the book-plates of other child owners in exchange for their own.

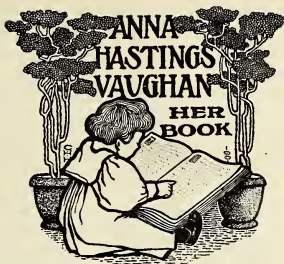
Our first illustration is of a plate just completed by Mrs. Beulah Mitchell Clute for a couple of Chicago youngsters. In it we see some very modern children, a girl and a boy, dressed in an artistic style and seated in the grass. Overhead are the spreading boughs of a crooked and picturesque tree, while the children, quite forgetting their surroundings, are lost in the pages of a huge book of fairy-tales. The poor neglected toy-pig at the end of the long string stands sadly looking up at his spell-

bound little master. The old witch who waves her star-tipped wand over their heads has evidently sent them, body and mind, to the land of her little people. Climbing up one of the border lines and floating amid the foliage in the distance are fairy sprites, while in the extreme upper corner is a stately goose waddling on her way out of the design. Mrs. Clute is no beginner in book-plate designing,



but this very successful plate is the first one she has done for a child.

Then comes Sibley Watson's stately galleon laden with childhood's treasures, its low stern-



arrangement of baby, book, and blossoms that is fitting and simple. The "three buds of promise" of the Bidwell family of Hartford are complacent enough to hold their bookish possessions in common, and they use a very droll label to indicate their ownership. This plate is by Mr. Jordan of New York, and in it he has used, in most bashful pose, one of his grotesque imitations of a man, bearing a big label with the legend "Bidwell children's library." The background is a panel of checkered design, supported by branches of a plant unknown to botanists.

Ward Cameron is a Canadian lad, and the world is advertised thereof in his book-plate. Here we have the maple-tree and the beaver, and in the background the placid ocean beach and the setting sun. The young man, with one of his favorite toys beside him, sits rapt in day-dreams, with a huge volume held fondly in his lap. This plate is printed in four colors for use, and is a beautiful and appropriate design. Jay Chambers, a young newspaper artist of New York, who has done a number of book-plates of high merit, is the designer of it.

The plate by Claude Bragdon for Majorie Parkhurst Gilmore has several pleasing features. It is a drawing full of repose and contentment. The little girl in the big arm-chair has her foot

windows looking knowingly at you from under their shutter eyelids, while its twisted rudder of a nose completes the truly droll expression. This design is by Gelett Burgess of "Purple Cow" and "Goop" fame. ST. NICHOLAS readers need no introduction to him.

For Anna Vaughan, Charles Henkels, of Philadelphia, has done a pleasing



curled up under her, and, with book in lap, is a picture of quiet happiness. The inscription, "Her own book," is a pleasing variation on the commoner forms.

All these plates are by American artists for American children; but now here is one for an American child by an English artist. My own and only daughter is neither so shy nor so

Then comes one of the very few book-plates done by dear Kate Greenaway, now gone to her long home, but ever living in the memory



studious as her book-plate, printed at the top of the next column, would indicate, but the picture at least holds up to her a good ideal toward which to strive in conduct and industry; and Miss Pauline does love her books, and is often a very sweet little girl, even as in her book-plate. This design is drawn by Violet Holden.



And now come five English designs for as many English children. The first, for Joyce Wolmer, is by Helen Stratton, of London, and seems to me a well-nigh ideal child's plate.

Under the double row of spreading saplings we have Puss-in-Boots, Bo-Peep, Cinderella, and the Prince. Behind them is the murderous Bluebeard, fiercely chasing his fatally curious wife. At the back are Bo-Peep's wandering sheep and Jack and Jill still on the hill in quest of water, and Jack is shown doing gymnastics.



and child-loving hearts of those who survive her. This plate was done for one of the Locker-Lamson children, to whom she dedicated her illustrations for "Little Ann and her Mother." This plate shows one of Miss Greenaway's cheery maidens bearing a great bowlful of posies. At the foot of the design is the Locker motto, "Fear God, fear nought."





The next two illustrations are from designs by Gordon Craig, whose peculiar drawings have attracted much comment from those who note the fads and fancies of the art world. These designs are capital children's plates. The woolly French poodle and the fierce Jack-in-the-box please both old and young. Their usefulness, however, would certainly be increased if they bore the full names of the owners rather than their initials only, but their artistic effect is certainly complete as they are drawn now.



The last English design shown is for a dear little girl who must be related to Bo-Peep. She has apparently come up from the meadow to report that her spring lambs and mint are doing well. Her dolly is tightly clasped in her arms, and she smiles in a most contented manner. This design is by May Chatteris Fisher, of Birmingham. She is known on the other side of the ocean for her pleasing book illustrations and decorative drawings.

The two upper plates on page 46 were "made in Germany," like so many useful things we moderns use. The first one, by Professor Hildebrandt, is for his little daughter Elisabeth, and has long been one of my favorites among

plates for children. The little girl's head in the heart of the flower and the simple scroll bearing the name so plainly printed are to me eminently appropriate for childhood's days. Professor Hildebrandt has made numerous and elaborate book-plates, but there are none of them I prefer to this.

Waltrud Schulte's plate is a characteristic modern German design, and is full to overflowing with the young lady and her treasures. We see her at her desk, deeply engrossed in some fascinating tale, while dolly, knitting, and toys await her ladyship's pleasure.

Now, judging by the examples shown, which are examples of the best, we may ask, what are the especial features of a successful plate for a child? First, as to size. Little book-plates are suitable for little people; but as many books for children are quite large, this rule of smallness need not be absolute. It is nice to have a design reproduced in two sizes, so as to be suitable for large and small books. But if you have only one size have it small. Then, simplicity of design should rule and picture-plates should be chosen in preference to all others, the meaning of the whole thing being plain to the youngest. The older folks are making everything



too plain in their book-plates, but a child's plate should need no explanation. In looking through



a collection of modern plates one finds so many "girl with book" and "book with girl," then "man with book" and "book with man" that it grows wearisome in spite of the variations played upon the theme. But for a child's plate let us have children, books, and toys in profusion. Then, the out-of-door spirit, with woods and flowers, has a sense of fitness always.



The humorous and grotesque are also appropriate, and the youngsters are usually keen to catch the point. I think that the Mother Goose and fairyland folks are my favorites in children's bookplates. They always give me true delight and a rare

sense of satisfaction. I believe that these designs touch the children in the same way. It is like meeting old friends.

I sincerely trust that this little ramble among



the minor posies of book-land will add to the interest the children have in that delightful country, and that it may inspire many fond and kindly parents to forthwith procure bookplates for their always bright girls and boys.



# A TRIP THROUGH THE NEW YORK NAVY-YARD.

BY JOSEPH HENRY ADAMS.

LOCATED at the Brooklyn side of the East River, on what is known as Wallabout Bay, and midway between the old and new bridges, there is a piece of government land comprising about one hundred and fifty acres. This is the New York Navy-yard.

From a small shipyard of a century ago this property has been gradually developed and improved until at the present time it is one of the foremost naval stations of the world, and in time of war it becomes perhaps the busiest place on this continent.

It is admirably situated upon one of the finest of harbors, and has a magnificent water-frontage of a mile, while within its boundaries are creeks, canals, and basins enough to accommodate a large fleet of war-ships, cruisers, and transports.

During the late war with Spain the New York Navy-yard played a most important part in the great drama of conquest, and in the early stages of the conflict its docks, wharves, and waterways were crowded with cruisers, battle-ships, gunboats, and monitors undergoing hasty repairs and equipment for active service in the serious work that followed.

Apart from the regular government craft, there was a large fleet of auxiliary cruisers and steam-yachts being converted into gunboats, armed cutters, and despatch-boats for service in the Southern waters, as well as for picket duty all along the Atlantic coast.

Many of these yachts required resheathing with armor-plate, and all of them were transformed from beautiful pleasure-craft painted in bright hues to the most formidable-appearing sea-fighters of dull-lead color.

The navy-yard magazines were crowded with projectiles and shells, cases of prism and grain powder, and thousands of rounds of smokeless-powder cartridges for rifles and rapid-fire guns, which were hastily shipped and stored in the magazines of the war-vessels or transported to the field of action in the West Indies.

The machine-shops, foundries, ordnance and supply departments were filled with an army of skilled workmen, who labored day and night on the pressing work of making vessels ready. More than eight thousand men were employed in the yard at that time, although the regular force in times of peace is but two thousand.

Every known trade and profession is carried on within the limits of the New York Navy-yard, from crude farming to the making of delicate scientific instruments, and from rough blacksmithing to the designing of the most formidable fighting-craft.

Workmen of every description are employed, from the laborer who shovels dirt for one dollar a day, to the artisan and craftsman whose services are worth two dollars an hour.

The machinery and equipment in the shops are of the most modern type, and capable of turning out any kind of sea-craft, from the dainty little despatch-boat to the most powerful battle-ship.

The navy-yard is a mine of interest, and every one should make a visit to some large navy-yard to see the manner in which this important branch of Uncle Sam's work is carried on; for in a description, no matter how graphic, it is hardly possible to convey the full meaning and extent of the important work necessary to the naval defense of a large country with an extended coast-line, like the United States.

As a whole the New York Navy-yard ranks as the finest naval station in the Union, the next in order being the yards at Washington, D. C., Charlestown, Massachusetts, Pensacola, Florida, League Island, Pennsylvania, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, Mare Island, California, Kittery, Maine, and Norfolk, Virginia.

It occupies a position unequalled for undertaking naval movements in Atlantic waters, for in the late war this was demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of the government.

The yard is open to visitors every day except

Sundays, between ten and four o'clock; and access can be had to every part of the grounds, including glimpses into the shops through the open doorways, although visitors are not allowed inside the buildings unless by special permit.

Any of the ships may be visited by permission from their captains or officers on deck, and the marines are always quite willing to show the visitors the big guns and the points of interest all over the ships.

As you pass in through the main gateway at Sands Street, a sentry will call you to halt; but if satisfactory reasons can be given for admission, and you are above suspicion, you may pass in and begin the interesting tour of inspection.

At first one hardly knows which way to turn when within the gates, there are so many paths and points of interest in sight; but if you turn to the right and follow the path leading to the commandant's residence, that will be found the best course. It might be well to apply at the office of the captain of the yard for a general pass, so that you may not be halted at any place and your business inquired into.

If you have a camera it can be taken with you, for in time of peace there is no serious objection to taking pictures of the yard in general; but photographing within the buildings will not be allowed unless by special permission.

On the way to the captain's quarters you will pass long sheds filled with lumber of all sorts and from all over the world, that is used in construction and finishing.

Everything, from the light molding of hard wood to the huge inahogany log weighing several tons, may be found here, and a large quantity of the hard woods have been in the sheds many years, so they are well seasoned. Most of the expensive logs are painted at the ends to preserve them from the weather and to reduce the likelihood of splitting; but the soft wood is used much faster and in larger quantities so that this precaution is not necessary.

The large stock is constantly being drawn on and replaced, but there is always an abundance, as Uncle Sam never "runs on shorts" if it is possible to avoid it.

The immediate vicinity of the captain's office

is interesting, for here we may see great piles of cannon-balls, condemned of course, but used for ornamenting the grounds, and some fine old guns mounted on antiquated carriages of iron, many of them trophies of war, together with various historic relics.

Conspicuous among these are two finely fashioned old guns of bronze, with highly ornamental mountings, resting on carriages of steel, in which the name "Sevilla, 1857" is cast in bold characters. Formidable are these in appearance, but no match for the guns of to-day that can throw a projectile for several miles with great accuracy. They are muzzle-loaders, with a small touch-hole, and on the name-plate at the side we read that they were captured from the Spanish fortifications at Cavite, Philippine Islands, by Admiral George Dewey, after the famous battle of Manila Bay.

They were brought home on the "Olympia," the trim war-ship which was the first to cut loose with her guns in the battle of Manila Bay. She was the flagship of Admiral Dewey, and she began the battle in obedience to his quiet command to his executive officer: "You may fire, Gridley, when ready."

We all know what followed that first shot, and to the jackies and gunners who fought on our ships that morning nothing but the highest praise has been given all over the world, not only for their wonderful marksmanship but for the humane deeds of rescue when the poor Spaniards were drowning about their burning and sinking fleet, on which hundreds had been killed, while on our fleet there had been no loss of life. Her reception at the navy-yard must have been a great surprise and delight to the jackies, who had been absent from their native land for more than a year, and many of whom had been recruited and trained on the "Vermont," in this navy-yard.

Close to these old guns are two formidable-appearing guns with shields and mounts, broken breech-blocks, and pierced armor-plates, showing the effect of "Yankee" projectiles.

One bears a label showing that it is a breech-loading rifle—gun, mount, and shield having been taken from the sunken Spanish flagship "Reina Christina" at Manila Bay; while the other is from the "Reina Mercedes," and the



THE SANDS STREET ENTRANCE TO THE NAVY-YARD.

same size as the first—two monuments to Admiral Dewey's gallant victory over the Spanish fleet on that memorable May morning.

Along the line, and mounting guard in front of the captain's quarters, are two guns from the Santiago battle. The label of one tells us that it is a breech-loading rifle-gun from the Spanish armored cruiser "Almirante Oquendo," taken at Santiago by our fleet, while the other is from the "Vizcaya," and bears a corresponding inscription. The upper part of one gun-shield is perforated and torn by a projectile, and is a suggestion of the fearful destruction that shot must have wrought among the gun-crew.

It is a practical demonstration also of the accuracy of the United States gunner at long range, for the projectile must have entered a port-hole in order to strike the shield of the Spanish gun.

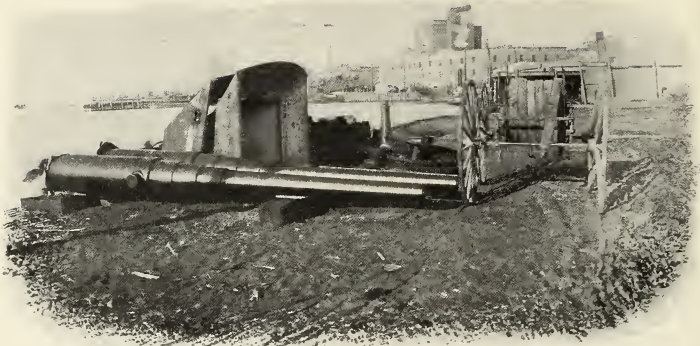
Two guns from the "Maria Teresa" are in

the yard also; they were fortunately removed and brought here before the vessel was raised, and subsequently lost while being towed from Cuba to the United States; otherwise we should never have had them.

Some of these captured guns are without breech-blocks; for, if you remember the details of the battles, the fact may be recalled that in the Santiago battle, when hope was lost by the Spanish sailors, they removed the breech-blocks and other parts of the mechanism and threw them overboard, to render the guns useless should they fall into our hands.

Beyond the captain's office there are many antiquated pieces of almost every description, trophies of several wars, dating back nearly a hundred years. They are mostly old wrought-iron and bronze guns, some taken from H. M. S. "Macedonian," October 25, 1812. Another is the twelve-inch gun "Peacemaker," of 1838, a clumsy affair and seeming very old-fashioned





TWO GUNS TAKEN FROM THE "MARIA TERESA."

compared with some of the fine Krupp trophy-guns mounted but a short distance away. A few mortars are among the collection, and on a grassy bank at the side of the captain's office rests the heavy ram that once pointed the bow of the Confederate ship "Mississippi."



SHELLS FILED BEFORE "SHELL-HOUSE NO. 1."



Conspicuous among the relics are two submarine contact-mines that were raised from Guantanamo Bay. One, if you remember, was struck by the prow of the battle-ship "Texas," June 15, 1898; and if the torpedo had been in good order there might have been some serious damage done. It is an oddly shaped object resembling the stack of a wood-burning locomotive, and having at its upper edge a number of levers, any one of which, when pushed in, was supposed to explode it.

As in everything else during the war, fortune seemed to favor our vessels that struck these mines, for all of our navy escaped injury from

Near it the grand stand is located, where on Saturday afternoons during the summer a marine band takes its station and the popular airs are played. On a bright day this locality presents a pretty scene, with the brightly uniformed officers and men and the many fair visitors, while within hailing distance the men-of-war glisten with the white paint of peace. All tends to make the scene an enlivening one.

On the parade-ground in front of the marine barracks there is also a great deal of life and movement in fair weather. The marines, who are our "sea soldiers," are constantly being put through military drills and evolutions, and in



FOUR SWIFT TORPEDO-BOATS.

mines except the "Maine," and the sinking of that vessel is supposed to have been the result of a long-considered plot.

To the right of the captain's quarters and on a high knoll at the western end of the yard the commandant's residence is situated. From the veranda of this house it will be found that a fine view can be had of the entire yard.

time of recreation they are often seen indulging in their favorite game of baseball.

Taking the path that leads to the docks, you will pass some massive stone and brick buildings. These are the largest naval storehouses on this continent. Within them are cases filled with almost everything needed in connection with modern naval warfare. Guns of every de-

scription, torpedoes, signals, chains, cables, boats, tenders, anchors, armor-plate, steel rigging, blocks and tackle, and in fact all kinds of ship-belongings, can be found here in large quantities, so that at short notice almost any kind of craft could be readily converted into fighting trim. Proceeding to the water-front, we are brought in close contact with some of the great war-vessels, for there is hardly a time that several of them are not undergoing repairs or being coaled and provisioned for cruises.

During the Spanish war, however, when almost every available sea-going craft belonging to the government was placed in commission, the yard was at times deserted; but at the end of hostilities the fleet returning from their different stations in the West Indies presented an inspiring sight at the navy-yard.

The great cruisers and battle-ships, the trim gunboats, and the low-hulled, swift torpedo-boats came back to their old quarters to be overhauled and repaired. Vessels and crews received the warmest welcome, and even all the shipping in the harbor and rivers united to express admiration of the American sailor.

The repair and construction work on these

basins. Some of these cranes are capable of lifting forty or fifty tons; and the new floating-crane that has just been completed has a lifting-capacity of several hundred tons, and is a huge affair constructed on a steel barge that draws over fifteen feet of water. Its lifting apparatus is of steel, and high enough to pass over the top of the upper works on any vessel, to remove heavy parts of its construction.

As we pass along the shores of the main ship-channel we see the old ways where ships were built and launched, also the large granite basin that, at the time of its construction, was supposed to be large enough to accommodate any vessel. It is too small now to accommodate the large ships, like the "New York," "Columbia," "Brooklyn," and other battle-ships; but it is of use, and will be used for many years, for the smaller boats.

On the shore we see several of the terrible little torpedo-boats, out of commission at present, but in such shape that they can be launched and made ready for sea within a few days. Among them are the "Porter," "Foote," "Winslow," "Rogers," and "Arrow." The last was on the deck of the Maine when she was blown



THE OLD "VERMONT" AS A TRAINING-SHIP.

massive ships goes on seemingly with ease, and although guns, turrets, boilers, and heavy frames weigh many tons, they are easily lifted and moved about by the enormous steam-cranes and derricks that are located at convenient positions all over the yard, and that move on tracks along the sides of the dry-docks and

up in Havana harbor, but the Arrow did not sink and was afterward sent North. The Arrow is reported to be the fastest boat in the navy, having made a record of over thirty knots an hour.

Several years ago some fine vessels were constructed at this yard, but of recent years the

government has been awarding the contracts to outside yards, and using the navy-yard for repairs or reconstruction only.

There are several large dry-docks within the yard, and six or eight vessels could be docked

One of the most interesting features of the Cob Dock is the training-ship, where apprentices are received and trained into the men-o'-war's-men of the modern navy. The Columbia is at present enlisted in this service, but for many years the



THE "MASSACHUSETTS" IN DRY-DOCK AT THE NAVY-YARD.

at one time, were it necessary. The finest of these is No. 3, which cost about two million dollars, and in which the "Massachusetts" rests, as shown in one of the illustrations. The construction of these docks involves a wonderful amount of engineering, and the pumps in connection with them are so powerful that within two hours a dock could be pumped dry.

Across the main channel from the old yard the Cob Dock is located, and to reach it a ferry-boat plies between the shores. The boat is a queer little craft, blunt at both ends, and at the center is arranged the gear machinery, by means of which it pulls itself from shore to shore on a cable, part of which it raises from the bottom of the channel as it passes along.

old frigate Vermont had been a "landmark" at its permanent moorings on the riverside of the dock and near the main ship-channel, and on it many thousand men have been trained. It was the only remaining link between the old and new navies, and many an old employee of the yard was sorry to see it go. About the 1st of June of the present year it was sold and towed away down East, where it is to be broken up for its metal, which is considered to be very valuable. It is said that the old ship's hull was as sound as when first built, as it was of live-oak and fastened with copper. The gallant vessel had certainly shown her soundness, as her active service covered a period of more than fifty years.

On the receiving-ship the naval apprentices are trained until they have been taught enough to serve on the cruisers and battle-ships. A young man who applies for a sailor's berth in the navy-yard, and who passes the physical and

alive. The glass port-holes are now all broken in, and one can see the crude hand machinery by means of which the propeller was operated.

The field of condemned cannon is an interesting place, and here we see some of the finest



THE YARD FOR CONDEMNED GUNS.

mental examinations, is put on board the training-ship for a period of rigid and rigorous training and probation until fully qualified. When he has passed he may then be transferred to any ship in the navy, and at any port, where his advancement by numbers is made according to his ability; but he seldom rises above the rank of gunner.

The future admirals, captains, and officers are men educated at West Point and Annapolis, where they are put through all the branches of naval manœuvres and are thoroughly schooled in navigation, after which they enter the active service of the government and are advanced as occasion requires.

The Cob Dock is a general open-air storage-place for old guns, lumber, refuse and scrap in heaps, but years ago the magazines and shell-houses were located there.

Among the relics of past sorrows is the old submarine boat "Plunger," which was built in the shape of a cigar. In this boat forty-seven lives in all have been lost. The last trip, a score of years ago, was the most disastrous, for, on that occasion, thirteen men were drowned. The boat was lowered into the river close to the Cob Dock, and was lost for several days; and when found and raised, of course not a man of her crew was

old muzzle-loading guns, that cost the government many thousands of dollars, but to-day are useless save for ornamental purposes.

Another object of interest is the Peary meteorite, a huge chunk of solid steel that was found in the Arctic regions and brought down by the Peary expedition several years ago. It is too heavy to be moved except by means of a great steam-crane, as it weighs several tons. It is supposed to have fallen to earth in a super-heated form and to have been tempered by its contact with ice and snow, as its surface is so hard it can scarcely be cut with a file.

Returning to the main yard by another route, around the Gowanus Canal, we pass in between the rows of large buildings that include the workshops, foundries, and construction departments. This group of buildings resembles a city, for they are constructed in blocks, with well-paved streets and sidewalks, that are arranged with electric lights, fire-hydrants, and sewer-drains for surface water.

Looking into some of these buildings through the low windows and open doorways, we see gangs of men at work on all sorts of naval accessories. In one building, devoted to the storing of torpedoes, we see the men cleaning, oiling, and testing the delicate mechanism, and



keeping these treacherous little war-engines always in shape for immediate use, except for the charges of explosives, which are always placed in them on shipboard.

Other buildings contain boats and tenders by the hundred, and all could be ready for service within a few hours. In another building we see all kinds of marine-pumps and water-tanks.

Passing a large massive stone structure with the entire side of glass, we are attracted by the busy hum from within, and looking through the doorway we see a magnificently equipped machine-shop, with the interior and all the machines painted white, while from the ceiling and from brackets large electric lights are suspended. This indicates that for both night and day work this building is admirably equipped.

The department of tests is one of the most interesting places in the yard, for here everything used in the navy has to be examined and tested. All kinds of armor-plate, steel, iron, and other metals must pass the rigid in-

spection imposed by the government. The steel-testing machine is a very fine apparatus, and is in a room connected with a large forging plant. The quality of materials required for use in the navy is of such a high grade that every precaution is necessary to prevent materials of a lower grade from entering the yard; and it is a rule that everything be tested.

And so, through each building in the large group, a different occupation and class of work is carried on, all fitting together like cogs and wheels of a vast machine. Everything is in excellent order and done systematically, for each department has its head, who in turn is under the superintendent.

Several days could be profitably spent in going through this yard, as there are many details brought to light the more one studies the various departments, and the manner in which work is accomplished. It is an interesting place to visit, however, no matter how limited your time, and the memory will be lasting.



THE PEARY METEORITE.





## THE OKAPI.

By A. H. KNIGHT.

EVERY reader of ST. NICHOLAS has doubtless visited "zoos" many times and become well acquainted with the different animals he has seen there. Some of them are very beautiful and some very displeasing in their appearance; but I am quite sure none of them has ever seen such a *queer*-looking creature as the okapi. He is in fact, a newly discovered animal, and

not a variety of any known species, so you can well see his importance and the interest that his discovery has aroused—particularly in the scientific world. Animal species have been developed from a few forms, and we can find many of the links that connect them; but here and there are gaps, and it is often difficult to find the links that complete the chain. The okapi fills one of these gaps. He stands between the giraffe and antelope, and partakes of the character of each. He is found in the forests of central Africa, and bears a strong resemblance to a fossil beast whose skeleton, though larger, is of about the same proportions, and undoubtedly that of an ancestor.

The okapi stands about five feet high at the shoulder. The body, which is covered with thick, close hair, is a brilliant brown but looks very blue in the light. The color of the head, which is a cream-yellow, commences abruptly at the neck, where the body color ends. The muzzle is like that of the giraffe, tapering, and the lips are used for cropping leaves, which the molar teeth grind. There are three projections on the skull, covered with flesh and hair like those of the giraffe. The legs and hind quarters are striped, and on this account many people have made the mistake of calling him a zebra, to which animal he does not bear the slightest resemblance. His hoof is cloven, like the giraffe's and antelope's, and enables him to speed over marshy ground without sinking. Now, the zebra would have a single toe (or a solid hoof), which is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the horse family. The mistake arose from the fact that Stanley, in his "Darkest Africa," spoke of horses inhabiting the forests of the Uganda district, relying on the statements of the natives. Sir Harry Johnston, however, when in Africa, determined to investigate the matter. Knowing it contrary to the nature of a horse to live in forests, he was anxious to see just what this creature might be, his interest being furthermore excited by seeing ornaments and waist-aprons worn by the natives made from this queer-looking skin. Upon inquiry, he found the okapi to be a common animal in these parts. They were said to go in pairs, though probably they also roam in herds. The meat affords excellent eating to

the tribes in this district, who are principally little dwarfs who subsist for the most part on the animals they hunt. These dwarfs are warlike in disposition, rather shy, and exceedingly averse to having strangers visit their country; and as they are quite a powerful people when banded together, they will probably prove a great obstacle to our becoming better acquainted with this new animal. They catch the okapi by digging holes in the ground, over which they loosely strew leaves and branches, making pitfalls into which the unwary animal easily strays. They gave the okapi his name, but in pronouncing it they leave out the *k* and in its stead make a clicking sound peculiar to their language.

There is a theory that the ancient stories of gnomes and other myths were founded upon acquaintance with these little people before they wandered into Africa.

Scant as is the clothing worn by these dwarfs, it is curious that it should have been their garments that led to the discovery of the okapi. Sir Harry Johnston secured two of the aprons made from the skin; but having been taken ill and being compelled to leave the trying climate of Africa, he succeeded in obtaining only two skulls and a skin, which were presented to him by a Belgian officer.

There is no accounting for the strange stripings on the okapi, unless they are the remnants of markings handed down from some ancestor who perhaps was striped all over, for in that remote period nature may have known the necessity of providing him with this defense against his more powerful enemies. Standing still among the trees and leaves, his dark body would mimic the shadows, and the bright parts bear so strong a resemblance to the light that many a crafty foe would overlook him amid his surroundings. This we know—that the okapi is marked in just the way that an animal living in the woods or jungle would be marked. If he lived upon the plains he would probably be of a uniform color, as the lion is, and resemble the rocks.

We hope some living specimens of the okapi will be brought to our country in time, and that we may see them in our zoos, and can form for ourselves some opinion of this new creature.

## GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN.

BY JOEL BENTON.

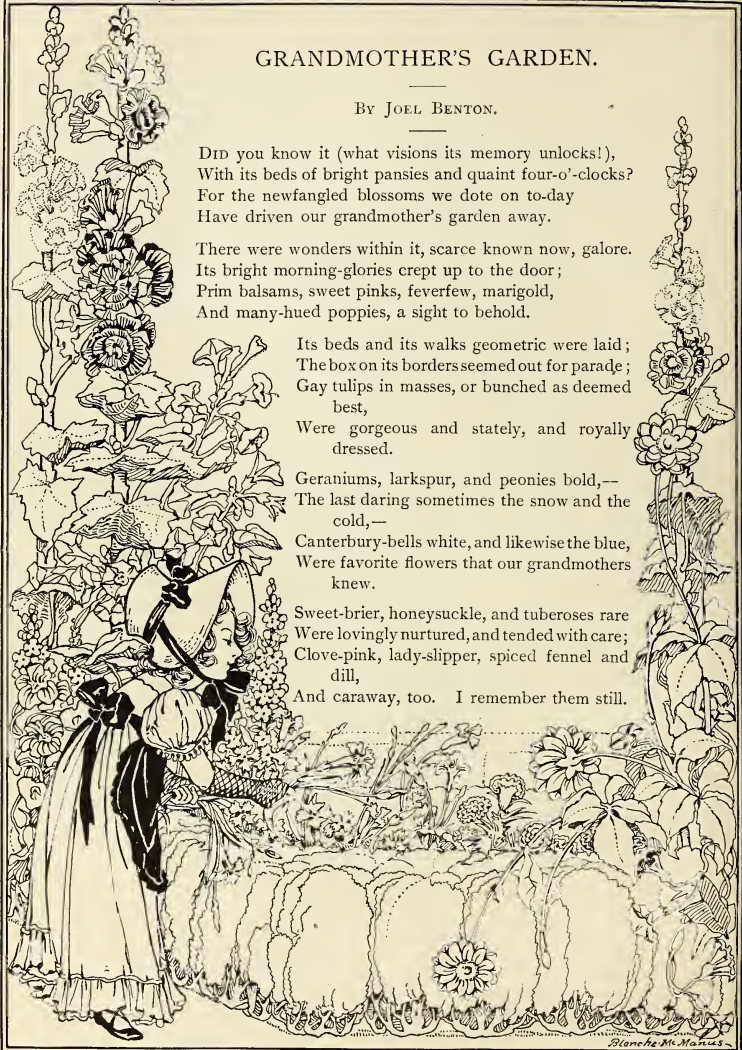
DID you know it (what visions its memory unlocks!),  
With its beds of bright pansies and quaint four-o'-clocks?  
For the newfangled blossoms we dote on to-day  
Have driven our grandmother's garden away.

There were wonders within it, scarce known now, galore.  
Its bright morning-glories crept up to the door;  
Prim balsams, sweet pinks, feverfew, marigold,  
And many-hued poppies, a sight to behold.

Its beds and its walks geometric were laid;  
The box on its borders seemed out for parade;  
Gay tulips in masses, or bunched as deemed  
best,  
Were gorgeous and stately, and royally  
dressed.

Geraniums, larkspur, and peonies bold,—  
The last daring sometimes the snow and the  
cold,—  
Canterbury-bells white, and likewise the blue,  
Were favorite flowers that our grandmothers  
knew.

Sweet-brier, honeysuckle, and tuberose rare  
Were lovingly nurtured, and tended with care;  
Clove-pink, lady-slipper, spiced fennel and  
dill,  
And caraway, too. I remember them still.



*Blanche M. Manus*



Buttercups, clematis, nasturtium, sweet pea,  
(The last has survived for the youngsters to see),  
And balm, for winged callers that sought it in  
flocks;  
Sweet-william and lychnis, and pink and white  
phlox.

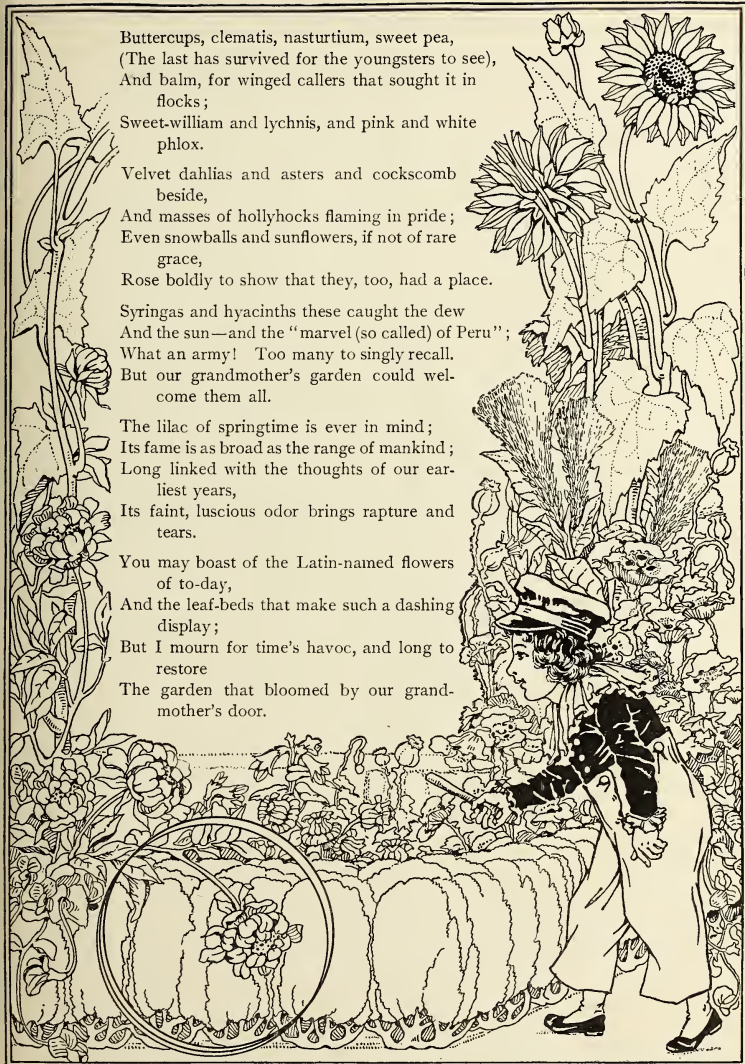
Velvet dahlias and asters and cockscomb  
beside,  
And masses of hollyhocks flaming in pride;  
Even snowballs and sunflowers, if not of rare  
grace,  
Rose boldly to show that they, too, had a place.

Syringas and hyacinths these caught the dew  
And the sun—and the "marvel (so called) of Peru";  
What an army! Too many to singly recall.  
But our grandmother's garden could wel-  
come them all.

The lilac of springtime is ever in mind;  
Its fame is as broad as the range of mankind;  
Long linked with the thoughts of our ear-  
liest years,  
Its faint, luscious odor brings rapture and  
tears.

You may boast of the Latin-named flowers  
of to-day,  
And the leaf-beds that make such a dashing  
display;  
But I mourn for time's havoc, and long to  
restore

The garden that bloomed by our grand-  
mother's door.





## “GRIP,” THE TALKING CROW.

(An O'er-true Tale.)

BY EUDORA BLACK.

“GRIP” was his name. He was so called in honor of the talking raven immortalized by Charles Dickens in his story “Barnaby Rudge.” Whether he proved worthy the name I leave to my readers to judge.

Ever since I read of the original Grip I longed to possess a raven. But there were no ravens in the country in which I lived, and the next best thing was his cousin the crow. I had heard and read of crows becoming interesting pets; in some instances, of their learning to articulate a few words after having had their tongues split—a cruel operation which I did not believe gave them the power of speech. It seemed as unreasonable as it was cruel, and I want to say that my pet was never subjected to such torture. He learned to talk by using his tongue as nature fashioned it.

Grip came into my possession in this wise: One day in April I chanced to meet a couple of urchins who had been robbing and destroying crows' nests, thinking they were doing a vast good for the farmers by exterminating the robbers of their corn-fields. I had long believed that the crow was not so black as he was painted, and that for every kernel of corn he stole he destroyed many grubs and insects, which would have injured the crops far more than the bird could have done with all of his depredations.

A sorer object I never saw than this poor kidnapped baby crow crouching in the folds of a ragged and tattered old hat. He was very ugly in his half-fledged feathers, with large head and long beak, but he looked so pitiful that my heart went out to him at once.

“What good are crows, anyway?” said the boy.

“Then give him to me,” I suggested.

To which the urchin replied:

“You don't get a crow every day, miss.”

I saw in the lad's eyes that he wished to bar-

gain as he told me how he and Jimmy, his comrade, had climbed to the very top of a tall tree in quest of the nest wherein he had found the baby crow, and of how the old ones had circled around, fairly flying in their faces and trying to pick out their eyes, and, worst of all, how the limb broke and he nearly fell. I said:

“Well, then, sell him to me.”

We soon had made a bargain. The boys then ran off with happy faces and still happier hearts, clutching a few dimes in their little fists, while I proceeded homeward with my newly found pet wrapped in my handkerchief.

As soon as I had reached home I placed him in a good-sized chicken-crate under a large pine-tree in the front yard, where I fed him bread and milk, which he gulped down greedily, and, like *Oliver Twist*, kept on crying for more, until I thought his appetite never would be appeased. I kept him in the crate for several days, feeding him very often. When he saw me approaching he would spread his wings, open his mouth, and shrilly “Caw, caw, caw!” for something to eat. His appetite was voracious. He would eat anything given to him; meat, bread, cake, fruit, eggs, all went greedily into his gullet. I wondered how the parent crows ever kept filled the maws of a hungry family.

Grip, as I called him, soon grew quite tame; so I left the door of his house open, and he went in and out at his pleasure. He showed no disposition nor inclination to wander away, but spent the day hopping around the large yard, hunting worms and insects, pulling the long grass, and carrying about little sticks in his beak. He came to me readily to be fed from my hand. At night he would go into his house to bed, which was a perch, just as a chicken would go to roost.

Grip's babyhood did not last long. He grew so rapidly that in three weeks he was a full-

fledged crow, with beautiful glossy black feathers, of which he was very proud. He bathed regularly every morning in a pan of water I kept under the tree for him, and how he would dress and preen his feathers! He was, in truth, a handsome bird, and well he knew it. He could fly, and the chicken-crate no longer served him for a bedroom. He found one more to his liking in the pine-tree. The chicken-crate, alas! became his prison at times. He had begun to grow very mischievous. On the family wash-days he had to be shut up, else all of the clothes-pins would be plucked from the line. Small articles, also, such as collars, handkerchiefs, and the like, would be missing. We soon learned that Grip was a cunning thief. He would fly into the house, snatch up a spoon or any other bright object he could carry off, and take it to some secret hiding-place.

A large bed of pansies near the house, which was my pride, was his especial delight. Every morning I would pluck the blossoms, which were so like little faces that smiled up to me. Grip was always on hand to assist me; but he would ruin every flower by snipping it off, and he did it so spitefully, I knew that he was jealous of the flowers I loved.

"Go 'way, Grip, go 'way," I would say to him, sometimes using a little switch to drive him off. The moment I was out of sight, however, down he would swoop again into the pansy-bed, and "snip, snip" would go their heads. There was scarcely an hour in the day when some one was not calling out, "Go 'way, Grip, go 'way," for the whole family kept watch over those pansies.

At times Grip would be very loving. Alighting on my shoulder, he would cuddle down close to my face, uttering soft little croaking notes. Then he would slyly pull the pin from my collar, and begin snatching at the hair-pins in my braids. At other times, when I called him, he would not come to me, but would alight near me, and look at me so impishly while I pleaded, "Come here, Grip; come, Grippy, come here."

One day I was coaxing him thus as he hopped along on the top board of the fence.

He put his head down and seemed to be choking and swallowing. After several such spasms he uttered the words, "Go 'way, Grip, go 'way," very distinctly. I could hardly believe my ears. Grip my crow could say three words: "Go 'way, Grip." For a long time he had chattered and made guttural noises. He would scream and laugh like a young imp. But now he could



"WHAT GOOD ARE CROWS, ANYWAY?"

talk, and, aside from being surprised, I was delighted. He soon learned to say "Go 'way, Grip" without effort, and not long after that I heard him say, "Come here, Grip; come, Grippy, come here," in the same coaxing tone I used to him.

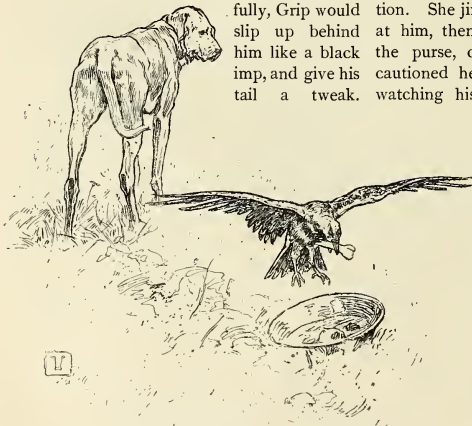
Rainy days were his delight. Then he held high carnival on the woodpile, where he would chatter and laugh, coax and scold by turns: "Come here, Grip, come here," in a

soft, coaxing tone; then harshly, "Go 'way, Grip, go 'way." It sounded as if two children were quarreling.

Later he learned to say "All right," "Hurry up"; and almost any hour in the day he could be heard, if not seen, practising his new accomplishments.

He would scold the dog, "Go 'way, go 'way," in so human a voice that "Towser" would sneak off with slinking tail. Once I heard Grip scolding in a furious manner. He was perched on the garden gate. Towser was gnawing a bone. Grip continued his angry "Go 'way, go 'way" until the poor old dog actually left his bone and walked off with an injured air. Mr. Grip then flew down and took possession of the bone, chattering, screaming, and laughing "Ha, ha, ha!" over his victory.

The cat, "Tom," a fine Maltese and a household pet, received his share of Grip's teasing. When he was lapping his supper of new milk, or dozing peacefully, Grip would slip up behind him like a black imp, and give his tail a tweak.



"THE POOR OLD DOG ACTUALLY LEFT HIS BONE AND WALKED OFF WITH AN INJURED AIR."

Puss would utter a distressed yowl, and spring up with swelling tail, and green eyes flashing with fury. It was well for the tormentor that his strong wings could take him out of reach.

The chickens, too, were often annoyed by this busy mischief-maker. I feared he might kill the little chicks, but he never harmed them. He was not cruel, and was only teasing out of pure mischief.

This he accomplished with the fowl by swooping down upon them like a hawk, brushing them with his wings as he flew by, causing a great cackling and flurry among them, which excitement he greatly enjoyed. Again, he would startle them by loud cackling such as theirs.

How can I relate all of Grip's pranks? He was so busy each day! A favorite occupation and diversion of his was to go into the cellar where, on a swinging shelf, the old bottles were kept. He would spend hours pulling corks and rolling the bottles about, chattering and talking the while.

All bright trinkets attracted his attention. One day my little sister sat in the window, counting the pennies in her purse. Grip flew upon the window-sill and watched the operation. She jingled the pennies and shook them at him, then dropped them one by one into the purse, closing it with a snap-catch. I cautioned her, but too late. Grip had been watching his chance. In a twinkling, and quicker than lightning, he had snatched the purse and flown away with it to some secret hiding-place. Long afterward we found the purse, together with a long-missing thimble, a spoon, several button-hooks, and other small articles which he had pilfered, hidden snugly away in the hollow of an apple-tree far out in the orchard.

When the pansy-bed was raked over in the spring, there, too, we found an assortment of his treasures, consisting of bits of glass and china, nails, corks, and hairpins. All these he had secreted there. It seemed that the things

he valued most, or that he feared we would take from him, he had cunningly hidden in the tree.

The autumn days came, and many a pleasant excursion Grip and I had into the woods gather-

ing hickory-nuts. It was but a short walk. With my basket on my arm, and with Grip in high glee perched on my shoulder, I would start out. The hickory-trees were scattered through the wood. After his first trip with me, Grip knew where they were as well as I did. When the nuts had all been gathered under one tree I started with my basket for the next nearest one. He would wing his way there ahead of me, and begin his work, that of shucking the nuts. He knew that each nut-shell contained a goodly morsel, and tried hard to crack them in his beak. When I found a stone and began cracking them, he needed no invitation, but came begging me with open mouth for his share of the toothsome kernels.

One afternoon when we were busy with the nuts, Grip suddenly flew to a high limb on the tree overhead, and began cawing in a loud and distressed manner. I knew that was his danger-signal, so I started for the orchard fence as rapidly as my feet could carry me, not daring to look behind, fearing there was an enemy in pursuit. Grip kept up his cawing. I knew that distressed cry meant *something*. Grip was a rogue and a thief, but he was also wise and knew when to sound an alarm. I had heard that warning cry before, and his fright was never groundless. Soon a low, rumbling sound, like thunder, fell upon my ear. Nearer and nearer it came. Venturing then to look behind me, I saw a cloud of dust, and in it many forms rushing by the open where I had been gathering nuts. It was the cattle. A

large herd was stampeding to the woods from the pastures below. They were in great fright; possibly stray dogs were chasing them. Had I not fled at Grip's cry of danger, I might have been trampled under the hoofs of the stampeding herd.

Then I knew why Grip always showed a wish to accompany me wherever I went. He had constituted himself my guardian and my protector. The moment I went out of the door he was on hand to go. However, he would not go far from home. When I drove, he rode along, sometimes on the back of "Coaly," the horse he had a fondness for,

perhaps because she was jet-black like himself, (hence her name Coaly), and sometimes on the back or top of the buggy. If in the latter position, he would peer over the front at me, looking very cunning as he did so. After seeing me safely on my way, he soared off home, and went about his business, which seemed to be that of looking after everything on the farm.

He was particularly busy when the fall harvest of fruits and vegetables was being garnered, going back and forth continuously between field or orchard and cellar with the men. He also took great interest in the barn-chores, following the men about as they cared for the dumb and faithful creatures. Now and then would be heard Grip's voice saying "All right," "Hurry up." Perhaps he would be



"WHEN I BEGAN  
CRACKING THEM, HE  
NEEDED NO  
INVITATION."



circling high overhead. It caused one to have a strange and uncanny feeling. He would perch on the orchard fence when the horses were turned out to graze awhile every evening, and call: "Cope, Coaly, cope, Coaly, cope, cope, cope, cope!" as he had heard the men halloo to the horses.

During that fall I taught the district school, half a mile from home. It was a pleasant walk, in good weather. Grip was on hand to see me safely on my way each morning. He would hop or fly along, or ride on my shoulder, until he came to the bridge which spanned the creek just half-way to the school-house. Then he would fly up into a tall willow-tree bending over the water. Thus far would he go, but no farther.

One morning, however, he alighted on the window of the schoolhouse, tapping loudly with his beak upon the glass to be let in. The children all knew Grip. He was famed throughout the neighborhood for his powers of speech and his impish and cunning pranks. Immediately the hands went up to beg permission to let him in, with promises to be good and to study hard.

The unanimous request was granted, and Grip flew to my desk and began picking up pencils and pieces of chalk. Then he went from one desk to another, looking for more pencils. No doubt he thought he had struck a rich field. I must confess that lessons were forgotten, so intent were the children in watching this strange bird, which hopped from desk to desk and peered into their faces in such a curious way.

When it was time for recess Grip had a merry play with the children, who knew how to entertain him. They fed him choice tidbits from their dinner-pails, drove little sticks into the ground for him to pull out, and gave him their handkerchiefs to pull by the corners. These he would tug at and pull until he "was black in the face," as one little girl remarked, and then he would hang tightly on, beak and claws, and be swung in the air.

When the bell rang, in he came again with the children, and perched upon my desk as much as to say: "Well, what next?" When we sang he cawed loudly with delight. At the

end of the song, when all was quiet and lessons resumed, he began talking, saying, "Go 'way, Grip, go 'way," to express his disapproval of the silence, I presume.

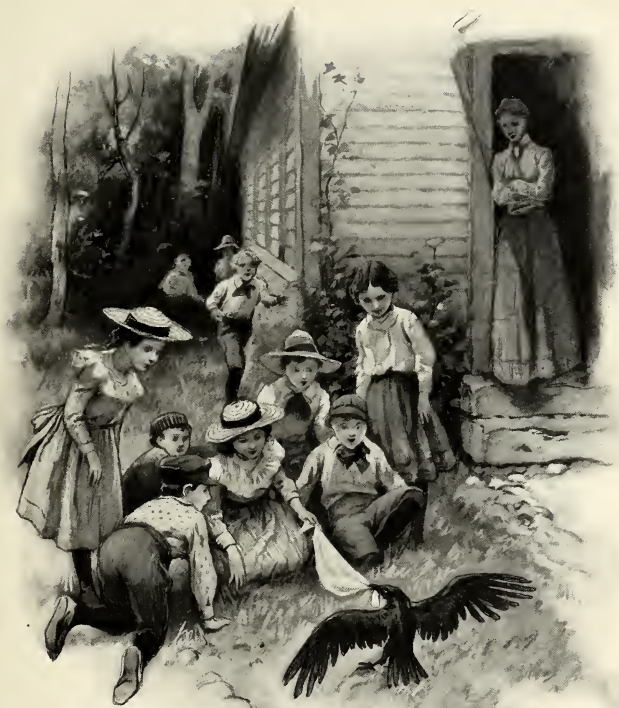
It was useless to try to teach school with Grip there, so, like Mary's little lamb, he was turned out. He did not, however, like the lamb, linger patiently about, but winged his way home. On my return that night, there he was, my faithful sentinel, waiting as usual for me on the top bough of the willow-tree.

After that he was a frequent visitor at the school-house. He came in time for the forenoon recess, and when school was called again, not being allowed to enter the building, he soared off home.

The children learned from him lessons not to be found in books—of how there is much to learn from even the lowest of God's creatures. In the spring there was no robbing of birds' nests in that school yard; not a stone was thrown to frighten birds away. Grip's friendship inspired them with a love for all bird-kind and a desire to study their ways and habits.

By and by the winter days were upon us. Grip seemed to enjoy the cold and the snow. Instead of water-baths he now took snow-baths. He would skim along over the snow, just brushing it with his wings, then take a plunge, wallowing in it as though he were in his accustomed water-bath under the pine-tree. Much of his time on stormy days was spent in the barn with the men. Often he would be seen sitting on Coaly's back, warming his feet. He liked to come into the house whenever the nuts which he had helped me gather were being cracked. The sound of the hammer always seemed to reach his ears, and brought him tapping at the window for admittance. When he had been fed with nuts until he was satisfied, he began to hide them about in the funniest places, slyly tucking one away under a cushion, another between the papers on the table or under the rug on the floor. The next time he came into the house he would begin hunting for his hidden morsels, and caw in great glee if he found them.

When the time came for him to go to roost he would watch his chance to fly out at the door



GRIP AND THE SCHOOL CHILDREN.

and hie away to his pine-tree. One stormy night I nailed a perch high up in one corner of the woodshed. I then called Grip to my shoulder, from which he readily flew to the perch. After that he came every night at dusk to be put to bed in the same way. He slept there through the cold winter nights, well sheltered from the storms.

March came, and Grip was often seen circling around overhead with a flock of crows that fre-

quented the place. I wondered if he would not select a mate and set up housekeeping in his pine-tree, and rear a family of talking crows. He was becoming more fluent in our language, every now and then adding a new word to his vocabulary, until it consisted of the following: "Go 'way, Grip, go 'way," "Come here, Grip; come, Grippy, come," "All right," "Hurry up," "Cope, Coaly, cope, Coaly, cope, cope," "Hurrah," and other words that were not quite plain



"HAD I NOT FLED AT GRIP'S CRY OF DANGER, I MIGHT HAVE BEEN TRAMPLED UNDER THE HOOPS OF THE STAMPEDING HERD." (SEE PAGE 63.)

enough to understand, but which, no doubt, he would have mastered in time.

But, alas! he came to an untimely death. One night he failed to meet me at the willow upon my return from school. No one had seen him that afternoon.

I found him in a shed, crouched upon an old barrel, looking very sick and miserable, and with green stains upon his bill. The can

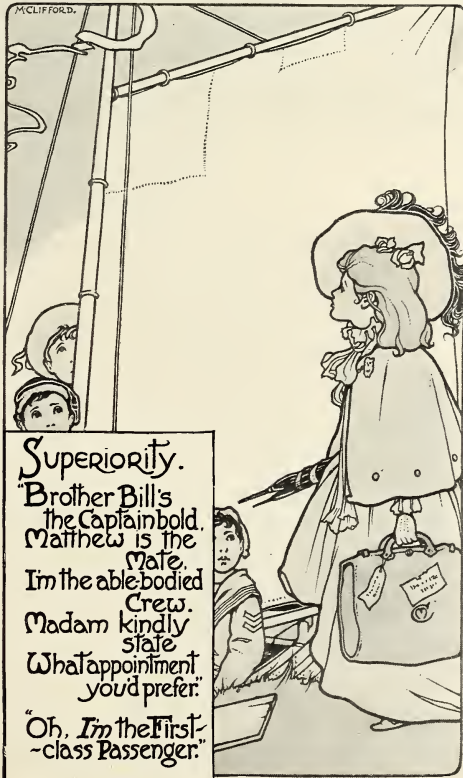
of Paris green was found overturned in the barn, and that told the story. The poor fellow had been eating the poison. He refused food, uttering plaintive little croaks as I stroked him and said "Poor Grippy!" I left him for the night, hoping his crow constitution was strong enough to resist the deadly poison.

In the morning I found him sitting as I had left him, but no soft croak greeted me.

He was cold and stiff in death. Do you wonder that my tears fell freely, and that I felt no shame in weeping for a dead crow? Free as the air he had been—my willing captive, preferring to live among human beings rather than among his own kind. He even tried to learn our language. He was a thief and a marauder by birth, yet he had proved his possession of affection, intelligence, and cunning

far beyond my understanding of his wild nature.

I smoothed his glossy feathers, and gently and tenderly placed him in a little box, and buried him under his pine-tree, the boughs of which day and night for many years since then have sung his requiem. A little wooden slab now marks the spot, bearing the inscription: "To the memory of Grip, the Talking Crow."







(Nonsense Verse.)

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

(With Illustrations by Fanny Y. Cory.)

A CYCLONE went a-wandering,  
And squandering, and pondering,  
A cyclone went a-wandering,  
To see what he could see ;  
O'er hills and valleys tumbling,  
And grumbling, and rumbling,  
And humble-bumble-mumbling,  
As black as black could be.

He sent the tiles a-scattering,  
And clattering, and battering,  
He sent the roofs a-shattering  
Right down into the street ;  
And next he blew the steeple off,  
And then he blew the people off,  
And now across the deep he 'll off  
To make his work complete.

O'er Europe with an airy leap,  
A whisking, frisking, fairy leap,  
A crashing, smashing, scary leap,  
He rattled and he roared ;  
But when he came to Asia,  
The way grew vastly mazier,  
And his ideas grew hazier,  
And he was somewhat bored.



Through Hindustan he whirled about,  
And swirled about, and hurled about,  
Till, sudden, as he twirled about

The town of Tra-la-lee,  
He came to where was standing,  
In amplitude commanding,  
Her thousand branches banding,  
A stately Banyan Tree.

The Cyclone stopped and scowled at it,  
And then he stood and growled at it,  
And then he rose and howled at it,

And who so mad as he?  
"O Tree," he cried, "away with  
you!  
I have no time to stay with  
you;  
I 'll just a moment play with  
you,  
While yet alive you be."

The Banyan rustled mockingly,  
And waved its branches rock-  
ingly.

"Alas!" it answered, "shock-  
ingly

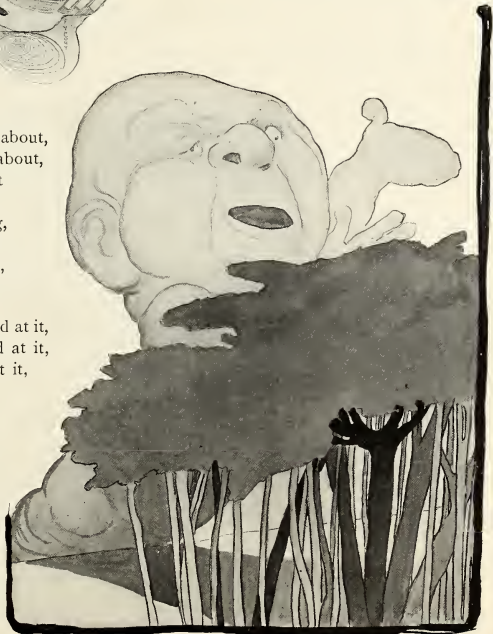
"T will grieve me to depart;  
Yet, ere I go, pray call to me  
My running rootlets all to me,  
My drooping branches tall to me,  
Or break a mother's heart."

The raging Cyclone tore away,  
And shore away, and swore  
away;

At every dash he bore away  
A hundred boughs or so.  
But the more he came to see  
of them,

The more there seemed to be  
of them;

At length he wished him free  
of them,  
And turned him round to go.



Oh!

But

Then!!!

The trailing branches stooped at him,  
And swooped at him, and scooped at him,  
The rambling rootlets looped at him,

And tripped him here and there!  
The big green leaves they flapped at him,  
And tapped at him, and slapped at him,  
And hard and harder rapped at him,  
And drove him to despair.

The tangling twiglets tore his face,  
The creepers dangled o'er his face;  
He could not see before his face,

He could not see behind;  
The myriad trunks surrounded him,  
And bounded him, and pounded him,  
And worse and worse confounded him,  
Till he was deaf and blind.

The baffled Cyclone sighed away,  
And tried away, and cried away:

"Oh, let me mount and ride away  
Across the ocean blue!  
Oh, let me go, you horrid things,  
You winding, binding, torrid things;  
I 'm sorry that I worried things;  
Boohoo! boohoo! boohoo!"

The Banyan rustled cheerfully,  
And winked and chuckled leerfully;  
"O friend," it said, "how fearfully  
You frightened me at first!  
You don't incline to clamber me?  
Then go! but pray remember me!  
In trying to dismember me,  
Dear sir, you 're not the first."

The wretched Cyclone slunk away,  
And shrunk away, and sunk away;  
At length in a spelunk away  
He hid his shameful head;  
And the last thing that I heard of him,  
The morning wind brought word of him  
(I grant you 't was absurd of him)  
That he was cold and dead.



# A LETTER FROM A SQUIRREL.



DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

I'm a squirrel, and I want to know  
What creature wears a hat with a bow,

Like this:



Has hair like this:



Blue eyes, a pair like this:



A mouth and nose, like this:

Teeth, two rows, like this:



And, if you put all these in place,

Has a face

Like this:



Wears a sunbonnet all blue, like this:



And a checked apron too, like this:

And from where I sit

Looks every bit

Like this:



That walks,

And talks,

And answers to the name of Madge,

And wears a ST. NICHOLAS badge,

Like this:



Yours truly,

WOODLAND SQUIRREL.







## NATURE AND SCIENCE For Young Folks.

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.

THE GRAY MONTH.—Spring is brown; summer, green; autumn, yellow; winter, white; *November, gray.*—THOREAU.

### DO WE REALLY KNOW THE SQUIRRELS?

PROBABLY we all have seen a squirrel sitting on the fence eating a nut, or we may have seen it running up and down the trunk of the tree or among the branches. I fear that many young folks have made the mistake of thinking (that is, if they really have thought about the matter at all) that running around and having a good time and occasionally eating a nut is all of the life of a squirrel. But careful and patient observations of squirrels will convince us that they all have many curious habits, and some squirrels do things unlike others—that is, they have



"STOOD DEFIANTLY WATCHING HIS OPPONENT."

peculiarities of character that our grown-up friends would express by the long word "idiosyncrasies."

We want our young folks to watch the squirrels and then write to ST. NICHOLAS about them. Extracts from such

letters will be published later. This month we have some interesting observations by one of our grown-up friends, Mrs. Augusta R. Pinney, of Springfield, Massachusetts. Among other interesting matter she writes:

Gray squirrels here are very tame. One can walk hardly a block without having his path crossed by two or more of these frisky creatures. Two of them come daily to our porch to feed on nuts which we provide for them. I am sorry to say they are not friendly to each other. By chance, one day, both arrived at the same time. Instead of eating the nuts peaceably, they quarreled, and the stronger one drove away the weaker one. For a moment we saw a round ball as the two came together snarling; then the fur flew, and they rolled over and over till the weaker one succeeded in escaping. The victorious squirrel, before returning to eat, stood defiantly watching his opponent hurrying away. He stretched himself up with the air of one fully capable of protecting his acquired possessions. After they had had two such meetings, one has come early in the morning and the other has appeared about eleven o'clock. We have seen that each has had his proper share.

You have seen a cat carry away her kittens. The squirrel carried away her young in very much the same manner. One day we saw a squirrel go across the lawn three times, and each time she carried a young squirrel. We watched her, but we did not succeed in finding where she went. Our neighbor had a squirrel that had three young squirrels in a box in an apple-tree. We found

which was formed by this branch separating into six branches. She gave a quick spring into this mass of leaves, in which were lying her baby squirrels. Her nest was about nine inches high and fourteen inches wide. I examined it with an opera-glass, and I discovered that it was made of twigs from a locust-tree near by. Many of the twigs were fresh and green. Evidently the nest had been made but a short time. I watched daily the nest, and at last I saw a squirrel's head between two branches.

Last winter a squirrel became so tame that he came into the house and took the nuts from my hands. The attitudes he assumed on these visits in search of food were very amusing. Sometimes he would spring upon my lap, and take hold of my hand with one fore foot while he was eating the kernel of the nut which he grasped with the other fore foot. Seizing a half of a nut, he would run up the trunk of our elm-tree to the crotch, then turn his head downward and hold on the trunk with his hind feet. Flattening his body to the trunk, he would leisurely eat the nut.

It always seemed as if he were showing us some new athletic tricks when he took

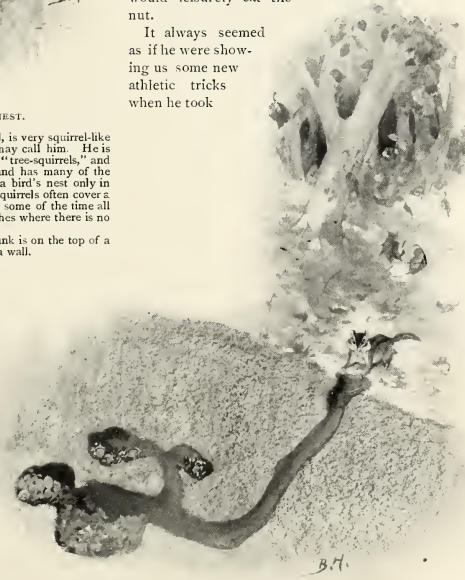


THE CHIPMUNK IN A BIRD'S NEST.

The chipmunk, though not strictly a squirrel, is very squirrel-like in form and actions — the squirrels' cousin we may call him. He is about equally related to the squirrels proper, or "tree-squirrels," and to the spermophiles, or "ground-squirrels," and has many of the characteristics of both. The chipmunk sits in a bird's nest only in sunny days of autumn. The red and the gray squirrels often cover a bird's nest with a mass of leaves and occupy it some of the time all winter. They often have other nests in branches where there is no bird's nest, or in hollow trees.

Another favorite sitting place of the chipmunk is on the top of a stake in a rail fence or on the topmost stone of a wall.

that the mother squirrel had moved, and we discovered that the squirrel we had seen crossing the lawn was our neighbor's squirrel. She had carried off her family, one by one, to some other home. Where was this new home? For several days we vainly watched the little mother. She was cunning enough to baffle all our attempts at discovery. She went to the side of the tree opposite her nest, dodged back and forth, then skipped from limb to limb, till she was lost among the leaves. One day I watched for half an hour. I was rewarded by seeing her come down and then run up a branch that had what looked to be a mass of leaves in the crotch



"GOOD WINTER TO YOU! — I 'M GOING TO BED!"

A hard winter affects the chipmunks very little. They are snug and warm in their burrows in the ground and under the rocks, with a bountiful store of nuts or grain. I have heard of nearly a half bushel of chestnuts being taken from a single den. They usually hole-up in November, and do not come out again till March or April, unless the winter is very open and mild. — JOHN BURROUGHS.



JUST AS EASY AS GOING UP!

this pose—like the circus juggler who drinks a glass of water with his head down and his feet in the air.

The squirrel is not a lover of birds, nor are birds fond of squirrels. A robin built a nest in our elm-tree, and our friendly squirrel made up his mind to have a nest just where the robin's nest was. The robin went away for a little "fly," and the squirrel during the absence examined the eggs in the nest in much the same way that he examines nuts. When he found his teeth made no impression on the egg-shells he threw the eggs to the ground. He then flattened the robin's nest and used it as a foundation for his own nest.

Shortly after the robin spied the squirrel running along the path. With vengeance intent, the robin flew at the squirrel, and before they were separated our squirrel was, like Woden, bereft of one eye. The robin's attack was always over the head of the squirrel. The squirrel ran, taking long leaps in running.

#### A ROBIN ROOST.

THE sunset was rapidly growing more ruddy and the few masses of white clouds sinking slowly to the horizon when I happened to notice a long line of birds flying across the western sky and suddenly disappearing. The robins were returning to their roost. There was much haste and hurry-skurry, and none of that methodical, leisured manner of the crow when going home at night. Robins are not dignified, but are like little children all their lives. They do nothing but scramble. I tried to count the robins that I saw, but soon gave up the attempt. There were at least a thousand, probably twice as many. When they ceased drop-



THE ROBINS RETURNING TO THEIR ROOST AT SUNSET.



THE ROBINS  
IN THEIR ROOST.

ping into the little thicket I drew near and tried to see them, but it was too dark. But I heard them.

They did not make a great noise, such as crows or English sparrows do, but kept up an incessant chatter nevertheless. I could only think of children at a picnic, every one talking and nobody listening. Later the sound ceased, to a great extent; but not every bird was sound asleep, or else some talked in their sleep. This is not unlikely, for in summer many birds will sing late in the night in a drowsy way that indicates that they are dreaming. When in camp I have often been startled by a cardinal redbird, catbird, or one of our warblers singing in a low, plaintive way its ordinary joyous daytime song.

Very early the next morning, when there was but a single streak of gray, there was a grand commotion at the roost. Every robin appeared to wake up at the same moment, and, without rubbing its eyes with its claws or yawning, began to chatter, and then darted out into the wide world again. As the spokes of a wheel point in every direction, so did the robins fly out from the trees, only a few going in the same way. Over the fields and meadows and creek they darted off, and in a very few minutes there was not one of them left. Every robin, on leaving the roost, is concerned only with getting its own breakfast, and pays no heed to its neighbors; and they are very wild, too. Their chirping now is only a series of alarm-cries, and they very seldom come near the ground; the tree-

tops are their autumn hunting-grounds.

Some time in the afternoon the robins gather again and commence, when all are ready, their roostward flight. It is not a steady procession—the ranks are broken at short distances apart; but, viewed from a good standpoint, they are never out of sight until the last bird has arrived. I think there are few stragglers.

CHARLES C. ABBOTT, M.D.

#### TRY YOUR SIMPLE MICROSCOPE.

IN late autumn, or even in winter, wasps may readily be obtained. Note the very wonderful structure of the mouth parts. White-faced wasps cannot sting; others may be held in tweezers.



WASP'S MOUTH. (PHOTOGRAPHED THROUGH A COMPOUND MICROSCOPE.)





ORIGINAL DRAWING BY  
FRED. H. LAHER (AGE 16,  
64 BROOK ST., BROOKLINE,  
MASS.), THE WRITER OF  
THE FOLLOWING LETTER.

#### DRAGON-FLIES.

BROOKLINE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: During a warm summer day, as we gently glide down the river or across the rippling lake, there is one insect that is sure to attract our attention, both on account of the brightness of its colors and the ease and speed of its flight. I mean the dragon-fly, sometimes called the devil's darning-needle. Let us inquire into the life-history of this remarkable insect, which should certainly be classed only second to butterflies and moths in the beauty of its hues.

In spring and early summer, if a net be dragged over the muddy bottom of some pond or river and the contents be examined, there will often be found an ugly creature struggling hard to escape. Its appearance is shown in the illustration. This is a dragon-fly nymph, as it is called. This nymph is provided with hairs which cover his body all over, and to these hairs adhere the decomposed matter which is found where he dwells. It is this that causes the nymph to look so unattractive, but it is of great service to him, for it conceals him from his enemies. But to see a nymph at his best one must catch him just after a molt and before he is covered with mud. He is then the possessor of a glossy dark-brown coat of armor spotted and streaked with yellowish green and black.

The nymph is furnished with one of the strangest weapons known in the in-

sect world. To the lower part of his jaw is hinged a strong arm-like attachment, jointed in the middle and having at the end strong jaws. When closed these jaws are shaped like a cup, and they just fit over the lower portion of the face. For this reason this apparatus has been termed a mask. It folds below the head and thorax of the nymph. When an unfortunate and unsuspecting insect comes within reach, the nymph darts out

his mask and seizes the prey, which he draws back so quickly that only a flash is visible as the deed is done. Holding his prize in his mask, the nymph then proceeds to eat it at his leisure.

As every one knows, there are two kinds of dragon-flies; the first being the true dragon-flies, with thick bodies and holding their wings horizontally when in repose, and the second class being the damselflies,



DRAGON-FLY NYMPHS ("AQUATIC INSECT TIGERS") AT HOME.  
The one in the right-hand lower corner has just caught a mosquito larva  
in its extended mouth "mask."

which have long, slender bodies and hold the wings vertically. Now, in the nymphal stage these two classes are most readily distinguished by their manner of breathing. The true dragon-fly nymphs breathe internally by drawing the water into their abdomens, extracting the air, and then ejecting it again. By expelling the water with sufficient force, the nymph can move along quite rapidly, but by sudden jerks. On the other hand, the damselfly nymphs respire externally by means of three leaf-like appendages. These also may serve the purpose of locomotion by being waved from right to left, as the sculler uses his oar.

Nymphs of the dragon-flies live at least ten or eleven months in water. But when the weather becomes warm, and the last molt is about to occur, the nymph remains inactive for some time. After this period of quiet, he climbs a neighboring reed until he is well out of water. Soon the skin splits down the back of the thorax and a wonderful transformation commences. Wings, legs, and all but the tip of the abdomen are thrust out from the dull covering. Then, exhausted by his tremendous efforts, the insect falls backward, hanging by the abdomen. Suddenly, having gained new strength, he wings upward, grasps the empty skin, and extricates his tail. Once more the dragon-fly rests, while the wings gradually expand.

FRED H. LAHEE.



DRAGON-FLY (OF CLASS KNOWN AS "DAMSEL") EMERGING FROM NYMPH CASE.

Note at the lower end of the three "leaf-like appendages" for breathing referred to by the writer of the accompanying letter.

Tennyson gives this vivid word-picture of the emergence and flight:

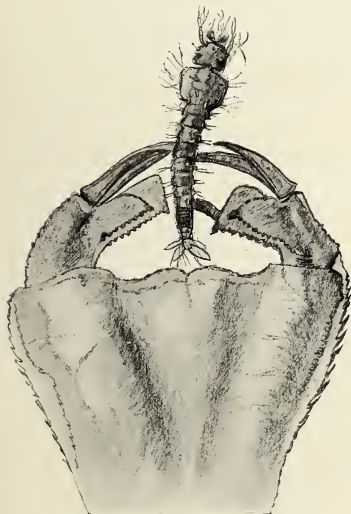
To-day I saw the dragon-fly  
Come from the wells where he did lie.  
An inner impulse rent the veil  
Of his old husk; from head to tail  
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.  
He dried his wings: like gauze they grew;  
Through crofts and pastures wet with dew  
A living flash of light he flew.

Lowell thus describes the flight, and the resting in the sun:

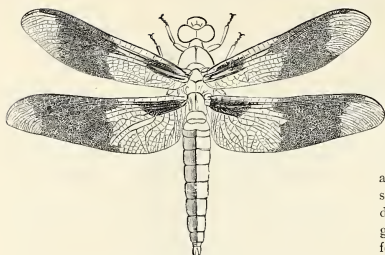
Blue dragon-flies knitting  
To and fro in the sun,  
With sidelong jerk flitting  
Sink down on the rushes,  
And, motionless sitting,  
.....  
With level wings swinging  
On green tasseled rushes,  
To dream in the sun.

Professor L. O. Howard, in his "Insect Book," gives this amusing statement regarding the dragon-fly's great appetite:

The voracity of a large dragon-fly may easily be tested by capturing one and holding it by its wings folded together over its back, and then feeding it live house-flies. I should hesitate to say how many it will accept and devour, as I never tried one to the limit of



HOW THE JAWS OF THE "MASK" GRASP A MOSQUITO LARVA.  
(Greatly enlarged view, drawn by the aid of a compound microscope.)



COMMON DRAGON-FLY.

This true dragon-fly keeps its wings extended when alighting; the "damselfly" dragon-fly closes its wings together in alighting.

its capacity. Beutenmüller found that one of the large ones would eat forty house-flies inside of two hours, while a smaller one ate twenty-five in the same time. It is an odd fact that a dragon-fly will eat its own body. Even when insufficiently chloroformed and pinned, if one revives, it will cease all efforts to escape if fed with house-flies, the satisfying of its appetite making it apparently oblivious to the discomfort or possible pain of a big pin through its thorax.

## TAKING NOTES AFIELD.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very, very fond of nature, and love to study about the birds especially. I kept account of those I saw daily last year between June 15 and September 15. In all I saw about fifty different kinds. I have a note-book which I keep the list in, which is ruled off with a place to write the birds' names, the date, the days of the week, the temperature and weather, and room for remarks. Each page is good for one week. You may think that it is a large and clumsy book, but it is only a small one.

Besides this I have a "Nature Book" where I write about anything that has aught to do with nature. Of course I always had another small book to jot down notes, etc., in when I was in the woods or pastures. I hope I shall see still more birds next year.

Your loving reader, ADA H. CASE.

A detailed list of fifty-three kinds accompanied this letter. Nearly all were seen in or near Brooklyn and on a visit in Boston. This is a good suggestion for others. Send not only the list, but please state the most interesting observations.

And don't make the mistake of thinking that when winter comes bird study should stop. Says Frank Chapman:

The best time of the year to begin studying the birds is in the winter, when the bird population of temperate regions is at the minimum.

## FEEDING A BABY HEDGEHOG.

THE MANOR HOUSE, MOULSFORD-ON-THAMES, BERKS, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder if a tame hedgehog is a usual thing? The gardener found a baby one in a field close by and brought it into the garden. At first it rolled itself into a ball when picked up, but after a while unrolled itself and did not seem scared. The next day we found it lying on the gravel in front of the house apparently exhausted, so we picked it up and gave it some milk, which it took first from a spoon and then drank from the saucer. It then walked to some marigold plants, crept under them, and went to sleep. We fed it several times that day, and it allowed us to pick it up as often as we liked without ever rolling itself up. The following day we saw it walking up the garden path to the spot where the saucer of milk had stood, and we fed it three or four times. After each meal it would walk away and disappear under some bushes, appearing again when hungry. The next day we could not find it, though we looked for it everywhere and put the milk in the same place; and the following morning the gardener found its little dead body at the edge of the field in which it had first been seen. It was about four inches long (when open), and its prickles were light brown and not at all stiff. It had only a few front teeth on the lower jaw, and, we supposed, must have been about three weeks old. We are very sorry it has died, and hoped we could have raised it. We did not keep it shut up, as we thought it might fret if deprived of its liberty. I should be very glad if you would tell me whether we fed it wrongly, and if it is possible to bring up baby hedgehogs. They certainly are very attractive little pets. Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

PAQUERETTE FORRESTER.

Hedgehogs in the National Zoölogical Park are fed almost exclusively on lean beef finely minced. Earthworms, snails, and insects have been given occasionally, but not enough to make up any considerable part of their diet. A mixed diet, including a considerable proportion of live food,—insects, snails, slugs, worms, small snakes, and lizards,—would probably be better for them than one of meat alone.



HEDGEHOG.

## DECAY OF AN APPLE SHOWS ITS REAL STRUCTURE.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Not long ago a girl bought an apple which proved to be a very peculiar one. On eating it, she found that the skin broke off like the outer shell of a hickory-nut, disclosing another apple. The outer apple was perfect, but the inside one was entirely rotten and contained all the seeds in its core. Will you tell me what caused this, and whether it may be classed with unusual phenomena? This is a lengthwise section of the apple.



"THE OUTER APPLE WAS PERFECT, BUT THE INSIDE WAS ENTIRELY ROTTEN."

Your interested reader,

CHARLOTTE BABER.

Professor Fred W. Card, horticulturist of the College of Agriculture, Kingston, R. I., writes regarding this:

I suspect that the case which your young friend mentioned is due to a decay of one part of the apple and not of the other. The core of the apple is made up of what is really the pistil of the flower, while the outer part is structurally different, though botanists disagree as to just what its significance is. A careful examination of an apple will show that there is a dividing-line between these two parts. It may happen that when decay enters the core it may not pass so readily beyond this line into other parts of the apple. It sometimes happens that when an apple has become wilted this inner part will separate from the other. I think this may perhaps help to explain the case cited.

You will find an interesting discussion as to the real nature of the two principal parts of the

apple in the chapter "Apples and their Like" in Professor Bailey's "Lessons with Plants"—a book to be found at least in the library of nearly all schools, even if not used as a textbook. This learned botanist explains various arguments regarding the structure of the apple, and adds:

"The pupil will also be impressed with the absorbing interest which may attach to the commonest objects when once his attention is called seriously to them."

All our young folks can readily see this double and beautiful floral-like structure and



LENGTHWISE SECTION OF APPLE.

arrangement of the pulp of the apple. It is as if the apple retained within itself a memory of the five-petaled flowers.

Cut an apple crosswise. Make a thin slice and hold it up to the light. Then take another apple and halve it lengthwise, that is, vertically. Take a thin slice as in the cross-cutting. Then quarter one of the halves lengthwise and cut thin slices from each piece. One cross-section is sufficient to show the arrangement in that direction, but several vertically are required. Note the differences between these vertical sections. A careful examination and a little thought will show you why these lengthwise sections vary in form.

Of course you will not fail to eat all the slices. That is an important part of deriving full benefit from the interesting specimens!



CROSSWISE SECTION OF APPLE.



# THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.



"A STUDY OF STILL LIFE." BY ELIZABETH C. PORTER, AGE 15.

The green of wood and field is gone,  
Along our paths the brown leaves lie;  
So seasons pass and years go by,  
While we go stoutly marching on.

THREE years ago this month we made the first League announcement. We were trying an experiment then; we wanted to see if there were enough young people among our readers who were willing to develop their artistic and literary talent to make such a department worth while. We believed there were, for we knew that the brightest children in the world read ST.

NICHOLAS; but that the League should become almost immediately a great international competitive school was a surprise to editors and publishers alike. To-day there are more than forty thousand League members in all, and among these it is safe to say that fully one half receive direct benefit from this department, the benefit of earnest effort and wholesome encouragement, while even those members and readers who have never contributed have found pleasure and profit in watching and comparing the work and growth of others. Already a number of our talented ones have graduated into the ranks of those who are doing the world's good work, and more than one of these has written to thank the League for its part in their steady advance.

And yet, somehow, they always leave the League with a sigh. "Can't you have just one competition for those who have passed the age limit?" writes one of our most successful members. Dear young friend! the pages of ST. NICHOLAS and those of every other publication are *always* open to competitions for those who

have passed the League age limit. Every editor in the land conducts at least one competition every working day in the year. These are open to all, and from them he fills his pages, rewarding the winners according to their deserts. The world itself is one great competition, and when you have passed the League age limit, and won all the League prizes, you have far more chance of success in this greater field than in any single contest which the League editor might devise. Have no fear! The world is your inheritance. Do not stand trembling at the door, but enter, and with a brave heart and a firm hand resolutely claim your own!



"HAPPY DAYS." BY MORRIS S. PHILLIPS, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE)

## PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 35.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**VERSE.** Cash prize, Teresa Cohen (age 10), 1709 Linden Ave., Baltimore, Md.

Gold badge, Irwin Tucker (age 16), 207 S. Dearborn St., Mobile, Ala.

Silver badges, William F. Stead (age 17), Elk Ridge, Md., and Mabel Fletcher (age 15), 470 E. Center St., Decatur, Ill.

**PROSE.** Gold badges, Frances C. Reed (age 15), Sausalito, Cal., and Isabel Underwood (age 14), 691 Marshall St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Silver badges, Freda Muriel Harrison (age 12), "The Wilderness," St. Helens, Hastings, England, and Helen Mabry Boucher Ballard (age 10), Creston, Cal.

**DRAWING.** Cash prize, Edward C. Day (age 17), San Anselmo, Cal. Gold badge, Corder H. Smith (age 14), Washington, Ga. Silver badges, Charlotte Morton (age 16), Tescott, Kan., and Roger K. Lane (age 11), 219 Sumner St., Bristol, Conn.



"HAPPY DAYS." BY ALOISE GEBHARDT, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

PHOTOGRAPHY. Gold badges, Morris S. Phillips (age 17), Island Heights, N. J., and Aloise Gebhardt (age 13), 2372 Broadway St., San Francisco, Cal.

Silver badges, Marguerite Williams (age 12), Lapeer, Mich., and Amy Peabody (age 12), Marblehead, Mass.

WILD ANIMAL AND BIRD PHOTOGRAPHY. First prize, "Elk," by Morgan Spaford (age 14), 703 Colorado St., Butte, Mont. Second prize, "Woodchuck," by Isabel Ormiston (age 15), Bernardville, N. J. Third prize, "Sparrows Bathing," by Alice K. Bushnell (age 15), 11 Maple St., Arlington, Mass.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badges, Scott Sterling (age 14), Lawrence, Kan., and Mabelle Seitz (age 12), Anaheim, Cal.

Silver badges, Marjorie Connor (age 14), 1116 9th St., Des Moines, Ia., and Walker Mallam Ellis (age 9), 8 Audubon Place, New Orleans, La.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Gold badges, Samuel P. Haldenstein (age 13), 205 W. 132d St., New York City, and Margaret E. Conklin (age 13), cor. Arch and Cedar sts., Marquette, Mich.

Silver badges, May Richardson (age 12), 1610 McCulloh St., Baltimore, Md., Robert Porter Crow (age 11), Shelby City, Ky., and F. Morgan Pile, Jr. (age 10), Swarthmore, Pa.

Every reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or otherwise, is entitled to League membership free. Send for badge and leaflet.

### QUIET DAYS.

BY TERESA COHEN (AGE 10).

(Cash Prize.)

A DREARY waste of snow doth lie  
Where once the lovely wild flowers  
stood;  
The leaves have lost their brilliant  
hues,  
And quiet reigneth in the wood.

Jack Frost has spread his net of lace;  
Leaves, torn from trees that gave  
them birth,  
Are whirled around, and soon find rest  
On the kind breast of Mother Earth.

Familiar sounds we love are still,  
The birds' sweet song, the bees' dull  
hum.  
Bright butterflies are seen no more,  
For quiet, dreary days have come.

### A CRITICAL MOMENT.

BY FRANCES C. REED (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

THE story that I love best is not a very long story or one that many people know, but it is a true story, and I love it because I knew the ones who made it.

Three years ago, the regiments that had been sweltering through the hot days in the *cuartels* at Manila were ordered to the front. Most of them were raw volunteers, and even many of the regulars had never been under fire. The particular company about whom this story is written belonged to a regiment of regulars lately recruited in San Francisco,



"HAPPY DAYS." BY AMY PEABODY, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)



"HAPPY DAYS." BY MARGUERITE WILLIAMS, AGE 12.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

and this was their first fight. Many were the curious sensations the men experienced before they learned that one does not hear the shots that hit and forgot to dodge the whistling bullets. Man after man was left behind, and the rebel Mausers cracked from every bush. With its leader dead and its ranks thinned and straggling, Company I paused for breath. Before them stretched a narrow lane, lined with cane and brush, and leading to a blockhouse that swarmed with Filipinos. Down the lane came a hail of bullets, and it looked like certain death to show themselves; so they lay hugging the ground, and debated. Just then up ran a young lieutenant to their aid. He knew that everything depended on their taking that blockhouse, and he called to the men on the ground: "Come, boys; I'll lead you."

But still they hesitated as they looked at that flame-spitting fort. Then five stood up, and, with the lieutenant in the lead, they dashed into the hail of fire, yelling as only American soldiers can. Two brave boys staggered and fell, while the other four swept on. The Filipino fire slackened as they drew nearer, and they gained the deserted trenches with a rush. Waving their guns, they dashed toward the blockhouse, while the half-dazed company came pounding along away in the rear. But the enemy did not wait to receive them, for just as the four rushed up the last rebel disappeared in the jungle and the battle of the Bloody Lane was won.



"HAPPY DAYS." BY ARTHUR BARRETT, AGE 16.

## QUIET DAYS.

BY IRWIN TUCKER (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

### MORNING.

BRIGHT from the flowering east, the royal sun  
Salutes the world, who hails with answering jubilee.  
Into the midmost sapphire wins he on,  
A charioteer sublime.  
Where red Montrose, frowning across the sea,  
Guards Daphne's peace, above her reverie,  
I drowse and love away the silver flitting time  
In days of perfect peace.

### EVENING.

Across all heaven the soft autumnal haze  
Weaves goldenly the hours into a distant dream.  
High dawning through the mellow sunset blaze,  
The star of love glows clear.  
We, in new glory, of the world supreme,  
Forecast these ancient glories to our dream.  
In our new life the mist and star shall bear  
Full days of perfect peace.

### NIGHT.

Without, sharp bites the hungry, howling night.  
Swift-scudding drifts cloud o'er the winter-frosted  
sky.  
Blackening afar, a fiery-crowned height  
Echoes tumultuous war.  
Within, bright comfort mocks the lowering sky;  
Hearts warm with love the deadening chill defy.  
Sweet summer's dewy grace, the evening mist and star,  
End in this perfect peace.

## A CRITICAL MOMENT.

BY ISABEL UNDERWOOD  
(AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

FRIDAY, and a test in physics!  
Question: Does a low barometer indicate fair or foul weather?

I bit my pencil in perplexity. Oh, too alluring magazine, why did your pictured pages cause me to spend a pleasant hour in reading, when I should have been acquainting myself with the mysteries of the barometer? Powerless to reason out the question, and not caring to lose ten credits from my mark, I was indeed in a quandary. Should I give it up altogether, and accept a mark of ninety per cent. at the most? In despair, I was about to do so, when an idea occurred to me.

The answer must be one of two things; why not make a guess, and put down one or the other? At least it could do no



harm, and it might give me the desired credits. As to which answer to give, that could be easily decided. My penwiper should represent fair weather, and my eraser foul; I would "count out," the article remaining standing for my answer.

Beginning with the penwiper, and pointing back and forth, I slowly chanted to myself,

"One, two, three,  
Out goes she."

Foul weather remained, and foul weather I wrote on my paper.

The teacher was reading our marks: Adams, Brown, Clark—would she never reach the U's? A critical moment indeed for me when she announced, "Isabel Underwood, ahem, one hundred per cent."

Did I let it go at that? Oh, well, "for the honor of the family" I fessed; and surely virtue has a reward, if not of its own, for I was allowed to make up the lesson, and on giving full reasons as to why a low barometer indicates foul weather, I was given a hundred per cent. which I am sure was more fully deserved.

#### A CRITICAL MOMENT.

BY FREDA MURIEL HARRISON (AGE 12).

(Silver Badge.)

IT was a sunny day, and the sea stretched out in sparkling expanse, when all of us, excepting my baby brother and one of my sisters, went out for a row. We had been out some time, and were a long way from the shore, when the wind rose, and the sea was transformed from blue calmness to raging, foaming, muddy-colored water.

Now we were in a fix—drifting every minute toward the pier, where the boat would be broken to pieces and we in all probability drowned. Fortunately for us, we had a good boatman, who knew what he was about, and managed to keep us from the pier.

In the meantime a fisherman had noticed our perilous position, and had called another; the second man called there were no less than five men, with cork belts on and life-belts in their hands; and a dog—the faithful old beach dog, who had saved many lives, whom we must not forget.

A crowd had collected on the parade, watching us anxiously, and the five men were throwing up ropes when the waves were too high for us to see them, to guide us to the shore.

What an age it was before we were able to get near enough to enable the men to wade out (with ropes tied around their waists, held by the men on shore) and pull the boat in!

Just as we were coming in, a huge wave capsized the boat, and we were all sent sprawling into the sea. The older ones



"ELK." BY MORGAN SPAFFORD, AGE 14. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")



"WOODCHUCK." BY ISABEL ORMISTON, AGE 15. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

waded to shore as best they could; the next two, little children of three and four years old, were caught by the fishermen and carried in.

The nursemaid jumped into the sea, with my little brother and myself under her arms.

Well, it is needless to say the boat was very badly broken.

It could never be used again; but that was made all right afterward by giving the boatman money to get another boat with, as a reward for saving us.

#### A CRITICAL MOMENT.

BY HELEN MABRY BOUCHER BALLARD (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge.)

THE only critical moment of my life was when my memory almost failed me in the middle of my first piece.

I went to school every Friday to recite a piece of poetry. The school-teacher boarded here, and I would go with her and my brother. The road to school went through what was called the Brush Hills—hills that stretched for several miles over the country, covered with lovely green brush. It was a beautiful road, with the trees growing on each side so thickly



"SPARROW'S BATHING." BY ALICE K. BUSHNELL, AGE 15. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")



that you could hardly see between them. The wild flowers grew all around, and every now and then you could catch a glimpse of the creek, which was running then, although it is generally dry.

The school-house itself is in the middle of this brush, and looked like nothing but a barn. It was a small wooden building, unpainted and unpapered.

ing a clothes-line, she tied the basket to it, lowered it, and—Boots was safe.

#### THE QUIET DAYS.

BY MABEL FLETCHER (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge.)

FROM the rosy dawn to the sunset hour

The hills are bathed in a misty light;

The half-fledged bird and the new-born flower

Are scarcely seen through the veil of white—

Dreamy and slow through the autumn haze

They silently pass—the quiet days.

The goldenrod swings by the roadside gray,

The spider weaves a canopy bright;

The robin's lilt and the bobolink's lay

Wing over the meadow from morn till night;

Dreamy and slow through the autumn haze

They silently pass—the quiet days.

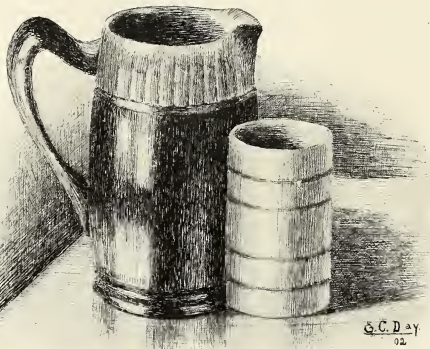
#### A CRITICAL MOMENT.

BY EMELYN TEN EYCK (AGE 10).

WE were visiting about two miles from the sleepy village of Southold, Long Island, at what is termed the Bluff, situated one hundred feet above the Sound.

In winter the tides bring in beautiful pearl-like shells, which are deposited in reefs along the shore.

When we rowed up the Sound for the shells, my little sister Gertrude being very young fell asleep.



"A STUDY FROM STILL LIFE." BY EDWARD C. DAY, AGE 17. (CASH PRIZE.)

There were only four pupils, all boys—one of them having the reputation of being the roughest boy in the neighborhood.

When my turn came, I was very much excited and rather frightened, as it was the first time that I had ever recited before any one but my father.

The poem was the "Wreck of the Hesperus," and I remembered it nicely until I came to the line "He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat." And then I forgot it!

"Go on," said the teacher, after a minute or two. Easier said than done! I looked up at the ceiling, I looked down at the floor, and I looked out of the window, but I could not remember it. I glanced out of the corner of my eye at my brother. He was delighted, and grinning from ear to ear, which I thought was rather unkind of him. In fact, he was just going to disgrace himself by laughing out loud when I remembered it.

But it was a critical moment for both of us.

#### A CRITICAL MOMENT.

BY RUTH MCNAMER (AGE 13).

LOUELLA had been busy for some time, when she heard a tiny squeak, and, looking up, she saw a mouse on the cistern platform.

"Boots!" she called; but there was no need for that, as the kitten had already seen the mouse, and giving one spring, landed—in the cistern. Louella stood there fully ten seconds before realizing what had happened. What should she do? If she ran for help her pet would be drowned. But still there was no other way to get him out, dead or alive!

She could hear a furious splashing. Suddenly lifting her eyes, she saw a basket hanging on the wall. Seiz-



"A STUDY FROM STILL LIFE." BY FEIRCE C. JOHNSON, AGE 16.

We laid her in the shadow  
of a big rock.

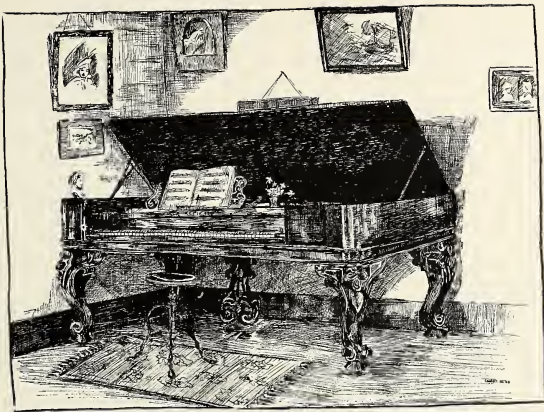
Papa had wandered far up  
the beach, and mama was  
chasing her yachting-cap,  
which the wind had blown  
off, when Gertrude awoke.

The shores of the Sound  
are very steep, so that while  
one end of the boat was on  
land, the other was out in  
deep water.

When Gertrude awoke she  
walked straight into the boat,  
and seeing a pretty shell in  
the water (for the water is  
very clear there), when—  
splash! and she was in the  
water. I, three years her  
senior, clambered into the  
boat, seized her by the hair  
as she rose for the second  
time, and by the time mama  
and papa had arrived (for I  
screamed so lustily that they  
heard me) I had dragged  
Gertrude on to the shore.

Poor baby! how she spit,  
and strangled, and gasped,  
while I screamed, "Oh, mama,  
mama, is she dead?"  
again and again.

I shall never forget the horror  
of the moment when she  
sank beneath the water.



"A STUDY FROM STILL LIFE." BY CHARLOTTE MORTON, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

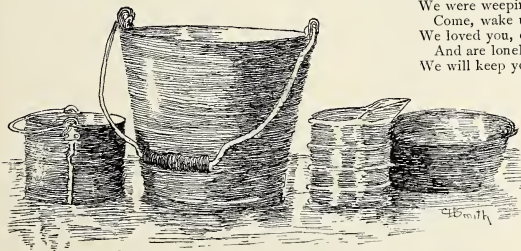
### QUIET DAYS.

BY GERTRUDE E. TEN EYCK (AGE 7).

THE days are quiet since Tom is dead;  
We'll plant a forget-me-not over his head.  
We were weeping, dear Tom;  
Come, wake up and play;  
We loved you, dear Tom,  
And are lonely to-day.  
We will keep your grave green

All summer long,  
And think of you, Tom,  
When we hear a cat's song.

NOTE. This  
was a part of  
his funeral ser-  
vice.



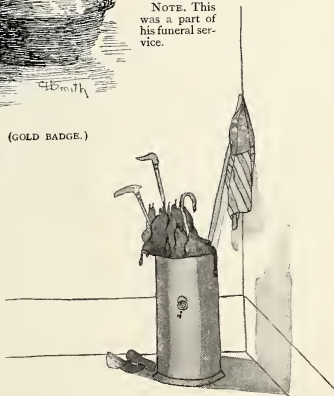
"A STUDY FROM STILL LIFE." BY CORDNER H. SMITH, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

### A QUIET AUTUMNAL DAY.

BY WILLIAM F. STEAD (AGE 17).

(Silver Badge.)

ALL night the winds were busy, but at dawn  
Ceased whirling leaves and shaking apples down;  
The goldenrod on the deserted lawn  
Moves not a tassel, nor the grasses brown  
Their withered blades. Amid the silence speaks,  
To some companion of his lofty flight,  
A distant jay or crow; the apple's cheeks  
Look redder for the frosty breath of night,  
While now and then among the orchard trees  
Is heard a rustling and a falling sound;  
An apple drops—unshaken by the breeze,  
But weighted down with juice it falls to ground.  
Such scenes the youthful poet mused among—  
Keats, who made autumn glorious in a song.



"A STUDY FROM STILL LIFE." BY ROGER K. LANE, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

## QUIET DAYS.

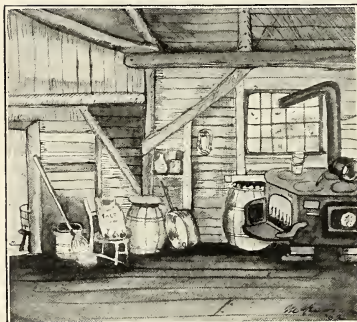
BY IRMA CASTLE HANFORD (AGE 15).

The angry ocean stills its roar,  
The wailing wind is heard no more,  
On quiet days.

From pallid skies falls silent rain  
That drips upon the window-pane,  
On quiet days.

The leafless trees stand still and bare,  
No sound falls on the silent air,  
On quiet days.

I wonder what the boys are doing?  
There always is some mischief brewing  
On quiet days.



"A STUDY FROM STILL LIFE." BY MARSHIE MCKEON, AGE 12.

## QUIET DAYS.

BY BESSIE STELLA JONES (AGE 13).

The sun sinks slowly down to rest,  
The babe sleeps on its mother's  
breast:

"Hush-a-by, hush-a-by, baby,"  
And all its days are quiet days,  
While by its side its mother stays,  
With lullabys and gentle ways:  
"Hush-a-by, hush-a-by, baby."

The sunbeams kiss the morning  
dew,

And Dotty, with her dolly Sue,  
Sings "Hush-a-by, hush-a-by,  
baby."

And quiet days indeed are these,  
With Dot and dolly both at ease,  
While Dotty sings beneath the  
trees,

"Hush-a-by, hush-a-by, baby."

The evening star is shining bright,  
And grandma, by the firelight,  
Dreaming, sings "Hush-a-by,  
baby."

The day has ended quietly,  
And so, too soon, her life will be;  
She rocks her grandchild on her  
knee:

"Hush-a-by, hush-a-by, baby."



"HAPPY DAYS." BY MARION D. FREEMAN, AGE 10.



"THE CAMPANILE." BY KENNETH G. CARPENTER.

## THESE QUIET DAYS.

BY THEODORA KIMBALL (AGE 15).

BEHIND huge piles of oaken chests, 'neath the rafters low,  
'Way up in the old back attic, forgotten long ago,  
That 's where I lie.

The children romping gaily and tearing round and round,  
The little lass that dolly in her Christmas stocking found,  
Have all passed by.

The days for me are quiet now;  
no child disturbs my rest;  
For sixty years I 've lain here,  
dressed in my Sunday best.  
No joy I 've had.

I 'd rather be a-romping with the  
lass who lives below,  
Who tends her seventeen dollies,  
while I lie here in my woe,  
Alone and sad.

I think of the gay old days when  
Alice, my mother dear,  
Would take me in her joys and  
plays for all the livelong  
year—

Those happy plays!

But now I lie here all the time,  
faded and old,  
Left to endure with patience, with  
strength almost untold,  
These quiet days.

Chapters should be formed  
at once, in time to take part in  
the big Chapter Competition.  
See last League page.





"HAPPY DAYS." BY RITA CAMACHE, AGE 12.

#### A CRITICAL MOMENT.

BY JOE POUND (AGE 12).

ONE cloudy day, as I was sitting in the parlor, wondering what I could do, the door-bell rang. I opened the door, and found a man on the porch who asked to see papa. He told papa that a passenger-engine had just come out of the shops, and that he was wanted to break it in. Every new engine has to be broken in or run for a while before it is used for pulling trains. I was hoping papa would ask me, and, much to my delight, he asked my friend Don also. We hurried down to the roundhouse and soon started. We had lots of fun until it began to rain. Then I got cold and climbed

down near the boiler. Just outside of town there is a curve, and you can't see the track on the other side. As we were nearing the curve, Don, who could see the track, cried out: "There's another train coming, and it's going to hit us!" I jumped up on the seat, and saw a double-header freight-train coming right at us. Papa had already seen it, and had put on brakes and reversed the engine. He called out to the fireman: "Tom, hold those boys in." The train crew on the other engine jumped, and they looked like frogs sailing through the air. Papa soon had our engine going backward, but you could have stepped from one pilot to the other the moment before we backed. We went at full speed backward, and soon drew away from them. We left the engine in the roundhouse and ran home. I told mama; but Don was so scared that he did n't tell anybody.



"HAPPY DAYS." BY MARY C. MOSS, AGE 14.

#### QUIET DAYS.

BY ADELAIDE UTTER (AGE 15).

"DEAR me," said grandma, with a sigh,  
Her dress all rumpled, her cap awry,  
"I really thought 't was for rest we came,  
But the noise and gaiety 's just the same.

"They want me to bathe, to crab and fish;  
I 'd like to gratify every wish,  
But I 'm too old for those things now,  
Yet when I tell them, they don't see how.

"And Fred he *will* row me all over the bay;  
But I 'd rather pack lunches for that, any day,  
And for all the picnics up to the falls,  
Than to trapes round with Jane to her fine teas  
and balls.

"Tom's camera nearly drives me wild,  
Yet I sit for him like a meek little child.  
And from Bess it 's ' Oh, grandma, please show  
to me  
This new stitch in my embroidery."

"Quiet days indeed! scarce a moment of rest,  
Though as for the children they like this the best;  
But I 'll stay with my family in any case,  
Though I wish they would go to a quieter place."



"HAPPY DAYS." BY FREDERICK S. BRANDENBURG, AGE 13.



## QUIET DAYS.

BY DORIS WEBB (AGE 17).

THE garden sleeps—day nearly done ;  
The fountain forms a chalice frail,  
Then showers in a bridal veil  
Embroidered by the glinting sun.

The soft clouds brighten as  
they pass,  
Touched by the sun's unfa-  
iling glow ;  
The trees sigh faintly as they  
throw  
Their moving shadows on the  
grass.

All spring we saw the promise  
writ

In every leaflet's growing health,  
"A STUDY FROM STILL LIFE." BY PAULINE W. BANCROFT,  
AGE 17.

The promise of the summer's wealth—  
The blaze of beauty spring had lit.

But now the eager haste is stilled,  
All nature rests in silent praise,  
Rejoicing in the quiet days—  
The promise of the spring fulfilled.

## QUIET DAYS.

BY MIRIAM A. DE FORD (AGE 13).

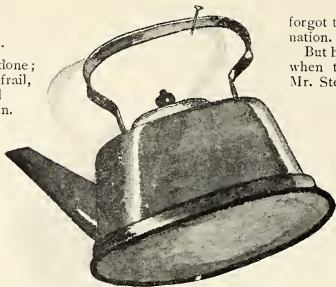
THE golden haze is reaching to the dreaming, cloudless  
sky,  
And the lazy breezes scarcely stir the  
red leaves flutt'ring by ;  
The tall pines raise their beauty from  
the sunshine-dotted ground,  
And the rustling of the tree-tops is  
the only living sound.  
The crimson sky is flecked with gold,  
a fading field of light ;  
The breeze is whisp'ring to the grass  
a lingering long good night ;  
The pines are silhouetted against the  
darkened sky,  
And sound asleep beneath the moon  
all nature's wild things lie.

## A CRITICAL MOMENT.

BY MABEL CLARISSA FLANNER  
(AGE 16).

WE lived at Rudsmille, Wisconsin,  
a little place that was nothing more  
than a flag-station with a few well-  
scattered houses. On the day of  
which I write, in some way or other,  
our house caught fire. When mother  
discovered it, she knew that with a  
little help it could be put out without any serious re-  
sults. As father was away, she sent my small brother  
Frank to the nearest neighbor for assistance.

Our neighbor, Mr. Stein, was a large, stalwart Ger-  
man, with a kind heart, but very brusque in manner and  
speech—so brusque, indeed, that some thought him  
ill-tempered and cross. My brother (he was only nine  
years old) was very much afraid of him and avoided  
him on all occasions, looking upon him as a modern  
ogre who existed for the sole purpose of striking terror  
to the hearts of all small boys. In his excitement he



forgot this until he reached his desti-  
nation.

But his terror was doubly increased  
when the door was flung open by  
Mr. Stein himself with:

"Hello. What do you  
want?"

"Mother said—she—  
she—" He tried to go on,  
failed, stopped.

Mr. Stein, thinking he was  
out of breath from running,  
said:

"Come in, boy; come in."

He pushed a chair toward  
him with the brief injunction  
to "sit down and rest."

Poor Frank sat stiffly  
down on the edge of a chair,

"But—but, Mr. Stein,  
our—"

"I'll have my wife bring  
you a glass of fresh milk," he interrupted.

The more Frank tried to explain himself, the more  
absurdly mixed and frightened he became.

Just at this critical moment my elder brother rushed  
into the room.

"Oh, Mr. Stein, our house is on fire! Come over  
and help us."

Frank now recovered himself, and echoed after him  
in a very meek but matter-of-fact little voice:

"Yes; that's what I came to tell you: our house is  
on fire."



"HAPPY DAYS." BY C. B. ANDREWS, AGE 17.

## QUIET DAYS.

BY HAROLD R. NORRIS (AGE 9).

THE birds have gone to other climes,  
Their songs no more we hear ;  
And neither hum of busy bee  
Nor cricket's chirp is near.

The lawns and streets are quiet now,  
Where happy laughter trilled ;  
The children have returned to school,  
Their merry shouts are stilled.

## QUIET DAYS.

Illustrated Poem.

BY ELIZABETH FULLER (AGE 14).

IN the garden in the twilight,  
When the dusk begins to fall,  
Dot and I are Indians, hunting,  
Crawling close beside the wall.  
And the fireflies are the prisoners;  
Dot behind me holds the jar  
Where the ones already captured  
Shine like many a little star.

But when winter steals the flowers,  
Changing them to ice and snow,  
And the lamp is lighted early,  
Jungle hunting then we go—  
Peeking into darksome corners,  
Listening often on the stairs;  
For it takes precautions, really,  
To succeed in catching bears.

## CHAPTERS.

All those chapters who are thinking of taking part in the Chapter Competition should be getting about it without delay. There are only two months more in which to prepare and give the entertainment, and the old saying that "Plenty of time is no time" is especially true of entertainments. There are always a good many "extras" to attend to, and there is nothing like an early start. A great many new chapters of course are being formed, whose reports will be received and numbers allotted as fast as they come in, though we may not be able to print the notice of them right away.

Chapter 556, Dixon, Ill., Lucile G. Reynolds, secretary, has changed its name to "The Invincibles."

## NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 559. "A. A. A." Lawrence Tillman, President; Harold Harbour, Secretary; three members. Address, 27 Alaska Street, Roxbury, Mass.

No. 560. "St. Nicholas Reading Club." Edna Haskins, President; Vivian Stiles, Secretary; seven members. Address, 44 S. 6th Ave., La Grange, Ill.

No. 561. Rollin Tilton, President; Harley Mitchell, Secretary; eight members. Address, 112 S. Spring Ave., La Grange, Ill.

No. 562. Eleanor Freedley, President; Rachel Conrad, Secretary; eight members. Address, 833 De Kalb St., Norristown, Pa.

No. 563. "Sunny Side." Retta Gardiner, President; Henry Carey, Secretary; seven members. Address, 785 5th St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

No. 564. "Seth Pomeroy Chapter." Katherine Jones, President; Ruth Brierley, Secretary; nine members. Address, Box 220, Easthampton, Mass.

## LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

SOME LETTERS FROM WORTHY AND SUCCESSFUL CONTRIBUTORS.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: You have given me great joy. The gold badge, like a fairy talisman, has opened before my eyes a mine of golden dreams. For this I thank you.

You have won my lifelong gratitude and love by another service. In your companionship I have learned that golden dreams only "come true" as a result of patient work. You have taught me that "there is no excellence without great labor."

I am trying to remember and use that lesson, that I may not disgrace the society of which I am so proud to be a member.

Yours with much respect,  
JEAN OLIVE HECK.

ANNISQUAM, MASS.

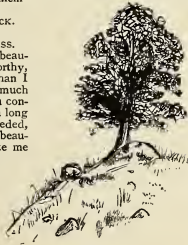
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: I received the beautiful badge, of which you thought my verses worthy, yesterday, and wish to thank you for it more than I can say. Its receipt made me very happy, not so much on account of the badge itself as the fact that you considered my poem worthy of it. I have tried for a long time to gain this honor, and now that I have succeeded, I feel that my efforts were richly repaid by this beautiful reward. It will certainly only serve to make me long to do still better.

ST. NICHOLAS is doing a work to be proud of in helping the many boys and girls who are longing for opportunities in just such way as you give them. Faithfully yours,  
DOROTHY R. LEWIS.

ST. CLOUD, MINN.

EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: It is absolutely impossible for me to express to you

BY VIEVA MARIE FISHER, AGE 8.



my infinite delight on receiving the five-dollar cash prize which I won in the July League competition. I thank you very, very much for it; it was a great and happy surprise to me. I do not know why I should be so successful, having won all the honors the League can bestow, but I am very glad it is so. My silver and gold badges, won some months ago, are beautiful; I never tire of admiring them, for each represents effort crowned with success. I wish that the League would have one competition just for those who have already won prizes, even though they have passed the age limit. I hope you will consider this. The League is without doubt the most enjoyable and profitable organization in existence. I thank you again for all my prizes, and extend my best wishes to the magazine for its future prosperity.

Sincerely yours,  
ALMA JEAN WING.

KNOLE, SEVENOAKS, KENT, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: This story about my home is quite true, and it may amuse you. The archbishops of England possessed Knole first. It then passed into the hands of Queen Elizabeth, who gave it to my ancestor, Thomas Sackville. After Thomas's death, Knole went to Richard Sackville, who was Thomas's brother. It then became the seat of the dukes of Dorset, and then it belonged to the earls of that county, and from then the Sackvilles have had it. There are 365 rooms in Knole, 32 staircases, and 7 courts. A priest's cell was found this year. The altar in the chapel was given by Mary of Scotland just before she was executed. Knole began to be built in 1100 or 1200 up to 1400. Most of the kings and queens of England have made Knole a present. We have here the second organ that was made in England. There are 21 show-rooms in the house.

VITA V. SACKVILLE WEST.

WOODSIDE, ASPLEY HEATH, BUCKS, ENGLAND.  
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Though I have had your magazine for nearly two years, I have never written to you. I do hope you will find room for this, as I should so love to see it printed. We came here last week from our home near London, where we went for the coronation. It was so very dreadful for the poor King, being taken ill so suddenly; but there is great rejoicing now that he is getting on so well. London was beautifully decorated, and it was so sad to see all the lovely arches and festoons being pulled down, even before they were finished. I am writing this in the pine woods close to our house, and our small dog Ruby, who is with me, is very indignant that she is not allowed to chase the rabbits; but it is not safe to allow her to go among the heather and bracken, as there are a great many traps hidden about. Now good-by, dear ST. NICHOLAS; I hope this letter is not too long. Your affectionate reader,  
 KATHARINE CLEGHORN.



BY DELMAR G. COOKE, AGE 14.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.  
 To you, ST. NICK, I now do write  
 A letter very sadly;  
 That you may know I've lost my badge,  
 And so feel very badly.  
 A stamp and envelope you'll find inclosed within this letter,  
 So please send me another badge—  
 I'll try to keep it better.

Twelve summers have I been on earth,  
 And happy summers, too;  
 Last summer up Mount Washington  
 With people whom I knew.  
 Well, now, I think I'd better close;  
 My wishes please to notice:  
 That you to me a League badge send,  
 And that I am your little friend, MILDRED OTIS.

LAKE GENEVA, WIS.  
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We were sitting by the window, one day last week, when we saw a blue jay pecking at a queer brown thing

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

A LIST of those whose work was sufficiently good for publication had space permitted.

VERSE.

- Ethelinda Schaefer
- Marie Margaret Kirkwood
- Hugh Vowles
- M. Letitia Stockett
- Florence L. Bain
- Margaret E. Manson
- Leigh Sowers
- Ellen Dunwoody
- Bernhard K. Naumberg
- Hilda van Emster
- Evelyn Olver Foster
- Gertrude Louise Cannon
- Mildred C. Wood
- Ernest H. Jones
- Ellen Dorothy Bach
- Gertrude May Winstone
- Alice S. Cheyney
- Aileen Gorgas
- Katherine Butler
- Eleanor Randolph Chapin
- Florence Thornburgh
- Elizabeth McCormick
- Eleanor S. Wilson
- Enola A. Ward
- Madge Falcon
- Lorraine Roosevelt
- Helen Frances Carrington
- Daniel Stoneglass
- Gladys M. Kuhn
- Caryl Greene
- Paula Williams
- Mabel Stark
- Helen Read
- Vere E. Kupfer
- Agnes Sweet
- Ethel Land
- Minnie Sweet
- Doris L. Nash
- May H. Ryan
- Verna Mae Tyler
- Dorothy Allen
- Kathryn Macy

PROSE.

- Clara P. Pond
- Wendell Miller
- Irma Louise Herdgen
- William Newton Coupland
- Gladys Ralston Britton
- Marjorie S. Kelding
- Henry Goldman
- Ruth M. Peters
- Alan Foley
- Ada Harriet Case
- Lucie A. Dolan
- Gertrude Helene Heydtmann
- Margarete Münsterburg
- Clara H. Currier
- Vernoe Radcliffe
- Josephine Leaming Whitney
- Winthrop Allen Mendell
- Fay Marie Hartley
- Dorothy McKee
- Richard A. Lee
- De Witt Clinton
- Stella Weinstein
- Bertha Forbes Bennett
- Helen R. McCamey
- Pauline K. Angell
- Elda Mead
- Richard A. Hunt
- Earl D. Van Deman
- Rosa M. Waltmann
- Edyth F. Vermoulen
- Elizabeth Parker
- Walter F. Winton
- R. S. Jordan
- Marguerite Power
- Mary P. Parsons
- Mary Emily Cassard
- Eleanor C. French
- Virginia S. Grint
- Aline Murray
- P. L. Smalley

- Antoinette Heckscher
- Ruth Pasco
- Frances Wentworth Cutler
- Mabel L. Pärmelee
- Phyllis Valentine Wannamaker
- Elizabeth E. Reed
- E. Bunting Moore
- Helen McLaughlin
- Martha Charles
- Augusta L'Hommedieu
- Isabel W. Pembroke
- Herbert Andrews
- Grace Richardson
- John Martin
- Gladys Burgess
- Kate S. Tillet
- Alice De Ford
- Katherine Carr
- Florence C. Jones
- Muriel Parker
- Gertrude E. Mills
- Beatrice Kelley

DRAWINGS.

- Earl Hopkins
- James McKell
- Paul Micon
- Edna Phillips
- Lora O. Kramer
- Fred Stearnes
- Yvonne Jequier
- W. Gilbert Sherman
- M. M. Greenleaf
- Mildred Curran Smith
- Alf W. Nichols
- Phoebe Wilkinson
- Edw C. Trego
- Richard M. Hunt
- Elizabeth A. Gest
- Marjory Anne Harrison
- Clara Rose
- Frances Leone Robinson
- Georgine Conklin
- Lawrence R. Hills
- Emily E. Howson
- Walter E. Werner
- Helena de Veer

outdoors on the lawn. We ran out, and found a bat, with her baby on her breast. We brought them in the house, and kept them all day. When the mother bat got tired of her baby, she hung it up by the hooks on its wings.

"We let them go in the night. The mother bat flew off without her baby, and never came back. We fed the baby warm milk and water, but it died."

Yours truly,  
 HELEN SHORTALL.

NORTH EASTON, MASS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There is a wealthy gentleman here who makes a present to all the schools by giving the children their choice of several magazines each year—one magazine in each family. I have taken ST. NICHOLAS nearly three years in that way, and I like it very much.

I liked the story of "Pretty Polly Perkins," and in the League I think that the several poems written by Grace Reynolds Douglas were very pretty. Would n't it be nice if the League could have one great meeting, with an attendance of all its members, and all get acquainted with one another?  
 ELSIE K. WELLS.

NOTES.

EMMA L. RAPELVE, Madison, N. J., would like to exchange United States for foreign stamps.

Elizabeth Chapin wishes that an unmounted drawing did not have to be endorsed on the back. It does not. It may be endorsed on the margin of the face. See rules.

Dora Call (age 13), Larchmont Manor, N. Y., would like to get up a club of League members, in which the members will suggest new games, books, and other amusements.

Copley Amory, Jr., Walpole, N. H., would like to exchange United States stamps for foreign.

Aline Murray (age 14), Metuchen, N. J., would like very much to have a girl correspondent of her own age.

Our Japanese chapter, the Chrysanthemum Club, 25 Tsukiji, Tokio, Japan, has aroused a good deal of interest among other chapters.

Other gratifying letters were received from Jean Herbert, May H. Ryan, Miriam Abbott, Joshua W. Brady, William G. Whitford, Bessie Stella Jones, Helen S. Connolly, Clifford H. Lawrence, Edith Phillips, Edith M. Gates, Laurence M. Simmonds, Marion D. Freeman, Clara A. Southard, H. Boswell Lawley, Mildred Jones, Eleanor Myers, Mattie Hain, Ruth Allen, M. Garthwaite, Neva Curtis, Alice R. De Ford, and Charles Paine.

- Marguerite Eastman
- Frances D. Clark
- Sara Marshall
- Caroline Latzke
- Mark Curtis Kinney
- R. E. Jones
- Margaret A. Dobson
- Thomas Porter Miller
- Katherine Van Dyck
- Lois D. Wilcox
- Evelyn M. Clare
- Kerr Atkinson
- Helen Huntington
- Frances B. Phelps
- Ellen W. Peckham
- Margaret Peckham
- Margaret Winthrop Peck
- Ella King Morrison
- Marion Osgood Chapin
- John N. Tilton
- Nelle Sellers
- Georgine Wood
- Marjorie Reid
- Margery Bradshaw

- Constance Murray
- Margaret Stoddard
- Charlotte Morrison
- J. Rodgers Swindell
- Mildred Wheat
- B. M. Fendall
- Burnet C. Tutthill
- Cameron Squires
- George Edward Bardeen, Jr.
- Marjorie C. Newell
- Elizabeth H. Webster
- Ruth A. Grabell
- Helen A. Robinson
- Jean Forgeus
- Elizabeth Spies
- Edith Coggins
- Davenport Hayward

PUZZLES.

- Harvey Deschere
- Willard P. Chandler, Jr.
- M. Blanche Phillips
- Marion Senn
- Jessica Donnelly
- Gettchen Biddle
- Margaret Stevens
- Wilmet S. Close
- Muriel M. K. E. Douglas
- Winthrop P. Haynes
- Isabel Blue
- Helen Andersen
- Bernice A. Chapman
- Rudolf von Schoof
- Leon H. Schaffel
- Jean C. Freeman
- Hester B. Fogg
- Mary E. Fulton
- Frances Benedict
- Helen Tredway
- Mabel Cunninghamham
- Bessie Garrison
- Clarence A. Southard
- Bertha B. Janney
- Rose C. Huff
- Albert B. Crawford

PHOTOGRAPHS.

- Winifred F. Jones
- Alice King Potter
- Elizabeth White
- Dunston Hanlin
- Dean M. Kennedy
- Olivia Dennison
- Conrad Lamberton
- Henry Ormsby Phillips
- Harold A. Kelly
- Christa T. Sweeney
- Henrietta B. Jacobs
- Josephine W. Piman
- Sufford H. Lawrence
- Harold V. Smith
- W. D. Scolle
- Emily R. Poucher
- Wendell R. Morgan
- Fredericka Goings
- Helen Almy
- Percy Cole



"A STUDY FROM STILL LIFE." BY ELIZABETH OTIS, AGE 14.

## COMPETITIONS.

### CHAPTER COMPETITION No. 2 CLOSES DECEMBER 31.

#### PRIZES FOR THE BEST CHAPTER ENTERTAINMENTS.

To encourage chapter formation and further to promote the aims and purpose of the St. Nicholas League the following prize offers are made to chapters already formed, and to those that may form in time to take part in the competition.

To the chapter that in October, November, or December of the present year shall give the most successful public entertainment, and devote the net proceeds to the best use, fifty dollars' worth of books, to be selected from The Century Co.'s latest published catalogue, which will be sent free on application.

To the chapter ranking second, as above, twenty-five dollars' worth of Century publications.

To the chapter ranking third, fifteen dollars' worth.

To the chapter ranking fourth, ten dollars' worth.

#### RULES FOR THIS COMPETITION.

1. The entertainment may be of any sort, provided that a majority of the features are selected from the ST. NICHOLAS magazine.
2. "The most successful entertainment" shall be understood to mean the entertainment realizing the largest net proceeds after legitimate expenses have been deducted.
3. The "best use" shall be understood to mean that most in accordance with the St. Nicholas League aims and purpose, and it may be educational, charitable, patriotic, or humane, or for the best advancement of the League itself as represented by the chapter giving the entertainment. It is not necessary that the sum realized be all devoted to one purpose. The matter is left entirely in the hands of each chapter, and a full report must be made to the League editor by the chapter president and secretary, and indorsed as correct by those to whom the money has been paid.
4. In all public announcements of the entertainment, and upon the printed programme, the chapter number and the name of the League must appear, as per following example:

Given by the St. Nicholas League,  
Chapter No. —, —,  
Of (Town), (State).

If the chapter has a name, the name should also appear.

5. Whenever practicable, it shall be allowable for chapters to obtain free use of hall, accessories, costumes, and any other form of contribution possible, in order to swell their net proceeds—in fact, to make any honest effort to reduce the expenses of giving the entertainment.
6. Where a dramatic entertainment is to be given the St. Nicholas League will, upon application signed by chapter president and secretary, send, postpaid, the "Book of St. Nicholas Plays," from which any play may be selected, said book to remain the property of the League for use in future entertainments, and must be returned, care of the Century Co., when the entertainment is over.
7. The report of each entertainment, with a copy of its programme, must be received by the League editor on or before January 3, 1903. The awards will be announced in the League department for March or April.

#### REMARKS.

This competition ought to result in a great deal of good for everybody. Whether the entertainment be dramatic, musical, recitative, a fair, or a combination of all, it cannot fail to result in much wholesome interest and pleasure, while the fund obtained, whether small or large, whether it obtains a prize or not, will be of benefit to whatever good purpose it be applied.

Do not let the fact that you live in a small town, or even in the country, discourage you in the undertaking. Many of the most successful and profitable chapter entertainments given heretofore have been those given in small villages. Wherever there is a school there is a place for a chapter and a chapter entertainment. Badges and instruction leaflets will be sent upon request to all desiring to join the League and to organize chapters. It is not necessary to be a subscriber, but only a reader of the magazine, to belong to the League.

#### NOTICE TO SECRETARIES.

As a matter of convenience, the secretary of each chapter should be authorized to receive subscriptions from any one desiring to subscribe for ST. NICHOLAS, and the publishers have agreed to allow a liberal commission on each new subscription so received, the amount to be placed to the chapter's credit and remitted to the said chapter when it shall aggregate \$5.00. Chapters may accumulate a good fund in this way, and while an entertainment is in progress a number of subscriptions should easily be obtained.

#### PRIZE COMPETITION No. 38.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A SPECIAL CASH PRIZE. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded, instead of another gold badge.

Competition No. 38 will close November 20 (for foreign members November 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for February.

VERSE. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Title to contain the word "Valentine."

PROSE. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author. Title, "A Close Call." May be humorous or serious.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "An Autumn Snap-shot," and must be taken especially for this competition.

DRAWING. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Subject, "Fireside Days," and must be from life.

PUZZLE. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

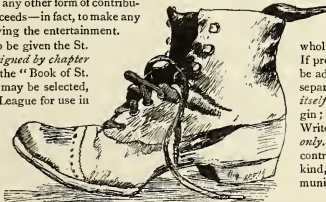
PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: First Prize, five dollars and League gold badge. Second Prize, three dollars and League gold badge. Third Prize, League gold badge.

#### RULES.

EVERY contribution of whatever kind must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address all communications:

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,  
Union Square,  
New York.



"FINIS." BY A. D. FULLER, AGE 12.



# BOOKS and READING for Young Folk



**THE THIRTIETH VOLUME.** WITH this number *St. Nicholas* begins its thirtieth volume. During its whole life—for a magazine lives, just as a creature lives—it has been conducted by one editor, and so has an identity such as few periodicals can claim. It has changed as the times have changed; it has grown in ways that can hardly be understood except by a comparison with its early numbers. We advise our readers to put an early volume side by side with the one that is just closed, and compare them carefully.

See the difference in the style of stories, the style of illustration; note the names of the writers and the artists.

And the readers of the new volume are the sons and daughters of those who were little boys and girls in the distant seventies. To such readers as *St. Nicholas* has, it is not necessary to preach a little sermon upon this text. It will be enough if they will give an hour or two to an understanding of all that the magazine has been to a whole generation of Americans and of English-speaking folk throughout the world.

The twenty-nine volumes of *St. Nicholas* have well stood the test of time, and they offer the soundest warrant for the principles upon which the magazine has been conducted.

**BOOKS AS FRIENDS.** If we learn to look at our books as a collection of good friends, we shall see that they may be divided, generally speaking, into the same classes that will describe our human friends. We may consider certain books also as even nearer than friends—as relatives. Thus if we find that some author has by his helpful influence somewhat changed our characters, making them over to some extent, we may regard his book as the parent of the new side to our characters. Books that attract us by

their similarity to our own way of thinking and acting are like brothers and sisters to us. When you grow up, and write books of your own, those will be in a sense your literary children, inheriting from you both virtues and faults.

But most books come no nearer than friendship. Some are intimate friends, for they are trustworthy, agreeable, and chosen companions of whom you never tire. Others do not come quite so near, and yet are more than mere acquaintances—as you may term books that you like fairly well, but which are not indispensable.

You may follow this analogy or comparison very far, for it is rather a real resemblance than a fancied likeness.

**A SHELF FOR THE ELECT.** If you have already grouped your books according to your liking for them, it will be found pleasant to set apart a special shelf or a chosen part of your book-case for your intimate book-friends—the ones that you most respect, enjoy, and are truly fond of. Then, when in the mood for converse with a favorite author, you can turn to this special group, sure of finding what you want. Or, if you do not care to open the volumes, you can “read them by the backs”—a phrase already explained in this department. That is to say, you can by a mere glance at the books themselves conjure up as if by a magic charm the scenes, personages, and often the very words that lie within.

**BOOK-PLATES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.** IN this number is an article on book-plates that should be interesting to all young book-lovers. A book-plate is a simple, sensible, and artistic way of marking your ownership of a book, and it is worth while to have a book-plate so as to make book-ownership more real and more responsible. By putting your plate into a book you say, “This volume is one I am glad to

acknowledge as my friend"—and that will make you careful that these friends shall be the right kind. Another advantage of this token of ownership is its tendency to cause the return of borrowed books—an advantage which alone will justify the insertion of your name.

The work of the St. Nicholas League members proves that there are many of you able to design your own book-plates, and the cost of having the design printed is only a trifle.

**A BOOK-PLATE CONTEST.** To encourage our young artists, this department will give three yearly subscriptions to St. NICHOLAS to the three designers of the best book-plates for a young book-owner. Designs should be in black ink, on cardboard of moderate size, and should be directed to this department so as to be received before November 15, 1902. The usual conditions as to originality must be observed, age will be considered, and the artists must not be over eighteen years of age.

**THE LISTS OF BOOKS FOR YOUNG READERS.** THE competition announced in the September number has not yet been decided; but the result will be announced in the December St. NICHOLAS.

**A SUGGESTION ABOUT KEEPING A DIARY.** A YOUNG girl who keeps a small pocket-diary has invented a clever device for saving space. She uses a set of simple symbols for entries that would be likely to occur over and over. Thus for the entry "I took my music-lesson" she puts in simply a drawing of a little harp; and for the words "I wrote a letter to —" she draws a tiny envelope in outline; and so on. Then on the inside cover of the diary she writes a list of these symbols with their explanations.

This is an adapting of a scheme used by a German scholar to save space in a little encyclopaedia. For the word "born" he used a star; for "died" a dagger; for "astronomy" he printed a little comet; for "law" a pair of scales; for "writer" a pen. You can readily see that by these little devices a great many lines of print were saved; but without a suggestion you may not notice that this "improvement" is really a going back to the days when the alphabet was not yet invented! Yet hieroglyphics, or ideographs, as these pictures are called, have

some very valuable qualities. They are brief, simple, plain, and never need translation—being equally understood by all nations, just as the Arabic figures are the same in English, French, German, Italian, and other languages. This consideration led an author recently to suggest that Chinese, which is written in these ideographs, should be adopted as a universal language.

You will find some very interesting things—even some amusing facts—about the Chinese language in the Encyclopædia Britannica.

**"CHRISTMAS IS COMING."** THIS is not given as a piece of news, but is repeated as a reminder to those who mean to buy books for presents, so that they may not hurl themselves wildly into a crowded store on the night before Christmas, grasp the first gaudy volume that insists upon being seen, and then tear away home to discover that it would have been better to remember the old adage "The more haste the less speed."

Remember, please, that books cannot be wisely chosen by that lightning-express method. Candy may, but not good reading. To give a book is to choose wisely—otherwise the gift is meaningless. There are plenty of guides to good reading, plenty of literary magazines that give honest opinions about the new books. Consult some of these before setting sail for the book-store where glittering covers lie in wait like false beacons to deceive you on every hand. And, by the way, why not look over some of your old St. NICHOLAS numbers, where there are so many lists of thoroughly good books given in this department, lists by other boys and girls, and by older folks as well? That is one of the purposes of these pages.

**WHEN TO STOP.** It cannot be too often said that it is as wise to stop reading a poor book as to finish a good one. In truth, it is wiser; for to stop in the middle of a good book means only some loss, while to go on with a poor one means positive harm. The older we grow, the more books thrust themselves upon our attention, and it is never too early to be saving of your time for the best reading. To read trash is not only foolish and wasteful of time: it positively crowds out good reading.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

WORCESTER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very much interested in the long German word you once printed in the Letter-box of ST. NICHOLAS; so I take the liberty of sending a German word which, I think, the longest word to be found. It contains one hundred and eighty-two letters. I have written it on a separate sheet, as I am afraid I cannot get it on this paper.

I thought you might like to print the word, as it is so long as to be really a curiosity, showing how the Germans compound their words.

We have taken ST. NICHOLAS almost twenty-two years and have many volumes. But those below Vol. XI, we left in England when we came back to this country, as they had been looked at so much that they were very dilapidated-looking.

Hoping you will print this word, I am, yours truly,  
SARA WILSON.

GERMAN WORD.

Hinterladungsgewehrkleinkalibrigeblechhülfenpatronenbundesstaatskriegsverwaltungsmanufakturarbeiter-spezialoberaufsichtspräsident.

This means:

President of the special inspection of the workmen in the federal military department manufactories of metal cartridges for small-bore breech-loaders.

This long word was taken from a German paper in 1867, and quoted in "Humor in der deutschen Grammatik" (pages 19, 20) by Otto Sutermeister, a book printed in Bern, 1899.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a letter from one of your readers who last summer traveled through the West and had a good time.

I am from the great city of New Orleans, and last summer came out on a trip to the West.

Our first stop-over was at St. Louis. It is a very big city, but it has hardly any wooden houses, almost all being built of brick; I thought the "Crescent City" with its 90° of heat was hot, but when I got to St. Louis I changed my mind. It was 108° in the shade, something that New Orleans never goes up to. We are contented with our 92° in the shade.

The next place we went to was Kansas City. I did n't like it much, either, as it was very, very hot, much hotter than St. Louis. Kansas City is nothing but high, steep hills, and the way the cable cars go down those hills makes a fellow's heart jump in his mouth. After we went to Kansas City we made a trip through Kansas, whose heat was really withering.

At Denver we stayed for about an hour, and then went on to the place where Pike's Peak is, Colorado Springs, Colorado. We did n't get to Pike's Peak, but we will go there on our way back. Instead we went to a place in Colorado Springs called the Garden of the Gods. It consists of large stone figures, some resembling the shape of men and animals. Every imaginable animal was there except our domestic animal, the cat. It was really quite an instructive trip.

After we left Colorado Springs we came on through

New Mexico and Arizona to San Francisco. We saw some of the famous Mexican Indians, who are noted as being cave-dwellers.

San Francisco is a very large and a fine place. There is a park here called the Golden Gate Park, which is a fine place. The Suto Baths consist of water from the Pacific Ocean in rock reservoirs. They are fine bathing-places. Adjoining the baths is the Cliff House. It is built on a rock hanging over the ocean. From its windows you can see the Seal Rocks, covered with sea-lions, who flounder about in the water and swim all around.

The Public Library of San Francisco is also a fine place. It contains a complete file of every good magazine, and is an interesting place. I found a file of the ST. NICHOLAS, and for three hours stayed there and reveled in the old numbers.

We have been to the Yosemite Valley and have seen the big redwood-trees. Through some of the trees the stage-coaches go through, as they are hollowed out so as to let the stages pass under. At another place in the Yosemite is an overhanging rock thirty-five hundred feet up in the air. I would not stand out on it, although several others did.

We go to Portland, Oregon, soon by the Pacific Ocean on a steamer, and then to Salt Lake City, and next home.

I could write pages about our trip, but if I want to see my letter published I suppose I must close.

From your old reader,  
KERNAN.

SUMMIT, N. J.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mama gets ST. NICHOLAS for us every month, and I think it and the League are just fine.

We have a lovely kitty which I thought you might like to hear about; she is black and white, with white on the tip-end of her tail; she knows *everything*. When we lived in the other house (before we moved), if left out at night she used to climb up the kitchen window-blind and jump on the roof, and then come along to our window; and if she could n't get in our window she would come to mother's window and get in there, and then walk into our room. And after we moved she would sit in the window and look out; she was too afraid to go out. But one night she was left out all night, and about two o'clock in the morning I heard her calling at the window, and there was "Dinah," as big as ever, or rather as small as ever, for she is three years old, but a tiny kitten.

We also have a doggy, "Cricket." He is a Skye-and-Scotch terrier, and not much larger than a cricket! My brother went away to boarding-school, and Cricket missed him terribly; but he seems to know what Thanksgiving means, for I told him that Ernest was coming home then, and he wagged his short tail and wriggled all over. Hoping you will publish this, I remain,

Your most devoted and interested reader,  
DOROTHEA GARRETSON.

P. S. Mother says we have had you in our family about twenty-six or twenty-seven years, and you are the most interesting magazine we children ever had; we all enjoy you, even to mother and father and down to my niece, six years old. I don't think I could live without our "Dear St. Nicholas."



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS. Hallowe'en. 1. Wit-her. 2. Sen-ate. 3. Mal-let. 4. Pal-lets. 5. Bar-on. 6. Slo-west. 7. Rud-c. 8. Lin-c. 9. Ear-nest.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Chestnut. 1. Incas. 2. Usher. 3. Ideas. 4. Arson. 5. Satin. 6. Canal. 7. Prude. 8. Antic.

PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL ENIGMAS. 1. Watch-word. 2. War-rant. 3. Utter-most. 4. Trait-or.

ACROSTIC. October. 1. Olive. 2. Chrysanthemum. 3. Tulip. 4. Orange. 5. Banana. 6. Edelweiss. 7. Rose.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. California. 1. Calla. 2. Arbutus. 3. Lily. 4. Indian corn. 5. Fuchsia. 6. Oak. 7. Rose. 8. Nasturtium. 9. Ivy. 10. Admone.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. Nutting. 1. Re-

noun-ce. 2. Re-unit-ed. 3. Un-time-ly. 4. De-tail-ed. 5. Th-inn-er. 6. Ho-nor-ed. 7. Le-gate-es.

CONCEALED ACROSTIC. Primals, "Golden fruits": middle row, "Blushing leaf." 1. Gable. 2. Oiled. 3. Lauds. 4. Dusty. 5. Ether. 6. Neigh. 7. Fancy. 8. Regal. 9. Ullet. 10. Ideal. 11. Thank. 12. Safer.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS. Pumpkin. 1. Ap-parent. 2. Un-usual. 3. Im-mature. 4. Im-pair. 5. Lik-ing. 6. Qu-it. 7. Ab-normal. 7. WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Disk. 2. Iron. 3. Some. 4. Knew. II. 1. Date. 2. Avow. 3. Tone. 4. Ewer.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. Goldenrod. 1. En-gin-er. 2. Pe-om-en-ade. 3. De-law-are. 4. Or-din-ary. 5. Pe-each-ing. 6. En-no-ble. 7. Mer-ri-dian. 8. In-odor-ous. 9. Ma-don-nas.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from "M. McG."—Florence and Edna—Hilda Chapman—Joe Carlada—Elsie Fisher Steinheimer—Harry S. Young—Edmund G. Robinson—Daniel Milton Miller—Ross M. Craig—Richard Kimball—Margaret C. Wilby—Genevieve L. Pratt—Elizabeth D. Merrill—F. Morgan Pyle, Jr.—Claude Stallard—Helen G. Johnson—H. C. Neal—Mabel, George, and Henri—Agnes Louise Kennard—Elizabeth Fisher Wheeler—Elizabeth T. Harned—Marion S. Comly—Alice L. Halligan—Catharine Baker Hooper—"Johnny Bear"—"Brown and Blue"—"Alli and Adi"—Glady Burgess—Virginia S. McKenny—Samuel F. Halenstein—Eleanor Whidden—Margaret E. Conklin—Olive R. T. Griffin—Albert Beecher Crawford—Elsie W. Dignan—Nessie and Freddie—Eva A. Moorar—May Richardson—Robert Porter Crow—Sara Lawrence Kellogg—Deane F. Ruggles—Marjorie L. Williams—Waldo Booth—T. J. Durell—Mary Hutchinson—Fred C. Kearns.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from R. Hogeland, 1—A. Brockett, 1—H. N. De Haven, 1—J. Bruce, 1—M. H. Eaton, 1—L. Cooper, 1—C. Neave, 1—Helene Bloomer, 9—B. Warren, 1—E. Sanders, 1—E. Burton, 1—M. L. Keiper, 1—C. G. Cronk, 1—D. Hadley, 1—C. Schumann, 1—Louise Ring, 4—C. Swan, 1—G. Campbell, 1—Rosalie and Celia, 5—A. E. Weigel, 1—M. E. Weigel, 1—M. Birdsall, 1—G. Baker, 1—M. Evans, 1—M. L. Stranahan, 1—Thomas H. McKittrick, 6—T. Longnecker, 1—H. Gribble, 1—E. Clarke, 5—M. Sharpless, 1—S. S. Lienthal, 1—M. Barker, 1—Lippincott and Moore, 1—B. A. Speer, 1—M. Muller, 1—Eugenia Wilson, 2—J. Ward, 1—Margaret Edwards, 4—Helen S. Worstel, 2—L. A. Fleming, 1—Margery Hoffman, 5—E. J. Dickerson, 1—Amelia S. Ferguson, 4—E. Maher, 1—E. Stevens, 1—Helen Kingsbury, 9—G. Bush, 1—Gracie L. Craven, 3—H. M. Kershner, 1—Rebecca Chilcott, 5—R. Swain III, 1—M. Birdsall, 1—P. Lee, 1—R. Church, Jr., 1—B. Belcourt, 1—W. Lawrence, 1—Edith Leonore Kaskel, 4.

A HOLIDAY PUZZLE.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

When the following holidays have been rightly guessed and the names (of unequal length) written one below another, one of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a November holiday.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The sweethearts' day. 2. The celebration of All Saints'. 3. One of the four Greek festivals. 4. A holiday that comes in February. 5. The name of a queen whose birthday the English celebrate. 6. A legal holiday in December. 7. A legal holiday in September. 8. A legal holiday in November. 9. A lovely spring festival, very often celebrated. 10. The Irish holiday. 11. A legal holiday in January.

MABELLE SEITZ.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

EXAMPLE: Reverse a snare, prefix a letter, and make separated. Answer: trap, a-part

1. Reverse a space of time, prefix a letter, and make a weed. 2. Reverse a pronoun, prefix a letter, and make to chop. 3. Reverse a tax, prefix a letter, and make to distribute. 4. Reverse to perform, prefix a letter, and make a movement of the head. 5. Reverse a metal, prefix a letter, and make to unite closely. 6. Re-

verse a feminine name, prefix a letter, and make a sword. 7. Reverse a near relative, prefix a letter, and make a vacant space. 8. Reverse a title of respect, prefix a letter, and make the goddess of the rainbow. 9. Reverse to recline, prefix a letter, and make a filmy covering for the face. 10. Reverse encountered, prefix a letter, and make a paragraph. 11. Reverse melted rock, prefix a letter, and make pertaining to the navy. 12. Reverse a snake-like fish, prefix a letter, and make mirth.

The prefixed letters will spell a national holiday.

WILLARD P. CHANDLER, JR. (League Member).

MYTHOLOGICAL PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

When the following names have been rightly guessed, the initial letters will spell the name of something without which no Thanksgiving dinner is complete.

1. The queen of the "under-world." 2. A hero who is famous because of his wanderings. 3. A monster who was confined in a labyrinth. 4. A winged horse. 5. Another name for the queen of the "under-world." 6. A woman who was changed into a beautiful heifer. 7. The oldest councilor of the Greeks before Troy. 8. The seven daughters of Atlas. 9. The goddess of the rainbow. 10. The god of love.

M. BLANCHE PHILLIPS (League Member).





FOR THE TOILET

# Pears' Soap



*Goes farther than  
any other  
but if you go farther  
you'll fare worse.*

# ABOUT STAMPS



THE changes expected in the stamps of Haiti, on account of the state of affairs in the island, have begun to appear. All of the issues, both regular and postage-due stamps, have come surcharged with abbreviations of the words signifying provisional government. The form of the surcharge is a rectangle with rounded corners containing the date of the establishment of the provisional government in May, 1902. These stamps are very interesting from a historical standpoint, as their use must be temporary, and whenever the existing troubles are ended a new issue is sure to appear.

Another country whose stamps are, just at the present time, exceedingly interesting is the Colombian Republic. The issues that are made are not handsome; indeed, they are precisely the opposite of this, being produced by a cheap process of lithography and printed and perforated in the most primitive manner. The country is in such a state that many of the towns are shut off from the headquarters of the government, and being unable to procure regular issues of stamps, they provide for themselves provisional issues. These are sometimes, nothing more than printed labels, but, whenever it is possible, stamps of a more pretentious character are produced by lithography. There are evidently, in some of the towns, no perforating-machines, and therefore recourse is had to the sewing-machine as the best obtainable means of providing for the separation of the stamps. There are some of these issues that will be scarce when the revolution is ended, but at the present time it is impossible to tell which ones they will be. The consequence is that collectors can get nearly all of them with very little difficulty, the country not being a very popular one at present. It does not appear that the issues made are for speculative purposes, at least in most cases, so of the changes the country, all are at least worth



The authorities of the Somalicoast have the large size of there, and have produced a new series of the design and size illustrated in our cut. The frame is printed in one color, and the picture at the center in another, differing with the denominations. All of the stamps so far issued are alike, with the exception of the value at the corners.

New countries are added every year to those whose issues are of fine quality. The republic of Honduras, which has been putting forth very poor stamps of home-made manufacture, since it gave up its contracts with

the Hamilton Bank Note Company, has now secured a new series of stamps prepared and printed by the American Bank Note Company. This is likely once more to make the stamps of this country popular, since finely executed stamps are always more pleasing than those produced by cheap processes.

Officials of governments which have issued stamps are supposed to know what has been done, and therefore to be able to state the facts in relation to issues that have been made. They, however, pay very little attention to those facts which stamp-collectors notice particularly. Therefore it is not surprising to learn that officials of the Canadian government assert that the two-cent stamps surcharged with the inverted figure cannot possibly exist except as counterfeits.

An official of our own government, in high position, recently passed upon some counterfeit surcharges, asserting that they were genuine. The postmasters of Southern cities under the Confederate government frequently produce affidavits in relation to rare labels issued during the war, which are of no value because their recollection of the facts is at fault. It is necessary, in order to know that one's stamps are what they are represented to be, to have them examined by a competent expert. There are many cases in which young collectors are deceived and consequently place in their collections stamps of no value, simply because they do not do this. It is well worth while to go to the small expense attending the examination of stamps, since one is often saved a great deal of money by so doing.

The twentieth-century edition of the album, the one filled with the new issues that have been made, will be one of the most pleasing books that the collecting world has ever seen. The bright colors and contrasting designs which are now used by the different countries cause the pages to appear very different from those of the nineteenth-century album, containing many of the early issues of stamps. The possibility of making a complete collection of the stamps of this century is much greater than that of doing the same with the stamps of the last century. Such large issues are now made that the stamps, either in used or unused form, are quite easily secured, so far as the principal varieties are concerned.

The unpaid letter-stamps of the Danish West Indies come in uncanceled condition. It is not customary to cancel these stamps after they are placed upon letters to indicate the amount of postage due upon them. Therefore they are not to be considered as unused unless they are secured in original condition with full gum.



# STAMPS, ETC.

## CATALOGUE AND NEW ALBUMS

out this month for Nineteenth Century and Twentieth Century stamps.

Send for circular of prices, etc.

Would you like to try our Approval Sheets at 50% discount?

**Scott Stamp & Coin Co.,** 18 East 23d Street, New York, N. Y.



100 DIFFERENT foreign stamps, 2 cents. Only one to each person. Finest approval sheets, 50% com. Largest list of albums, packets, cheap stamps, etc., free. NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO., 27 BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON, MASS.



**STAMPS.** 102, no two alike and GENUINE, Mauritius, Natal, Cape of G. H., Cuba, Costa Rica, Honduras, Mexico, etc., and an ALBUM, for 10c. only—a splendid bargain. New list free! Agents wanted, 50% com. L. B. DOVER & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

109

var. very fine India, Egypt, hinges, etc., and Chinese coin, only 10c. Finest sheets 50%. Catalog free. 4 var. Soudan, 15c. **SAMUEL P. HUGHES,** Omaha, Neb.



**STAMPS.** 105 different genuine Ceylon, Peru, Salvador, China, Cape G. H., Labuan, Borneo, Finland, etc., with album, only 10 cents; 1000 fine mixed 25 cents; all fine bargains. Agents wanted, 50%. New List free. I buy old stamps and collections. **C. A. STEGMAN,** Dept. D, St. Louis, Mo.

**STAMPS FREE** for addresses of collectors. The more names, the more stamps. Album free. Agts. 50%. 105 In.-China, U. S., worth 25c., etc., 5c. **Bullard, Sta. A, Boston.**

**NYASSA.** A big and pretty stamp offered to all who apply for sheets at 50% com. **W. T. Mckay,** 673 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

111

different stamps, China, etc., 6c.; 1000 mixed, 25c. 10 diff. picture stamps, Tigers, etc., unused, 15c. 40 diff. U. S., 10c. **Omaha Stamp & Coin Co.,** Omaha, Neb.

500

STAMPS finely mixed, only 10c. 50 all diff., 5c. 100 diff. Corea, Mexico, etc., 10c. 1000 hinges (union), 10c. 40 diff. U. S. and Canada, 10c. Agts. wanted, 50%. List FREE. *Old stamps bought.* Union Stamp Co., Dept. D, St. Louis, Mo.

300

Foreign stamps, 10c. 104—all different—from Malta, Bulgaria, India, etc. Album, 10c. 15 different unused, 10c. 40 different U. S., 10c. 18 Australia, 10c. 24-page list free. Agents wanted. 50% commission. **D. CROWELL STAMP CO.,** 143 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.

50 different stamps from British Colonies only, as Malta, Gibraltar, British Honduras, Barbados, Bermuda, Hong Kong, Gold Coast, Lagos, Sierra Leone, etc., for 25 cents. This is a real Bargain. A rare stamp to all sending for our Approval Books at 50% disc. **Thomas Stamp Co.,** 604 Chartres St., New Orleans, La.

**PERU** 10 fine unused var. for 15 cts. Agents wanted, 50%. **GEO. M. FISK,** 2015 Vermont Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

\$7

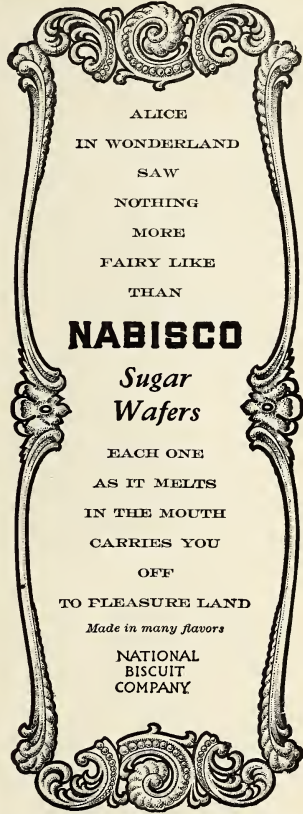
For only 5 cents. \$1 Red, \$1 Green, \$1 Gray, \$2 Gray, and \$2 Olive U. S. Revenues for only 5 cents. 10 all diff. Canada, 2c; 10 all diff. Netherland, 2c; 10 all diff. Australia, 2c; 10 all diff. Portugal, 2c. *Postage extra.* 1000's of other bargains. Lists Free. **KOLONA STAMP CO.,** Dept. N, Dayton, Ohio.

**CANADA** 1860 5c. red Envelope Entire Used, \$1.00; 30 var. Canada, 15c.; 50 var. Br. Colonies, 15c.; 20 var. 1/4d. values, Br. Colonies, 12c.; 20 var. 1d. values, Br. Colonies, 6c.; the two packets, 40 var., for 17c.; Canada 1/2c. Jubilee, Unused, 17c.; 1000 Ideal Stamp Hinges, 10c. List Free. **THE BRITISH COLONIAL STAMP COMPANY,** 217-218 Temple Building, London, Canada.

**50 VAR.** free. Agents wanted for finest sheets. 150 var. fine, 10c.; 50 var. U. S., 15c.; 25 var. unused, 12c.; 25 var. Australia, 20c. **F. C. BARTLETT,** Norwich, N. Y.

**60% Commission APPROVAL SHEETS** 1000 mixed, 15c.; 50 var. France, 20c.; 100 var. 1c. to 5c. each, 15c.; 500 var. \$1.00; 1000 Hinges, 3c. **P. G. Beals,** 21 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.

**STAMPS!** 200 all different, many rare, 25c.; 60 U. S., 25c.; 15 U. S. Officials, 35c.; 4 Confederate, 25c.; 11 Finland, 10c.; 8 Cuba, 5c.; 4 Kashmir, 15c.; 11 Brazil, 10c.; 15 Greece, 10c.; A neat album, 9 1/2 x 5 1/2 in., 20c. Est. 1888. **Edwards, Peck & Co.,** 2723 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.



ALICE  
IN WONDERLAND  
SAW  
NOTHING  
MORE  
FAIRY LIKE  
THAN

**NABISCO**  
Sugar  
Wafers

EACH ONE  
AS IT MELTS  
IN THE MOUTH  
CARRIES YOU  
OFF  
TO PLEASURE LAND

Made in many flavors

NATIONAL  
BISCUIT  
COMPANY

**60%** disc. on App. Sel. Reference. 100 diff. 10c., 50 diff. 5c. **Pacific Stamp Co.,** 132 N. 38th Ave., Omaha, Neb.

**FREE!** A stamp worth 12c. given to all new applicants for approval sheets. Reference must accompany application, or a note from parent giving consent. **WILLIAM F. PRICE,** Arnold Ave., NEWPORT, R. I.



**BROWNIE MIXTURE** Beats 'Em All. Contains Turkey, Cuba, Japan, Egypt, Mexico, Chili, P. R., etc. 400, 10c.; 1000, 20c. Stamps on approval. Price list free. **W. W. MacLaren,** Box 133, Cleveland, Ohio.

New-York, New-York, 13 and 15 W. 86th St.  
**Mrs. Leslie Morgan's Boarding and Day School for Girls.**  
Reopens Wednesday, October first.





## Pressed Hard

Coffee's  
Weight  
On  
Old Age.

When prominent people realize the injurious effects of coffee and the change in health that Postum can bring, they are glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.

Mr. C. C. Wright, superintendent of public schools in North Carolina, says:—

“My mother, since her early childhood, was an inveterate coffee drinker and had been troubled with her heart for a number of years, and complained of that ‘weak all over’ feeling and sick stomach.

“Some time ago, I was making an official visit to a distant part of the country, and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat peculiar flavor of the coffee, and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum Food Coffee. I was so pleased with it that, after the meal was over, I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal; the whole family were so well pleased with it that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely.

“I had really been at times very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time, she felt so much better than she did prior to its use, and had little trouble with her heart and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was as well and hearty as the rest of us.

“I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, but not in so marked a degree as in the case of my mother, as she was a victim of long standing.”

# CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR



A  
Triumph  
in  
Sugar  
Making!

Sold only in 5 lb. sealed boxes!

"CRYSTAL DOMINO SUGAR" is packed in neat, sealed boxes, and is NEVER sold in bulk. It is packed at the refinery and opened in the household;—there is no intermediate handling. Hence, no dirt, no waste, no possible adulteration. Every piece alike—and every piece sparkles like a cluster of diamonds, the result of its perfect crystallization. Convenient in form, perfect in quality, brilliant in appearance, no sugar made can equal it in excellence. When buying this sugar remember that the sealed package bears the design of a "Domino" Mask, "Domino" Stones, the name of "Crystal Domino," as well as the names of the manufacturers. You will be pleased the moment you open a box. You will be better pleased when you have tried it in your tea, coffee, etc. It is sold by ALL FIRST CLASS GROCERS, and is manufactured only by HAVEMEYERS & ELDER SUGAR REFINERY, NEW YORK.



Bright eyes and the glow of health  
come with the use of—

## CRADDOCK'S MEDICATED BLUE SOAP

Keeps smooth and soft the  
most sensitive skin.  
Sold at the right price  
for the best toilet soap

10 CENTS

No good toilet soap is as cheap—  
No cheap toilet soap is as good.

Ask for it at your dealers first, if he hasnt it. Send  
us his name and address and we will see that he gets it  
THE EUREKA SOAP CO. CINCINNATI, OHIO.

*St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition, No. 18.*

## LETTER-BLOCK PUZZLE.

HOW MANY ADVERTISEMENTS CAN YOU SPELL IN THIS BLOCK OF LETTERS?

R	O	Y	A	L	B	A	K	I	N	G	P	O	W	D	E	R	H	S
C	R	A	D	D	O	C	K	S	B	L	U	E	S	O	A	P	I	H
R	O	C	K	I	S	L	A	N	D	S	Y	S	T	E	M	M	L	A
N	O	R	T	H	E	R	N	P	A	C	I	F	I	C	P	R	O	W
S	A	P	O	L	I	O	A	P	I	G	T	A	I	L	U	T	S	K
L	I	F	E	B	U	O	Y	S	O	A	P	N	E	Y	O	O	S	N
B	A	K	E	R	S	C	O	C	O	A	R	X	L	E	K	K	M	I
H	A	N	D	S	A	P	O	L	I	O	P	T	O	P	A	N	Y	T
S	U	A	R	B	A	N	S	T	N	I	R	P	Y	E	L	P	O	C
R	R	A	G	O	T	A	P	R	A	A	T	I	V	A	T	L	A	M
W	E	B	E	R	P	I	A	N	O	S	R	L	T	V	N	A	R	O
P	O	S	T	U	M	C	O	F	F	E	E	Q	N	O	M	R	U	T
D	I	X	O	N	S	P	E	N	C	I	L	S	O	P	A	P	E	N
H	L	A	S	G	L	S	S	E	O	H	S	S	I	S	O	R	O	S
O	C	S	M	A	H	M	U	I	M	E	R	P	S	T	F	I	W	S
L	I	N	Y	Y	S	O	R	E	N	I	T	O	C	S	I	B	A	N
O	R	E	T	W	I	S	T	L	D	O	O	F	S	Y	B	B	I	L
G	R	A	P	E	N	U	T	S	O	P	O	N	A	R	U	T	U	S
G	A	R	M	E	L	S	O	A	P	P	A	O	S	Y	R	O	V	I

## DIRECTIONS.

1. Each advertisement must read in a straight line, from right to left, left to right, up, or down, or obliquely.
2. Each advertisement begins to read from a letter at an edge of the block, and none can be begun inside the marginal line of letters; for example, "Rubifoam" is spelled in a straight line up from the bottom, where the index-hand is shown. "Cyko" is spelled from the right side obliquely up in the direction of the index-hand.
3. Each name is spelled by a continuous chain of letters *in a straight line* from the starting letter, and no break is made between letters or names where more than one is contained in the advertisement. You may look for any advertisement that has appeared in ST. NICHOLAS during the year 1902.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

4. Write your answers in alphabetical order, and number them in regular order.
5. Add your name, age, address, and the usual certificate that the work is original.
6. Answers must be received by November 25th, 1902.

FIFTY DOLLARS IN PRIZES.

For the thirty-five best solutions to the Letter-Block Puzzle received under the conditions, the following prizes will be awarded :

One First Prize of Five Dollars,	- - - -	\$5.00
Three Second Prizes of Three Dollars each,	- - - -	9.00
Five Third Prizes of Two Dollars each,	- - - -	10.00
Twenty-six Consolation Prizes of One Dollar each,	- - - -	26.00 \$50.00

These thirty-five prizes will be awarded for the best, neatest, and most creditable solutions (age being considered in the consolation prizes) received before November 25th, under the usual League regulations—which will be sent upon a request, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope. Address solutions to :

ADVERTISING COMPETITION 18,  
ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

*Award of Prizes in Summer Vacation Competition.*

In the June ST. NICHOLAS twenty prizes of five dollars each were offered for the best advertisements of articles mentioned in the magazine's advertising pages. In this competition the following awards have been made :

PRIZE-WINNERS:

- Margaret Hyde Beebe, 13, La Ruche, Nanking, China.  
 Frances Benedict, 14, North Abington, Mass.  
 Elsie Bishop Buckingham, 11, 432 East High Street, Springfield, Ohio.  
 Polly Buckingham, 9, 432 East High Street, Springfield, Ohio.  
 Mabel B. Clark, 14, 40 Cypress Street, Newton Center, Mass.  
 Marjorie Stone Collins, 16, 359 Union Street, Springfield, Mass.  
 Edward C. Day, 17, San Anselmo, Marin Co., Cal.  
 Asa B. Dimond, 13, 431 East High Street, Springfield, Ohio.  
 Henry Goldman, 16, 77 East 113th Street, New York City.  
 Hugo Graf, 14, 4545 North Market Street, St. Louis, Mo.  
 Christine Graham, 13, 5145 Lindell Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.  
 Beth Howard, 15, Pacific Heights, Honolulu.  
 Lawrence Jackson, 12, 2347 King Street, Denver, Colo.  
 Mildred Jones, 14, 405 North 64th Avenue, Oak Park, Ills.  
 Ruth M. Peters, 15, 233 Hancock Street, Dorchester, Mass.  
 Margaret J. Porter, 14, 3 South Arlington Avenue, East Orange, N. J.  
 M. Letitia Stockett, 17, 1604 John Street, Baltimore, Md.  
 Fanny Ogden West, 13, 613 East Division Street, Chicago, Ill.  
 William G. Whitford, 15, Nile, Alleghany Co., N. Y.  
 Frederick Yaffa, 14, 320 East 121st Street, New York City.

The following competitors came so close after the prize-winners that they deserve

HONORABLE MENTION.

- |                          |                              |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|
| Elizabeth Q. Bolles, 16. | Victor W. Jones, 14.         |
| Ida H. Case, 15.         | Mary P. Krackowizer, 13.     |
| Margaret Hall, 14.       | Marguerite Beaman Nesle, 16. |
| Hilda B. Morris, 14.     |                              |

In the December number—for Competition No. 19—we are to have some true advertising work, *practical* writing and designing. So we advise our artistic competitors to sharpen their wits and their pencils that they may be ready to produce some especially excellent illustrated advertisements that will be so good they will be actually used by the ST. NICHOLAS advertisers. Of course the Christmas number of ST. NICHOLAS has an especially large sale, and the competition will therefore be more intense.





Copyrighted by Adolf Deutsch, N. Y.

should feel equally at home in Europe or America had I a Simplex always by me, as with it I could have my beloved composers artistically rendered. There is no comparison between the possibilities of the Simplex and any other similar instrument for interpreting either instrumental or vocal music.

*Johanna Gadulski*

# SIMPLEX

TRADE MARK

## PIANO PLAYER

PRICE \$225 CASH

May Be Bought On Instalments  
THE BEST PIANO PLAYER EVER MADE.  
SEE IT. HEAR IT. PLAY IT.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE  
**THEODORE P. BROWN**  
Manufacturer  
6 MAY ST., WORCESTER, MASS.

### AGENCIES

New York, Horace Waters & Co.  
Philadelphia, Estey & Bruce.  
St. Louis, May Stern Co.  
Boston, Walter J. Bates Co.  
Baltimore, Kranz & Smith Piano Co.  
Cleveland, Meeke Bros. Co.  
Buffalo, Geo. F. Hiedig Son & Co.  
San Francisco, Zeno Mauvais Music Co.  
Pittsburg, E. G. Hays & Co.  
New Orleans, L. Grunewald Co., Ltd.  
Detroit, McLeod & Shaeckel Piano Co.  
Milwaukee, Kreiter Piano Co.  
Washington, D. J. Pfeiffer.  
Newark, Reed, Dawson & Co.  
Sole Agency, 26 St. Williams & South Co.

Providence, Goff & Darling.  
Rochester, J. W. Martin & Bro.  
Denver, Knight, Campbell Music Co.  
Toledo, J. W. Greene Co.  
Los Angeles, Fitzgerald Music Co.  
Albany, Boardman & Gray.  
Portland, Allen & Gilbert Co.  
Richmond, The Cable Co.  
Dallas, Jesse French F. & O. Co.  
Wheeling, C. A. House Co.  
Bangor, Dyer & Hughes Piano Co.  
New Haven, Chas. H. Loomis.  
Utica, Buckingham & Mosak.  
Harrisburg, Bennett Bretz Piano Co.  
Omaha, Schmoller & Mueller.  
Tacoma, D. S. Johnston Co.  
Muskegon, Michigan, Muskegon Music Co.

**Cyko**  
PRINTS AT NIGHT

**Cyko A Night Printing Paper.**  
Cyko is the most Perfect of all Developing Papers.  
Made in a variety of surfaces and speeds, adapted for all classes of negatives.  
**NO DARK ROOM REQUIRED.**  
One dozen 4x5 Cyko with developer 20 cents. Send to  
**THE ANTHONY & SCOVILL CO.,**  
122-124 Fifth Av., Atlas Block,  
New York. U. S. A. Chicago.

## CARMEL SOAP

Keeps the Skin Soft and Smooth.

MADE IN PALESTINE, SYRIA.

**CARMEL**

AN ABSOLUTELY PURE OLIVE OIL SOAP

Nursery, Toilet and Bath.

SOLE BY DRUGGISTS & GROCERS, IMPORTED BY  
**A. KLIPSTEIN & CO.,**  
122 PEARL ST., NEW YORK.

## The American Boy

Biggest, Brightest, Best Boys' Paper in the World.  
Hезekiah Butterworth says, It enters into their life

**Trial: 3 months for 10c**  
**Regular: \$1.00 a year**

Boys are enthusiastic over it. Clean, inspiring stories. Information, encouragement, advice. Games, Sports, Animals, Stamps, Printing, Photography, Debating, Science, Puzzles. How to make boats, traps, etc. How to make and save money. How to succeed. Meets universal approval. The only successful attempt ever made to lead a boy in right directions, and at the same time chain his interest. One hundred pictures each month. See it and be surprised at the feast of good things for that boy.

**Address SPRAGUE PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
288 Majestic Building, Detroit, Michigan

# Mellin's Food



Hamblen Cowley Eaton  
Warren, Pennsylvania.

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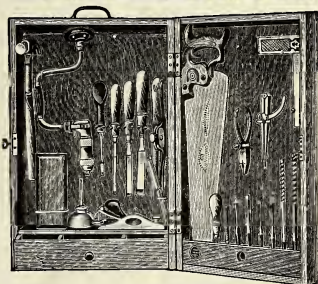
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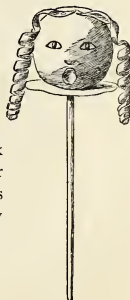
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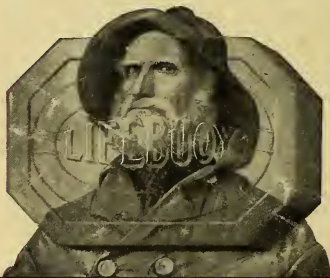
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# ST. NICHOLAS CHRISTMAS NUMBER



VOLUME XXX

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NUMBER 2

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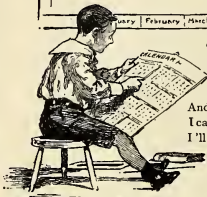
Subscription price, \$3.00 a year; single number, 25 cents. The half-yearly parts of ST. NICHOLAS end with the October and April numbers respectively, and the red cloth covers are ready with the issue of these numbers; price 50 cents, by mail, post-paid; the two covers for the complete volume, \$1.00. We bind and furnish covers for 75 cents per part, or \$1.50 for the complete volume. In sending the numbers to us, they should be distinctly marked with owner's name, and 54 cents (27 cents per part) should be included in remittance, to cover postage on the volume if it is to be returned by mail. Bound volumes are not exchanged for numbers.

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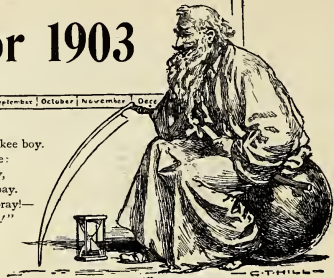
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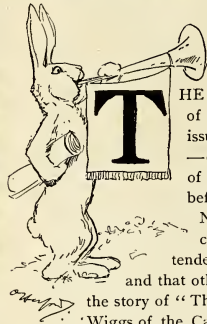


"A penny a day for a year-long joy  
Is cheap enough!" quoth the Yankee boy.  
"Well, it's 'up to me' to calculate:  
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And Father Time chuckled,  
"You're up to date!"



## NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THREE

### A Great Year



THE readers of ST. NICHOLAS may justly be congratulated upon the opening of the new volume. The November number was an exceedingly interesting issue of the magazine, and the present (December) number even surpasses it—containing as it does the second instalment of Mr. Howard Pyle's "Story of King Arthur"; a story by Louisa M. Alcott never before printed; the delightful rhyme of "The Family Noah" by Guy Wetmore Carryl, with Miss Cory's charming illustrations; Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart's tender tribute to "Lady-Baby" and "Mammy Louiza," and that other truthful and humorous picture of Southern life, the story of "The Watermelon Stockings," by the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"; Miss Marion Ames Taggart's story of a little-known corner of New York, "Beth of Queerlin Place"; Mr. Clifford Howard's comprehensive account of "How Uncle Sam Observes Christmas"; the description of a new one-runner sled for boys; and the unique set of photographs taken at almost the very moment of the falling of the Venice bell-tower.

### Features of Forthcoming Numbers

But even better things are in store for the readers of the magazine. Mr. Pyle's fine serial is as yet only just begun, and it grows in interest with every instalment. The January number will tell how Arthur came into his own as the acknowledged king of Britain, and the February chapters will describe the famous tournament between King Arthur and King Pellinore, in which both lances and swords were shivered and the victory long hung in the balance—for it was indeed a battle royal. The January number will contain the SECOND STORY by MISS LOUISA M. ALCOTT, "The Eaglet in the Dove's Nest," with beautiful illustrations. Mr. Edwin L. Sabin, who contributes to the Christmas number the amusing rhyme of "The Christmas Mistake," will be represented in January by another notable set of verses, entitled, "RIDING À LA MODE," illustrated with a series of beautiful drawings, by Granville Smith, showing the progression from the days of the sedan-chair to those of the automobile. MISS CLARA MORRIS contributes an amusing story of a dog which bore the curious name of "LITTLE MAN FRIDAY." Early numbers of the new volume will be enriched also by many admirable short stories, including "In Yedo Bay," by Jack London, whose "Cruise of the Dazzler" is remembered with pleasure by all readers of the magazine; "Bobby's Newspaper," a story by John Bennett, author of "Master Skylark"





“DAD SAYS HE'S 'BROKE,'  
BUT I'VE GOT TO HAVE  
IT, ANYHOW.”

and “The Story of Barnaby Lee”; and a sequel to “Denise and Ned Toodles” by Mrs. Gabrielle E. Jackson. Miss Carolyn Wells will contribute one illustrated page each month during the coming year, in the form of an amusing “Nonsense Calendar”—and many other popular authors, as well as leading illustrators, will combine to make the new volume the very best that ST. NICHOLAS has yet issued.

### Departments

The departments of “Nature and Science” and “The St. Nicholas League,” which have proved so popular during the last few years, will be continued throughout 1903.

The “Nature and Science” pages of the magazine have received the warmest commendation from teachers and scientists everywhere—for they are not only of incalculable benefit to the boys and girls, but also of great assistance in the schoolroom. In one large city, indeed, a course of Saturday morning lectures for children has been successfully conducted during the past few months, based entirely upon the “Nature and Science”

department of ST. NICHOLAS.

The “St. Nicholas League” is constantly growing in membership and popularity, and was never so prosperous as now.

The work of the young folk in the various competitions instituted by the “League” has attracted the attention and aroused the admiration of parents and teachers all over the land, and the enthusiastic interest of the boys and girls themselves is evinced by the thousands of letters received, as well as by the contributions sent in. A specimen letter is here given:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:—My gold badge came yesterday and I was delighted with such a beautiful prize. I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS for about four and a half years, and have been a very interested reader.

I was astonished to find that I had taken the gold badge. It is very encouraging to one to know that he, as well as others, is able to obtain success. This has been my first, though I have several times been on the “Roll of Honor.”

I was very proud of my badge and took it to school and showed it to several of my classmates and all of my teachers. All complimented me, and my teacher said she would be pleased to see every one of her pupils a winner of a gold badge.

Your devoted reader,

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To the giver, the book is a gift within the reach of every person, and yet one which is an expression of good-will, sympathy, and affection.

But without a guide, books cannot be chosen; without a guide, the buyer may not know that The Century Co. offers the best of books for girls and boys.

These books can be had from booksellers anywhere and everywhere in the United States. In case any of them are not in stock they will be sent at once, postpaid, on receipt of price, by the publishers, The Century Co., Union Square, New York.

### For Boys and Girls

#### Under 12 Years of Age

**The Bible for Children.** (*New.*) Arranged from the King James Version. Preface by Rev. Francis Brown, D.D. Introduction by Bishop Potter. 4to, 475 pages, printed in two colors, with illustrations from the Old Masters. \$3.00.

Age, 3 to 12.

This book was issued to meet a special demand for a Bible for children, the material being selected with the idea of giving continuous stories to the children and to avoid such parts as are unprofitable to the young listeners. Verse divisions have been disregarded and a totally new system of chapters introduced in place of the familiar ones. It is the best book of its kind ever issued.

**Topsys and Turvys.** (*New.*) By Peter Newell. \$1.00 net (\$1.11 by mail). Age, 6 to 12.

A picture-book of a unique character. Hold the book in one position for one picture; invert it, and behold! another one entirely different.

**When Life is Young.** Mary Mapes Dodge. 12mo, \$1.25. Age, 3 to 10.  
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**A New Baby World.** Edited by Mary Mapes Dodge. Quarto, fully illustrated, \$1.50. Age, 3 to 8.  
Just the best rhymes, jingles, and pictures to read aloud to the very youngest.

**Paper-Doll Poems.** Pauline King. Oblong, 6¾ x 9½. 75c. Age, 3 to 8.  
Jolly little play-book, of animals and dolls that may be cut out of paper; with funny verses about them.

**The Brownie Books.** Palmer Cox. Quarto, fully illustrated. Each, \$1.50. Age, 3 to 8.  
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**A Book of Cheerful Cats.** J. G. Francis. Oblong, 6¾ x 9½, \$1.00. Age, 6 to 12.

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For Boys and Girls under 12

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Young Folks

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Young Folks*

FOR  
CHRISTMAS  
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VOL. XXX.

DECEMBER, 1902.

No. 2.

## A CHRISTMAS MISTAKE.

BY EDWIN L. SABIN.



OLD Santa Claus one morning was trying to peruse —  
Though in a tearing hurry — his “Weekly Iceberg News,”  
And the name of Santos-Dumont that moment caught his eye,  
The well known navigator of machines that soar on high.  
“Why, bless me!” muttered Santa. “A cousin, sure enough;  
Our family, I notice, is always up to snuff!  
The name ’s misspelled. These papers! They seldom get  
things right!”  
And he sent off for an air-ship that very selfsame night.

A month or so of waiting; and then it came apace  
Upon a fast Dog-Special to Twenty North Pole Place;  
And, just as pleased as ever was any girl or boy,  
Now Santa Claus his treasure surveyed with chuckling joy.

He scorned his heartsick reindeer, who vainly pawed the snow;  
He scorned his shining “auto” he ’d bought a year ago;  
And after ardent practice, all loaded like a wain,  
Behold upon its journey long his brimming aëroplane!

It southward sped, and southward, above the frozen world;  
The rudder acted nicely, the twin propellers whirled;  
The route was unobstructed (no hills, you know, to climb),  
The motion was entrancing, the ether free from grime;  
And Santa Claus was overjoyed to have so fine a trip —  
When suddenly a cat-fit appeared to seize that ship!  
It canted, swooped, and wobbled; it veered from side to side!  
Oh, never Santos-Dumont had such an awful ride!



This happened o'er a city — and lo, the air was filled  
 With presents scattered broadcast, from out the air-ship spilled;  
 And into gaping chimneys of children who were bad  
 Fell toys and gifts unnumbered they ought n't to have had!



"AND SANTA CLAUS WAS OVERJOYED TO HAVE SO FINE A TRIP." (SEE PAGE 99.)

And into patient chimneys of children who were good  
 Fell naught at all, or possibly some bits of splintered wood!  
 The children bad were boastful, the children good were grieved,  
 And Santa Claus was frantic that folks were so deceived.

So, naughty, naughty youngsters with gifts on Christmas day,  
 Don't think that Santa's plans for you were meant to end that way;  
 And you, the lads and lasses who tried to do just right,  
 And on Christmas day imagined that you received a slight,



Please picture how it came to pass in spite of Christmas laws,  
 And much against the purpose of poor old Santa Claus;  
 And such a dreadful mix-up will ne'er take place again.  
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## CHAPTER III.

### HOW ARTHUR KNEW HIMSELF.

So when Arthur leaped once more over the barriers of the tournament field, bearing with him the wonderful Sword wrapped in his mantle, there was Sir Kay still tracing up and down in his fury, whilst the combat still thundered and smoked in the midst of the plain. To him ran Arthur in all haste, crying: "Brother! Brother! Lo! here is a new sword I have gotten for thee!" Wherewith he flung aside the folds of his cloak and offered the glave by the blade to Sir Kay.

Bright flashed that strange Sword in the sunlight. Bright it flashed with a dazzling splendor. Bright it flashed with glory in the eyes of Sir Kay.

And the sight of that Sword smote him dumb and motionless upon the instant. For well he knew what Sword it was that Arthur had brought for him; and well he knew what it meant to be the owner of that marvelous weapon. Up he rose in his stirrups with stiffen-

ing knees, and tight gripped he the horn of his jousting-saddle.

Meantime stood young Arthur, all bemazed at his brother's strange aspect, yet still holding the Sword toward him for his taking.

Then presently Sir Kay cried out aloud, "Where gottest thou that Sword?" And then again, "Where gottest thou that Sword?"

"Brother, what ails thee?" cried Arthur, "that thou lookest upon me so strangely? I will tell thee all. Upon my way to our father's pavilion I met that old man whom men do call Merlin the Wise. He stayed me in my running, and bade me not take so long a journey for a weapon for thee to fight withal, but to fetch for thee the Sword from the Anvil upon the marble cube before the cathedral. Accordingly I did his command, and lo! here is the Sword for thee."

Then the thought raced like a flash through the mind of Sir Kay: "Behold, then! this Sword must be for me, if so be Merlin bade my brother fetch it to me. For have I not proved myself worthy this day of high estate? Have I not

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overthrown and cast down seven of the best approved knights of Britain? Have I not shown myself to be the best knight of my age in this land? Behold, then, this Sword must be for me, and haply I am he who is to be king of all this great and glorious realm." Therewith immediately the wonder of this thought so expanded within his bosom that he felt as though his heart would burst asunder. His brain swam like air, and he was fain to hold tight to his charger's mane lest he should fall to the ground. Then presently his wits came back to him again like birds from the sky, and he called aloud: "Cover it again in thy cloak, and that upon the instant, and let no man see what thou hast."

Then Arthur cried out in great wonder: "What are these words thou sayest, Kay? Wilt thou fight no more?" But Kay answered not, but shook his head in reply. Whereupon, turning to one of the attendants, he bade the fellow to haste to Sir Ector where he sat at the lists, and to beseech of him that he would presently come to the pavilion with all expedition, for that he had monstrous news to acquaint him withal. Therewith, giving young Arthur his hand, he lifted the youth up to a seat behind him upon the horse's back, and then, turning, he quitted the field of tourney without deigning so much as to turn his head to behold again that place whereon he had got himself so much glory that day.

Now when Sir Ector came hurrying to his pavilion, he beheld Sir Kay striding up and down, disturbed with a great ferment of spirits, the while sat Arthur, looking at his brother and wondering what all the mystery meant. When Sir Ector entered, Sir Kay ran to him crying: "Father, father! Behold what a wonderful thing hath happened!" Thereupon, holding Sir Ector by the hand, he drew his father to a table that stood in the midst of the pavilion, and throwing aside the cloak that lay upon it—lo! there lay that marvelous Sword, all shining and glistening in its splendor. "Father, father!" cried Kay, as in an agony of spirit. "Behold this Sword! It is mine! What else may it foretell than that I am to be king of all this land? Oh, father, speak! Is this to be?"

Then in an instant Sir Ector the Trustworthy's face fell all white like the color of unbroken ashes upon the hearth. No word said he for a long time, but only gazed upon the Sword like one who has been stricken to the heart with some great wonder. Then, finding his voice, he three times called aloud: "What is this! What is this! What is this!" Then, turning to Sir Kay: "Where gat ye this Sword?" he commanded.

"What matters that?" cried Sir Kay. "This I can assure thee: the Sword is mine own. Doth it not therefore signify that I am to be king of all this land?"

But Sir Ector replied not. "Where gat ye this Sword?" he commanded. "I charge thee upon thy fealty to tell me upon the instant."

At this command Sir Kay fell a-trembling. "Father," cried he, "I will tell thee sooth. As thou knowest, I brake my sword in the tourney, and so sent my brother to fetch another in its stead. Presently thereafter he returned, bringing me this, saying that Merlin had sent it to me for mine own."

Then Sir Ector, still with a face as pale as ashes, turned to young Arthur where he sat. "Where gat ye that Sword?" he commanded.

Then Arthur arose and stood before his father and confessed all to him: how he had gone for a sword for his brother Kay; how Merlin had stayed him and commanded him to draw forth the Glave that stood in the Anvil; how Sir Ulfus checked him not; how he had drawn forth the Sword, and at Merlin's bidding had carried it forthwith to his brother Kay. To all this listened Sir Ector, saying naught, but only gazing steadfastly the while at Arthur. Then, when the youth had ended, Sir Ector wrapped the mystic blade in the mantle with great care, and, bidding Sir Kay and Arthur to follow him, turned and quitted the pavilion.

And a sorrowful young knight, I wot, was Sir Kay; for now straightway he felt within him that all the high hopes that had so late expanded his bosom had, of a sudden, vanished as vanishes a bubble when pierced by a poniard. He was like one who, as it were, had of a sudden flown for a little upon wings in the pure air, only to fall from a great height and to be dashed against the earth. There-



fore, speechless and with bowed head, he followed his father, walking beside young Arthur.

Meantime, with white face and fixed and staring eyes, Sir Ector, with the Sword wrapped in the mantle, led the way, the two youths following him, and thus came, at last, to where stood the cube of marble stone and the Anvil (now empty of its Sword) before the great door of the cathedral. No one did they find thereat, for now even Sir Ulfus, who had stood upon guard, had vanished. But without pause Sir Ector unwrapped the Sword from the mantle and handed it to young Arthur. "Thou sayest," quoth he, in a strange and hollow voice, "that thou didst draw this Sword forth from that Anvil. Let me, with mine own eyes, behold thee thrust it back again; then will I believe."

Then Arthur beheld that the face of the Anvil was as smooth and unbroken as though no blade had pierced its heart. "Alas!" cried he, "how may I perform so great a miracle as that—to thrust a sword-blade into solid iron?"

"Netheless," said Sir Ector, in the same strange voice, "that miracle thou must assay; for no greater miracle will it be, I wot, than the miracle thou hast performed in drawing it out thence."

Then Arthur was troubled in spirit, for he thought, because of the strangeness of Sir Ector's voice and aspect, that his father was angered with him. "Alas, my father," he cried, "be not wroth with me. Command whatsoever thou wilt and I will assay it, even to undertaking so strange a thing as this."

Therewith, taking the Sword into his hands, he leaped upon the block of marble stone. He set the point of the blade upon the face of the Anvil, and bore with his weight strongly upon the haft thereof. Smoothly and slowly slid the blade into the heart of the iron, until it stood midway buried therein; thereupon it remained fast held. Then lightly Arthur leaped down again from the stone cube, leaving the Sword where it stood in the Anvil.

But when Sir Ector beheld the miracle that Arthur had performed, he fell a-trembling in every limb. "Kneel down, my son!" he cried out to Kay, in a loud voice. "Kneel down! for, behold, before us, of a surety, stands the

true King of Britain." Thereupon, catching Kay by the belt, whence hung the scabbard empty of its sword, Sir Ector dragged him, all bemazed, down beside him, so that they both knelt, side by side, before young Arthur.

"Alas!" cried Arthur, "what is this thou doest? Why dost thou, mine own father, kneel down before me? And why does my brother Kay kneel before me?"

"Now must I tell the very truth," said Sir Ector, the whiles he still knelt upon the earth before young Arthur, "and this it is: Thou art, indeed, no son of mine. And now, plainly, hath come the time for to confess the same. This is the true story of thy birth, so far as I may know it. Eighteen years ago one came to me bearing the signet-ring of King Uther Pendragon, which, delivering unto me, he commanded that at midnight of an assigned day I should be at a certain place whereof he told me, and that was the postern of King Uther Pendragon's castle at Carlon. Thither I went, and whilst I stood there, there came to me two men, one of whom bare in his arms a young child wrapped in a fine cloth of scarlet dye. Showing to me the king's seal, these two men bade me, as my title name was of one worthy of trust, that I should take this young child, whose name should be Arthur, and that I should rear it as mine own, letting no man wist otherwise than it was mine own child. This have I done so faithfully that neither thou, nor thy foster-brother Kay, nor any man in the world has ever thought otherwise than that thou wast mine own flesh and blood. Nor did my lady wife ever betray the secret to a living soul, but bore it to the grave with her in silence. Wherefore do I and thy foster-brother kneel to thee; for now, surely, I perceive that there is in thy blood that which is certainly of no common strain."

But at this story young Arthur had fallen a-weeping, so that the tears coursed down his cheeks in streams. "Alas! my father," cried he, "what is this thou tellest me? Alas! what would be kingdom to me an I were to lose thee and my brother Kay? Oh, tell me, my father, that thou art but amusing me with this strange and wonderful fable!"

"Nay," said Sir Ector; "I tell thee sooth.



# ir Kay showeth the mystic Sword unto Sir Ector. *AS*



And now I know that surely thou art a young eagle of kingly blood, and that the miracle that thou hast done bodes that thou shalt be King of Britain. Wherefore, my dear lord, it is meet that Kay and I should kneel to thee in this dawn of thy great glory."

"But," cried Arthur, still weeping, "if I lose thee, my father, and if I lose my brother Kay, whom then shall I have? and who am I that am left alone in the world?"

"That can I tell thee," said a great voice close at hand.

The three turned upon the instant, and, behold! there stood Merlin the Wise and Sir Ulfius the Steadfast beside him, and it was Merlin who spake. For all this time, by means of Merlin's magic, they two had been standing beside the three, but quite invisible to them. "That can I tell thee," said Merlin, speaking again, "for now hath come the hour, and this is it; and now is come the man, and thou art he! Know, Arthur, that thy father was Uther Pendragon himself, and thy mother was Queen Igrayne, his wife. Thou art King Uther's only son, and likewise the only child of his blood in all the world. Now at the time when thou wast born, I, by my power of foretelling that which is to happen, came to know that King Uther Pendragon was not very long to live in this world. Wherefore, fearing that his enemies might take so young and tender a child as thou wert, for to keep him prisoner or else to slay him for his inheritance, I did advise King Uther that thou shouldst straightway be conveyed away into a place of safety, and given into the keeping of one who should be most worthy of trust in all the land, and who should likewise be of such estate and quality as to uprear thee as the son of a king should be bred. This man was Sir Ector, thy foster-father. To my advice King Uther lent an ear, and so Sir Ulfius the Steadfast and I gave thee into the keeping of Sir Ector the Trustworthy, as he hath told thee. Ever since that time have we watched over thee in secret, until now thine hour is come. Let the Sword stand where thou hast thrust it, and on Christmas day we will so contrive it that thy kingdom shall be achieved before all the world."

"But, my father!" cried Arthur, as one in

despair, for he was passing young and of a loving spirit. "Have I, then, lost my father? And have I lost my brother Kay?"

"Nay, look thou forward," said Merlin, "and not behind. Grieve not for that which hath gone. That which is past is past and done, and can never be brought to happen again. That which lieth before thee is yet to be lived. Once thou wert a boy; now thou art a man; and though the crown of thy manhood may sometime, haply, ache thee, yet must thou wear it to the end."

Thereupon Sir Ector, as he still knelt, caught Arthur by the hand. "Surely," he cried, "this is the perfect truth, and thou art indeed my lord and my king. But likewise art thou mine own dear son; wherefore do I now crave a boon of thee."

"And dost thou crave a boon of me," said Arthur, "who, an thou ask it, may have anything that is mine to give—even an it were mine own life? And dost thou crave a boon of me? Ask what thou wilt; it is thine, my father."

"Then my boon is this," said Sir Ector: "that when thou art king thou wilt appoint thy brother Kay as the seneschal of all thy kingdom."

"That shall I do as thou dost ask," said Arthur; "and so shall he be, not a seneschal, but a brother to me always—and so shalt thou always be a father to me as long as thou and I shall live."

"And thou," said Sir Ector, again, "shalt be not more my king and lord than mine own dear son."

But all this while Sir Kay said nothing; but so stricken and amazed was he by all that had happened in that hour past that he wist not well whether the very life he lived were real or whether it were not rather some fantastic vision of his brain. Wherefore he could find not a word to say, but knelt in silence.

Then up and spake Merlin the Wise: "And now, Sir Ector, thou trustworthy knight who hath proven thyself so worthy of trust, take thou home with thee this young man; consider him henceforth, not as thy son, but as thy king. Guard thou him well, for in him is the middle jewel of all this kingdom. Upon Christmas

morn, Sir Ulfius the Steadfast and I will come to thy pavilion, and then, together, we will bring him before the eyes of all. Then shall he assay before the world this venture which he hath accomplished to-day thus privily. Then shall all men behold him to be King of Britain, and that day, haply, shall dawn a glory that shall never die."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### HOW THE KINGS ASSAYED THE ADVENTURE OF THE SWORD.

AND NOW, at last, was come that great day when the King of all Britain was to be chosen by assay of the adventure that Merlin had set to that end. Bright shone the sun, glorious and radiant in its winter sky. Cold blew the wind and free. All the crooked streets were full of folk, and the sound of the restless multitude was like the vast humming of a monstrous hive of bees that, in warm and happy Junetime, swarm to the choosing of a queen. For so it was that the folk swarmed to that place where a King of Britain was to be chosen that day.

Meantime the mystic Sword, firm set in the Anvil, shining with as glittering a splendor as though no hand had touched it to tarnish its virgin brightness, abided the coming of that one who should draw it forth, safeguarded, the while, by the knights who had been set there for that purpose. Neither did any man in all the world—saving only Arthur and those four who had been with him—know aught of what had been done and of what had been achieved, for all supposed that the blade had forever remained where Merlin had at first planted it.

So all the people (unknowing what had already happened) talked of the coming trial, each man choosing for himself a king whom he thought would be the fittest to rule the land. Some there were who held that the great King Leodegrance of Camilard would be the fortunate one in the assay—because that he was so strong a king, and because he was lord of the famous Round Table. Others maintained that King Lot of Lothian and the Isles or King Uriens of Gore would be chosen in the

assay, because that these two had each married a daughter of Queen Igrayne and a foster-daughter of King Uther Pendragon—to wit, the one had wedded Queen Margaise and the other had wedded Queen Morgana le Fay. So, this Christmas morn, all the folk talked and debated among themselves, some upholding the fame of this king and some the fame of that, the whiles all the multitude moved in one direction, and that toward the great cathedral, the cube of marble stone, the Anvil and the Sword.

And now I must tell you that over these mystic things a great canopy of many colors had been spread, covering nigh an acre of ground and sheltering from the intemperature of the weather all that space circumadjacent to the cathedral. This canopy had been embroidered withal with strange devices of lions and dragons and angels and beautiful figures, so that, when the sun shone on it, it glowed with a thousand colors of different dyes and lusters. Under this canopy and nigh the marble cube had been erected sundry stalls for the courts of the kinge and of the dukes of counties who were to make assay of this great adventure. Certain of these stalls were adorned with carved and gilded figures, and all were hung with cunningly embroidered tapestries or with finely woven cloth of gold, so that, what with the sunlight shining upon that many-colored canopy; what with the flashing of ten thousand jewels; what with the waving of plumes and the fluttering of cloth of gold, of satins, and of velvets; the thought can scarce conceive of the beauty and the glory of that marvelous spectacle.

Betwixt the stalls that stood thus upon the right hand and upon the left, there stretched a lane or alleyway spread with a rich carpet of crimson velvet. This alleyway led direct from the distant gate of the court to the cube of marble stone and the Anvil, transfixed with the shining Sword. Here had a flight of steps been builded, so that each contestant might the more easily reach the assigned place when he should attempt to draw forth the mystic blade. Over beyond this spot and seated in a great arched space where should have been the door of the cathedral (albeit it was now



all hung with tapestries and broideries symbolizing the high and holy estate of the Lord Archbishop) sat the archbishop himself in all his pomp. Around him sat the high dignitaries of the church, and surrounding these were assembled the knights of the archepiscopal household, all clad in shining armor and with trappings of white samite.

Surrounding all these courts of kings and dukes, archbishop and bishops, were great tiers and circles of seats whereon were to sit the lesser nobility and those of quality who were to be present at the choosing of the King of Britain. In the center of all was the mystic Sword, thrust deep into the Anvil, and toward it was the observance of all that great multitude fixed, and toward it was every thought directed.

So have I told you the circumstances of that great occasion, the like of which Britain had, haply, never seen before, and which it will, haply, ne'er behold again.

Meantime a great humming and murmur filled the air: a sound like the sound of a coming storm that drives the sea before it into the clefts and caves of some rocky headland; the humming and the murmur of a hundred thousand voices talking together. For now the time had come, and all waited to behold who would first venture this great assay for kingdom.

Thus with waiting, the morning had passed half away when, of a sudden, athwart this vast hum of many voices there cut, clean and clear, the sound of a single trumpet, and thereupon all those present wotted that the first of the contestants was at hand.

A great movement immediately stirred the entire throng, and every face, as one, was turned toward the extremity of the alleyway, the whiles a great silence fell, as still as death, upon all that vast crowd of waiting folk.

Then of a sudden the gates at the extremity of the court were swung open, and the sunlight fell glittering upon the polished armor of a company of knights who entered thereat. Behind these knights there appeared sundry heralds, clad in cloth of gold. Behind these, again, there entered a court of noble lords, who gathered about a center space where walked the kingly one who was to make the first assay.

Nor might any man see at once who he was, though all strove mightily to behold him, so that a great rustle and tumult swept throughout the whole multitude as one might see the wind suddenly sweep through a waving field of ripening corn.

Six heralds in all there were behind the armed knights, and these set their trumpets to their lips and blew a blast right musically as that noble company of knights, heralds, and lords moved forward in slow, sedate advance.

So, reaching an open space midway the lane, the company presently halted and divided upon either side, and thereupon there stepped forth King Leodegrance of Camilard in all his majesty. Upon his right hand stood a knight clad all in full and shining armor and with his vizor closed, which same was for to act as his champion against any who might oppose the righteousness of his claim. Upon his left hand came a herald clad all in cloth of gold and wearing a tabard embroidered with the coat of arms of his royal master,—to wit, a beautiful lady resting her hand upon the head of a crouching lion,—he to announce King Leodegrance's just and lawful claims to the right of assay. Behind King Leodegrance came two fair young pages upholding the hem of the ermine-lined robe that hung from his shoulders.

So came King Leodegrance forward to that assay, walking one pace ahead of his attendants,—a tall and noble figure, proud and haughty,—his gaze set straight before him as though he saw naught and recked naught of all that huge multitude of common men and women gazing down upon him. And at his coming a great roar of acclaim arose to the skies—the loud acclaim of a hundred thousand voices shouting in unison; for, to every hair, Leodegrance looked a king, and one right well fit to rule over a great and glorious nation.

So came he forward, clad all in purple and gold, his purple and ermine-lined robe studded all over with golden bees. Upon his bosom hung a massive collar of gold, flashing with a great number of gems of various sorts, and upon his head he wore the golden crown of kingdom, that well became his stern and grizzled brows and his high and royal bearing. For, whether he might win in this adventure, or whether he



# King Leodegrance cometh to the assay of the Sword. &



should fail, yet was he still a great and haughty king within his own just right and power.

Slowly and in stately court did he advance until he had mounted the steps that led unto the Anvil, and so had come over against where the archbishop sat upon his throne. Here he halted while the herald advanced and in a loud voice announced his titles and his degree, setting forth to all near that the armed knight (who was Sir Rayence de Côte d'Or) was King Leodegrance's champion, to defend his claims against attainst.

Then, when the herald had ended his proclamation, the Lord Archbishop arose from his throne and came seven paces forward to welcome the royal assayant of this adventure. "King Leodegrance," quoth he, "right glad am I to see your Majesty thus venture this great assay! Who is there in all the world who hath not heard of your high fame, and who is there who holdeth you not in honor? So may God be with you to do your endeavor in that which you have undertaken — whereof, should you fail, there shall no dishonor follow, and wherein, should you succeed, all men will certainly rejoice that one so high in estate shall have been chosen of Heaven to be overlord and king of this realm. So go you forth in God's peace to your adventure."

So spake the archbishop with great courtesy and gentleness.

To this address King Leodegrance made no reply, but, turning in stately silence, he slowly ascended the short flight of steps that led to the Anvil and the shining Sword; whereupon a silence as mute as that of the grave fell upon all that vast assembly of beholders.

Thrice made King Leodegrance the attempt to draw forth the shining blade, bending each sinew strongly to the assay. His face waxed blood-red to the forehead as he tugged thereat, and the great veins stood forth upon his temples like whip-cords. And still all that great multitude sat watching in silence so deep that you might have heard a silver groat fall upon the earth from a man's hand. Thrice strove King Leodegrance with might and main; but even at the first assay all those present beheld that he was surely not the one for to be chosen king that day. For the mystic Sword moved within

its bed not so much as the breadth of a single hair.

Then King Leodegrance likewise beheld that he had failed, and thereupon, after the third trial, he presently ceased from his endeavor. For a while he stood with bowed head as though he would assay once more, and yet he assayed not. Nor might any man in all the world know in what manner he communed within himself for that short while; for his hopes had been passing high, looking to this accomplishment, and now he wotted right well that he was not the one chosen to be king. Then, at last, he turned him about, and slowly and with bowed head descended before all those who gazed upon him — for it is passing hard, I wot, for any man to stand confessed before all the world that he is less great and less worthy than he hath adjudged himself to be.

So, slowly moved he away from that place, gathering about him his court of knights, heralds, and lords in waiting, and thus quitted that spot where he had failed before all those princely and noble folk who had beheld him make the attempt for his high and kingly honors.

And as he departed, wrapped in the silence of his kingly pride, a great murmur of question and of wonder arose from all; for all men marvelled that if King Leodegrance had thus failed to draw forth the Sword, even to the breadth of a barley straw, who of all men there present might hope to succeed in releasing it from its embedment?

Now after King Leodegrance had thus striven and failed, and after he had departed thence, there by and by burst forth another sound of trumpets blowing, and forth there came King Lot of Lothian and Orkney to make assay in the same wise as King Leodegrance had done. This proud king came in even greater estate than King Leodegrance of Camilard; for two goodly sons, who were afterward famous knights (to wit, Sir Gawaine and Sir Geheris), followed him as pages, and seven-and-thirty knights of high degree and lusty fame surrounded him as escort. And when he appeared all the folk shouted again right mightily, for he stood high in favor of all, because he had taken for his queen that Margaise who had been King Uther Pendragon's



foster-daughter, wherefore he seemed to stand as of kin to that great king.

Him also the archbishop greeted and made welcome to the assay, whereunto, when he had come, he strove full seven times, tugging and tugging amain ere he stinted from his striving.

But neither could he budge the blade a hair's breadth.

And after King Lot followed his brother-in-law, King Uriens of Gore, who had married that other half-daughter of King Uther Pendragon, the famous enchantress, Morgana le Fay. But he also failed to move the Glave.

Then after King Uriens of Gore, there followed King Fion of Scotland; and after King Fion, there followed King Mark of Cornwall; and after King Mark, there followed King Indres of South Wales; and after King Indres, there followed King Ban of Benwick; and after King Ban, there followed other kings, twelve in number; and after these kings, there followed sixteen dukes, each of whom came in right courtly state; each of whom came heralded with great acclaim by the multitude; and each of whom was welcomed, as befitted his degree, by the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. But not one of all these could budge the Sword even so much as a single grain of measure.

Meantime, in these several assays, the morning had passed, and likewise the greater part of the afternoon, so that the slant of the day had now come and the sunlight had turned from yellow to golden red; and yet in all this time had no king been chosen.

Now after the last of the sixteen dukes had made assay and had failed, there followed a long time when nothing passed, and wherein the folk all talked together, much troubled with doubt and wonder. "Who then is there," said one to another, "who may hope to achieve this adventure? Have not all the noblest and worthiest of this land striven and failed? Who then yet remains who may hope to perform this miracle?"

Then, after a long time had thus passed in idle waiting, there came seven of the worthiest of the kings who had striven that day; to wit, King Leodegrance, King Uriens, King Pellinore, King Ban of Benwick, King Lot, King

Nantres, and King Clarence of Northumberland. These seven noble and potent kings came to where the archbishop sat, and thus bespake him. "Sir," quoth the one who spake for them all (and that was King Ban), "here have all the kings and dukes of this country striven before you to draw forth this Sword from the Anvil, and lo! all have failed to accomplish that which you have called upon us to perform. What may we then understand but that the Enchanter Merlin hath done this out of despite and for to bring shame upon all of us and upon you? For who in all the world may hope to draw forth the Sword-blade out from a bed of solid iron? Behold, it is beyond the power of any man. Is it not then plain to be seen that Merlin hath made a jest of us all? Now, therefore, that all this great assemblage may not have been called hither in vain, we do beseech thee of thy wisdom that thou shouldst presently choose one from among us kings here gathered, who may be best fitted to be king and overlord of this realm. Him, when thou shalt have chosen him, we will promise to obey in all things whatsoever he may ordain."

Then was the archbishop troubled in heart, for he said to himself: "Can it be sooth that Merlin hath deceived me, and hath made a mock of me and of all these kings and lordly folk? Surely this cannot be, for Merlin is passing wise; nor would he make a mock of all this whole realm for the sake of so sorry a jest as this would be. Surely he hath some intent in this of which I know naught, wherefore I will be patient for a while longer." Accordingly, having communed thus within himself, he spake aloud in this wise to those seven kings. "I have yet faith," quoth he, "that Merlin hath not deceived us. Wherefore I pray your patience for one short half-hour longer. If in that time no one cometh forth to perform this task, then will I, at your behest, choose one from among you, and will proclaim him king and overlord of all." For the archbishop had faith that Merlin in that time would have declared his intent to all the world.

Nor was his faith in vain, for one came in another guise than such proud estate as had surrounded these kings; and he likewise made assay.





BY W. R. MURPHY.

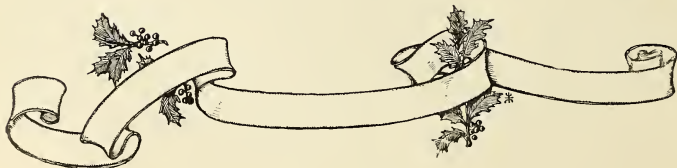
**A**T Christmas-time long years ago  
 "Good will to men" the angels sang,  
 "And peace on earth" their message rang  
 Across the sky's celestial glow,  
 At Christmas-time  
 Long years ago.



At Christmas-time that comes to-day  
 This message of good will I send —  
 The loving wishes of a friend  
 That happiness may hold full sway  
 At Christmas-time  
 That comes to-day.



At Christmas-time in future years —  
 And all the other days beside —  
 May life for you always provide  
 Its laughter all unmixed with tears,  
 At Christmas-time  
 In future years.





“THERE YOU AIR!” SAID DAVE, THE STAGE-DRIVER. “GOT ‘COMMODATIONS FOR THIS LADY AN’ GENT, MA’AM HICKEY?” (SEE PAGE 114.)

## CHRISTMAS ON THE SINGING RIVER.

By J. L. HARBOUR.

THERE was always a crowd in waiting when the stage-coach arrived in the shabby little mining-camp of Singing River. As a rule, the crowd assembled on the long, wide platform in front of the post-office, which was also the stage-office, the hotel, the general store, and the center from which radiated the social life of the camp. Above the post-office was a small and dingy hall lighted with dripping tallow candles; and such public amusements or entertainments as there were in Singing River were given in this hall. The platform in front of the building was the favorite “loafing-place” of the miners. The arrival of the stage-coach was the connecting-link between Singing River and the great outside world from which the little mining-camp was so far removed. The nearest railroad station was one hundred miles distant, and there was no town within fifteen miles any larger than Singing River, which was but a little hamlet of log-cabins, tents, and slab shanties far up the mountain-side above the

little Singing River in the rocky gulch below. The Singing River was a narrow and shallow stream; but its crystal-clear waters surged in foamy wavelets around moss-covered boulders and went singing on so merrily that there was perpetual music in even the darkest and gloomiest parts of the gulch. But there was ice over the river for seven months of the year, and then nothing was to be heard but the dreary sound of the wind as it went moaning or shrieking up and down the long, dark cañon.

The winters were long and bitter in Singing River. Snow began to fly as early as the last of September, and it still lay deep in the gulches and in the narrow, rocky streets of the camp while the wild flowers were blooming in the far-distant valleys.

But on the December day when this story opens, the stage arrived a full hour in advance of the usual time, and only a few of the men of the camp were at the post-office when Dave Hixon, the stage-driver, drew rein before it,

amid the gently falling snow. There were no passengers on the outside seats, and no inside occupants were to be seen. Apparently the big stage was empty.

"Light load this trip, Dave," said big Jim Hart, the postmaster, as he came out to get the limp and unpromising-looking mail-bag.

"I should say so," replied Dave, as he took off his wide-brimmed felt hat and slapped it against the side of the coach to rid it of the snow that had fallen upon it.

"I reckon travel is about done for this season over the Shoshone trail, an' they 'll soon stop sendin' the coach up here even once a week, an' then we 'll be clean shut off from everywhere. No passengers this trip — eh?"

"Only two, an' there 's so little of them that I reckon they 've rattled round like peas in a pod inside there."

Then Dave leaned far downward and, twisting himself around, called out to some one within the stage:

"Hello there, youngsters! You all right?"

A shrill, childish voice replied: "Yes, sir."

"Well, you 'd better crawl out o' that an' git in where it 's warmer, an' git some o' Ma'am Hickey's hot supper. Hey, Ma'am Hickey, I 've fetched you a kind of a queer cargo!"

This last remark was addressed to a large, round-faced, motherly-looking woman who had come to the door of the hotel part of the building with her apron over her head.

"What 's that you say, Dave?" she called out loudly and heartily.

"I say I 've fetched you a kind of a queer cargo. You just come out an' see if I hain't."

He jumped down from his high driver's seat and flung open the stage door as Ma'am Hickey came over to the edge of the roadway. Reaching into the coach, Dave picked up what appeared to be a round bundle on the back seat, and set it out in the snow with a buffalo robe around it. The robe fell to the ground, and there was revealed to the amazed bystanders a girl of about nine years with big dark eyes that looked calmly and yet appealingly at the staring group. The next moment Dave had set a yellow-haired boy of about five years down beside the girl.

"There you air!" said Davd. the stage-

driver. "Got 'commodations for this lady an' gent, Ma'am Hickey?"

"Well, I 'll make 'commodations for 'em, if I have to turn you out o' your bed to do it," said Ma'am Hickey, as she dropped to her knees before the little boy and took him into her arms, saying as she did so:

"Why, bless your heart an' soul, little feller! I declare if it don't feel sweet to git a child into my arms once more! An' whose boy air you, anyhow?"

"Papa's," replied the boy, shyly, with a slight quivering of his lips and an attempt to release himself from Ma'am Hickey's embrace.

"An' where is papa, honey?"

"Here."

Ma'am Hickey looked around toward the men as if expecting some of them to come forward and claim the child; but they too were looking around inquiringly as the crowd grew in numbers, attracted by the news of the arrival of the stage. Noting the boy's quivering lips and half-frightened look in the presence of all those strangers, his sister stepped toward him and patted his head gently with her mittened hand, saying as she did so:

"There, there; don't you cry, Freddy. Sister will take care of you; yes, she will."

"Where did you little folks come from?" asked Ma'am Hickey, rising to her feet with the little boy in her arms.

"From Iowa, ma'am."

"Ioway!" exclaimed Ma'am Hickey. "You don't ever mean to tell me that you have come all the way from Ioway to this place all by your lone selves?"

The girl nodded her head and said:

"Yes, we did. We had a letter to the conductors on the trains telling them where we were going, and we got along all right; did n't we, Freddy?"

The little boy nodded his head solemnly, too much awed by his strange surroundings to speak.

"Well, if that don't beat anything I ever heard of!" exclaimed Ma'am Hickey. "If I 'd been your ma you would n't 've done it!"

The little girl kept looking into the faces of the men who crowded about them, and said:

"I don't see my papa anywhere. He said

that he would be here when the stage got here with us; but I don't see him at all."

"What is your papa's name, deary?"

"Richard Miller."

The men looked at each other blankly. Some of them opened and closed their mouths without uttering a sound. Big "Missouri Dan" uttered an exclamation under his breath. Ma'am Hickey held up one finger warningly. Then she stooped and kissed the little girl on the brow, and said gently:

"You come right into the house with me, little folks. I'll get you a real nice hot supper, an' then I think you 'd best go right to bed after your long ride."

When the cabin door had closed behind them, Big Dan said to the miners around him:

"Well, if this ain't what I call a state of affairs! To think of them poor little tots trailin' 'way out here from back in Ioway only to find their daddy a day in his grave! Cur'us how things turns out!"

"What 's to be done?" asked a long, lank, red-whiskered man called "Cap."

"Shore enough," drawled out an elderly man who had been chewing the end of his long gray mustache reflectively.

"I move that we go over to my shack an' talk the matter over," said Big Dan; and, without waiting for his motion to be voted upon, he started toward his cabin, a small log affair a short distance around the rocky road. The men around the post-office followed Big Dan, and, when they were in his cabin, seated on benches and nail-kegs or sprawling on buffalo robes in front of the fire in the big open fireplace, one of the men said:

"What does all this mean, anyhow? You know that I 've just come down from Mount Baldy, an' all this is Greek to me."

"Well, it 's just this-a-way," replied Dan. "Three days ago a man come into camp on foot from over towards Roarin' Fork. He was so sick when he got here he could hardly speak, an' 'bout all we got out o' him was that his name was Miller. Pneumonia had set in mighty hard, an' in less than two hours after he got here he could n't speak at all, an' he did n't live twelve hours. We laid him under that little clump o' pines down near the bend in the

Singin' River not ten hours ago; an' now here in comes the stage with that boy an' gal, evidently the prop'ty o' this same Miller, who ain't here to meet 'em, an' who won't ever meet 'em in this world. It goes without sayin' that they ain't got no ma. If they had, sh' 'd never let 'em come trailin' off out here all by theirselves. It 's mighty tough on 'em."

"That 's right," agreed the man called Cap. "I 'm old an' tough as ever they make 'em, but I ain't fergot my own childhood so fur as not to 'preciate just how them pore little young uns will feel when they reelize the sitchooation. I feel fer 'em."

"So do I," said a stalwart fellow of about thirty-five years. "I 've got a couple o' little folks o' my own back East, an' that boy reminds me a sight o' my own little chap."

The men were still discussing the strange and sad occurrence, and the question of the future of the children was still unsettled, when the door of the cabin opened and Ma'am Hickey appeared. Her eyes were red and her voice was unsteady as she said:

"I just run over to say one thing, boys, an' that 's this: Don't one of you dast to breathe a word to them pore little darlin's about where their pa is until after Christmas. They 're not to know that they are orphans until after that time. Their ma died last spring, an' their pa sent for 'em to come out here to him. It 's a mighty rough place to fetch 'em to, but the little girl says that an aunt of hers was to come on from California an' be with 'em this winter, an' their pa wrote that he would likely go on to California in the spring — pore man! He 's gone on now to a country that 's furdur away than that!"

She wiped her eyes on the back of her hand before adding:

"It jest about broke my heart to hear them two pore little things talkin' about Christmas, an' wonderin' what their pa would have for 'em, while I was undressin' 'em for bed. An' I made up my mind that they should n't know a thing about what has happened until after Christmas; an', what 's more, some o' you men kin jest stretch your long legs hoofin' it over to Crystal City to git 'em some toys an' things to make good my promise to 'em that if they hung



up their stockin's Christmas eve they 'd find 'em full next mornin'. Now you boys remember that mum is the word in regard to their pa. Leave it to me to pacify 'em in regard to his not comin' for 'em. They 're the cunnin'est little things I ever saw, an' it 's jest too terrible that this trouble has had to befall 'em!"

When good Ma'am Hickey had gone back to the hotel, Big Dan slapped his great rough palms together and said:

"I tell you what, boys! Let 's give them two little unfortunits a jolly good Christmas! I 'm fairly sp'illin' for somethin' to do, an' I 'll hoof it over to Crystal City an' git a lot o' Christmas gimcracks for 'em."

"I 'll keep you company," said Joe Burke, the man who had two little ones of his own back East. "Travelin' on snow-shoes over the mountain passes at this time o' the year is ruther dangerous, an' it 's not best to start out on a trip alone. Then I guess I know more about what would please the youngsters than you would, Dan."

"I ain't ever took occasion to mention it before, but I happen to know a little about what children like, my own self, seein' as I have had two o' my own," replied Big Dan. "They both died the same week. It happened nearly forty years ago, but these two little wayfarers stragglin' into camp this way brings it all back to me."

No one in the camp had ever heard Big Dan speak so solemnly, and there was silence in the room when he added:

"I reckon I know enough about children to know that a big doll with these here open-and-shet kind o' eyes allus takes the fancy of a little gal, an' that a boy allus likes somethin' that 'i make a racket. But I 'll be glad o' your comp'ny, Joe."

Ma'am Hickey appeared again before the conference came to an end.

"They 're cuddled up in bed in each other's arms, cheek to cheek, the pore little dears," she said. "I pacified 'em in regard to their pa without tellin' any actual fib, an' they went to sleep content. The little boy's tongue went like a trip-hammer when he finally got it unloosened, and he jabbered away fast enough. But most he talked about was Christmas. He 's

set his heart on a steam-engine that will go 'choo, choo, choo,' an' if you boys can find such a thing in Crystal City, you buy it an' fetch it along with you, an' I 'll foot the bill. The little girl is doll-crazy, like most little girls, so you must get her one, or more than one. An' of course you 'll lay in plenty o' candy; an' if you can lug home a turkey or two on your backs I 'll get up a Christmas supper for 'em to eat after we 've had the tree."

"The tree?" said one of the men, inquiringly.

"Yes, *sir*; the tree! Of course them little folks must have a tree. They say they want one, an' why should n't they have it, with the finest Christmas trees in the world right at hand here in the mountains?"

"Where you goin' to have the tree, I 'd like to know?" said a burly miner.

"In the hall over the post-office."

"Well, if you ain't plannin' a reg'lar jamboree!"

"Course I am!" replied Ma'am Hickey. "Got any objections?"

"Better keep 'em to yourself if you have," said Big Dan. "For what Ma'am Hickey an' them two little youngsters says—goes."

"That settles it," said Ma'am Hickey, with a laugh.

Crystal City was a long distance from Singing River, and the mountain trails were hard and dangerous to travel at that time of the year. The stage would not make another trip until after Christmas, and it might be a month before it returned after it left the camp.

Big Dan and Joe Burke set off at daybreak the morning after the arrival of the two little wayfarers. The men had "chipped in" for the purchase of "gimcracks" for the tree, and they had been so generous that Big Dan said just before he started for Crystal City:

"We 'll have to have the biggest pine we kin git for the tree. You chaps have it all set up in the hall by the time we git back."

"You sure you got that list o' things I wrote down for you?" asked Ma'am Hickey. "Men ain't got any kind of a mem'ry when it comes to shoppin'."

"I got the list right here in this pocket," replied Dan, patting his broad chest. "If we have good luck we 'll be back by noon day after



DRAWN BY WILLIAM L. JACOBS.

" " THE NEXT MINUTE HE WAS DOWN ON HIS KNEES BEFORE 'EM.' " (SEE PAGE 119.)

to-morrow, an' that night is Christmas eve, so you 'll want the tree all ready. Did the little folks sleep good?"

"They never stirred; but once the little boy laughed out in his sleep an' said somethin' about a steam-engine. Both of the children are sleepin' yet."

An hour later the children were up and were eating their breakfast in Ma'am Hickey's cozy kitchen, which was also the dining-room of the hotel.

"Will my papa come to-day?" asked Freddy, as he helped himself to a hot doughnut.

"Don't worry none about your papa, deary," Ma'am Hickey said. "We 'll see to you all right. Let 's talk about Christmas."

"I never talked so much about Christmas in all the born days of my life as I talked about it in them two days," said Ma'am Hickey, afterward. "It was the only way I could git their minds off their pa."

Ma'am Hickey's account of the Christmas tree at Singing River is so much more interesting than any account I could give of it, that I think it best to let her tell about it in her own way:

"You see, Big Dan an' Joe Burke got back all right the middle of the afternoon the day before Christmas. They looked like a pair o' pack peddlers, an' they were about fagged out, for they had had a hard time of it pullin' up over the mountain trails in a snow-storm. Joe said he did n't think he could have dragged himself another mile for love nor money. He had two big turkeys on his back besides a great lot of other things.

"Well, the men in the camp had been busy, too. They had cut a big pine an' set it up in the hall over the post-office, an' the way they had dec'rated the hall with evergreen was beautiful. You could n't see an inch of the ugly bare logs nor of the bare rafters. They set to an' scrubbed the floor an' washed the winders, an' strung up a lot o' red, white, and blue buntin' I happened to have in the house, an' I tell you the little old hall did look scrumptious. I kep' the children in the kitchen with me, where I was makin' pies an' cake an' dough-nuts most o' the time. I give 'em dough to

muss with, an' let 'em scrape the cake-dishes, an' tried to keep 'em interested all the time, so they would n't ask about their pa.

"When Big Dan an' Joe got back the other men had a great time riggin' up the tree. We was afeerd they would n't be able to buy Christmas-tree candles in Crystal City; but, my land! they got about ten dozen of 'em, an' no end o' tinsel an' shiny balls an' things to hang on the tree, an' a lot o' little flags to stick in among the evergreen dec'rations. We had no end o' common taller candles on hand, an' the men were perfectly reckless with 'em. I reckon they put as many as two hundred of 'em up around the room. An' what did they do but go an' rig Big Dan up as Santy Claus! They wrapped him up in a big bearskin one o' the boys had, an' put about a quart o' flour on his long, bushy whiskers to whiten 'em, an' they put a big fur cap on his head, and he did look for all the world like Santy his own self. Yes; an' he had a string o' sleigh-bells they got at the stage-office stable; an' them boys ackshully cut a hole in the roof so Santy Claus could come down through it! La, if you want things carried through regardless, you let a lot o' Rocky Mountain boys take it in hand. They won't stop at nothin'. I reckon they 'd h'isted off the hull roof if it had been necessary to make the appearance of Santy true to life. Such fun as the boys had over it all! An' of all the capers they cut up! Seemed like they was all boys once more! Me an' Ann Dickey an' Mary Ann Morris were the only women in the camp, an' we had our hands full gittin' up the Christmas supper we intended havin' after the tree. Mind you, there was n't a child in camp but just them two pore little orphans, an' all that fuss was on their account. If you think rough miner boys can't have the kindest o' hearts, you just remember that. Every man seemed to be tryin' to outdo the others in doin' somethin' for them little folks.

"Well, I jest wisht you could have seen them children when the time come for 'em to go up to the hall an' see their tree! Little Freddy he give a yell o' joy that most split our ears, an' he jest stood an' clapped his hands, while his sister kep' sayin', 'How lovely it is! Oh, is n't it beautiful?' Then Freddy he screeches out:

'Oh, there 's my choo-choo engine! Goody!' An' how little Elsie's eyes did shine when she saw no less than *three* dolls on the tree for herself! There was enough stuff on that tree for a hull Sunday-school, for the men had been that reckless in sendin' to Crystal City for things.

"Then I wisht you could have seen those children when Big Dan come in all rigged up as Santy Claus! That was the cap-sheaf o' the hull procedin's! First we heard his bells outside, an' him callin' out, 'Whoa, there!' like as if he was talkin' to his reindeers. Then he clim up the ladder the boys had set outside, an' presently down he come through the hole in the roof. I jest thought little Fred's eyes would pop clean out o' his head when that part o' the show come off! An' what fun there was when old Santy went around givin' the boys all sorts of ridiculous presents! He give old Tim Thorpe a tiny chiny doll, an' big Jack Ross a jumpin'-jack, an' Ben Anderson a set o' little pewter dishes; an' he fetched me a great big old pipe, when they knowed I hated the very sight o' one. I tell you, it was real fun!

"Well, the things had all been distributed, an' the children were loaded down with presents, an' me an' the two other women were about to go downstairs to take up the supper, when the door of the hall opened, and a strange man stepped in. When he saw the children he give a kind of a little outcry, an' the next minute he was down on his knees before 'em, with an arm around each child, an' he was kissin' first one an' then the other. We all jest stared at each other when little Elsie clapped her hands together and said:

"'Why, papa!'

"An' that 's jest who it was! The man named Miller who had died a few days before was a cousin o' the children's pa. It seemed

that this cousin o' the name of Miller had been sent to meet the children, because their pa had been sick an' was n't hardly strong enough to come away over to Singin' River for them. He lived in a little camp only about twenty miles away, but it was a hard road to travel for a well man, even. So this cousin he come, an', from all we could make out, he had lost his way in a storm, an' had laid out a night an' got so chilled it had brought on pneumonia. When he did n't come back with the children after two or three days, their pa got oneasy, an' he set out himself to see what was the matter. He was n't hardly fit to travel, but he come anyhow, an' he was all tuckered out when he got to Singin' River. Then he was so nervous an' kind o' wrought up that no one thought it to his shame that he jest broke clean down an' laughed an' cried by turns, kind o' hystericky like, over the children.

"We did have the best time at the supper! A storm had come up, an' the wind was roarin' an' howlin' in the cañon an' up an' down the Singin' River, an' the sleet was dashin' ag'in' the winder-lights; but that jest made it seem more cheery an' comfortable in the cabin, with a roarin' fire o' pine-knots in the big fireplace at one end o' the cabin, an' the tea-kettle singin' on my big shinin' stove at the other end. Mr. Miller he set between the two children, an' he 'd hug an' kiss 'em between times. We made him stay two whole weeks in Singin' River to rest up an' git real well, an' then a hull passel o' the boys went with him to git the children home. The boys rigged up a sled, an' tuk turns drawin' Elsie an' Freddy over the trails an' away up over Red Bird Mountain. I reckon it was a ride they won't ever forgit; an' none of us that were there will ever in this world forgit that Christmas on the Singin' River."

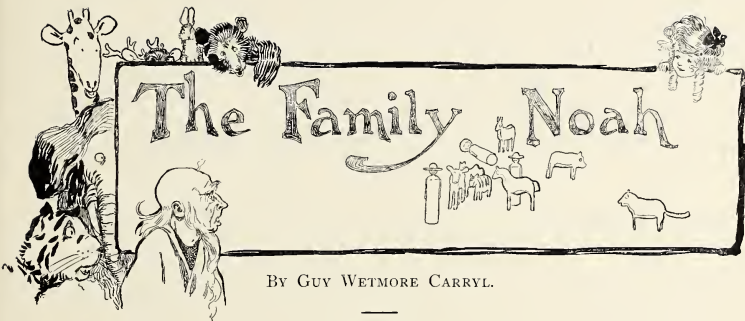






Y. B. CO. N. Y.

"I CAN NEVER TELL NOAH FROM JAPHET—I CAN NEVER TELL HAM FROM SHEM."



BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

(With illustrations by Fanny Y. Cory.)



I CAN never tell Noah from Japhet—  
 I can never tell Ham from Shem ;  
 I can't even choose  
 Whose wife is whose,  
 Though I 'm intimate friends with them ;  
 For they dress, both the men and the women,  
 in ulsters down to the floor,  
 And Japhet's hat  
 Is the same kind that  
 Is worn by the wife of Noah !  
 Their arms are as flat as flat can be,  
 and glued down tight at the side ;  
 And, all the while,  
 All eight of them smile !  
 I never saw one that cried.  
 I have often and often watched them ;  
 I have taken the trouble to hark ;  
 But I never have heard  
 One quarrelsome word  
 Since Santa Claus brought the ark !

Their faces are far from handsome,  
 and they have n't an atom of hair,  
 But with kindest features  
 They smile at the creatures  
 That Santa Claus put in their care.  
 The one with the cream-colored ulster  
 (I think that perhaps it 's Ham)



"It really must be a leopard."



"I know the elephant by his trunk."



"The one like a pig."



"There's one I think is a rabbit."



"And the striped one must be a tiger."

Takes care of the leopard  
As well as a shepherd  
Takes care of his favorite lamb.  
(It really *must* be a leopard ;  
I am almost certain of that ;  
For it 's covered with lots  
Of deep-brown spots —  
And it 's much too big for a cat !)  
And the wife I take for Shem's is fond  
of that long-tailed beast of blue ;  
It might be a rat  
If it was n't so fat,  
So we 'll call it a kangaroo.



"So we 'll call it a kangaroo."

I know the elephant by his trunk,  
and the camel has humps, of course ;

But the one like a pig  
Is twice as big  
As the one that looks like a horse !  
And there 's one I think is a rabbit  
because of his long pink ears ;  
But if he is not,  
And it 's horns he 's got,  
Why, then he is one of the deers.

I thought the sheep was a frog at first,  
although he is painted brown,  
But never a bit !  
His legs are split —

That 's why he is sitting down !  
And the striped one must be a tiger,  
but his tail is as short as a bear's ;  
And there 's only one bird,  
And that 's absurd,  
For they ought to be all in pairs !

But Jack loves all of the family,  
and all of the animals, too ;  
He can watch them alone,  
For they 're all his own,  
And that 's not so at the Zoo.

And yet, when the Sandman 's coming,  
and the supper-table is set,  
He 'll leave them around  
Upon the ground,

And go away and forget !  
And the queerest part of it all is  
that, while he 's asleep at night,  
Back into the ark  
They creep in the dark,  
And shut up the windows tight !



"The camel has humps, of course."



"The one that looks like a horse."



"That 's why he is sitting down."



"There 's only one bird."

I could n't think how they do it,  
 till I happened to ask of Jack.  
     What *do* you suppose?  
     He *really* knows  
 How the animals all get back!

It appears that just at midnight,  
 when toys are alive, you know,  
     And Japhet and Shem  
     And the rest of them  
 Walk merrily to and fro,  
 And Noah, in the play-room corner,  
     calls all of the beasts by name,  
     And feeds them and pets them,  
     And never forgets them,  
 Though all of them look the same —  
 The one little bird that has no mate  
     from the ark flies out and away,  
     A leaf to seek,  
     But with empty beak  
 Comes back at the break of day.  
 So they know that the flood 's not over,  
     and go in again, two by two,  
     And at broad daylight  
     They are tucked in tight!  
 Now *I* did n't know that — *did you?*





## LADY-BABY.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

MAMMY LOUIZA was a great woman; and although her cheek was as dark and withered as a prune, and she was old and fat, and often walked with a limp when she declared that the weather as seen out the nursery window "looked like it was fixin' to rain," and though she wore old-fashioned French-calico frocks and a plaid turban tied over her gray hair, there were four golden-haired little children who respectively pronounced her "be-yu-tiful," "boochiful," "booful," and "pwitty." This last, the wee Louise who called her "pwitty," was Mammy's pet; and although but three years old, she was clever enough to measure a new word inside her little mouth before daring to attempt it. On the particular occasion when she had watched the lips of her sisters and brother while they wrestled with the fascinating "beautiful" word, with results so various, she suddenly switched off, her merry eyes fairly twinkling as she did it, and said:

"I fink *my* Mammy 's pwitty."

There was a little mischief in the "my," too, and for good reasons.

It would never have occurred to you, perhaps, seeing the golden curls lying against Mammy's dark neck, that the wee maid Louise was her namesake, but such she was in truth.

It was on a Christmas morning when the third little daughter arrived at the great house, during a snow-storm; and when, not long after, old Mammy trudged in, carrying one and leading two toddlers to the bedside to welcome the brand-new sister, the white mama raised her happy face from her pillow and said:

"This is to be your special little 'lady-baby,' Mammy dear, and we are going to let you name her, under one condition, and that is that you may not call her for her own mama."

The children's mother's name was Katharine, a name which was quite out of fashion in those

days, though it has since come back, with all sorts of variations and spellings.

Well, when the mother had begun to speak, and Mammy understood that she was saying something special about her claim to this fresh babyling, her tender old heart was so touched that for fully a minute she could not be sure of her voice.

But after a little while, when joy and surprise had settled into a sweet pride and content, what do you suppose Mammy said?

"Is you for sho' in earnest, Missy?" She always called the children's mother Missy. "Is you gwine lemme name de new lady-baby, sho' 'nough?"

Here she stopped abruptly, as if she scarcely knew whether to go on or not, but only for a minute, and her old voice was not a whit timid when she said:

"I knows Louizy; hit 's a ole black-skin name, an' ef I had 'a' had chillen o' my own, borned to me,—an' air little gal-chile amongst 'em,—I could n't 'a' done no better 'n to glorify my name wid *honest livin'*, an' *pass it on to 'er—wid God's blessin'*."

"But dis little lady-chile—dis little rosebud baby— I ain't niver had no baby named arter me, but don't you think maybe we mought sort o' *whiten up* Louizy into Loueezy, ef you please, ma'am, or maybe into Louise? I knows dey been plenty o' quality white ladies wha' carried off dat name wid manners an' granjer."

So the wee "lady-baby" became Louise; and even if the loving mother had not liked the sweet name which has graced many a court, she would have been paid for her own disappointment in the old woman's delight.

Mammy's own black mother had named her Louiza long, long years before even the children's mother was born, and when she grew old enough and gentle and trustworthy enough

to take charge of the nursery at the great house, to be "Mammy" to its fair sons and daughters, she taught them to call her "Mammy Louizy."

"Lady-baby" was Mammy's own name for the daughter babes, the boy being "Junior Man."

Of course there were lots of dolls in the nursery. Think of three girl children with no end of doting relatives, and then, if you have any imagination, you can see the corner where all the

as is quite the thing in doll-town, while others sat idly in rows, dangling their feet wherever there was room.

But there were not so many dollies in Mammy's kingdom that any need be strangers. Each play-mother knew not only her own children, but had pleasant social relations with the entire village.

Baby Louise's favorite doll was one which



MAMMY AND LADY-BABY.

dolls "lived." Here was even a tiny village with a street, if you please, and houses with dolls looking from their windows on either side — with trees here and there, and animals and back yards. There were dolls lying in cradles; some of these larger than the houses, of course,

had come all the way from Piffet's (pronounced Peefay) in New Orleans, which is almost the same as saying it came from Paris. It was the finest doll in the collection, because Mammy, who had insisted on paying for it with her own money, had dictated the order for the

very finest and best. She did not tell Louise about it until the dolly was daily expected by the Mississippi boat, which always brought beautiful things from gay New Orleans; but from the moment Louise knew she was coming she began to speak of all the other dolls as the "old dollies." She even discovered that the youngest had suddenly gotten through her teething, and had to be hurried into short dresses and put in a high chair at table beside her older sisters. And then "Mehitabel Gray's" Mama Edith and "Queen Clorinda's" Mama Daisy began to tease her just a little as to what the great new doll should be called.

"Nem you mind!" Mammy Louiza interrupted. "Wait till she sees her. Her wit 'll find a name fitten for her. Don't you worry about dat!"

Mammy was a bit anxious that the expected doll should have a musical and high-sounding name, and she had even thought out Queen Victoria Princess Arabella as a pretty fair one to submit if the naming should come hard. But she bided her time.

When the box was at last opened upon the nursery floor, and the little Louise herself, fairly trembling with ecstasy, lifted the great doll out and saw her slowly open her wide blue eyes, she looked into Mammy's face and cried with delight:

"I 'm named her, Mammy Wiza. She 's named 'Pwincess Blue-eyes-a'!"

And when the other children laughed, exclaiming, "That 's after Mammy Louiza!" the old woman's pleasure was so great that she forgot all about Queen Victoria Princess Arabella while she steadied herself to say: "I tell you, quick work goes on under dem yaller curls. De idee o' her namin' de baby arter its own eyes an' ole black me at de same time!"

It was a sweet little world, this nursery world where the black Mammy Louiza was chief ruler, for the frequent visits of the dear white mama were in consultation rather than in command.

Sometimes there were as many as three play-mamas rocking their play-babies to sleep at the early play-bedtime, which was properly before the real children's supper-hour; and at this time Junior Man, who was six, would gen-

erally be downstairs in the library with his papa while mama dressed for dinner.

And while Mammy Louiza moved about she would often chuckle to herself as she heard the play-mothers singing their dollies to sleep, and she knew they were echoing the old songs she had sung to them in turn. Particularly would she smile when she caught in the youngest voice, which had a way of wandering up in an uncertain key, the words "yady-baby" and "bye, oh bye, oh bye!" for the lady-baby song was Mammy's own favorite, and when supper was over, and the three elder ones were snugly in bed, after "Br'er Rabbit" and prayers and all the rest, the old woman took solid comfort in drawing her rocker near the waning fire, and singing her precious little namesake to sleep with this little lullaby.

She generally began with a brisk movement, jostling her chair to fit the mood of the wakeful child which she would entrap. But her tone would slowly soften until her crooning voice seemed drowsy enough to put even a stray cricket on the hearth to sleep.

The last stanza Mammy always sang, low and fervently, after her charge was sleeping, and she generally sang it with her eyes closed and face lifted, as if better to realize her heavenly vision.

*Go to sleep, my lady-baby, please, ma'am!*

*Dream about de purty things—*

*Silky frocks an' finger-rings*

*Fit to dazzle queens an' kings.*

*Take yo' pick, my pretty little lady-baby, please, ma'am!*

REFRAIN: *Don't be 'fraidy, baby,*

*Mammy's little lady-baby,*

*Bye, oh bye, oh bye!*

*Go to sleep, my lady-baby, please, ma'am!*

*Angels waits to fly wid you*

*All de heavenly dreamlan' th'ough,*

*Twix' de stars an' up de blue—*

*Sail away, my lily one, my lady-baby, please, ma'am!*

REFRAIN: *Don't be 'fraidy, baby, etc.*

*Go to sleep, my lady-baby, please, ma'am!*

*Little prince wid yaller hair*

*Waitin' for my chile somewhere*

*Whilst she 's growin' tall an' fair;*

*Sleep an' grow, my cō'tly little lady-baby, please, ma'am!*

REFRAIN: *Don't be 'fraidy, baby, etc.*

*Go to sleep, my lady-baby, please, ma'am!  
Walk in dreams woid angels white,  
Rainbow-dressed an' crowned woid light;  
Smile an' Mammy 'll know de sight—  
Don't forgit to tell 'em 'bout old darky-mammy, please,  
ma'am!*

REFRAIN: *Don't be 'fraidy, baby, etc.*

*Tell 'em, yas, oh tell 'em, tell 'em, please, ma'am!  
Tell 'em Mammy's black an' ole,  
Human sins is on 'er soul,  
But she gyards de chillen's fol'—  
Tell 'em Gord done trus 'er woid dis lady-baby, please,  
ma'am!*

REFRAIN: *Don't be 'fraidy, baby, etc.*



UP TO DATE.



## LU SING.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.



LOUISA M. ALCOTT.



LITTLE LULU.

IN Paris, in the year 1879, a daughter was born to one of the sisters of Miss Alcott; but the mother, sad to say, died soon after, and so the little girl was carried oversea to America to be brought up by her aunt, to whom she was a great joy and comfort. In a letter of that time to the editor of ST. NICHOLAS Miss Alcott wrote: "I have been so bowed down with grief at the loss of my dear sister May that I have not had a thought or care for anything else. May left me her little daughter for my own, and soon I shall be too busy singing lullabies to one child to write tales for others, or go anywhere, even to see my kind friends."

Miss Alcott wrote a number of stories for her little niece when Lulu was about eight years old. These stories were tied up in little birch-bark covers and were called "Lulu's Library." A number of them were afterward published under that title, but the following story has been kept by Lulu all these years. The readers of ST. NICHOLAS will be glad to see a new story by the author of "Little Women." And it will interest them, also, to know that Miss Alcott herself and little Lulu are two of the characters in "Lu Sing."

All the principal characters in the story, indeed, are real people, though disguised by Chinese names; and of course the Chinese incidents are entirely fanciful. Little Lulu could not pronounce the names of her two aunts very plainly, so Aunt Louisa became "Ah Wee" and Aunt Anna "Ah Nah." And in the same way the author has introduced Lulu's names of her two cousins as "Ef Rat" and "Jay Rat," while Julia, the name of the governess, became "Ju Huh."

Although "Ah Nah" was extremely fond of tea, she did not own 365 tea-pots. She was somewhat stout, and always happy and cheerful, and was continually trying to help others. "Ah Wee" usually took the lead in family matters, and those who knew the author of the story will easily recognize her in the character.

The real "Lu Sing" after the death of her aunt went back to live with her father in Switzerland, and she is to-day as charming and sweet a girl as could be found anywhere. Her two old cousins, "Ef Rat" and "Jay Rat," are very proud of her.

"EF RAT."

ONCE on a time there lived in China a little girl named Lu Sing, which means "Peach Blossom." She was eight years old and very pretty, with beady black eyes, slanting brows, a pug-nose, and a red mouth. Her hair was done in a great bow on the top of her head, and seven golden pins stuck in it. She wore robes of pink and blue and yellow and violet silk, with wide sashes of gauze, and tiny satin shoes, and had parasols of every color to match.

She lived with two kind aunts, one named Ah Nah and the other Ah Wee, and two cousins, Ef Rat and Jay Rat, and she had a teacher whom she called Ju Huh.

Their home was a beautiful Chinese house, with silver balls on the points of the roof that sang sweetly when the wind blew. It was full of tall silk screens, fans and lanterns, mats of perfumed grass, tea-trays and china jars, splendidly embroidered curtains, and gilded dragons made into chairs and sofas.

The cousins were tea merchants, and the old aunts were very rich, so Lu Sing had everything she wanted, and might have been a very happy

girl if one of the naughty spirits that fly about everywhere and are called "jinns" in China, had not come to trouble her, as we shall see.

She was a good child most of the time, always skipping and singing, and kissing the aunts, and romping with the cousins, as gay as a lark; but she did not like to study, and when Ju Huh got out the ebony tablet and the ivory-covered books and the India ink and the brush and the sheets of rice-paper, and struck the brass gong, an hour after breakfast, Lu Sing always began to hear the naughty jinn say, "Don't go! Fret and pout and make a fuss, my blossom, and we will have some fun."

Poor Ju worked long and patiently over Lu Sing, and at last gave up in despair, and could only teach Lu to play on the "tom-tom" and embroider birds and flowers on bits of silk and satin, as little American girls sew patchwork.

Lu liked the music and the pretty colors, so she did these things pleasantly, and she and the jinn felt very proud to think they had got their own naughty way.

Now Ah Nah was a dear old soul, as gentle

as a dove, and her only fault was a too great love of tea. She had three hundred and sixty-five pots,—one for each day in the year,—and

Ah Wee did not drink tea, and was always scolding about it, because she was poorly and cross, and had to live on bird's-nest soup to



THE AUNTS SEND UP THE PRAYER-KITE.

took sips every half-hour; for the fire in the copper pan burned all the time, and her pocket was always full of the finest kind of orange-pekoe, so she could brew tea at any moment.

cure her "whong-hong tummyfuss," which is Chinese for dyspepsia. Well, the two aunties were much troubled about Lu and her naughty ways, and they tried to think how they could

cure her of this last trick; for if she would not study she would be a dunce, and dunces are shut up in little pens and fed like pigs, but not let out to play, like other children. This was such a sad idea that poor Ah Nah cried a cupful of tears over it, and Ah Wee said, with a stamp that smashed two lovely china monsters: "By the Great Dragon and the Sacred Teapot, that child shall be made to mind."

"But how?" said Ah Nah, drying her tears on a pink tissue-paper handkerchief, and taking a sip of tea to comfort her.

"We will fly kites; and if that does not do it, we must put her in the river to soak the badness out of her."

Now flying kites is one way in which the Chinese pray, and putting in the river is the way they punish naughty children. They are shut up in willow cages, and kept in the water, all but their heads, till they are so clean and hungry and tired that they promise to be good for a long time, as they hate to be soaked.

When any one wishes a thing very much he makes a fine kite, writes on it his wish, and at midnight, when the moon shines, he goes to Wang Choo, or "Windy Hill," and flies the kite till it is out of sight; then he cuts the string, and waits to see if it will come down again. If it does, they know that the King of Heaven in the Great Blue Tent says "no" to the wish, and they are very sad. But if the kite never comes down they are sure the prayer will be answered, and go home singing for joy.

Now the two aunts resolved to make a prayer-kite and ask that Lu Sing might grow very good and learn her lessons. So they pasted lovely rose-colored paper on a frame shaped like a star, wrote in silver letters, "Great King, teach our dear child to obey," and one moonlight night when every one was asleep they crept out to fly the kite.

Two funny old ladies, wrapped up in plum-colored cloaks, with gauze veils around their heads, toddled along on their tall slippers, one carrying the kite, the other her dear tea-pot, so she could refresh herself after the long walk. Nobody but the watchmen with their lanterns and war-fans was stirring in the streets. The tea-gardens were empty now, the tom-toms and the whong-whong were done beating in the tea-

ters, the dancing-girls were asleep on their mats, and the flower-boats were floating quietly down the river to the Great Pagoda, to be ready for a feast in the morning.

Away went the old ladies over the bridge, by the china-houses, where the silver bells chimed softly in the wind, and up the long road to the top of Wang Choo. A gale always blew there, and kites always went up well. Ah Nah, being fat, held the ball of silken cord, and Ah Wee, being long and thin like a "hoan-hop," or grasshopper, ran with the great kite and sent it sparkling up in the moonlight. Then they sat down to wait till it was out of sight. Up, up, up it went, like a red and silver bird, carrying the old aunts' prayer to the Great Blue Tent where the King of Heaven lived. When they could see it no longer, Ah Wee cut the string, and Ah Nah at once made some very strong tea to keep her awake until dawn, for if the kite did not fall before then, it never would.

So there they sat, praying and sipping for three long hours; and little Lu Sing was snugly asleep on her sweet-scented mats under the satin coverlet, and never dreamed what trouble the aunties took for her sake. The sky grew pink at last, and the "wik-wak," or lark, began to sing, the lemon-flowers to shine like stars among the dark leaves, and the tea-pickers to come into the wide fields to gather the leaves with the dew on them.

"Sister, our prayer is heard. We may go home," said Ah Wee, who had sat bolt upright like a Chinese mummy all the time, while dear old Ah Nah nodded and dozed in spite of six pots of tea.

"Praise and thanks to the Holy Crocodile and the Golden Butterfly, who is queen of the air. Let us go." And, bundling the little teapot into her pocket, Ah Nah waddled after Ah Wee, who went stalking down the hill, singing in a cracked voice:

"Fly, kite, fly fast,	"Then beat the whong,
Like a bird in air.	The tom-tom play,
For the Great King's ear	And all rejoice
Whisper our prayer.	In that glad day.
Lu Sing, Lu Sing,	Boom ho! bang hi!
Our darling child,	Ching ri do me!
Soon, soon shall grow	Bum ra! Rum ki!
Patient and mild.	Ping, sang, boo, see!"



As the people all along the way heard this lovely song, they popped up their heads, or peeped out of the window, and joined in the chorus, for they knew that a prayer-kite had been flown and all was well with somebody.

perverse, and would say "pag" when Ju Huh wanted her to say "pug." She also called her teacher a "mush-wag," which means "old fuss," and was a naughty child till school was over; then she came smiling out to get her

lunch of sugared cakes made of melon seeds and plums.

The aunts did not punish her; they waited, hoping some good "win," or spirit, would come into her heart and make her a better child. But nothing happened till she went to bed, and then no one knew it but Lu Sing. The aunts very early put on the tall blue paper extinguishers, which they used as night-caps, and went to sleep, being wearied after the long night on the hill. Every one else had retired, and the house was shut up.

Now Lu Sing had a charming little room with walls like tea-trays, all black and gold. A great fan moved to and fro over her head all night; the mats were as fine as silk, and the soft quilts were of satin full of swan's-down.

A splendid screen shut in her bed; it was in four parts: at the head, embroidered on gray satin, was a silver moon and stars; at the

No one at home but Rox Ha, the house-keeper, knew anything about this night adventure, and the old ladies never said a word; but all day they watched Lu Sing to see if any change took place in her. No; she was very

foot, on pale pink, a golden sun; on the right a rosy branch of peach-blossoms made the white satin lovely; and on the left, upon green, was a crane with long red legs, a black bill, a fiery eye, and feathers that shone like mother-of-pearl.



Fly, kite, fly fast  
Like a bird in air.  
For the Great King's ear  
Whisper our prayer.  
Lu Sing, Lu Sing,  
Our darling child,  
Soon, soon shall grow  
Patient and mild.  
Then beat the whong  
The tom-tom play  
And all rejoice  
In that glad day  
Boom ho! bang hi!  
Ching ri do me!  
Bum ra! Rum ki!  
Ping, sang, boo, see!

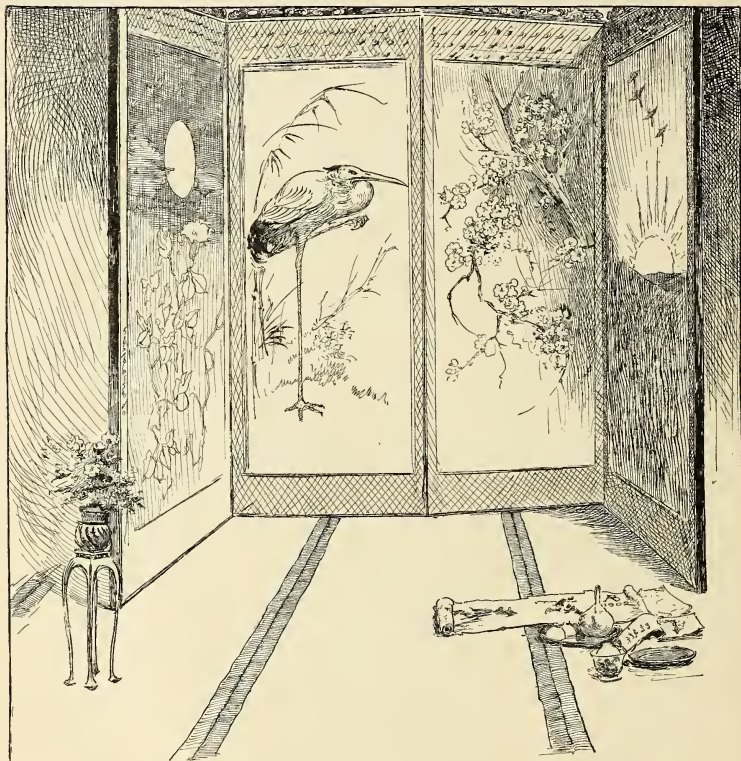
THE AUNT'S SONG OF GRATITUDE.



All rich children had screens like this, with the moon, meaning night, at the head; the sun, for morning, at the foot; the flowers, meaning happiness; and the crane, good luck.

stirred, his tucked-up leg came down, and at last, to her great surprise, his long bill opened, and he said in a rough voice:

“Ha, bad child! Listen to me. I am the



LU SING'S SCREEN.

A light in the gauze lantern made it bright enough for Lu to see the pretty pictures on her screen, and she often lay staring at them till “Peep Oi” (Old Sleep Man) shut her eyes tight. This night she could not even doze, but kept looking at the crane, for he seemed to be alive. His eyes grew as bright as sparks, his plumes

Conscience Bird, and when boys and girls won't be good, I come and peck at them. So!”

Here he gave a snap at the bedclothes, and Lu felt a sharp pinch in her arm. It frightened her very much, but she could not stir, and in another minute the crane pecked again, in another place, still harder. Lu tried to call out,

but she could not speak, and had to lie still till she was well nipped all over. Then the great bird stopped, and after clashing his dreadful beak to get the down out of it, he said sternly:

"Every night that you are bad I shall come to peck. But if you are good I shall tell you stories and bring you nice dreams. Don't tell any one of this, or I shall peck very hard. Try your best, and see if you are not good by and by. Now go to sleep"; and with two waves of his wings Lu was fast asleep.

When she waked up she felt it was only a bad dream, for there stood the crane on one long, red leg just as usual, never saying a word. But she told no one, and really did try that day to behave, for in her heart she knew the Conscience Bird was right, and was afraid he might come and peck again. She expected to be all black and blue with pinches, but her rosy, plump little body was not hurt a bit, only on her breast was one red spot like a star. It had never been there before, and Lu thought that must be the place where her conscience lived. So she folded her gauze "tob," or shirt, over it, and went to breakfast, very sober, with this strange secret in her heart.

"The good win has driven out the bad jinn, and our prayer is answered. Dear Lu Sing is so sweet to-day, it must be so," said the old aunts, watching her with their peeping eyes as she went to "sigh book soh," or school, so pleasantly that Ju Huh nearly fell off her seat to see such a smiling child come in, and not have to be dragged by the tails of her sash or the knobs on her head. But when Lu said "pug" right off instead of "pag," and "ri ko day," not "day so ki," as she usually did, poor Ju cried for joy.

All day Lu was good, and when every one gave her nine kisses at bedtime, and the cousins promised her a little palanquin, or carriage, all to herself, if she kept on in this lovely way, and the aunts burned spices and sticks of sandalwood before the china gods in the sacred corner to thank the Great King, the little girl lay down on her sweet-smelling mats very happy.

Would the crane come? Yes; soon his eyes began to shine, his pearly plumes to move;

down came the red leg, open went the long bill, and out came a soft voice saying pleasantly:

"Good child! I am pleased with you, and you shall have a splendid dream to reward you. Go on trying, and by and by it will be easy to be good."

Then the downy wings waved over her, and Lu dreamed all night of birds and flowers,



THE CONSCIENCE BIRD.

and pretty children, and feasts of bonbons, and fountains of sweet water, and palaces, of jewels, of dolls that talked, and books that never were the same no matter how often you looked at them, and all manner of strange and lovely things.

After that day a great change took place in Lu Sing, and, though she had a naughty fit now and then and got a good pecking, she soon began to find that it grew easy to be good, and then fine dreams and charming stories were her reward, for the Conscience Bird kept his word and in a short time was very fond of Lu.

So the time came when the children chose the Summer Queen, as they called the little girl who was to rule over them in all their plays

The children wagged their heads and talked the matter over, but it could be settled only by votes, when the day came.



"SHE LOOKED LOVELY AS SHE STOOD ON THE STEPS."

during the vacation. It was always the best little girl, and every one wanted to be chosen, for it was a great honor, and the fathers and mothers were pleased and proud, and the child's name was put in the papers, and the emperor sent her a present. This year every one thought it would be Fou Choo, a dear little girl who was loved by all her mates, she was so good and sweet. But the Conscience Bird had his plans, and if Lu had waked up in the night she would have found him gone from the screen, for he flew to the beds of the other children, and in their dreams told them all about her, and how hard she tried to be good, and how pleased the old aunts would be if she should be chosen.

ing, peacock-feathers in their caps, and black satin robes shining with gold dragons, were ready to follow, for every one went to this picnic.

Soon the boom! boom! of the whongs was heard, the sweet toot of the tweedle-dees, and the soft thump of the tom-toms; and the splendid banners came waving down the street—for each child carried one, and all were as gay as rainbows. Fou Choo walked at the head, and beckoned Lu Sing to come with her; so Lu ran down and took her hand, and on they marched, two very pretty little girls, one in blue and gold and the other in pink and silver, with the big flags and music going on in front. All the

So all were busy getting ready, for each one had a new dress; and as the little girls in China are named for flowers, they wore the colors that belonged to them, and wreaths of lemon, orange, rose, violet, or lily, to match the pretty silk gowns. Lu Sing had a pretty pink robe worked with silver butterflies, nine pearl pins in her hair, all her best necklaces and bracelets, blue velvet shoes, a white silk parasol with silver bells on the points and a coral handle, her best fan, and a wreath of peach-blossoms. She looked lovely as she stood all ready on the steps anxiously waiting for the procession to come along.

The two aunts were going in sedan-chairs, and the Rat cousins, with their pigtailed wav-

friends followed, and the street looked as if a flower-bed were passing by. Garlands hung on the houses, lanterns were ready to light at dark, and great fans waved to keep the air cool.

The emperor and his children stood on the roof of the palace and looked down, and all the little parasols bowed as the little procession passed.

At last they came to the rose-garden where the picnic was held and the queen chosen. A great golden basket stood at the foot of a throne made of red roses, and as the children passed by, each dropped in a flower which meant a name.

Then, when all but two were seated on the grass, the flowers were counted, and the child who had the most votes was proclaimed the queen. Every one watched eagerly, for soon two piles of flowers grew bigger and bigger; one was forget-me-nots and meant Fou Choo, the other peach-blossoms and meant Lu Sing. At last the basket was empty, and far the largest pile, as all could see, was the pink one!

"Lu Sing! Lu Sing! All hail the queen!" shouted the children;

and the gongs banged, and the music played, the flags waved and the friends clapped and cheered. Every one was glad, and Lu Sing was so surprised and pleased that she hid her rosy little face behind her silver fan as she was led by Fou Choo and Lee Wing to receive the crown

of white roses and the beautiful little necklace sent by the emperor. Then the feast was held, and games were begun that lasted all day; and at night the long procession of lanterns went



COUNTING THE FLOWERS.

winding home as the happy children escorted the queen to her house, sang under her windows, and then left her to be kissed by the proud aunts and cousins before she crept into her little bed to thank the good Conscience Bird, who sang her to sleep with the sweetest song ever heard.



## SKEE-JUMPING IN NORWAY.

By C. E. BORCHGREVINK.

EVERY nation possesses its own characteristic sports. In a country with a geographical position like Norway, a peninsula cut into by numberless fiords, and governed in winter-time by severe cold, and in summer by a climate like that of southern Europe (owing to the Gulf Stream), the sports in summer and winter naturally differ as much as the seasons themselves. In summer-time shoals of sailing-boats are seen on the fiords; a Norwegian boy, almost as soon as he can walk, knows every inch of a boat, from keel to mast-head. The national games of England, cricket and football, have not settled on Norwegian ground, although here and there small clubs patronizing these games exist, having been founded by foreigners.

It is during the Norwegian winter that the most characteristic sports in that country hold sway. When the fiords are frozen after the snow has fallen, the water is covered with the bright, shining ice, and, like the gulls during the summer, the Norwegian boys now glide about on their skates where, in July and August, they had crossed in sailing-boats. But when the snow covers mountain, valley, and fiord many feet deep, snow-shoeing, or *ski-löbning*, as it is called in Norway, becomes universal, not merely as a sport but also as a necessary way of traveling.

The skees are made of wood, generally of ash. It is the most suitable wood for the purpose, but they can also be made out of pine, of birch, or of almost any wood in which the grain runs straight, and which is not too knotted. But woods like ash, which is both hard and flexible, are admirably adapted for skee-making. The skees are some ten feet long and about four inches broad, and taper up in front in a graceful curve. A very slight groove about half an inch wide runs all along the middle of the skee from front to back, giving a tendency to keep it steady in one direction, and to pre-

vent it, to some extent, from sliding to one side. About an inch back of the middle of the skee, a loop is made out of twisted willow or, in recent years, frequently out of leather-covered bamboo, forming a firm but flexible support for the foot about two inches back of the toe. Another loop of leather-covered bamboo runs from the base of the loop for the toes and all around the heel, while one strap combines the two sides of this loop under the foot. The skee-runner then finishes the fastening by buckling a strap over his instep.

This peculiar arrangement of loops and straps allows the runner to move his heel in a vertical direction so far that he could, although with effort, put his knee down to the skee in front of him, while his toes still remain in the loop; but in a horizontal direction the foot is arrested; the skee must follow every small movement of the foot to the right or left.

By use the skees become very smooth underneath, and slip over the snow-crystals almost without friction. While moving, the skee is half shoved, half lifted onward; but never in ordinary walking is it lifted from the surface of the snow; the runner just eases its weight by resting on one skee and shoving the other forward. In this way the runner on level ground glides forward two lengths of his skee, or twenty feet, at each stride. He can thus, with ease, keep up with a trotting horse before a sledge. The Norwegian Lapp has been known to catch the wolf in flight on level ground—the wolf, of course, being somewhat handicapped by sinking in at every step, while the runner without difficulty remains on top of the snow.

When the surface of the snow has become icy by alternate thawing and freezing, the speed of the skee-runner, even on the slightest incline, becomes very great; and on a steep hill the speed is like that of an arrow from a strong bow. Only those who have grown into the



"HE SHOOTS OUT INTO THE AIR IN A HUGE LEAP." (SEE PAGE 138.)

use of skees from boyhood, can ever become experts, or enjoy whole days of travel on them. Unlike the Canadian snow-shoe, which reminds one of a huge tennis-racket, the Norwegian skee

combines carrying power with great speed. The skees are for some peasants the only way of traveling in winter, and they are also used almost throughout the country for sporting pur-

poses. Traveling uphill on skees is hard work. One has to "tack" upward, as a sail-boat beats against the wind. It is, of course, in speeding downhill that the skees are at their best.

In recent years skeeing has become very popular as a sport. A great match takes place every year. The day on which it is held has grown into a national holiday, and people come from far off—from Finland, from Sweden, and from the most remote parts of Norway—to these great competitions. The test usually consists in cross-country running, and in the so-called jumping contest.

The running match is a hard one, and the peasants usually carry off the prizes. It is uphill and down, into deep gullies, crossing frozen rivers, through thickly timbered stretches, over fences and frozen lakes, for miles. Only strong physiques can stand this strain; but the competitors are many, especially now that skeep-training has become compulsory in the Norwegian army.

The jumping competition takes place on a very steep hill near Christiania. The hill, which descends at an angle of forty-five degrees or more, is about an English mile long. In the middle of this hill a projecting ledge of snow is formed, the upper part of which has less slope than the hill itself; in fact, at its edge it is almost horizontal, and from here there is a sudden drop of about six feet, beyond which the hill continues at an angle of nearly fifty degrees for another half-mile. The competitors, who must not be over twenty-six years of age, assemble on the top of the hill, where each receives a number, which is fastened on his breast. The judges' stand is placed at the right of the ledge or jump. About sixty feet below this is another stand, for the physicians, who always are present, in case of accident. However, I myself have taken part in the competitions, and have witnessed many others, and I can truly say that in all my experience I have never seen any bones broken, although, if a runner is so unlucky as to land head first, he is likely to be picked up unconscious. On the whole, very few serious accidents occur.

The signal is given for number one to start. To the spectators on the plain below he looks like a little black speck up there on the top of

the hill. His speed increases from second to second, until he disappears for a moment while in the hollow leading on to the jump. Then, quicker than thought, he is seen to shoot out into the air in a huge leap, alighting some sixty feet or more from the ledge where he left the ground. He is then lost in a cloud of snow, where the enthusiastic spectators get glimpses perhaps of a broken skee, or a wildly whirling arm or leg, until at last the snow settles, and the somewhat stunned sportsman, amid the laughter of the spectators, begins to collect his scattered skees and thoughts!

It is fine to see the experienced runner as he starts from the top of the hill. Cautiously, at the signal, down he plunges, well knowing the difficulty of the task before him, his mind being concentrated on one thing only—to excel the other competitors. He reserves all his strength for the jump at the supreme moment when he arrives at the brink of the ledge. You see him crouch together as he leaves the ground; then, proudly stretching out his full length, he shoots through the clear, frosty air. He struggles for a moment to keep his balance; the pressure of the air through which he speeds helps him; he regains his equilibrium, and controls his skees, which at times are inclined to cross each other. The excited crowd below can see his sudden, convulsive efforts, and before they have time to realize it, there he is, shooting downward again, landing squarely on his skees; one knee is slightly bent and somewhat behind the other, but his skees are running parallel. A mist of snow envelops him at the moment he lands; his body erect, though shivering from the excitement and the strain; his head proudly lifted in the thrill of victory, while greeted by ringing cheers from thousands of interested spectators.

It is clear that this sport must impress on the character of the Norwegian boy an individuality distinctly its own. No sport, in my opinion, requires such strength and persistence as skeeping; while the jumping also demands nerve and presence of mind. The most accomplished jumper may have trouble with his skees while in the air after having taken the leap from the ledge, and he learns at an early age the value of quick thought and action, because it is the right way



"HE STRUGGLES FOR A MOMENT TO KEEP HIS BALANCE."

of the seconds in his wild rush down the hill and through the air that determines whether he shall succeed in out-leaping his rivals or not.

The possibility of keeping one's balance while shooting through the frosty air naturally depends greatly upon the pressure of the atmo-



sphere against the body. This is so strong that I have sometimes felt it almost as a solid support on which to lean and regain my balance.

During the holidays even quite small boys set off on skeeing-parties into the woods, and remain away for weeks. Each brings a little bag of provisions on his back, and they walk on through the woods and fields until dark, when they dig down into the snow or build themselves a hut out of branches of the pine, and realize their dreams of the life among the Lapps or Eskimos. Necessarily on these trips their food frequently becomes scarce, for the distances between the huts are often very great, and the Norwegian boy is taught to get along without luxuries. He mends his skees himself, and thus the sport makes him handy and resourceful, as he generally has to take from the willow or from the pine the raw material necessary to make his traveling-gear fit for use again.

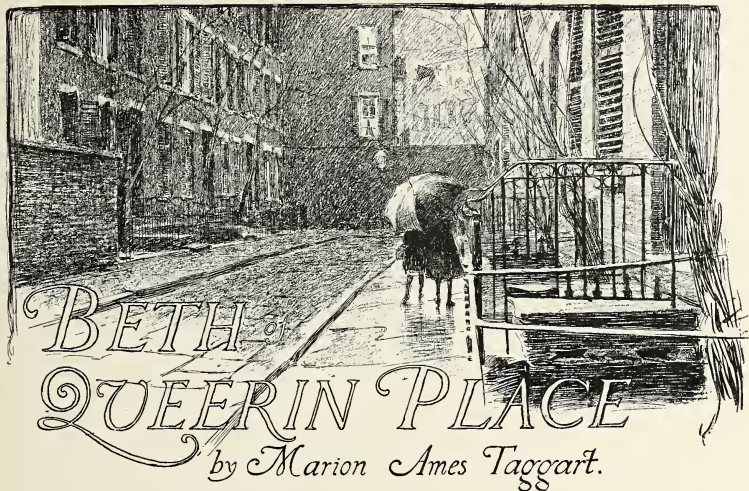
In polar exploration the skees have perhaps a great deal to do with the success of the Norwegian expeditions. It is almost necessary to be able to use them if one is to cover long distances on the snow within the polar circles.

I once took part in a unique bear hunt on skees—unique because it was a tame bear that

had escaped from a show in Christiania. It was indeed more dangerous than a wild one, as it had more confidence and was less afraid of men. After having done a good deal of mischief among the cattle, and after having frightened some peasants very much by entering their huts and helping himself to food without any ceremony, he made off into a thick forest. The snow was lying several feet deep at the time. Many people had tried to catch him on foot, but in vain. The bear treads on the whole of his sole, thus keeping himself well up on the surface of the snow. However, we set out with a party on skees, with guns and knives, most of us being under eighteen years of age. I shall not forget our delight when we found, from the tracks left by the bear in the deep snow, that we were approaching him. It was rather an exciting time as we entered in among some old pines where a slight slope gave us considerable speed, and we almost ran straight into the arms of the bear before we noticed him—some of us having just time to steer aside and quickly slide past him as he sat grinning savagely at us and showing all his teeth. A well directed shot from a peasant soon ended his career. I doubt if anybody without skees could have caught this bear that had so long and cleverly avoided pursuit.



A WINNER. "LANDING SQUARELY ON HIS SKEES."



It was one of those real-life Christmas days, and Queerin Place was apparently trying to run in from Sixth Avenue out of the wet, trusting to its small size to prevent any rain from falling upon it. Queerin Place should never be in bustling, busy New York, even in the finest weather; it is a brief little "place," slanting westward from the big thoroughfare in the bias fashion characteristic of Greenwich Village and its neighborhood, and it looks precisely like a place in a Dickens story, with its uniform row of little brick houses, its solitary lamp-post, straggling vines, and miniature front yards. It has a prison on one hand, it is true, but it is far and away from having a palace on the other; and in no other way than the prison on one hand does it suggest anything Venetian.

There was nothing to distinguish the bass-viol player's house from its neighbors; but to Beth Esling, the bass-viol player's little granddaughter, it had a distinct personality, the indefinable something that makes one's home look wholly different from any other house. Beth was fourteen, and all these — to her — many years of her life had been spent in that little Queerin Place home. Being a very sunny and home-

loving little body by nature, she loved the humble house with all her heart, and to her eyes it was always pretty and attractive. So it was not discontent that gave her face an expression as little like Christmas eve as the one the skies wore: Beth was struggling with a sense of duty, and a natural regret which even the recollection of the party she was to give that evening could not banish — indeed, the duty and the regret were all mixed up with the party.

"For years," as Beth would have said sincerely, — in reality for nearly one whole year, — she had worshiped at the shrine of Lois Akers, the prettiest of all the girls in the Greenwich Avenue school, and the nicest, as she thought, though there were those of her mates who would have greatly shocked her by excepting bright-eyed Beth herself, who was not pretty, but whose sunny temper, absolute frankness, and unselfishness made her thoroughly lovable. Lois liked Beth. If it had not been for what Mr. Moddle, in "Martin Chuzzlewit," delicately termed "another," Beth Esling would have been Lois's dearest friend. As it was, she had been only second best, and second place is hard to fill when one loves with a devotion equal to a

"double first," if there ever is such a grade as this in friendship.

Lois's chosen chum, preferred to all the world, was Emily Harkness; and for Em's sake Beth was put aside. But since Thanksgiving the situation had changed: a misunderstanding had arisen between Lois and Emily. From closest arm-entwining, secret-exchanging intimacy they had passed to complete estrangement, avoiding each other at recess, going home on opposite sides of the street, and, when fate forced them to meet, studying the heavens with an intentness worthy of a Herschel without a telescope. In her loneliness Lois had turned for comfort to Beth, and for a whole month Beth had joyfully filled the place Em left vacant—too indifferent or too sweet-tempered, as one chose to regard it, to resent what in her heart she knew for truth, that Lois would have preferred Emily to her at the very worst stage of the quarrel, and had only let her play a rôle similar to that attributed by Hamlet to "imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay." She filled the void left cold and blank by Emily's unkindness.

And now, just when she was beginning to hope that Lois was really getting ready to love her best, the key to the misunderstanding between the girls had accidentally fallen into Beth's hands. By a chance word overheard at school she knew that Emily had never said the cruel thing Lois believed she had said of her; and in her upright and unselfish heart Beth knew it was for her to set the crooked straight, give Lois back her friend, and sink once more to her old second place in Lois's affections.

It was not easy; Beth had shed some tears on her pillow the previous night, but she had never for a moment hesitated in her determination to do right, at whatever cost to herself; and that was why she was making the cake for her Christmas-eve party with a sober little face that matched the gray skies outside.

"What do you want for your Christmas, Beth?" asked eight-year-old Elsie, for the twentieth time at least, as she balanced herself on the arm of her chair. She was in such throes of desire to tell her sister what she had for her that Beth felt it was cruel not to let her speak and free her mind of its burden.

"Nothing in the world," she answered, however, just as she had answered each previous time—"unless it is something to cover that hole in the carpet," she added, glancing ruefully at the worn place where her grandfather rested the end of his big bass viol when he practised. Beth recognized the necessity for much practice when one occupied the distinguished place held by her grandfather in a big Broadway theater; but, remembering her party that evening, and how pretty Emily Harkness's home on West Eleventh Street was, with its polished floors and beautiful rugs, she could find it in her heart to wish that Mr. Esling would not practise precisely in the middle of their tiny parlor, where one could never cover the worn spot with the smallest chair or footstool without a deadly certainty of sending some unfortunate victim tripping into the fireplace.

"Five eggs," said Beth, glancing at the cook-book, "and a cup of milk—that 's all right. Oh, baking-powder! Elsie dear, would you mind asking grandma for the baking-powder? And the raisins?" she called as the little girl ran away. "They 're on the second shelf, right-hand side; I stoned them last night."

Grandma was making some of her famous steamed custards for Beth's party; she was willing and glad to do it, but only with the stipulation that Beth was to leave her the kitchen in solitude. One moment too long, and the steamed custards would "separate"; one moment too little steaming, and they would be underdone; for such a delicate task Grandmother Esling could not share her domain with a cake-maker, so, there being no one to be shocked, Beth had taken her ingredients into the parlor, and there was whipping her cake into a degree of "goodness" that almost proved the efficacy of corporal punishment.

"Here they are!" cried Elsie, running back into the parlor. "Here they are! And grandma says she thinks those custards will be done in ten minutes, and you can put your cake in the minute they 're out."

"All right; thanks, Elsie," said Beth, sifting the flour with its baking-powder contents into the cake, and adding the raisins from the small bowl in a delightful mass. "Now I 'll tell you

one least bit of a Christmas present you 're to have: you are to sit up for my party till the very last girl has gone home."

"I know it; grandpa told me," said Elsie.

he, truly, Elsie?" cried Beth, scattering flour recklessly in her excitement.

Elsie nodded hard, being prevented from speaking for the moment by half a ginger cookie.

"Three violins, one harp, a flute, grandpa himself with the big fiddle—they 're all going to play for you; I 'm almost crazy!" cried Elsie, getting rid of the impediment to her speech in an incredibly short time.

Beth's face cleared of all trace of worry. With a shout of triumph, she snatched her small sister around the waist and executed a sort of inspired fandango.

"It 's simply fine!" she cried. "Only think! a regular orchestra! Why, none of the girls ever have had more than a piano-player, except Minnie Ivers, when her brother played the violin for us. But he was only taking lessons, and he could n't do much; he tried the 'Intermezzo,' and nearly broke down. Still, he was n't so bad in a waltz and two-step," added Beth, with the kindly patronage of her musical inheritance.

"Yes," said Elsie; "and grandpa says when you 're tired dancing and playing games he is going to get the gentlemen to play Christmas carols and German *Lieder*, and

they 'll sing, and we 'll all sing, and end up with a regular old-time Christmas; that 's what he said."

"Oh, did grandpa get some of the orchestra? He said once he thought he might. Did

"Now won't that be too perfectly lovely?"



"'IT 'S YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT, BETH!' SHE GURGLED." (SEE PAGE 144.)

"And I know a little surprise that *you* are to have; it 's something about music."



cried Beth. "We can't dance much; we have n't room: but we can give the girls the kind of time they can't get in big houses"; and she gave her bowl a twirl expressing her delight as she tilted it to pour the mixture, lumpy with its raisins, into the pan.

Alas! perfect joy is of brief duration in a workaday world; even on Christmas eve it is uncertain! A treacherous bit of butter had secreted itself on the brim of poor Beth's bowl, and in her moment of triumph undid her. The twirl of joy ended in a wild scurry of the bowl through her slippery fingers, and it alighted, bottom up, in the middle of the floor, depositing the cake dough, raisins and all, right in the spot worn bare by Grandpa Esling's practising.

For a moment Beth and Elsie stared in horror-stricken silence at the wreck; then Elsie tumbled down on the floor beside the cake to laugh as only a girl of eight, without responsibilities, can laugh at a catastrophe. "It 's your Christmas present, Beth!" she gurgled. "You said you wanted something to cover the spot in the carpet, and you 've got it! Oh, my, ain't it awful, but ain't it awful funny!"

Beth's good nature gave out. "Elsie Esling," she said indignantly, "you ought to have a good whipping! Here I 've been working and working, and stoning raisins all night,"—which was a slight exaggeration,— "and I 've got to go out, and I 'd like to know what there is funny about it, or where you think any more cake is to come from?" And Beth's indignation ended in a burst of tears.

Elsie's indecorous sense of humor fled in merited disgrace at the sight of her beloved sister's tears; she never could bear to have Beth cry, and she rarely had to. Of all days in the three hundred and sixty-five, the last for such unusual grief was surely Christmas eve. Elsie at once got on her feet and flung her arms around Beth. "Don't cry, Bethings," she whispered. "I 'm dreadful sorry I laughed. I 've got twenty-five cents grandpa gave me for Christmas candy; I 'll give it to you for cake, and don't you mind about the dough. We can save some of it and bake it anyway."

To Elsie's delight, Beth laughed at this, and kissed her. "I did n't mean to scold, pet; it

was funny, and you may laugh. I guess we could n't use even the top, though. But I don't want your money. Grandma will know a way to make time for more cake. Let 's get this up, and then I 'm going to see Lois. I 'm glad grandma's favorite bowl did n't break."

Again in a low-spirited mood, because of a mishap that would have tried the patience of an older cook, Beth pattered along in her rubbers and mackintosh for her last call on Lois as her special friend. And, more over, her errand, though appropriate to the season, since it was to restore peace, would, by disclosing Emily's innocence, result in the loss of her own coveted position as Lois's chum.

Lois was at home, and for one cowardly moment Beth was tempted to keep silence. Lois was so pretty and attractive in her soft red house-dress! No one would ever know that it had been in Beth's power to straighten matters, even if Lois and Emily became friends again later without her aid. But Beth conquered the mean feeling without much effort, and told her little tale to Lois, dropping her eyes to shut out the sight of the glad light dawning in those of her friend as she listened.

"That is a Christmas present worth having, Beth!" said Lois, at the end. "I 'll see Emily at your house to-night, and I 'll beg her pardon for not trusting her, and we 'll have a merry Christmas. To tell the honest truth, I was feeling as though I did n't care whether Christmas came or not this year; of course I had you, but it made me just wretched to think my own, most intimate friend was n't mine any longer. You have been such a dear all the way through; if it had n't been for you I could n't have borne it; and now you have really made me a present of Emily."

That night fourteen girls and ten more or less reluctant boys gathered in the little house in Queerin Place. There was not the slightest danger of any one discovering the worn place in the carpet; for once it was thoroughly covered.

Upstairs Beth, the hostess, tried not to be jealous as she saw Lois whispering earnestly to Emily, and then both girls fall on each other's shoulders in a manner most dangerous to love-locks, however assuring of restored love. And in the warmth of that affection, starved for a



"HOW THOSE KIND, RUDDY-FACED FRIENDS DID PLAY!" (SEE PAGE 146.)

month, Beth saw Lois go downstairs, her arms once more entwining Emily, and quite forgetful, for the time, of the devoted little column on which she had leaned during her hour of affliction.

But it is quite surprising what a good time one can have, in spite of drawbacks, if one sets about it in the right way. In trying to make her guests happy Beth became happy herself. Grandma had exercised the quiet magic of her kind, and cake as good or better than the lost loaf of Beth's making filled the little dining-room with its spicy aroma. Then there were other surprises from the same silent source: a ring-cake, borrowed from Twelfth-night customs, a bowl of "snapdragon" for the brave to venture and the timid to scream over, as the flames wreathed around girlish fingers. But the orchestra! Beth thought she would never again, even in thought, grumble if the point of Grandpa Esling's bass viol made a hole in the parlor floor all the way through to the cellar. How those kind, ruddy-faced friends of his did play, to be sure! And how delightful it was to dance to the music of a real orchestra, even though the room was too small to allow six couples on the floor at once! However, the entire house was so small that the music could be heard in one part of it as well as another, and that was a decided advantage, for before long everybody was dancing, upstairs, in the hall, and even in the kitchen. At last, when supper was over and breaking-up time near at hand, how lovely were the dear old carols and the sweet German folk-songs sung by fresh young voices to the accompaniment of the instruments played by those who remembered long-past Christmases in the Fatherland!

"It has been the nicest party I ever went to," said Emily, kissing her hostess a loving good night; and the spirit of the peaceful time had sunk so far into Beth's heart that she felt no pang in remembering what had made it especially pleasant to Emily.

Christmas justified itself in the morning.

Beth's day began well. First of all a little lost kitten came mewing to the door, and she made herself happy in comforting it and establishing it in permanent warmth and safety on the hearth of the sunny little parlor in Queer-

Place; for Beth's love went out to all little dumb, dependent creatures. Then there were white parcels, so many and so alluring for her and Elsie to open, that breakfast suffered while they feasted on rapturous surprises. All Beth's friends of the night before had secretly left some little remembrance with Grandma Esling for her, and the Christmas-eve party proved a surprise-party by a sort of postscript.

But the best gift of all came later. Lois and Emily came down Queer-in Place arm in arm, and rang the bell of the little house. When Beth opened the door to them they took her bodily in their four arms at once, and told her they had talked her over on the way home the night before, and had decided that they could never be happy for a moment unless she promised to make the third side of a perfect triangle of friendship.

"For you see, Bethy," said Lois, in her ear, contriving to speak to her privately, while Elsie was excitedly displaying her Christmas treasures to Emily, "you see, I have had you so much for a whole month that I simply can't do without you; I love you every bit as well as Emily—every *bit* as well," she added with significant emphasis.

"Well, I never dreamed—" Beth began. "You know I just love you to death, Lois Akers; but you would n't love me if you knew how mean I have felt about you and Emily, nor how hard it was to me to tell you she had n't talked about you; I'm pretty mean."

But Lois laughed aloud. "Mean? You?" was all she said, but Beth was satisfied; her cup of joy was running over.

And at that moment Elsie cried out: "Oh, Beth, look! Is n't that funny? Here 's the present you wanted to cover the worn spot in the carpet! Just look!"

The sunshine rested brightly on the place kind Grandpa Esling's bass viol had worn bare, and in it, on her back, with her paws drooping on her snowy bib, lay the stranger kitten, purring a loud carol of gratitude and content. She was like a little living emblem of the peace and kindness reigning in the Queer-in Place home.

Happy tears rose in Beth's eyes as she wound her arms around Lois and kissed her. "What a dear, dear Christmas!" she whispered.

## HOW UNCLE SAM OBSERVES CHRISTMAS



BY CLIFFORD HOWARD.

OF course Uncle Sam is best acquainted with the good old-fashioned Christmas—the kind we have known all about since we were little bits of children. There are the Christmas trees with their pretty decorations and candles, and the mistletoe and holly and all sorts of evergreens to make the house look bright, while outside the trees are bare, the ground is white with snow, and Jack Frost is prowling around, freezing up the ponds and pinching people's noses. And then there is dear old Santa Claus with his reindeer, galloping about on the night before Christmas, and scrambling down chimneys to fill the stockings that hang in a row by the fireplace.

It is the time of good cheer and happiness and presents for everybody; the time of chiming bells and joyful carols; of turkey and candy and plum-pudding and all the other good things that go to make up a truly merry Christmas. And here and there throughout the country, some of the quaint old customs of our forefathers are still observed at this time, as, for instance, the pretty custom of "Christmas waits"—boys and girls who go about from house to house on Christmas eve, or early Christmas morning, singing carols.

But, aside from the Christmas customs we all

know so well, Uncle Sam has many strange and special ways of observing Christmas; for in this big country of his there are many different kinds of people, and they all do not celebrate Christmas in the same way, as you shall see.

### IN THE SOUTH.

Siss! Bang! Boom! Sky-rockets hissing, crackers snapping, cannons roaring, horns tooting, bells ringing, and youngsters shouting with wild delight. That is the way Christmas begins down South.

It starts at midnight, or even before; and all day long fire-crackers are going off in the streets of every city, town, and village of the South, from Virginia to Louisiana. A Northern boy, waking up suddenly in New Orleans or Mobile or Atlanta, would think he was in the midst of a rousing Fourth-of-July celebration. In some of the towns the brass bands come out and add to the jollity of the day by marching around and playing "My Maryland" and "Dixie"; while the soldier companies parade up and down the streets to the strains of joyous music and fire salutes with cannons and rifles.

To the girls and boys of the South, Christmas



is the noisiest and jolliest day of the year. The Fourth of July does n't compare with it. And as for the darkies, they look upon Christmas as

thinks of refusing them, and at the end of the day they are richer and happier than at any other time during the whole year.

Except for the jingle of sleigh-bells and the presence of Jack Frost, a Christmas in the South is in other ways very much like that in the North. The houses are decorated with greens, mistletoe hangs above the doorways, Santa Claus comes down the chimneys and fills the waiting stockings, while Christmas dinner is not complete without the familiar turkey and cranberry sauce and pies.

#### IN NEW ENGLAND.

For a great many years there was no Christmas in New England. The Pilgrims and the Puritans did not believe in such celebrations. In fact, they often made it a special point to do their hardest work on Christmas day, just to show their contempt for what they considered a pagan festival. During colonial times there was a law in Massachusetts forbidding any one to celebrate Christmas; and if anybody was so rash in those days as to go about tooting a horn and shouting a "Merry

Christmas!" he was promptly brought to his senses by being arrested and punished.

Of course things are very different in New England now, but in many country towns the people still make more of Thanksgiving than they do of Christmas; and there are hundreds



"THE GOOD OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS."

a holiday that was invented for their especial happiness. They take it for granted that all the "white folks" they know will give them presents; and with grinning faces they are up bright and early, asking for "Christmus gif", mistah; Christmus gif, missus." No one

of New England men and women still living who knew nothing of Christmas as children — who never hung up their stockings; who never waited for Santa Claus; who never had a tree; who never even had a Christmas present!

Nowadays, however, Christmas in New England is like Christmas anywhere else; but here and there, even now, the effects of the early Puritan ideas may still be seen. In some of the smaller and out-of-the-way towns and villages you will find Christmas trees and evergreens in only a very few of the houses, and in some places — particularly in New Hampshire — one big Christmas tree does for the whole town. This tree is set up in the town hall, and there the children go to get their gifts, which have been hung on the branches by the parents. Sometimes the tree has no decorations — no candles, no popcorn strings, no shiny balls. After the presents are taken off and given to the children, the tree remains perfectly bare. There is usually a short entertainment of recitations and songs, and a speech or two perhaps, and then the little folks, carrying their presents with them, go back to their homes.

#### IN NEW MEXICO.

In certain parts of New Mexico, among the old Spanish settlements, the celebration of Christmas begins more than a week before the day. In the evenings, a party of men and women go together to the house of some friend — a different house being visited each evening. When they arrive, they

knock on the door and begin to sing, and when those in the house ask "Who is there?" they reply: "The Virgin Mary and St. Joseph seek lodgings in your house." At first the inmates of the house refuse to let them in. This is done to carry out the Bible story of Joseph and Mary being unable to find lodgings in Bethlehem. But in a little while the door is opened and the visitors are heartily welcomed. As soon as they enter, they kneel and repeat a short prayer; and when the devotional exercises are concluded, the rest of the evening is spent in merrymaking.



CHRISTMAS IN THE SOUTH.

On Christmas eve the people of the village gather together in some large room or hall and give a solemn little play, commemorating the birthday of the Saviour. One end of the room

is used as a stage, and this is fitted up to represent the stable and the manger; and the characters in the sacred story of Bethlehem—Mary and Joseph, the shepherds, the wise men, and the angels—are represented in the tableaux, and with a genuine, reverential spirit. Even the poorer people of the town take part in these Christmas plays.

#### AMONG THE SHAKERS.

The Shakers observe Christmas by a dinner at which the men and women both sit down at the same table. This custom of theirs is the thing that serves to make Christmas different from any other day among the Shakers. During all the rest of the year the men and women eat their meals at separate tables.

At sunset on Christmas day, after a service in the church, they march to the community-house, where the dinner is waiting. The men sit on one side of the table and the women on the other. At the head sits an old man called the elder, who begins the meal by saying grace, after which each one in turn gets up and, lifting the right hand, says in a solemn voice, "God is love." The dinner is eaten in perfect silence. Not a voice is heard until the meal comes to an end. Then the men and women rise and sing, standing in their places at the table. As the singing proceeds they mark time with their hands and feet.

Then their bodies begin to sway from side to side in the peculiar manner that has given this sect its name of Shakers.

When the singing comes to an end, the elder chants a prayer, after which the men and women silently file out and leave the building.



A VISIT FROM PELZNICKEL.

#### AMONG THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS.

"You'd better look out, or Pelznickel will catch you!" This is the dire threat held over

naughty boys and girls at Christmas-time in some of the country settlements of the Pennsylvania Germans, or Pennsylvania Dutch, as they are often called.

Pelznickel is another name for Santa Claus. But he is not altogether the same old Santa that we welcome so gladly. On Christmas eve some one in the neighborhood impersonates Pelznickel by dressing up as an old man with a long white beard. Arming himself with a switch and carrying a bag of toys over his shoulder, he goes from house to house, where the children are expecting him.

He asks the parents how the little ones have behaved themselves during the year. To each of those who have been good he gives a present from his bag. But—woe betide the naughty ones! These are not only supposed to get no presents, but Pelznickel catches them by the collar and playfully taps them with his switch.

#### IN PORTO RICO.

The Porto Rican boys and girls would be frightened out of their wits if Santa Claus should come to them in a sleigh drawn by reindeer and should try to enter the houses and fill their stockings. Down there, Santa Claus does not need reindeer or any other kind of steeds, for the children say that he just comes flying through the air like a bird. Neither does he bother himself looking for stockings,

for such things are not so plentiful in Porto Rico as they are in cooler climates. Instead of stockings, the children use little boxes, which



CHRISTMAS IN ALASKA. (SEE PAGE 154.)

they make themselves. These they place on the roofs and in the courtyards, and old Santa Claus drops the gifts into them as he flies around at night with his bag on his back.

He is more generous in Porto Rico than he is anywhere else. He does not come on Christmas eve only, but is likely to call around every night or two during the week. Each morning,



therefore, the little folks run out eagerly to see whether anything more has been left in their boxes during the night.

Christmas in Porto Rico is a church festival of much importance, and the celebration of it is made up chiefly of religious ceremonies intended to commemorate the principal events in

the life of the Saviour. Beginning with the celebration of his birth, at Christmas-time, the feast-days follow one another in rapid succession. Indeed, it may justly be said that they do not really come to an end until Easter.

One of the most popular of these festival-days is that known as Bethlehem day. This



BETHLEHEM DAY IN PORTO RICO.

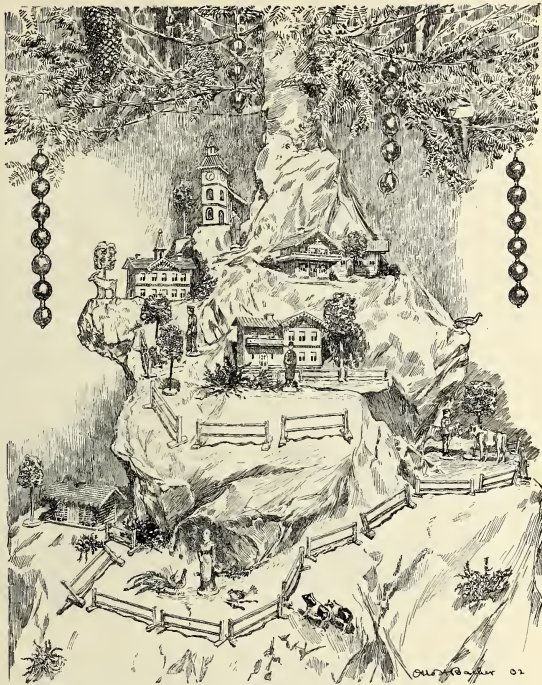
is celebrated on the 12th of January, in memory of the coming of the Magi. The celebration consists of a procession of children through the streets of the town. The foremost three, dressed in flowing robes to represent the wise men of the East, come riding along on ponies, holding in their hands the gifts for the Infant King; following them come angels and shepherds and flute-players, all represented by children dressed in pretty costumes and carrying garlands of flowers.

#### AMONG THE MORAVIANS.

For many days before Christmas the Moravian housewives in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, are busy in their kitchens making good things for the holidays

— mint-cakes, pepper-nuts, *Kümmelbrod*, sugar-cake, mince-pies, and, most important of all, large quantities of "Christmas cakes." These Christmas cakes are a kind of ginger cooky, crisp and spicy, and are made according to a recipe known only to the Moravians. They are made in all sorts of curious shapes — birds, horses, bears, lions, fishes, turtles, stars, leaves, and funny little men and women; so that they are not only good to eat, but are ornamental as well, and are often used by the good fathers and mothers as decorations for the "*Putz*."

Every Moravian family has its *Putz* at Christmas-time. This consists of a Christmas tree surrounded at its base by a miniature landscape made up of moss and greens and make-believe rocks, and adorned with toy houses and tiny



A CHRISTMAS "PUTZ."

fences and trees and all sorts of little animals and toy people.

On Christmas eve a love-feast is held in the church. The greater part of the service is devoted to music, for which the Moravians have always been noted. While the choir is singing, cake and coffee are brought in and served to all the members of the congregation, each one receiving a good-sized bun and a large cup of coffee. Shortly before the end of the meeting lighted wax candles carried on large trays are brought into the church, by men on one side and women on the other, and passed around to the little folks — one for each boy and girl. This is meant to represent the coming of the Light into the world, and is but one of the many beautiful customs observed by the Moravians.

## IN ALASKA.

"Going around with the star" is a popular Christmas custom among some of the natives

soldiers of Herod trying to destroy the children of Bethlehem; but these happy folks of Alaska evidently don't think much about its meaning, for they make a great frolic of it. Everybody



CHRISTMAS IN HAWAII.

of Alaska who belong to the Greek Church. A large figure of a star, covered with brightly colored paper, is carried about at night by a procession of men and women and children. They call at the homes of the well-to-do families of the village, marching about from house to house, headed by the star-bearer and two men or boys carrying lanterns on long poles. They are warmly welcomed at each place, and are invited to come in and have some refreshments. After enjoying the cakes and other good things, and singing one or two carols, they take up the star and move on to the next house.

These processions take place each night during Christmas week; but after the second night the star-bearers are followed by men and boys dressed in fantastic clothes, who try to catch the star-men and destroy their stars. This part of the game is supposed to be an imitation of the

is full of fun, and the frosty air of the dark winter nights is filled with laughter as men and boys and romping girls chase one another here and there in merry excitement.

## IN HAWAII.

The natives of Hawaii say that Santa Claus comes over to the islands in a boat. Perhaps he does; it would be a tedious journey for his reindeer to make without stopping from San Francisco to Honolulu. At all events, he gets there by some means or other, for he would not neglect the little folks of those islands away out in the Pacific.

They look for him as eagerly as do the boys and girls in the lands of snow and ice, and although it must almost melt him to get around in that warm climate with his furs on, he never misses a Christmas.



Before the missionaries and the American settlers went to Hawaii, the natives knew nothing about Christmas, but now they all celebrate the day, and do it, of course, in the same way as the Americans who live there. The main difference between Christmas in Honolulu and Christmas in New York is that in Honolulu in December the weather is like June in New York. Birds are warbling in the leafy trees; gardens are overflowing with roses and carnations; fields and mountain slopes are ablaze with color; and a sunny sky smiles dreamily upon the glories of a summer day. In the morning people go to church, and during the day there are sports and games and merry-making of all sorts. The Christmas dinner is eaten out of doors in the shade of the veranda, and everybody is happy and contented.

#### IN THE PHILIPPINES.

*Buenas pasquas!* This is the hearty greeting that comes to the dweller in the Philippines on Christmas morning, and with it, perhaps, an offering of flowers.

The Filipino, like the Porto Rican and all others who have lived under Spanish rule, look upon Christmas as a great religious festival, and one that requires very special attention.

On Christmas eve the churches are open, and the coming of the great day is celebrated by a mass at midnight; and during all of Christmas day mass is held every hour, so that every one may have an opportunity to attend. Even the popular Christmas customs among the people are nearly all of a religious character, for most of them consist of little plays or dramas founded upon the life of the Saviour.

These plays are called *pastores*, and are performed by bands of young men and women, and sometimes mere boys and girls, who go about from village to village and present their simple little plays to expectant audiences at every stopping-place. The visit of the wise men, the flight into Egypt—these and many other incidents as related in the Scriptures are acted in these *pastores*. Sometimes, by way of variety, the sacred scenes are interspersed with dancing and the singing of popular songs; and sometimes the village band will play a few airs at intervals; altogether the performances are very entertaining and are always very much enjoyed.

On moonlight nights during the Christmas holidays the young people hold merry gatherings out in the open air, where they dance and play and sing amid the delicious perfumes of glorious night-blooming flowers and the balmy breezes of a tropic land.



CHRISTMAS IN THE PHILIPPINES.



## THE WATERMELON STOCKINGS.

BY ALICE CALDWELL HEGAN.

(Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.")



"'MAZIN' GRACE SLEPT PEACEFULLY."

"Jes' look at dat ornery little nigger!" exclaimed Aunt Melvy, as she deposited a basket of clothes on the cabin floor. "I lef' her to clean up, an' to put de 'taters on to bile, an' to shoo de flies offen de twinses, an' I wisht you 'd look at her!"

Nell Tracy, who had come down with Aunt Melvy from the big house on the hill, viewed the culprit ruefully. 'Mazin' Grace was Aunt Melvy's eighth daughter, and had been named for her mother's favorite hymn, which began "Amazing grace, how sweet the sound." She was very short and very fat, and her kinky hair was plaited into ten tight pigtails, each of which was bound with a piece of leather shoe-

string. At present she sat with her back propped against the door, her mouth wide open, and slept peacefully while the flood of her mother's wrath passed over her.

"Oh, but, Aunt Melvy, won't you please let her come?" begged Nell, throwing off her sunbonnet and letting down a tangle of yellow curls. "I have n't got anybody to play with me. Mother drove to town with father, and she said I was to get 'Mazin' Grace to stay with me."

"Why, I 'se gwine to let her come, honey," said Aunt Melvy, "co'se I is. I would n't mek you cry fer nothin'! Only, I 'se gwine to whup her fust. She ain't 'sponsible on her word, dat 's what 's de matter wid her. She

done 'low to me she would n't wink her eye-ball while I was gone. What you think I ketch her doin' one time?" Aunt Melvy's voice sank to a whisper. "She sewed, on a Sunday! She knowed as well as me dat w'en she gits to heben she 'll hab to pick out ebry one ob dem stitches wid her nose."

Nell looked at the sleeper's round pug-nose and wondered how she would ever be able to do it. But it was no use thinking of the punishment in the next world, when an immediate whipping was promised in this; consequently she turned the whole battery of her eloquence upon Aunt Melvy, who in the end gave in.

Ten minutes later the two little playmates were skipping down the avenue under the shady old beech-trees where their fathers had played together in the long ago.

"Is yer maw gwine lemme tek you to de Christian an' Debil Society?" asked 'Mazin' Grace, as they skirted the house, and made their way into the back yard.

"Yes," cried Nell, gleefully, "and I am going to wear the watermelon stockings!"

If 'Mazin' Grace had not been so black, a cloud might have been seen passing over her face. She was the sharer of all Nell's woes, and of all but one of her joys. The exception was the possession of the watermelon stockings.

These were a sort of heirloom among the children of the family, and were regarded with reverence and pride. They were of a peculiar shade of pink silk, with clockwork up the sides and sprays of white flowers embroidered over the instep. A long time ago they had belonged to Cousin Mary, who was quite a big girl now, and she had sent them to Uncle Robert's boy up in Ohio. He learned to waltz in them, and in time sent them to little Agnes in Virginia, who wore them for a year on state occasions, then sent them back to Kentucky to little Cousin Nell.

If ever a tempted soul longed for a forbidden treasure, 'Mazin' Grace longed for the watermelon stockings. "Effen they was mine, I 'd give you one anyways," she argued with Nell, but to no avail.

In the back yard stood a big old chicken-coop, which had been cleaned out and nicely whitewashed for the children to use as a play-

house. It had an upstairs and a downstairs, and a square little door that fastened on the outside with a wooden peg. Nell could climb



"AND I AM GOING TO WEAR THE WATERMELON STOCKINGS," CRIED NELL."

in easily; but 'Mazin' Grace was too fat, and after many efforts she had given up, contenting herself with watching the play from outside.

To-day a doll funeral was in progress, and Nell, moving comfortably about inside the coop, arranged the broken bits of china in a spool-box, tied a sweeping piece of crape on her biggest doll, and allowed her imagination full swing in depicting the grief of the doll family.



"NELL TIED A SWEEPING PIECE OF CRAPE ON HER BIGGEST DOLL."

'Mazin' Grace, sitting under the apple-tree outside, took little interest in the proceedings. The hot sun beat down on the long stretch of blue-grass, and up from the creek came the warm odor of mint; a fat old bumblebee hummed close to her head, but she did not stir. She was thinking about the watermelon stockings.

Presently she began to move stealthily toward the coop, watching Nell cautiously from the corner of her eyes. "Ain't nobody to home but me an' her," she whispered to herself, "an' there would n't nobody know, an'—" With a deft movement she closed the small door and fastened it with the wooden peg. Then she turned, and, leaving the unconscious prisoner, sped softly up the garden path, through the basement, and up the stairs.

In Mrs. Tracy's bedroom was a wide old mahogany dresser with big glass knobs that seemed to glare unwinking reproof at 'Mazin' Grace as she opened the bottom drawer.

"Dis heah is where dey stays at," she said, tossing aside ribbons and laces in her eagerness. "Oh, goody, goody! Heah dey is!"

Tearing away the tissue-paper, she gazed with delight at the coveted stockings. The knobs might glare as much as they liked; the sparrows might scold themselves hoarse on the window-sill; 'Mazin' Grace was lost in the rapture of the moment, and refused to consider consequences. She traced the pattern of the embroidery with her stubby finger, she rubbed the silk against her cheek, and even tied one stocking around her head and stood on tiptoe to see the result in the mirror. The more she handled them the more reckless she became.

"I 'spect I 'se gwine to try dese heah stockin's on!" she said, with a giggle, as she drew the silken lengths over her bare, dusty feet. "Gee Bob! Ain't them scrumptious! I look lak a shore-'nuff circus lady!"

She tipped the mirror in order to get the full reflection, and stood for a moment entranced. Then, catching her ragged skirts in either hand, she bowed low to her image, and, after cutting a formal and elaborate pigeonwing, settled down to a shuffle that shook the floor. Music and motion were as much a part of 'Mazin' Grace as her brown skin and her white teeth. All Aunt Melvy's piety had failed to convince her of the awful wickedness of "shaking her foot" and "singing reel chunes." She danced now with utter abandon, and the harder she danced the louder she sang:

"Suzanne Goffin, don't you cry;  
Take dat apron from your eye.  
Don't let de niggers see you sigh;  
You 'll git a pahnter by an' by."

The small figure with its flying pigtails swayed and swung, and the pink legs darted in and out. Backward, forward, right glide, left glide, two skips sidewise. Her breath was almost gone, but she rallied her forces for a grand

finale. With a curtsy to the bedpost and hands all around, she dashed into the rollicking ecstasy of the "Mobile Buck":

"Way up yonder in de moon,  
Yaller gal lickin' a silver spoon.  
Cynthy, my darlin', who tol' you so?  
Cynthy, my darlin', how do you know?"

As she dropped panting on the floor, something arrested her attention. She held up her head and sniffed the air. It was a familiar odor that roused her conscience as nothing else could have done. Something burning usually meant that she had failed to watch the stove, and that catastrophe usually meant a whipping.

porch, and looked anxiously up and down the road. Nothing was to be seen save the long stretch of empty turnpike, with the hot sun beating down upon it. As she turned to go back inside the window, she stopped, horrified. On the cornice of the roof above her a glowing ember was smoldering dangerously. 'Mazin' Grace wrung her hands.

"Mammy said I was gwine to git burned up fer bein' so wicked. An' Marse Jim's house, what 's belonged to we-all sence de wah! An' de settin'-room where we hangs up our stock-in's ebery Christmas! An' dere ain't nobody to take keer ob it all but me! Oh, Lordy! Lordy! what mus' I do?—what mus' I do?"



"CATCHING HER RAGGED SKIRTS IN EITHER HAND, SHE BOWED LOW TO HER IMAGE."

She scrambled to her feet and ran to the window. Over across the road, the big barn where Mr. Tracy stored his grain was wrapped in flames. The wind was blowing from that direction, and it fanned the smoke into 'Mazin' Grace's eyes.

"Gee! Dat was a spark of fire," she cried, as she snatched her hand from the window-sill. She climbed out of the window upon the

porch, and looked anxiously up and down the road. Nothing was to be seen save the long stretch of empty turnpike, with the hot sun beating down upon it. As she turned to go back inside the window, she stopped, horrified. On the cornice of the roof above her a glowing ember was smoldering dangerously. 'Mazin' Grace wrung her hands.

"I 'se gwine up dat ladder," she said with grim determination, "an' I 'se gwine to sweep dem sparks off. An' effen I can't sweep 'em off I kin spank 'em out."





"FROM SIDE TO SIDE SHE SCRAMBLED, SWEEPING, BEATING, AND FIGHTING THE FIRE."

The fire at the barn was now raging; great volumes of smoke swept toward the house, heavily laden with live embers. 'Mazin' Grace, choking and frightened, wielded her broom with telling effect; no sooner did a spark touch the roof than it was brushed off into the long grass below. But they were coming faster and faster, and, watch as she would, she could not keep some of them from igniting the dry shingles. From side to side she scrambled, sweeping, beating, fighting the fire with all the strength in her little body. Her eyes smarted fiercely, her feet were bruised, the heat was suffocating; but 'Mazin' Grace never thought of deserting her post: she worked, as she had danced, with all her might and main, pitting her puny strength valiantly against that of the flames.

But courage does not always bring success. Just when the fire at the barn began to subside, and the sparks ceased to fall on the roof, a tiny column of smoke began to curl up from the gabled roof of the porch. 'Mazin' Grace clambered down the ladder, and, sitting astride of the angle, worked her way outward toward the

fire. She could not carry the broom, but if she could only reach the blaze perhaps she could beat it out with her hands! Excitement gave her fresh strength. On either side the roof sloped abruptly, but she worked her way on, inch by inch. Two shingles had caught—three! The smoke had changed into a blaze. Leaning over as far as she dared, 'Mazin' Grace stretched out her hand toward the flame. She could not reach it.

With a cry of terror and despair, she fell forward on the ridge; all her courage and strength suddenly deserted her—she could only cling there face downward, and sob and sob as if her heart would break. "Effen our house burns down, I want to die too," she whispered. "But Miss Lucy an' Marse Jim won't never know how I tried to take keer on it. 'Deed I did."

Up from the creek came the faint perfume of the mint; the sparrows scolded in the beech-trees. Nellie, who had broken her prison bars, called again and again from the playground, while slowly but surely up the roof crawled the ever-increasing flames. But 'Mazin' Grace heard nothing, saw nothing; she lay uncon-

scious on the roof, an absurdly pitiful little figure in her ragged dress and pink silk stockings.

It was six weeks before 'Mazin' Grace's burns were sufficiently healed for her to walk. Mr. Tracy, hearing of the fire on his farm, had driven home just in time to save the child's life. His porch was completely destroyed; but the old homestead, with its host of memories and associations, stood intact—a monument to the faithfulness of a very naughty little girl.

Almost the first time 'Mazin' Grace was allowed to go out, she took Nell to the "Christian an' Debil" Society. She limped as she walked, for her feet were still tender from the recent blisters; but, in spite of the pain, her smile was one of unalloyed bliss. Two pairs of sturdy little legs were keeping step in two new pairs of watermelon stockings.



## THE "JUMPER"—A SLED WITH ONE RUNNER.

BY GALLOWAY C. MORRIS.

THERE is a winter sport that is popular in the region about Lake George, and nowhere else, so far as the writer is aware, which would please many of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS who live in those regions where snow abounds.

It is to ordinary coasting on the common sled what coasting on a bicycle is compared to running downhill on an express-wagon.

The whole art and mystery and trick of the thing is to balance on a sled with only one runner while going at a rapid rate downhill.

I have seen them used on hills with a gentle incline as well as on those quite steep; and I once saw one used on the terraces of Fort William Henry. I also know of one case where, some fifteen years ago, a boy, now a prosperous young business man, rode his "jumper" successfully down the long and steep toboggan-slide at Saratoga. I doubt not that the quickness of perception and skill of action, developed

by such sport as a boy, has stood him in good stead in his business. At any rate, he has been as successful in one as in the other. But he also knew how to combine play with work.

The youngest boys commence the sport on the curved stave of a barrel, which has only one advantage that suggests itself—it saves some wear and tear of cloth. Before very long the little fellow who starts on a barrel-stave will nail a block of wood on it so as to raise him up a little. He gradually gets that block a little higher to raise him more and more, until finally nothing will satisfy him but a well-made jumper, and he generally proceeds to make it himself, or his father helps him at it, for I know of no place where one can be bought.

"Jumper" is the local name applied to a single-runner sled. In its perfection it is steel-shod, as shown in the pictures that accompany this article—the steel being generally taken

from a cross-cut saw such as the lumbermen use. This runner varies from one and a half to two inches wide, and the bearing on the snow is from three to four feet long, the front

of the runner the harder it will be to keep it going in the desired direction as it passes over the little inequalities in the "track," which constantly tend to swerve it from its course as

well as to tilt it over sidewise. The coaster's skill is exhibited in preventing either one of these things, for either of them is sure to result in an upset.

It is not a particularly dangerous sport, for the fall, when it comes, is never a bad one, as sixteen inches is considered a good high seat, and this is about the height of an ordinary chair. It is the height of the one shown in the pictures.

The balance is maintained by quickly meeting or anticipating by a rapid movement of the feet, and sometimes also of the hands, any impulse to go over to either side. But as a general thing a skilled coaster uses only his feet for this purpose, and grasps the edge of the seat with both hands, as shown in the pictures, to enable him, by a judicious twisting on the seat, to overcome any tendency to



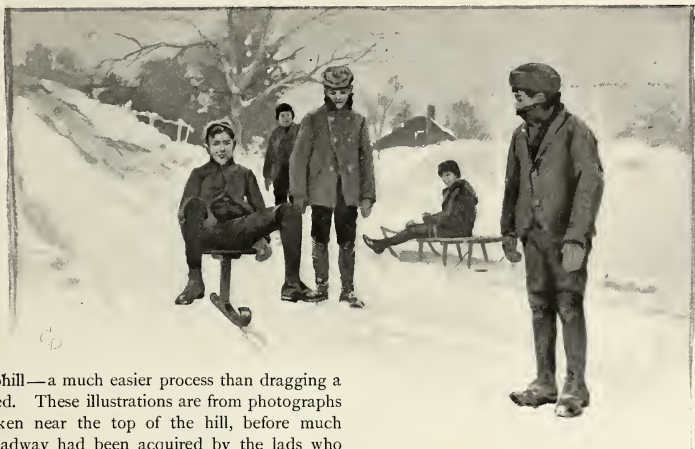
THE BALANCE IS MAINTAINED BY A QUICK MOVEMENT OF THE FEET.

being curled up somewhat like an old-fashioned skate. Just behind the center of the length an upright is framed into the wooden part of the runner, and on this upright a seat is firmly fastened.

The height of the seat is entirely a matter of taste with the individual maker; but it will be readily seen that the higher the seat the greater the skill required to balance and to guide the jumper. Furthermore, the greater the length

swerve out of the desired direction, as well as to help him to make a turn when the track is a crooked one. In this region the track is generally a straight one downhill and out upon the lake; but I have also seen jumpers used on a road with a decided turn in it.

The illustrations which accompany this article give a good idea of the sport and of the way balance is maintained; and one of them shows the manner in which the jumper is carried



FREQUENTLY USED ON THE SAME HILL WITH  
ORDINARY SLEDS.

uphill—a much easier process than dragging a sled. These illustrations are from photographs taken near the top of the hill, before much headway had been acquired by the lads who were coasting. This particular hill is quite a long one running down to the lake, on the level ice of which the speed slackens and the jumper gradually comes to a stop.

Of course as the track becomes compacted by use it gets more and more icy and "fast,"

just as with any other coasting, and indeed it is not an uncommon thing to see jumpers used on a good coasting slope alongside of ordinary sleds.



THE JUMPER IS EASILY CARRIED UPHILL.



## THE FALLING OF THE VENICE BELL-TOWER.

BY RUTH HURLBUT.

(Illustrated from photographs taken at the time.)

IN one of the world's most beautiful cities, this Christmas morning of 1902 will find hardly a trace of a noble landmark that has greeted every Christmas sunrise for a thousand years. For, as our older readers will remember, the famous Campanile, or bell-tower, of St. Mark's Cathedral, in Venice, fell crumbling into a heap of ruins on the 14th of last July. It was three hundred and twenty-two feet in height, and it was begun about 900 A. D.—though its marble top, and the figure of the angel which surmounted it, were added in the fifteenth century. The citizens of Venice deeply mourn its loss—and all Christian nations regret the destruction of the stately tower which rose above the chief square of Venice, alongside of the wonderful Church of San Marco and the superb Palace of the Doges.

Our readers will be interested in the following account of the disaster, written by a young American girl who, with her sisters, was present when the tower fell, and who was fortunate enough to take photographs showing this historic catastrophe at almost the very moment of its happening.



ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL, VENICE.  
(From a drawing by J. D. Woodward.)

THE CAMPANILE

MONDAY the 14th of July was a beautiful sunny day, and all Venice was happy and expectant on account of the grand *fiesta* which was to take place on the following Saturday. No one could have imagined that this peace

and calm were about to be shattered by such an awful disaster as the falling of St. Mark's beautiful Campanile.

We started from the hotel rather early, intending to go to the bank for money. Our

gondolier landed us at the Piazzetta, and as we were about to walk between the Cathedral and the Campanile a guard stopped us. He made some remark in Italian which I only half under-

as it sought its way to the top by jumping from one window to the next.

I don't know why I took a picture then, unless it was because some one suggested that it "would be fun to have a picture of a crack." I certainly never thought it would be perhaps the last picture taken of the Campanile. Even as the fissure continued to grow, no one seemed to have any idea of what was about to



NO. 1. THE TOWER A FEW MINUTES BEFORE IT FELL

stood, but from the calm manner in which he spoke and from the fact that there was some scaffolding on the Campanile, we thought that there was nothing more serious the matter than that they were repairing it, and that he wished us to cross on the other side.

We did so, and then saw that there was quite a crowd, mostly of tourists, looking up at the Campanile. We looked, and were surprised to



NO. 2. SAME VIEW AS NO. 1. AFTER THE FALL OF THE TOWER.

happen, or thought of personal danger any more than did the numerous doves that flew about. No particular attempt was made by the officials to keep the people at a safe dis-



NO. 3. ONLY A HEAP OF RUINS.

see on that side of the tower a crack which grew larger as we watched it. We stood there in a doorway, quite spellbound, watching the crack grow higher and higher, wider and wider,

and a brick fell to the pavement below. Then



NO. 4. THE RUINS TWO MINUTES  
AFTER THE FALL.

another and another, and then all at once the whole lower part caved in, and the upper part with the bronze angel on top slowly swayed, toppled, and at last came down or collapsed



NO. 5. STILL DUSTY.

coating of fine white dust which rose in clouds and settled upon everything and everybody.

It was a sad sight to see the poor Venetians sorrowfully gazing at the ruins, for to each one of them it was a personal loss. Like their ancestors for centuries and centuries, they had walked to and fro on the Piazza with



NO. 6. THE CITY AUTHORITIES ON  
THE RUINS.

—and immediately everything was hidden in a thick cloud of dust.

Now that all danger was over, everybody became panic-stricken, and rushed and pushed in all directions, and with a wild jargon of screams. We managed to get out and take some pictures, though, before the crowd hid everything—for in less than two minutes a great throng of Venetians was on the spot, drawn by the deafening noise which



NO. 7. AT 1 P.M.

the Campanile looking down at them, and it seemed impossible for them to realize that it was no longer there!

Doubtless the pigeons, too, miss the hospita-

ble roof and cornices of their favorite tower. They all did not, however, forsake the square, but many returned at once to the bountiful tourists, as eager and importunate as ever.



NO. 8. THE DOVES STILL FLYING IN ST. MARK'S SQUARE.

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## THE GROWN-FOLKS' CHRISTMAS.

By M. M. D.

Not by glad Christmas bells alone;  
 Not by the crowded, warm hearthstone;  
 Not by the quip, the clasp, the feast,—  
 Scarce by the lone star in the East,—  
 Nor yet by gift nor deed of grace,  
 Nor mistletoe, nor wreathèd place,  
 Nor merry speedings to and fro,  
 Nor any circumstance or show —  
 Know we the Christmas day.

These are but symbols, hallowed, dear —  
 The cheery crowning of the year.

But by the light in children's eyes;  
 By their blithe shouts and happy sighs;  
 By secret plottings, fond and deep,  
 When little heads lie still, in sleep;  
 By glowing sympathy that starts,  
 Melting the winter in our hearts;  
 By quickened joy and holy pride,  
 When to the Child all doors swing wide —  
 Know we the Christmas day.





I knew a crazy man who walked into an empty pulpit one Sunday, and taking up a hymn-book, remarked: "We have had a good fall for getting in corn and potatoes, let us sing Winter." So I say, "Let us sing Winter." What else can we sing, and our voices be in harmony with the season?—THOREAU.

#### READY FOR WINTER.

OUT in the country, at any farmer's home, you will find by the last of November or by the early part of December that everything is ready for winter.

On a bright day after the first snowfall there is noticeable an appearance of snugness, plenty, and comfort. Go down the road, around the south side of the barn, where you see the young folks in the picture. The great cone-like stacks of hay with their caps of snow stand like sentinels and seem to say, "Here are the beginnings of your supplies; we are ready for winter, if you are." The oxen and the cows, as they chew their cud contentedly in the sun, would tell us if they could that they know everything is ready. There is no need to worry about the coming cold. The yearlings, the calves, and the colt frisk around to the other side of the barn-yard as we ap-

proach, and say by their actions, "We have warm and well-bedded stables, and, oh my! you should see the hay-mow—it reaches to the roof."

Ask the farm young folks, and they will tell you: "Of course the mow is full. Did n't we jam it away down even to the eaves with the pitchfork last July? And such fun, too, 'mowing away,' even if it was 'hot work'!"

The full corn-crib this side of the barn at the right tells the same story of readiness for winter. Perhaps that is the reason why the rooster jumps on the post, stretches out his neck, flaps his wings, and opens his mouth to tell the world that he is happy. And the hens stop their scratching and eating to scurry off with the gleeful cry of *cut-cut-cut-cut*. They, too, are happy.

Come around to this side of the yard, near the woodshed by the house, and here, too, we find readiness for winter—jolly old Uncle

Henry at the woodpile. He stops driving his sharp-toothed buck-saw through a stick of white birch, and says, "You 're right; it 's as good a pile as there is in town. I reckon there 's going to be a cold winter—and I kinder thought 't was just as well to be fixed for it."

"White birch makes good fuel, does n't it?"

"There 's nothing much better than a roaring white-birch fire on a cold evening, when the snow sparkles in the moonlight and creaks as you step on it. To make it just right you 've got to have a mug of cider and a dish of apples and a pan of walnuts to go with it. An' I 've got them, too. The cellar 's full o' barrels, and I don't know how many walnuts an' chestnuts and hazelnuts the young folks have spread on the floor to dry in the attic."

That reminds us of our chipmunk that went into winter quarters last month, only he put his supply of nuts down in his snug "cellar."

In the field, that appears so cold and bleak, there is readiness for winter. The mice have

their runways under the dead weeds and grass, and the meadow-lark and quail have sunny nooks, on the south side of tangled clumps.

A miniature of such coziness is seen in the foreground of the picture—a "hedgehog



CATERPILLAR UNDER A SHELTERING STONE.

In many similar places of protection you may find various kinds of insects in all stages of existence.

cat-erpillars did not seem to retire, as they usually do, but came forth every warm day." You will recall that we have some butterflies, too, that seek shelter but are out on sunny days, flitting here and there even over snow-banks. Of course you know that many members of the moth family are in their snug cocoons hanging on twigs or fastened to the under side of boards, fallen logs, fence rails, etc.



"UNCLE HENRY AT THE WOODPILE."

Every Eastern farmer takes great pride in his woodpile. In many parts of New England the size of the woodpile is regarded as a measure of the thrift of the owner. White birch is the favorite—typical of all home comforts.



BAT HANGING HEAD DOWNWARD IN A HOLLOW TREE.

Our artist has depicted a view *from the inside* of the tree. Looking out through the knot-hole (the large, clear opening near the bat), you see the sprays of branches in the distance. It's thus a "put yourself in the bat's place," and you see how it is, from his point of view, to be ready for winter.

Under the stones, and under the bark of decaying logs, are many forms of insect life that have there secured comfortable homes.

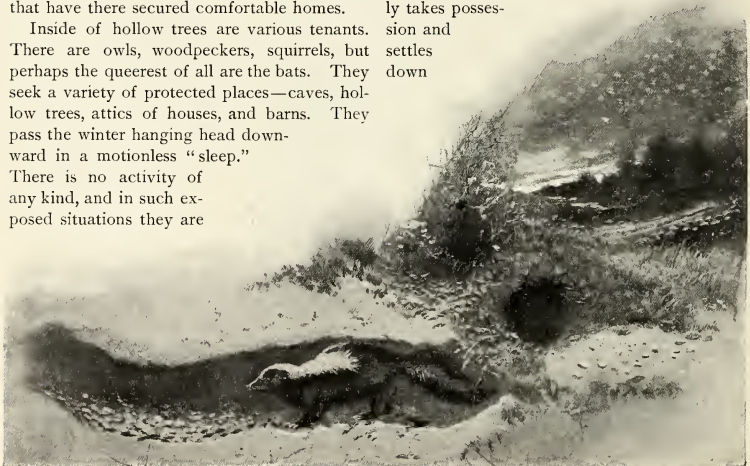
Inside of hollow trees are various tenants. There are owls, woodpeckers, squirrels, but perhaps the queerest of all are the bats. They seek a variety of protected places—caves, hollow trees, attics of houses, and barns. They pass the winter hanging head downward in a motionless "sleep."

There is no activity of any kind, and in such exposed situations they are

perhaps frozen solid, as are the caterpillars; yet when spring comes their blood moves again, and they are once more on the wing, as if they had passed the winter in the warmest of the tropical regions.

With many forms of life the readiness for winter is not to secure a place to protect them from cold or even from freezing, but for security against sudden changes of conditions and of temperature. It is a protection in some cases similar to that of the plants on the lawn that were covered with straw by the gardener when he made them ready for winter. In some places of the kind, for instance in the squirrel's nest, there is undoubtedly real animal warmth and coziness. Fish seek the deepest parts of pools, where the temperature of the water is a little above freezing, and where it remains very near this point until spring.

Perhaps the funniest of all preparers for winter is the skunk. His serene highness calmly walks into a woodchuck's burrow, and says to himself—for he has no friends: "What 's the use of working when you can get some one else to make everything ready for your winter?" And he calmly takes possession and settles down



"HIS SERENE HIGHNESS CALMLY WALKS INTO A WOODCHUCK'S BURROW."



POSITION OF FLOWER BUD.

In late autumn or early winter it is well advanced for next spring's opening. The two long leaves you may find turned dark in color, or even retaining their green in protected situations.

#### A WOODLAND SECRET.

THE contents of buds picked in late autumn or early winter woods are full of surprises, and we often gather spring flowers without knowing it.

The bud of the aromatic wild ginger, which grows in damp, rich woods, holds a secret for us under the leaf-mold. If you pull up the spicy roots in the fall, you will find a flat mitten-shaped bud between each pair of long-stemmed leaves. When the coverings of the bud are carefully removed with a penknife, you can see two perfect leaves folded together. If you separate the small leaf-blades you will discover a tiny oval bud. Now this little bud contains twelve purple-tipped stamens and a six-parted stigma. Even with the naked eye you can recognize our ginger-root flower. In fact, one

might analyze this miniature ginger plant quite as well as if one had picked it in the May woods.

Perhaps you have noticed, when you gathered the wild ginger, that a number of the plants have only one leaf (Gray's Botany). If you examine a dozen buds you will see that each ginger plant starts in life equipped with two leaves. One small leaf folds completely over the other in the bud, and consequently the outer one is more exposed. This accounts for our one-leaved ginger plant.

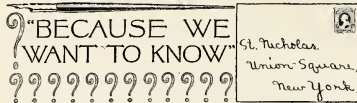
It is interesting to soak a bud in water and remove the coverings, noting how dry the little leaves are kept by their waterproof coverings, which remind one of small leather mittens.

W. C. KNOWLES.



"WILD GINGER AS WE FOUND IT IN MAY OR JUNE."





**RULE 1.** State carefully all details pertaining to the matter about which you inquire, or desire to tell others. For the identification of insects or plants, send the whole specimen. If the object is an insect, state where you found it, what it was doing, and on what plant it was feeding. If it is a plant, send it all, unless it is too large. In that case a branch with flower and leaves will answer. A single dried blossom or dead leaf may be recognized if the plant is a common one, but it is better to send the whole specimen.

**RULE 2.** Inclose stamped and self-addressed envelope if reply is desired by mail. We have space to publish very few such inquiries, and only those that are of general interest. Stamps must also accompany a request for the return of specimens. Write your address in full, with street and number when necessary, on your letter, on your envelope, and on the box containing the object.

**RULE 3.** Answers to questions from parents or teachers will be made only by mail, in stamped and self-addressed envelope. A letter "dictated" by a boy or a girl and written by a teacher or a parent cannot be published. A letter for publication giving information or stating observations, must be composed and written by the boy or the girl whose name is signed to it. The writer's age must be given, and the whole indorsed by the parent or the teacher, who must thus guarantee its originality. Letters of inquiry need not be so indorsed, but should state the age of the writer.

#### PERSONAL.

**TO THE YOUNG FOLKS:** Please read the foregoing rules regarding letters to Nature and Science. Now read them again. Then please observe them in all your letters to me.

Kindly remember that the editor invites you to state your observations for the benefit of others, and that he will gladly give information whenever it is really desired. He welcomes puzzling queries, but does not enjoy being questioned where, from the nature of the case, a solution is impossible or will benefit no one.

Take Rule 1, for instance. Bird descriptions are often received that will not apply to any known bird. In other letters the description is not sufficiently detailed or explicit. "I saw a bird eating seeds. It had a dark head and a sweet song. What is its name?" The editor does not know. Or take this: "I saw a plant with just one stem and three leaves that were round. They were close to the ground." No further description was given and no inquiry made. Again, "I inclose a leaf that I picked. Please tell me what it is." Sometimes it is possible to do this, but in all cases you will lighten the editor's labors if you will send more of the plant.

A large number of letters are received. Some are accompanied by packages. When the full address is not put on the package, it is

often impossible to decide which belongs to which. This makes it difficult to puzzle out the letter that goes with the package. With many packages by every mail, some of them to accompany letters received a day or two before, the puzzle becomes intricate, and might be easily avoided if our correspondents would heed this rule.

"Please answer in the next number of *ST. NICHOLAS*; I want to know as soon as possible," is a request often received. A stamped and addressed envelope will take the information to you at once.

Now one more request: Please do a little "missionary work" by sending to the editor of this department the addresses of all your young friends that do not have *ST. NICHOLAS* and yet are interested in some phase of nature or science. I want this department to be of the greatest good to the greatest number. Please help me to do this.

Yours cordially,  
EDITOR OF NATURE AND SCIENCE.

#### THE SCAR OF A BRANCH.

NEGAUNEE, MICH.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: By this same mail I have sent a package containing a piece of wood with a growth in



SCAR OF A BRANCH.

the center. Will you please tell me what the growth in the center is? It was knocked off a piece of split hard wood last October or November.

Your interested reader, CHARLES E. YATES.

A branch of a tree forms a cylinder of wood in the main part across the annual layers. If

the branch is cut off, or dies and breaks off because the shade was too dense or because the branches above took its sap-food, then the main part of the tree endeavors to cover it up by surrounding growth.

If the branch-portion in the main trunk decays, we have a hole to be occupied by woodpeckers, squirrels, bats, etc. Boards show a knot wherever there was the stub of a branch in the main trunk. If the knot falls out, it leaves a knot-hole. Professor Bergen tells us:

If the branch dies long before the tree does, the knot may be buried under many rings of wood. What is known as clear lumber is obtained from trees that have grown in a dense forest, so that the lower branches of the larger trees were killed by the shade many years before the tree was felled.

In pruning fruit-trees or shade-trees the branches which are removed should be cut close to the trunk. If this is done, the growth of the trunk will bury the scar before decay sets in.

The accompanying illustration, from a photograph of the specimen sent by the writer of the letter, shows this scar of the branch which the surrounding tissue is trying to bury.

#### WHITE ROBIN WITH RED BREAST.

MIDDLEBURY, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I noticed in your August number an account of a white robin. We had a white robin here a few years ago. Its breast was red, and it had two black spots on its back. The rest of its body was perfectly white. Its mate was a common robin. They were here one summer, and it is not known what became of them. The white robin was quite tame. Their nest was in a tree across the street from the school-house, and every day people came to see the white robin.

Your interested reader,

CLARA STUTZ.

#### WHAT IS A SNOWBIRD?

RIGA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen, a number of times, flocks of birds that people call snowbirds. They are a little larger than the English sparrow and have white breasts. They are not very wild, but let you get quite near them, and then run very fast. Are they a distinct bird in themselves, or a bird that stays here all the year, but whose plumage changes in winter? There is a large flock, where I go to school, of about three hundred, which we see quite often.

RICHARD CHURCH, JR.

General or family names are in most common use because they save seeing and distinguishing.

The term "snowbird" is applied to a variety of birds associated with the snow. I have heard the young folks, after pelting others with snow, say jokingly: "You're pretty-looking 'snowbirds'!" So you see there's almost no limit to the application of the word "snowbird." Perhaps the snowbird—that is, the best-known bird to which the word is applied—is the junco (*Junco hiemalis*). This is probably the bird to which you refer as having a white breast. Perhaps it would be better to call it gray. The under side is white. The head, neck, and upper parts are dark slate-color; therefore this bird is sometimes called the black snowbird. The outer tail-feathers are white.



JUNCO.

Our so-called "white snowbird" is the "snowflake," "snow-bunting," etc. (*Plectrophenax nivalis*). These pretty little birds are, as Thoreau calls them, the "true spirits of the snow-storm," because they are closely associated with the driving snow. They are of a "soiled white" underneath. The upper parts are darker, with streakings of brown and black. In the arctic regions in summer they are almost white.



SNOW-BUNTING.

The redpoll (*Acanthis linaria*), that sometimes also visits us from the north, is known as the "little snowbird."

So you see that, while the word "snowbird" is applied descriptively to almost any bird in the snow, it usually means one or another of these birds, about which I advise that you read a full description in any bird-book.



REDFOLL.

## LITTLE RABBITS PROTECTED BY THEIR MOTHER.

BEECHWOOD, EAST WALNUT HILLS,  
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very much interested in animals, and the other day I had a little adventure which interested me very much. Behind our house there is a hollow full of dead leaves. I was walking along carelessly when I heard a funny little noise. I looked down, and next to my foot I saw a little rabbit's nest with several rabbits in it. Before I could say anything one was gone. I looked again, and the rest of them were running. Then a little black dog saw them and ran after them, when suddenly a large rabbit bounded out of the bushes and over the dog, at the same time giving him a rap on the back with her hind legs. The dog howled and fell over, which gave the rabbits time to run away. They were cottontails, and I would like to know why they use their hind legs more than their front ones. Yours truly,

ABBIE INGALLS (age 10).

Of course you did n't see the mother rabbit at the nest, but she saw you, although her attention was occupied chiefly in more important matters. She was in a clump of briars at the edge of the forest watching the approach of the dog across the open field. It was then and there that she resolved what to do to that dog if he came too near her young rabbits in



THE MOTHER RABBIT.

"She was in a clump of briars at the edge of the forest watching the approach of the dog across the open field."

the forest. You soon saw (and all our young folks may see, too, from the illustration on the next page) how bravely the mother put her good resolves into action.

The rabbit's strength is chiefly in its hind legs, enabling it to make long jumps over the grass or along a narrow path in the thicket. Early attempts in this jumping are very funny. The Rev. Mr. Sharpe in "Wild Life near Home" tells us of a little one that jumped far beyond its knowledge of the art:

Molly keeps the young ones in this bed for about two weeks, after which time, if frightened, they will take to their heels. They hardly understand what their hind legs are. I saw one, that was at least a month old, jump up before a mowing-machine and bolt across the field. It was his first real scare, and the first time that he had been called upon to test his legs. It was funny. He did n't know how to use them. He made some tremendous leaps, and was so unused to the powerful spring in his hind feet that he turned several complete somersaults in the air.

He tells of a rabbit attacking a cat, as bravely, and in about the same manner, as the rabbit seen by Abbie Ingalls attacked a dog:

One day, as I was quietly picking wild strawberries on a hill, I heard a curious grunting down the side below me, then the quick *thud! thud!* of an angry rabbit. Among the bushes I caught a glimpse of rabbit ears. A fight was on.

Crouching beside a bluish spot which I knew to be a rabbit's nest was a big yellow cat. He had discovered the young ones, and was making mouths at the thought of how they would taste, when the mother's thump startled him. He squatted flat, with ears back, tail



THE YOUNG RABBITS IN THEIR NEST.

Sticking up their ears in alarm at the approach of the little girl and at the distant barking of the dog.

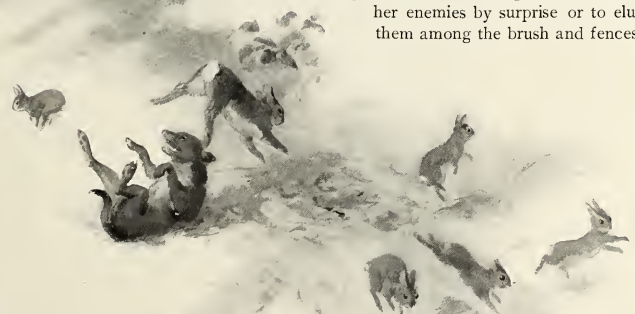
swelled, and hair standing up along his back, as the rabbit leaped over him. It was a glimpse of Molly's ears, as she made the jump, that I had caught. It was the beginning of the bout—only a feint by the rabbit, just to try the mettle of her antagonist.

The cat was scared, and before he got himself together Molly, with a mighty bound, was in the air again, and as she flashed over him she fetched him a stunning whack on the head that knocked him endwise. He was on his feet in an instant, but just in time to receive a stinging blow on the ear that sent him sprawling several feet down the hill. The rabbit seemed constantly in the air. Back and forth, over and over the cat she flew, and with every bound landed a terrific kick with her powerful hind feet, that was followed by a puff of yellow fur.

The cat could not stand up to this. Every particle of breath and fight was knocked out of him at about the third kick. The green light in his eyes was the light of terror. He got quickly to a bush, and ran away, else I believe that the old rabbit would have beaten him to death.

The young ones in the nest were unharmed. Molly grunted and stamped at me for looking at them; but I was too big to kick as she had just kicked the cat, and I could not be led away to chase her, as she would have led a dog.

Our Nature and Science gladly welcomes to its pages such good words for the rabbit. She has always been loved and admired by the young folks, but there has been too much of a popular tendency, shared even by experienced naturalists, to underrate her abilities. She surely has some defenses other than speed, and wit enough either to take her enemies by surprise or to elude them among the brush and fences.





THE  
ST.  
NICHOLAS  
LEAGUE  
FOR  
DECEMBER.



DECEMBER

"DECEMBER." BY ERNEST CLARE, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

There's no month, after all, like old December,  
Who brings us back the skating and the snow;  
The evening group about the ruddy ember,  
The lamplight's mellow glow;  
The quiet joy of whispered preparation,  
The mystery that hovers everywhere;  
The eager, yet subdued, anticipation—  
The Christmas in the air;

The holy eve, its ancient gladness bringing,  
The gentle saint expected all so soon—  
The row of stockings from the mantel swinging  
Since early afternoon.  
The time is nigh—Jack Frost has sent a warning  
To banish care from many lands and seas:  
I found upon my window-pane this morning  
A grove of Christmas trees.

AMONG the drawings this month was one from a little girl in France (her name is on the roll of honor), showing how French children set out their shoes on Christmas eve, and how the naughty ones receive switches instead of presents. It was a good drawing, but really too sad to use. It can't be possible that any little boy or girl ever did really and truly find a bundle of switches in a Christmas stocking, or even in a Christmas shoe. The editor remembers hearing of such things—always spoken in a voice of solemn warning during the weeks just before the holiday season, when there seemed to be need of warnings and solemn words; but never, oh never, did Santa Claus really bring those switches! The editor does not wish to believe that Santa Claus ever makes any switches. Just think how it would look to see the merry old saint, who has the biggest and tenderest heart in the world, putting aside his work on a doll or a sled to trim up a bundle of switches

—tough, cruel switches to put into the stocking of some happy-hearted little boy who had forgotten that he had ever been bad, who had hung up his stocking at least



"DECEMBER." BY REBECCA McDUGALL, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

two hours before bedtime, and then sat down to watch it and dream of the wonderful things that he would find in it next morning! Switches in a stocking? or in a little French boy's shoe? Never! Old Santa is n't that kind of a saint, and, besides, he could n't grow switches at the North Pole if he tried.

#### PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 36.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**VERSE.** Cash prize, Hilda B. Morris (age 14), 611 Spring St., Michigan City, Ind.

Gold badge, May H. Ryan (age 12), 280 S. 3d St., San Jose, Cal.

Silver badges, Maud Dudley Shackelford (age 13), 300 Main St., Tarboro, N. C., and Mary B. Bloss (age 10), 712 Edmond St., St. Joseph, Mo.

**PROSE.** Gold badge, Lorraine Roosevelt (age 15), Waldeck, Oyster Bay, L. I., and Luther Dana Fernald (age 16), West New Brighton, N. Y.

Silver badges, Margarete Münsterberg (age 13), 7 Ware St., Cambridge, Mass., Earl D. Van Deman (age 15), 158 W. Central Ave., Delaware, Ohio, and Jessica Biddle (age 9), 348 Central Park W., New York City.

**DRAWING.** Gold badges, Ernest Clare (age 14), 623 Givens St., Toronto, Can., and Rebecca McDougall (age 16), 302 Sumner St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Silver badges, Emily Grace Hanks (age 15), 560 W. 113th St., New York City, Katharine E. Butler (age 11), address missing, and Vera Belle Hoskinson (age 6), Notawa, Mich.

**PHOTOGRAPHY.** Gold badge, Chandler W. Ireland (age 14), 21 Virginia St., Dorchester, Mass.

Silver badges, Philip S. Orday (age 15), 20 Myrtle St., Winchester, Mass., and W. Caldwell Webb (age 7), Sharon Hill, Delaware Co., Pa.

**WILD-ANIMAL AND BIRD PHOTOGRAPHY.** First Prize, "Sea-gulls," by Levis W. Minford, Jr. (age 12), 106 Wall St., New York City. Second prize, "Squirrel," by Eleanor Houston Hill (age 8), 1102 Grove St., Evanston, Ill. Third Prize, "Young Rabbits," by F. J. Trehase (age 15), Missouri Botanical Gardens, St. Louis, Mo.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Gold badges, Priscilla Lee (age 14), 63 N. Franklin St., Wilkes Barre, Pa., and T. Lawrason Riggs (age 14), 1311 Massachusetts Ave., Washington, D. C.

Silver badges, Hannah T. Thompson (age 13), Box 471, Pasadena, Cal., and Howard Hosmer (age 11), Nashville, Ill.

**PUZZLE-ANSWERS.** Gold badges, Edward McKey Very (age 15), 28 Monadnock Road, Newton Center, Mass., and Robert Porter Crow (age 11), Shelby City, Ky.

Silver badges, Katharine Hooper (age 13), "Meadowbank," Kippington, Sevenoaks, Kent, England, and Mildred D. Yenawine (age 13), 2228 N St., W., Washington, D. C.

#### WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES.

BY HILDA B. MORRIS (AGE 14).

(Cash Prize.)

FALL softly, ye clinging snowflakes, and change the world to white,  
And hide its stains, and make it pure: for the Christ is born to-night!  
Ye stars, shine out in glory, and shed a holy light,  
And flood the world with silver rays: for the Christ is born to-night!

O moaning winds of winter, stay in your course, be still!

Till the Christmas bells the tidings tell of peace and God's good will.

And tossing, restless branches, bend low o'er the icebound rill,  
And wait till a whisper passes: "The Christ is born! Good will!"

Then bells that bring glad tidings, ring out!  
Ring loud! Ring long!

Lift up your golden voices to join the world's great song.

'T is a hymn of grand rejoicing to hail the Saviour's birth;

O wild winds, carry the sound away to the uttermost parts of the earth!

#### A LITTLE JOURNEY UNDER WATER.

(A True Story.)

BY LUTHER DANA FERNALD (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

ONCE upon a time there lived a boy who bore the name of Fred. All boys have the "daring" spirit in a more or less degree. Fred had it in a "more" degree, and the distinction between it and foolhardiness was not always very clear. He was a good swimmer, and so, tiring of swimming in shallow water, he often made trips up and down the river. On one of these trips he noticed an old water-logged stump four or five feet below the water. Upon investigation he found there was a hole in it about the size of his body. No one, to his knowledge, had ever been through that hole. He resolved to attempt it; and so, without telling any one his intention, he dove down and swam into the hole. All went well until he was half-way through, when he found he could go no farther. He tried to go back, but found he could neither go backward nor forward. In vain he struggled; nothing seemed gained. One thinks fast under water, and short as the breath of life is, Fred thought of many things. No one would know where he had gone or what had become of him. The



"DECEMBER." BY EMILY GRACE HANKS, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

river might be dragged, but, hidden in the sunken stump, his body probably never would be found. He thought of the father and mother and sisters at home—no, it must not be! His father's fathers had died in

## A JOURNEY FROM SORRENTO TO AMALFI.

BY LORRAINE ROOSEVELT (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)



"SEPTEMBER DAYS." BY CHANDLER W. IRELAND, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

battle, and if he were to die he should die fighting. He struggled till he felt he could stand it no longer, and then struggled some more. Then he felt himself moving, slowly. A last desperate effort, and he was through. Gasping, he reached the surface. He had done what no one else had done, but what *he* never wanted to do again.

### WHEN THE HOLIDAYS COME.

BY MAY H. RYAN (AGE 12).

(Gold Badge.)

I 'm weary of the leaden sky,  
I do not like the rain;  
I wish the dragging months would fly  
And bring me June again.

'T is vain to wish—I 'll sigh no more;  
For hark! how loud the wind!  
It sweeps against the bolted door  
And shakes the window-blind!

'T is cold without. The blaze so warm  
Leaps up the fireplace.  
How dreadful to be in the storm,  
The elements to face!

But then, when all is still and white,  
And all the storm is o'er,  
And when the sky is cleared and bright,  
I 'll like the winter more.

Every ST. NICHOLAS reader is entitled  
to League membership, free.

SORRENTO! — AMALFI!  
What is there about these names that makes them magical, that brings to the imagination a delirious sense of joy and beauty? Italy is as wonderful in its fertility as was the Garden of Hesperides, and the harbor of Naples is the center of its beauty.

Beyond Sorrento, toward Amalfi, stretches a range of olive-clad hills, soft and silvery in color except where a grove of pines or a vineyard or perhaps a group of tall trees of yellowish hue breaks into the mass of olives. The road runs along the very edge of the bay. Now and then the great cliffs are so perpendicular that the dazzling water is within a stone's-throw. Everywhere there is richness of coloring. The rocks with their ragged beauty, the trees, the water, the sky, even the sand and the earth, seem more brilliant here than elsewhere.

This is the land of the gods, where Apollo sang and Minerva wandered. The sea-nymphs lived at the foot of the cliffs, lifting their sweet voices above the noise of the breaks. The poetry of those ages still lingers about the place, and the tumbling waves, blue as the heavens above them, still sweep landward with the memory of past songs.

There is a splendor of coloring in these sunshine countries that is marvelous, and the eternal spring and summer is dreamlike. Far above the water and above



"SEPTEMBER DAYS." BY W. CALDWELL WEBB, AGE 7. (SILVER BADGE.)

the little town of Amalfi is an old Capuchin convent. The garden is full of bright flowers, and the white plaster pergola, winding along the hillside, is covered with climbing roses whose fragrance and wealth of blossoms are almost overwhelming. All around were Italian flowers whose names I do not know, but whose splendor was regal. And even more beautiful than all this is the abundance of roses, white and red, pink and deep strawberry-color; a few are cream-colored with orange tips, for eons ago the sunset rays kissed these blossoms and made them blush.

To enter the land of poetry, to go through a great garden of olives and vineyards, oranges and flowers and fragrant roses, to see the sun throw his last loving rays toward the hills ere he sinks into the sea, to watch the purple mists sink slowly over Capri and rise again at dawn—what more can one desire? Nature smiles on us and we are glad.

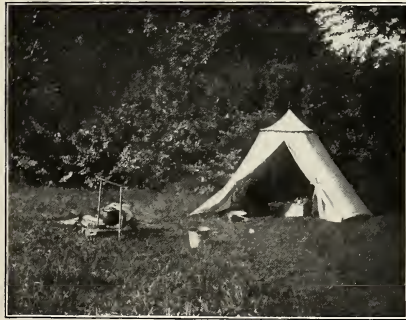
### THE DANDELION-SEED'S JOURNEY.

BY JESSICA BIDDLE (AGE 9).

(*Silver Badge.*)

ONCE in a grassy field there grew a dandelion—just a simple yellow every-day dandelion, left blooming long after all her companions had faded away.

The summer waned, and the solitary dandelion still bloomed in lonely beauty. One day the dandelion felt lighter, and lo! all her yellow petals had suddenly withered, and there she stood in a fuzzy gray suit. One by one the kind wind lifted the little winged seeds gently and sped them away to distant lands.



"SEPTEMBER DAYS." BY MARGUERITE VAN TAMBACHT, AGE 14.

The last tiny seed floated away on the warm air, glorying in the golden sunshine.

At length the wind stopped, and the tiny seed-boat fell gently into a running brooklet. On, on it sailed, past green forests and golden fields of grain.

As the brook flowed on it widened and became a mighty river. The dandelion-seed trembled as it beheld huge ships sail noiselessly over the blue waters, or vast steamers puff noisily along. At length, just as it reached a great city, the wind came and lifted the seed-let in his great arms and bore it far beyond the river and the city.

High in the air the wind guided the tiny seed on, until it seemed as if they would enter the azure vault of heaven.

After many days the wind subsided, and the dande-



"SEPTEMBER DAYS." BY PHILIP S. ORDWAY, AGE 15.  
(*SILVER BADGE.*)

lion-ship dropped slowly downward till it reached the soft, kind earth. Then a strange thing happened, for the earth closed over the seed, burying it in her moist bosom.

Months passed, and one day the seed burst its brown shell and shot upward through the rich soil. First a little green sprout and then a dandelion joyfully greeted the warm sunshine.

### WHEN THE HOLIDAYS COME.

BY MAUD DUDLEY SHACKELFORD (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

The sun shines warm and bright again,  
The days are long and fair;  
And fragrant flowers blossoming  
Perfume the balmy air.  
The brook is rippling forth its song,  
The birds sing blithe and gay—  
A welcome to the summer-time,  
And warm, sweet, sunny day.  
The children play beneath the trees,  
And o'er the meadows run,  
With hearts of merry gladness, for  
Vacation has begun.

The earth is bare and dead and cold  
Beneath stern winter's reign;  
The wind is whistling through the trees:  
December 's come again.  
And o'er the city floats the sound  
Of sweet cathedral chimes;  
The earth has donned its robe of snow  
To greet the Christmas times.  
And out upon a world of white  
In splendor shines the sun,  
And all is glad; for now, once more,  
Vacation has begun.

Every ST. NICHOLAS reader should be a League member, every League member should belong to a chapter, and every chapter should take part in the big competition.



## A JOURNEY THROUGH A SUNK-EN CITY.

BY MARGARETE MÜNSTERBERG (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

A THUNDER-SHOWER was overhead. The Titisee in the Black Forest was tossing about Peter's fishing-boat. No fishes would come. Peter was cold and forlorn. He looked into the gurgling waters. Something seemed to draw him like a magnet from beneath, to force his boat down, down! All was black and cold, and the water was whirling around him. Suddenly something sparkling would shoot past him—it was only a fish! Gradually the water grew clearer, and the dizzy boy could distinguish steeples and towers gleaming from below. Soon his boat touched the lake-bottom. Peter leaped out dazed; he was in a city. He traversed the streets, consisting of majestic stone mansions with turrets, towers, and strange inscriptions. Before each stood an armed guard, unmoved as if frozen. In the streets, yeomen with drawn bows, knights on palfreys—all were fixed statues.

Peter entered the largest castle. Cold magnificence marked the wide halls, but the crowned figure on the throne and all his courtiers were under the same spell. Hesitatingly Peter ascended a narrow staircase leading to the chapel. There the sexton stood, his numb hands holding the rope of a big bell. Peter pulled the string, and lo! an enchanting peal rang over the city, the more marvelous because the bell called out:

"The city Vineta, sunken for its misdeeds, wakeneth to life."

The sexton shook himself and mumbled thanks to Peter, and when the bewildered lad reentered the throne-room, it was filled with gallant knights and graceful ladies, surrounding the monarch, who rose to thank Peter for wakening his city from its hundred years' trance.

"I'll make thee mine heir," said the king, "and thou shalt have all the riches thou canst desire."

"No," Peter replied; "I ask but one boon. Make me your sexton, and let me ring the enchanted bell every night at sunset, so that my brethren of the upper world may hear the warning tale of the sunken city."

The king consented.



"SEA-GULLS." BY LEVIS W. MINFORD, JR., AGE 12.  
(FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")



"SQUIRREL." BY ELEANOR HOUSTON HILL,  
AGE 8. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")



"YOUNG RABBITS." BY F. J. TREHASE, AGE 15.  
(THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

The fishermen around the Titisee wondered where Peter tarried. The next morning they found a wrecked boat on the shore, and wondered no more. But often at sunset, when they threw out their nets, they would hear a faint voice chanting the fate of Vineta—and because of that warning toll, it is said, the village by the Titisee is the best and most prosperous in the Black Forest.

## HOW SANTA CLAUS SHALL JOURNEY.

BY EARL D. VAN DEMAN (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge.)

DEAR girls and boys of ST. NICHOLAS, old Santa Claus has told me a delightful secret, and with

his especial permission I shall whisper it to you, if you will promise—cross your heart!—never, never to tell.

All the long summer, while you and I have been enjoying our vacation, thousands of fairies and nimble elves from the ice palaces of the far north were at work on a wonderful system of locomotion, by which Santa Claus plans to arrive at our homes this Christmas eve more quickly and with a larger supply of toys than ever. As you well know, he has tried many experiments with quick-transit machines, such as air-ships, automobiles, lightning-express trains, etc., but they all have proved unsuccessful. Now, however, he has had constructed a pneumatic tube, which, although invisible to mortal eye, extends from his factories and palaces at the North Pole to every house where he shall stop this year.

A brief description will interest you. It is, so he says, about a foot and a half in diameter, and on his journey is for

of this strange affair I am sure him to lie flat in a conical-shaped projectile, press a button, and—whir-r-r—he is in the room, beside your stocking. The toys are sent after him through the tube as he needs them, saving him the trouble of carrying a heavy pack.

The system is now all completed but the connecting of the branch tubes to our chimneys, open windows, and doors. These were so left for a purpose, as you shall find out. All the boys and girls who shall be good till the day before Christmas, from now on, shall on that very day have the tube connected to their homes; but all who are disobedient shall find that Santa will not pay them a visit.

## A JOURNEY.

BY DOROTHY ELIZABETH TRUE (AGE 11).

ON May 1, 1859, a family of five started overland from Minnesota across the plains to California. They rode in two covered wagons, and pulling them were eight yoke of oxen, and four cows to give milk.

One day, as they were journeying along, one of the little girls saw some flowers, and would not wait for the wagon to stop; but before they could catch her she jumped, and her leg caught in the wheel and it was broken. They got driftwood from the Platte River, from which they made splints, and her father set it. In a month's time she was able to walk again.

One morning, as they were eating breakfast in a clump of willows, they found that they were surrounded by four Indians with war-paint on. They said they had just killed a buffalo and would like to trade some meat for sugar, biscuits, and tobacco. The people very gladly gave them what they wanted, all but the tobacco, which they did not have. The next day, they told them, they would meet a thousand Indian warriors on ponies, which they did. These Indians were Sioux Indian scouts, who were looking for their enemy, the Pawnee tribe.

There was a young boy in the party who always liked to go ahead, and one afternoon, as they neared the Humboldt River, he was surprised to see a big gray wolf looking at him. They looked at each other a few seconds,—it seemed hours to the boy,—and then the wolf disappeared in the sage-brush. The boy kept with the party after that, and did not go ahead any more. They reached California on the birthday of the boy, October 15, 1859. Their cattle remaining was a cow and an ox; the others died from drinking alkali water.

This journey is true, as that young boy is my father.

## ONE SUMMER JOURNEY.

BY ANNA E. GILKYSO (AGE 13).

THERE is one journey I will always remember all my life. That is a trip we took to Longfellow's home in Portland, Maine.

It is a quaint house standing close to the street, and looks strangely out of place in comparison with the modern buildings surrounding it.

On the door is an old brass knocker, dull from the use of many hands.

As you knock you almost expect a little maid to appear and drop a curtsy; but the dream vanishes as you discover instead a keeper who offers to show you through the house.

On the landing in the hall stands "the old clock on

the stairs," which still ticks on "forever, never—never, forever."

In Longfellow's study stands his old leather chair, and near is an old student-lamp that has lighted how many of his poems?

On the wall there hangs a picture of his three little daughters. One of them is "laughing Allegra," who seems to invite the whole world to laugh with her, and another is Alice the "Edith with golden hair."

From the study the garden can be seen—such a quaint old garden, overgrown with tangles of grape-vine, and hidden away in shady nooks are lilies-of-the-valley hidden by their own leaves.

Near the study door is the old ivy still clinging to the moldering wall, and it, too, looks as if after a few years it will molder and crumble to dust.

## WHEN THE HOLIDAYS COME.

BY MARY B. BLOSS (AGE 10).

*(Silver Badge.)*

THE holidays come in December,  
And fill every heart with joy;  
And Santa comes round with his presents  
For each little girl and boy.

The wind blows through the tree-tops,  
The birds have flown far away;  
The snow falls thick and heavy  
For Santa's dear old sleigh.

The turkey's in the oven,  
The pumpkin's in the pie;  
And such a merry Christmas  
I never yet did spy.

## A JOURNEY ON THE CANAL.

BY JEAN O. EVANS (AGE 12).

LATE one afternoon a little girl found herself on board a canal-boat. She was to spend her summer vacation there, and was glad of it.

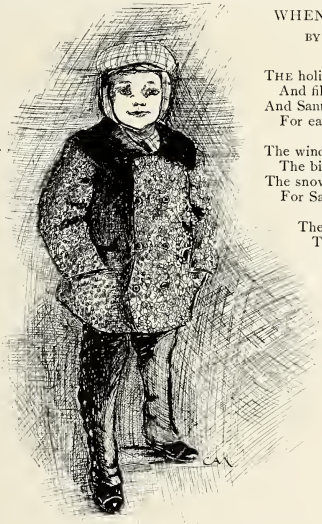
She ran in the cabin and started to look about. There was a dining-room which was of medium size, and shut off from that was a small kitchen. Back of these rooms was a large room which had folding-doors running through it, making it into two long, narrow rooms. Everything was as clean as could be, and the little girl thought the cabin very nice.

She went up on deck again, and found that a tug had come and the boat was going to start soon. She seated herself on top of the cabin and watched the men work.

Soon she was called to supper, and the boat started while they were eating.

That night she saw the different-colored lights on the river and in the city. The little girl thought them very beautiful, but one attracted her attention more than the rest. It was an advertisement of soap made in blue, red, and yellow lights, and it certainly did look very pretty.

The next morning the child slept late, and when she was dressed and had eaten her breakfast she found



The King of December.

BY CHARLOTTE MORTON, AGE 16.



"DECEMBER." BY MARJORY ANNE HARRISON, AGE 14.

from it flying on the deck. It blew a hatch, that takes four men to lift, into the canal, and the next day she saw that along the canal the wind had taken the roofs off of houses. All too soon the girl arrived in Buffalo, and in a short time she found herself at her home in New York.

#### WHEN THE HOLIDAYS COME.

BY CLARA FULLER (AGE 7).

WHEN Christmas eve does come,  
And the Christmas tree put there,  
I am glad to see it glow  
With all the things so fair.  
And I say: "Good night, good night  
To the pretty Christmas tree;  
Stand there till morning time,  
My pretty Christmas tree."

So it stood there till the morning;  
I said, "Thank you, little tree."  
But one thing I did n't like of him:  
He did n't play with me.  
But he gave me all the toys,  
That little Christmas tree;  
And Santa gave me some  
From the pretty Christmas tree.

#### A JOURNEY WITHOUT SUCCESS.

BY GLADYS HODSON (AGE 13).

TO ANY WISE PERSON: I am a little gray kitten named Theodore Roosevelt, but I am called "Teddy." The other day I was sleeping in my mistress's lap, when suddenly I opened my eyes, and there sat another cat, looking at me. This cat was gray also, exactly my size, and every time I moved he moved too. This seemed very funny.

that the tug had left, and the boat was being pulled by mules. The first lock they came to, she waited until the water rushed in and the boat was even with the top of the lock, and then she stepped off and walked with the man who drove the mules. She picked flowers on the way, and had a real nice time; but she was glad to get on the boat at the next lock, for she had walked three miles.

The days passed very quickly for the child, with walking and picking flowers, and at last one afternoon a storm came. The wind blew the awning down and sent the wood

I got up and went behind the frame, but the cat was gone. I thought I must have driven it away, and so I lay down again. But, when I looked up, there was that cat again. I growled; the other cat opened his mouth, but no sound came out.

I have journeyed around the frame several times, but no cat is there.

Can you explain this?

Please answer as soon as possible.

TEDDY.

#### WHEN THE HOLIDAYS COME.

BY MARGUERITE M. HILLERY (AGE 15).

WHEN each bright summer day has passed quickly away,  
And the leaves on the trees turned to golden and red,  
When the sweet flowers die, and the cold north winds sigh,  
Ah, then we will mourn, for the summer has fled.

But though we may mourn for a summer that's gone,  
And sigh for the time when the field flowers grow,  
Dame Nature's fair hand o'er the face of the land

Has sprinkled a garment of crystal and snow.

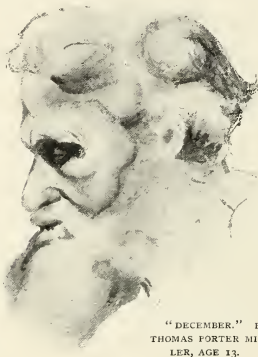
Thus o'er rivers and lakes fall the glittering flakes,  
While over the plains sweep the winds that benumb,  
And the sleigh-bells ring clear with a merry good cheer,  
For we always feel gay when the holidays come.

#### A JOURNEY UP THE MONUMENT.

BY W. N. COUPLAND (AGE 15).

I NEED hardly say that the monument was erected to commemorate the great fire of London, and that it stands on what is now known as Fish Street Hill. The day I went up it is still fresh in my memory. Near the monument is the Billingsgate Fish Market, with its network of

narrow, crooked streets, and the varied and unpleasant smells of fish which always hang about them. As I ascended the dimly lighted stairway, the rumble of traffic and the shouts of men began to melt away into silence, until the voices of people above and below me on the spiral stairway became plainly audible. As I made my way up the steps, worn by the tread of thousands of feet, I wondered how many members of the League had passed up and down. The way was dimly lighted by an occasional gas-jet, and at intervals there were narrow windows, whence one might get a glimpse of the streets as they became more



"DECEMBER." BY THOMAS PORTER MILLER, AGE 13.



"DECEMBER." BY LOIS D. WILCOX, AGE 13.

and more distant. At length I arrived at the top, and came out into the air again. Up there the air was very different from the close atmosphere of the crowded streets, now two hundred feet below. The first thing that took my attention was the Tower Bridge, with its great bascule opening to allow of the passage of some big ship. On the opposite side rose the huge smoke-blackened dome of St. Paul's, and away to the left was Big Ben and the Houses of Parliament, misty and indistinct, but quite unmistakable. These were the only big buildings I could recognize; the rest was one confused mass of houses stretching away as far as the eye could see, with here and there a church spire rising above the general level. All the mingled sounds of a busy city came up faintly from below, and vans and carts had dwindled away until they looked no bigger than toys. Presently the sun came out and lighted up the scene, and a passing cloud threw a gigantic shadow which moved steadily over the wilderness of housetops. As I returned I counted the steps; and, if my counting be correct, they were three hundred ten.

### A JOURNEY.

BY RALPH BLACKLEDGE (AGE 10).

THE most pleasant journey I ever took was the one to Santa Catalina Island. We took the steamer at San Pedro and sailed out on the Pacific Ocean. This was my first ocean voyage, and how I loved to sit on the deck and watch the sea-gulls and the flying-fish skimming along over the waves! After some hours we saw the island, like a many-peaked mountain-cap, rising out of the sea.

In the afternoon we took a sail-boat and went out to the Seal Rocks, where we saw so many, many brown seals. Off the coast near San Francisco we saw the striped

seaweeds growing at the bottom, so tall they almost touched our boat. Bright fishes, gold, olive, blue, red, and brown ones, swam over the rocks and shells, darting among the seaweed. What fun divers must have! I did not know they could see so well under the water.



BY KATHARINE E. BUTLER, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

One morning we got up very early and watched the fishermen returning with their boats full of fish. They had been out all night. Then we had our breakfast right there on the beach, with the sea-breezes blowing in our faces. And oh, how good the fresh fried mackerel and hot coffee tasted there!

### WHEN THE HOLIDAYS COME.

BY HAROLD R. NORRIS (AGE 9).

WHEN the holidays come we get our sleds,  
And down the hills we go;  
While past us double rippers shoot,  
Over the sparkling snow.

And now with skates upon our feet  
We skim across the pond,  
And swifter, swifter with each stroke,  
We gain the shore beyond.

On Christmas eve, before we sleep,  
Our stockings by the fire  
We hang for Santa Claus to fill,  
And grant our best desire.

### A WONDERFUL DAY IN OUR JOURNEY TO THE YOSEMITE.

With Photograph by the Author.

BY MARY HOWELL (AGE 11).

A PARTY of us left the Big Tree Junction on the main Yosemite road, on horseback, at about nine o'clock, to spend the day among the big trees. After a steep ride of four miles we reached the grove, to see such immense trees that we never could forget them. They



"DECEMBER." BY VERA BELLE HOSKINSON, AGE 6.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

ribbon-seals, and I remembered that somebody once said, in ST. NICHOLAS, that they were very rare.

One day we took a long, delightful tramp to the other side of the island. We carried a splendid lunch, and brought back beautiful shells and seaweed, starfish, and sea-urchins.

But the best of all was a ride in a glass-bottomed boat. We could gaze down through the clear water for a hundred feet and see the beautiful many-colored



are certainly wonderful and very beautiful; there is no question about that. Their bark has a beautiful golden-brown tint when the sun shines on them, and in the shadow they are a rich red-brown.

When we reached the Grizzly Giant, which is said to be the largest tree in the world, and is one hundred four feet in circumference, we got several pictures. Then we took a spool of thread, which we had brought for the purpose, and while one person held the end another carried it entirely around the tree. Then we picked up pieces of bark (because there are rules against any one taking the bark from the trees), and wound the thread around them. After we each had taken our one



WAWONA, ONE OF THE YOSEMITE TREES.

hundred four feet of thread, we went on to the upper grove, and ate our lunch near a spring of ice-cold water in front of the guardian's log cabin.

After lunch we took a picture of the Fallen Monarch, and then went on to Wawona Point, where the view is beautiful and the elevation is seven thousand one hundred forty feet.

All of the largest trees have names, such as Texas, Mariposa, Wawona, California, Grizzly Giant, General Lee, General Grant, and so many others that I cannot remember them.

The California and the Wawona are cut out so that the road can go through them. And there is another tree, called the Telescope, that people can go into and look up and see the sky through the center of the tree, and it still has green leaves on it.

There was a forest fire in the Big Tree Grove, before the trees were discovered, which injured most of them, and one four or five years ago which scorched the Grizzly Giant.

After we had seen all of the trees, we went back to our camp at the Big Tree Junction, where the cook had prepared a fine supper for us.

#### WHEN THE HOLIDAYS COME.

BY FRANCES PAINE (AGE 10).

WHEN the holidays come  
We have not a sun  
Nor a lesson to do,  
So we go to the zoo;  
And on bright Christmas day  
We do nothing but play.  
But the morning will come  
When, with books and a plum,  
We shall run off to school  
Through the snow-fields so cool.

#### WHEN THE HOLIDAYS COME.

BY MABEL STARK (AGE 14).

CHRISTMAS has come with all the joys  
It ever has brought to me;  
Yet as I look at the dainty gifts  
I ponder on what might be.  
I sigh as I think of the homeless ones,  
The wretched, the weak, the poor;  
'T is often that we should think of these  
As we rest in our homes secure.

Let all our homes this Christmas-tide  
Be full of the merriest cheer;  
A generous spirit now pervade  
The close of the dying year!  
And hearts that oft are sad and drear  
Now happy and gay may be,  
As a last farewell to the closing year  
And a greeting to nineteen three!

#### FIELDS OF SUMMER-TIME.

BY DORIS FRANCKLYN (AGE 15).

SUNLIT fields of jewel'd flowers,  
Happy birds that sweetly trill,  
Memories of my childhood's hours  
Fondly linger round you still!

Daisies with their upturned faces  
Flash in frames of diamond dew;  
Daffodils, with airy graces,  
Hide sweet violets from view.

Crimson poppies, boldly vying  
With the buttercups of gold,  
While the waving grass is sighing,  
Full of mystery untold.

Surely sun will always glisten!  
Surely birds chant songs supreme!  
Surely I 'll be there to listen—  
Childish, happy, foolish dream!

#### OVER THE HILLS.

BY ALICE MAY FULLER (AGE 17).

OVER the hills and far away  
The lasses are longing to roam,  
With the dancing, mischievous sunset breeze  
That comes from the elfins' home.

Over the hills the gold is spun  
For the rollicking elfins to spread  
In the merry blue of an evening sky  
When the sun is going to bed.

Over the hills to the land of elves,  
To the laughing land of song,  
By way of the rainbow we're going some day,  
As the sandman passes along.

#### THE EVENING.

BY JANET RUSSELL PENMAN (AGE 10).

FATHER and mother by the fireside sit,  
With all the lamps around them lit,  
Each of the children has gone to bed,  
And on its pillow is laid each head;  
While the good mother her watch she keeps,  
Each of the children quietly sleeps.

All of the children have gone afar;  
In the land of dreamland now they are.

Each of them dreams a dream so sweet,  
If you could dream it 't would be a treat;  
And still the good mother her watch she keeps  
While each of the children quietly sleeps.

Great happiness dwells in a home like this;  
Unselfishness always makes such bliss.  
Midnight follows the evening bright;  
Love reigns, and the home is full of light,  
And through her dreams the mother keeps  
Her watch, and each child quietly sleeps.

#### LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

We have the great pleasure to announce that Miss Hilda B. Morris, winner of the cash prize for verse in this issue, has had a short story accepted by Pearson's Magazine. This story, entitled "Bill's Best Beloved," was published in the October number, and is thoroughly charming in every way.

Bertie B. Register (known to the puzzlers as "Johannie Bear"), address 344 W. Preston St., Baltimore, Md., would like a correspondent about his own age (13), and prefers one in a foreign country who admires General Lee.

Dorothy T. Biddle (age 16), 34 Central Park W., would like an English correspondent of about her own age—one who would write of English personalities and customs.

Elizabeth Bishop Ballard, 247 South St., Pittsfield, Mass. (age 17), would like a correspondent in Germany or France. Could correspond on picture postals if preferred.

Katherine M. Keeler wants to know what medium is meant by "wash" as applied to drawings. For her benefit and others, we reply that "wash" is a medium applied with a brush, or "washed in," to use the artist term. "Wash" may be a simple sepia or India ink, or it may be a combination of some tint with white, in the various shades.

Aida Borchgreink, of Egypt, and several other far-away members, have asked if the League subjects for competition could not be announced a month sooner, in order to give them time to get their work across before the closing day. This is impossible, for the reason that the subjects are not decided upon until the foregoing issue is on the press. Neither can we delay the closing day, for the reason that we have already delayed it until the last day when the printers are willing to receive the copy. We wish there was some way for members in Australia, Japan, and Egypt to enter the lists, but as matters are we do not quite see how the way can be made.

Karl Keifer's bright little paper "The Bubble" still continues to entertain and instruct. It is in its third volume, and the office is still Charleroi, Pa.

We regret to say that the silver-badge poem about "Daddy Fox" in the September issue was not original with the little contributor, who, it seems, did not understand what "original" meant. For the benefit of others, we desire to add that an original poem or story is one that is not copied from any piece of work whatever. Neither must it be something that the contributor has heard recited; and it must be done wholly without aid from any outside source. A drawing or photograph must not be copied from any other picture, and it is always better that a drawing should be "from life" rather than from imagination. Even when the design is imaginary, it is well to have models for the figures, accessories, etc.

To several poets: "Fun" does not rhyme with "come."

Ruth Brierley, Easthampton, Mass., Box 220, would like one or two correspondents, girls of about fourteen.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the last time I may write to the League as a member, because in three days I will be eighteen. And I am very sorry. But then, there is an end to all things, and one cannot be seventeen for life. I have enjoyed the League competitions so much that it will be hard to retire from the field. Still, when you are old and decrepit—are eighteen, in fact—you must retire and give the young blood a chance. And if they make good use of it, who knows

but that in time the League may become the magazine and St. NICHOLAS the preface? Though we 'd none of us like to see that, for old St. NICK is good enough for us—the little ones just beginning to read, and the old ones who use glasses.

So here 's to your prosperous life until magazines are extinct.

Farewell.

DOROTHY POSEGATE.

DENVER, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: To-day I received your beautiful silver badge and your good wishes, and now I feel that I am a member of the League. During the past year I have contributed almost monthly, and sometimes I felt a little discouraged that my efforts were all a failure; but now I feel deeply repaid for all my attempts, and the encouragement which your silver badge brings me will certainly make me strive for further and higher achievements.

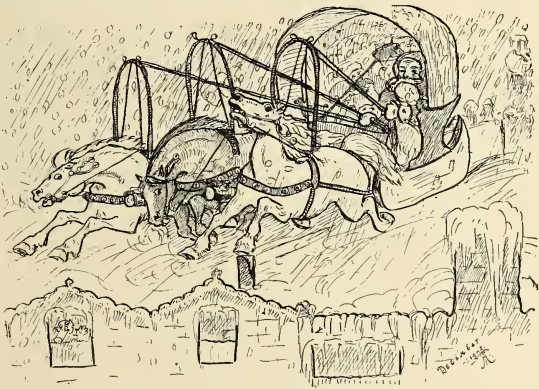
Your faithful League member,

HAZEL HYMAN.

OTHER useful and appreciative letters have been received from James D. Burton (too long to print, and not suitable for League department), Louise Richards, Winifred Jones, Eleanor Neustaedter, Eleanor Clifton, Albert E. Gartside, Mrs. R. G. Sutherland, Margaret D. White, Frances Raymond, Margaret A. Fellows, Consuelo Salazar, Yvonne Jequier, William Ripley Dorr, Jr., Willie Koch, Elizabeth Harrison, Katherine Sharpstein, Helen C. Coombs, Margaret Hyde Beebe, Eugene White, Jr., Jessie Foster, Horace H. Underwood, Lewis W. Minford, Jr., Ruth M. Peters, Stephen Gaffney, Stella B. Weinstein, Annie B. Briggs, M. Letitia Stuckett, Elizabeth Otis, Janet Buchanan, Howard Hosmer, Beth Howard, Bessie P. Frick, Margaret Gill, Susie M. Fleming, Harold L. Platt, and Ruth Brierley.

#### CHAPTERS.

This is the last month of the big chapter entertainment competition. Those who are not already well along with their entertainment plans should not delay a moment. Remember, all reports must be in by January 3. We shall try to publish the list of winners in the March issue, instead of later, as first announced.



"DECEMBER." BY MONICA FEIRSON TURNER, AGE 14.

A good many school-teachers have kindly assisted in the formation of chapters, and in getting entertainments started. To all such the League wishes to express gratitude. Children always care more and try harder when their parents and teachers care enough to help. To any one desiring to form chapters, badges and instruction leaflets will be sent free, post-paid.

Miss Ruby Taggart, secretary of Chapter 195, address Caro, Mich., says her chapter would be glad to correspond with other chapters (ages about 14), and would particularly like to hear from foreign members.

#### NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 565. "Sugar Plum Chapter." Edna Krouse, President; Genevieve Mersfelder, Secretary; five members. Address, Irving Institute, 2126 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

No. 566. "The Sextet." Elsie Ritsert, President; Mildred Newman, Secretary; six members. Address, 230 E. 79th St., N. Y. City.



"A BASKET-BALL GIRL." BY ISABEL SMITH, AGE 16.

### THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

#### VERSE, 1.

Marcia Louise Webber  
Madge Falcon  
Alice Sachs  
Bennie Nascif  
Louise T. Preston  
Saidee E. Kennedy  
Edith Guggenheim  
Edward Laurence McKinney

#### VERSE, 2.

Robert Strain, III.  
Karin Costello  
Violet I. Baker  
Elsa Simonson  
Louisa F. Spear  
Mary Gray Kunkle  
Margaret Clemens  
Marion E. Lane  
Millicent Pond  
Katheryn Macy  
Bessie C. Halfoux  
Robert E. Naumberg  
Elizabeth M. S. Wood  
Thelma Frost  
Floy De Grove Baker  
Mark Curtis Kinney

#### PROSE, 1

Frances Marion Miller  
J. M. Longyear, Jr.  
Marion Prince  
Elizabeth Luchars  
Lowell Nicols  
Eleanor S. Whipple  
Jessie Catherine MacCurdy  
Maurice S. White  
Helen Dean Fish  
Eleanor May Barker  
Lucie A. Dolan  
Margaret Marsh  
Helen B. Sharp  
M. Elizabeth Davis  
Elizabeth L. Marshall  
Hilda Nash  
Wynonah Breazeale  
Elizabeth Bacon Hutchings  
Mary C. Antes  
John B. Dempsey  
Marjorie Patrick McGovern  
Grace Reynolds Douglas  
Alfreda Peel  
Frank L. Hayes  
John Mitchell

Freda Muriel Harrison  
Gertrude May Winstone

#### PROSE, 2

John Hall, Jr.  
Mary P. Parsons  
Mary Worthen Appleton  
Bernhard R. Naumberg  
Knight Rector  
Ada H. Case  
Alice Frances Richards  
Mary Comly  
Jessie Freeman Foster  
Emily F. Gilbert  
Helen Wynn Kennedy  
Helen Meeker  
Mary Cromer  
Mildred L. Roberts  
Josephine W. Pitman  
Susy Fitz Simons  
Margaret H. Bennett  
Annette Howe Carpenter  
Margaret Winthrop Peck  
Margaret Stuebig  
Ethel Marion Dorward  
Dorothy T. Biddle  
Katherine Bigelow  
Dorothy Felt  
Florence Lucille Hamm  
Edgar Pierce  
Marie Cole  
Clarence C. Little  
Ellen Dorothy Bach  
Elise B. ver Steeg  
Mary Veula Westcott  
Marjorie Murphy  
Katherine D. Andrews  
Elsie Plant  
Aileen L. Gorgas  
Ina Dryden  
Christine Graham  
Helen Tiltoston  
Rachel T. Sanborn  
Laura Laurensen Byrne  
Elizabeth O. Deebie  
Helen Hunter  
H. Roswell Hawley  
Irvin C. Poley  
Hazel La Rue  
Robert J. Abbott  
Pringle McGovern  
Adelaide Lucile Flagler  
Fitz-Hugh B. Marshall  
Helen L. Jelliffe  
Elizabeth Runkle Bryant

Clara P. Pond  
Theodora Van Wageningen  
Muriel Parker  
Briar Scott  
Marjorie Macgregor  
Ralph Duysters  
Wilford L. Spencer  
Klaire Hasgill  
Susan W. Wilbur  
Frances Renee Despard  
Grace Olive Tinker  
Katherine Van Dyck  
Helen Van Dyck  
Corrie B. Parks  
Alice Mae Gray  
Irma Castle Hanford  
Maude Fulmore

#### DRAWING, 1.

Carolena Latzke  
Elizabeth A. Gest  
Fannie C. Storer  
J. B. Kramer  
Elizabeth Howard  
Yvonne Jequier  
Marjorie Bishop  
Charles A. McGuire, Jr.  
Edna Youngs  
Monica Samuels  
Viola Ethel Hyde  
Edith A. Roberts  
Frances E. Hays  
Irma Jessie Diescher  
William Kreuter  
Ruth E. Crombie  
Isadore Douglas  
Marjorie T. Hood  
Marjorie Conner  
Nina A. Wilkinson  
Molly Wood  
Melton R. Owen  
Edward C. Trego  
Joseph W. McGurk  
Gladys Ralston Britton  
Margery Bradshaw  
Helen E. Jacoby  
Walter S. Davis  
Delia Farley Dana  
Dorothy Freeman  
Frances Keeline  
Margaret Peckham  
Sara D. Burge  
Roger K. Lane  
Elsie Urquhart

#### DRAWING, 2

Winifred Bishop  
Philip S. Blanton  
Constance Whitten  
Fannie Taylor  
Will Timlin  
Elisabeth B. Warren  
Thomas Buel  
Carl G. Werner  
Thurlow S. Widger  
Elizabeth Dunphy  
Ethel Evans Smith  
Mary Selma Tebault  
Phoebe Wilkinson  
Sidonia Deutsch  
Lora O. Kramer  
Meade Wildnick  
Edgar Pierce  
Louise Day Putnam  
Edith Vernon Hoskinson  
Eleanor Woodward  
Aimee Vervalen  
Mary Weston Woodman  
Gladys Young  
Elsa Putnam  
Muriel M. K. E. Douglas  
Virginia Lyman  
Rita Wood  
Harriet Park  
Philip Little  
Cantey Venable  
Charles Campbell  
Elizabeth Q. Bolles  
Edith Gates  
Florence Kenway  
Helen de Veer

Evelyn Foster  
R. E. Andrews  
Margaret D. White  
Harold Helm  
Delmar G. Cooke  
Mary L. Crosby  
Margaret E. Nicholson  
Dorothea M. Dexter  
Barry Barnes  
Dorothy Clapp  
Elizabeth Otis  
Helen Murphy  
Albert Eisner  
Edith G. Daggett  
Katherine Forbes Liddell  
Walter Holmes Cady  
Beatrice Buel  
John Carmen Herbst  
Frances Raymond  
Elizabeth Coolidge  
Margaret C. Wilby  
Elsa Pickhardt  
Eleanor McLellan  
Josephine F. Cooke  
Rachel C. Rice  
Charlotte E. Sennington  
Helen Greene  
Emma H. Thayer Ohl  
Mary Hazeline Feswirth  
Katherine Browning  
Pauline G. Nancrede  
Frieda Farrand Boynton  
Marjory Stoneman  
Bessie R. Wright

Mary Klauder  
Robert O. Wunderlich

#### PHOTOGRAPHS, 1.

Caroline C. Everett  
Joseph S. Webb  
Kate S. Tillett  
Camilla A. Moore  
Henry Ormsby Phillips  
C. Cavode Davis  
Janette Bishop  
Katheryn H. Baldwin  
Margaret Wright  
Elizabeth Depree  
Gerald Haxton  
Spencer Strauss  
W. Logan  
Morton Charnley Stone  
Margaret Dressler  
Josephine Johnson  
Helen Dickinson  
Annie Laurie McBirney  
Floyd Godfrey  
Violet Shepley  
Philip H. Suter  
Lillian Grant  
Edward F. Dickinson  
Frederick Eckstein  
Madeline Dixon  
Alfred King  
Zelma Wagner  
Fredericka Goings  
Josephine Eichbaum



BY PAULINE CROLL, AGE 17.

Charles Elliott  
Esterdel Lewis  
Marshie McKeon  
James R. Randolph  
Elizabeth Keeler  
Georgina Wood  
Katherine M. Keeler  
Bessie Styron  
Mary Clarke  
Irene G. Farnham  
Oronizio Maldarelli  
Sylvia C. Thoessen  
Tom Spangler  
Ella Munsterberg  
Will Campbell  
Philip Jackson Carpenter  
Carl Wetzel  
Gilbert P. Pond  
Herbert Moeller

Mary C. Shuford  
James Ludlow Raymond  
Steele Wotkys  
Adelaide Montzambert  
Raymond Hilliard  
Wilfred R. Boyd  
Katherine Taylor  
Theodora Wheeler

#### PHOTOGRAPHS, 2.

Frances C. Reed  
Juanita Emilie Field  
Frank M. Bockoven  
Grace Morgan Jarvis  
Adele Mack  
Grace Elizabeth Allen  
Doris Franklin  
Eloise Gerry

Pauline W. Bancroft  
Helen E. Bense  
Georgette Duysters  
Janet Chesley  
Marjorie Mullins  
Harold W. Knowles  
William G. Taussig  
Helen E. Bense  
C. McGhee Tyson  
Edith Chase  
Marguerite Schley  
Marjorie Browning  
Dorothy Nevin  
Grace K. Jones  
Ruth Houston Caldwell  
Louise Bertha Sloss  
Laurence B. Lathrop  
George Goldthwait  
Charles J. Heidelberger  
Arthur D. Fuller  
William M. Haynes  
Henry Hickman  
Frederick S. Brandenburg

## PUZZLES, 1.

Eleanor Marvin  
Marion H. Tuthill  
Clara J. McKenney  
Mary Williams Bliss  
Hercuttia Ferriss Freeman  
Helen Ragsdale  
Charles P. Rossire, Jr.  
Gertrude Scholle  
Marion Sena  
Joseph Wells  
Marguerite Hallowell  
Florence Clifford Miller  
Doris Newberry  
Helen M. Gaston  
Scott Sterling  
Nina H. Weiss  
Dorothy Carr  
Helen F. Carter  
Florence Gordon  
Elizabeth Clarke  
Chester Ober

## COMPETITIONS.

## CHAPTER COMPETITION No. 2 CLOSES DECEMBER 31.

## PRIZES FOR THE BEST CHAPTER ENTERTAINMENTS.

To encourage chapter formation and further to promote the aims and purpose of the St. Nicholas League the following prize offers are made to chapters already formed, and to those that may form in time to take part in the competition.

To the chapter that in October, November, or December of the present year shall give the most successful public entertainment, and devote the net proceeds to the best use, fifty dollars' worth of books, to be selected from The Century Co.'s latest published catalogue, which will be sent free on application.

To the chapter ranking second, as above, twenty-five dollars' worth of Century publications.

To the chapter ranking third, fifteen dollars' worth.

To the chapter ranking fourth, ten dollars' worth.

## RULES FOR THIS COMPETITION.

1. The entertainment may be of any sort, provided that a majority of the features are selected from the ST. NICHOLAS magazine.

2. "The most successful entertainment" shall be understood to mean the entertainment realizing the largest net proceeds after legitimate expenses have been deducted.

3. The "best use" shall be understood to mean that most in accordance with the St. Nicholas League aims and purpose, and it may be educational, charitable, patriotic, or humane, or for the best advancement of the League itself as represented by the chapter giving the entertainment. It is not necessary that the sum realized be all devoted to one purpose. The matter is left entirely in the hands of each chapter, and a full report must be made to the League editor by the chapter president and secretary, and indorsed as correct by those to whom the money has been paid.

4. In all public announcements of the entertainment, and upon the printed programme, the chapter number and the name of the League must appear, as per following example:

Given by the St. Nicholas League,  
Chapter No. ———,  
Of (Town), (State).

If the chapter has a name, the name should also appear.

5. Whenever practicable, it shall be allowable for chapters to obtain free use of hall, accessories, costumes, and any other form of contribution possible, in order to swell their net proceeds—in fact, to make any honest effort to reduce the expenses of giving the entertainment.

6. Where a dramatic entertainment is to be given the St. Nicholas League will, upon application signed by chapter president and secretary, send, postpaid, the "Book of St. Nicholas Plays,"



"TAIL-PIECE." BY E. C. MALLISON, AGE 7.

from which any play may be selected, said book to remain the property of the League for use in future entertainments, and must be returned, care of the Century Co., when the entertainment is over.

7. The report of each entertainment, with a copy of its programme, must be received by the League editor on or before January 3, 1903. The awards will be announced in the League department for March or April.

## REMARKS.

This competition ought to result in a great deal of good for everybody. Whether the entertainment be dramatic, musical, recitative, a fair, or a combination of all, it cannot fail to result in much wholesome interest and pleasure, while the fund obtained, whether small or large, whether it obtains a prize or not, will be of benefit to whatever good purpose it be applied.

Do not let the fact that you live in a small town, or even in the country, discourage you in the undertaking. Many of the most successful and profitable chapter entertainments heretofore have been those given in small villages. Wherever there is a school there is a place for a chapter and a chapter entertainment. Badges and instruction leaflets will be sent upon request to all desiring to join the League and to organize chapters. It is not necessary to be a subscriber, but only a reader of the magazine, to belong to the League.

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 30.

The St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A SPECIAL CASH PRIZE. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded, instead of another gold badge.

Competition No. 30 will close December 20 (for foreign members December 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for March.

VERSE. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Title, "Among my Books."

PROSE. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author. Title to contain the word "Horo." May be humorous or serious.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Pets," and must be taken especially for this competition.

DRAWING. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Subject, "A Winter Scene," and the drawing must be from life.

PUZZLE. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: First Prize, five dollars and League gold badge. Second Prize, three dollars and League gold badge. Third Prize, League gold badge.

## RULES.

EVERY contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address all communications:

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,  
Union Square,  
New York.



## BOOKS AND READING.

**BOOKS FOR THE VERY YOUNG.** BEFORE awarding the prizes for the best lists received in answer to the competition invited in the September number, let us say that we thank for their trouble all those who sent letters and lists of books. We shall use the lists in making up a general statement of some of the best books for young readers under ten years of age. All the work submitted was carefully examined and considered, and it was decided to award the three subscriptions of a year each to the following:

### PRIZE-WINNERS.

1. ELIZABETH Q. BOLLES, Cambridge, Massachusetts; 2. HELEN C. COOMBS, St. Louis, Missouri; 3. E. H. GAYNER, Beech Holm, Sunderland, England.

The winning-lists follow in the order of the names as given, but no attempt has been made to decide in what order the three should rank — since they have been selected only as the best three submitted.

#### LIST NO. 1. E. Q. BOLLES.

Alice in Wonderland	<i>Lewis Carroll</i>
A Child's Garden of Verses	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>
The Birds' Christmas Carol	<i>Kate Douglas Wiggin</i>
Greek Heroes	<i>Charles Kingsley</i>
Hans Brinker	<i>Mary Mapes Dodge</i>
King of the Golden River	<i>John Ruskin</i>
Little Lord Fauntleroy	<i>Frances Hodgson Burnett</i>
The Prince and the Pauper	<i>Mark Twain</i>
Water Babies	<i>Charles Kingsley</i>
The Wonder Book	<i>Nathaniel Hawthorne</i>

#### LIST NO. 2. H. C. COOMBS.

Little Lord Fauntleroy	<i>F. H. Burnett</i>
Lady Jane	<i>C. V. Jamison</i>
Dorothy Deane	<i>Ellen O. Kirk</i>
What Katy Did	<i>Susan Coolidge</i>
Tommy Anne and the Three Hearts	<i>Mabel Osgood Wright</i>
The Admiral's Caravan	<i>Charles E. Carryl</i>
Little Men	<i>Louisa M. Alcott</i>
The Story of a Bad Boy	<i>Thomas Bailey Aldrich</i>
Black Beauty	<i>Anna Sewall</i>
The Wonder Book	<i>Nathaniel Hawthorne</i>

#### LIST NO. 3. E. H. GAYNER.

The King of the Golden River	<i>John Ruskin</i>
At the Back of the North Wind	<i>George Macdonald</i>
The Wonder Book	<i>Nathaniel Hawthorne</i>
The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood	<i>Howard Pyle</i>
Water Babies	<i>Charles Kingsley</i>
Alice in Wonderland	<i>Lewis Carroll</i>
The Beechnut Book	<i>Jacob Abbott</i>
Mary's Meadow	<i>Juliana Horatia Ewing</i>
Carrots	<i>Mrs. Molerworth</i>
A Book of Verses for Chil- dren	<i>E. V. Lucas</i>

The selection of these three lists as prize-winners not only commended itself to the personal taste of the judges, but was due also to the fact that the books named in them seemed to be the most popular among the contestants.

In the January number we will make up a list of the best books for readers under ten years of age, basing the selection upon the votes of the contestants in this competition.

**THE PURSE OF FORTUNATUS.** READERS of fairy-tales do not need to be told of this wonderful, inexhaustible purse which was never empty, but could be shared with others without diminishing its contents. Did you ever realize that every good book is such a purse to the mind of the reader? You can draw riches of knowledge and thought from its pages, and yet find your treasure not only undiminished but even increasing. But the book is even the more valuable, for it is of use not only to its fortunate owner: it can be shared. Select some really good book and read it with some older friend. Read it slowly so that you may have time to talk of its contents. You will find that each of you discovers in its pages something the other did not see. Perhaps this is hard for younger readers to understand, and so it will be well to illustrate what is meant. Let us suppose that a sketch-class is drawing from a model in costume, and that the members of the class sit

around their model in a ring. Then every artist has a different view of the model, and makes a different drawing. Besides this, each artist finds something that particularly interests him, and, if he is a good artist, emphasizes this in his sketch. Even a single artist, by walking around the model, has a continually changing view. Now, in reading, the same thing is true. Each reader takes a different view of a story, and pays especial attention to certain points in it. By reading in company, and talking over a book as it is read, the readers find appreciation and knowledge of a book greatly increased.

"BETWEEN THE LINES." We often hear of "reading between the lines," but it is an expression young readers do not always understand, for it is not always used alike. Sometimes the phrase means finding in the words of the writing something that is not exactly said there, but something which the words imply. Sometimes it means discovering something in the mind of the writer, rather than in the words he has used. But there is still another way of reading between the lines, which may be used in reading a well-written book or piece of writing, and that is to complete and to fill in what the writer has merely touched upon or sketched out. This will be found an excellent way to study good literature, if you select the proper references for your work.

Lowell says:

As one who on some well-known landscape looks,  
Be it alone or with some dear friend nigh,  
Each day beholdeth fresh variety,  
New harmonies of hills, and trees, and brooks —  
So is it with the worthiest choice of books,  
And oftener read: if thou no meaning spy,  
Deem there is meaning wanting in thine eye.

It is with true books as with Nature: each  
New day of living doth new insight teach.

READING POETRY. Young people, in buying Christmas presents of books, should not forget the claims of poetry. There is in verse a permanence of interest that makes it especially adapted for presents. You will find in the book-shops many excellent collections of good verse, such as the "Golden Treasury" of Palgrave, the "Children's Garland from the Best Poets" selected by Coventry Patmore, Palgrave's "Children's Treasury,"

Thacher's "Listening Child," "The Blue Poetry Book," "Lyra Heroica" by Henley, the collection named last in prize-list No. 3 above, the "Boy's Book of Battle Lyrics" by Thomas Dunn English, "Poems of American Patriotism" chosen by Professor Brander Matthews, "Book of Famous Verse" selected by Agnes Repplier, "Once upon a Time" by Mary E. Wilkins, and — ever so many more. Any one of these will be a Christmas gift that will outlast any story except the very, very best.

It is said that children do not love poetry until it has been read to them — to give them an idea of the music and swing of the lines; and let the reader remember to read a poem at a time when the subject of the poem has an especial claim upon the listener's attention.

"EVERY BOOK HAS INDEED, the choice of ITS DAY." books to read is hardly more important than the selection of the right season for the reading. Would a wise book-lover select Whittier's "Snow Bound" as the fitting literary food for a broiling August afternoon? — or choose Scott's "Lady of the Lake" to read on a trip to Mexico, for instance? You will find that a book unwelcome at one time will be read with absorbing interest at another. And this is a matter upon which the cleverest of us may be glad of the advice of wiser if not older readers. It is a pity there are not "Reading Doctors" to prescribe the right reading at the right time for each of us.

"Doctor, my little boy is too sentimental and listless — not to say lazy. What ought he to read?" "My dear madam, let me recommend Dana's 'Two Years Before the Mast' and Roosevelt's 'Ranch Life.' He will find them excellent. And you'll find the new St. NICHOLAS book 'The Rincon Ranch' very good for him. Good morning, madam." "Doctor, my daughter is a little too much of a hoyden. Of course I like to see her jolly and full of life, but she is rather a tomboy. Can you suggest something that will quiet without tiring her?" "Let me see. Oh, yes. Possibly 'Lorna Doone,' in such doses as you may select, will bring a desirable change. There can hardly be a better friend for your daughter than Lorna."

Can you not imagine such a doctor for the mind doing great good to many a youngster?

## THE LETTER-BOX.

LAHORE, PUNJAB, INDIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have had you for four years, but I have not yet written you a letter.

My mother has a school in the city, to which she goes every morning. I sometimes go with her. There are about seventy Mohammedan girls in the school.

Summer before last we went to Kashmir. There is a beautiful river there called the Jhelum, and part of the time we lived on it on boats. The boats were called *dongas*, and were covered with matting. I think that none of the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls ever saw such dirty people as the Kashmiris! Part of the time we were in tents back in the mountains on the edge of another river, called the Lidar. And sometimes we marched long distances. Coming out from Kashmir, we came by the road that the famous old kings of India made hundreds of years ago. It is very little used now. You can read about it in "Lalla Rookh." I rode a pony, but father and mother and two friends walked all the way, one hundred and fifty miles, a very rocky, steep road much of the way; but there is very beautiful scenery. We did about thirteen miles a day, and once twenty miles.

We live next door to the college of which my father is president. There are three hundred and fifty students—Mohammedans, Hindus, Parsees, Sikhs, and Christians.

I am nine and a half, and expect to go to a school in the Himalayas this year. Yours sincerely,

NANCY SHERRARD EWING.

WEI HSIEH, CHINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One day in the spring a Chinese friend brought with him two little partridges and gave them to my sister and me. We fed them with grasshoppers and little worms. When they grew a little

larger so that they could look after themselves, we put them in with the pigeons, and in the morning we found the female one outside, pretty nearly frozen to death. It had been pecked by the pigeons and chased out. You see, it could n't fight them, like the male, who pecked them back. And when we found out that they could n't stay there we put them in with the rabbits; but they were worse still. They would kick them about with their hind legs, and chase them about the rabbit-house. My sister and I had been reading "Wild Animals I have Known," by Seton Thompson. We watched the partridges to see if they did the same things Redruff did. We saw that they took dust-baths each day, but they did not live long enough for us to learn much about their habits. One night we forgot all about them and left them outside, and the male was killed by a weasel. The female wandered about a few days in search of her mate, but when she could n't find him she disappeared, too, one night, and the next morning we found her feathers in the woodpile.

I am ten years old. Yours sincerely,

EDWARD N. CHALFANT.

LAUSANNE, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are living in Lausanne, nearly on the top of the hill, so that we can see the lake very well. On a clear day you can see the snow-capped mountains, and once in a long while you can see Mont Blanc. This morning we had a nice view of the mountains; but the fog rose, and now you cannot see them at all.

One day, when I and my brother Spencer went to Ouchy, Spencer and I took a row on Lake Geneva. The lake is very deep, so deep that one yard from shore it is six feet deep. Your faithful reader,

RALPH BAKENARD (age 10).

## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

A HOLIDAY PUZZLE. Fourth row, Election Day. 1. Valentine's Day. 2. Halloween. 3. Nemean Games. 4. Lincoln's Birthday. 5. Victoria. 6. Christmas. 7. Labor Day. 8. Thanksgiving. 9. Mayday. 10. St. Patrick's Day. 11. New Year.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Thanksgiving. 1. Era, rare. 2. We, hew. 3. Toll, allot. 4. Du, nod. 5. Tin, knit. 6. Reba, saber. 7. Pa, gap. 8. Sir, ins. 9. Lie, veil. 10. Met, item. 11. Lava, naval. 12. Eel, glee.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Pope. 2. Ovid. 3. Pile. 4. Eden.

MYTHOLOGICAL PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Pumpkin pie. 1. Proserpine. 2. Ulysses. 3. Minotaur. 4. Pegasus. 5. Kore. 6. Io. 7. Nestor. 8. Pleiads. 9. Iris. 10. Eros.

CONCEALED ZIGZAG. Plum pudding. 1. Page. 2. Plan. 3. Unit. 4. Amid. 5. Pads. 6. Sure.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Thanksgiving. 1. Telephone. 2. Hammer. 3. Apples. 4. Nail. 5. Knife. 6. Sickle. 7. Grapes. 8. Ink. 9. Violin. 10. Iris. 11. Nest. 12. Gloves.

A NOVEMBER DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Good appetite. 1. Gallop. 2. Orange. 3. Orient. 4. Domini. 5. Alight. 6. Pawnee.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Pumpkin pie. 1. Apple. 2. Laugh. 3. Tamed. 4. Pipes. 5. Ankle. 6. Sting. 7. Pansy. 8. Sippy. 9. Stiff. 10. Freed.

A CENTRAL ZIGZAG. Thanksgiving. 1. Canter. 2. Inhale. 3. Thrash. 4. Sandal. 5. Banker. 6. Dispel. 7. Single. 8. Bright. 9. Canvas. 10. Drinks. 11. Gained. 12. Begins.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Witch hazel. 1. Newel. 2. Alive. 3. Antic. 4. Oscar. 5. Ethel. 6. Ashes. 7. Meant. 8. Dozer. 9. Irene. 10. Salve.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from Joe Carlada—"M. McG."—Daniel Milton Miller—David A. Wasson—The Thayer Co.—Jessie P. and Marion Butler—Grace H. Graef—Virginia S. McKenney—Mildred D. Yenawine—"Grandma Jones"—I. C. Bull—"Johnny Bear"—Amelia S. Ferguson—P. M. Stimson and T. A. Smith—Robert Porter Crow—Constance, Esther, and Clare—"Chuck"—Marie Hammond—Margaret C. Wilby—"Allie and Adi"—"Goose and Donkey"—Stella B. Weinstein—Lilian Sarah Burt—Marion and Adeline Thomas—Basco Hammond—Olive R. T. Griffin—Edward McKKey Very—Dorothy A. Baldwin—Helen Adele Seelgiman—No name—Katharine Hooper—Mary Ruth Hutchinson—Elsie W. Dignan.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from D. Cunningham, 1—G. E. Tucker, 1—E. Gretchen Warrick, 6—Anna Skinner, 3—R. Clausing, 1—F. M. Gifford, 1—M. Fitch, 1—D. Warren, 1—P. Gardner, 1—H. R. Berry, 1—G. Walker, 1—L. Merrill, 1—Leslie Pierce, 7—Edith Myall, 7—Freddie I. Baruch, 5—Bertha Emmons, 9—Florence and Edna, 6—Marion and Nathalie Swift, 7—W. G. Rice, Jr., 2—G. C. Weber, 10—Robert Richardson, 4—D. L. Smith, 1—Walter E. Stead, 10—Marjorie Clare, 6—Carmelite McCallih, 10—George Tilden Colman, 8—T. King, G. Meesfelder, and I. Mason, 7.





## ADDITIONS.

ADD the same letter to all of the following words :

1. Add a letter to to wear, and make tired.
2. Add a letter to an oilstone, and make a sweet substance.
3. Add a letter to a metal, and make sarcasm.
4. Add a letter to a fish, and make sheltered from light and heat.
5. Add a letter to lofty, and make a reckoning.
6. Add a letter to chance, and make fortunate.
7. Add a letter to a nobleman, and make in good season.
8. Add a letter to peruse, and make alert.

The initial letters will spell the name of a distinguished painter.

A. W. CLARK.

## CHARADE.

My *first* is very evil,  
My *last* is often just;  
My *whole* a part of grammar—  
You know its rules, I trust.

A. W. CLARK.

## NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a historian and poet; and another row of letters, reading upward, will spell the hero of one of his poems.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A fine house. 2. Blamed. 3. A tree or shrub bearing cones. 4. A public sale. 5. Not tied in bales. 6. Wise. 7. A skilful gymnast. 8. One who is fond of yachting.

AMELIA S. FERGUSON (League Member).

## PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL ENIGMAS.

1. We made a 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8 exploration of the city, and paid our 9-10-11-12 when we came to the end of the last 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12.

2. I shall 1-2-3 the note as soon as I am 4-5-6-7, although it is not 1-2-3-4-5-6-7 for some days yet.

3. The guide quoted a 1-2-3-4-5-6-7, which said that no one should go through the 1-2-3-4 whose 5-6-7 was under the limit.

4. The rector said that the 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9 could not be sold at 1-2-3 until his 4-5-6 became of 7-8-9.

5. This young 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10 is not a 1-2-3-4, but

a woman, and her action was a chief 5-6-7-8-9-10 in the case.

6. This water is only 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8. Ask 1-2-3-4 to 5-6-7-8 it over, please.

7. The farmer had a 1-2-3-4 of 5-6-7-8-9, but there was not a bit of 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9 among it.

8. I have an 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9 that if I ever go to college I shall have to pay for my 3-4-5-6-7-8-9 1-2 manual labor.

## CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

If you search through this nonsense for something concealed,

You will find the good cheer of December revealed.

## CROSS-WORDS.

1. When once with my niece I crossed the equator, I got her a sweet little young alligator.
2. And if ever in Florence we happen to linger, She shall wear some red coral on each little finger.
3. I bought when I tarried at Como large pieces Of blue and green lava for ten little nieces.
4. When later I met the Mikado in Ghent, He gave me at parting a Japanese cent;
5. And said, "You will notice, although it looks new, 'T is soldered in places with mincemeat and glue."
6. "But don't give the cent to your niece if she's young— She may get the white arsenic glue on her tongue."
7. "And you'll find her unconsciously lying by spells, Till you cannot depend on a thing that she tells."
8. From such terrible danger I felt we must fly, So I sent him a sonnet and bade him good-by.

ANNA M. PRATT.

## HEXAGONAL ZIGZAG.

	1	.	6
2	.	.	7
.	3	.	8
4	.	.	9
	5	.	10

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A pouch. 2. Pertaining to an area. 3. A strip of material used in binding up wounds. 4. A kind of East India herring. 5. A beast of burden. From 1 to 5 and from 6 to 10 spell a name very familiar to children.

CLARENCE A. SOUTHERLAND  
(League Member).



As Pears' Soap dissolves  
Beauty evolves



**Pears' Soap**  
Matchless for the Complexion

## ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE.

BULGARIA, which has recently done considerable in the way of producing commemorative issues of stamps, has put forth three stamps, a five-, ten-, and fifteen-stotinki, all of the same design, showing some of the inhabitants upon a mountain, throwing down rocks upon soldiers who are endeavoring to ascend its sides. The design is not pleasing, but it is doubtless a characteristic scene of the country. The stamps are much larger than the ordinary size and are probably intended for a limited use.

The stamps of New Zealand offer a fine field for study for the collector who desires to obtain valuable information from his stamp-collecting. There are many variations resulting from the method of manufacturing the stamps, such as varieties of print and perforation. These variations are repeated in the stamps of other countries, such, for instance, as the Cook Islands and Samoa. The most valuable information, however, is to be gathered from the designs found upon the picturesque issue which has been in use since 1898. The general characteristics of the country are shown in the mountain peaks, gorges, and lakes, and the famous terraces, so beautiful before 1886, but which at that time were suddenly destroyed by the eruption of a volcano formerly supposed to be extinct.

It is a difficult thing to secure a knowledge of colors. Numerous attempts have been made to produce a color chart which collectors might use as an authority in making decisions as to the colors of their stamps. These have all been failures, mainly because it is impossible to reproduce the colors that are used on stamps with the inks that are found in the ordinary printing-offices. The shades also change when exposed to the air, so that a color chart printed in the evening would differ considerably from one printed in the morning. Any collector may make for himself a color chart which will enable him to understand the color names used in the catalogues and albums. Several stamps of dark and light shades of each color should be selected. These stamps should be unused and perfectly fresh. There should be, for instance, a dark and a light blue stamp, and the fact should be recognized that blue may be either one of these or any intermediate shade. When compound color names are used, such as red violet, the first term, red, is used to modify the word "violet," and indicates that the violet is changed by the presence of red in the ink. These stamps come in light and dark shades, and the lighter ones differ very little from the lilacs. One who is studying colors should remember that there are intermediate shades which are very difficult to define. Some blues, for instance, are almost green; and orange and yellow are frequently difficult to distinguish. A little work with unused stamps in their original fresh, bright

colors will enable one to secure a good understanding of the terms which are used in American catalogues and albums. Collectors in other countries employ different color names, and those who manufacture stamps are very careless indeed about the terms they employ. For instance, many of the English king's-head stamps are printed in a dark shade which in this country is called red violet. The color is called by English collectors lilac, while the printers of the stamps designate it as purple. The American catalogues and albums correspond, and an understanding of the American idea of color is what a collector here requires in order to enable him to place his stamps properly in his album.

Persia has issued its first regular series of official stamps. The old set, which appears in catalogues and albums, was never issued for use. The present series consists of three values surcharged on the 1-kran stamp of 1899.

Uruguay has also added to its issues a series which it has never before had, that is, unpaid letter-stamps. These contain a central numeral of value, are oblong in shape, and are very finely engraved. It is said that it is not possible to procure them in unused condition, but it is probable that there will be found some way in which to obtain them for collections.

Guatemala has issued a new set of stamps which differs from its former series in being of different design



for each value. The central design is printed in a different color from that of the frame, and the workmanship is of very fine quality. The values are: 1-c., picture of Quetzal; 2-c., statue of Rufino Barrios; 5-c., picture of Reforma; 6-c., Temple of Minerva; 10-c., Lake of Amatitlan; 20-c., Cathedral; 50-c., Teatro; 100-c., statue of Columbus; 200-c., Indian School.

An almost complete collection of the stamps of the Cook Islands may be secured at small expense. Its issues are interesting, and they will probably soon give place to stamps of New Zealand surcharged for use in the islands. The latest issue, however, recently made, bears the head of the Queen Makea, whose face has appeared on nearly all of the issues for the islands.

Haiti has added three new stamps to the series surcharged by the provisional government. These are the 1-c., 2-c., and 5-c., with the head of the former President, T. Simon Sam, which were recently replaced by the same values bearing the arms of Haiti. It is said that only a small quantity of each denomination was printed.



## CATALOGUE AND NEW ALBUMS

out this month for Nineteenth Century and Twentieth Century stamps.

Send for circular of prices, etc.

Would you like to try our Approval Sheets at 50% discount?

**Scott Stamp & Coin Co.,** 18 East 23d Street, New York, N. Y.



**152 DIFFERENT** foreign stamps, Servia, etc., 10c. 1000 mixed, 25c. Finest approval sheets, 50% com. Large list of albums, packets, cheap stamps, etc., free. **NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO., 27 BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON, MASS.**



**STAMPS.** 103, no two alike and GENUINE, Mauritius, Natal, Cape of G. H., Cuba, Costa Rica, Honduras, Mexico, etc., and an ALBUM, for 10c. only—a splendid bargain. New list free! Agents wanted, 50% com. **L. B. DOYER & CO., St. Louis, Mo.**



**STAMPS.** 105 different genuine Ceylon, Peru, Salvador, China, Cape G. H., Labuan, Borneo, Finland, etc., with album, only 10 cents; 1000 fine mixed 25 cents; all fine bargains. Agents wanted, 50%. New List free. I buy old stamps and collections. **C. A. STEGMAN, Dept. D, St. Louis, Mo.**

**200**

var. genuine China, Servia, etc., only 15c. 1000 Foreign, 20c. Finest sheets 50%. Big cat. free. **SAMUEL P. HUGHES, Omaha, Neb.**

**STAMPS FREE** for addresses of collectors. The more names, the more stamps. Album & cata. free. Agts. 50%. 105 in-China, a U. S. worth 25c., W. I., etc., 5c. **Bullard, Sta. A, Boston.**

**NYASSA.** A big and pretty stamp offered to all who apply for sheets at 50% com. **W. T. McKay, 673 Broad St., Newark, N. J.**

**111**

different stamps, China, etc., 6c.; 1000 mixed, 25c. 10 diff. picture stamps, Tigers, etc., unused, 15c. 40 diff. U. S., 10c. **Omaha Stamp & Coin Co., Omaha, Neb.**

**500**

STAMPS finely mixed, only 10c. 50 all diff., 5c. 100 diff. Corea, Mexico, etc., 10c. 1000 hinges (union), 10c. 40 diff. U. S. and Canada, 10c. Agts. wanted, 50%. List FREE. Old stamps bought. **Union Stamp Co., Dept. D, St. Louis, Mo.**

**300**

Foreign stamps, 10c. 104—all different—from Malta, Bulgaria, India, etc. Album, 10c. 15 different unused, 10c. 40 different U. S., 10c. 18 Australia, 10c. 24 page list free. Agents wanted, 50% commission. **D. CROWELL STAMP CO., 143 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.**

**50** different stamps from British Colonies only, as Malta, Gibraltar, British Honduras, Barbados, Bermuda, Hong Kong, Gold Coast, Lagos, Sierra Leone, etc., for 25 cents. This is a real Bargain. A rare stamp to all sending for our Approval Books at 50% disc. **Thomas Stamp Co., 604 Chartres St., New Orleans, La.**

**HOLLAND,** '99—8 var. for 5 cts. 10 var. '98 Doc. Rev. for 4 cts. Agents wanted. **GEO. M. FISK, 2015 Vermont Ave., Toledo, O.**

**FREE!** A set of beautiful U. S. stamps, face value \$6.00, for address of collector and return postage. Finest sheets 50% com. Agents wanted. **KOLONA STAMP CO., Dept. N, Dayton, Ohio.**

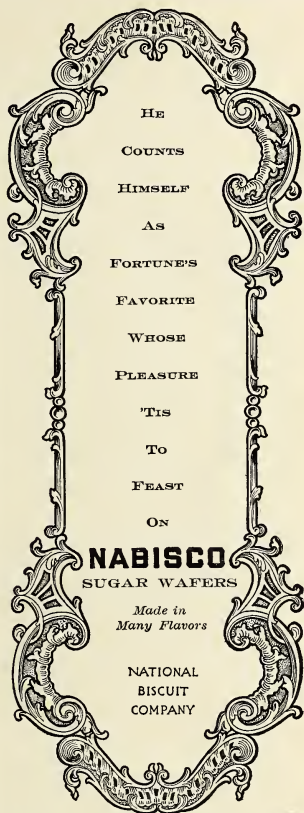
**CANADIAN REVENUES.** 1st issue bill, 6 var., 10c.; 2d issue bill, 5 var., 7c.; 3d issue bill, 9 var. (including \$1.00 value), 10c.; Gas Inspection (old 50c., \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00, \$4.00), 5 var., 50c.; Gas Inspection (new 25c. and 50c.), 2 var., 7c.; Law Stamps, 8 var., 10c.; 15 var. Canada Rev's, 10c.; 25 var., 22c. Price List Free. **THE BRITISH COLONIAL STAMP COMPANY, 217 Temple Building, London, Canada.**

**FREE!** A stamp worth 12c. given to all new applicants for approval sheets. Reference must accompany application, or a note from parent giving consent. **WILLIAM F. PRICE, Arnold Ave., NEWPORT, R. I.**



**BROWNIE MIXTURE Beats 'Em All.** Contains Turkey, Cuba, Japan, Egypt, Mexico, Chili, P. R., etc. 400, 10c.; 1000, 20c. Stamps on approval. Price list free. **W. W. MacLaren, Box 133, Cleveland, Ohio.**

**FREE** 100 diff. stamps for the names and addresses of two Collectors. Postage 2 cts. extra. 300 diff. stamps, 50 cts. Board Cover Album, 30 cts. **TOLEDO STAMP CO., Toledo, O.**



HE

COUNTS

HIMSELF

AS

FORTUNE'S

FAVORITE

WHOSE

PLEASURE

'TIS

TO

FEAST

ON

**NABISCO**

SUGAR WAFERS

Made in  
Many Flavors

NATIONAL  
BISCUIT  
COMPANY

## Stamps Sent to Responsible Parties

on approval at the largest discount. Dom. Rep. map set, 1900 complete, unused, for \$2.50. **BOGERT, DURBIN CO., 116 Nassau St., New York City**

**Stamps** ON APPROVAL. Prices below Scott's Cat. and 50% com. allowed. **Stamp & Coin Exchange, 23 Ann St., N. Y. City.**

## OUR 50-CENT CHRISTMAS STAMP PACKET

300 Varieties Foreign Stamps, 1000 Best Omega Hinges, and a Handsome Set of 10 Unused Porto Rico. Sent Post Free. **NATIONAL STAMP CO., Walpole, New Hampshire**

**COIN**

list, 2 cents. 4 large U. S. cents, 20c. 50% disc. on U. S. and Foreign Stamps. Estab. 1883. **R. M. LANGZETTEL, 92 Crown Street, New Haven, Conn.**

**10**

RARE STAMPS FREE. Agents wanted. 1000 Hinges, 8c. **F. E. THORE, Norwicht, N. Y.**



## The Gift of Gifts



## There is a Reason

LONDON LANCET, the great medical authority, says of **Grape-Nuts**: "The grains are brown and crisp, with a pleasant taste. . . . The preparatory process undoubtedly converts the food constituents into a much more digestible condition than in the raw cereal. . . . The features worthy of note are the excellent proportion of proteid, mineral matters and soluble carbohydrates per cent. Our analysis shows that it is a **NUTRITIVE OF A HIGH ORDER**, since it contains the **CONSTITUENTS OF A COMPLETE FOOD** and in an **EASILY ASSIMILABLE STATE.**"

Edward M. May, M. D., of Mt. Zion, Ill., says: "I desire to inform you of my short but very satisfactory experience with Grape-Nuts as a food. I had nervous dyspepsia for over a year, and lost flesh to 122 pounds. I concluded it was time to throw physic to the dogs in my case, and looked around for some concentrated, palatable prepared food. I got hold of Grape-Nuts and began using it four times a day, exclusively for breakfast with milk; for luncheon and dinner as dessert. The heartburn, waterbrash, palpitation and other symptoms soon disappeared, and I can now eat a square meal and feel good afterwards. I weighed yesterday and had gained 18 pounds in a month. And the end is not yet."

# Grape-Nuts

December 20<sup>th</sup>, 1902

Dearest Diana:

I shall answer your bright letter fully when more at leisure; but, though exceedingly busy, I take this moment to inclose you a check for \$3.<sup>00</sup> so that you may buy the shoes you need. Don't buy any more cheap contraptions. They wear out so soon they're dear at any price, but, what is much worse, they ruin your feet—which I cannot permit. Your mother has worn the "Sorosis" shoes for years, and says you "cannot do better than follow in her footsteps." (I don't know whether she says the joke!)

Buy the "Sorosis" shoes for Misses, and you will not regret taking the advice of your hurried but always affectionate father,

Mrs Diana Walker

A. Good Walker

NOTE.—Sorosis Shoes for Misses—also for their parents and brothers—are made by A. E. LITTLE & Co., Lynn, Mass.

*St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition, No. 19.*

As announced in the last number of ST. NICHOLAS, the competition for this number is to be practical. We have all been amusing ourselves over puzzles, patchwork, and so on, for several months; but of course you have been bright enough to see that all the work has been suggested by a desire to make you familiar with the good points of the advertisements in your magazines.

You have examined and re-examined these, turned them inside out and outside in, to and fro and roundabout, until you could stand up in an "advertising school"—such as our own!—and answer questions about the advertising pages of ST. NICHOLAS as if they were your geography lessons, possibly even better. But just as in the merry, merry days of school-time there suddenly arrives the awful Examination Day, when the cruel, hard teachers try to find out how much you *know* you know, you know,—so here we mean to inquire what you have learned about making advertisements—real, true, black and blue Advertisements that will help great, big, sober-minded, money-making bearded business men to secure customers. For—we don't mind confessing to you privately, and for your own particular little ears—the object of the ST. NICHOLAS advertisers is to sell the goods they tell about. We want you to help them. Possibly in reading over the various advertisements you have had the thought that *you* could make better ones. We'd like to see you do it. We are going to invite all the League members to produce for use in the March, 1903, number of ST. NICHOLAS a set of advertisements so strong, so good, so *practical*, that the firms and the business men will let us show them to the public with the proud announcement: *All the full-page advertisements in this March number are the work of the St. Nicholas League members.* Can you work up to that standard? We believe you can—and we invite you to try. Here is our proposition:

## FIFTY DOLLARS IN PRIZES.

For the best page advertisements received under the conditions, these prizes will be awarded:

One First Prize of Five Dollars,	- - - - -	\$5.00
Three Second Prizes of Three Dollars each,	- - - - -	9.00
Five Third Prizes of Two Dollars each,	- - - - -	10.00
Twenty-six Prizes of One Dollar each,	- - - - -	26.00
		\$50.00

These thirty-five prizes will be awarded to the makers of the best page advertisements received *before December 25th*, under the usual League regulations—which will be sent upon a request enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope. Address your competing work:

ADVERTISING COMPETITION 19, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

*Conditions.*

- I. You may select any page advertisement from the ST. NICHOLAS advertising pages of the numbers for October, November, or December, 1902, and may then make a new *page* advertisement for that business house. Your advertisement need not be on the same subject exactly, but must, of course, be suitable for that firm to print in the March ST. NICHOLAS, 1903.
- II. You may submit not more than three designs. These may be pictures and text ready for reproduction, or merely the pictures, and a copy of the text to be set up in type. You may put much or little in the page, so long as you make an attractive advertisement.
- III. Add your name, address, age, and the usual certificate that work is original. Work must be neat and unfolded. The *work* must be your own, but you may consult your elders and receive criticism and advice from them. The pictorial work may be decorative, artistic, or photographic, but in black and white, not colors. Besides the above prizes, an extra payment of \$3.00 or more will be made for all advertisements used by the business houses for which they are designed—whether prize-winners or not.

*Report on Competition 16 will be given next month.*

Owing to the space required by the above announcement, and also to the difficulty of verifying the solutions in the letter-diagrams, the prize-winners in that competition (see the September ST. NICHOLAS) cannot be announced until next month. We beg the indulgence of the young competitors, and advise them to devote themselves so industriously to this December competition that the time will slip by without their becoming impatient.

# Alice in Blunderland



Do you know how Alice, after her experiences in Wonderland, came to know the funny people of "Blunderland"?

It was through the kindness of the Chevalier de Shears and Mademoiselle Mucilage—the queer people you see pictured here. Their mottoes were "Let us have pieces" and "A place for nothing and nothing in its place."

"Alice in Blunderland" is an illustrated booklet suggested by the Advertising Competitions of the St. Nicholas League. It tells, and shows by its funny pictures, how to make a Blunderland of your own.



Sent postpaid for Two Two-Cent Stamps. Address  
 ST. NICHOLAS ADVERTISING COMPETITIONS  
 The Century Co., Union Square, New York City





A  
Pearline  
Girl

# The Pearline Girls



SIMPLY A  
MATTER  
OF INTELLIGENCE

a  
1902  
Success

PEARLINE has heard much praise for the Girls of its advertisements during the past year. They were a good introduction to a good article.

More PEARLINE Girls, however, are wanted.

Though not a member of St. Nicholas League, PEARLINE has been interested in the League's advertising and other regular competitions. It believes that it must look to these workers, the bright boys and girls of the country, for new ideas of beauty applicable to its use.

PEARLINE wishes for its advertisements attractive pictures of girls—girls illustrating the various uses of PEARLINE—pictures suggesting an idea in harmony with PEARLINE. To this end it offers

## \$100.00

### in Cash Prizes

*The Competition is open to any reader of St. Nicholas who has an Idea. . . .*

Mere pictures of attractive girls, however, will not do. Camera or artist's pencil must be enforced with a good PEARLINE suggestion. Study the PEARLINE Girls of the 1902 advertisements.

**Improve upon them.**

# Prizes and Conditions:

PEARLINE offers the following prizes for the best pictures of Girls to be used in its advertisements:

First Prize	\$25.00
Second Prize	\$15.00
Third Prize	\$10.00
Five Fourth Prizes, each	\$5.00
Twenty-five Consolation Prizes, each	\$1.00

Pictures may be photographs or original drawings. If photographs are not taken by the sender, artist's name must be given.

Pictures presenting *ideas* best suited to PEARLINE'S uses will receive first consideration. Beauty of face and pose, artistic qualities and adaptability for reproduction, originality, and suggestion, as well as the age of the contestant, will all be considered in awarding the prizes.

Copyright pictures will not be considered; all rights to pictures and copyright privileges to be reserved by PEARLINE. All pictures must be plainly marked with name and age of competitor, and address.

Competition will close January 25, 1903, and awards will be announced in the March number of the ST. NICHOLAS.

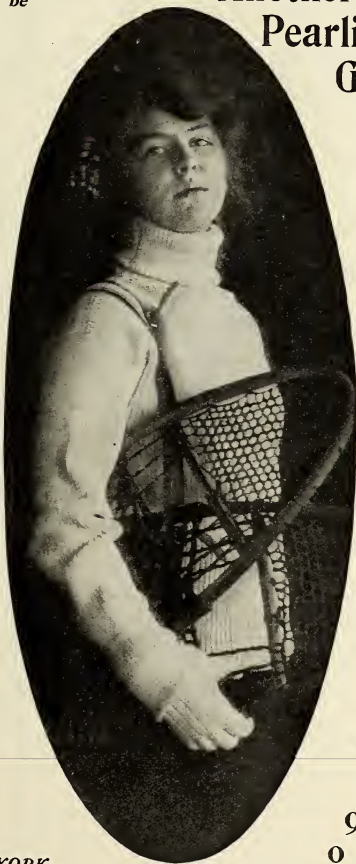
Address all pictures for this competition to

## Pearline

436 Greenwich St. NEW YORK.

Prize Picture Competition

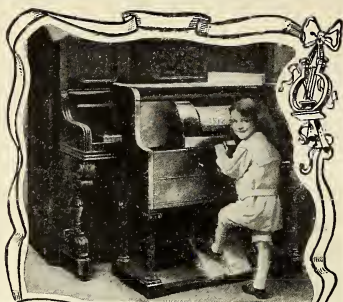
Another  
Pearline  
Girl



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2



ANYBODY CAN PLAY ANYTHING

# SIMPLEX PIANO PLAYER

Best in quality and results.  
Perfect in mechanical construction.

## A CHRISTMAS GIFT

Suitable for any one who appreciates good music.  
The touch of the artist, the feeling of the composer, the accuracy of the master are all yours with the SIMPLEX.

Price, \$225 Cash

May be bought on instalments.  
Agencies and music libraries in all principal cities.

SEND FOR CATALOG

THEODORE P. BROWN, Mfr.  
No. 6 May Street, Worcester, Mass.

### A WELCOME GIFT IN ANY HOME

**SONGS OF ALL THE COLLEGES** is an ideal *home song book*; a delight to the young and the old. It will arouse any one to enthusiasm, layman as well as collegian. The songs embrace all degrees of humor, sentiment and pathos, and are typically American in spirit. They have a swing and "pop" lacking in other kinds of songs, and appealing irresistibly both to singers and auditors. **Songs of all the Colleges** is the only complete collection, 300 songs with words and music throughout. *Chicago Inter-Ocean*.—"No volume of like size furnishes half the genuine fun and jollity."  
*Church Standard*.—"Attractive, charmingly legible; and bound to make its way."  
*Musical Courier*.—"Of as much value to the public as to collegians themselves." "A welcome gift." At all book and music stores, or \$1.50, postpaid, from **HINDS & NOBLE, 81-85 W. 15th St., New York City**



### SONGS OF ALL THE COLLEGES



## The American Boy

Biggest, Brightest, Best Boys' Paper in the World.  
Hozekiah Butterworth says, It enters into their life

Trial: 3 months for 10c  
Regular: \$1.00 a year

Boys are enthusiastic over it. Clean, inspiring stories. Information, encouragement, advice. Games, Sports, Animals, Stamps, Printing, Photography, Debating, Science, Puzzles. How to make boats, traps, etc. How to make and save money. How to succeed. Meets universal approval. The only successful attempt ever made to lead a boy in right directions, and at the same time chain his interest. One hundred pictures each month. See it and be surprised at the feast of good things for that boy.

Address SPRAGUE PUBLISHING COMPANY  
288 Majestic Building, Detroit, Michigan

## CARMEL SOAP

Keeps the Skin Soft and Smooth.

MADE IN PALESTINE, SYRIA.

**CARMEL**

AN ABSOLUTELY PURE OLIVE OIL SOAP FOR Nursery, Toilet and Bath.

SOLE BY DRUGGISTS & GROCERS, IMPORTED BY A. KLEINSTEIN & CO., 122 PEARL ST., NEW YORK.



# "Just get The Delineator"

New Fun for Boys and Girls each Month.



## CRICKET'S TUNE THEIR FIDDLES

for a merry Christmas serenade in the pages of *The Delineator* for December. "How the Cricket Cricks" is the story of this wonderful musician told by Charles Battell Loomis. Then there is a fine account of the American Box Tortoise. Both are lively, interesting stories.

# For December

(Edition de Luxe)

OVER TWO HUNDRED pages of good reading by some of the best writers of the day.

THIRTY-FOUR full-page illustrations by well-known artists, twenty of these being in colors.

15 cents per copy. Sold by all Newsdealers and Butterick Agents. Send \$1.00 now and get the Magazine for an entire year.

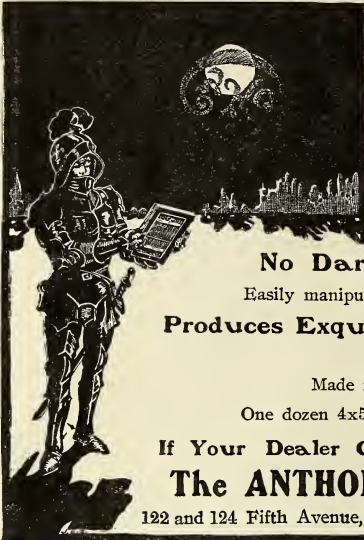
THE BUTTERICK COMPANY, 14 West Thirteenth St., New York

## HOW TO MAKE TISSUE-PAPER ANIMALS

and a host of other ideas for Winter fun and work for

BOYS AND GIRLS.





**A Night Printing Paper.**  
**Cyko is the Most Perfect of all**  
**Developing Papers.**

**No Dark Room Required.**

Easily manipulated and absolutely permanent.

**Produces Exquisite Effects**  
**in Black and White.**

Made in Six Different Grades.

One dozen 4x5 Cyko with Developer 20 cents.

If Your Dealer Cannot Supply You Send to

**The ANTHONY & SCOVILL CO.,**

122 and 124 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Atlas Block, Chicago.

On your **XMAS**

Shopping

List

the  
single  
word —



**Kuyler's**  
**ENOUGH SAID**

863 Broadway, Bet. 17th and 18th Sts.  
 508 Fifth Ave., Bet. 42d and 43d Sts.  
 21 West 42d St. = 150 Broadway.

MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE CAREFUL ATTENTION

LEARN TO BE A **COMIC-ARTIST.**



And draw like **BUSH, GIBSON, SWINNETT, TOX, DIRKS, POWERS, OFFER, Mc-CARTHY** and others. Send for Autograph letters from my Students on Newspapers.

**Wood and Leather**  
*Burning Taught by Mail*

Big prices paid for articles decorated by this fascinating art. Decorate your homes. You need not be an artist to learn. Splendid Xmas present. Write for circulars and terms mentioning which course you are interested in.  
**D. McARTHY,**  
 Director.  
 NATIONAL SCHOOL OF CARICATURE, 5 World Building, New York City.



**HAVE YOU A CHARM?**

To win the affections of all — to loosen every bolt set against you — if not, you need

**"THE LITTLE CHARMER"**

**MONKEY WRENCH.** It is the smallest perfect-working model of a wrench in the world — made of German silver — an ideal watch chain charm for a boy — or may be attached to a class pin.

— **25 Cents by Mail.** —

Miniature Novelty Co., 208 West 85th St., New York.

**The Century Cook Book.**

More than a Thousand Receipts.  
 600 pages, 150 illustrations.  
 Price only \$2.00.

**THE CENTURY CO.,**  
 Union Square, New York



*"It works like a Kodak."*

There's fun for the young folks with a

# Brownie Camera

and it's fun that amounts to something, too—there's education as well as amusement in photography.

Any school boy or girl can make good pictures with a Brownie. Loads in daylight—develops in daylight, too, if you use a Kodak Developing Machine.

**Brownie Cameras, \$1.00 and \$2.00.**

**Brownie Developing Machine, \$2.00.**

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Rochester, N. Y.

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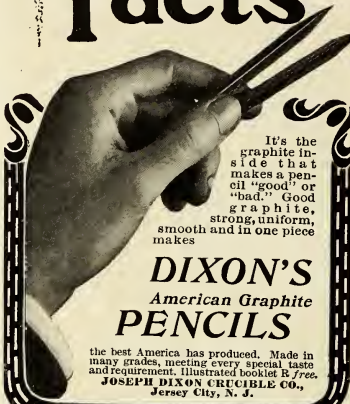
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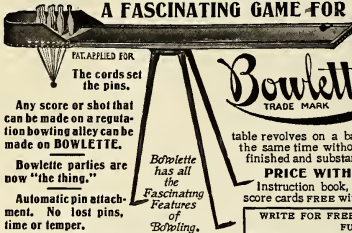
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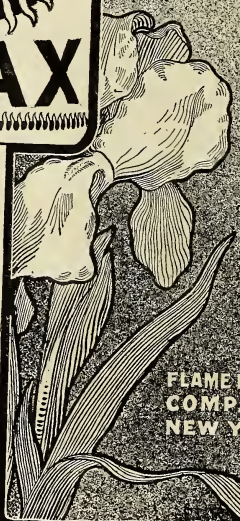
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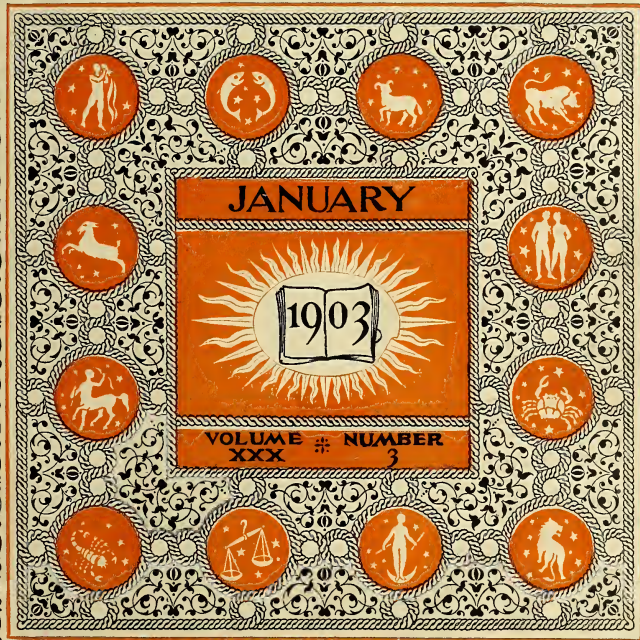


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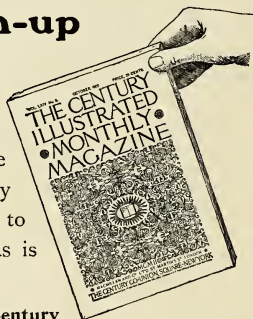
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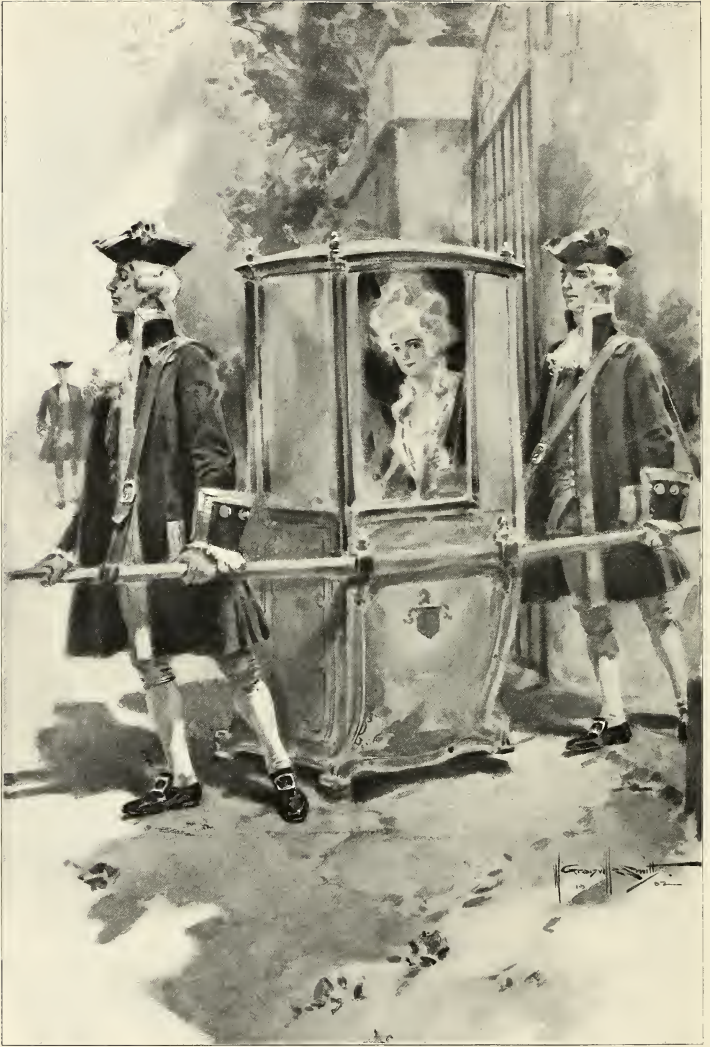
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# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXX.

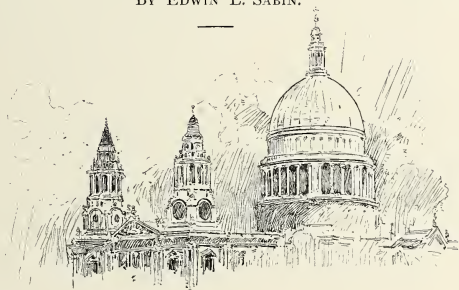
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## RIDING À LA MODE.

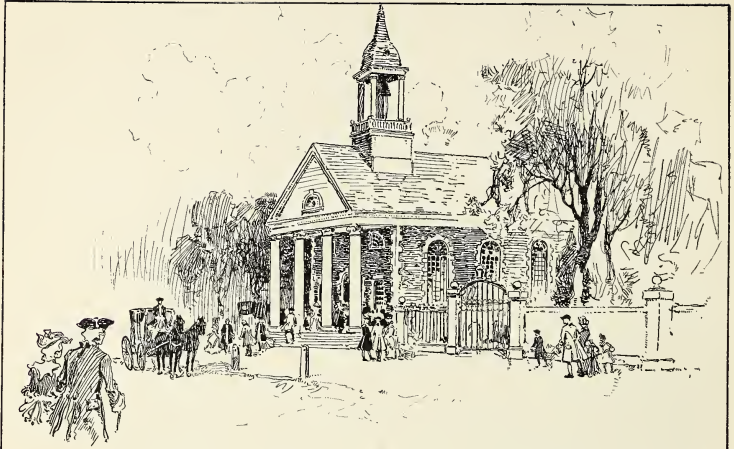
BY EDWIN L. SABIN.



WHEN Lady Betty took the air  
In old-time London town,  
They tucked her in a quilted chair—  
Self, pompadour, and gown;  
And swinging on its gilded staves  
In silken pomp and pride,  
Betwixt two sturdy, liveried knaves  
My lady had her ride.







**A**CROSS the seas her daughter went,  
 'Mid mingled doubts and fears;  
 And in Virginia she spent  
 Some fifty happy years.  
 But when she rode, with bow and smile,  
 Along Colonial ways,  
 'T was in a coach of massive style,  
 Behind two ambling bays.





"BEHIND TWO AMELING BAYS."



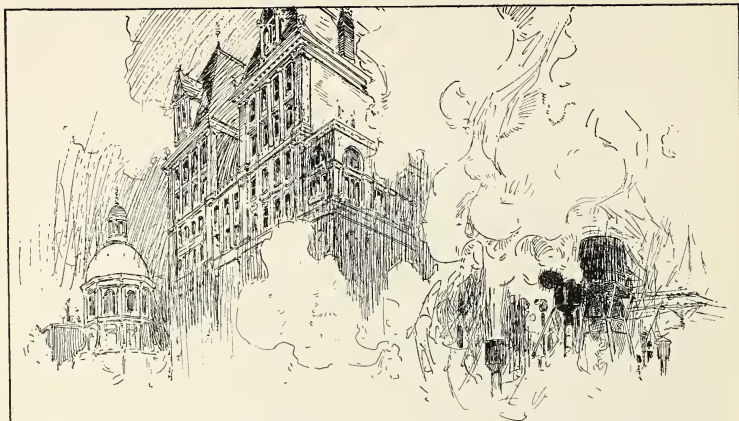
"TOGETHER JOGGING — HE BEFORE, SHE, PILLION-PERCHED, BEHIND."



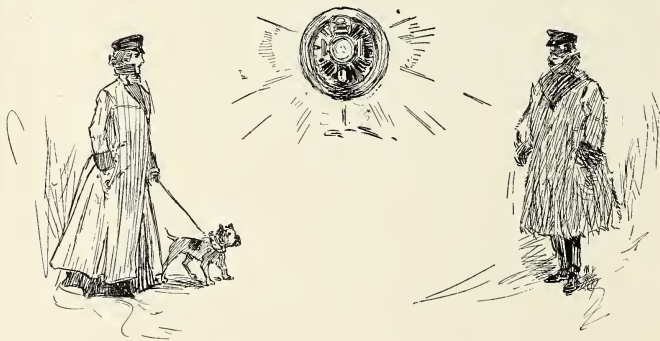
**I**N turn *her* daughter left the nest,  
The chroniclers aver,  
And out into the rugged West  
A husband fared with her.  
Now ranging vale and mountain o'er  
The dauntless pair we find  
Together jogging — he before,  
She, pillion-perched, behind.







**T**O-DAY *her* daughter's daughter needs  
Not coach nor horse nor man ;  
She hath no use for ambling steeds,  
Nor pillion nor sedan ;  
But o'er the pave she smoothly glides,  
With whirl of silent wheel,  
As here and there she deftly guides  
Her nimble, swift 'mobile.





"BUT O'ER THE PAVE SHE SMOOTHLY GLIDES."



## THE EAGLET IN THE DOVE'S NEST.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

"BLESS me, what is that?" cried Mrs. Dove, one day, as something fell out of the sky into her nest and nearly knocked little Bill and Coo off the branch where they sat wondering if they would ever be brave enough to fly.

"It is a very ugly bird, mama," said Bill, one of the young doves, staring with all his eyes at the queer stranger.

"It has n't any feathers, and looks very sad and scared. Do comfort it, mama," said little Coo, who was the most tender-hearted dove that ever lived.

"Poor thing, it does seem hurt and frightened, but it looks so big and wild and unlike any young bird I ever saw that I am half afraid to go near it," answered Mrs. Dove, peering timidly in.

It was a strange bird, for, though very young, it filled the whole nest, and while the breath was nearly knocked out of its little body by the fall, its gold-ringed eyes were bright and sharp, its downy wings flapped impatiently, and its strong beak snapped as if ready to bite.

"It is hungry," said Bill, who had a large appetite himself and was always ready to eat.

"Give it that nice berry you brought for me; I can wait," said Coo, glad to help.

Mrs. Dove offered the ripe strawberry; but the

stranger refused it with a scream that made the gentle doves quake on their pink legs, it was so fierce and loud.

"I'll go and ask Neighbor Owl to come and tell us what it is and how to take care of it"; and away went Mrs. Dove, after carefully settling her children in the empty nest of a neighbor close by, where they sat staring at the newcomer, who screamed and flapped and flashed its golden eyes at them, as if trying to make them understand who it was.

"Oh, this is a young eagle," said the owl, when he came. "You had better push it out of the nest at once, for as soon as it is large enough it will eat you all up, or fly away without thanking you for your care."

"I cannot turn the poor little bird out of my house to die. Don't you think, if I keep it a little while and am very kind to it, I can make it love us and be happy till it is able to take care of itself?" asked Mrs. Dove.

"Well, I am sure if any one can, you can; but you know it is hard to tame a wild bird, and eagles are very fierce. This is a golden eagle, the finest kind of all, and probably came from some nest far up in the mountains yonder. I can't imagine how it got here, but here it is, hungry and naked, and you can do as you like

about keeping it. Only feed it on worms and bugs, and tame it if possible."

Away flapped the owl, who disliked the light, and evidently thought Mr. and Mrs. Dove very foolish if they kept the wild bird in their nest.

"Let it rest and then send it away," said Bill, who was a prudent fellow.

"No, no, mama; keep it and love it, and make it good, and it won't want to hurt us, I know," cried little Coo, ready to take in a hawk, or a naughty cuckoo, if they needed help.

"I will think about it, my dears, and meantime get something for it to eat," answered Mrs. Dove, flying away at once; for she was a wise as well as a very kind bird, and when she made up her mind nothing changed it. She soon came back with a nice fat worm which her new child snapped up eagerly and screamed for more. Nine times did that kind dove go to and fro, though she was plump and easily tired, before the hungry eaglet was satisfied. Then it put its head under its wing and went to sleep for an hour, and when it woke up it was in a better temper and answered questions in a shrill small voice very unlike the soft coo of the doves.

"What is your name, my dear?" asked Mrs. Dove, who had taken a nap as well as her guest.

"Golden Eye; but papa called me Goldy," answered the eaglet.

"Where did you live, love?"

"Far, far away, up among the clouds, in a much bigger nest than this, among the rocks on the mountain."

"Why did you leave it, darling?"

"My mama died, and while papa was at her funeral a bad kite stole me and was carrying me away, when I pecked so hard he let me drop, and here I am."

"Dear me, dear me, what a sad tale!" sighed Mrs. Dove.

Bill looked up through the pine boughs to see if the bad kite was near, but Coo wiped a tear from her eye with her left wing and hopped nearer, saying:

"Please let poor Goldy stay, mama, since he has no mother and cannot get back to his home. We will love him dearly and all be so happy he will like to stay till he is grown."

"Yes, dear; I shall keep him and fear no harm. Eagles are noble birds, and if I am kind to this poor thing his family will be grateful, and perhaps spare the lives of all little birds for our sakes."

"I shall like to stay here till I can fly; and I will tell my people not to hurt you, for you are kind birds and I love you," said Goldy, putting up his bill to kiss Mrs. Dove; for he was proud to hear his race praised, and was touched by the sweetness of his new friends. The little eaglet had a good heart, and it was well he had come to stay for a while with the gentle doves, as we shall see.

All the birds in the wood came to see the stranger, and all said that Mrs. Dove would have a great deal of trouble with him, for it was evident the wild thing was hard to manage and had a fierce temper and a strong will. But Mama Dove would not send him away, and, though often discouraged and sad, still clung to her naughty Goldy, sure that, in time, love and patience would tame him.

Bill and Coo were good children and needed little training. Bill liked his own way, but mama only had to say, "My son, do it to please me and because it is right," and he gave up. Coo was so loving she was easily managed, her faults being of the gentler sort, and a look from mama was enough to keep her straight.

But oh, dear me! What trials that sweet, plump dove did have with her foster-child! If Goldy could not get what he wanted, he would scream and peck, and lie on his back and kick till he nearly fell out of the tree. He wanted to eat all sorts of indigestible things, and, if denied, would throw his dinner to the ground and sulk for hours. He was saucy to Bill and Coo, and put on airs to the other birds who came to see him, and told every one he was a golden eagle, not a common bird, and some day he would fly away to live in the clouds with his splendid father. That was the naughty side of him; the good side was very sweet, and so it was impossible to help loving him and hoping he would grow up a fine bird, after all.

He pitied all poor little creatures, was very generous, and gave away anything he had to give so gladly, it was sweet to see him. When in a good temper he was charming, and sat up



like a real king, telling tales to the doves and other birds, who loved to look and listen; for soon the down on him changed to feathers of a pretty color, his fine eyes shone, and he learned to talk softly, not to scream as eagles have to do up where the wind blows and thunder growls and waterfalls dash.

One wing had been hurt when he fell, and Mama Dove had tied it up with a bit of gold-thread vine, so it would not droop and be weak. Long after the other wing was strong and ready to fly he still wore the bandage, for

“You silly bird! Pull off that vine and fly away with me! I'll help you find your father by and by.”

Goldy was much excited by this idea, and when the hawk with his strong bill pulled off the bandage, he flapped his wings and found them all right.

With a scream of joy he flew straight up into the sky, and went floating round and round, learning to balance himself in the air, to dip and rise as he had seen other eagles do. The hawk showed him how, and hoped to get the eaglet



“‘MAMA, KEEP IT AND LOVE IT AND MAKE IT GOOD,’ CRIED LITTLE COO.”

wise Mrs. Dove felt that she had not done all she could for this wild creature yet, so she did not let him know his wing was well, lest he should fly away too soon.

Goldy was improving very fast now, and though in his heart he longed to see his father and go to find his home in the mountains, he loved the doves and was very happy with them.

One day, as he sat alone in the pine-tree, a hawk flew by, and stopped to ask what he was doing there. Goldy told his story, and the hawk said scornfully:

to his nest, where he would keep him till he found his father and made the eagle his friend by restoring his lost child.

Meantime Mrs. Dove and Bill and Coo came home to find the nest empty and to hear from the linnet that Goldy had gone.

“I told you so,” said the owl, with a wise nod. “All your care is wasted, and I am sure you will never see that ungrateful bird again.”

But Mama Dove wiped a tear from one of her bright eyes and said gently:

"No, my friend; love and care are never wasted, and even if Goldy does not return, I am glad I was a mother to him, and I am sure he will not forget us, but be better for his stay in the dove's nest."

Coo went to comfort her mother, and Bill hopped to a high branch to see if the runaway was in sight.

"I think I see him far away, skimming about with a bad hawk. What a pity he has such a dangerous guide! He will teach him naughty things, and perhaps be cruel to him if he does not obey," said Bill, standing on tiptoe to peer up to where two dark specks were seen in the blue sky.

"Let us all sing loud, and maybe he will hear and come back. I know he loves us and is a dear bird in spite of his pride and self-will and temper," said Mrs. Dove, beginning to coo with all her might.

The other birds set up a chirping, twittering, singing, and calling, till the wood was full of music, and a faint, sweet sound went up even to the cloud where Goldy was soaring and trying to look at the sun. He was tired now, and the hawk was cross because he would not go home with him but wanted to find his father at once, and he had pecked and scolded him till he was afraid; so when the song of the dear wood-birds reached him, it sounded like a call of "Come home, darling, come home to us; we all are waiting, we all are waiting." Something seemed to draw him back, and with a sudden sweep he sank down, down, till the hawk dared not follow him any farther, for he saw a farmer with his gun, ready to shoot the thief that had been stealing some of his young chickens.

Glad to be rid of the new friend, Goldy flew back to the old ones, who welcomed him with

such a concert, it seemed as if they would split their little throats with joy.



" 'I PECKED SO HARD HE LET ME DROP.' "

"I thought my darling would not leave me without a good-by," cooed Mother Dove, as she smoothed the eaglet's ruffled feathers softly with her bill, while her own birds stood first on one pink leg and then on the other and flapped their wings for joy.

"I think you tied a cord round my heart as well as round my wing, and that draws me back to you, dear mama," said Goldy, nestling close to the white breast that was so full of love for

him. "I will fly away and enjoy myself sometimes, but I will always come back and tell my adventures, and if ever I find my father, I will not go to him till I have said good-by and thanked you with all my heart."

So Goldy lived on with the doves, growing strong and handsome, with golden plumes, keen, bright eyes, and wide wings that bore him up into the sky, where he gazed at the sun without winking, and was a true eagle, fearless, beautiful, and wild. But in his heart he still loved the gentle doves, still tried to be like them in many things, and after every long flight came back to fold his wings in the pine-tree and tell

They all admired him very much, and loved him, too, for, though so strong, he never hurt them, and if a hawk came near he would drive it



"GOLDY FELT HIS FATHER'S GREAT WINGS FOLD ABOUT HIM."

away and keep the little song-birds safe. They called him their prince, and hoped he would always stay with them.

But Goldy longed for his home on the mountain-top and for his father, and the older he grew the stronger grew the longing; for that quiet life was not natural to a bird meant to live high among rocks and clouds, to fight the storm, and to soar up nearer to the sun. So he could not help it, but kept it to himself till one day, when he had flown far away and stopped to rest on a great cliff in a wild and lonely place, he saw a large golden eagle sitting near by, looking down upon the world with his keen eye, as if trying to find something. Goldy had never seen so splendid a bird, and ventured to speak to him. He was very gentle to Goldy as the young eagle told his story, to which he listened



"HE STOPPED TO REST ON A GREAT CLIFF."

splendid tales of all he had seen on the green earth and in the blue sky. The wood-birds were never tired of hearing these tales, and would listen, with their round eyes fixed on him, without stirring a feather, even for hours at a time.

eagerly. Before he ended he gave a loud scream of joy, flapped his great wings, and cried, with eyes that shone like jewels:

"You are my lost baby! I have looked far and wide for you, and thought you were dead. Welcome, my dashing son, prince of the air and delight of my heart!"

Then Goldy felt his father's great wings fold about him, the golden plumes press his own, and the brilliant eyes look fondly into his as the king of birds told him about his beautiful mother, his new home far away, and the friends waiting to welcome him to their free life.

He enjoyed it all, but when his father wished to take him there at once he said gently:

"No, papa; I must first go and say good-by to the dear birds who cared for me when I was a poor, helpless, naughty little fowl. I promised, and I cannot grieve them by going away without telling them how happy I am and thanking them."

"And so you shall, and take my thanks also. Give Madam Dove this feather, and tell her that no creature that flies will ever harm her while she has the king's plume to show. Make haste, my son, and return as soon as you can, for I cannot spare you long."

Then Goldy flew back and told his happy news, and though the doves were very sorry to

lose him, they knew it was best, for his right place was with his royal father. They and other summer birds were soon going south for the winter, and would have to leave him, for eagles love snow and wind and storms, and do not fly to warm countries in autumn.

Every one was glad Goldy had found his father, and when the time came for him to go, all gathered to say good-by. Mrs. Dove was very proud of the golden feather, and Bill and Coo felt as brave as lions when they stuck it up in their nest like a banner, for it was a great honor to have such a gift from the king of birds.

There was a lively farewell concert, and everything in the wood that could sing joined in it; even the owl hooted, and the hoarse crows cawed, while the mosquitos hummed and the crickets chirped like mad. Then, with kisses all round, Goldy flew up, up, far out of sight, while the sweet music followed him till he could hear it no longer. But under his wing he hid a little white feather, Mother Dove's last gift to him, which would keep his heart always true and warm.

And the lessons of the gentle bird helped him to rule his temper, guide his will, and make him a comfort to his father, the pride of the mountain-top, and the noblest eagle that ever turned his golden eyes to the sun.







# How Arthur drew forth y<sup>e</sup> Sword.



# THE STORY OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS.\*

BY HOWARD PYLE.



## CHAPTER V.

### HOW ARTHUR CAME UNTO THE ASSAY, AND OF WHAT BEFELL.

Now turn we to young Arthur, who, with the two that he called father and brother, Sir Ector, and Sir Kay beside him, was patiently abiding within Sir Ector's pavilion the outcome of all that was happening. For there Merlin had bidden Arthur to await his coming, and had promised him that he and Sir Ulfius would be with him anon when the fitting time had arrived for him to make the great assay.

So they there abided the coming of Merlin and Sir Ulfius, and no man might know how mighty was the tumult of soul that filled them whilst they waited there within the pavilion. For lo! Sir Ector's face was as red as fire, and the sweat stood in beads upon his forehead and trickled down upon his beard. Somewhile he sat drumming with his fingers upon the table; anon he would start away from his seat and take to striding up and down the narrow space as though, by moving thus, he might somewhat appease the distraction of his spirit. As for Sir

Kay, he sat as pale as ashes, his eyes shining like coals of fire, the whites he gnawed the finger-nails of his cold and trembling hands. For, indeed, he was like one gone distraught; nor knew he rightly whether all the fury that consumed him was of joy, or whether it was of despair that so great and so marvelous an estate should have passed him by to have fallen upon his younger brother, who had erstwhile been only his esquire-at-arms.

But young Arthur was like a youthful eagle held within a cage. Motionless he sat as any carven statue—motionless, with level brows and quick, stern, eagle gaze that looked now this way and now that. Nor moved he otherwise so much as a single hair. For a great ferment had been working in his royal blood for that week past, so that all the manhood within him had been turned, as it were, into the strong wine of entire kingliness. So he sat there now like a young prince awaiting the coming of his full royalty.

Thus bided the three when, of a sudden, the curtains of the pavilion were flung violently apart, and there quickly entered two tall and

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stately figures. The one who so came was Merlin the Wise, the other was Sir Ulfius the Steadfast. But Merlin strode straight to Arthur, and looked him full in the face. "Sir," said he, speaking in his deep, shaking tones, like as though a great bell had been struck with a mallet, "sir, your time hath now come; for, as I wotted would happen, seven kings do now stand before the marble cube together with the archbishop, and these shall be your witnesses in that which you are now about to undertake. So come you forth unto your trial, to the which Sir Ulfius and I shall go with you for to vouch for you."

But at the coming of the twain Arthur had arisen, and now stood fronting them; and if his cheeks were whiter than was their wont, he was pale, not with fear, but with the great wonder of his dawning glory. "Lo," quoth he, "here am I! And I will do your bidding in every wise you may ordain for me."

So went they five forth straightway, Arthur — as became his kingly estate — walking one pace before the others. All in crimson was he clad from top to toe, and a richly bedight sword in a crimson scabbard hung at his side. Around his head he wore a small fillet of fine gold, and the fillet was of such a sort as the son of a king might have the right to wear. Upon his right hand walked Merlin the Wise for to announce his estate; upon his left hand walked Sir Ulfius the Steadfast, clad all in full armor, for to act as the champion of his claims. Close behind him came Sir Ector and Sir Kay — the younger man still pale as ashes, and with eyes that burned like coals beneath his arched black eyebrows.

So they reached the gates that barred the way to the lane that led to the marble cube. Here stood an herald, who, seeing them approach, stayed them in their coming, and bade them to announce their quality and to proclaim for what purpose they came thither. Upon this Sir Ulfius the Steadfast lifted up the vizor of his helmet, and Merlin spake. "Sir Herald," quoth he, "well dost thou know me, and well dost thou know Sir Ulfius the Steadfast, who standeth yonder over against me. Both he and I do truly avouch that this youth, whom we bring with us hither, is the son of a great and worthy king. Wherefore, upon our advisement, he would fain assay the adventure of yonder Sword."

Then spake Sir Ulfius in his deep, harsh voice: "Unto the verity of his claims to kingly estate do I also avouch by my sacred word and troth."

"If so be you do both avouch unto his kingliness," said the herald, "who dares to gainsay the same? Wherefore, as ye will, so might it be." Thus saying, he set his trumpet to his lips and blew a blast so loud and clear as to stun the ears of those who stood nigh unto him.

At this signal the gates of the court swung slowly open, and there before the five lay stretched the long alleyway, spread with its carpet of crimson velvet; there, in the remote distance, stood the marble cube, the Anvil, and the Sword; there, far away, gathered in noble seeming the Archbishop of Canterbury, his court, and the seven kings who held discourse with him; there, row upon row, were gathered in high array the thousands and the thousands who were assembled to behold the assay of the Sword.

And lo! every face of that great multitude was now turned toward young Arthur, and every gaze was now directed altogether upon him. An hundred thousand stared upon him where he stood, so that all appeared, as it were, to be a mass of staring faces.

And Arthur himself was like one who stood in a dream, albeit his kingly spirit faltered not; for all that he now beheld — those teeming thousands, those rich and various colors, that straight pathway, the cube, the Sword, and the noble and kingly people gathered thereat — he beheld as in some vision and not with the waking eyes of usual life. Meantime a great silence had fallen upon all; for the plain and simple coming of those five was of a very different sort from all the pomp and circumstance that had surrounded the famous kings and dukes who had come thither that day. Wherefore all the world wondered what such a poor approach as this should foretell. Then, as in a dream, with Merlin upon the right hand and with Sir Ulfius upon the left, young Arthur made progression up that long alleyway, and so complete was that great silence that overhung his coming that the tinkling and the ringing of the armor chains and



plates of Sir Ulfius and Sir Kay, and the heavy fall of their footsteps, might be heard even at a great distance. So they five advanced, slowly and with fitting dignity; so they reached the steps that led unto the marble cube; so they ascended the stairway and stood before the archbishop and the seven kings who were with him; so they reached the end, and there halted and waited for the archbishop to speak to them.

Thereupon the archbishop came forth to greet them, and thus he spake: "Merlin the Wise, I know thee right well. But who may be this youth whom ye bring with you to this place?"

Then said Merlin, speaking in a loud, deep voice, so that all about to a great distance might hear his words: "Lo, my Lord Archbishop, I will tell ye sooth. This youth whom I bring thus before you is named Arthur, and he is the true and only son of King Uther Pendragon. Right well do I know this to be the perfect truth, for I have kept him in my sight from his tenderest infancy, and have watched over him until now, and unto the faithfulness of all that I say I do pledge my most solemn word and troth."

Then said Sir Ulfius, speaking also in a loud, far-reaching voice: "I likewise do affirm this youth to be the true and lawful son of King Uther Pendragon and of his wife Queen Igrayne. For I too have known of his estate from his tenderest infancy until now—and unto this, as being the truth, do I plight my most solemn word and troth. Likewise here do I stand as his champion, for to defend his claims against any one whomsoever that may assault the verity of that which I do say."

Then was every one who heard these words stricken dumb, as it were, with a great and mighty amazement; nor could any man, for a while, say a single word. Then it was the archbishop who spake: "My lords, my lords!" cried he, still shaken with a great and mighty amazement, "what is this wonderful thing that mine ears do hear? Who may credit so marvelous a thing? And yet, ye having avouched it, who may misdoubt that it is the truth? For this I do affirm: that no man, hearing you so pledge your solemn words, may dare to deny

to this youth the right to make the assay of this adventure. Wherefore,"—here he turned to young Arthur,—“yonder is the Sword! Make thou thine attempt, and may God go with thee to give thee strength!”

Then, in all the hush of that wonder-stricken multitude of royal and lordly folk, did that one youth—crimson-clad, like a flame—ascend the steps that led to the Anvil. And as he ascended the steps, lo! a sunbeam fell through a crevice of the canopy and smote upon his head, so that his hair and his budding beard shone like a glory, and the fillet of gold upon his brows shot forth a spark like unto a star. So in goodly wise did he approach that great assay.

And now, setting his knee to the Anvil, he grasped the hilt of the Glave with both his sinewy hands; he bent his frame to the assay, and drew. Then, lo, as once before, but now in the plain sight of all the world, the shining blade slid slowly and smoothly out from its iron matrix, and, behold, Arthur held it in his hands within the sight of all!

A moment there was of dead and perfect silence; then, like a thunderclap, there burst forth in one great shout the sound of an hundred thousand voices uplifted in deafening acclamation. And then, as though a wind of fury had smitten it, that whole great multitude arose from where it sat in a tumult of tossing arms, of waving hands, and of shouting lips. For lo! the Sword was drawn! The miracle had been achieved within the sight of all!

Thrice Arthur whirled the Sword about his head, flashing like lightning. Then, setting the point against the face of the solid iron, he drave it smoothly and swiftly back into its embedment whence he had drawn it. A second time he drew it forth; a second time he whirled it thrice about his head; a second time he drave it back into the bosom of the iron Anvil. Then once again he drew it forth; and so thrice, in the eyes of all the world, did he achieve the adventure that no other man but he might hope to compass.

And all the while that he so thrice performed this miracle the mighty multitude swayed and thundered about him. And still it so swayed and thundered as, having set the point of the



shining Sword to the ground, Arthur stood there for a while leaning upon the hilt, his bosom rising and falling with great breathing, the whiles he gazed out straight before him from under his level brows with his piercing and eagle-like gaze, beholding nothing of things about him and recking nothing but the thoughts that moved within him. And ever the tumult rocked and thundered round him as rocks and thunders the tempest round the young eagle where he stands unruffled, alone, and motionless upon his high pinnacle of rock. For so stood young Arthur upon his pinnacle of kingdom, hearing, as afar off, the roar and the thunder of that mighty acclamation.

Then, through all the tumult, came King Leodegrance forward and took him by the hand, and lo, the tears were trickling down upon his cheeks and upon his beard. "And is it indeed true," cried he, "that I this day behold the very flesh and blood of mine own dear friend and comrade King Uther Pendragon? And is it indeed true that his own son doth now stand before me clothed with such kingly estate?"

Then did Arthur fall a-trembling; for now indeed the very truth of all that had happened unto him came, of a sudden, strongly upon him. "Ay," cried he; "I am in sooth the son of King Uther Pendragon! And well I know thee as my father's one-time true and faithful friend. Wherefore I do now crave a boon of thee, and this it is: that this day thou wilt confer my knighthood upon me."

Then King Leodegrance kissed him upon the forehead. "So shall it be," quoth he, "and glad am I that I may do thee this honor. But tell me, have I not seen thy face before this time?"

"Ay," said Arthur; "for it was even I who drew forth Merlin's blade from the table at the forest inn where thou and thy court abided one night. There I drew forth that blade even as I drew forth this Sword this day."

Then King Leodegrance cried out, marveling none the less.

But now the archbishop came forth, and Arthur knelt before him for his blessing, which the archbishop forthwith bestowed upon him. Then, before he arose, Arthur spake thus:

"My Lord Archbishop, I have one thing to ask of thee, and that is this: that thou wilt take this precious Sword that I have won this day, and that thou wilt place it upon the high altar as a bequest from me, who am King Uther Pendragon's son."

"So shall it be accepted," quoth the archbishop, "and, I wot, a right kingly gift is that which thou dost so reverently bestow upon the church this day."

Then came forth King Ban of Benwick and gave Arthur good greeting as had those other two; for King Ban was of noble heart, and begrudged honor to no man.

But all the other of those seven kings there present stood aloof in anger and in sullen mood. And more especially angered were those two who should have approved themselves Arthur's brothers by law, to wit, King Lot and King Uriens. These kings, unlike King Leodegrance and King Ban, now refused to accept or to accredit Arthur's approvement; wherefore, gathering themselves together and led by King Lot and King Uriens, they departed with angry and averted faces; nor would they hearken to anything that the archbishop might say unto them.

As for Sir Ector and Sir Kay, they stood upon one side, weighed down by sadness; for it seemed to them that Arthur had, of a sudden, been uplifted so far from their estate that they might never hope to approach him more. For now he was indeed of kingly consequence, and they were but common knights. Nor was it till Arthur turned to them and took them by the hands and kissed them upon the cheeks that they felt again uplifted unto him.

Then last of all Arthur turned unto Merlin, and, kneeling, kissed his hand.

Then turned he unto Sir Ulfius, and, kneeling, kissed his hand also.

For surely these two were they who had done the most of all to bring him unto his high estate of kingship.

And so I have told you how Arthur achieved the adventure of the Sword that day, and how, of a sudden, he arose from being only a poor esquire-at-arms to becoming the foremost of consequence in all that land. Wherefore may

every young life so make itself ready for high honors (should they befall) as did young Arthur of Britain.

But no man may arise of a sudden to such greatness as this and yet make no enemies thereby. Nor might any one, even a potent king, have chanced at that time to become overlord of that land without awakening the ire of all those who had hoped for the same lofty honor themselves. Wherefore, even had King Leodegrance of Camilard, or King Lot, or King Uriens, or King Ban won that great accomplishment, all those other kings would, of a surety, have been set against him in bitter despite.

So, in sooth, it was not to be supposed that when a youth so unknown to all the world as was Arthur did suddenly achieve that high honor, proud and haughty kings should bow their heads in acknowledgment of him. Far otherwise was it with them, for, whilst no man in all the world dared to gainsay the truth of Merlin's plighted word and of Sir Ulfus's plighted word unto the faces of these two, yet when these kings were come together into privy communion of talk among themselves, they freely spake their minds upon these matters.

"Wherefore," said some, "should we accept this unknown knave upon the testimony only of two voices, and those voices not of royal estate?"

"How," said others, "shall we be assured that it is indeed true that this beardless boy is of such royal estate as he is proclaimed to be? For who in all the world hath heard till now that King Uther Pendragon ever had a son?"

"And shall we," said still others, "rest content to have a beardless lad whom no man knoweth for to rule over us who have for all these many years lived as kings in our own royal right? And shall we so receive him upon no better assurance than the word of Merlin the Wise and of Ulfus the Steadfast? Who may know but that they two have plotted this matter betwixt them, and have raised this stripping up that they might exalt themselves along with him!"

Thus spake these kings and dukes privily among themselves, so that it fell out that no

one of all those royal folk would accept Arthur, saving only King Leodegrance of Camilard and King Ban of Benwick. For all the other of the seventeen kings and all the sixteen dukes cried out among themselves: "Nay; we will have none of him except upon further trial and upon greater avouching!"

Nor, indeed, might the archbishop himself altogether accept the claims of young Arthur. Nor was it until he, together with King Leodegrance and King Ban, had talked in secret for a long while with Merlin and with Sir Ulfus and with Sir Ector that he proclaimed himself to be satisfied. Yet, having so communed with those three, it was not possible for the archbishop nor for any man to doubt the avouchment of such famous and noble men — wherefore in the end he accepted and acknowledged Arthur as the true and lawful son of King Uther Pendragon. Moreover, he could not but give great words of praise unto Merlin, that he should thus cunningly have guarded that one-time tender and precious life from its potent enemies until such time that the child had reached manly estate and so was well fitted to guard himself against evil-doers.

Nevertheless, for the better satisfaction of all the world, the archbishop ordained that further trials of the Sword should be made. This he did, not to satisfy himself, but because it came unto his ears that many lords and barons (being led thereto by those fifteen kings and sixteen dukes) affirmed among themselves "that it were great shame unto all that the realm should be given to be governed by a beardless boy not of high blood born."

So the archbishop ordained that another assay of the Sword should be made at Candlemas, and thereto came many royal and lordly folk; and thereat Arthur again drew forth the Sword from the Anvil in the sight of all. But still many doubted, and so the archbishop ordained that a third trial should be made at Easter, and, after that, that a fourth trial should be made at Pentecost. And at all these trials Arthur repeatedly drew forth the Sword from the Anvil in the sight of all men.

But now the lesser barons and the commons cried out that these were trials enow, and that Arthur had surely approved himself to be right-

fully king; wherefore they demanded that he should be made king indeed, so that he might rule over them.

For now it had come to pass that whithersoever Arthur went great crowds followed after him, striving to touch the hem of his cloak, and giving him loud acclaim as being the true son of King Uther Pendragon and lawful Overlord of Britain. Wherefore the archbishop (seeing how the people loved Arthur and how greatly they desired him for their king) ordained that he should be rightwise anointed and crowned unto royal estate; and so it was done.

Upon this all those evil-minded kings and dukes departed in great despite and mightily wroth, and so, in great vexation and trouble, Arthur, the son of Uther Pendragon, began his great and glorious reign.

Now I shall not tell you in full of the wars that followed, in which, by the time that seven years had passed, Arthur had overcome all his enemies. For sometime, haply, you may read for yourself concerning these things in that great book called "Le Morte d'Arthur," made more than four hundred years ago by the father of all English printers; for therein all these things are set forth at great length. Therein may ye read of how there came against Arthur, for to overthrow him, six kings, to wit, the King of Scotland, King Nantres of Garloth, a king named Carados, a king called the King of an Hundred Knights—they and King Lot and King Uriens, those evil-minded brothers-in-law of Arthur who should have stood his friends, but who were instead his bitterest foes. But Arthur had the people on his side, and, being advised by Merlin and Sir Ulfius (whom he had made his chamberlain), and being helped and sustained by Sir Bodwin of Britain (whom he had made his constable), and by Sir Kay (whom he had made seneschal of all his kingdom), he overcame his enemies in a pitched battle, and drove them from the field.

In that great book ye may read how, upon Merlin's advisement, King Arthur made friends with King Ban of Benwick and with King Bors of North Gaul, and united them to him into close alliance against all their enemies. There

ye may read how, accordingly, when King Lot and King Uriens came against Arthur a second time with nine other kings, and with a mighty host that overwhelmed all the land with fire and sword, King Arthur, having thus King Ban and King Bors with him, was able to go against them with a considerable array. There may ye read of how a great battle was fought nigh the forest of Bedegraine; whereat Arthur (though so young in years and though outnumbered nigh two to one by his enemies) achieved a great victory over the eleven kings, so that their hosts were entirely broken and dispersed over the face of the land.

There may ye read how King Rayence of North Wales sent spiteful word to King Arthur that he would presently come to take Arthur's young beard for to trim a mantle withal, and how him also King Arthur overthrew with great ease.

There may ye read how King Arthur sent for his half-sister Queen Margaise, the wife of King Lot, for to come to his court with her five sons, there to remain as an hostage; and of how he sent for his half-sister Queen Morgana le Fay, the wife of King Uriens, to come to court with her one son, Sir Owaine le Blanch Mains, also to remain as an hostage, and of how thenceforth there was peace betwixt Arthur and his brothers-in-law. All these things may ye read therein, and of many other things as well, showing how, with heart of gentleness and yet with fist of steel, King Arthur stablished his kingdom over all that realm.

But that of which I have now presently to tell you is of another sort; for I shall there set forth before you how King Arthur won him a queen, and of the goodly adventures that happened to him thereby (for now seven years had passed in strife and victory, and he had grown from a lad to a man of five-and-twenty); and of these things ye may not read in that great book whereof I spake. For that of which I shall now tell you may be found only in ancient ballads and tales of yore.

So listen, and ye shall hear of the great deeds and of the knightly adventures that happened in the fair times of smiling peace that followed after all those dreadful wars.



# ing Arthur of Britain. *A*





## LITTLE MAN FRIDAY.

BY CLARA MORRIS.



BABYISH voice outside called: "Fwiday! Fwiday! Oh-h-h, Fwiday!"

Then there was a piercing whistle, followed by a boy's voice at highest possible pitch crying: "Friday! Friday! Friday!"

Mrs. Ames twitched her shoulders impatiently. She was distinctly cross, for she was in the midst of the mis-

ery of making jelly that would n't "jell," and as the calls of her two children came to her ears she exclaimed:

"For mercy's sake, just look at that glass of jelly, nearly cold and no thicker than cream! And all my life I've despised the woman that had to stiffen up her jelly with gelatin! Well, serves me right for beginning a thing on Friday! Nothing good ever came to any one on Friday!"

I laughed and said: "Did n't Harry's dog, Little Man Friday, come to you on that day?"

"Yes," she snapped, "he did, if you call *him* anything good; and he came in a storm that tore off the shingles and let in the rain and spoiled the ceiling of my spare bedroom! No; nothing good ever comes to any one on Friday, and—"

Just then there rose upon the air a cry of dog-gish anguish, and I ran out to see what was the matter with Little Friday Ames, whose high and sharp *ki-yi, ki-yi!* expressed great terror or pain.

The front yard was separated from the back by a high, close lattice with a door in it. The children had thoughtlessly closed this door, and then, on starting away to play, had called and called to the dog to follow them. Poor little beast! He had hunted faithfully for an opening, had tried to fling himself bodily through the obstruction, and finally had attempted to dig a place beneath the lattice; but being a boy's dog, and wildly impatient to follow his beloved com-

panion, he had not dug deep enough, and in attempting to squeeze through he had stuck fast. I ran frantically about, looking for some tool or implement that would be of service, and at last, with the aid of a fire-shovel and much petting and soothing, I succeeded in digging him out; and the next moment he was sending a shower of gravel back from his flying feet as he tore off after his chums, Harry and little Sue.

Like most boys' dogs, Friday was a mongrel. It would be much easier to say what he was not than what he was, for he was neither retriever, pointer, St. Bernard, Newfoundland, bull, nor mastiff—nor anything else that was well-bred or clearly defined; but he was intelligence itself.

He was never tired, never cross; he was always ready to eat or sleep. He was of medium size, and he had a yellow-brown coat of short stiff hair marked by a dark stripe running down his backbone. Nature had carelessly given him four misfit feet much too large for him. At first sight people were apt to pity him for having to carry about such length and weight of caudal appendage as he had, and declared he should have been divorced from it in his earliest youth; but once they saw the very tempest of joy that lumpy long tail could express,—saw it like a harp-string fairly vibrating with love and devotion,—they felt there was not one inch too much of it. In his ridiculous body he showed all the flighty activity of a fox-terrier, while in his rare moments of quietude his face wore a truly mastiff-like gravity.

On the morning of the equinoctial storm, two years before,—a Friday morning,—Mr. Ames, on opening his door, had found on the porch a wet, shivering, shaking, forlorn little puppy. He was empty, he was cold, and probably he was frightened, but he did n't show it if he was; on the contrary, he rose and ambled with shivery joy to meet Mr. Ames, to whose face he lifted his bright eyes, gazing at him with that expression of immeasurable, undying trust that is found in its perfection only in the eyes of a boy's dog.

Mr. Ames, as he stepped quickly back to avoid the rain, exclaimed: "Well, where on earth did you come from?"

But the puppy, moved doubtless by the same

Ames — bustling and indignant — was making some threats about "putting that horrid little beast right out of there!" when Harry came in.

The moment the bold blue eyes of the boy met



"MAN FRIDAY, WHEN FIDDEN TO GIVE UP THE BAG, GROWLED AS SAVAGELY AS A FULL MOUTH WOULD PERMIT." (SEE PAGE 219.)

impulse to avoid further wetting, slipped inside without answering the question, and with the air of saying, "Yes, thank you, I *will* come in and rest awhile, since you press me so!" he ambled across the room toward the stove. But his muddy feet left a number of tracks on the creamy whiteness of the kitchen floor, and Mrs.

the brown bright eyes of the dog, they understood each other — each recognized in the other his missing chum.

"Oh, mother!" cried Harry, "I want him!"

And Mrs. Ames, turning the pancakes with unnecessary emphasis, replied that he "might go right on wantin'! If he wanted a dog, he'd

better wait and get a good one, not a poor, miserable, splay-footed, no-breed thing like that!"

But Harry persisted, and when he saw the tracks on the floor he cried out:

"Oh, please, mama, please let him stay just to-day, to play 'Man Friday' when I'm 'Robinson Crusoe'! See his nice footprints already made—and you won't let me go to school to-day—and I have to play with something!" and so on; and Mrs. Ames, vowing that "she would ne'er consent—consented," of course.

The little waif, with rare discretion, had meanwhile withdrawn to comparative seclusion behind the cozy kitchen stove, where the pleasant warmth was gradually subduing his convulsive shivers; and when Harry placed before him a dish of warm bread and milk, the hungry little chap cleaned the dish, and then, stretching himself out behind the stove, he slept like a small log until the children came from the dining-room and called him to take his part in their production of the thrilling drama of "Robinson Crusoe." But before beginning that, they had to perform the important duty of naming him; and considering the day of the week and the part he was to play for them, they thought that "Little Man Friday" would be a suitable name. Mrs. Ames, for different reasons, quite agreed with them, for she declared that Friday was the worst day of the week, and the puppy was the worst-looking specimen of doghood she ever saw!—taking the sting off her words, however, by placing a basin of drinking water in the corner for him.

And Mr. Ames, as he flapped his umbrella open and shut two or three times,—to make sure it would open quickly when he got outside in the pouring rain,—nodded his head and said: "The name would fit the puppy like his skin!"

Whereupon Sue, who was an observant small person, excitedly informed him that "his skin did n't fit 'im at all, but hanged jus' loose all over 'im—mebbe it was n't his skin, after all!"

And Mr. Ames laughed and said: "Well, he can't go out and change it in such a storm as this, so he 'd better grow as fast as possible and fill it up—but the name is all right!"

And so the little wanderer and waif had suddenly found himself in possession of a local habitation and a name. While he was known as Little Man Friday to the children, to the neighbors he was known as "Little Friday Ames." He filled his skin nicely now. He was not fat, mind you,—no boy's dog ever has time to get fat,—but his skin had that looseness at the back of the neck necessary for Harry's lifting him.

His ears were a bit jagged on the edges in consequence of his too ready obedience to Harry's promiscuous "sickings." Man Friday was not heavy enough to be a successful fighter—not strong enough; he almost always got whipped; but that made no difference to him. A "s-s-sick 'em" to a dog is what a "dare" is to a boy, and being a boy's dog, Friday could n't take a dare; and had Harry "sicked" him at a royal Bengal tiger, he would have done his loyal, idiotic little best to tackle the awful beast.

It was surprising, the amount of knowledge the dog had gained in two years. Every boy in the neighborhood knew he was worth his weight in gold as a finder of lost balls. He could carry canes, and bring sticks out of the water. He walked on his hind legs, sat up badly, and smoked a pipe worse, and was a grateful dog that these three tricks were only required of him on wet Saturday afternoons.

The only time he had ever wished he was away was when a visitor was trying to teach him to hold a biscuit on his nose, and then toss it up at command, and catch it. That experience greatly reduced his regard for grown-up people. He was no respecter of persons. He would rush madly into any neighbor's cellar, and tear everything to pieces there, at a merely whispered: "Rats, Friday!"

One poor housekeeper once remarked that when he got among her barrels she might have thought, from the noise he made, that she was in a cooper-shop.

Like all intelligent dogs, he could measure time very well. Every morning he escorted the children to the school-yard gate, there giving up to Sue the small bag containing the primer, slate, and apples that in those days were considered sufficient for the beginning of every young person's education. This surrender was,

of course, not made peacefully—every boy's dog will understand that. Man Friday, when bidden to give up the bag, growled as savagely as a full mouth would permit, and quite properly jerked the bag away from the hand held out for it. A struggle always followed, in which some very dreadful blows had to be inflicted by Sue's chubby hands, while the delighted tots looking on screamed with glee: "Oh, he 's goin' to bite! yes, he is too—he 's goin' to bite!"

And then the invincible Sue boldly seized upon the long tail, and Little Friday Ames dropped the bag to defend himself; while, with shrieks of triumph, the bag was snatched up, and his duty of amusing the children done, he turned and trotted home alone, wisely attending to any visiting of his own during that period of quiet.

Truth to tell, Man Friday had but few friends of his own race. Gentlemen's big, well-bred dogs looked down on him, while he simply hated ladies' dogs, himself declining any acquaintance with them. But he had one chum, another boy's dog, that he was really fond of. He lived in another ward, and went to school there with his boy. He had started out meaning to be a bulldog. He knew every required "point"—all about the "breadth of head," "depth of nose-top," "underhung jaw," "bowed legs," and "stub tail"; but somehow or other he had been dipped into the wrong dye-pot: he was perfectly black. Think of it!—he who was to have been pink of skin, white of coat, and with just a patch over his eye! This so rattled him that while he bowed his legs he got them much too long, which made him forget to push his nose up into his forehead. And the very first time he got a good look at himself, he said, he knew if he was n't drowned he 'd simply have to be a boy's dog; no one else on earth, it seemed, could look at him without laughing rudely or throwing stones at him—and every dog knows that the stones hurt the least.

But the day he was to have been drowned was so cold the water froze, and next morning he went out and hunted up a boy who was always fighting, and proved to him that, though his "points" were all wrong, he had the true bulldog grip and pluck; and his boy named

him "Terror," which was shortened to Terry for every-day use.

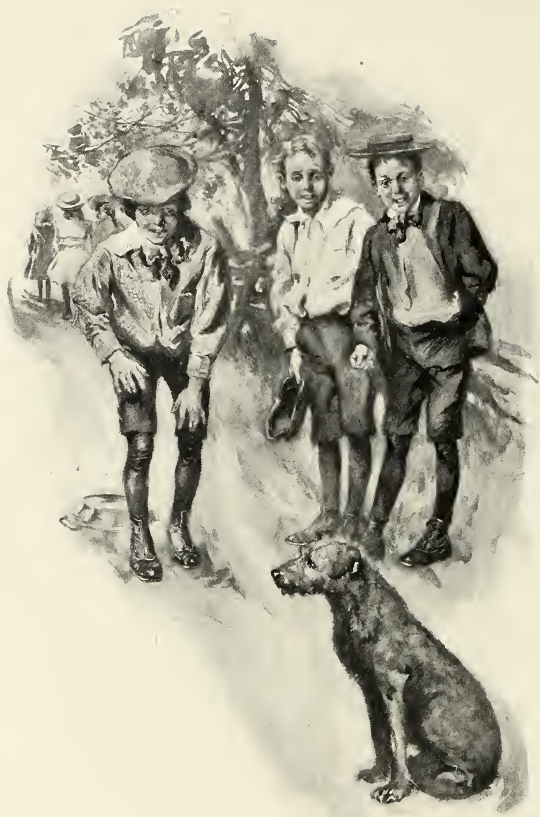
And Terry, the black, long-legged, long-nosed freak of a bulldog was Little Man Friday's closest friend, and they often met at a German restaurant. They both were sober dogs, but this shop was midway between the two schools, and therefore convenient for both; and they could retire into the back yard and crawl under a grindstone, and, in its cool shadow, discuss everything.

But never, *never*, even in Terry's company, did Little Man Friday fail to keep "tab" on the flying moments. Never once did the Comanche yell of the first boy out of school fail to be answered by the shrill *ki-yi, ki-yi!* of Little Friday Ames, who was outside the school-yard gate, ready for duty—for leaps over clasped hands, races, tearing imaginary game from the unwilling earth, or to fight anything he was "sicked" at.

Oh, yes; Friday could tell other hours besides meal-times. What he did n't know about boys was certainly not worth knowing. He put no trust in the boy with a handful of string; and it was amusing to see how cleverly he "jockeyed" with that boy, always keeping a bit behind. He knew his long tail suggested all sorts of ideas to a boy with a string. Then, too, whenever he came upon an old kettle or pot or pan, he sat down right there and then! No whistling, no knee-patting, no "old-man-ning" could make him rise until the boys had moved on a bit. He was not cross, only firm—*very* firm! Pleasantly but very solidly he sat down hard and fast to guard that long tail of his, tucked safely beneath him. You see, his memory was an excellent one. He could see that between a boy and a dog—even between a swimming and a whipping—there was a natural association of ideas, as the saying is; but he considered a dog's tail and a tin kettle as natural enemies.

On the day mentioned, after having released Man Friday from his painful and humiliating position, I returned to the kitchen and sat down to regain my breath, while Mrs. Ames, still vexed over her unjelled jelly, went about putting everything in the perfect order her soul loved. She had just announced to me that "we might as well go into the sitting-room now, and have





"NO WHISTLING, NO KNEE-PATting, NO 'OLD-MANNING' COULD MAKE HIM RISE  
UNTIL HIS CHUMS HAD MOVED ON A BIT."

a look at those patterns," when I heard the rattle of gravel flung from flying feet, and saw Man Friday tear around the house, up the porch steps, and into the kitchen, where he flung himself against Mrs. Ames with yelps such as I had never heard from him before; he seemed literally wild with excitement and fear—his eyes so widely strained that they showed the bloodshot whites, his body shivering, froth about his jaws! Mrs. Ames rushed toward the door, crying out: "He 's mad—as sure 's you 're alive, he is!"

But I had risen, and, looking beyond Man Friday into space, an awful thought came to me: "*The children!*"

Friday gave another bound against her, then rushed out to the head of the steps. Looking back and seeing that he was not followed, he sat down suddenly, lifted his muzzle, and gave forth a long howl.

"Mercy me!" Mrs. Ames exclaimed, "the dog 's alone!" and then she called loudly: "Harry! Harry! Susie! Sue!"

At these names Little Friday sprang down the steps, and barking furiously, rushed to the gate. Mrs. Ames staggered, and for one moment put her hand out and clung to the door, when Man Friday returned, caught her apron in his teeth, and, running backward, pulled her to the porch.

The next moment she and I rushed out, and the passers-by saw two terrified women apparently playing tag with a common yellow dog in the public street; but then, appearances are very deceptive things sometimes.

We had not far to go, only to the next corner, and there Little Friday, after looking back to see if we followed, turned the corner. My brain was working fast. Where were the children likely to go in that street to play? Mr. Brown's private stable?—there was a pony there! No; Friday had passed Mr. Brown's house. To the lot where there was a house being built? Nothing could happen there; the men would see to that. The men? *The men?* Had I not heard that work had been stopped there for some days? Friday had turned in there, his spasmodic barkings telling *me*, at least, that he was digging. A mass of fallen sand at the foot of a little cliff—at one end a crowd of small foot-prints all pointing the same way, tell-

ing plainly of a childish stampede, Sue's little hat on the ground, and devoted, frantic Man Friday digging like mad!—that was what we saw when we turned into the open lot.

After that it seemed a sort of nightmare: the summoning of help, the digging, the cautions to be careful not to hurt the children with the shovels should they really be there, the prayers and sobs of Mrs. Ames; and through it all the panting breath of Little Man Friday digging, digging all the time! Then there was a cry from the mother. The dog had uncovered a bit of Sue's pink dress! Then, leaving *her* to stronger helpers, Friday turned away to win his final triumph! Looking at the digging men, a sort of pitying contempt came into his face, his manner saying as plain as day: "Oh, those men! Why don't they put their noses to the sand and find my boy's trail before they dig like this?" And suiting the action to his thought, he nosed along the sand, and then suddenly began a fierce digging at a spot quite removed from the men, while he barked with all the strength he had left!

"Oh," I cried, "see Little Man Friday! You are working in the wrong place—I am sure your are—Man Friday says so!"

The men looked up at one another. Every moment told: an instant wasted might mean life or death! Yet the dog seemed so sure he was on the right track that Little Man Friday was accepted at once as their guide, master workman, and boss; and where he led they *found*. Presently the rescued children lay upon the ground, their nearly suffocated little faces turned upward to the blessed light and air, while, whimpering and shivering, Man Friday ran from one to the other noisily barking his song of joy at their rescue.

When restoratives had been applied and the children removed to their home and put to bed, Harry called rather weakly: "Friday! Friday!" and at that call poor Friday simply lost his wits. He howled, he leaped, he barked, he chased his own tail round and round until he fell over, a helpless heap of joy!

As we sat at dinner that day, Mrs. Ames said in her determined manner:

"James, I want a piece of the *breast* of that

chicken, and plenty of gravy, too. And what is more, please put it on that gilt-edged plate."

And then she rose with her grimmest air, and, walking to the kitchen, she placed the plate before the surprised dog—who up to that time had eaten from a tin pie-pan—and remarked: "The best I have is what you'll get, little man, the rest of your days!" and she stroked him kindly.

The china plate worried Friday a bit,—it was so fine,—so he carried all the pieces of chicken off and ate them from the zinc under the stove, and afterward attended rather gingerly to the gravy—which was really too good to be left; then, earnestly wishing to show his apprecia-

tion of her kindness, he went to the cellar for a while, and by and by came into the sitting-room, dirty, panting, and happy, to lay at her feet a large rat.

But even that—though it frightened her into shrieks—could not shake Mrs. Ames's new-found liking for the devoted dog, whose intelligence and love had, under Providence, saved to her her two children.

As she counted her silver spoons and forks into their basket, she said to me: "As long as I'm a livin' woman, I'll never say a word against stray dogs again; for I shall never forget that it was the luckiest day of my life that brought to our door Little Man Friday."



THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.



### WARNING.

By A. B. P.

My papa tells me, if I pout  
And keep my lips "all sticking out,"  
They 'll freeze that way some day, and then  
They never will unfreeze again.

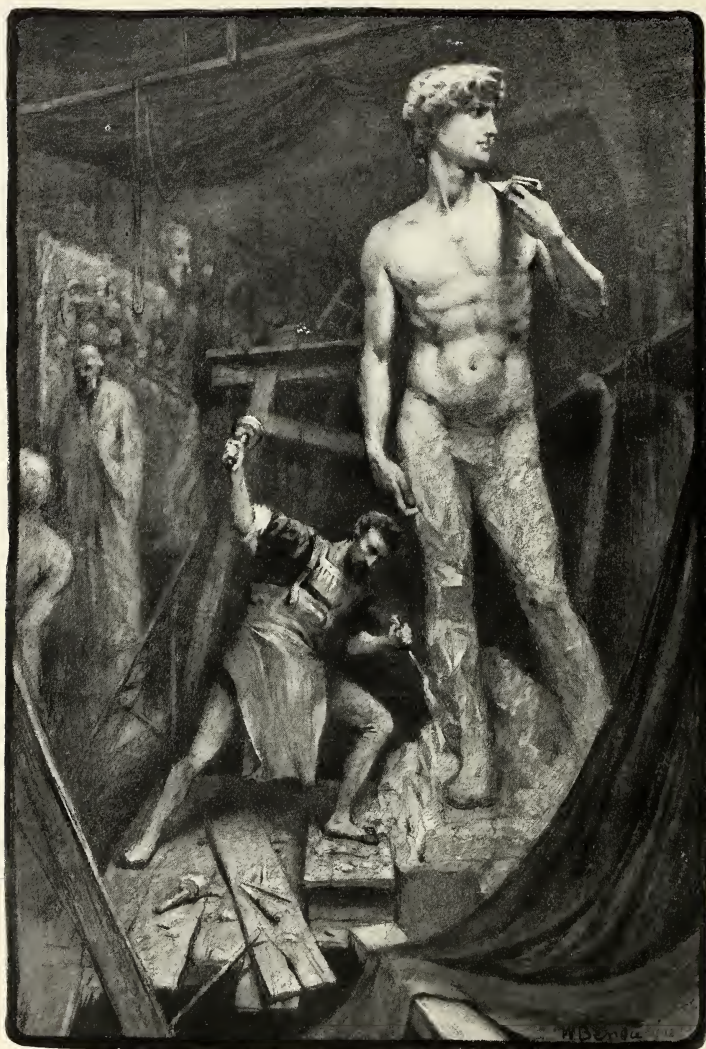
So, boys and girls, you 'd better try  
To be as full of fun as I;  
Then, if your face should freeze and stay,  
Your folks would love you anyway.

### TOMMY AND THE PIE.

By MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

"WHICH do you prefer, Tommy, apple-pie or peach?"  
"Thank you, ma'am," said Tommy; "I prefer a piece of each."





"THE SCULPTOR WROUGHT IN SPLENDID STRIFE."

## IN THE MARBLE.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

THE workman tossed his chisel high ;  
The chips flew here, the hammer there.  
He had had dreams — but wherefore try ?  
What use when Fortune passed him by —  
Or balked him with the evil eye !  
Such marble made a heart's despair !

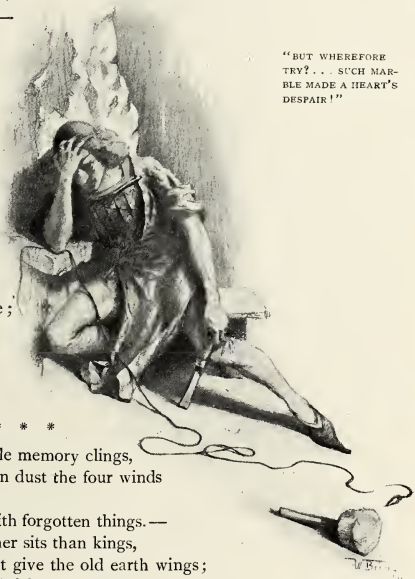
The great block fell aside, nor woke  
Till, after years, one came about  
With power strange secrets to evoke,  
And saw its flawless length, and broke  
Its silence with his mighty stroke,  
And called its sleeping hero out.

The marble flew in flakes of fire,  
The sculptor wrought in splendid strife ;  
His were the hands no task could tire —  
The strength of heaven was his desire ;  
He held great spirits in his hire,  
He struck the hero's soul to life !

\* \* \* \* \*

To one, this idle memory clings,  
His unknown dust the four winds  
blow ;  
His name is with forgotten things. —  
Higher the other sits than kings,  
With those that give the old earth wings ;  
For he was Michael Angelo.

"BUT WHEREFORE  
TRY? . . . SUCH MAR-  
BLE MADE A HEART'S  
DESPAIR!"





“IT IS WHEN HUNGRY THAT HE IS MOST DANGEROUS.”

## THE LION-TAMER.

BY ROY BENSON RICHARDSON.

It had been deemed necessary to spank Bobby. When it was all over with the exception of the subdued, spasmodic snuffle, Bobby, whose palpitating heart was sorely grieved, found his way to the library, where his Uncle Will had fled. The door was closed, for Uncle Will claimed he could n't bear to hear little boys cry. Bobby knocked, and rattled the door-knob.

"Come in," called Uncle Will.

"What—*snuff*—what are you doin', Uncle Will?" asked Bobby, in a plaintive pipe.

"Reading about lions," was the reply; and Uncle Will bent again over his book.

Bobby advanced, sniffing, and took an humble stand by the arm of his uncle's chair. In Uncle Will's lap, sure enough, lay a large book, on the open page of which was a picture, in colors, of an immense and ferocious lion in the act of rending a mild gazelle. To look at the scene was to shudder, and Bobby put his finger in his mouth, dreading to think what might happen if the lion should suddenly leap out of the book.

"Does the subject interest you?" Uncle Will asked encouragingly, putting an arm about his nephew. Bobby climbed into the chair. He felt safer, at any rate, near Uncle Will.

"He won't hurt us, will he?" he remarked, with an air of boldness. "Would he eat us, Uncle Will?"

"When satiated with food, which he devours while the blood of his prey is yet warm with life," read Uncle Will from the book, "he is stupid, and may be pursued and slain with ease and safety. It is when hungry that he is most dangerous to the hunter. The natives build great circular bonfires—"

"Once at the circus, Uncle Will," breathlessly broke in Bobby, wriggling, "w'y—w'y—you tooked me to the circus!"

"Very good, so far," said Uncle Will, with a knowing smile; "and very true. Go on."

"And—and—we saw some lions, did n't we, Uncle Will?"

Uncle Will chuckled.

"I thought we would soon come to our point," said he to himself. Then aloud: "We certainly did, Bobby. They were 'corkers,' too, were n't they?"

"Uncle Will," cried Bobby, squirming with excitement at so reckless a thought, "supposin' a grea', grea' big lion comed right in this liberry—w'y—"

"Yes," encouraged Uncle Will—"seeking whom he might devour. I follow you. Go on."

"W'y, we 'd—we 'd just tell him to go 'way again," said Bobby, with a sweeping gesture of contempt. "And—and he 'd go, too, would n't he, Uncle Will?"

"Yes; with the exercise of some diplomacy and a stern but polite dismissal, I think we might readily free our library of lions. Now look here, young man," Uncle Will went on, shutting his book and drawing Bobby closely to him, so that the yellow curls clustered confidently upon his shoulder and a warm little breath swept his cheek, "what was all that trouble I heard awhile ago? Were you a party to it?"

"I got a spankin'," Bobby remarked, with a yawn.

"So? What was that for?"

"I was naughty."

"Oh, that is very painful news!" Uncle Will exclaimed.

"Nurse would n't let me eat my doughnut," Bobby admitted frankly.

"Did mama say you might eat your doughnut?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why did n't you?"

"Uncle Will, I told you once. Nurse said I must wait for luncheon."

"And then what happened?"

"I bit the horrid old nurse, that 's what I did!"



"Just like the lion when he is hungry," suggested Uncle Will, kissing the childish forehead tenderly. "Snarling and biting, and saying bad, bad words," he added as if to himself; "just like the lion. I am surprised and shocked to think that *my* nephew would do such things."

Bobby cuddled closer to Uncle Will, and hid his face.

"I was hungry," he murmured.

Uncle Will smiled, and stroked the downy cheek. To be hungry explained so much! Even the ravenous lion was docile when his hunger had been satisfied. And wherein lay the difference? Boy—lion; lion—boy? Uncle Will had been hungry himself. Once, in the Philip-pines, on a long march, he had been so terribly hungry it had seemed to him he would have to break the military rules for the sake of food, even at risk of being court martialed. He had bitten no one, it was true; but as he now thought of that time it appeared to him his salvation had rested in the fact that he had not been forbidden to bite. The first sign of opposition would have thrown him and many another into open revolt.

He condensed this chain of thought into a few simple words, and Bobby listened while he told of that fearful march, and of the reward of waiting that came with the sinking sun.

"Uncle Will," said Bobby, drowsily, as the narrative drew to a close, "did you shoot any lions in the war?"

"No, Bobby," answered Uncle Will. "I saw some, though."

"Really truly live ones, Uncle Will?"

"Well—er— it amounted to that, yes."

"And you took me to the circus; did n't you, Uncle Will?"

"So I am led to believe."

"And they was lions there, was n't they?"

"Yes, laddie. And they bit, and scratched, and snarled."

"Uncle Will."

"What, dear?"

"I love you, Uncle Will."

As Bobby said this, Uncle Will's eyes grew moist, and he smiled through his tears—tears of love for the precious boy whose little heart he so well understood; but he did not answer.

"And— Uncle Will— I— I— are n't goin'— to bite— any— more."

"What in the world are you two doing in here all this time by yourselves?" exclaimed Bobby's mother, entering the room at this moment.

Uncle Will held up a warning finger.

"Sh-h-h!" he whispered. "He is asleep."

"What were you doing, Will?"

"Taming lions," answered Uncle Will, rising carefully with the unconscious child in his arms. Bobby's curls, matted in tangled webs of gold, lay upon his breast, and the tender flush of the boy's cheeks was like the first suggestion of a lovely sunrise, delicate and pink and pure.

"Here is the lion cub, Alice," Uncle Will remarked. "Where shall we put him?"

Then, as they went together into another room, and while Bobby, thoroughly tamed, slept sweetly in his crib before them, the uncle and the mother looked at each other and smiled.

"Alice," said Uncle Will, putting an affectionate arm about the young mother, "Bobby is yours, bless him, but I wish you would n't whip him any more. He does n't need it. I may be a wicked old uncle, but I am sure he thought he was justified in biting Nora. And why should n't he bite her?" continued Uncle Will, with a fierce pull at his mustache.

"Oh, you perfectly ridiculous boy!" responded his sister. "But do you know I had also come to the conclusion that I was too severe with Bobby."

"That is a great comfort to me," sighed Uncle Will.

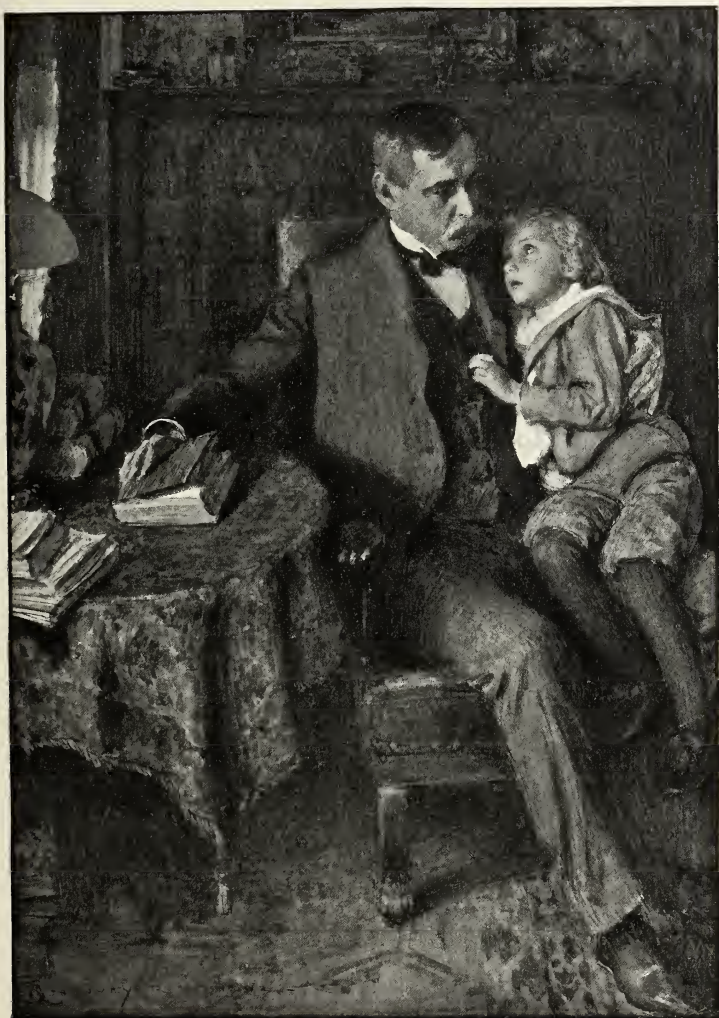
"Nora did n't quite understand, and I was just coming to talk it over with you and Bobby," said the mother.

Uncle Will wagged his head knowingly.

"I tell you, Alice," said he, "it runs in the family."

"What does?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Uncle Will, laughing, and he looked back at Bobby as the two left the room. "God bless him! What was I talking about, anyhow?"



“AND—UNCLE WILL—I—I—ARE N’T GOIN’—TO BITE—ANY—MORE.”



## WHEN IT RAINED BUFFALOES.

BY LEWIS B. MILLER.

"YES, I wuz the first settler in this part o' the country," said Grandpa Coburn. "We moved out hyer when Ben there wuz only twelve. Ye 'll be fifty-three on yer next birthday, won't ye, Ben? Forty year ago! but I would n't b'lieve it if the almanick did n't say so. Seems like it wuz only yisterday when we druv up through hyer an' camped out yander at the foot o' the hill, right close to the spring. It wuz a good day's travel to the nearest house then.

"We had some ruther rough times at first. About the worst exper'nce we ever had, though, wuz the night it rained buffaloes an' knocked our cabin all to flinders."

The old man leaned back in his rocking-chair, and glanced at the dozen or more people sitting in a semicircle before the fire. Two or three families from the neighboring farm-houses had dropped in to spend the evening, and the conversation had drifted back to the first settling of the country.

"Rained buffaloes! Who ever heard of such a thing?" exclaimed Mrs. Webb, in half-startled tones. "You 're joking. You don't ex-

pect us to believe that, do you, grandpa?" The old man and his wife were "grandpa" and "grandma" to everybody in the neighborhood, as well as to their numerous grandchildren.

"B'lieve it or not, it 's so," Grandpa Coburn replied, chuckling gleefully. This was his favorite story, and he delighted to surprise people by announcing the title in advance. The more they were startled at it the better he was pleased.

After waiting until the curiosity had been thoroughly aroused, the old farmer settled himself comfortably in his chair, and began the story which I shall tell as nearly as I can, though not in his own words.

Three or four years after Texas had ceased to be an independent republic, and had become a State of the Union, Henry Coburn, who lived in one of the eastern counties, loaded his household goods, his farming implements, and his family into his wagon, and started west. There was unoccupied land enough everywhere, much of it public land, too; but the very abun-

dance made Coburn harder to please. Day after day he and his family journeyed westward through a fine country, thinly settled, without finding any particular spot where they cared to stop.

The wagon was a large one, drawn by three yokes of oxen. Mrs. Coburn and the younger children rode in it, while her husband walked beside the team, whip in hand, and drove. Some coops at the rear end of the wagon contained their fowls. Behind came four or five cows with their calves, driven by twelve-year-old Benny Coburn, who was mounted on a little gray pony.

After traveling several days, they camped one night near the cabin of a settler, who told them that beyond him stretched an uninhabited, almost unexplored wilderness.

Mrs. Coburn was a little timid about venturing beyond the settlements; but her husband was courageous and eager to go, and she finally consented. So he cracked his whip over the oxen, and away they went.

On the second day after leaving civilization behind, they were making their way northward through a valley four or five miles wide. The valley was bounded on the east by a line of timber, and on the west by a low range of cedar-covered mountains. It was now the early springtime, and the little party thought they had never looked upon a region half so fair. The whole valley was carpeted over with mesquit grass, finer and softer than blue-grass, but of a lighter hue. Little groves of live-oaks were scattered here and there, looking like dark-green islands in a sea of bright green. Deer and antelopes and buffaloes and wild horses ceased grazing as the canvas-topped wagon approached, and gazed in wonder at the strange spectacle, then turned in alarm and sought safety in flight.

Coburn and his wife, and even the children, were enthusiastic over the country.

Late in the afternoon they came to where their progress was barred by what seemed to be a mountain-range stretched across the end of the valley.

At the foot of the slope was an outcropping ledge of solid limestone. It was some two hundred yards long and twenty-five feet thick,

and formed a massive overhanging cliff. At the bottom of the cliff a cold, clear spring bubbled out from a crevice in the rock. Here the Coburns went into camp.

The wagon was stopped within a few yards of the spring, almost under the cliff. Then the oxen were unyoked, and, after being hobbled and belled, were turned out to graze with the cows. Coburn and Benny climbed the hillside and dragged down a supply of wood for fuel, with which a fire was kindled. Then Coburn shouldered his long rifle and walked away around the hill, returning in a few minutes with a fat wild turkey-gobbler for supper.

As the sun sank behind the mountain-range on the west, and the shadows spread out over the valley, the wild animals could be seen coming from the timber on the east and from the mountain-slopes to graze. It was an ideal scene of peace and beauty. Coburn walked out in front of the camp and stood gazing admiringly.

"Mary, jest come out hyer a minute!" Coburn called to his wife; and when she left her cooking and came and stood by his side, he made a sweeping motion of his hand to include the whole landscape. "Jest look out there! Did ye ever see anything finer 'n that?" he exclaimed enthusiastically.

"No, I don't think I ever did," she replied, allowing her eyes to rest on the view that spread out before her.

"An' never will! This is the very place fer us—the place we've been a-lookin' fer. We could go a thousan' miles an' not find anything that 'll compare with it. There 's ever'thing hyer that heart could wish. Yander 's timber, an' hyer 's good grass an' good land. The mountain 's north of us to shelter us in the winter-time, an' that 's as good a spring as I ever drunk frum. Hyer 's whur we 're goin' to settle. Anybody that would n't be satisfied hyer might as well quit tryin'."

The next morning they unloaded the wagon and established their camp under the cliff. Then Coburn put his oxen to the plow and went to breaking land.

When he had turned over several acres of sod, he split and hauled rails enough from the timber to build a low fence around it, chiefly as a protection from his own stock. Then he



planted the ground in corn, with the exception of about an acre, which was reserved for vegetables and melons. While he was waiting for his planting to come up, he and Ben hauled more rails and made his fence higher.

The cabin had been built rather close under the cliff in order that it might be sheltered from wind-storms. Farther to the west, beyond the spring, the cow-pen, as well as the pens for the other stock, had been built up against it, so that



"IN MID-AIR, DIRECTLY OVER THEIR CABIN, WERE SOME EIGHT OR TEN BUFFALOES, ALL FALLING HELPLESSLY INTO THE VALLEY." (SEE PAGE 234.)

For several months they were very comfortable in their camp under the cliff, and it was not till after the crop had been laid by that Coburn turned his attention to building a house. The logs were cut and hauled, and then for the first time he expressed regret that they had no neighbors to invite to the house-raising.

the animals could find shelter under it in cold and rainy weather.

The Coburns felt some slight fear of Indians at first, but were not molested, and lived a peaceful though hermit-like life. There was an abundance to eat. They had brought a good quantity of flour and meal with them; their

cows supplied them with milk and butter, their farm with vegetables and melons, and the surrounding country with all kinds of game. Benny had learned to use his father's rifle, and was fast developing into a hunter. Already he had shot several wild turkeys, and he hoped to get a buffalo or two as soon as the cold weather should drive them southward again.

One evening at dusk Benny came in from hunting, and announced that from the top of the hill above the house a very black cloud could be seen rising in the northwest. It was from this direction that rain-storms came. The family stayed up later than usual, preferring to wait until the storm had passed before going to sleep. Coburn and his wife sat talking, while Benny and Annie were busy playing games. Willie, the younger boy, was sleeping on the bed, and the wee baby was asleep in its cradle. A smoldering fire, nearly covered with ashes, was trying to blaze in the fireplace, and a candle on the table gave out a flickering, uncertain light.

About ten o'clock the wind and rain began, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning and deafening bursts of thunder. Sheltered as was the position of the cabin, the wind attacked it furiously, roaring and shrieking around it, and whistling through the chinked but undaubed cracks. The first puff blew out the candle, leaving the room in darkness.

Coburn took the candle and relighted it at the fire, then put it back on the table, arranging some pans and buckets around it so as to shield it from the wind. He and his wife were both standing now, looking a little anxious. Annie and Benny had quit playing, and stood with awed faces, listening to the raging of the storm. The rain dashed like spray against the roof. The baby in its cradle and Willie on the bed were still sleeping peacefully, deaf to all that was going on outside.

For a few minutes it seemed as if the roof would be lifted off or the doors torn from their hinges; but the wind was not strong enough, and the worst was soon over.

As the wind became less violent the rain poured down all the harder. It beat against the walls of the cabin until it splattered through the cracks, and poured upon the roof until it forced itself between the boards in a fine mist.

Soon the rain slackened somewhat, and then it began to hail. At first the hailstones or pieces of ice that fell were scattering, but so large that they threatened to break through even the heavy boards. Thicker and faster the hailstones fell, until the pelting on the roof became a deafening roar. The elements seemed determined to do their worst.

The family soon heard another sound.

"What can it be?" asked Mrs. Coburn. She had to shout to make herself heard.

Her husband shook his head, but stood listening.

"Guess it's wild horses," Benny suggested. "I saw a big herd over t'wards the mount'n's to-day."

This was a very probable explanation, for the noise seemed more like the trampling of many heavy feet than anything else. The rain and the hail began to grow lighter, but the roar increased. The wild horses, or whatever they were, must be coming nearer.

While they all were listening and wondering, they were startled by hearing some heavy object strike the ground not far from the cabin. Mr. Coburn and his wife looked at each other in alarm. Before they had time to say anything, three or four similar sounds were heard, all near by.

"Can it be pieces o' the rock fallin'?" the woman asked, with a scared face.

"No; it cain't possibly be that," Coburn replied.

"Maybe the lightnin' 's struck it, or the water's washin' rocks down frum—" Mrs. Coburn was interrupted by the noise of something striking the cabin roof, shattering the chimney and tumbling half a wagon-load of soaked sod into the fireplace, putting out the fire in an instant.

Mrs. Coburn hastily drew the cradle back, while her husband put his eye to a crack and waited for the lightning to show what these mysterious objects were that were falling.

But before the flash came they all were scared half out of their senses by another terrific crash over their heads. The mother screamed and the children began to cry, all believing that they were about to be crushed to death. Solidly built as the little cabin was, every log in it rocked. Pieces of broken boards dropped down

upon the terrified inmates. They turned their eyes upward, expecting to see the roof fall in.

"Mercy on me! what 's that?" shrieked Mrs. Coburn, in terror.

And, indeed, what she saw was enough to terrify the bravest. Less than a yard above their heads were four black hoofs and shaggy legs protruding through the roof and wildly pawing the air, as if trying to reach the people below.

For a moment they stood paralyzed with fear. Then the woman snatched up her baby, and the man the sleeping child from the bed, and they all fled through the rear door and took refuge as far back under the cliff as they could.

Even while passing from the cabin to the cliff they could hear heavy objects striking the ground around them, and they continued to hear the same sounds after reaching their shelter. The two dogs followed, licking their hands and whining piteously with fear.

Keeping close together, the little party stood looking out from under the overhanging rock, waiting for a flash of lightning to explain the mystery. What could these strange objects be that were raining down?

At last the flash came. They all were watching intently, and what they saw was printed on their brains for the rest of their lives.

In mid-air, directly over their cabin, were some eight or ten buffaloes, with rigid, outspread legs, fierce, shaggy heads, and massive necks and shoulders — all falling helplessly into the valley.

In an instant the light went out, leaving pitchy darkness. Almost at the same moment a terrific crash told them that one or more of the buffaloes had fallen upon the cabin, which had given way under the great weight. Two or three other buffaloes were heard to fall, then the sounds ceased and the roar of trampling feet died away in the distance.

All these events had taken place so rapidly that none of the little party had had time even to form an opinion as to what was going on.

But now that the excitement was past Mr. Coburn found no difficulty in explaining what had at first seemed so mysterious. A herd of buffaloes, drifting before the storm, had been stampeded by something, probably the hail, and had rushed down the hill, those that came to the cliff in their flight plunging madly over.

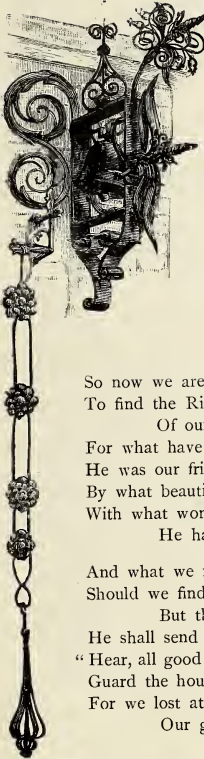
The rain soon ceased, the clouds drifted away, and the moon rose to light up the scene. The Coburns lost no time in getting out to see how great the destruction had been. They found their house almost a complete wreck, the roof being crushed in and the walls partly down. The stock-pens were also destroyed, but the domestic animals had all taken refuge under the cliff, and not one of them had been hurt. Scarcely a panel of the farm fence was left standing. Several acres of fall wheat had been trampled into the mud so deep that it had to be plowed up the next spring and corn planted instead.

Scattered along the foot of the cliff were the bodies of some twenty buffaloes. The most of them were dead, having fallen on their heads, while the others were so badly injured that they had to be put out of their misery. The family fell to work without delay, and by the time they had finished, Mrs. Coburn declared that they would have buffalo robes and dried buffalo meat enough to last them all the rest of their lives. But Benny was so distressed with the task that he declared he would never kill another buffalo as long as he lived. And he kept his word.

When rebuilt the cabin stood far enough from the cliff to be out of danger of a similar catastrophe, should anything of the kind occur again.

"I 'm seventy-five, gittin' purty close to seventy-six," the old settler observed, in concluding his story, "but that wuz the first an' last time I ever hyared tell of it rainin' buffaloes."

"Well, once was enough fer me," Ben remarked, as he leaned forward and picked up the hammer to crack a pecan.



## LOST!

O HARKEN to what we have  
to tell!  
They say that he went at the  
stroke of a bell!—  
Our good Old Year!  
That never a soul hath seen  
him go,  
But out through the sparkle  
of stars and snow  
He passed, ere the sound of  
that bell was spent,  
And we know not even the  
way he went,—  
Our good Old Year!

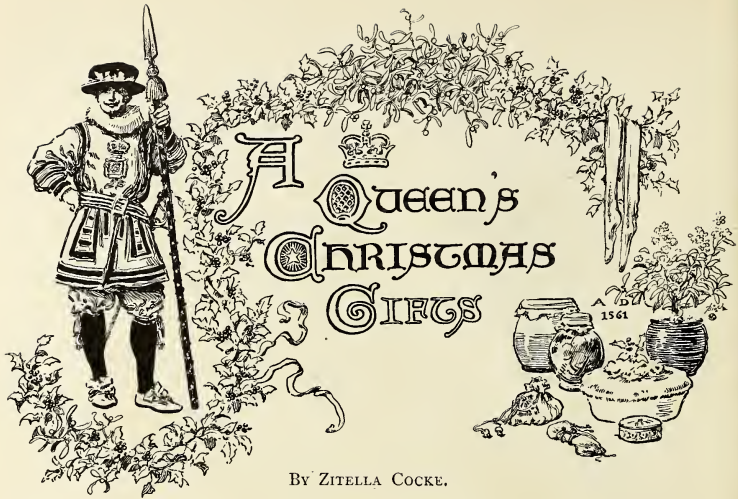
So now we are looking and searching well  
To find the Ringer who rang the knell  
Of our good Old Year.  
For what have we done to be treated so?  
He was our friend; ay, well we know  
By what beautiful ways in the summer gay,  
With what wonderful tales in the twilight gray,  
He hath made him dear!

And what we may do we will not tell  
Should we find that Ringer with rope and bell!  
But this is clear,  
He shall send one peal as a warning to you:  
“Hear, all good folk! Make the most of the New!  
Guard the hours while yours! Now heed us well,  
For we lost at the very last stroke of a bell  
Our good Old Year!”

*Virginia Woodward Cloud.*







BY ZITELLA COCKE.

Boys and girls may suppose that royalty does not condescend to accept Christmas gifts from subjects, but it is true that powerful sovereigns have often received these expressions of loyalty and affection with very genuine pleasure. Queen Elizabeth doubtless enjoyed her Christmas gifts as much as any boy or girl of the nineteenth or twentieth century, and did actually hang up her stocking every Christmas eve. Indeed, the first pair of silk stockings ever worn in England was received by her Majesty as a Christmas gift. On Christmas day, 1561, the Archbishop of Canterbury gave the queen forty pounds in a red silk purse, and a lady of the court gave her four pounds in a russet silk purse, and Elizabeth carried about both of these presents for several days, showing them to the courtiers and ladies in waiting. On the same day John Betts, a pastry cook, sent her a pie made of quinces, with which Elizabeth was so delighted that she presented to him two spoons of solid gold. Her physician sent her a pot of orange-blossoms and a jar of ginger, and her apothecary a box of lozenges and a pot of conserves. But notwith-

standing Elizabeth's good sense, she had a passion for dress. Her subjects knew this weakness, and every Christmas season they presented her with expensive additions to her elegant wardrobe—many of them richly embroidered. One superb garment was made in Venice and elaborately embroidered with Venetian gold. In that day presents of wearing apparel were not considered in bad form. Indeed, Elizabeth had so many magnificent gowns that her wardrobe is said to have contained the astonishing number of two thousand at the time of her death.

Her Majesty also had a great fondness for jewels and beautiful fans. On the Christmas of 1574 the Earl of Leicester gave her a fan so magnificent that no other monarch was known to have one to compare with it. It was made of white feathers set in a handle of gold. One side of it was ornamented with two beautiful emeralds, surrounded with diamonds and rubies, while the other side was literally covered with precious stones.

Sir Francis Drake on New Year's day, 1589, gave her a fan of white and red feathers, also set

in a handle of gold; on one side was a half-moon made of mother-of-pearl, inside of this another half-moon of diamonds and a few pearls

gold representing a cat and mice,—typifying the queen and her maids,—Elizabeth saw the point at once, and laughed until the tears came to her



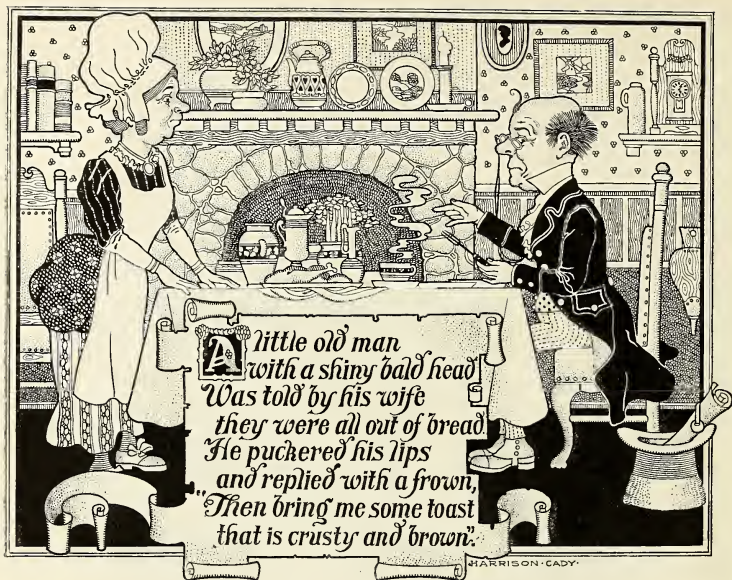
A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR QUEEN ELIZABETH.

of immense value, and in the very center was her Majesty's picture; on the other side was a curious device composed of costly gems.

No one was keener to appreciate a jest than Elizabeth, and when, on New Year's day, 1582, Lady Howard gave her a beautiful ornament of

eyes. Her Majesty's watchfulness of her maids was a thing well known at court.

And yet Elizabeth was not content merely to receive gifts—she could give as graciously as she received, and right royally did she give when she was in a generous mood.



## JINGLES.

THERE WAS A MAN IN OUR TOWN.

THERE was a man in our town,  
And all he did each day  
Was to skip and hop along the  
streets  
And on a trumpet play.



A MOST WONDERFUL SIGHT.

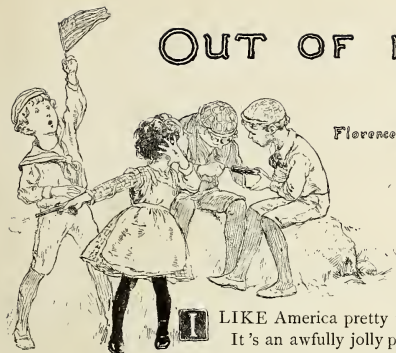
THE most wonderful sight I ever did see  
Was an owl on the branch of our old  
oak-tree;  
His eyes were so large and his head  
was so small  
That he seemed all eyes and no head  
at all.



# OUT OF IT.

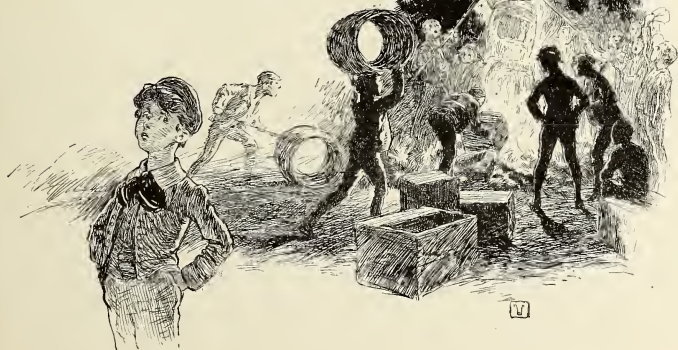
BY

Florence Evelyn Pratt.



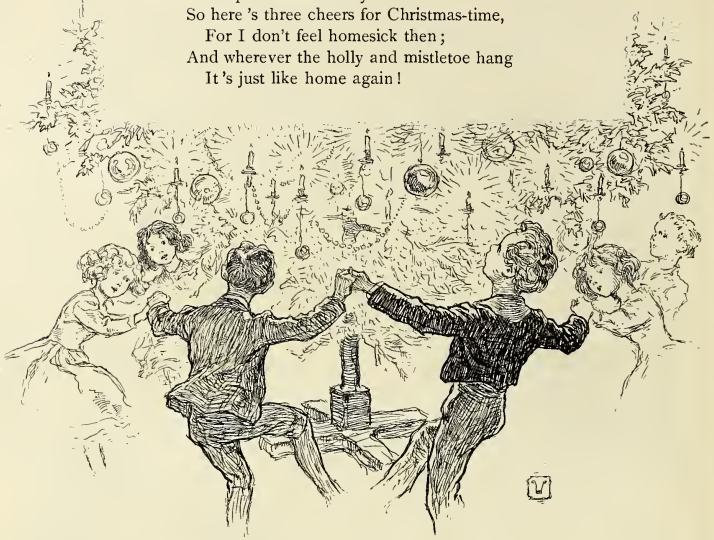
**I** LIKE America pretty well —  
It's an awfully jolly place;  
Yet because I'm an English boy it seems  
I'm rather out of the race.  
For their holidays are mostly about  
Their fights with England, you see;  
So the days when the other boys have fun  
Are rather stupid for me.

**W**ASHINGTON'S Birthday, Fourth of July,  
Evacuation day,  
Are all of them good for the other chaps,  
But I can't join in the play.  
I thought they were keeping Guy Fawkes  
day  
One autumn, I remember,  
But it happened Election fell that year  
On the famous Fifth of November.





**B**UT when Christmas-time is coming round  
 It's jolly little I care  
 For the other days, since all the boys  
 Keep Christmas everywhere.  
 So here 's three cheers for Christmas-time,  
 For I don't feel homesick then ;  
 And wherever the holly and mistletoe hang  
 It's just like home again !



## THE CRITICAL KANGAROO.

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

'T WAS a growly, spotted Leopard,  
 On the plains of Timbuctoo,  
 Who met one sunny morning  
 With a happy Kangaroo.  
 "Your suit is really startling,"  
 Said the latter, with a smile,  
 "For polka-dots no longer  
 Are thought the proper style;  
 And though no criticism  
 On your tailor I would cast,  
 I have a strong suspicion that  
 The color is n't fast.  
 For—" But here an interruption  
 Most sudden did occur,  
 Which filled the air around them  
 With what resembled fur;  
 And the Leopard sometime later,  
 Much larger round the waist,  
 Mused long in pensive manner  
 On that Kangaroo's "good taste."



"'PAPA,' SAID BOBBY, 'I AM GOING TO MAKE SOME MONEY.'" (SEE PAGE 242.)

## BOBBY'S NEWSPAPER.

BY JOHN BENNETT.

BOBBY DORAN had never seen his grandfather. What the trouble was Bobby never knew; but his father and his grandfather had quarreled before he was born, and had never spoken since.

"It must be very lonesome for him without any little boy of his own," said Bobby, one morning, as his father was buttoning up his jacket for him, for Bobby's mother was dead. She had died when Bobby was yet a baby, so that he did not remember very much about her.

"Lonesome?" said Bobby's father, shrugging his shoulders. "For whom? Father Doran? Oh, I think not. He's not the lonesome kind. He would feel crowded with six rooms empty in the house, and a back yard thrown in."

The Dorans had no back yard — that is, none worth speaking about. They lived in three

rooms, the half of a flat in the city, on a block in a side street where all the houses were exactly like one another before and behind, and had no side yards between them. All of these apartment-houses were chocolate-colored in front, and the open space that was behind each one was but a fenced-in part of the general area, — "scarcely larger than a pocket-handkerchief," as Bobby's father said, — so that the six families in each house took turns at hanging out their wash to dry upon the roof.

Bobby's father would not let him go up on the roof nor out in the street to play, for Bobby was not strong, and the river wind on the housetop was very damp and cold, while the street was an endless procession of rattling wagons from morning until night.

For that matter, the procession was an all-night affair as well, for business is never ended

in the city; and Bobby's father often came home in the evening utterly worn out with work, too tired to talk to Bobby, and too blue to do anything but to sit by the fire and shut his eyes, while Bobby borrowed his long lead-pencil and made pictures on all the scraps of paper that he could find.

A week was a long, monotonous round of days with Bobby Doran, for the housekeeper, who was also the cook, was paid for being useful, and not for being interesting, and a three-room flat is a doleful place for any motherless boy.

But when Sunday came things livened up, for then his father was free, and when the weather was fine would take him to ride on the elevated railroad down to see the shipping in the harbor, or up to where the high bridge was, or out to walk in one of the great uptown parks, where often they spent the whole long day together, looking at the wild beasts in the zoo, watching the peacocks strutting in the grass, the nimble squirrels, the sheep in the pasture, the handsome horses and carriages in the drive, the bicyclers, the flowers, the blue sky, and the trees. Once Bobby rode on the merry-go-round, but the whirl of it made him dizzy, and he liked the patient, homely, long-eared little donkeys better, or the goat-carts on the Mall, where the brass band played.

But the drives in the goat-carts grew fewer as time went by, and the rides on the little gray donkeys came to an end.

"Why can't I have any more rides, papa?" asked Bobby, sorrowfully.

"Because I have not the pennies to spare, Robin, my man," said his father, looking quite cheerful all at once, and laughing as if it were a huge joke. "You are getting to be such a tremendous fellow now, and have such an enormous appetite, that it takes all my munificent salary to keep you in provender."

Bobby laughed. His "enormous appetite" was a joke, for he ate scarcely anything at all, and then mainly when coaxed by his father, who was often concerned about his boy's health.

"What's provender?" asked Bobby, doubtfully. "Is it that bitter stuff I drink in the morning? If that's what takes the money, I'd just as soon not have any more of it. I can do without that."

Bobby's father laughed. "No," said he; "that's not provender; that's nutriment. Provender is pork and beans."

"But you and Bridget eat the pork and beans."

"Why, to be sure. We must have something to eat, and pork and beans are very satisfying confectionery."

"Bridget says she'd just as lief have something else once a year," said Bobby. "So if the pork and beans take all the money we might start on something else."

Bobby's father smiled. "I am afraid Bridget has proud tastes," said he; but he sighed as he said it.

That night Bobby thought until he had four wrinkles in his brow. Suddenly he looked up from where he sat beside the fire, with his hands clasped around his knees. "Papa," said he, "I am going to make some money."

"I hope you will, my boy, and that you will not be so poor a business man as I."

"But you're grown up," said Bobby, "and that's different. I am going to make some now."

"Oh, you are?" exclaimed his father. "Are you going to begin immediately?"

"Well, no; not right away — to-morrow morning."

"Humph!" said Mr. Doran. "To-morrow morning is not so very far off. How are you going to do it?"

"I am going to editor a newspaper," Bobby answered with slow precision. "A newspaper makes money."

"Sometimes."

"Well, this is going to be one of the times."

"What will you call it? The 'Great American Spread Eagle'?"

"No, sir. It is named the 'Violet.'"

"The 'Violet'? Ah! 'Within a green and shady nook a modest violet grew.' I'm afraid a modest violet will have a pretty rough time trying to be a newspaper. How came you to think of that?"

"Why, you used to buy a bunch of violets every Sunday morning when we went walking, you know, and leave them up there."

Mr. Doran was very quiet for a moment, and then he said softly: "That is a very good

name. The robins and the violets come together in the spring."

Next morning Bobby was exceeding busy when his father went downtown. "Hullo! Robin, my man, where are you? It's time to say good-by," called out Mr. Doran from the elevator landing.

"Good-by, good-by!" cried Bobby, charging out into the lobby; "I'm editing my newspaper. May I go down to the street to sell it?"

"What are your orders about going out into the street, Robin?"

"Oh, I don't mean out in the street, papa; just to the steps at the door. I will not go off the steps; and Joseph will bring me up in the elevator — won't you, Joseph?"

"Well, I should say I would!" replied the ebony Josephus, grinning whitely; "a dozen times, if you like."

"Not a dozen times, Joseph; only once. Orders say, 'No elevator rides when papa is out.' But I may go down this once to the door, may n't I, papa?"

Mr. Doran looked down into the eager face. "All right, Mr. Editor, this once," said he; "keep an eye on him, Joe."

Bobby went back to his paper.

The first thing was the heading, so he printed that in large, bold capitals.

"What are ye at, plaze, ye're so quiet?" asked Bridget, looking in — though Bobby seldom or never made a noise.

"Please don't bother, Bridget; I'm busy making a paper, and papa says I may go down to the steps to sell it when it's made; so don't stick in, please, or I can't write."

"For the land sakes! a paper! Well, upon my word!" And the cook went back to her pans.

Then Bobby began in earnest:

Once there was a little boy.  
His name was Tom.  
Once he was left a lone, and  
was told to not go off of  
the porch. So his mother  
came home, and took him out  
to take a walk in the woods,  
when Tom sat down to pick little  
flowers in the grass he hearde  
a sord that sounded like  
some wolfs running to catch  
him. The mother and the boy

ran as fast as they could,  
And after they went home  
they lived happy ever after.

Bobby drew a great breath. He could almost hear the "wolfs" running to catch that little boy; but "they lived happy ever after," he said to himself, half aloud; "so it was n't so very dreadful. I must n't make it too dreadful or folks won't buy it." Then at the bottom of the page he drew some very charming flowers with some colored pencils he had saved with most jealous care since Christmas. The flowers were yellow and the stalks were green, and the ground was a thick, rich coffee-brown. He looked at them admiringly. "Now," said he, "I'll go down and sell it."

The first man passed without so much as looking at him.

A dirty boy with a blue coat and a red-striped cap came slowly by, reading a folded pamphlet.

"Don't you want to buy a paper?" asked Bobby.

"Paper? What paper?" said the boy.

"My paper — the 'Violet,'" said Bobby.

"The which?"

"The 'Violet.' I make it all myself."

"Oh, get off the earth!" said the boy, and went on slowly down the street.

Half a dozen others passed before he summoned courage enough to speak up. The wind was blowing keenly down the narrow street, pent in by the tall buildings on the other side, and the men who came hurrying up from the elevated station to their business-places in the thoroughfare beyond held to their hats and morning papers with both hands. As one passed by, a fold of his paper caught the wind and was out of his hands in an instant, whirling under the horses' hoofs and the wheels in the dirty street. He was a very stern-looking, dignified old gentleman with iron-gray hair and a smooth-shaven face.

"Good morning!" said Bobby, taking off his hat. "I'm sorry it went away. Do you want to buy another?"

The old gentleman merely turned his head. "No," said he; "I don't." Then he turned sharply all the way around and looked at the small boy perched in the corner of the steps.



"It's a very good paper, sir," said Bobby, confidently.

"A good paper?" said the old gentleman. "That's an anomaly in these times, I should say."

"It's a good paper, is it?" he asked quizzically.

"Yes, sir; I think it is a good paper. I made it all myself!"

"That's not so bad, either," said the old gentleman, musingly. "A man ought to think that the things he makes himself are pretty good."

"But there are mistakes sometimes," said Bobby.

The old man looked at him sharply, and flushed a little under the boy's frank gaze. "Yes," said he; "there are mistakes. Don't make any and you'll be a happy man."

"Oh, I'm going to be happy," Bobby replied, "when I make lots of money."

"Don't do it," said the old gentleman, suddenly, shutting his stern lips together over his words; "that's the first and the worst mistake of all. I know — for I made it myself." He smiled cynically. "What's the price of your paper?"

Bobby was nonplussed. A paper should have a price, to be sure. He had not thought of that. "Whatever you think a real good paper is worth, sir," said he, doubtfully; "I never made any before."

"So this is the first, hey? Why did you make this one?"

"To make some money for papa," cheerily. "It takes all



"PLEASE DON'T BOTHER, BRIDGET; I'M BUSY MAKING A PAPER!"

"No, sir! it's the 'Violet.' Do you want to buy it, sir? I am editing it."

A man passing accosted the old gentleman, who turned, and, with the speaker, started on a step or two. Bobby's hopes were dashed to earth again. But the old gentleman hesitated, and half looked around. "It's urgent," said the other, earnestly. "Very well," replied the old gentleman; "I'll meet you on 'Change in five minutes; hold the stock for me." Then he came back to where Bobby was standing.

of his mu — munificent salary to keep us in providence. He told me it did."

The old gentleman began to laugh, at first as if he were not used to laughing, and then as if his unused laughter gathered infection from itself, until he put his hands to his sides and caught his breath with a great "Ah hum!"

"Here," said he, chuckling to himself, "just put this in your pocket, son; a good laugh's worth that much alone. I'll take your paper, too. If you'll make them, I will buy one

every morning. Mind you, I don't promise to pay this for them every time"; and with that he was gone, and Bobby was standing on the steps with half a dollar in his hand, staring like a little owl.

"There, papa," said he, that night; "there 's some money"; and he laid the half-dollar proudly on the table. "The old gentleman said he would take one every day, but not so much as that every time. I will make just as much as I can, and help to keep us in providence."

His father laughed, but in the middle of his laughing choked and threw his arms around the boy. "Oh, Robin, Robin, my brave little man, you 'll keep your old daddy in Providence and the trust in it, after all. But I 'd rather you would not sell the papers in the street. We 're not so bad off as that yet," and he smiled a trifle sadly.

"Oh," said Bobby, "but I promised to make him one every day! I must make to-morrow's paper — I said I would."

So he sat him down and wrote:

Once there was a small little boy. his father was a bad man and sent him out to the woods to get lost. The little boys name was johnny. johnny was three years old. his father thought that he was not alive, but all this time he hade been taking little walks. but some people took him to there homes. they liked him very much. one day he was taking a little walk with a frand of his, but who do you think he saw walking from the house he did once live in. he saw his father. his father soon knew that he was his little boy that he hade lost in the woods. and his father took him to the house and the boy was there for two days. but the next day the father killed johnny, and the father cried after he hade killed the little boy. And after that time the father got nicer, but the father died soon. and they lived happy ever after.

"That is a rather small paper, Robin," observed Mr. Doran, patting the small boy's curly head. "Had n't you better get out a supplement with the latest news from the war?"

"What war, papa?" asked Bobby, up quite a row of stumps.

"Oh, any war will do for a newspaper supplement. You editors ought to know that by this time, with your wars and rumors of wars."

"All right," said Bobby, and wrote:

#### SUPLAMENTE.

In olden times there was a war betuine the English men and betuine the ameracons. This war began by the

English men trying to kill the ameracons. George Washington was the jenrell of this time in the war. The war lasted eight years. many men were killed in that war. Soon George was killed and the ameracons were nearly beeten and starved. Because they did not get anny foud. But at last the English were beeten and serrendered to jenrell Washington and that is the end of the war and they lived happy ever after.

He was on the front steps bright and early in the morning. At nine o'clock the express came down, and soon among the pushing men he saw the tall old gentleman.

"Well, sir, is the paper out yet?" asked his single customer, smiling.

"Yes, sir," answered Bobby, promptly. "I promised you it would be, you know."

"Oh, you always keep your promises, do you?"

Bobby hung his head. "No, sir."

The old gentleman smiled a bitter smile. "That 's the way of the world; don't follow it, son; you 'll get nothing but trouble and regret out of it."

"I told Bridget I would take my medicine this morning," said Bobby, slowly, "and then I poured it in the scuttle — it is so bitter, you know."

The grim look upon the old gentleman's face was altered to a smile. "You are not the only one who would like to pour his medicine into the scuttle and forget; and you 're lucky that you can."

"But papa will be ashamed of my pluck. He says it is what a man ought to do, to do what he should whether he wants to or not; and that if you make a promise, keep it, or else don't make it at all."

There was a queer enough look on the old gentleman's face, and he kept his eyes on Bobby's face in a puzzled, questioning way that somewhat abashed the small newsdealer.

"Your father is a most remarkably wise and virtuous man," said the old gentleman, smiling a trifle unpleasantly with the upper corner of his mouth, as he laid a quarter in Bobby's hand. "There was not a great deal of news in yesterday's edition." Bobby's face fell. "It was very good what there was of it, but there was not very much of it."

"Oh, but they all lived happy ever after, sir!" said Bobby, eagerly, "and surely that 's something. They all lived happy ever after."

The old gentleman stared at him again. "What is the name of this remarkable father of yours, son?" he asked.

"My papa's name is John Doran, sir," answered Bobby. "He's a —"

But the old gentleman had whirled upon his heel, and was a dozen paces up the street, hurrying away into the crowd.

"I 'll have to make him another paper, papa," said Bobby, that night, "for he did not take the one I had, he was in such a hurry; and now it is old, and Joseph crumpled it. He left a

But in the morning, when he waited upon the steps, the old gentleman went up the other side of the street and did not look across. "Oh, Joseph, Joseph!" cried Bobby, running into the hall. "He went right past and never came at all. Do take it after him. See, Joseph! There he goes; the tall old gentleman with the white hair and the stiff back. He will take it."

And he did.

The old gentleman looked at the slip of paper in his hands. His desk was piled deep with letters that must be answered, and with matters most imperative. But the yellow sun and the childish scrawl seemed to fascinate him. Then he threw them both together into the waste-basket, and with a bitter frown began to read the letters on the desk. Yet he fidgeted uneasily. A dozen times he laid the letters down, and took them up again. Then he pushed them into a crumpled pile in the corner of the desk. "There's no fool like an old fool," he said, and stooping, picked the yellow sun and the purple hills out of the waste-basket again and spread the paper on his desk. Bobby's story was in his best hand—a queer lot of curls and quavers. This was how it ran:

Once there was a man who had a little boy. they lived at a place where there was no mama, so the boy was loansom and went away Where he cold find a little boy of his own for company. so the man was very anger at him and he shut the door in and said you cant come in. so they went away and there was no mama there. the little boy's father was too busie to get another. so the new little boy was loansom too and it was very loansom there. but the other father was loansom too and next week he said come home, there is six rooms and a back yard and a biley-gote; and they lived happy ever after.

He laid the paper down on his desk. "Thomas," he called sharply, "if Henderson comes about that Chicago deal, tell him that I am not in."

Then he sat in his chair looking steadfastly at the paper on his desk with Bobby's scrawl and the flaming yellow sunrise.

"Jamison," he called again, not quite so sharply as before, "you will please to answer all these letters on the desk for me; you know the business and what it needs."

Then he took a pen himself, and began to



"SEE, JOSEPH! THERE HE GOES!"

quarter for it, so you 'll let me make another for him, won't you?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Doran. "Never take money for goods that you don't deliver. That is not honest business."

So Bobby made a paper with an illuminated back—a yellow sun, with a multitude of orange rays, rising from a brick-red sea across two purple hills, with amazing grass along their crests. Above this striking scene were trees, and below, just for good measure, he marked with all the colors that he had until the paper was full to the edge. Then he wrote busily for half an hour.

write a letter. But as fast as he wrote one he tore it to pieces and threw it on the floor. But the sixth one he finished, folded up, and placed in an envelope, and sealed it.

"Jamison," said he, very quietly, "I am going home."

"Yes, sir." The private secretary did his best to look as if he were not surprised, but his effort failed. "When will you be back, sir?"

"I do not know," said the old gentleman, smiling very oddly.

The private secretary stared.

"And what is more, Jamison," said the old gentleman, placidly, with a mistiness creeping down into the corners of his eyes, "between you and me and the gate-post, I don't care a picayune when I come back."

The private secretary gasped.

"There is going to be a new partner in this firm, Jamison."

"A new — new partner?" stammered the private secretary, holding fast to the arms of his revolving chair. "W-why, Mr. Doran, did I understand you? What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean, Jamison," said the old gentleman, turning around to face his private secretary, "that I am tired of being sole and only proprietor of this firm of John Doran, Sr., and that after Monday morning next the firm-name in this house will be 'John Doran & Son,' and that I am going out now to find the son."

And when Bobby's father came home that night, there was a large envelope upon his table containing Bobby's paper with the yellow sun and the purple hills, and a note in a firm business hand:

MY SON JOHN: Read this story that your boy has written; let bygones be bygones; forgive and forget an old man's mistakes, and come home. There are 'six rooms and a back yard,' and by the time the boy gets here there will be a billy-goat. Come home, both of you, for I am very 'loanson'; and please God, John, we 'll all 'live happy ever after.'  
Your father,  
JOHN DORAN.

And they did.

And, what is more, the stories in this little tale are copied word for word — spelling, punctuation, and all — from the funny little papers that "Bobby Doran" made.



BUNNY SOLVES THE PROBLEM OF A STEERABLE FLYING-MACHINE.



# THE CHIMES OF CHRISTIANSAND

BY LAURA ALTON PAYNE

(At Christiansand, Norway, on Christmas eve, at the stroke of seven, chimes ring out from the old cathedral spire. Instantly all doors fly open, and the waiting people flock into the street and listen till the melody dies away. This is followed by three hymns from an orchestra hidden in the high church tower.)

ON Christmas eve at Christiansand,  
As the clock strikes seven times,  
From out the old cathedral spire  
Peal mellow Christmas chimes.

As falls the first note, vibrant, clear,  
Upon the frosty air,  
Throughout the waiting city, doors  
Fly open everywhere.

The people in awed silence flock  
Into the drifted street,  
And listen under starlit skies  
To the old, old message sweet.

Then, like an echo to the chimes,  
From out the tower dim,  
There swells from hidden orchestra  
The first glad Christmas hymn.

Thrice rings a carol out, while stars  
To rugged faces lend  
The radiance of th' unconscious tear,  
As friend clasps hand with friend.

Oh, many and quaint the customs be  
In the hardy Norseman's land,  
But none more dear from Yule to Yule  
Than the chimes of Christiansand.



## A FEW FABLES.

BY AUSTIN BIERBOWER.

### I. THE HUNTER'S SERVANT.

A HUNTER'S servant while out on the chase lay down in a quiet nook, watching for the game to pass by. A rabbit soon passed; but he did not arise, because he said he was then looking for deer. Presently a deer passed; but by this time he was looking for pheasants, and so did not move. He next saw ducks, quail, pigeons, squirrels, and other game; but he did not attempt to get any of them, because they were not what he was looking for at the time. He was waiting for an opportunity, he said. But everything passed except what he was looking for, or else passed at a time when he was looking for something else. His master finally came and reproached him for his inaction, saying that one will never get an opportunity exactly to his liking, but should learn to take what came along and make the most of it.

### II. THE TWO RATS.

A RAT seeking a place in which to live chose a palace, saying he preferred high life; while his companion chose a hut, saying he was content with less. But the palace was found to be a poor place for a rat. The walls and floors were so well built that no holes could be made in them, and the pantry was so well kept that nothing was left exposed to marauders. Moreover, there were so many pet cats and dogs that a rat had no liberty. As a result the rat got nothing to eat, and finally starved to death—all from trying to live in too much "style."

The other rat found the hut just what he wanted. There were plenty of holes, the provisions were poorly protected, the barn was near by. The cottage rat, accordingly, lived in plenty and enjoyed what was really high life for a rat. "For," he said, "a palace has fewer opportunities for a rat than a hovel; and they who aspire should consider what the advantages for them are in the places which they seek."

### III. THE ATHLETE AND HIS FRIEND.

ONE who had tried several times to jump across a stream, and had repeatedly fallen in, finally succeeded; when he said to a friend: "How much better I am than you in having accomplished such a difficult feat!"

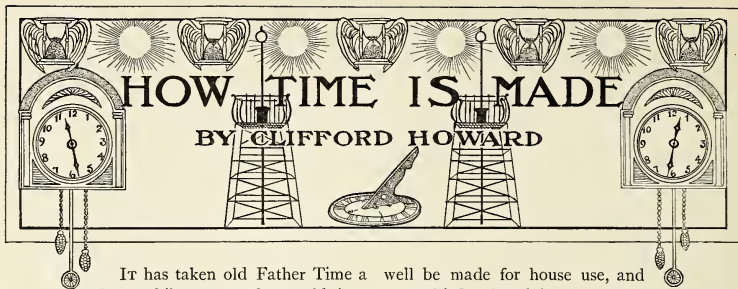
"Not at all," replied his friend. "I am better than you in not wishing to jump across."

### IV. THE MAN WHO SOUGHT EMPLOYMENT.

A man sought employment of a farmer who said he did not need help because it was too wet to plow. The man then asked to be allowed to drive his team, but the farmer said the roads were too bad to haul anything. He next asked if he could not excavate for a cellar; but the farmer said that he could not then build, because it was too damp. Seeing, therefore, that the farmer was in trouble because his land was flooded, the man went away and sought to devise some means of getting rid of the water; and when he returned he asked for employment as a drainer. The farmer thereupon eagerly employed him, and the man got more pay for draining than he could have got for plowing, driving, or digging. So he said: "When one wants a job he must put mind as well as legs in his application. By seeking, not merely for something to do, but for something that somebody wants done, he will often get employment."

### V. THE TWO DOGS.

Two dogs having to choose their masters, one chose a king and the other a beggar. "Why did you choose a beggar," asked the first, "when you might be the dog of a king?" "Because," answered the other, "a king will take less care of a dog than a beggar will. The beggar's dog has always the company of his master, and is treated like the master himself; while the king, who is busied with state affairs, has not the time to look after a dog; and for my part I would rather be loved by a beggar than neglected by a king."



It has taken old Father Time a long while to get the world into good, regular running order as it is to-day. For many hundreds of years people had very strange and uncertain ways of telling time, for they did not have any clocks or watches to mark the hours. In fact, they did not even know anything about hours or minutes, but reckoned time merely by days and months and years, although they never could agree when the day began. Some said it began at sunrise and others thought it began when the sun set, while some said it did not begin until midnight and still others were sure it began at noon.

Well, after the world had gone on for a long while with its days, months, and years, the day and night were finally each divided into twelve parts, or hours. It mattered not how long or how short the daylight part was, it was divided into twelve hours just the same, for the hours were lengthened or shortened to suit the length of the day in the various seasons of the year. In some of the long summer days each hour had seventy-five minutes, while in the short winter days, when the hours had to be crowded so as to get them all in between sunrise and sunset, each hour had only forty-four minutes.

These hours were measured by sun-dials and hour-glasses and candles and other curious time-pieces, which were about as changeable and uncertain as the hours themselves. Of course when clocks were invented such things went out of use, for clocks were so much more accurate and reliable, and would keep on recording without having to be watched all the time to see that they did not stop or run out.

At first clocks were crude affairs, and were not much to be relied upon. They could not

well be made for house use, and were chiefly placed in the towers of churches and town halls. Each morning and evening the clock bell would ring at a certain hour, so that all within sound of its deep note could keep track of the time, and, if they were fortunate enough to have a clock at home, could set it to agree with the town clock, which was more likely to be correct than their own. But now Uncle Sam does a similar service for the people all over this great country by sending at noon each day an electric signal which enables them to set and regulate their clocks and watches. The work is done by officers and clerks in the United States Naval Observatory at Washington, where they make careful calculations and look after the great clocks that regulate the time of the country. Some of the college observatories also furnish several portions of the country with standard time much in the same way as does the Naval Observatory. Readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* will remember an interesting article printed a year ago, describing the taking of the time at Goodsell Observatory, and entitled "How We Set Our Watches by a Star."

Until a few years ago each town and city had its own time, for, as you know, time is reckoned by what are known as meridians of longitude — imaginary lines running north and south on the earth's surface. You all remember these lines running up and down across the maps in your geographies. Now when the sun is directly over one of these lines it is noon at all places that happen to be on that meridian, but of course places lying east and west of this would each have a different meridian and therefore a different time.

This was good enough before the days of the

railroad and the telegraph, but now it would be a tremendous bother if each place were to use its own local time, and so we make use of a system called standard or railway time.

According to this plan the country is divided in such a way that there are only four different times in the entire United States, each exactly an hour different from that of the adjoining divisions. Thus when it is twelve o'clock at New York it is eleven o'clock at Chicago, ten o'clock at Denver, and nine o'clock at San Francisco. These different standards are called Eastern Time, Central Time, Mountain Time, and Pacific Time, and the time of all places in any one of these divisions is precisely the same, no matter what their local time may be.

In Europe some of the countries calculate their time from the meridian that passes through Greenwich in England, but the United States calculates from the meridian that is seventy-five degrees west of Greenwich. When the sun is directly over this meridian, it is said to be noon at Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and all other towns and cities in the Eastern division.

Strange as it may seem, Uncle Sam does not make use of the sun for reckoning time, but, as already described in ST. NICHOLAS, he turns his attention to some of the regular steady-going stars, or "fixed stars," as they are called. Every clear night an astronomer with a big telescope looks at certain of these stars and makes his calculations, from which he can tell just when the sun would cross the seventy-fifth meridian. One of the great clocks in the observatory is called the transmitter, because it transmits or sends out the signal that keeps standard

time. This clock is set and regulated by the star-time, and then every day at three minutes and fifteen seconds before twelve a switch is turned on and the beats of the pendulum of this clock are sent by electricity over the wires to the telegraph offices in Washington and New York. When the telegraph operators hear this sound on their instruments they know that the noon signal is about to be sent out, and they at once begin to connect the telegraph wires with other towns and cities, until in a minute or two the "tick, tick" of the clock at Washington is heard in hundreds of telegraph offices. The beats stop at ten seconds before twelve as a notice that the next "tick" will be the noon signal, and so as to give the operators time to connect their wires with the standard time-balls and clocks. There are time-balls in a great many cities—usually on top of some prominent building, where they can easily be seen. The one at Washington is on the roof of the State, War, and Navy Department Building, at the top of a high pole, ready to drop the instant the signal comes over the wire. In the government offices at Washington and in many places in other cities there are large clocks connected with the observatory by electricity. These are so arranged that when the twelve-o'clock signal is flashed over the wires, the hands of each one of these clocks spring to twelve, no matter what time the clock may show; in this way hundreds of clocks are set to the correct time each day.

Well, the moment the sun is supposed to cross the seventy-fifth meridian, the telegraph instruments give a single tick, the time-balls drop, the clocks begin to strike, and everybody in the district knows it is twelve o'clock.





## OLD PORTRAITS.

BY SARAH M. B. PIATT.



Two children's portraits, both too shy  
To speak, stood smiling, face to face.  
(You would have thought they 'd like to cry  
In such a lonesome place.)

They heard the music down below,  
They saw the Christmas wax-lights glance,  
And then they wished that they could grow,  
They wished that they could dance!

One portrait took the other's hand,—  
Lightly he led her down the wall;  
"A fly could hardly walk it, and  
A girl," he said, "might fall!"

Into the minuet they walked ;  
 Mere moonshine seemed their golden hair,  
 And all the portraits stared and talked  
 About the pretty pair.

WHAT THE OTHER PORTRAITS SAID OF THEM :

*"The boy (but he was  
 taller then,  
 And wore a sword  
 and plume and  
 cloak)  
 Was quite a fine young  
 fellow when  
 King Charles hid  
 in the oak."*



*"As for the little maid,  
 some say  
 Court pages held her  
 bridal train,  
 And wet it with their  
 tears, the day  
 Columbus sailed  
 from Spain."*

He bowed her to her frame and kissed  
 Her pretty hand. She curtsied low,  
 And faintly through the dawn and mist  
 The cock began to crow.



## RHYMES.

BY GERTRUDE HEATH.

(With drawings by Oliver Herford.)

I.

LITTLE PERCIVAL PETERKIN POOLE.

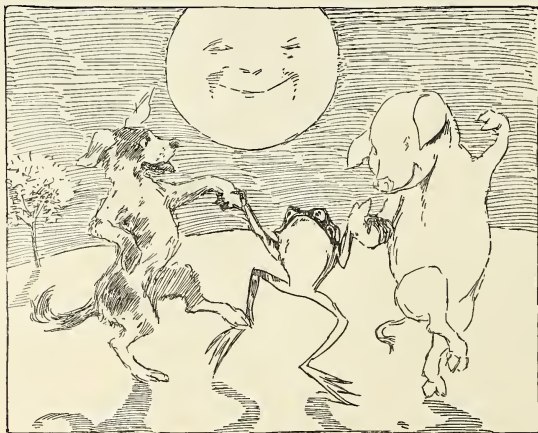
LITTLE Percival Peterkin Poole  
He is ready to start off for school.  
"I will wrap up," he said,  
"From my feet to my head,  
For I fear that the morning is cool!"

II.

THE DOGGIE, THE FROGGIE, AND THE PIG.

OH, the Doggie and the Froggie and the  
Pig!  
They said, "Oh, we will dance a friendly  
jig.

By the pale moon's light  
We will dance all night,  
With a jiggy-jig, jiggetty — jig!"



## A DOLL UPON THE WATERS.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

HELEN woke up then. It was her mother who was shaking her, her face filled with anxious fear.

"Quick, Helen!" she was saying. "The ship is on fire, and we have n't a moment to lose. Hurry, hurry with your clothes, dear! We can't take a thing with us. Your shoes, child! We can't button them! The boats will be going at once. Oh, Helen!"

The dazed, half-awake little girl was grabbing wildly here and there, trying to understand what was happening. Suddenly her eyes fell upon her doll—her precious doll, who had always slept with her.

"Mirabel, mama! Oh, my Mirabel!"

Mrs. Barclay was dragging Helen from the state-room.

"No, child, no! They said we could take nothing in the boat, not even—"

But Helen had broken away and was hugging her treasure to her bosom. Then came a crowded scramble up the companion-stairs, a wild, hysterical gathering on the after-deck, which the fire had not yet reached,—women crying, men calling loudly to one another,—until Helen, confused and blinded by tears, knew nothing except that somebody had lifted her, and then that she was in a boat beside her mother, with the sailors rowing hard to get away from the big, beautiful steamer, that was now pouring out smoke and flame in a dozen places. Then, all at once, she remembered.

"Oh, mama, mama, my doll! my Mirabel—she's gone!"

The other passengers stared at her—for the moment forgetting their own losses in this great tragedy.

Then came a fruitless search in the bottom of the boat—a wild scanning of the tossing waters about them—a little girl wailing sorrowfully in her mother's sheltering arms.

She could not remember. Perhaps she had dropped the doll in the confusion of the com-

panionway or on the after-deck. Perhaps Mirabel had slipped while being carried down the ladder to the boat. It did not matter. It was only horrible to think how nearly she had been saved, and yet left to a cruel fate.

Poor Helen! They were on their way home from Florida, and in a few hours more would have been safe with papa in New York. Now they were being rowed to some unknown place on the New Jersey coast, with nothing in the world but the clothes they had on—not one of the beautiful shells or cones or palms she had gathered for papa, and oh, not even Mirabel—her own, her beloved Mirabel, who had been on the last Christmas tree, and her constant companion every day since.

The little girl was almost too grief-stricken to look at the burning vessel, which was now half a mile away, a mass of flame. Then, remembering that perhaps Mirabel was in those flames, she did look, and moaned and wept, with a heartbroken cry at last, when the poor ship, that had sunk lower and lower in the water, went down, down into the sea, leaving only a trail of smoke that floated away on the horizon.

They were less than twelve miles from shore, and soon after ten o'clock pulled into a little harbor, where a crowd of people were waiting, and where there was a big summer hotel, which, it being June, had been opened for the season. Then, several hours later, Mr. Barclay arrived from New York, with a trunk of clothes and some money, for in her excitement mama had even left her purse—the pretty purse Helen had given her, in which, fortunately, there was not a great deal of money.

What joy to see papa! even though she did not have the beautiful things she had gathered for him; and what a comfort he was when he rocked her and consoled her in her first great sorrow! Then all at once he said cheerfully:

"It is very pleasant on this coast, and is already warm in the city. I know of a quiet



little hotel a few miles above here. You won't need the pretty dresses you lost, up there. I will send down some things when I get back, and I will come to see you every Saturday night."

So Helen and her mother went to a pleasant place on a little inlet, or river, where the tide ran in and out, and where there were boats and places to bathe. Helen's mother could row very well, and Helen was learning, so often they took a light skiff and rowed down to the beach at the bathing-hour, and then came back with the tide. This made rowing easy, for the swift current swept in, bringing in seaweed and foam and bits of drift that swirled and danced about the light boat, which was lifted and borne along like a piece of drift itself.

And these things Helen enjoyed. She was beginning to be contented, though down in her heart was always the grief for Mirabel. Often at the beach she would look out over the tossing water, where their good ship had gone down; and the tears would come as she remembered.

It was late in August, and they were thinking of school and of returning to the city, when, late one afternoon, Helen and her mother were coming home from the beach,—"tiding home," as Helen called it,—talking of their pleasant summer there, where they had never expected to be, and how it had all come about.

"I have had a nice time, and I should be glad to get home and all, if only poor Mirabel could be there with me," Helen said sorrowfully. "Oh, mama, was n't it terrible that morning? I can never forget how I felt when I found that she was gone! How I— Oh, mama! *mama!*"

Mrs. Barclay turned hastily to look at the little girl, whose cry was almost exactly like that given when she had discovered her great loss. Was the child imitating the anguish of that moment? Not so, for she was pointing ahead at some object amid the whirl and drift of the tide; something that bobbed and eddied and danced up and down with the current; something white-and-black-dotted, tangled with seaweed and foam.

"It 's Mirabel, mama! My Mirabel! I know her darling dress! Oh, mama, quick! Row quick, mama!"

For a few moments there was great excite-

ment. Helen's mother had not been rowing at all. When she grasped the oars now, and tried to row very quickly, she missed the water altogether and slipped off the seat backward. Then Helen, half frantic, tried to help her up, and to row, too, and between them they came near upsetting. And all the time Helen was calling to her mother to hurry, hurry, and all the time she kept talking to the white-and-black-dotted thing, calling it her own darling Mirabel when, after all, it might prove to be only a whiff of foam on a bunch of seaweed.

But now they were getting nearer and nearer, and Helen felt more and more sure. At last she leaned far out of the boat, with a little fishing-net she had, and dragged the dotted bunch closer and closer, till presently it was in the net and lifted triumphantly into the boat.

Poor Mirabel! It was indeed she! By what wind and wave had she been tossed back and forth, by what ebb and flow swung under the moon and stars all those weary wet weeks, to be borne shoreward at last on the bosom of the kindly tide, and brought, bruised, bleached, and battered, to her mistress's loving arms!

She was dead — at least, she seemed dead. She could not have been recognized save for the dotted dress and several other articles of clothing. Her strawberry marks were entirely washed away, and her features were quite beyond recognition. She would never do to play with again — oh, never, with that face! It was quite too distressing; but she was Mirabel — Mirabel, the once beautiful, the adored!

Helen held her to her bosom and cried and rejoiced, and when they reached the hotel created a sensation with the story of the wonderful restoration of the sea. Then the poor remains were made as presentable as possible in freshly dried and ironed garments, and laid away in a quiet trunk for a long-needed rest. Now and then Helen would go to take a brief look at her; but it was sorrowful comfort, and she went less and less often. When they returned to town and school began, Mirabel was put in a box with other sacred treasures which Helen was saving until she was grown.

And now, with school and lessons, the little girl became busy and partly forgot her loss. As Christmas drew near she began preparing

presents for papa and mama and some of her dearest friends. She did not give much thought to what she herself would receive. Last Christmas had brought her Mirabel. This Christmas would not bring her another doll, for, as she said, she would soon be too old for such things, and she did not care to replace poor Mirabel.

But one evening, after the little girl was safely tucked in bed, Mr. and Mrs. Barclay in the li-

up his hands and said, "It iss mos' vondairful!" though whether he meant the story, or the contents of the package, I do not know.

"But the expression—it seems quite lost," said Helen's papa.

"I feex de expression. Nèvair can tell heem diffairence."

"And the eyes and hair?"

"Aivrything! I feex heem."

And Helen knew nothing of these things; but



"AND NOW THEY WERE GETTING NEARER AND NEARER."

brary were discussing some subject that seemed to be of the greatest importance.

"He certainly does some very wonderful things," Mr. Barclay was saying. "He showed me to-day some already restored, and some he still had to do. We might at least see what he says." Then they went softly up to Helen's room and opened the box of sacred treasures.

Next morning Mr. Barclay stopped with a package at a curious little shop that had the word "Hospital" on the door. And when the little man who kept it heard the story and saw the package opened, he did not laugh, but put

when on Christmas morning she was carried down to see the beautiful tree, behold, on the tiptopmost bough, exactly where Mirabel had stood a year ago, there was another marvelous creature! Not only that, but hair, eyes, features, expression—even the dotted dress—all, all were precisely—oh, they *must* be! It was! it *was!* for right underneath was a card, and printed on it in big, true letters:

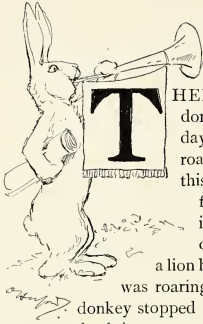
MIRABEL.

CAST UPON THE WATERS—  
RESTORED AFTER MANY DAYS.

## ASK THE RABBIT.

(A little story from the Hindustani.)

BY JAMES D. BENEDICT.



HERE was once a silly donkey who went one day strolling down the road, chewing a bit of thistle and feeling as fine as a June morning. Presently he came to a trap where a lion had been caught and was roaring so loudly that the donkey stopped in amazement. Indeed, it was remarkable that the villagers had not heard the rumpus long before, and come out and killed him; but perhaps the wind was the other way. Silly stood looking at the lion for some time, and, finding that he was securely trapped, began to question the royal brute, saying:

“What are you doing in there, Lion?”

“Let me out!” roared the other. “Let me out at once, you miserable slave!”

“Oh, yes!” sneered Silly — who did not have very good manners, for it is undoubtedly impolite to sneer. “Let you out and then get eaten for my trouble! I think not. I am not so foolish as that, thank you”; and he laughed with pleasure, “Hee-ee-ugh!” for he considered himself a very fine fellow indeed.

The lion saw that this would n't do, so he changed his tone and began to beg and flatter instead of threatening.

“Donkey,” he said in his most winning voice, “you certainly are a very handsome and clever chap. And I wish you would kindly push up that wretched bar which holds the door shut, and then I can get out. Will you do that, you kind and wise donkey?”

“You can't gammon me,” was the reply. “I don't want to be eaten.”

“Eaten!” cried the lion in the most injured tone he could manage. “What ever put that thought into your head, I wonder. How could you imagine such a thing? I do not eat

my friends. Never!” And he looked as mild as milk, the deceitful old rascal!

Naturally enough Silly was pleased at being called the lion's friend, and, donkey-like, he raised the bar which held the door, while the lion pushed from the inside, and in a moment he was free. And the very first thing he did was to knock down poor Silly and prepare to make a meal of him.

“Oh, oh, oh!” cried the wretched donkey. “What are you doing?”

“I am very hungry indeed,” replied the lion. “Don't interrupt me.”

“But you promised solemnly not to eat *me*,” pleaded Silly.

“Pooh, pooh!” the wicked lion answered. “I don't remember saying anything of the sort. Of course I am going to eat you.”

The poor donkey gave himself up for lost, and began to bemoan his fate. “I think it is very unfair,” he whimpered.

“What!” roared his captor. “Do you dare to say that I am unfair? *Now you deserve to die*, and I shall eat you without the least hesitation”; and he lashed his sides with his wicked tail and growled horribly.

“Well,” whined the miserable donkey, “all I can say is that it *is* unfair, and any one I might ask to be a judge would say the same.”

The lion, greatly enraged at this, was about to begin his dinner at once, when a sudden thought came into his evil old head. “If he can get some one else into this business to be a judge,” he reflected, “what is to prevent me from having the judge himself for breakfast tomorrow? That 's a fine idea!”

So, to Silly's astonishment, the lion, who had been holding his prey tightly,— and it hurt, too,— removed his paws and allowed him to get up. Then the wicked old brute addressed him. “Donkey,” he said, “you have remarked that any judge would say that I was unfair. Now we will find a judge and see about it, and I

only hope that, when he hears the case, it will not be the worse for you, sir."

Silly was so bewildered that his poor foolish head could not understand it all, and he only winked and blinked till the lion lost patience, and, seizing him by the ear, off they went down the road to find a judge. Before they had gone far they met the very great-grandpapa of all rabbits. He was remarkably old and gray, and looked as if he were surprisingly foolish, which was far from being the case, however, as you shall see.

"Here," cried the lion; "here 's a rabbit. He will make a very good breakf—I mean judge. Go ahead and ask him."

So Silly the donkey explained the affair to the rabbit, who sat up attentively and scratched his ear, looking more foolish than ever.

"That is very complicated," he remarked when the donkey had finished. "Would you mind saying it over again? It is n't quite clear to me."

Well, Silly repeated the story at length, explaining it all very carefully.

"Dear, dear," said the rabbit, "that is very curious. I do not quite understand yet how you came to be in the trap."

"*I was n't in the trap,*" cried Silly. "It was the lion."

"Oh—yes—the lion," replied the rabbit. "How stupid of me! But, really, I could understand it better, I know, if we went right to the place where it happened."

The lion was rather vexed at the delay, but he could think of no reasonable excuse, so off the three went up the road, and presently they came to the trap again.

"Now," said the rabbit, "if you will just say that all over from the beginning, I think I

can understand it"; which Silly did, while the lion waited hungrily, wondering if he had n't better eat his dinner and breakfast together.

"Now I see!" the rabbit cried. "The lion was walking down the road when he saw the trap—"

"No, no!" interrupted Silly. "*I was walking down the road, and I saw the lion in the trap.*"

"Oh, yes; of course," said the rabbit. "You were walking in the trap, and the lion saw—"

"No, *no*, no! stupid thing!" roared the lion. "Can't you understand anything?"

"Dear, dear, my poor brain!" cried the rabbit. "I don't believe I shall ever understand it."

"Yes, you shall, though," the lion growled, for he was very angry at such stupidity. "You *shall* understand it, I say. Now listen."

"Yes, my lord lion," whimpered the rabbit. "I will try."

"Now. I was in the trap when the donkey came down the road. Do you see that?"

"Yes, yes," cried the rabbit; "I think—but, please, I do not quite see about that trap. How did you get in?"

"Why, through the door, idiot!"

"But, but—oh, dear me, my poor head! It is such a very small door. How *could* you get in?"

"Here, you foolish, stupid thing; I'll show you"; and the lion marched into the trap.

"Now, do you see, I'm in the trap."

"Perfectly," replied the clever rabbit, as he quickly fastened the door; "and, what is more, I think you will stay there this time. Good-by."

And the rabbit and Silly strolled off down the road just as merry as crickets, leaving the wicked old lion to roar with rage till the villagers, finally hearing the racket, came out with ropes and poles and carried him off.





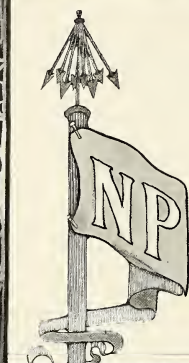
A NONSENSE CALENDAR.

THE Polar Bear  
Is soft and white,  
With silver hair —  
A pretty sight.

By  
CAROLYN  
WELLS.

He sits upon  
A snow-drift nice;  
Or dances on  
A cake of ice.

And then mayhap,  
At other times,  
The funny chap  
The North Pole climbs.



JANUARY



# THE WANDERERS



By WILLIAM B. MACHARG.

(Illustrated by Fanny Y. Cory.)

It bein' then our watch on deck,  
Says Bill, he says to me:  
"It 's goin' on this many years  
We 're sailin' on the sea —

"A-sailin' on the sea," he says,  
"An' goin' up an' down,  
Without a month of quietness  
An' livin' in a town.



"A-sailin' on the sea," he says, "an' goin' up an' down."

" We 've et such things as human teeth  
Ain't never et before ;  
We 've knuckled down to mates-es-es  
As walked us like a floor ;



" " An' comes across the cannibals, an' 's pretty nearly et. "

" An' we 've met up wi' cap'ns-es  
As treats us like a horse,  
Why, several times we runs away,  
An' goes from bad to worse. "

Says Bill : " The ways of human life  
From me is mostly hid ;  
I can't account for all, " he says,  
" Of what we ups an' did.

" At Mozambique we runs away  
As fast as we could get,  
An' comes across the cannibals,  
An' 's pretty nearly et,

" An' then again at Calla-o  
We skips without designs,  
An' 's took up by the gove'ment,  
An' set to work in mines.

" Oh, pretty was them mountain-tops  
An' valleys where we hid,  
But we most died of hungriness, "  
Says Bill,—" that 's what we did.

" I 'm thinkin' of these things, " says Bill,  
" An' wonderin' more an' more ;  
It makes my mind quite set, " he says,  
" To live a spell ashore ;

" Once let me see the lights, " he says,  
" The lights o' Boston Bay,  
I don't go sailin' out no more  
For any cap'n's pay. "

Then Bill he sighs tre-men-jous-lee ;  
The lookout gives a shout ;  
The cap'n comes upon the deck,  
An' orders us about ;

The waves is sloppin' of her sides,  
The harbor lights we see,  
An' tears is dewin' of the cheeks  
Of Bill an' likewise me.

Says Bill : " Oh, see them lights, " he says ;  
" Out yonder now is home !  
This here 's a lesson to us both,  
A lesson not to roam —

" To go an' live like lan's-folks does,  
All quiet-like an' still,  
An' have a little garden-place  
Alongside of a hill. "



*"We clasps each other on the wharf."*

We clasps each other on the wharf,  
An' lookin' round we see  
The ol' familiar places that  
Is known to Bill an' me.

But meetin' up wi' Cap'n Banks  
While wanderin' along,  
A'most before we knewed 't was done  
*We 'd both shipped for Hongkong!*



*"Out yonder now is home!"*





# Nature and Science For Young Folks

Edited By Edward F. Bigelow

When you know any brooklet that runs down a hillside, be sure to go and take a look at him. . . . As he shrank away after the last thaw, he built for himself the most exquisite caverns of ice to run through. . . . What a cunning silversmith is Frost! The rarest workmanship . . . copies him but clumsily, as if the fingers of all other artists were thumbs. Fern-work and lace-work and filigree in endless variety, and under it all the water tinkles like a distant guitar or drums like a tambourine.—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL in "A Good Word for Winter."

## BEAUTY OF BROOKS IN WINTER.

We did not go to the woods that bright winter day to see the brooks. Perhaps we had become too well accustomed to the thought of



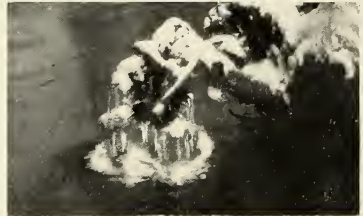
PHOTOGRAPH NO. 1. "A WONDERFUL BLOCK OF ICE BORE THREE DISTINCTLY MARKED HEADS ON ITS MARGIN."

them as interesting and beautiful only in spring and in summer. Or, to make a really honest confession, Howard and I had not even thought about the subject, as, I fear, is the real trouble with all those who do not love the winter brooks, nor admire their decorations of snow and frost. For some time we had been waiting for a light fall of snow, when we intended to go hunting in the woods with a camera, to secure photographs of the footprints of birds, squirrels, and foxes, or of any other interesting subjects that a kindly nature might put in our way.

About the middle of January there had been several rainy days, followed by two weeks of cold weather; but one afternoon near the end of the month we had a cloudy day, succeeded by a morning when the air was of unusual clearness; indeed, it seemed as if the sun had never shone so brightly. But oh, the happiness of it! here was our longed-for snow. It had come while we slept. Uncle Abijah, the chore-master of the farm, remarked at breakfast, "I rather reckon there 's goin' to be a kind of an old-fashioned January thaw hereabouts."

The prediction seemed reasonable; the air held a suggestion of springtime; but we had our snow. So we took six double holders in the four-by-five camera, and started out. We found a few footprints, but forgot them at once in our interest in the effect of snow-film among the trees and the bushes, and the frostwork on the brooks and larger streams.

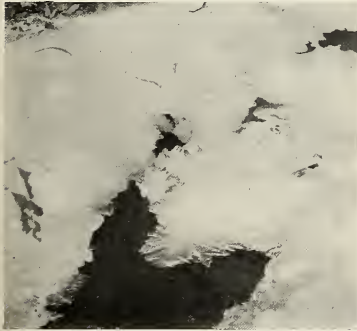
The first of these frostworks was near a sluiceway by the roadside, where a wonderful block of ice bore three distinctly marked heads on its margin. Even in the reduced photo-



PHOTOGRAPH NO. 2. "AN AMAZING PALACE SURROUNDED BY GLITTERING PILLARS."

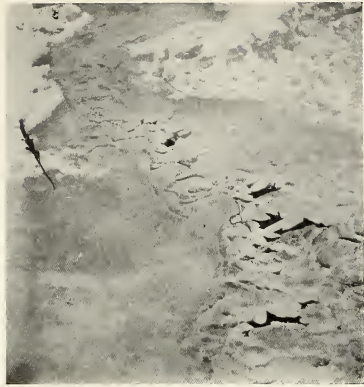
graph (No. 1) on the previous page these may be seen fairly well, though not so strikingly as in the reality, where each head was about two inches in length from forehead to chin. They blazed and sparkled as they trembled in the sunlight. They were peculiarly interesting and attractive.

A little farther on, in a larger stream into which our brooklet flowed, was an amazing palace surrounded by glittering pillars. (Photograph No. 2.) From the mainland a root had extended across to a small island, and from it the water, as it dropped and trickled, had stiffened into stalactites of ice, that were marvelous imitations of the formations of limestone or other minerals with which nature ornaments so many of her caves and underground retreats.



PHOTOGRAPH NO. 3. "A SUPERB FRINGE OF CRYSTALLINE LACE BORDERING AN OPENING IN THE ICE."

The farther we went the more interesting everything became. Another branching brook (Photograph No. 3) showed us a superb fringe of crystalline lace bordering an opening in the ice, where the water flowed so silently and so swiftly that it seemed a lake of oil, dark within the shadows of its jeweled shore. The water was several inches below the ice. The cold snap so closely following the rain-storm formed the icework at high water, while, in the cold days which succeeded, the water steadily fell, producing and destroying as it fell great quantities of that dainty, delicate ice-weaving that only nature's fingers can model, and which Lowell calls "fern and lace-work and filigree."



PHOTOGRAPH NO. 4. "THE BROOK WAS BRIDGED BY THIS FILIGREE-WORK."

In one place, for several rods, the brook was bridged by this filigree-work (Photograph No. 4), and as the water played and trickled among the crystal meshes, its voice rose through the calm air in a soothing tinkle, like the sound of a fairy guitar faint in the distance. The scene was so peaceful and so beautiful, and it touched my heart so closely, that I rested for a moment with my hand on a stump, and said to myself: "How strange it is that Howard and I are the only ones out here this morning!"

But Howard interrupted my trance-like admiration of the brook by saying, "Why, what is the matter with you? It is n't anything but ice."



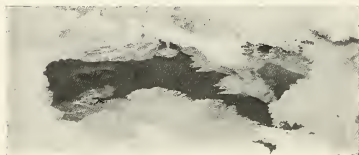
PHOTOGRAPH NO. 5. "AN EXCEEDINGLY DAINTY OPENING . . . BESIDE IT STOOD A SOLITARY BUSH."

Oh, yes; it was a good deal more than ice!

Under a bit of overhanging shrubbery was an exceedingly dainty opening perhaps two feet in width. Beside it stood a solitary bush which gave the surrounding slope the appearance of a desert. (Photograph No. 5.) That little shrub with the bunch of dead leaves at its foot made the whole vicinity seem desolate and lonely, while the contrast with the aperture in the ice of the brook increased the beauty.

Another opening a little farther up the stream had a miniature "umbrella" hanging by its handle in the center of the upper margin. (Photograph No. 6.)

Then we came out of the woods and crossed the meadow to the road. There we found the fence decorated for our pleasure and in a specially varied way. (Photograph No. 7.) The sticks and twigs and dead grasses washed down from forest and meadow had been held back



PHOTOGRAPH NO. 6. "A MINIATURE 'UMBRELLA' HANGING BY ITS HANDLE."

by the lowest rail, and formed a dam that temporarily flooded the meadow. It had held the water in check long enough for ice to form, so that when the water oozed through the accumulated rubbish, it left a thin sheet suspended over the greater part of the meadow. If the dam had held the water firmly, so as to support the ice, it would have made an excellent skating-pond. A stone thrown on this surface resounded as if it had struck a drum, as indeed it had—a huge drum whose head was a sheet of ice suspended on the dried and dead grasses of the meadow. At frequent intervals a corner snapped, and a wide area fell with the resounding crash of ruin.

After we had climbed the fence, I noticed that Howard put his hands in his pockets and stepped gingerly with his shoulders shrugged, and I knew that something was coming. It came! With a disrespectful grin, he said: "That



PHOTOGRAPH NO. 7. "THE FENCE DECORATED FOR OUR PLEASURE IN A SPECIALLY VARIED WAY."

is nothing but a stream of water cold as the north pole, running through ice as cold as I am." (Photograph No. 8.) "What are you mooning about? If I had the camera I would 'take you' in the act of sentimentalizing with an icicle on your mustache. Do you see that house? Do you see the smoke coming out of the chimney? That means a stove. But you need n't come unless you want to. Moon away, old man! I am after that stove."

When I thought of it, so was I.



PHOTOGRAPH NO. 8. "NOTHING BUT A STREAM OF WATER . . . RUNNING THROUGH ICE AS COLD AS I AM."

little twins, the bright two-scarred or "two-eyed" fruit of the dainty vines, appeal not only to the eye but to the appetite of partridges and other birds and of the young folks. It's true that these are really almost tasteless, but you can't make the country boy or girl believe that.

#### QUEER HOME OF AN ORCHIS.

PLANTS of the remarkable orchis family are very particular with regard to their home, and it is often interesting to note the kinds of soil the different species choose. The seeds of the entire orchis family are so minute that they are blown about like dust in the wind. I once found a rattlesnake-plantain which had apparently blown, when a seed, into the crevice at the top of a pignut shell. The nut inside the shell proved a poor one, and the seedling, finding something to its taste, sent down its roots through the openings in the thin shell, until it obtained safe anchorage in the leafy soil surrounding the nut. The shell clung to the worthless fruit and seemed to hold sufficient moisture for growth during the dry summer months. I brought the plant home, and it flourished with a little water for several weeks before this unique little flower-pot fell to pieces.

W. C. KNOWLES.

#### TWIN-BERRY OR PARTRIDGE-VINE.

THOSE who enjoy rambles in the winter woods are especially fond of the twin-berry or partridge-vine, for then the dense mat of evergreen leaves and the bright red edible "berries" are especially attractive.

We are apt at other seasons to overlook the beauty of this dainty vine or of even the waxy white twin-flowers of spring (sometimes also blooming in autumn), for then there is so much of green foliage that the little leaves or flowers are inconspicuous.

But in the winter a carpet of these shining green leaves and holly-like "berries," near the bases of forest trees or of an old stump, seems to brighten the entire landscape. And the

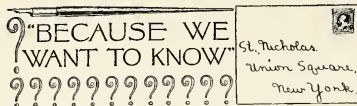


THE DOUBLE FLOWER AND THE DOUBLE-SCARRED FRUIT.



RATTLESNAKE-PLANTAIN GROWING ON A PIGNUT.





## MINIATURE APPLE-TREES.

OWEGO, TIOGA CO., N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send by mail a queer thing that one of my boy companions and I found while we



SPROUTING APPLE IN THE ORCHARD.

were walking in our garden. Will you please explain it to me? Is it the beginning of an apple-tree?

Yours truly,

SIDNEY KINGMAN EASTWOOD.

My young friend has quite rightly described this as a "queer thing." My first thought, upon unpacking it from the box in which it was sent, was of a ball of wrinkled, moldy leather covered with a few leaves. A little examination showed that it was the beginnings of tiny apple-trees from the seeds in a shriveled apple. It is shown in the foreground of the accompanying illustration.

## LENGTH OF A BIRD'S LIFE.

LEXINGTON, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Does a sparrow live to be twenty years old?

Yours very truly,

ROBERT W. URESON (age 11).

Dr. O. Widman, an experienced ornithologist, writes this department:

I hardly think an English sparrow will reach the age of twenty years in the wild state, but since canaries are known to have reached that age, it may be supposed that an English sparrow, if well kept, might do as much. I have had a great horned owl in a cage nearly twenty-three years, and he seems to be in his prime.

Will our readers, old and young, please give information of long life of any birds in captivity that they may have known?

## GALL-INSECTS, AND THEIR QUEER HOMES.

ROME, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I inclose this ball which I found in the woods on an oak-tree. It is white with pink dots upon it. I do not know the name of it, but thought perhaps you could tell me.

ADDIE WRIGHT.

The specimen you send is a woolly oak-gall, a very common gall on oak-trees. Some galls, even the large ones, are made by a single gall-insect; and others, not much different in appearance, are composed of a cluster of tiny gall-cases, as shown in the illustration.



THE WOOLLY OAK-GALL.

## CLUSTER OF TINY GALLS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send on to-day by mail a curiosity which was given to us by a little girl who had collected it. As will be seen, it has the appearance of a ball of wool with what look like seeds inside. On opening these seeds we found in each a small fly which to-day was alive and able to walk and fly. I would like to know the name of this fly, whether it made this ball or adapted it from some plant, and, if so, whether it is confined to this species of plant alone.

Yours sincerely,

H. W. HARE POWEL, JR.

When I opened your box, about fifty tiny gall-flies flew out. In fact, there was soon a small swarm over my desk, some flying aimlessly about, others alighting on various things. Two, alas! were drowned in the ink in the uncovered stand. About a dozen crawled out of the ball on my hands. So you see I had enough and to spare; but I saved a few, with the "nests," from which our artist made the illustration at the top of the next column. The flies had evidently "hatched out" after you packed the galls in the box.

## "SEED-BOX" GALLS ON LEAVES.

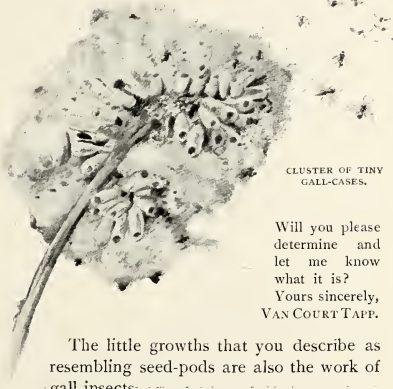
JAMAICA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I am interested in the nature study that appears in your magazine, I send you with same mail, under separate cover, a few plants



LARGE GALL MADE BY A SINGLE INSECT.

which I found in a lot near my residence. On some of the leaves there is what appears to be a seed-pod. Some thought it was deposited by an insect; others thought that it was either the seed of the plant itself or the seed of a future plant.



CLUSTER OF TINY GALL-CASES.

Will you please determine and let me know what it is?

Yours sincerely,  
VAN COURT TAPP.

The little growths that you describe as resembling seed-pods are also the work of gall-insects:

Sometimes the growths are long and spear-pointed. In other varieties they are wart-shaped. Frequently they are of a variety of beautiful colors.

## LUMPY GALLS ON WILLOW LEAVES.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me how the lumps on these leaves were formed? The leaves are from a willow-tree.

Yours truly,

FRED BOSBYSHILL.

## GALLS ON GOLDENROD.

LOWELL, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have often noticed, when walking along the roadside, little bunches on the goldenrod and the willow. Not long ago I learned about them. They are called galls. An insect deposits its eggs here. In the summer there is no hole in the little brown house, but in the winter the hole is easily seen, indicating that the larva has gone out.

There are two kinds of galls, the elliptical and the spherical, but the most common is the elliptical, which grows farther down on the stem than the other. They are also found on the leaves and stems of apple, pussy-willow, roses, and others. I think they seem more interesting when we find that there is really life in them.

Your interested reader,

MILDRED FAVOR (age 12).



ENLARGED VIEWS OF GALL-INSECTS.

Drawn from the live insects received in the package.

the ends of willow twigs that looks like a miniature pine-cone. In any book on insects

Gall-flies and flies of similar appearance called saw-flies often select leaf tissue and stems in which to deposit eggs. The growths on the leaves caused by this assume various forms — sometimes like “seed-pods,” as Master Tapp describes them, and sometimes wart-like “lumps,” as described by Master Bosbyshell.

There is also a gall on

you will obtain further information as to these queer little bee- or wasp-like insects that are commonly but incorrectly called “flies.”

Perhaps the most interesting fact about the oak-galls is what scientists call alternation of generations; that is, the “children” are like the grandparents rather than like the parents. In fact, the offspring and their gall “houses” were for a long time supposed to be of a different genus. Another very remarkable fact about galls is



PINE-ONE WILLOW GALLS.

An insect “stings” the tip of the twig and deposits an egg, causing this queer growth that has somewhat the appearance of a pine-cone.

that this injury to the plant sometimes brings out a beauty in this abnormal growth that is greater than that of any part of the natural plant. Thus in the oak, the flowers, leaves, and acorns are not so beautiful in delicate structure and dainty tinting as is the fuzzy exterior of the woolly oak-galls.

The illustration at the left shows two of these bulging growths on the goldenrod stems. In the lower left is shown the interior of one variety, filled with a spongy material in the center of which is the insect.

In some varieties the insect, of a beautiful reddish-brown color, lies on the bottom of a large open space. At the top of the gall there is a queer little “door,” or “stopple,” so called as it may be lifted out as a cork pulled out of a bottle.



GOLDENROD GALLS

In the winter you may readily find these enlarged parts of the goldenrod stems. A view of the interior of one form is shown in the lower left-hand corner.

## BIRDS FEEDING IN WINTER.

AUBURN, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One day just after a light snow had fallen I went out into the fields to look for tracks. After some time I came to an open pasture. There I saw some tracks smaller than a hen's but larger than a song-bird's. I am sure that they were crows' tracks. After following them where they crossed and recrossed I saw one place where the snow seemed to be pushed away. On looking closer there was found to be a dead hen under the snow, from which the crows had taken their breakfast.

There were also smaller tracks of some bird that seemed to hop instead of walk. The tracks were seen most often under a kind of grass, the seeds of which they apparently had eaten. Following the tracks for some distance, I suddenly heard a faint "chip, chip." Looking up, I saw two birds eating the seeds from the catkin of the birch. They seemed to know that I was interested in them, for as soon as I came near enough to examine them they flew away. In this way I chased them into another open field, but first one would give a warning "chip," and then both would go. At last, however, I came near enough to see their markings, while they ate the seeds of some field grass or weed. They were of a brownish shade all over, in some places chestnut and on the sides almost a yellow-brown. They had an indistinct dark mark on their breasts, and a row of white on the end of the wings. When I reached home I looked for the description in my bird-book, and after asking a teacher who spends much time in the study of those "little brothers of the air" I have decided that the birds were tree-sparrows, a winter bird much like the well-known "chippie."

I wish to say in closing that I am much interested in the Nature and Science department, and that I have learned many things from it that I never knew before.

Your friend and reader, CLARA W. PHILLIPS.



CEDAR WAXWINGS EATING CEDAR BERRIES.

These birds are noted for their sociability and silence. In winter their fare is chiefly cedar berries.



OUR WINTER "CHIFFIES," OR TREE-SPARROWS, EATING THE SEEDS OF WILD CARROTS.

They are industrious and cheerful little birds. They are also very sociable, and usually found in small flocks. Professor Beal has estimated that in Iowa alone the tree-sparrows destroy 875 tons of noxious weed seeds every year.

This is a good suggestion for winter observations. I like the expression "looking closer."

It condenses much good advice for finding out the secrets of nature.

Go into the fields and woods some sunny day in midwinter and watch the birds. It is very interesting to note the various methods by which our winter birds solve the problem of finding enough to eat. And, after all, they don't seem to find it the most discouraging task. On the contrary, even in the coldest weather you will find the birds teaching us all a lesson of happiness.



THE  
ST.  
NICHOLAS  
LEAGUE  
FOR  
JANUARY,  
1903.

LIVE TO LEARN  
AND  
LEARN TO LIVE.



"A SCHOOL STUDY." BY LOIS D. WILCOX, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

If each contributor would say,  
"I'll write my name, and full address,  
not only to ourselves, but to others.  
And age, on everything I send,"  
The disappointments would be less.

This is the time of year for resolves — good resolves, that we mean to keep, resolves that will be a benefit, not only to ourselves, but to others. Members of the League, especially those who are apt to be a little careless and to take things for granted, can help themselves, and do a good turn to the editor as well, if they will firmly and truly resolve to see that every contribution is properly prepared before it leaves their hands. There is only a brief paragraph of rules; it is on the last League page; and if this is carefully read over now and then, and the few simple requirements observed, the chance of the editor's sorrowfully putting aside a good paper or picture that otherwise might be a prize-winner will be very small indeed. This very month there were two contributions — a picture and a story — that would have been among the lucky ones if they had borne the senders' names, ages, and addresses.

Speaking of resolves, of course they are an excellent thing, for we do not achieve much without a fixed purpose. Only we are apt to make too many at once. The first of the year seems such a good time for resolutions that we are inclined to put down a long list of the good things we are going to do and the bad things we are going to leave undone. Then somehow the list looks so very long, and it's such a nuisance, when we want to do or not do anything, to have to pull out



"EARLY AUTUMN." BY HOMER C. MILLER, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

that list and read it all over to see if that particular thing is down or not, that we are very likely to get discouraged and perhaps lose the list, and so stay about where we were, and drift along as before.

It is n't really necessary to make a list. One good resolution, well thought out and really meant, is likely to be on hand at a moment's notice, even if only set down on the gray tissue of one's brain. Such a resolution, if well kept, is worth as much as twenty typewritten resolves carried in one's pocket and observed only in a chance fashion, when the case in hand and the resolve happen to connect without any real effort on the part of the resolver.

Of course a resolution, to be valuable, should be needed. It does n't count much, for instance, for a little boy to say: "I will not smoke cigars in 1903," when that little boy has never smoked a cigar in his life, and never could smoke one without becoming so ill that even the sight of candy and mince-pie would only make his misery more complete. Neither does it profit for a little girl of seven to declare that she will attend no balls or late suppers during the year. The little girl's mother will look after these things for her, without any resolutions on her part; and if the little girl, and the little boy, too, will simply resolve to mind their mothers, and to remember that mothers know what is best for them, and if they will really and truly try to keep this one simple and beautiful resolution, their world will be brighter, their days happier, and their nights more comfortable than if they went on in the heedless, headlong way that leads to disorder, displeasure, and distress.



"EARLY AUTUMN." BY ROBERT G. HAYNE, JR., AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

#### PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 37.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**VERSE.** Gold badges, Mabel C. Stark (age 14), Sawkill, Pike Co., Pa., and Harold R. Norris (age 10), Ivornton, Conn.

Silver badges, Helen Van Dyck (age 11), Greenville, Greene Co., N. Y., Marjorie Betts (age 13), 536 Queens Ave., London, Ont., and Elizabeth Q. Bolles (age 16), 6 Berkeley St., Cambridge, Mass.

**PROSE.** Gold badges, Malcolm Watson (age 15), Fallsington, Bucks Co., Pa., and Wynonah Breazeale (age 14), Natchitoches, La.

Silver badges, Elsie Flower (age 16), 46 W. Park St., Stockton, Cal., Ivy Varian Walshe (age 14), 26 Maison Allamand, Rue de la Gare, Montreux, Switzerland, and Irene J. Graham (age 9), 305 Bird Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

**DRAWING.** Gold badges, Dorothy Hardy Richardson (age 15), American School, Athens, Greece, Lois D. Wilcox (age 13), Norfolk Rd., Euclid Heights, Cleve-

land, O., and Aline J. Dreyfus (age 12), 12 E. 62d St., New York City.

Silver badges, Helen Huntington (age 13), 16 Spalding St., Norwich, Conn., Garrett Van Vranken (age 14), 131 Spruce St., Cadillac, Mich., and Fannie Taylor (age 13), 129 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**PHOTOGRAPHY.** Gold badges, Homer C. Miller (age 17), 26 Clifton St., Springfield, O., and Robert G. Hayne, Jr. (age 13), San Mateo, Cal.

Silver badges, Reginald W. Cauchois (age 17), 458 W. 144th St., New York City, and Edward Walmsley Ashmead (age 13), Holmesburg, Philadelphia, Pa.

**WILD-ANIMAL AND BIRD PHOTOGRAPHY.** First prize, "Squirrels," by Samuel M. Janney, Jr. (age 10), 60 W. 76th St., New York City. Second prize, "King-bird," by Horace Taylor (age 16), 249 Walnut St., Brookline, Mass. Third prize, "Swans," by Arthur West (age 13), 1216 Conn. Ave., Washington, D. C.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Gold badges, Margaret W. Mandell (age 15), 4 Walnut Ave., North Cambridge, Mass., and William Ellis Keysor (age 11), Kirkwood, Mo.

Silver badges, Wilmot S. Close (age 15), 253 W. 139th St., New York City, and Donna J. Todd (age 14), Nottawa, Mich.

**PUZZLE-ANSWERS.** Gold badges, Catharine B. Hooper (age 13), Warren Place, Montclair, N. J., and William Stix Weiss (age 14), Depot Lane, Fort Washington, New York City.

Silver badges, Emerson G. Sutcliffe (age 12), 47 Allerton St., Plymouth, Mass., and Helen Garrison (age 15), 2600 Whittis Ave., Austin, Tex.

#### THE RESOLVE OF ROSE.

BY WYNONAH BREAZEALE (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

MEG squeezed herself in by Nell, in the biggest arm-chair the club-room afforded.

"Girls!" she exclaimed, "can you realize it? Rose has n't asked us to resolve anything this meeting!"

Rose, perched on one arm of the sofa that held the other five girls composing the St. Nicholas Chapter of O—, swung her legs defiantly as the others laughed. Meg rapped for order, and Jess, springing to her feet, flourished a ruler vigorously. "Members of the O— Chapter," she cried, "Rose, the resolver of No. 552, will now ask us to resolve that—"

"It's too bad, Rosie," sympathized Meg. "Jess, sit down."

"I was just going to say," repeated Rose, "that I think it's—er—undignified for us to rush out to surround the postman every meeting, when St. NICHOLAS comes. I move that we—"

"A resolve!" cried Nell. "A new resolve! The idea! Rose, our harum-scarum resolver, quiet and dignified even through a storm of postman raps. Oh, my!"

"I think she's right," announced Fay. "Mama was passing last month when our magazine came, and told me she was surprised that League girls of our size could be so hoidenish."

"You see, girls," Rose went on, "Meg—our president—could send one of us to the door for St. NICK, and read it aloud herself. I move that we—"

Fan, on the other arm of the sofa, slid to her feet and began in a loud voice: "*Resolved*, That the members of No. 552 be properly dignified and—" when a succession of raps, a shriek from Janet of "The postman!" and a flurry of skirts interrupted her. She turned a surprised face to Meg and Nell, who, breathless with laughter, lay in the arm-chair. The sofa was vacant.

Just then Rose, triumphantly waving the magazine in air, followed by the other four, appeared at the door.

"I got it first!" she cried.

"And the resolve?" Nell managed to gasp.

"The resolve," said Rose, "is off!"



#### PAT FINIGAN'S RESOLVE.

BY MALCOLM WATSON (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

As I was pacin' me beat wan noight, a foine carr'age drawn by black horses drew up before an ilegant mansion.

Ofter a toime, a mou and womon, dressed very stoylish loike, came out, got into the carr'age, and away they went. Roight after thot, the cook scuttet wan way, the butler the other, and nary a soul was there left to guard the house but me.

So says I to meself, "Begorra, Pat, and it's this noight the farce will be proud of ye, me b'y."

I loighted me poipe, and had n't taken more 'n foive

puffs when I seed a mon tryin' ter git in at the windy. I was about ter grab his coat-tails when another mon came up and said, "Be aisy awohile, perlicemon, I om a detective. See, here is me badge." And he turned over his coat lapel, and sure enough there it was.

"Me name is Homeless Sherlock," says he, "and that fellar in there is Slippery Bill. Now you watch me nab him," says he; and then he went in.



"EARLY AUTUMN." BY EDWARD ASHMEAD, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

I thought to meself, "Bejabbers, Pat, and it's no fame ye 'll be gettin' out of this, after all. It's Homeless Sherlock that 'll git the praise, begorra."

Purty soon the door opened and out they come. Slippery Bill had a red handkerchief full of spoons in a wan hond, in the other a tin box, whoile Homeless had a pistol in wan, and the back of Slippery's neck in the other.

Says I to him, says I, "I see yer got him."

"Yes," says he; "I got him, and I om goin' ter run him in, too."

Thot is the last I seen of him thot noight.

I always reads the paper the foirst thing in the marnin', and the foirst thing I saw the next marnin' was, "House robbed under eyes of a watchful perlicemon."

Slippery Bill done the work, whoile his pard played the detective with a wan-penny badge-pin.

Talk about woild Orishmons in the days of ould long sine. The world has n't degenerated as far as they 're concerned.

I resolved ter send in me resignation and quit being a perlicemon, and a moighty foine reason I had.

And now, mister, I can sleep at noight without havin' dreadful noightmares, though I do have to tote bricks and mortar up the stairs and have no foine blue uniform wid brass buttons in which ter perform me dooties.





## WHEN THE HOLIDAYS COME.

BY MABEL C. STARK (AGE 14).

*(Gold Badge.)*

THE minutes are flying, the north wind is sighing,  
As over a book of adventures I pore;  
When out of the hallway my brothers go rushing  
With hurrying feet and a slam of the door.

"Hurrah!" they are shouting, "Hurrah for vacation!"  
"We fear not cold winter!" they daringly say.  
"Three cheers for the skating, the coasting, and  
sliding,  
Hip, hip, and hurrah for a long holiday!"

And this is the way that they spend their vacation,  
Though nature *is* cold and her aspect is stern,  
Till, with eyes sparkling brightly and ruddy cheeks  
glowing,  
They go back to their studies, their lessons to  
learn.

## A RESOLUTION.

*(A Leaf from a Girl's Diary.)*

BY ELSIE FLOWER (AGE 16).

*(Silver Badge.)*

OCTOBER 3. The worst has come! Money lost in speculation. Papa feels blue about it, but mama is a comfort to him. She makes the best of a bad matter. No nervous prostration and hysterics for her! To use Tom's expression, "She is a brick." As for me, I resolve to do my best.

November 20. Mama and I have been so busy getting settled! We have a modest cottage furnished cozily in a nice part of the city. Being poor is n't so bad, after all. To-day several of my old friends called to tender me their sympathy. Really, I do not think I need it.

November 28. I think the work and worry is a little too hard for mama. She looks *so* tired and worn. I think mama needs a trip South this winter. It will do her good, I know.

November 29. Well, I have laid the matter before papa, and he approves. Mama, when told, declared it was extravagant; but papa assured her we could afford it. She then said that I could not cook and do the work without her help. I gave my checkered gingham apron a wash, and asked her what I had learned in cooking-school. That settled the argument.

December 3. Received a letter from mama this morning saying she was already much better.

Papa told me to-day that he would bring Mr. John MacDougal home for dinner to-morrow. Now if that is n't an example of a man's blunder!

And I 've heard of Mr. Mac as being an epicure. Oh, dear!

December 4. Well, I 've spent the day in planning my dinner. I 've decided to have something simple and substantial: roast beef, roast potatoes, cream Lima beans, lettuce salad, etc. How 's that? I am getting to be a fine housekeeper!

December 5. Well, I 'm crestfallen! That dinner! Horrors! Meat unsalted, potatoes hard, tea strong—papa glum, Mr. John Mac with a light appetite. Oh, how I wish for mama! How I do wish she 'd come home!

December 25. Mama home. Looking fine. Enjoyed vacation. Enjoyable Christmas.

January 1. Am applying myself to culinary arts. I find that cooking-school knowledge needs practical use.

January 20. John dined here this evening. Ate heartily.

January 26. John comes out almost every evening to dinner.

February 1. Jack paid me a great compliment to-night: as he finished a piece of mince-pie he remarked, "Just like those mother used to make."

## WHEN THE HOLIDAYS ARE OVER.

BY HAROLD R. NORRIS (AGE 10).

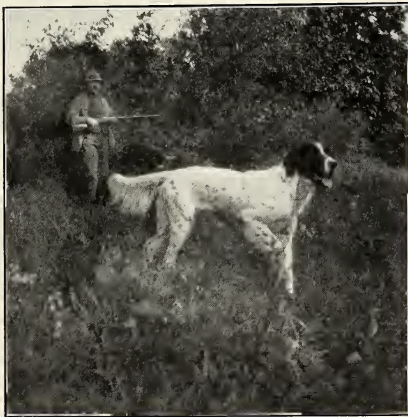
*(Gold Badge.)*

WHEN the holidays are over,  
And the Christmas bells are still,  
And the sound of childish laughter  
Now is silent on the hill,  
Then a tinkle, tinkle, tinkle;  
'T is the school-bell from afar,  
And the children now are flocking  
Far beyond the pasture bar.

In the school-room sits the teacher,  
With her pupils gathered round;  
And beyond her, in the closet,  
Books and pencils may be found.  
Let us through the year that 's coming,  
Whether in our work or play,  
Make each evening, make each morning,  
Like another New Year's day.

## NOTICE.

Every reader of ST. NICHOLAS is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and instruction leaflet will be sent free on application.



"EARLY AUTUMN." BY REGINALD W. CAUCHOS, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)



## A SPARTAN RESOLVE.

BY IVY VARIAN  
WALSHE (AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

THE sun shone down brightly on the pass of Thermopylae, and glistened brightly on the arms of the little force of Greeks stationed along the pass, and on the countless hordes of Persians beyond. In the tent of Leonidas, the Spartan king, a council was being held; for the hearts of some wavered, knowing it was certain death to remain.

The king, observing their doubt, rose and said:

"Ye know well that a Spartan turns not his back upon a foe, nor deserts his post! Besides, remember ye not the words of the oracle, 'Either shall Sparta, or the king thereof, perish by the Persians' arms'? Therefore have I resolved to die at my post; but any of ye who so list may leave the camp."

Every one of the three hundred Spartans and seven hundred allies rallied round him, but the rest of the allies held back.

"Go, then!" cried Leonidas. "And when we lie dead, tell how we did our duty."

At length the night, calm and peaceful, descended, covering with her pure mantle the opposing armies. And many a man, as he lay gazing at the stars and listening to the rippling murmur of the sea below, thought of his home, and wondered if he would live to see the morrow's eve.

But their last night on earth passed all too quickly; soon the flush on the hills told of the coming dawn.

None flinched from his duty, or from the shadow of approaching death; but all attacked the Persians valiantly, before the rest, headed by the traitor Ephialtes, should attack them in the rear.

Many a Persian did they slay, but soon the brave Leonidas fell, mortally wounded. His comrades gathered round him, and, possessed with almost supernatural courage, carried all before them.

But soon the Persian regiment came up behind them, and knowing that the end had come, the Spartans formed a circle round the body of their king.

They fell one by one, fighting bravely and determinedly to the



"SQUIRRELS." BY SAMUEL M. JANNEY, JR., AGE 10.  
(FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

last for their fair native land.

And that night, when the moon rose and cast its silver beams over the once more silent pass, it lighted up the faces of the fallen heroes—those brave ones who had resolved to stay and guard their country with their lives, and who are—and whoever will be—remembered by all who love brave resolutions and noble deeds.

## WHEN THE HOLIDAYS ARE OVER.

BY HELEN VAN DYCK (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

WHEN the holidays are over,  
Back to school the children go,  
Leaving Christmas toys behind them  
As they scamper o'er the snow.

When the holidays are over,  
They are at their books again,  
Studying reading, grammar, spelling—  
No one thinks of presents then.

When the holidays are over,  
After tea, around the light,  
All are reading dear St. Nicholas  
'Till 't is time to say good night.



"KINGBIRD." BY HORACE TAYLOR, AGE 16.  
(SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

## A HEROIC RESOLVE OF STUCKUP.

BY FLORENCE COCHRANE TURNER (AGE 14).

ONCE upon a time there lived a young man who was so very conceited that we will call him Stuckup, though his mother, who was the only woman he had ever seen, called him Charming.

This old mother was so foolish that she did not make him do any work, but toiled all day in order to buy him clothes and food, and books to read.

Now Stuckup read about young women who were more beautiful than anything he had ever imagined, and he was so conceited that he said to himself: "If only I could get out into the world, all would be wild with love of me."

Once his mother brought him a book about "Prince Charming," who woke up a beautiful princess and married her.

"Ah," thought Stuckup, "so I am a prince!"



"SWANS." BY ARTHUR WEST, AGE 13. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

After that his old mother had to work all night to buy him silk and velvet clothes, and cakes. Soon, however, Stuckup set off to find his princess.

He had not gone far when he saw a little girl sitting on a stone, crying as though her heart would break.

"I wonder who it is that she is crying about?" said Stuckup, and an owl called from above his head:

"Why, you;  
That 's who—  
Just you!"

"It would never do to offer myself to her," he thought. "What about the princess I am seeking?" Still he thought he ought to, just to end her suffering, and he made a heroic resolve.

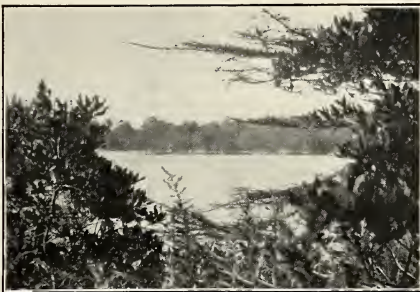
"Lady fair," he said, "I am Prince Charming, and I intended to marry a princess; but now I will marry you, because you love me so that you have been crying hard."

The little girl looked at him surprised; then she said:

"Why, I was crying because I broke Lady Arabella Angeline's head! Boo-hoo-hoo!"

And she howled so loudly that poor, crestfallen Prince Charming put his fingers into his ears and ran home as fast as his legs would carry him.

"If all young women-folk are like that," he said, "the less I have to do with them the better. I will stay at home and help my mother."



"EARLY AUTUMN." BY E. AUGUSTUS ALDRICH, AGE 16.



THE HITTITE RUINS.

## OUR JOURNEY TO THE HITTITE RUINS.

BY MARGARET B. WHITE (AGE 13).

THIS summer my mother, my sister, some friends, and I went several days' journey in wagons to see

—it had writing on both sides. It seems strange that I found the best that had been found

some Hittite ruins. The first place we came to was only a little village called Euyuk. When we drove in, all the men, women, and children came around to see what kind of people we were. Some of the women pulled our hats off, and some were very interested in the gold filling that was in our teeth. There we saw two sphinxes, and near were blocks of stone on which many figures were cut. Men who have gone there say that it used to be a large palace. That night we stayed in the best house in the village, but the horses had to go through the room we slept in.

The next morning we went on to the village called Boghaz-keui. That day, before we got to the village, we went to see some figures cut right on the rock in the mountain. There were about sixty figures. The next day we went up the mountain and saw the ruins of an old castle. Outside the castle began a sort of tunnel which led inside the castle wall. This seemed to be for the people outside to come in by in time of battle. Then we came down to see a palace. Here one of us, in looking around, found a piece of brick with a few letters of cuneiform writing on it; then we all began hunting for more pieces. After a while each had found a piece with at least a few letters on it except myself; but after hunting a while I found the best that had been found on both sides. It seems strange that I found the best that had been found

## WHEN HOLIDAYS ARE OVER.

BY MARJORIE BETTS (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

When holidays are over quite,  
Then off to school we hie,  
In weather dark, in weather bright,  
In weather wet or dry.

You ask, "When holidays are done,  
What do you do all day?"  
To school each morn we sadly run,  
But afterward we play.



"BUT AFTERWARD WE PLAY." BY MARJORIE BETTS.

And when the leaves begin to fall,  
Big bonfires then we make,  
Or climb the chestnut-trees, or maul  
The chestnuts with a rake.

And when the snow is mountains  
high,  
To school on bobs we race;  
And down steep hills like birds we fly  
At a terrific pace.

And we have fun. My! we have fun  
In sunshine or in rain;  
But still we're glad when winter's  
done  
And summer comes again.



"A SCHOOL STUDY." BY GARRETT VAN VRANKEN,  
AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

could not have been brought there, but we found some that were on top of each other. They were not very smooth, but only smoothed off enough to be fitted very closely together. The rocks were cut to fit according to their natural curves. Near by there was an overturned throne with two lion heads carved on it.

#### TOMMY'S RESOLVE PAPER.

BY IRENE J. GRAHAM (AGE 9).

(Silver Badge.)

TOMMY was a boy of eight years, and as to-day was his birthday his mother said he should resolve to be good.

Tommy thought he was good already, but as his teacher had told him what resolve meant, he thought he would try to be better (which, if some of you would try to do, you might be better off). So he took a sheet of paper and wrote:

"TOMMY HUGHES.

"I resolve not to pull Tabby's tail.

"I resolve not to eat green apples.

"I resolve to weed the onion-bed.

"I resolve to let baby have my rubber cat and ball. This is all I can think of now."

So when he went to bed that night he took his "Resolve Paper," as he called it, with him, and when his mama turned down the light he got up and went into her room and laid it on the bureau; then he crept back to bed and dreamed all night of resolve papers.

But his mama never saw his resolutions, because she got up very early to catch a train, and

when the maid came to sweep she swept it up. So Tommy never saw his resolve paper again, and nobody else ever did, as far as we know. But in spite of all he kept his resolutions.

#### WHEN THE HOLIDAYS ARE OVER.

BY ELIZABETH Q. BOLLES (AGE 16).

(Silver Badge.)

THE holidays are over quite,  
The days I played from morn till night,  
And I to school must go once more  
And study as I did before.

But if I'm very, very good  
And learn my lessons as I should,  
The time will not seem far away  
Before the summer holiday.

#### WHEN THE HOLIDAYS ARE OVER.

BY DORIS WEBB (AGE 17).

WHEN the holidays are over  
And the Christmas tree is brown,  
And the toys are getting broken,  
And the holly all is down,

Then it's time to count the hours  
And the days, and find out when,  
By the steady little calendar,  
They'll come around again.

#### JOHN KLIMBALL'S RESOLVE.

BY F. LE ROY BESSEY (AGE 16).

JOHN KLIMBALL's folks always made new resolutions on New Year's day. It had been done in that family for a long time, and was getting to be a regular first-of-January habit. Why they did it on this particular day rather than on Christmas or Fourth of July, Johnnie could n't imagine. At all events, he had heard so much "resolving," he decided to try it too.

Now Johnnie had made many good resolutions before, but he never kept them. This time he determined to *resolve*, and none of your weak promises would do. He thought a great deal about his resolve, and at last hit upon a noble one.

Consequently, New Year's morning found him in the woodshed making his resolve. To impart solemnity to the occasion, his head was bared and his fist raised in air while he repeated: "*Resolved*, That I will watch the wood-bin, so ma will never have to ask me to bring in wood again," and then brought down his fist with a thump on the work-bench to emphasize the "never."

Was n't that a noble resolve? Johnnie did n't even think about the nobleness of it; he was just experimenting, and chose this one because he could think of no other. But, if he *was* experimenting, he seemed to mean what he said, I think. And if you could have heard that "never" you would agree with me entirely.

I am glad to say Johnnie kept his resolve. The wood-bin has never been empty since. It took a long



"A SCHOOL STUDY." BY CHARLOTTE MORTON,  
AGE 16.

time for his mother to get used to it, she was so in the habit of finding it empty, and reminding Johnnie of it the very next moment he showed up. That wood-bin was his especial pride and care, and he even worked out some of his spare time providing a wood-pile to be used only as an emergency.

Johnnie got his reward for it,—a brand-new wheel,—and is a happy boy, still tending his wood-bin, and a great help to his mother. He says he is going to resolve some more good resolutions next New Year's day.

### WHEN THE HOLIDAYS ARE OVER.

BY MARCIA LOUISE WEBBER  
(AGE 17).

"SHE is coming to-night!" the golf-sticks cried,  
And the ping-pong rackets smiled,  
While the Indian clubs on the mantel groaned,  
"This idleness drives us wild!"

The pictures murmured, "She's coming back!"

The pillows bounced in glee;  
The mirror said, "You foolish things,  
She will look the most at me!"

The books on the table rustled with joy;  
"She will use us to-morrow!" they cried;  
"Vacation is over and school work begun."  
"She is coming!" the table replied.

A rustle of skirts and a vision sweet  
Appeared at the open door.  
"How do you do, old room?" she laughed.  
"It is good to see you once more."

### VERSES.

BY NANCY CABOT  
(AGE 8).

THE moon 's like silver  
in the skies,  
And while upon her bed  
she lies  
The sun comes up. He  
makes you wink;  
He wakes the roses red  
and pink.

When the maple leaves  
turn brown  
Then you see them fluttering  
down.  
The snow is falling  
thick and fast,  
The summer's pleasant  
days are past.  
In spring the sprouts  
come shooting up  
With tulips shaped just  
like a cup.



"A SCHOOL STUDY." BY AÏMÉE VERVALEN, AGE 16.

### WHEN THE HOLIDAYS ARE OVER.

BY MARY B. BLOSS (AGE 10).

OH, mama! do comb out my hair for to-day;  
It's tangled and knotted clear through;  
And I can't find the brush, and the baby won't  
hush,

And I really don't know what to do!  
Oh, hurry up, Harry and Susan and Jane,  
And, John, you're as slow as a snail;  
I am going with Ned; I can't wait for Ted,  
And Jennie has misplaced her veil.  
Oh, there goes the bell, and we're half a block off!

We'll have to run  
awfully fast,  
'Cause the teacher does  
hate for a child to  
be late,  
And I really don't  
want to be last.

### THE TURKEY.

BY MARGARET L. HESS  
(AGE 9).

ONCE there were two  
little boys named Bryce  
and George. One day  
they went in the or-  
chard.

They heard a noise,  
and they looked in  
among the bushes, and  
they thought they would  
see a snake; but just  
when they were getting  
ready to stone it the  
head of a turkey popped  
out.



"A SCHOOL STUDY." BY SARA D. BURQUE, AGE 13.





"A SCHOOL STUDY." BY DOROTHY HARDY RICHARDSON, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

### WHEN THE HOLIDAYS ARE OVER.

BY SIDONIA DEUTSCH (AGE 16).

The holidays, so joyful yet so fleeting,  
Have passed, and I am left alone once more;  
Winter has dropped her silent veil of greeting  
Over the hills that meet the sandy shore.

Wandering where the sun, that great magician,  
Sends golden rays across the snow-clad slope,  
I feel within my heart a vague ambition,  
Lit by the star-rays of life's beacon, hope.

Out from its boundless depths  
The sunlit ocean  
Looks with a smile that seems  
to say to me:  
"The master hand that set the  
world in motion  
Will bear you safe through  
life's tempestuous sea."

### WHEN HOLIDAYS COME.

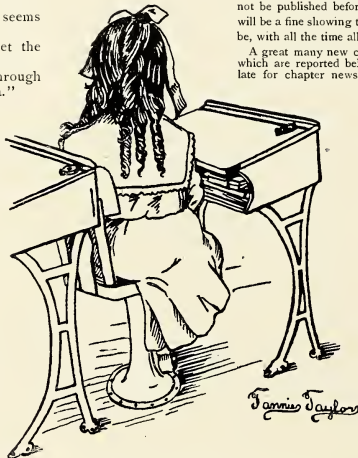
BY ANNIE W. WELLSTOOD  
(AGE 17).

The student sits with book  
and pen,  
Locked tightly in his little  
den;

He starts to read, then  
seems to dream;  
He's thinking out his pre-  
cious theme,  
Near June-time.

He's finished it. He  
knows it now,  
From A to Z, from bow to  
bow.

With eagerness he waits  
the hour  
To read it and reveal its  
power,  
In June-time.



"A SCHOOL STUDY." BY FANNIE TAYLOR, AGE 13.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

### EVENING IN THE FOREST.

BY WILLIAM NEWTON COU-  
PLAND (AGE 14).

Now the setting sun resplendent  
In the west is lying low,  
Tingeing all the clouds around  
him  
With a warm and rosy glow;  
And the sultry air grows cooler;  
Overhead the branches sigh,  
Softly whispering together  
As a breeze comes rustling by.

Through the trees the sun is  
gleaming,  
Pointing out the winding way,  
Filling it with shifting shadow,  
As the branches gently sway,  
Shaping weird fantastic figures  
On the brown earth at my feet,  
Ever flitting, wavering, gliding,  
First advance and then retreat.

Even as the forest shadows  
Lengthen in the sun's red light,  
Even as they fade and vanish  
When he passes from our sight,  
So the summer daylight lingers  
With the slowly sinking sun,  
Till at length the gathering darkness  
Whispers that the day is done.

### CHAPTERS.

The chapter competition is closed, but the reports will not be published before March or April. We hope there will be a fine showing this time, and certainly there should be, with all the time allowed.

A great many new chapters have been formed, some of which are reported below. There has been little room of late for chapter news.

No. 99 has had a change of officers.

Chapter 182 reports six new members and reorganization.

No. 417 reports two new members.

No. 418 disbanded for the summer, but is busy again now.

No. 438 has three new members.

No. 524 is prospering and has been having a guessing contest, with prizes.

No. 533 reports a new member, and is prospering.

### NOTICE TO SECRETARIES.

As a matter of convenience, the secretary of each chapter should be authorized to receive subscriptions from any one desiring to subscribe for ST. NICHOLAS, and the publishers have agreed to allow a liberal commission on each new subscription so received, the amount to be placed to the chapter's credit and remitted to the said chapter when it shall aggregate \$5.00. Chapters may accumulate a good fund in this way, and while an entertainment is in progress a number of subscriptions should easily be obtained.

## NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 567. "Secret Kettle Club." Cornelia Hoyt, Secretary; seven members. Address, 27 Lake Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

No. 568. "Robert Riggs." President; Lawrence Riggs, Secretary; five members. Address, Oahe, S. D.

No. 569. "Florentine Chapter." A. Schwatz, President; E. Falk, Secretary; sixty members. Address, Miss F. Fuld, 130 E. 110th St., New York City.

No. 570. Dorothy Wallace, President; Helen Leulon, Secretary; six members. Address, 300 Park Ave., Orange, N. J.

No. 571. "Daisy Club." Mary Cromer, President; Marie Huey, Secretary; seven members. Address, St. Louis, Mo.

No. 572. Morgan Pile, Jr., President; Elizabeth Harned, Secretary; six members. Address, Secane, Pa.

No. 573. "Searchlight." Harriet Fenton, President; Rose Toole, Secretary; thirty members. Address, Miss Anna Gray, Falls Village, Conn.

No. 574. "Dartmouth Dramatic Club." Elmsheimer, President; Paul Smith, Secretary; nine members. Address, 55 Patten St., Forest Hills, Boston, Mass.

No. 575. Elizabeth Alling, President; Julia Fisher, Secretary; seven members. Address, 143 Washington St., Gloucester, Mass.

No. 576. Avery Ink, President; John Love, Secretary; seven members. Address, 20 N. Gamble St., Shelby, O.

No. 577. Mary Kirtland, President; Benton Allen, Secretary; four members. Address, 678 Potomac Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

No. 578. "Ramblers." Alma Nilsen, President; Hazel Lawler, Secretary; six members. Address, 860 6th Ave., New York City.

No. 579. "Pentagon." Mildred Orcutt, President; Ethel Derby, Secretary; five members. Address, North Abington, Mass.

No. 580. Howard Lehman, President; Frances Kinsey, Secretary; nine members. Address, 60 Linden Ave., Dayton, O.

No. 581. Edith Emerson, President; Julia McCormick, Secretary; seven members. Address, 331 North Geneva St., Ithaca, N. Y.

No. 582. "St. Nicholas A. C." Joseph Rocklein, President; Frank Kelly, Secretary; twenty-four members. Address, 39 Newell St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

## LEAGUE NOTES.

ALLEENE LANGFORD, an old friend, sends a pretty alphabetical poem, but much too long for the League.

Chapter 545 petitions for the privilege of using pencil in making drawings. Well, if *crayon* pencil is used (black crayon, of course) the drawings will be allowed to compete. But ordinary lead-pencil drawings do not reproduce well, hence the rule.

Gertrude Kaufmann, 77 E. 108th St., is very anxious to help the poor and needy of lower New York City. She would like to know of the most suitable district for her work, where she should send her contributions. Her little society will be called the "St. Nicholas Cheery Sisters," and we hope some one will advise her just what and how to do to succeed in her worthy cause.

Zenobia Camprubi Aymar, care of Señor Don Raimundo Camprubi, Pascual y Genis 3, Valencia, Spain, received a letter from one named Florence in New York State. But she lost the letter, and the writer's surname and address are forgotten, so the letter cannot be answered. Will the writer please write again?

Diamond Foley, (age 16), Pembroke, Hants Co., Nova Scotia, would exchange stamps or would correspond with some boy of his own age.

Margaret McKeon (age 13), 32 2d St., Brooklyn, N. Y., would like a correspondent out West—a girl of about her own age.

Helen Dickinson, Idylwild, Riverside Co., Cal., would like to exchange photographic views with foreign or American League members; historic views preferred.

Helen Leulon, Secretary; six members. Address, 300 Park Ave., Orange, N. J.

Mary Cromer, President; Marie Huey, Secretary; seven members. Address, St. Louis, Mo.

Morgan Pile, Jr., President; Elizabeth Harned, Secretary; six members. Address, Secane, Pa.

Harriet Fenton, President; Rose Toole, Secretary; thirty members. Address, Miss Anna Gray, Falls Village, Conn.

Elmsheimer, President; Paul Smith, Secretary; nine members. Address, 55 Patten St., Forest Hills, Boston, Mass.

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Mary Kirtland, President; Benton Allen, Secretary; four members. Address, 678 Potomac Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

## LETTERS.

LA ANNA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps many of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS would be interested to hear a little of life on a mountain farm. We live on a farm, and my father has a great many sheep. Last spring he gave me two little lambs. I became very much attached to them. As lambs do not like to take their food from a pail, I was obliged to feed them with a bottle and nipple, and they came every night and morning for their pint of milk. But as they became so large and ugly in disposition I could not manage them easily, so I sold them for three dollars apiece.

Quite a large number of bears have been around here. One fall the bears came and took about twenty-six of my father's sheep, and one day father was hunting and saw a bear lying under a tree sleeping, and he shot it. It was quite large. It weighed about four hundred and fifty-six pounds.

Just lately, in a trap set for ground-hogs, father caught a little fox. It was quite wild at first, but now it is growing tame. Its eyes are beautiful and shine like topaz.

I would like to see my letter in the Letter-box. Yours truly,

NAIVETTE L. GILPIN (age 12).

Here is a letter from the Spring Beauty Club, of Walton, N. Y. Perhaps it will serve as a suggestion to other chapters who want to celebrate some occasion:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: Wednesday, the 2d of last April, was the first anniversary of our organization, and we had a surprise five-

o'clock tea. Each member brought something, and did not know what the others were to bring.

One of our members arranged the table. "St. Nick" was down the center of the table in smilax. Our dinner-cards were little cakes with our initials on them in candies. We had a lot of other very nice things.

We thought perhaps some other chapter would like to know about it. Yours truly,

SPRING BEAUTY CLUB.

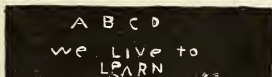
POPLAR BRANCH, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years old, and I live on one of the sand-bars of North Carolina, five miles from the mainland. The nearest store and post-office is five miles away. My papa is the captain of the Poyner's Hill Life-saving Station. We are bounded on the north and south by sand-hills, on the east by the ocean, and on the west by the Currituck Sound. The land near and on which the station is situated belongs to the Currituck Shooting Club. The club-house is the nearest one to us except the station. The club does not allow any of the station men except papa to build on the beach. We live only a few steps from the station and a little farther from the sea, while the club-house is on the other side of the beach. So you see, we have it lonely here sometimes. Inclosed find my contribution, which I hope is worthy of a prize.

Yours truly,  
MARY YEULA WESCOTT  
(age 12).



"A SCHOOL STUDY." BY ALINE J. DREYFUS,  
AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE.)



"A SCHOOL STUDY." BY HELEN HUNTINGTON, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



"A SCHOOL STUDY." BY EDITH G. DAGGETT, AGE 15.

HARTFORD, CONN.  
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: Yesterday there was a celebration at Hartford of the unveiling of the monument of the First Heavy Artillery of Connecticut. The mortar is a thirteen-inch gun which aided in the siege of Petersburg. The besieging of Petersburg was around the end of the war.

The mortar is placed on three large blocks of granite. Bullets are placed in groups of three on the front and back. On the back of the monument is the coat of arms of Connecticut. On the left-hand side of the monument it says: "First Connecticut Heavy Artillery, originally Fourth Connecticut Infantry, mustered in May 22, 1861; mustered out September 25, 1865; total enrollment of officers and men, 3602." On the front side it says: "This thirteen-inch sea-coast mortar was in actual use by the regiment during the campaign in front of Petersburg, 1864-65, and widely known as the 'Petersburg Express.'" On the right-hand side it says: "Erected by the survivors and friends of the regiment and the veteran and active companies Hartford City Guard to the first volunteer organization that was mustered for three years into the service of the United States in the war of 1861-65."

A big flag was wrapped around it, and a little girl pulled a string, and the flag fell off.  
 I send this letter in hopes of seeing it published in the St. Nicholas League. Yours sincerely,  
 SALLY VAN ZILE.

TOKIO, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the July number you asked the opinion of your readers about the long stories complete in one number. I like them ever so much better than serials. In serials, especially when one lives as far away as I do, one forgets what happened last before the next number comes.

I rather wish there were more stories of "The Wyndham Girls" type, although I have enjoyed them all so much.

I liked "Sir Marrok," and that reminds me to ask a question which I have wanted to do ever since I read the story. Can you tell me who wrote "The Lay of Sir Marrok," verses of which were given at the head of each chapter?

I am very fond of poetry, especially when it is a story told in verse, like "Evangeline" and Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." I think Tennyson is my favorite poet, though I like Longfellow.

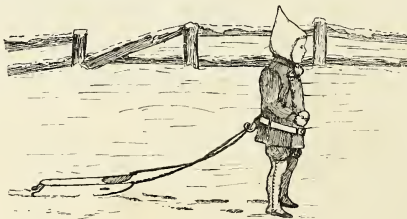
I have tried prose before, and have only been in the roll of honor. I am trying verse this time, and hope to be more successful. It is hard not to be discouraged, but I am going to keep on, and perhaps some day I will attain something.

But my letter is so long I must stop at once.

Yours sincerely,  
 A. SWEET.

CINCINNATI, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I deeply appreciate your approval of my poem, "The Evening Angel." I thank you for awarding it a cash prize.



"THE NEW YEAR." BY CLARISSA ROSE, AGE 14.

The work which I have done under your direction has given me great pleasure and has taught me much which I might never otherwise have learned. Although I may no longer compete, I hope, with your permission, to keep on sending you efforts under the competition rules.

JEAN OLIVE HECK.

ADANA, TURKEY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The people here spend part of the summer in vineyards about an hour outside of the city. Some have rather decent houses of two rooms, but most of them have only a sort of wooden shanty, with a kind of raised wooden platform—what they call a *tacht* here—right next to it. They sleep on the *tacht*, and keep their bedding, clothes, and dishes in the hut. In nearly every vineyard there is a large, shady tree right in front of the hut under which they practically live, though they spend most of their time tending the grapes, etc.

Several well-to-do Armenian men have built comfortable houses in their vineyards. When a Turk comes along and says he will rent it, the owner of the house does not dare to refuse for fear of getting into trouble, and has to rent another old shanty for himself.

The other day we went to spend the morning in one of our Protestant Armenian men's vineyard. He and his two children were spending the day there, as it was yet too early to come out for good. The two children took us around and showed different things. Among other things they asked if we knew the difference between a scorpion's and any other insect's hole. As we did not, they told us it was the shape of a half-moon. I was curious to see it, so we hunted for one, and, after a good deal of trouble, found it. It was exactly the shape of a half-moon. Is there any special reason why the scorpion should make its hole in that shape?

I am a member of the St. Nicholas League, but as the magazine does not usually arrive till the twentieth of the month, I cannot very well compete. Hoping to see this printed, I remain,  
 Your interested reader,  
 KATE E. CHAMBERS (age 13).

GLADYS HAMMOND (age 12), Monroe, Mich., would like to hear from other little girls who have clubs.

Several members have wished for a continued story competition. This is impossible, for the present, as is the musical composition contest asked for by others. These things require too much space for the number of members who would be likely to compete. Perhaps when we get more room we can take up these pleasant things.

Other valuable letters have been received from Louis D. Edwards, Muriel Douglas, Harriet B. Minchen, Margaret Annie Fisk, Susie M. Heming, Dulcie Lawrence Smith, Harry Pennegar, Ora W. Wood, Dorothy Purple, Selma Swanstrom (with John's picture), George Putnam, Jr., Roscoe Adams, Laura Jones, Mayblossom Ayres, Doris Long, Marguerite Child, Marie C. Bassett, Dorothy W. Caldwell, Frederica Goings, J. L. Hopper, Dorothy T. Biddle, Susan H. Hinkley, Constance Freeman, Chapter 405, Adelaide Louise Cunningham, Hyah Scott-Russell, Winifred Jones, Wynonah Breazeale, Mabel L. Stranahan, Hilda Chapman, Helene A. Bloomer, Dorothy Smith (letter too long), Edith Clark, Julia A. Fisher, Ruth Reed, Clarice Shoemaker, M. Elaine Flitner, and Frances C. Jeffrey.

#### THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

#### VERSE 1.

Emily R. Burt  
 Esther Galbraith  
 May Wenzel  
 Ethel Elliott  
 Edwina L. Pope  
 Adriana W. Van Heiden  
 Winifred Henning  
 Edith M. Burgess  
 Ruth G. De Pledge  
 Gertrude Emerson  
 Medora Addison

#### VERSE 2.

Florence J. Chaney  
 Bertha Forbes Bennett

Bessie Coat  
Margaret Clemens  
Lawrence Grey Evans  
Katherine Bastedo  
Ralph Blackledge  
Nanette Norris  
Jack Fisk  
Phyllis Marion Wyatt  
Francesca P. Esterly  
Helen Irving Phillips  
Walter L. Burlin  
Minnie C. Feil

Marguerite Beaman  
Neale  
Edna Youngs  
Elizabeth Crane Porter  
Mary Weston Wood-  
man  
Gladys G. Young  
A. B. Carolan  
Phoebe Wilkinson  
Philip Little  
Helen de Veer  
Marie Margaret Kirk-  
wood

Sally W. Palmer  
Jacob Salzman  
Clarence H. Tritt  
Elizabeth Warren  
Marjorie Connor  
Walter S. Davis  
Sydney Childs  
Elizabeth Campbell  
Jean Herbet  
R. E. Andrews  
Helen E. Jacoby  
Rhoda E. Gunnison  
Katharine Allen  
Winifred A. Bishop  
Miles S. Gates  
William Davis Gordon  
Margaret McKeon  
Sara Marshall  
Catherine Douglas  
Elva Woodson

## PROSE 1.

Irwin Tucker  
David MacGregor Cheney  
Gretchen Neuburger  
Julia Wright McCormick  
Isabel Blue  
Winifred Hemming  
Roscoe Brinton  
Edith Kathleen Carrington  
Priscilla C. Goodwyn  
Dorothy Walcott Caldwell  
Mary Van Wormer  
Mary Cromer  
Nancy Gordon Jones

## PROSE 2.

Alberta Bastedo  
Pauline Meyers  
Constance Ellis  
Jessie F. Maclay  
Margery Bennett  
Gertrude Helene Heyd-  
mann  
Eunice Fuller  
Madge Falcon  
Geraldine Webster  
Marguerite Owings  
Alice I. Compton  
Mildred Newmann  
Sarah W. Davis  
Marjory Anne Harrison  
Mary S. Beddall  
Hyah Scott-Russell  
Leila Tucker  
Elizabeth Heroy  
Dorothy McKee  
Helen Paul  
Lois Jordan Bell  
Sarah Hall Gaither  
Irene Butler  
Helen Hunter  
Mary Nimmons  
Sally Catlett  
Dorothy Straine  
Kathleen A. Burgess  
Mary S. Beddall  
Dorothy P. Bower  
Dorothy Russell Lewis  
Ora Winifred Wood

## DRAWINGS 1.

Constance Whitten  
Edgar Pearce  
Henry Cohen  
Irene Gaylord Farnham  
Allyn Ryerson Jennings  
Maude Whitten  
Helen Brackenridge  
Edward C. Day  
Ruth E. Crumbie  
Margaret Peckham  
Rachel Bulley  
William Wright  
Marjorie A. Bishop  
Charlotte E. Pennington  
Mary Klareder  
Marion K. Cobb  
Mabel W. Whiteley  
Jack Adams

## DRAWINGS 2.

Elizabeth R. Scott  
Helen M. Topping  
Isabel Coffin



"THE OLD YEAR." BY  
ERNEST DOYLE, AGE 16.

## PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Jerome Ogden  
Rachel Rhoades  
Morton Charney Stone  
Elizabeth Bishop Ballard  
John L. Hopper  
George Schobinger  
Floyd Godfrey  
Richard L. Hearn  
Elizabeth Randall  
Ruth Anthony  
Edwin Einstein

## PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Henry Irving Phillips  
Litta Voelchert  
Harriet K. Walker  
John Hall, Jr.



"A SCHOOL STUDY." BY IRVING A. NEES, AGE 16.

Frank Heard  
Clifford H. Lawrence  
Florence Fischer  
Gladys Gaylord  
Richard de Charms,  
Jr.  
Ralph E. Smalley  
Dorothea M. Dexter  
Irene F. Wetmore  
John S. Perry  
Katherine G. Harlow  
George Merritt  
Marjorie Mullins  
Aloise Gebhardt  
W. F. Harold  
Edwin Arnold  
Martha Charles  
Arthur C. Comey  
Harold Griffin  
Muriel Weber  
Nathalie Sellers Barnes  
C. McGhee Tyson  
Follett Bradley

## PUZZLES 1.

Muriel Douglas  
Carolus R. Webb

T. Lawrason Riggs  
A. Zane Pyles  
S. Butler Murray, Jr.  
Florence Hoyte  
Alice Karst  
Bessie C. Brook  
George T. Colman  
David K. Jackman

## PUZZLES 2.

Elizabeth Clarke  
Dorothy Ames  
Elinor K. Moloney  
Katharine L. Putnam  
Dorothy T. Biddle  
Paul Cobb  
Josephine Godillot  
Ralph Crozier  
William Anderson  
Warde Wilkins  
Robert Adams  
Helen E. Werner  
Roscoe Adams  
Alfred H. Thatcher  
Margaret King  
Virginia S. McKenney  
Emma D. Kinsey

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 40.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A SPECIAL CASH PRIZE. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded, instead of another gold badge.

Competition No. 40 will close January 20 (for foreign members January 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for April.

VERSE. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Title, "Showers and Sunshine."

PROSE. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author. Title to contain the word "Coward." May be humorous or serious.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Deepest Winter."

DRAWING. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Subject, "A Heading for April."

PUZZLE. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: First Prize, five dollars and League gold badge. Second Prize, three dollars and League gold badge. Third Prize, League gold badge.

## RULES.

EVERY contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is original, but who only the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address all communications:

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,  
Union Square,  
New York.



## BOOKS AND READING.

### THE MONTH OF GOOD RESOLU- TIONS.

JOKING is a very pleasant pastime, and it is also an effective weapon when used for good purposes. But jokes should be employed only to discourage what is not desirable, not to put difficulties in the path of progress.

The making of good resolutions is not only harmless and highly commendable, but it is something worthy of admiration. True, many New Year's resolutions will be broken; but it is equally true that many will be faithfully kept, year in and year out. Let us therefore say to you, in all seriousness, make all the good resolutions you think you are likely to keep, and keep them if you can. Remember, too, that good resolutions are not soap-bubbles. If you break a bubble at any point, the whole goes into spray. But a broken resolution is like a broken harness — not quite so good-looking as before, after you mend the break, but still capable of excellent service. Indeed, if the broken place be taken as a sign that extra strength is needed there, the break may be so mended as to be the strongest portion of the whole.

### READERS' RESO- LUTIONS.

THOSE who desire to take a new start with 1903 may well decide to adopt a few resolutions as to reading. We should like to suggest one or two:

*Resolved:* I will not continually begin new books, leaving unfinished others equally good. I will not waste time in finishing books not worth reading. I will read through some books that I have "always meant to read." I will return books that I have borrowed for an unreasonable time. I will treat borrowed books with more than the care I would give my own. I will either read or not read every book I seriously take up — that is, I will not *half* read any, but will decide either to read each carefully or else to abandon it entirely.

### A BOOK TO DISCUSS.

WOULD n't it be an improving study for us in this department to take some well known book and discuss its merits and demerits? We should like our readers to suggest titles of books worthy of such study. We should think it best that

the book selected be one well known to us all, not too recent, and, if possible, one not by a living author, so that it can be criticized freely by young and old without fear of hurting the author's feelings. Why would not Charles Kingsley's "Water Babies" be an excellent book? Certainly there is a wide difference of opinion among readers as to its value, and yet it seems to be exceedingly popular. Lamb's "Tales from Shakspeare" is another that might well be talked over among ourselves. Some believe that the language of that work is far above the understanding of the young readers for whom it is designed.

But we much prefer to hear from our readers. Will they not send us suggestions?

### TWELFTH-NIGHT.

WE shall try to suggest in this department every month a reading topic connected with the month. For January we suggest "Twelfth-night." Something on this subject will be found in all encyclopedias; in Chambers's "Book of Days" and Walsh's "Curiosities of Popular Customs"; and in January numbers of various monthly magazines and weeklies.

For the best three articles upon "Twelfth-night," in three hundred words or less, three subscriptions to ST. NICHOLAS will be given. Send the articles before January 25, 1903, to the Books and Reading department, ST. NICHOLAS. Writers must be under eighteen years of age.

### BOOKS FOR YOUNGER READERS.

IN awarding the prize-subscriptions last month it was promised that from the lists sent in by competitors a selection would be made showing what books were considered the best for readers of ten years old and younger. In order that the tastes of our readers might be shown, we have noted the books named in their lists and also kept a record of the number of votes given to each book. Before giving the result of the vote, we wish to say that the votes are those of young readers, with very few exceptions, and that, although the contestants were over ten years of age, yet all understood that they were selecting books for readers younger

than themselves. In many cases letters were sent with the lists saying that the books were those enjoyed by the contestant when young, or were those preferred by a young brother or sister. In short, the vote may be taken as indicating what children consider the favorite books for little ones. There were eighty-four lists submitted, naming about eight hundred and forty books — of course many being repetitions.

**THE BOOKS NAMED.** THE books receiving the highest number of votes were "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Alice in Wonderland," the little lord beating the little lady by only one or two votes. Next to these came an older favorite, Hawthorne's "Wonder-book" ("Tanglewood Tales" coming much lower in the voting), and then Mrs. Wiggins' "The Birds' Christmas Carol" followed closely, and was itself almost overtaken by Ernest Seton's "Wild Animals I have Known" — which was only one step ahead of Charles Kingsley's "Water Babies."

Next, and marching side by side with an even vote, came Kipling's "Jungle Books" and Anna Sewell's "Black Beauty," both animal-stories dealing with animals as if they were more or less human. The next book also has the same quality — "Nights with Uncle Remus," by Joel Chandler Harris.

After these came three upon which the votes were even: Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses," Miss Mulock's "Adventures of a Brownie," and Palmer Cox's "Brownies" — the votes for the latter being made up of votes for any book of the series, as they are much alike. Three more with even votes followed: Miss Mulock's "Little Lame Prince," Miss Saunders's "Beautiful Joe," and Foster's "Bible Stories." Again with even votes, came these four: "The Swiss Family Robinson," "Five Little Peppers," by Margaret Sidney, "Fifty Famous Stories Retold," by James Baldwin, and Miss Alcott's "Little Men." The round score of books is completed by "Robinson Crusoe" or Ruskin's "King of the Golden River," each having the same claim to popularity.

**WHAT THE LISTS MEAN.** IN thinking over this book-race, it must be remembered that only a few — possibly four or five hundred people — take part in such a contest; but still,

the voting is a valuable guide to the taste of young readers. At the same time, other groups of readers would vote differently, as may be seen from the Annual Report of the Boston Public Library, which says that in one month "nearly half of 2417 slips [book orders] in the children's department were for Miss Alcott's 'Little Men' and 'Little Women,' Jacobs's and Lang's fairy-tales, 'Mother Goose,' and 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'" In our own lists, out of the first twenty-one books more than half were by American writers.

**OTHER BOOKS FOUND POPULAR.** NEXT to these leaders come books hardly less popular, but to save space we may give a list of them without remark, since nearly all of them are well known to everybody familiar with juvenile literature of the better class. The names are given in the order of the voting:

Lullaby Land	<i>Eugene Field</i>
Seven Little Sisters	<i>Jane Andrews</i>
Tanglewood Tales	<i>Nathaniel Hawthorne</i>
Denise and Ned Toodles	<i>Gabrielle E. Jackson</i>
Dear Daughter Dorothy	<i>A. G. Plympton</i>
The Princess and the Goblin	<i>George Macdonald</i>
The Story Hour	<i>Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Smith</i>
Editha's Burglar	<i>Frances Hodgson Burnett</i>
Little Prudy Stories	<i>Sophie May</i>
Captain January	<i>Laura E. Richards</i>
Wonder Clock	<i>Howard Pyle</i>
Little Women	<i>Louisa M. Alcott</i>
Lives of the Hunted	<i>Ernest Seton</i>
Hans Brinker	<i>Mary Mapes Dodge</i>
Greek Heroes	<i>Charles Kingsley</i>
Stories of Great Americans	<i>Edward Eggleston</i>
Æsop's Fables	
Dot and Tot	<i>Frank L. Baum</i>
Diddie, Dumps, and Tot	<i>Louise Pyrrnelli</i>

This list comprises all that received at least four votes, except St. NICHOLAS, which was voted for and would be there except that a magazine is hardly to be counted a "book."

**PORTRAITS OF AUTHORS.** So many excellent portraits of authors and pictures relating to them are now published in journals and periodicals that it is easy to add to the value of your books by inserting not only the portraits of the writers, but views of their homes, their libraries, and also of scenes told about in the books themselves.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

HERE is a story sent to ST. NICHOLAS by a little girl of seven:

### THE WIZARD'S FOURTH OF JULY.



Wizard

ONCE upon a time in a funny land there lived an old wizard. I will tell you what he was like. He had a wrinkled face, a long white beard, and a mistash. He was an old wizard, and knew everything. The morning of the Fourth was a bright one, and the wizard got up very early, shot a gun, and set off some fire-crackers. Some friends came that night. The wizard let off all his fire-crackers before his friends. It was twelve o'clock when the wizard finished his fire-crackers and went to bed.

But he was awakened in the middle of the night. He looked out, and right under his window some enemy had set off a big mine, because he had been a very naughty wizard and they thought he ought to be punished. Have you any idea who this enemy was?

ROSE PHELPS (age 7).

BELGRAVIA, KIMBERLEY, SOUTH AFRICA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy reading you very much; I always look forward to your arrival.

I live in Belgravia, a very pretty part of Kimberley. I went through the siege of Kimberley; we spent a few days toward the end of the siege camping out in tents behind one of the forts. I am twelve years old; I have three sisters.

My sister Kathleen and I have each a bicycle.

We have got two nice cats; their names are "Cherry" and "Daisy." We have also a dear little brown cow, and a big English horse called "Charger."

I went down to the coast for a holiday, and I enjoyed myself very much. I have never written to you before, and I would very much like to have my letter printed.

Your loving reader,

DOROTHY STORE.

BELCAMP, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On my tenth birthday you were given to me, and I like to read you very much. I live in a very big house built in 1768. The bricks to build it came from England, and it is called "The Dairy," and in front of the house is a big river where we go bathing and sailing in the summer. I have a nice little Shetland pony, and her name is "Daisy," and I drive her to a nice little cart; and when it is fine weather I drive her to church, four miles away.

Your little friend,

ALEXANDER DIETRICH.

## THE RIDDLE-BOX.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

DIAGONAL. Mistletoe. 1. Magnetism. 2. Billiards. 3. Designate. 4. Boatswain. 5. Landlords. 6. Brothery. 7. Etiquette. 8. Alligator. 9. Altercate.

BEHEADED ZIGZAG. Christmas. 1. S-can-s. 2. O-the-r. 3. T-her-e. 4. P-rid-e. 5. A-she-n. 6. G-ate-s. 7. A-tom-s. 8. P-rat-e. 9. U-sin-g.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 2, Longfellow; 3 to 4, Evangeline. 1. Flower. 2. Oliver. 3. Annual. 4. Garnet. 5. Effigy. 6. Ender. 7. Flatly. 8. Lucile. 9. Hominy. 10. Wheels.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Holidays. 1. Other. 2. Alone. 3. Molar. 4. Doing. 5. Older. 6. Tears. 7. Stlyly. 8. Mason.

HEXAGONAL ZIGZAG. From 1 to 10, Santa Claus. 1. Sac. 2. Areal. 3. Bandage. 4. Trubu. 5. Ass.

STAR PUZZLE. From 1 to 2, blot; 1 to 3, bass; 4 to 5, flat; 4 to 3, foes; 2 to 5, test.—CHARADE. Syn-tax.

ADDITIONS. Whistler. 1. Weary. 2. Honey. 3. Irony. 4. Shady. 5. Tally. 6. Lucky. 7. Early. 8. Ready.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials, Macaulay; fourth row, Horatius. 1. Mansion. 2. Accused. 3. Conifer. 4. Auction. 5. Unbaled. 6. Learned. 7. Acrobat. 8. Yachter.

PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL ENIGMAS. 1. Thorough-fare. 2. Pay-able. 3. Pass-age. 4. Par-sin-age. 5. Male-factor. 6. Luke-warm. 7. Load-stone. 8. In-tuition.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from "M. McG."—Joe Carlada—Bertha B. Janney—"Chuck"—Lillian Sarah Burt—Helen Garrison—"Allie and Adi"—Millicent and Daniel Miller—M. W. J.—Marguerite Jackson—Mabel, George, and Henri—"Johnny Bear"—David A. Wasson—Emerson G. Sutcliffe—Lawrence T. Nutting—Frederica and Lawrence Mead—Esther, Clare, and Ernest—Olive R. T. Griffin—Laura E. Jones—Catharine B. Hooper—Edward McKee Very—Philip G. Beebe—William Stix Weiss.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from C. W. Huling, 1—M. King, 1—M. R. Bradbury, 1—Dorothea M. Dexter, 7—H. Clark, 1—H. N. De Haven, 1—V. C. Merritt, 1—N. M. Furlong, 1—B. M. Lowry, 1—W. G. Rice, Jr., 3—Bessie Sweet Gallup, 9—M. E. Winslow, 1—Frances E. Pennock, 2—M. L. Raymond, 1—J. Fahs, 1—W. Herbert Murphy, 6—Amelia S. Ferguson, 9—Margaret C. Wilby, 8—J. A. Collender, 1—M. St. C. Breckons, 1—Wilmot S. Close, 2—Lena Woods, 5—Emily Carder, 8—E. Runnette, 1—Marion Mason, 7—Jessie E. Wilcox, 9—M. Picott, 1—D. I. Brobon, 1—Louise E. Houghton, 4—F. L. Evans, 1.



**NOVEL CENTRAL ACROSTIC.**

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the following words have been beheaded and doubly curtailed, the central letters of the remaining words will spell the name of a famous American.

1. Behead and doubly curtail a dance, and leave the whole.
2. Behead and doubly curtail rocks, and leave a measure of weight.
3. Behead and doubly curtail a moderate gallop, and leave an insect.
4. Behead and doubly curtail wisely, and leave era.
5. Behead and doubly curtail a roof timber, and leave astern.
6. Behead and doubly curtail an antenna, and leave a snake-like fish.
7. Behead and doubly curtail very ripe, and leave a measure of length.
8. Behead and doubly curtail a tree, and leave sick.
9. Behead and doubly curtail pertaining to Scotland, and leave a small bed.
10. Behead and doubly curtail farming implements, and leave to be indebted.

DONNA J. TODD.



**RHYMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.**

"Do you think they will do it?" the poor man asked;  
 "They 1-2-3 4-5 may not," said I;  
 "But if you want your taxes reduced,  
 Just go to the 1-2-3-4-5 near by."

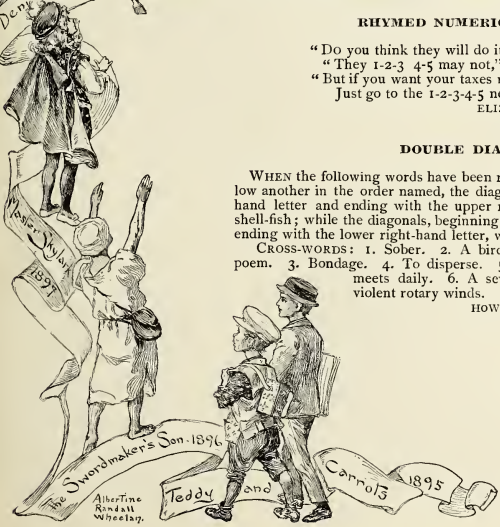
ELIZABETH HILL SHERMAN  
 (League Member).

**DOUBLE DIAGONAL.**

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed and written one below another in the order named, the diagonals, beginning at the lower left-hand letter and ending with the upper right-hand letter, will spell certain shell-fish; while the diagonals, beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter, will spell a winter sport.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. Sober. 2. A bird that was the subject of a famous poem. 3. Bondage. 4. To disperse. 5. The time during which a court meets daily. 6. A severe storm, often accompanied by violent rotary winds. 7. An aperture.

HOWARD HOSMER (League Member).





## NOVEL TRANSPOSITIONS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

CHANGE the central letter of the first word, rearrange the remaining letters, and form the second word. Example: Change to go in, into a color. Answer, en-ter, green.

1. Change perspiration to desires. 2. Change shy to one devoid of intellect. 3. Change a Greek philosopher to a guide. 4. Change a proprietor to a turret. 5. Change trials of speed to surfaces. 6. Change balance to metrical compositions. 7. Change examples to a substance which causes fermentation. 8. Change a maxim to a glen. 9. Change to vary to unclouded. 10. Change to cut in thin pieces to stuffy. 11. Change a small rock to severe. 12. Change thick to swiftness.

The central letters taken out, read downward, and those put in, read upward, spell an important public document issued in January, 1863.

MARGARET W. MANDELL.

## CHARADE.

My *second*, beheaded,  
Gives *first*, without doubt;  
For obvious reasons  
*Third* can't find it out!  
My *second* is evil,  
Yet *second* and *third*  
Will make, when combined,  
A muscular word.  
As a verb or a number  
My *fourth* may appear:  
You surely won't *total*  
That this is not clear!

A. W. CLARK.

## WORD SQUARE.

1. A luminous body. 2. A large volume. 3. The end of a prayer. 4. A tear.

## MISSING LETTERS.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EXAMPLE: Place a letter in the middle of a tribe and make neat. Answer, cl-e-an.

1. Place a letter in the middle of a wild animal, and make to put off. 2. Place a letter in the middle of visage, and make a low style of comedy. 3. Place a letter in the middle of a broad smile, and make a small measure of weight. 4. Place a letter in the middle of abundant, and

make to chew. 5. Place a letter in the middle of expires, and make levees. 6. Place a letter in the middle of to fly aloft, and make pertaining to the sun. 7. Place a letter in a French cook, and make principal. 8. Place a letter in small rodents, and make to chop in small pieces.

The inserted letters will spell the name of a famous American.

WILMOT S. CLOSE.

## SYNCOPIATIONS.

EXAMPLE: If "I" went away, an assumed name would become an exclamation. Answer, Al-i-as, alas.

If "I" went away, then 1. A child would become a stable. 2. A commander would become a head cook. 3. To worship would become to challenge. 4. To raise would become a multitude. 5. A landed proprietor would become fat. 6. Corn would become a labyrinth. 7. Sound would become part of the face. 8. To color would become to gasp. 9. To give up would become to flutter.

Example: If "you" went away, a reason would become a box. Answer, Ca-u-se, case.

If "you" went away, then 1. To grieve would become part of the day. 2. A weight would become a body of water. 3. A measure would become a kind of plum. 4. To stimulate would become a flower. 5. A vehicle would become to contend. 6. A goal would become innate. 7. A thin stuff would become to stare. 8. An opening would become an insect. 9. A course would become repetition.

A. W. CLARK.

## A CONCEALED POET.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ONE word is concealed in each sentence.

1. For frivolous thoughts we must see elsewhere.
2. At times his style will seem marked by great abruptness.
3. We can see love for life in all he has written.
4. In one poem he gives particular pleasure by comparing a mountain with a small animal.
5. Nature, through his eyes, we see as entering fully into the life of man.
6. He was a famous Boston essayist.
7. With all its history, the Arno seemed no greater to him than the Concord.

All the concealed words contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning at the upper left-hand letter) will spell the name of a famous American.

WILLIAM ELLIS KEYSOR

(Winner of a Silver Badge).





The Story of Beauty  
for 100 Years

*A vision of old-time beauty steps  
Into the mirror's honest depths  
And with the modern maiden shares  
A Century's Beauty found in*

**PEARS'**

The Soap of Quality

## ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE.

ITALY has adopted the method of making separate surcharges for each of its offices in the Levant, following, in this respect, the French example. The latest addition is for the post-offices of Albania. The surcharge "Albania" and value appear upon the five-cent, twenty-cent, and twenty-five-cent stamps of Italy. The adoption of this plan is interesting to the stamp-collector in that it gives him additional varieties, while at the same time it serves to instruct him regarding the various governments of the Levant.

### SURCHARGING OLD ISSUES.

THERE is a great difference in the character of the surcharges made by different countries. Those of Italy, for instance, to which we have just referred, are made in a perfectly legitimate manner because of the desire on the part of the government to separate the accounts of the offices in different Eastern places. Portugal, however, is a country which makes surcharges for purposes of revenue. This country not long ago offered for sale a large quantity of remainders of its old issues. It failed to secure from stamp-dealers satisfactory bids for them. Therefore, in order to make the stamps more desirable, they were all surcharged with new values, considerably increasing the face values of the stamps thus surcharged. Such action on the part of any country will certainly cause collectors to refuse to take its issues for their albums; and the number of collectors who are doing this is increasing every year. The time will come when Portugal will be unable to dispose of any of its stamps to collectors if this course is continued; several other countries in which similar action has been taken by the authorities have found the method so injurious that they have given it up, and the result has been that they have saved to themselves the good repute of their stamps.

### SPECULATION IN WEST INDIAN STAMPS.

THE speculative fever has recently seized upon collectors in the West Indies. The provisional surcharges that were made for the Danish West Indies were very largely bought by the inhabitants of the islands, who succeeded in selling them at a considerable advance on their face value. Therefore when three provisional one-penny stamps appeared in the Leeward Islands, the whole issue, said to be about seventy-two thousand, was bought at once. The prices have been very high. Cuba has just made a provisional which we illustrate. This whole issue was bought by speculators within two days, although the number was one hundred and fifty thousand. There is no reason why, so large a number having been issued, the retail



price of the stamp should be more than a few cents; but until these speculators become tired of holding their purchases the price asked will be fifteen cents or more. It is not advisable for young collectors to buy these stamps when they first come out if the prices asked are high in relation to the face value, for in this case they are certain to drop later.

### VARIOUS BRITISH STAMPS.

THE two-and-one-half-penny stamp of Malta was rendered almost useless by the change to imperial penny postage. Therefore the government caused the remainders on hand to be surcharged with the words "One Penny" in black. An error occurred in this print, so that the word "Penny" is spelled, once in each sixty stamps, "Pnney." This error makes the stamp desirable to collectors, but it is not likely that it will be very rare, as the number of stamps surcharged was considerable.

The De La Rue type of stamps, that is, the last series for British colonies with the Queen's head, was not considered very attractive, nor did collectors care much for the stamps. This type, however, having been used for the King's head, the desire has been suddenly aroused among collectors for the stamps of this type with the Queen's head, and the present demand is much stronger for these than for any others of the Queen's-head issues. It is a good thing to complete one's collection of these stamps at the present time, since it cannot be known how many there are of the stamps issued for each of the separate colonies, and consequently how many or what denominations will be valuable.

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

KING'S-HEAD stamps will appear for all colonies of the British Empire. It is probable that this work will be completed within the next six months. The stamps of Obock, called the "Camel Post" stamps, were at first supposed to be used for mail carried across the desert. It is, however, now known that they are good for general postal purposes, including foreign postage. The difference between the stamps of Fernando Po for 1901 and 1902 is in the date at the top, and in the colors of the different values. Stamps of the Colombian Republic are likely to recover their value whenever the revolution ends and the currency is placed upon a substantial basis. The reason some stamps can be plated and others not is because when stamps were first made each one was separately engraved upon the plate from which the printing was done. At the present time a single die is used to impress all the stamps upon a plate. Therefore all are the same and it is impossible to plate them. Revenue stamps used for postage are not listed in the catalogues unless a government edict has been issued authorizing their use in this way.



## CATALOGUE AND NEW ALBUMS

for Nineteenth Century and Twentieth Century stamps.

Send for circular of prices, etc.

Would you like to try our Approval Sheets at 50% discount?

**Scott Stamp & Coin Co.,** 18 East 23d Street, New York, N. Y.

**NEW BRITISH COLONIALS.**—20 var. ½d. values (unused), 30c. 20 var. 1d. values (unused), 60c.; 20 var. King's head issues (unused), ½ and 1d. values, 52c.; sets of 2 var. (½ and 1d.) King's head (unused), 7c., post-paid: 30 var. Canada, 15c. List Free. **THE BRITISH COLONIAL STAMP CO.,** 217-218 Temple Building, London, Canada.

**FREE!** A stamp worth 12c. given to all new applicants for approval sheets. Reference must accompany application, or a note from parent giving consent.

**WILLIAM F. PRICE, Arnold Ave., NEWPORT, R. I.**

**300** Foreign stamps, 10c. 104—all different—from Malta, Bulgaria, India, etc. Album, 10c. 15 different unused, 20c. 40 different U. S., 10c. 18 Australia, 10c. 30-page list free. Agents wanted. 50% commission. **D. CROWELL STAMP CO.,** 143 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.

**500** STAMPS finely mixed, only 10c. 50 all diff., 5c. 100 diff. Corea, Mexico, etc., 10c. 1000 hinges (union), 10c. 40 diff. U.S. and Canada, 10c. Agts. wanted, 50%. List **FREE.** Old stamps bought. **Union Stamp Co., Dept. D, St. Louis, Mo.**

**325** all different stamps, catalog, \$4.00, for 45c. 500 different stamps mounted on sheets for \$1.20. Catalog, \$9.00. **THE N. Y. STAMP & COIN CO.,** 1136 3rd Ave., N. Y. City.

**STAMPS FREE** for addresses of collectors. The more names, the more stamps. Album & cata. free. Agts. 50%. 105 In-China, a U. S. worth 25c., W. J., etc., 5c. **Bullard, Sta. A, Boston.**



**STAMPS.** 105 different genuine Ceylon, Peru, Salvador, China, Cape G. H., Labuan, Borneo, Finland, etc., with album, only 10 cents; 1000 fine mixed, 25 cents; all fine bargains. Agents wanted, 50%. New list free. I buy old stamps and collections. **C. A. STEGMAN, Dept. D, St. Louis, Mo.**



**STAMPS.** 103, no two alike and GENUINE, Mauritius, Natal, Cape of G. H., Cuba, Costa Rica, Honduras, Mexico, etc., and an ALBUM, for 10c. only—a splendid bargain. New list free! Agents wanted, 50% com. **L. B. DÖVEK & CO., St. Louis, Mo.**

152 DIFFERENT foreign stamps, Servia, etc., 10c. 1000 mixed, 25c. Finest approval sheets, 50% com. Large list of albums, packets, cheap stamps, etc., free. **NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO.,** 27 BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON, MASS.



**200** var. genuine China, Servia, etc., only 15c. 1000 Foreign, 20c. Finest sheets 50%. Pic. catalog free. **SAMUEL P. HUGHES, Omaha, Neb.**

**FREE.** 10 var. Japanese to all who apply for sheets at 50% com. **W. T. Mckay, 673 Broad St., Newark, N. J.**

**300** fine foreign stamps, 10 cts. 100 all diff. Surinam, etc., 6 cts. Agts. wanted, 50%. **Geo. M. Fisk, 2015 Vermont Ave., Toledo, O.**

**FREE!** A set of beautiful U.S. stamps, face value \$6.00, for address of collector and return postage. Finest sheets 50% com. Agents wanted. **KOLONA STAMP CO., Dept. N, Dayton, Ohio.**

**STAMP MENAGERIE.** 10 diff. Animal Stamps—Camel, Giraffe, Tiger, etc.—only 10c. 200 all diff. stamps, 17c. 1000 mixed Foreign, 17c. Postage 2c. extra. **Toledo Stamp Co., Toledo, O.**



**BROWNIE SURPRISE PACKET**—Contains 50 varieties, each from a different country, Turkey, Egypt, C. G. H., etc. Easily worth 50c., my price only 10 cents. **W. W. Mac Laren, Box 133, Cleveland, Ohio.**

**COIN** list, 2 cents. 4 large U. S. cents, 20c. 50% disc. on U. S. and Foreign Stamps. Estab. 1883. **R. M. LANGZETTEL, 92 Crown Street, New Haven, Conn.**

**STAMPS!** 50 var. fine foreign free, to all who apply for our approval sheets at 50%. List of albums, packets, etc., free. **The Scott-Williams Stamp & Coin Co., Inc., Seattle, Wash.**



The latest delicacy from the National Biscuit Company  
**NABISCO**  
Sugar Wafers made in many flavors  
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY.

## PACKET NO. 16.

**50** Different FOREIGN STAMPS (postage extra) . . . 5c.  
Packet No. 18. 350 Mixed Foreign (post free) . . . 12c.  
Agents wanted. Send reference and receive Approval Sheets at 50% discount. **CAMBRIDGE STAMP CO., Cambridge, Mass.**

**UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT SOLD**  
200,000 Guns, Revolvers, Swords, etc. to Francis Hammerman, 579 Broadway, N. Y. Catalog, 1,000 Illustrations, free.

NEW-YORK, New York, 13 and 15 W. 86th St.

Mrs. Leslie Morgan's Boarding and Day School for Girls.

Reopens Wednesday, October first.

## THE CENTURY COOK BOOK.

More than a Thousand Receipts, 600 pages, 150 Illustrations. Price only \$2.00.

**THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK.**





## David and Goliath.

**A Little Shot Put Old King Coffee Out of Business.**

When medicine fails, they sometimes send sick people away to another climate for their health. Sometimes the climate does it, but more often they stumble on the proper food to take, and then get well.

A lady in San Diego tells of a friend who left her home each December, for the past two winters, to come to California for her health. She says: — "Almost all of her time was spent in visiting the doctor and sitting in a big chair and watching the clock to note the time for her next dose of medicine. Nervousness was her principal trouble, and with others of a kindred nature, made life for her a burden.

On the occasion of her last visit, I begged her to give up the use of coffee, and use Postum Coffee. She replied that she could not stop coffee. I said no more at the time, but the next morning at breakfast, I passed her a fragrant, steaming cup of Postum, making it as it should be

made. After that, I had no more trouble, and my friend drank no more coffee. But the most surprising part of the experience was the change that soon came over her.

We began to notice it within less than a week. In less than a month, her nervousness had left her, and in three months, she was a new woman in face, figure and health. I had not dared to hope for so much benefit, although I had been greatly benefited myself by Postum, but coffee to her system was simply poisonous and I believe this is the case with many others.

She returned to her home in December, and was married within less than two months after. She never fails to give credit to Postum for her health, or thanks to me for teaching her to make it properly, and well she may, for Postum has done for her what travel, doctors and medicine failed to do."

Name given by Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Michigan.

# SIMPLEX

## PIANO PLAYER

"It Makes Musicians of Us All"

### MASCAGNI'S LATEST FAVORITE



Hotel Touraine.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 5, 1902.

Mr. Theodore P. Brown, Manufacturer,  
Simplex Piano Player,  
Worcester, Mass.

*Esteemed Sir:—*

Let me say in the fewest words, but with greatest pleasure, that nothing I have seen on my delightful tour of America equals the wonderful mechanical construction and the almost human touch and marvelous execution of the Simplex Piano Player. No other invention of its kind can compare with it in any way.

*Pietro Mascagni*

Mascagni has in his apartments at the Hotel Touraine a Simplex Piano Player, and the following is an extract from the Boston Herald of November 12:

"With this instrument the famous composer is completely taken up. The first piece he tried on it was the intermezzo from his own world-famous 'Cavalleria Rusticana,' and this is his favorite. He has a large collection of rolls, but Cavalleria holds first place in his heart, and he plays it over and over. So pleased is he with the piano player that he will interrupt a conversation or leave the dining table to play over his beloved Cavalleria."

# SIMPLEX

## PIANO PLAYER

"It Makes Musicians of Us All"

Price, **\$250**

Is adjustable to any piano, and can be removed and replaced at will. The music for the SIMPLEX embraces the widest possible range, and is obtainable at a moderate cost through the music libraries that have been established at all the principal SIMPLEX Agencies. Descriptive illustrated booklet, also music catalog, will be sent on application.

**THEODORE P. BROWN, MANUFACTURER**  
6 May Street, Worcester, Mass.

*St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition, No. 20.*

PRIZE QUESTIONS

On the Advertising Pages of the December Number, 1902.

For the best set of answers under the usual League regulations (sent on request with stamped and addressed envelope) the following prizes will be awarded :

FIFTY DOLLARS IN PRIZES.

One First Prize of Five Dollars,	-	-	-	-	-	\$5.00
Three Second Prizes of Three Dollars each,	-	-	-	-	-	9.00
Five Third Prizes of Two Dollars each,	-	-	-	-	-	10.00
Twenty-six Prizes of One Dollar each,	-	-	-	-	-	26.00
						\$50.00

1. You may have assistance in answering.
2. Make answers brief, but clear.
3. Write on one side of note-paper.
4. Send in answers before January 25th.

THE QUESTIONS

*A. In a page advertisement of the December, 1902, St. Nicholas, find the following:*

1. The name of an apparatus for winding yarn.
2. Something established by a king of Britain to prevent quarreling.
3. A list of jurymen.
4. A clergyman's office.
5. The name of a great philosopher and judge.

*B. In another page find:*

1. Ten repetitions of one idea.
2. Something Sir Isaac Newton used in studying the theory of light and color.
3. Something that indicates victory, and also deceit.
4. A creature with whose grief no one sympathizes.
5. A symbol of education or destruction.

*C. In another page find:*

1. A pictured pun.
2. An advertisement in which one third of the apostrophes is wrong.
3. The trade name of an advertised article on the same page is in four letters. Spell the same sound in six, and explain the new meaning.

*D. In another page advertisement:*

1. In a photograph advertising an article shown in the photograph, a boy is making two mistakes in using the article. What are the mistakes? Can you name a third?
2. What would a polite boy have done, that this boy has n't done?

*E. In another page advertisement:*

1. Show why the parasol is badly drawn.
2. In the text of the same page point out a contradiction in words,—only an apparent contradiction; and tell what coined word is suggested by the contradiction.

*F. In another page:*

1. Find two masonic emblems, side by side.
2. The name of the President's council.
3. A woman and child who may be *said* to have very little money between them.
4. Another woman who carries something that is said to add to one's beauty, and who shows an emblem of affection.
5. An old saying, a Roman soothsayer, a level meadow, two small sums of money—all in one box.

*G.* On page 37, point out a misprint in a compound-word, and give two similar compounds that rhyme doubly with it.

*H.* Tell which you consider the best advertisement (not of The Century Co.) in this December number, and give reasons, in not over fifty words.

Address

ADVERTISING COMPETITION, NO. 20, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,  
Union Square, New York.

---

*Report on Advertising Competition, No. 16.*

*One First Prize, \$5.00:*

Ralph Siggins (16), Tidioute, Pa.

*Three Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:*

Helen L. Gifford (14), Brookline, Mass.

Marjorie Howson (16), N. Y. City.

Edward C. Day (17), San Anselmo, California.

*Five Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:*

Ada H. Case (15), Brooklyn, N. Y.

Helen A. Sage (15), Nyack, N. Y.

Benjamin S. Tuthill (15), Detroit, Mich.

Cantey McD. Venable (15), Chapel Hill, N. C.

Carrie E. Kidder (17), Bloomfield, N. J.

*Twenty-six Consolation Prizes, \$1.00 each:*

Gracie L. Craven, 15.

Elizabeth Q. Bolles, 16.

Lois M. Pett, 16.

Robert Rutan, 14.

Helen Ferrin, 11.

Helen Kingsbury, 12.

Phæbe R. Ferris, 15.

Dorothy Wheelock, 14.

Elizabeth B. Ballard, 17.

Muriel Foster, 15.

George W. Langdon, Jr., 14.

Lois Jordan Bell, 12.

Mary McConnell, 10.

Mark Curtis Kenney, 14.

Virginia S. McKenney, 14.

Annie Smith, 13.

Sidney F. Kimball, 13.

Elisabeth Morgan, 14.

Dorothy Kinch, 11.

Mary Symonds, 13.

Rosella Woodruff, 12.

Donald D. Simonds, 16.

Marguerite Rogers, 17.

Bessie Thayer, 16.

Olive R. T. Griffin, 17.

Margaret C. Rankin, 16.





# The Pearline Girls

As announced in the Christmas St. NICHOLAS, PEARLINE wants for its advertisements attractive pictures of girls—girls illustrating the various uses of PEARLINE, pictures suggesting an idea in harmony with PEARLINE.

To this end it offers

## \$100.00

### in Cash Prizes

- First Prize, . . . . . \$25.00
- Second Prize, . . . . . 15.00
- Third Prize, . . . . . 10.00
- Five Fourth Prizes, each, . . . . . 5.00
- Twenty-five Prizes, each, . . . . . 1.00



Here is an opportunity for every St. Nicholas Leaguer to test his ability in practical work — to win artistic distinction as well as a liberal money prize. Pictures may be photographs or original drawings. Pictures with good PEARLINE ideas are what is wanted.

Competition closes January 25th, and awards will be announced in the March St. NICHOLAS. All pictures and copyright privileges are to become the exclusive property of PEARLINE. Full details and conditions of this competition may be found in the advertising pages of the December St. NICHOLAS. Address all pictures and communications in this competition to

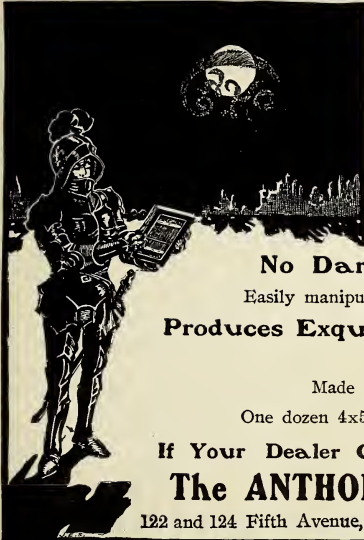


## Pearline

436 Greenwich St.

NEW YORK

Prize Picture Competition



**A Night Printing Paper.**  
**Cyko is the Most Perfect of all**  
**Developing Papers.**

**No Dark Room Required.**

Easily manipulated and absolutely permanent.

**Produces Exquisite Effects**  
**in Black and White.**

Made in Six Different Grades.

One dozen 4x5 Cyko with Developer 20 cents.

**If Your Dealer Cannot Supply You Send to**

**The ANTHONY & SCOVILL CO.,**

122 and 124 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Atlas Block, Chicago.

**MOST ACCEPTABLE. The EDISON**  
**PHONOGRAPH**

**For Christmas**  
**or Birthdays.**



NONE GENUINE  
 WITHOUT  
 THIS TRADE  
 MARK  
*Thomas A. Edison*

Those who have heard only the so-called talking machines have no idea of the purity of musical tone, the clearness and loudness of speech, in the **PHONOGRAPH**. The most sensitive musical ear is afforded pleasure by this device in its present perfected form. It is now a sweet musical instrument, that educates the children and gives pleasure to guest and host alike. Phonographs in Nine Styles, \$10.00 to \$100.00. Records, 50c., \$5.00 per dozen. **NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., ORANGE, N. J.**

N. Y., 83 Chambers St., Chicago, 124 Wabash Ave., San Francisco, 933 Market St., Europe, 32 Rempart St., Georges, Antwerp, Belgium.

# Alice in Blunderland



Do you know how Alice, after her experiences in Wonderland, came to know the funny people of "Blunderland"?

It was through the kindness of the Chevalier de Shears and Mademoiselle Mucilage—the queer people you see pictured here. Their mottoes were "Let us have pieces," and "A place for nothing and nothing in its place."

"Alice in Blunderland" is an illustrated booklet suggested by the Advertising Competitions of the St. Nicholas League. It tells, and shows by its funny pictures, how to make a Blunderland of your own.

Sent postpaid for Two Two-Cent Stamps. Address

St. Nicholas Advertising Competitions  
The Century Co.,  
Union Square, New York City.



## MAP OF THE WORLD

ISSUED BY



Valuable reference map, on heavy paper, 42 x 64 inches, mounted on rollers, bound edges, showing our new island possessions, the Trans-Siberian railway, the new Pacific Ocean cables, railway lines and other new features in the far East, correct to date. Sent on receipt of **50 cents** by W. B. KNISKERN, *Passenger Traffic Manager*, Chicago, Ill.

*This map will be sent free to any School Superintendent providing it is guaranteed to be displayed upon the walls of their school-rooms.*

## An Index to The Volumes of ST. NICHOLAS

A complete, comprehensive index to the first twenty-seven volumes of ST. NICHOLAS, containing 20,000 references arranged analytically, alphabetically and classified—now ready. Invaluable to every owner of the bound volumes of ST. NICHOLAS. Cloth bound, price \$4.00. Address

THE CENTURY CO.,  
Union Square, New York

A welcome gift in any home

## Songs of All the Colleges

Durable cloth binding—charming design.  
300 songs—words and music—300 pages.  
All bookstores, all music stores,  
or \$1.50 postpaid from  
the publishers

Hinds & Noble, 31 - 35 W. 15th St., N. Y. City

# F.P.C.

## WAX

Ride a good horse to Banbury Cross.  
To give little lady a ride:  
On the road's a hot iron  
With F.P.C. waxed—  
So the dear little lady can slide.

5 CENTS

THE  
**ALTON'S**  
1903  
**FENCING**  
GIRL

Copyright, 1902  
by C. & A. R'y.

### ART CALENDAR

Four graceful poses from life; figures ten inches high, reproduced in colors. Highest example of lithographic art.

**"THE ONLY WAY"**

to own one of these beautiful calendars is to send twenty-five cents, with name of publication in which you read this advertisement, to GEO. J. CHARLTON, General Passenger Agent, Chicago & Alton Railway, 328 Monadnock Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

The best railway line between CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY and PEORIA.

The only wax that keeps the  
irons Smooth and Clean.

**FREE** A Chinarette Painting Set,  
tray, brush and colors, to every pur-  
chaser of five sticks of F. P. C. Wax.

Send five trade-marks taken from  
the sticks to

**FLAME-PROOF CO., New York City.**





In California there are a hundred places to go, a thousand things to do—mountains to climb, old missions to visit, flowers to gather, fruit to eat, people to get acquainted with, great hotels where you can be more comfortable than at your own home.

Why not go there this winter? The trip is quickly and comfortably made if you take the

## Golden State Limited.

No other train to Southern California makes faster time. No other train is so luxuriously equipped.

Leaves Chicago daily at 7.45 P.M.; Kansas City 10.40 A.M. Only 68 hours Chicago to Los Angeles; 72 hours to San Diego; 74 to Santa Barbara.

Route: Rock Island and El Paso and Northeastern Systems, Chicago to El Paso; Southern Pacific Company, El Paso to Los Angeles and San Francisco. Electric lights; electric fans; barber shop; bathroom; Booklovers Library; compartment and standard sleepers; observation, dining and library cars. Lowest altitudes and most southerly course of any line across the continent. Send 6 cents in stamps for book about California. Beautifully illustrated; interesting; practical.

JOHN SEBASTIAN,

Passenger Traffic Manager, Rock Island System, Chicago, Ill.





# At the Top of the Heap

No food equals Corn Food. No Corn Food equals  
**KORN-KRISP.**

Less starch and more nerve food than wheat or oats.

**AS SNAPPY AS ITS NAME.**

**ONE TASTE CONVINCES.**

Creates an appetite, and then satisfies it.

**THEY SAY!**

*"I never found anything to equal it for babies."*

MRS. JOSEPH HOERMAN  
GREEN & FAIRVIEW AVES.  
BROOKLYN, N.Y.

*"I was absolutely discouraged until I tried Cook's Flaked Rice. It saved my baby's life."*

MRS. LUDWIG SIMONS  
MT. CLEMENS, MICH.

*"Cook's Flaked Rice is the cleanest and purest food product I ever saw."*

CHAS. A. HINKS, M.D.  
OF THE BOARD OF HEALTH  
FALL RIVER, MASS.

*"I know of no food that equals Cook's Flaked Rice."*

JUSTUS J. SPREND, M.D.  
SPECIALIST ON LIVER DISEASES  
143 W. 22<sup>ND</sup> ST. N.Y. CITY.



**WANT**

# COOK'S FLAKED RICE

## DIRECTIONS

### New Born Infants:

One cup of COOK'S FLAKED RICE, One quart of water; boil ten minutes, add a pint of milk, pinch of salt, and a very little sugar and strain.

### Three Months Old Child:

Use double the quantity of COOK'S FLAKED RICE (two cups) and do not strain.

### From Childhood to Old Age:

See illustrated directions on package



**YOUR GROCER  
SELLS IT**

**15¢ LARGE  
PACKAGE**



**GOT**



**COOK'S**



**FLAKED  
RICE**

FOR **BREAKFAST.**

Made Only By  
THE AMERICAN RICE FOOD & MFG. CO.  
MATAWAN, N.J., U.S.A.



# Why Jack and Jill hurried



Copyright, 1902, by the Walt. M. Lowney Co.

Everybody has read of the troubles which ensued when Jack and Jill ran up the hill to fetch a pail of water; but all may not know that the cause of the heedless haste of these young persons was the fact that their mother had promised to make some

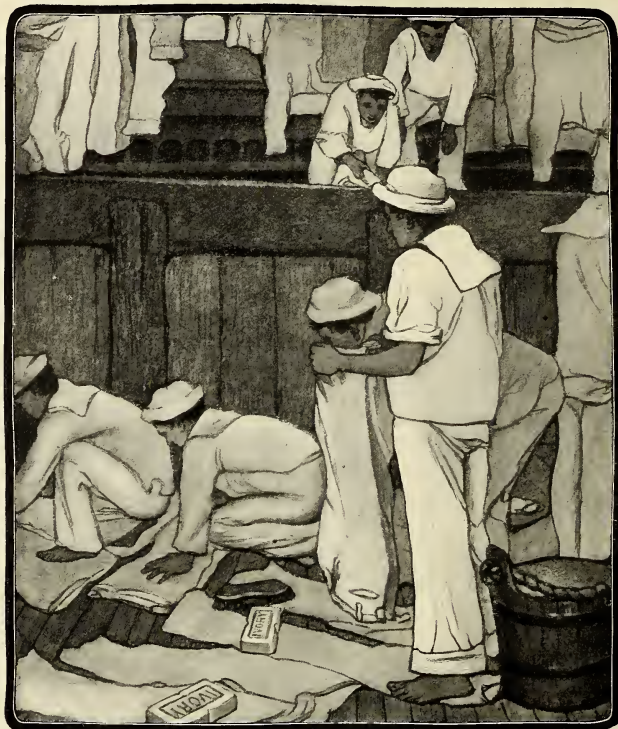
## LOWNEY'S BREAKFAST COCOA

for them upon their return. Who would not risk reckless speed with such an incentive?

(A trial size will be mailed on receipt of 15 cents in stamps.)

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO., BOSTON, MASS.





**W**HEREVER there is stainless white cleanliness there you may find Ivory Soap. You know how good it is in the bath; it is just as superior for linens, flannels or garments of other materials requiring special care in the washing. Because Ivory Soap is pure the best work is more certain to result from its use.

IT FLOATS.

# Libby's

GOOD  
THINGS  
TO  
EAT



**Two Large Juicy Mince Pies can be made from One Ten Cent Package of Libby's Condensed Mince Meat**

What would they cost you to make at home? Probably three times as much, because you have so much waste.

### **Libby's Mince Meat**

is made of the best of everything, and by more experienced cooks than can possibly be retained by private families.

### **Just Try It Once.**

That's all. Only costs you 10 cents for the experiment, and you would n't take \$10 for what you learn. Ask for our booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat." It tells about all LIBBY'S (Natural Flavor) FOOD PRODUCTS put up in convenient key-opening cans, and it is free.

Send 10 cents stamps for Libby's Big Home Atlas. With 32 new maps. Size 8 x 11 inches.

**Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago, U. S. A.**

Feed Right  
Feel Right  
Think Right

PRETTY NEAR THE SAME

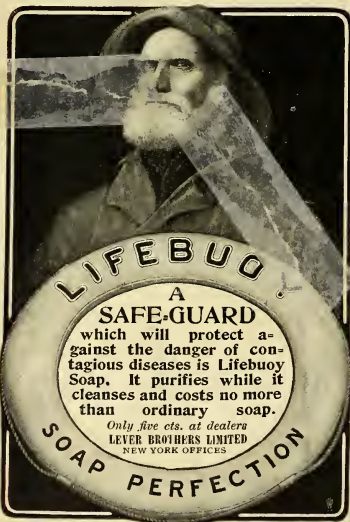
when it comes to writing them, aren't they? They are the same, in fact, for just so surely as you FEED RIGHT you will FEEL RIGHT and can THINK RIGHT.

Cut out the pasty, starchy or greasy foods for a few days and take on **GRAPE-NUTS**. In this famous food scientific processes have changed the starch to Grape-Sugar, and the tasty, nut-like little granules go into your spoon with the first period of digestion complete, just like nature does it, but with the brain-building elements still there.

That's why it is

**THE FOOD FOR THOUGHT.**

POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD., Battle Creek, Mich.



**LIFEBUOY**  
A  
**SAFE-GUARD**  
which will protect against the danger of contagious diseases is Lifebuoy Soap. It purifies while it cleanses and costs no more than ordinary soap.  
Only five cts. at dealers  
**LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED**  
NEW YORK OFFICES  
**SOAP PERFECTION**

**The Old Reliable**

**ROYAL**



**BAKING  
POWDER**

**Absolutely Pure**

**THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE**

**WEBER  
PIANOS**

UNQUESTIONED  
IN QUALITY

—  
UNEQUALED  
IN TONE

—  
CATALOGUE MAILED FREE ON REQUEST

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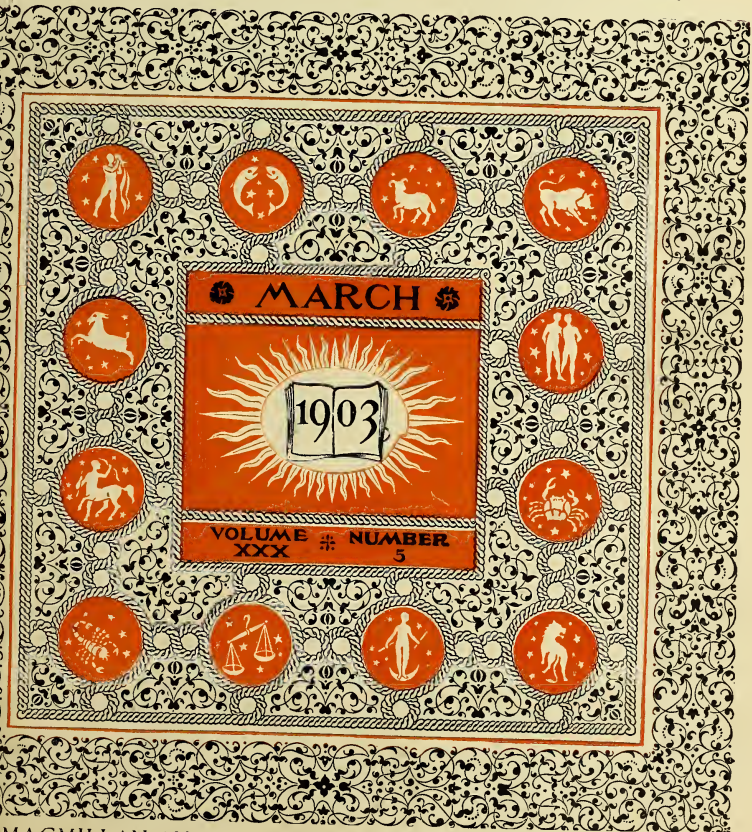


The March Number

# ST. NICHOLAS

FOR-YOUNG-FOLKS

CONDUCTED BY  
MARY-MAPES-DODGE



MACMILLAN AND CO. L'T'D, ST. MARTIN'S ST. LONDON

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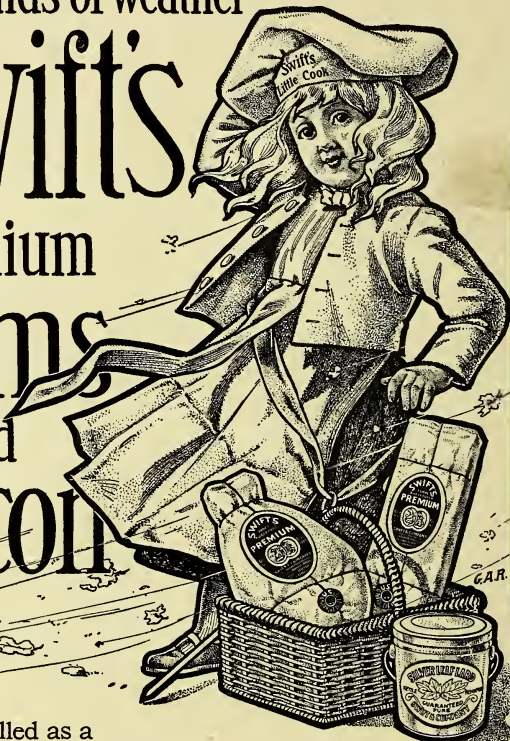
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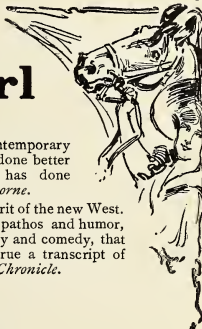
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"HE IS GRAVELY SALUTED BY EACH BOLD MARINE."

(See poem, "A Collar of Honor.")

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXX.

FEBRUARY, 1903.

No. 4

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## A COLLAR OF HONOR.

BY NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH.

IN France, sunny France, far away o'er the sea,  
There are things that they do rather better than  
we;

Perhaps these are many, perhaps but a few—  
Be this as it may, there 's one thing that they  
do:

They recognize merit where'er it is found  
And ever its praises are willing to sound;  
And even a dog, if he act well his part,  
Is held in esteem in the popular heart.  
You feel it, you know it, you see that it 's so,  
When you meet in the street, as you stroll to  
and fro,

The dogs with their collars of honor.

A dog who has rescued in perilous strife  
A poor human creature, and saved him his life,  
Is counted thereafter a ward of the state,  
The charge of officials, from petty to great.  
His bed and his board are forever assured;  
In health he is tended, in illness he 's cured.

A band of bright metal he wears round his  
throat,

And pride of it shows in each hair of his coat.  
You feel it, you know it, you see that it 's so,  
When you meet in the street, as you stroll to  
and fro,

The dogs with their collars of honor.

At Brest, should you go there, as I did one  
night,—

'T is a post of the navy and well worth a sight,—  
A Newfoundland dog you may happen to meet,  
A hero whose praises the sailors repeat.

So many he 's rescued from tempest and wreck  
That a grand decoration he wears at his neck.

It hangs from his collar, and when it is seen  
He is gravely saluted by each bold marine.  
E'en sentries do homage when trots up and  
down,

Bejeweled, beribboned, this pride of the town,  
This dog with his collar of honor.





## IN YEDDO BAY.

BY JACK LONDON.

SOMEWHERE along Theater Street he had lost it. He remembered being hustled somewhat roughly on the bridge over one of the canals that cross that busy thoroughfare. Possibly some slant-eyed, light-fingered pickpocket was even then enjoying the fifty-odd yen his purse had contained. And then again, he thought, he might have lost it himself, just lost it carelessly.

Hopelessly, and for the twentieth time, he searched in all his pockets for the missing purse. It was not there. His hand lingered in his empty hip-pocket, and he woefully regarded the voluble and vociferous restaurant-keeper, who insanelly clamored: "Twenty-five sen! You pay now! Twenty-five sen!"

"But my purse!" the boy said. "I tell you I've lost it somewhere."

Whereupon the restaurant-keeper lifted his arms indignantly and shrieked: "Twenty-five sen! Twenty-five sen! You pay now!"

Quite a crowd had collected, and it was growing embarrassing for Alf Davis.

It was so ridiculous and petty, Alf thought. Such a disturbance about nothing! And, decidedly, he must be doing something. Thoughts of diving wildly through that forest of legs, and of striking out at whomsoever opposed him, flashed through his mind; but, as though divining his purpose, one of the waiters, a short and chunky chap with an evil-looking cast in one eye, seized him by the arm.

"You pay now! You pay now! Twenty-five sen!" yelled the proprietor, hoarse with rage.

Alf was red in the face, too, from mortification; but he resolutely set out on another exploration. He had given up the purse, pinning his last hope on stray coins. In the little change-pocket of his coat he found a ten-sen piece and five copper sen; and remembering having recently missed a ten-sen piece, he cut the seam of the pocket and resurrected the coin from the depths of the lining. Twenty-five sen

he held in his hand, the sum required to pay for the supper he had eaten. He turned them over to the proprietor, who counted them, grew suddenly calm, and bowed obsequiously—in fact, the whole crowd bowed obsequiously and melted away.

Alf Davis was a young sailor, just turned sixteen, on board the "Annie Mine," an American sealing-schooner which had run into Yokohama to ship its season's catch of skins to London. And in this his second trip ashore he was beginning to catch his first puzzling glimpses of the Oriental mind. He laughed when the bowing and kotowing was over, and turned on his heel to confront another problem. How was he to get aboard ship? It was eleven o'clock at night, and there would be no ship's boats ashore, while the outlook for hiring a native boatman, with nothing but empty pockets to draw upon, was not particularly inviting.

Keeping a sharp lookout for shipmates, he went down to the pier. At Yokohama there are no long lines of wharves. The shipping lies out at anchor, enabling a few hundred of the short-legged people to make a livelihood by carrying passengers to and from the shore.

A dozen sampan men and boys hailed Alf and offered their services. He selected the most favorable-looking one, an old and beneficent-appearing man with a withered leg. Alf stepped into his sampan and sat down. It was quite dark and he could not see what the old fellow was doing, though he evidently was doing nothing about shoving off and getting under way. At last he limped over and peered into Alf's face.

"Ten sen," he said.

"Yes, I know, ten sen," Alf answered carelessly. "But hurry up. American schooner."

"Ten sen. You pay now," the old fellow insisted.

Alf felt himself grow hot all over at the hateful words "pay now." "You take me to American schooner; then I pay," he said.

But the man stood up patiently before him, one of sweltering heat, they were clad in the held out his hand, and said, "Ten sen. You least possible raiment. The water-people of any race are rough and turbulent, and it struck Alf that to be out at midnight on a pier-end pay now."

Alf tried to explain. He had no money. He had lost his purse. But he would pay. As soon as he got aboard the American schooner, then he would pay. No; he would not even go aboard the American schooner. He would call to his shipmates, and they would give the sampan man the ten sen first. After that he would go aboard. So it was all right, of course.

To all of which the beneficent-appearing old man replied: "You pay now. Ten sen." And, to make matters worse, the other sampan men squatted on the pier-steps, listening.

Alf, chagrined and angry, stood up to step ashore. But the old fellow laid a detaining hand on his sleeve. "You give shirt now. I take you 'Merican schooner," he proposed.

Then it was that all of Alf's American independence flamed up in his breast. The Anglo-Saxon has a born dislike of being imposed upon, and to Alf this was sheer robbery! Ten sen was equivalent to six American

cents, while his shirt, which was of good quality and was new, had cost him two dollars.

He turned his back on the man without a word, and went out to the end of the pier, the crowd, laughing with great gusto, following at his heels. The majority of them were heavy-set, muscular fellows, and the July night being

with such a crowd of wharfmen, in a big Japanese city, was not as safe as it might be.

One burly fellow, with a shock of black hair and ferocious eyes, came up. The rest shoved in after him to take part in the discussion.

"Give me shoes," the man said. "Give me shoes now. I take you 'Merican schooner."



"QUITE A CROWD HAD COLLECTED, AND IT WAS GROWING EMBARRASSING FOR ALF DAVIS."

Alf shook his head; whereat the crowd clamored that he accept the proposal. Now the Anglo-Saxon is so constituted that to brow-beat or bully him is the last way under the sun of getting him to do any certain thing. He will dare willingly, but he will not permit himself to be driven. So this attempt of the boatmen to force Alf only aroused all the dogged stubbornness of his race. The same qualities were in him that are in men who lead forlorn hopes; and there, under the stars, on the lonely pier, encircled by the jostling and shouldering gang, he resolved that he would die rather than submit to the indignity of being robbed of a single stitch of clothing. Not value, but principle, was at stake.

Then somebody thrust roughly against him from behind. He whirled about with flashing eyes, and the circle involuntarily gave ground. But the crowd was growing more boisterous. Each and every article of clothing he had on was demanded by one or another, and these demands were shouted simultaneously at the tops of very healthy lungs.

Alf had long since ceased to say anything, but he knew that the situation was getting dangerous, and that the only thing left to him was to get away. His face was set doggedly, his eyes glinted like points of steel, and his body was firmly and confidently poised. This air of determination sufficiently impressed the boatmen to make them give way before him when he started to walk toward the shore-end of the pier. But they trooped along beside him and behind him, shouting and laughing more noisily than ever. One of the youngsters, about Alf's size and build, impudently snatched his cap from his head; but before he could put it on his own head, Alf struck out from the shoulder, and sent the fellow rolling on the stones.

The cap flew out of his hand and disappeared among the many legs. Alf did some quick thinking; his sailor pride would not permit him to leave the cap in their hands. He followed in the direction it had sped, and soon found it under the bare foot of a stalwart fellow, who kept his weight stolidly upon it. Alf tried to get the cap out by a sudden jerk, but failed. He shoved against the man's leg, but the man only grunted. It was challenge direct, and Alf ac-

cepted it. Like a flash one leg was behind the man and Alf had thrust strongly with his shoulder against the fellow's chest. Nothing could save the man from the fierce vigorosity of the trick, and he was hurled over and backward.

Next, the cap was on Alf's head and his fists were up before him. Then Alf whirled about to prevent attack from behind, and all those in that quarter fled precipitately. This was what he wanted. None remained between him and the shore end. The pier was narrow. Facing them and threatening with his fist those who attempted to pass him on either side, he continued his retreat. It was exciting work, walking backward and at the same time checking that surging mass of men. But the dark-skinned peoples, the world over, have learned to respect the white man's fist; and it was the battles fought by many sailors, more than his own warlike front, that gave Alf the victory.

Where the pier adjoins the shore was the station of the harbor police, and Alf backed into the electric-lighted office, very much to the amusement of the dapper lieutenant in charge. The sampan men, grown quiet and orderly, clustered like flies by the open door, through which they could see and hear what passed.

Alf explained his difficulty in few words, and demanded, as the privilege of a stranger in a strange land, that the lieutenant put him aboard in the police-boat. The lieutenant, in turn, who knew all the "rules and regulations" by heart, explained that the harbor police were not ferrymen, and that the police-boats had other functions to perform than that of transporting belated and penniless sailormen to their ships. He also said he knew the sampan men to be natural-born robbers, but that so long as they robbed within the law he was powerless. It was their right to collect fares in advance, and who was he to command them to take a passenger and collect fare at the journey's end? Alf acknowledged the justice of his remarks, but suggested that while he could not command he might persuade. The lieutenant was willing to oblige, and went to the door, from where he delivered a speech to the crowd. But they, too, knew their rights, and, when the officer had finished, shouted in chorus their abominable "Ten sen! You pay now! You pay now!"

"You see, I can do nothing," the lieutenant said, who, by the way, spoke perfect English. "But I have warned them not to harm or molest you, so you will be safe, at least. The night is warm and half over. Lie down somewhere and go to sleep. I would permit you to sleep here in the office, were it not against the rules and regulations."

Alf thanked him for his kindness and courtesy; but the sampan men had aroused all his pride of race and doggedness, and the problem could not be solved that way. To sleep out the night on the stones was an acknowledgment of defeat.

"The sampan men refuse to take me out?"

The lieutenant nodded.

"And you refuse to take me out?"

Again the lieutenant nodded.

"Well, then, it's not in the rules and regulations that you can prevent my taking myself out?"

The lieutenant was perplexed. "There is no boat," he said.

"That's not the question," Alf proclaimed hotly. "If I take myself out, everybody's satisfied and no harm done?"

"Yes; what you say is true," persisted the puzzled lieutenant. "But you cannot take yourself out."

"You just watch me," was the retort.

Down went Alf's cap on the office floor. Right and left he kicked off his low-cut shoes. Trousers and shirt followed.

"Remember," he said in ringing tones, "I, as a citizen of the United States, shall hold you, the city of Yokohama, and the government of Japan responsible for those clothes. Good night."

He plunged through the doorway, scattering the astounded boatmen to either side, and ran out on the pier. But they quickly recovered and ran after him, shouting with glee at the new phase the situation had taken on. It was a night long remembered among the water-folk



"STRAIGHT TO THE END ALF RAN, AND, WITHOUT PAUSE, DIVED OFF CLEANLY AND NEATLY INTO THE WATER."

of Yokohama town. Straight to the end Alf ran, and, without pause, dived off cleanly and neatly into the water. He struck out with a lusty, single-overhand stroke till curiosity prompted him to halt for a moment. Out of the darkness, from where the pier should be, voices were calling to him.

He turned on his back, floated, and listened.



"All right! All right!" he could distinguish from the babel. "No pay now; pay bime by! Come back! Come back now; pay bime by!"

"No, thank you," he called back. "No pay at all. Good night."

Then he faced about in order to locate the Annie Mine. She was fully a mile away, and in the darkness it was no easy task to get her bearings. First, he settled upon a blaze of lights which he knew nothing but a man-of-war could make. That must be the United States war-ship "Lancaster." Somewhere to the left and beyond should be the Annie Mine. But to the left he made out three lights close together. That could not be the schooner. For the moment he was confused. He rolled over on his back and shut his eyes, striving to construct a mental picture of the harbor as he had seen it in daytime. With a snort of satisfaction he rolled back again. The three lights evidently belonged to the big English tramp steamer. Therefore the schooner must lie somewhere between the three lights and the Lancaster. He gazed long and steadily, and there, very dim and low, but at the point he expected, burned a single light—the anchor-light of the Annie Mine.

And it was a fine swim under the starshine. The air was warm as the water, and the water as warm as tepid milk. The good salt taste of it was in his mouth, the tingling of it along his limbs; and the steady beat of his heart, heavy and strong, made him glad for living.

But beyond being glorious the swim was uneventful. On the right hand he passed the many-lighted Lancaster, on the left hand the English tramp, and ere long the Annie Mine loomed large above him. He grasped the hanging rope-ladder and drew himself noiselessly on deck. There was no one in sight. He saw a light in the galley, and knew that the captain's son, who kept the lonely anchor-watch, was making coffee. Alf went forward to the fore-castle. The men were snoring in their bunks, and in that confined space the heat seemed to him insufferable. So he put on a thin cotton shirt and a pair of dungaree trousers, tucked blanket and pillow under his

arm, and went up on deck and out on the fore-castle-head.

Hardly had he begun to doze when he was roused by a boat coming alongside and hailing the anchor-watch. It was the police-boat, and to Alf it was given to enjoy the excited conversation that ensued. Yes, the captain's son recognized the clothes. They belonged to Alf Davis, one of the seamen. What had happened? No; Alf Davis had not come aboard. He was ashore. He was not ashore? Then he must be drowned. Here both the lieutenant and the captain's son talked at the same time, and Alf could make out nothing. Then he heard them come forward and rouse out the crew. The crew grumbled sleepily and said that Alf Davis was not in the fore-castle; whereupon the captain's son waxed indignant at the Yokohama police and their ways, and the lieutenant quoted rules and regulations in despairing accents.

Alf rose up from the fore-castle-head and extended his hand, saying:

"I guess I'll take those clothes. Thank you for bringing them aboard so promptly."

"I don't see why he could n't have brought you aboard inside of them," said the captain's son.

And the police lieutenant said nothing, though he turned the clothes over somewhat sheepishly to their rightful owner.

The next day, when Alf started to go ashore, he found himself surrounded by shouting and gesticulating, though very respectful, sampan men, all extraordinarily anxious to have him for a passenger. Nor did the one he selected say, "You pay now," when he entered his boat. When Alf prepared to step out on to the pier, he offered the man the customary ten sen. But the man drew himself up and shook his head.

"You all right," he said. "You no pay. You never no pay. You bully boy and all right."

And for the rest of the Annie Mine's stay in port, the sampan men refused money at Alf Davis's hand. Out of admiration for his pluck and independence, they had given him the freedom of the harbor.



# A Chatterbox.

Of To-Day.

I'm mighty glad I didn't live—  
When Grandma was a child!  
The dreadful way she had to  
Would simply drive me <sup>dress-</sup>wild.



As for the way that she behaved—  
I should not live a week,  
If I were always made to wait—  
Till told that I might <sup>dress-</sup> speak.



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## CHILD LIFE IN GERMANY.

BY CHARLES WALTER GEROULD.



DOUBTLESS you would like to hear about Hans and Gretchen, children of the Fatherland, as the Germans fondly call their country. If so, let us begin with their every-day outdoor amusements.

In almost every park a certain plot of ground is set apart for the use of young children, and there the city officials cause great piles of clean sand to be dumped.

The ground thus occupied is generally a circle, with the sand in the center and benches around the circumference. Here, on a summer afternoon, one may chance upon a pretty sight: the nurses in their bright, clean gowns,—many of them dressed in the showy peasant costumes such as they wore in their country homes,—sewing and chatting on the benches, while their young charges, safe within this magic ring, are busy making forts, piling up mountains, playing ball, or doing whatever their fertile imaginations may suggest. In poor quarters of large cities, where there are no parks, long, low beds of sand are put in some out-of-the-way spot and kept in place by low boards.

But, leaving these little ones to play in the sand, let us see what games the older children enjoy. Any one who has lived in the Fatherland will tell you that German children have little time for play. School is the most important thing for them, and takes most of their time. And yet, children would not be children without play, and so in Germany, just as with us, the girls and boys have their games, even

though they may not find as much time for them as do American children.

If I were asked what is the favorite amusement of German children, I should answer, taking long walks into the country. The love of nature seems to be born with most of them. Besides, they are sturdy young folks, and are perfectly willing to



A GERMAN CHILD TAKING AN OUTING WITH NURSE IN PEASANT COSTUME.

put up with inconveniences. For these reasons they are just the people to enjoy walking in the country, and the practice begun in childhood is kept up during life. When the children go on these long walks, they often carry what we

should call a botanical box (that is, a tin box about a foot and a half long, with rounded edges, and a lid on hinges), slung over the shoulder by a strap. In this they carry a

are better than our own, but because the towns and villages provide places for bathing in summer and skating in winter, and encourage the people in using them.

Closely connected with skating is coasting, and in this pastime, at least, German children have much to learn from our own. A cutter, as I believe our boys call their low, long, swiftly flying sleds, is not common in Germany, while that grandest product of coasting, the double-runner, is a still greater rarity, as I found when I attempted to explain to them its construction. Instead of these, they have a short, high, bobtailed sled, which you will find pictured in the coasting scene. You can imagine that with these no swift, inspiring coasting, making your breath stop, your eyes gleam, and your cheeks glow with excitement, could be done. Coasting as we know it is a pleasure almost unknown to German girls and boys; and yet their country in most parts is splendidly adapted for it, being hilly, with long, broad, gently descending roads.

In Germany, as in America, the varying seasons bring with them their especial pastimes.



OFF FOR A LONG WALK.

luncheon. I may be wrong, but it seems to me that German children are even more hungry than our own American children. Like their parents, they have two breakfasts, one dinner, two suppers, and how much between meals I would n't dare to say. Certainly they never go for a walk of any length without a luncheon of some sort. During school terms such expeditions are sometimes taken in company with the masters, when instruction in natural science and the beauties of nature is combined with the fun. In the high schools, besides such outings, there is once a year a grand excursion, lasting, it may be, two or three days. Some of the traveling is done by rail, but much more on foot. Mountains are climbed, the sources of rivers explored, specimens are collected for the school or for the private cabinets of pupils, cities are visited on the way, and their treasures of art, science, or history explained.

Next in popularity after walking come swimming and skating. The facilities for these sports are much greater in Germany than in this country — not that their rivers, ponds, or seas



IN THE PARK.

About tops, marbles, ball, hop-scotch, hoop-rolling, and such games I need say little, for most of them are played in much the same



manner as in this country. The only tops I saw in Germany were whip-tops, which must be familiar to you all from old-fashioned picture-books. Their games of ball would seem

ing, etc. Baseball, football, cricket, and other manly and invigorating sports, which arouse so much enthusiasm here and in England, are almost unknown in Germany. However, what

is lost in outdoor sports is made good in a degree by the excellent drill of from one to three years in the army, which every able-bodied young man is obliged to undergo at about the age of twenty.

And now that we have seen Hans and Gretchen at some of their games, I think we may well turn to see them at work; for I suppose that is what most of you would call life at school. Certainly it is work for the German children, for their hours in school are longer and the tasks harder than yours. In Germany the law requires that every child attend school from the age of six up to fourteen. Parents are compelled to pay a fine in court if their children are absent from school without good cause, and the child must make up the time lost by just as many



A GERMAN COASTING SCENE.

very tame to American boys. They never have developed any one great national game, like baseball or cricket; indeed, athletics have little hold in Germany, except in the matter of pure gymnastics, such as involve the use of parallel and horizontal bars, dumb-bells, leap-

extra days at the end of his course as he has been absent. Children are called by their last names from the very first of their school-days. Their teachers are men almost without exception. The hours for attendance in the winter are from eight to twelve in the morning, and

from two to four in the afternoon; and in the warmer months from seven to eleven and from two to four. These hours are shortened for the younger children. On Wednesday and Saturday afternoons the schools are closed. What seems strange to us is that all studying is done out of school. A class not having a recitation, therefore, is sent home, and so it happens that few children are all of the six hours a day in school, as the above hours would seem to indicate. The very little ones, for instance, may be in school from eight to nine, from eleven to twelve, and from two to three, the intervening time being spent at home in play or study. In consequence of this out-of-school study, all books, pencils, and stationery are taken home at the close of the morning and afternoon sessions. This has given rise to the use of knapsacks by both girls and boys. These knapsacks are made of leather either dressed or with the hair on.

If a boy intends to carry his education beyond that afforded by the grammar school, he is expected to enter the high school at the age of nine or ten years, where his lower-school studies are continued and languages are commenced in a simple way. Girls in like manner go to a higher school. The studies pursued in German schools are much the same as in our own.

A branch of instruction which appeals to the hearts of most girls and boys is that in gymnastics. Every school has its large gymnasium or drill-hall, where instruction in all the varied forms of indoor athletics is given to each class, generally twice a week, by a special master. Everything is done in an orderly, quiet, systematic way. About the first thing to be taught is marching. When the weather permits, drills are held in the large playgrounds. The value of this instruction constantly increases, as it is commenced early in school-days and kept up until the boy is ready for the university. The girls have gymnastics, but of a lighter kind, including dancing in the high school.

The authority of a German schoolmaster, both in and out of school, is very great. His word is law to parents, as it is to pupils. In the high schools good conduct and hard work are much encouraged, as is shown by the fact

that any boy who has reached the third highest class,—there are eight altogether in the school,—and can obtain a certificate of good behavior from the master, is required to serve only one year in the army. If, however, the



A GERMAN SCHOOL-BOY WITH HIS KNAPSACK.

master refuses to commend the boy's scholarship or behavior, then he must serve for three years, with a lower class of men, and can never rise above the office of corporal. It therefore behoves every boy to attend strictly to his duties while at school.

German fairy and wonder stories are famous the world over, the best being those collected by the brothers Grimm, which have been translated and published in English. Story-books for older children are not numerous. Most of their books are tales of old German heroes, legends, histories of their own country, or books

of a similar nature which are designed to instruct rather than to amuse. After diligent inquiry I was unable to hear of any German magazines or papers published strictly for children, an omission which we can scarcely understand in this country. Once, while living in Germany, I sent for a copy of ST. NICHOLAS, which, on its receipt, created great surprise and admiration, and although the children could not translate the stories, they spent hours in copying the pictures.

An account of the doings of German children would be very incomplete were I to pass by their holidays, those "red-letter" days in the lives of all children—yes, and of grown folks as well. Your thoughts, I know, fly first to Christmas days, for it is only a few weeks ago that you yourselves were in the midst of that season, so we will speak of them before all others.

Poor indeed is the family that cannot buy at least a very small Christmas tree. The candles are lighted on Christmas eve, burned for a while, and then blown out, only to be relighted every evening for a week after. Many of the ornaments are made of candy, and are eaten by the children from night to night.

Hans and Gretchen begin the celebration of Christmas day by going to church. After church comes the Christmas dinner, with its roast goose and other favorite dishes. In the evening old and young take part in jolly games, followed by light refreshments.

Sometime between Christmas and New Year's, Hans and Gretchen are treated to a performance at the theater, prepared for the especial benefit of the children. The price of admission is at one half the usual rates, and the hours for the performance are from four to six in the afternoon. The play is based on some story well known to the children, as, for example, "Cinderella" would be to our own children. The characters are taken by children, who frequently prove to be very clever young actors and actresses. At the close of the performance, the children who have taken part are showered with bonbons which the spectators are always thoughtful enough to carry with them.

To a German child the Christmas holidays without sweet-cakes would be as much a failure as the same cherished days would be to an English child without his plum-pudding and candy.

And so there is a great deal of baking for weeks before the eventful time.

When the town clock strikes the hour which ushers in the New Year, babel seems suddenly let loose upon the street. From all quarters comes the cry, "Prosit Neu Jahr! Prosit Neu Jahr!" which is their equivalent for our "Happy New Year." And now for a half-hour or more all law is forgotten, and the police allow all sorts of tricks and noisy doings, only seeing that no harmful mischief takes place. For those who love quiet, New Year's day in Germany is about like Fourth of July in America.

One of the pleasantest customs which exist in Germany is the celebration of birthdays. Friends never forget each other on these days, and presents of a simple kind are given even more generally than at Christmas. But what is especially to the point is the sensible and happy way in which children solve the trying question of what to give to their parents. If the father is to have a birthday, each child in the family will present to him some self-offering. Hans may write a little poem or a short story; Fritz may make a fine trellis for his father's favorite rose-bush; Gretchen may practise for weeks to learn a new piece on the piano with which to surprise him; and Pauline may commit to memory a pretty French poem. Against such proofs of his children's thoughtful love and this display of their abilities, what would be the value of purchased gifts in the heart of any parent?

Out of about twenty holidays with which Hans and Gretchen are blessed during the year, the Emperor's birthday stands forth conspicuously. The night before, the great military band parades the streets, accompanied by men bearing torches which look like small street-lamps illuminated with candles. This is a gala-night for the boys, who are allowed to follow the procession and see the fun. The next day the town is gay with flags and decorations; and church services are held. But what attracts the children is the grand military review. Germany is a nation of soldiers, and their gorgeous uniforms and great numbers make a fine display.

Have you not wondered all this while whether Hans and Gretchen look like American children? Yes, they do—so much so that I have

scarcely thought to mention it. In dress there is a slight difference, especially among the boys. German boys generally wear a coat which buttons straight up to the neck like a military coat—that is, without lapels. Often there is a “gather” in the back at the waist, which is prudently put there so that the coat may be enlarged somewhat as the boy grows. Boots are very generally worn by the smaller boys.

to their parents and elders. There is no arguing when they are told to do something disagreeable, no impertinent answers when scolded. To obey without question or complaint, at home or at school, is as natural to a German child as it is for a soldier to obey his superior officer.

And then the regard which children and young people have for their parents and old persons is something from which I am afraid



A THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE BY GERMAN CHILDREN.

Most of the boys who attend the high schools wear caps with very narrow vizors. The color and trimmings vary, each school in the empire having its special colors. In winter these are changed for caps with fur sides and cloth tops, the color of the cloth being that adopted for the school. Girls in Germany dress in the same fashions that prevail in this country.

Hans and Gretchen are delightful children to know, and chiefly because they are so respectful

not a few of our own girls and boys might learn a very useful lesson.

Hans and Gretchen are not more perfect children than their American cousins, but if ever you meet them in their Fatherland, you may be sure you will find them polite to strangers, obedient and deferential to their elders, quiet and unassuming in their manners, hard workers, excellent scholars, and ready for fun whenever they find time to enjoy it.



## PETS IN OFFICIAL LIFE.

BY WALDON FAWCETT.

THE little folks who reside in the homes of prominent public officials and statesmen at Washington are just as fond of household pets as are their cousins in other parts of the coun-

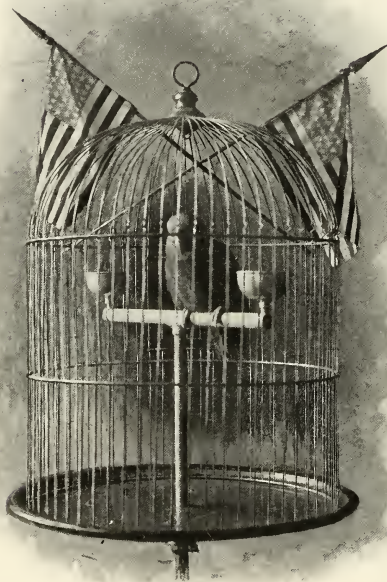
Washington, who have in a number of instances brought their pets with them, have come not only from every State in the Union but also from all parts of the world.

A number of the occupants of the White House have had favorite horses of whom they were very fond. General Grant had one horse which he petted to excess, and Mrs. Cleveland took great pride in a span of beautiful horses which were reserved for her use while her husband was President. During the spring and summer months when President Cleveland lived at a country home five miles from Washington, Mrs. Cleveland frequently drove to and from the White House herself.

Both Mrs. Cleveland and her children were very partial to big dogs, and during the time they lived at the White House, mother and children frequently could be seen upon the lawn on pleasant days, romping with a splendid St. Bernard, which was said to be one of the handsomest canines in America.

Baby McKee, who was the joy of the Presidential household during the greater part of the time President Harrison was in office, was very loyal in his friendship for a great good-natured cat.

When President McKinley occupied the White House there was also as tenant there, a sleek and frisky pussy which rejoiced in the high-sounding but rather contradictory name of "Thomas Jefferson McKinley." This distinguished cat had a glossy black coat set off by a white slipper on each paw, a white tip on the tail, and a patch of white fur on the breast.



ADMIRAL DEWEY'S PARROT.

try, and there are at the national capital quite a number of little animals which not only hold the affection of their juvenile owners but amuse the prominent people of the national capital as well. Perhaps a more traveled assemblage of cats and dogs and birds could not be found anywhere else. The people in official life at

One of the most amusing of the Washington pets is the handsome green parrot owned by Admiral George Dewey. The visitor to the Dewey home is likely to be reminded of the presence of the talkative bird, almost as soon as he enters the house, by hearing a call for "The admiral's salute, sir!" or some similar ejaculation, piped out in a shrill voice. Although the Dewey parrot has been taught all sorts of sailor expressions, he is really a very well-behaved bird, and has never been known under any circumstances to use the strong language to which we have been told parrots that have been educated at sea are often addicted.

There are three little dogs in Washington which are almost as great "globe-trotters" as their mistress. They are three fleecy French poodles, looking for all the world like bundles of cotton, and they have lived in China, Russia, France, Germany, Austria, Japan, Italy, and the United States. These much-traveled little canines are named "Chocolate," "Cosette," and "Mosquito," and belong to the Countess Marguerite Cassini, the adopted daughter of Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador to the United States. They are marvelously active, running to meet every visitor who enters the house.

When ex-Senator George F. Edmunds of Vermont was a conspicuous member of the upper house of Congress, he was almost invariably accompanied in his strolls about the city by a fierce muzzled bulldog. The late Senator McMillan of Michigan also had a bulldog, "Victor" by name; but this animal had one grave fault, a too great fondness for music—not that the mere enjoyment of musical strains would

be considered an offense, but Victor was not content to listen at a distance. He no sooner heard a band playing than he would tear off madly down the street, and was soon at the very head of the crowd of children following the procession. These runaway episodes caused the stablemen, whose duty it was to look after Victor, many weary tramps, and they claimed that this longing to wander from his own doorway was very strange, since the dog was then very old and partly blind—quite old enough, in fact, to know better. One day, a few years



COUNTESS CASSINI'S THREE PET FRENCH POODLES.

ago, Victor had a terrific battle with a plucky dog owned by Senator Cullom of Illinois, and after that both animals had to go about in disgrace, with muzzles on their heads.

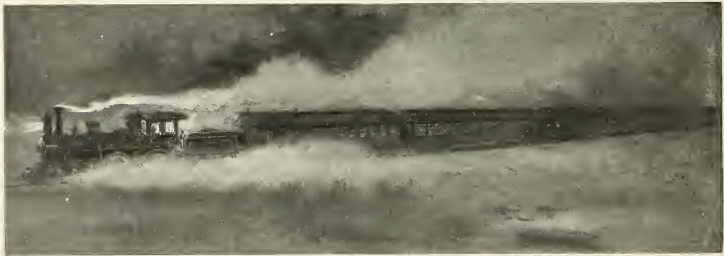
One of the most pathetic cases which have

ever been recorded of the devotion of a faithful dog to its dead owner is found in the daily visits of a splendid old collie, named "Clyde," to Edgewood, which was once the home of Salmon P. Chase, the chief justice of the United States during the Civil War. At the death of his daughter, whose constant companion the collie had been, the dog was given a home by a kind-hearted clergyman who resides in the vicinity. Now every day at dusk the loyal old watch-dog goes to the homestead, and conducts a sentry-like patrol about the premises. If a door should happen to be open, he enters and walks gravely about the rooms and corridors, taking no heed of anybody he meets.

Almost all of the envoys who represent foreign governments at the American capital have

pets, and in most cases these favored animals lead a life of ease and luxury. In the home of Lord Pauncefote, the late British ambassador, was an aristocratic dog named "Briton," whose ancestry could be traced back a great many years, and whose brothers, sisters, and cousins are all inhabitants of stately homes in the British Isles. Briton's distinguishing trait was his fondness for olives, a delicacy which the average dog will not touch.

One of the most expensive pets ever secured for an occupant of the White House was the canary "Missouri Dick," which had been taught to sing "Yankee Doodle," and for which a patriotic Western man is said to have paid thirteen hundred dollars, in order that he might present the clever songster to Mrs. McKinley.



## THE NORTH SHORE LIMITED.

(A True Story.)

BY CHARLES NEWTON HOOD.

At twenty-seven minutes past one that night, train No. 19, the "North Shore Limited," pulled into the New York Central station in Rochester seven minutes late.

All of the way up from New York, in spite of the best efforts of the engineers, the train had been persistently dropping behind its sched-

ule, and, with the worst part of the run yet to be made, it looked to the dispatchers very much as though the train would be delivered to the Michigan Central at Suspension Bridge very nearly a quarter of an hour behind time.

Big passenger engine No. 735 had been waiting for over ten minutes, and as soon as the

locomotive of the middle division had been uncoupled and had steamed away to the round-house, Bradley, the engineer, backed 735 into the train-shed and coupled up for the run.

The depot-master strolled up to the cab while the inspectors and oilers were finishing their work on the wheels.

"Don't suppose you can hold your own to-night, do you, Brad?" he asked. "Must be a bad night for firing."

"Well, I don't know," answered the engineer. "We've just been talking it over, Allen and I, and we've about made up our minds that No. 19 is going to run into Suspension Bridge on time to-night."

"Oh, nonsense," laughed the depot-master. "You can't do it, man. I'd like to see you do seven minutes better than No. 19's schedule, on a single track, on a night like this, when the Eastern fellows have all dropped back from schedule-time, every one of them. Well, I guess not! You're dreaming."

"All right; you just watch us," responded the engineer; and he smiled down on his friend the depot-master as he got the signal, and opened the throttle slowly.

The magnificent train of vestibuled sleeping-cars rolled quickly out into the darkness.

It was during the early months of the experiment made that year to shorten the time from New York to Chicago that trains were sent *via* the north shore of Lake Erie, through Canada, instead of following the south shore *via* Buffalo and Cleveland. Still further to shorten the route, the train was run from Rochester directly to Suspension Bridge, on the Niagara Falls branch, instead of running the longer way around through Buffalo. The Niagara Falls branch is a single-track road with a comparatively heavy traffic, and some of the best men in the service were detailed to take the train over that division.

It was a sultry, humid night, without a breath of air stirring. A slight drizzle of rain had fallen an hour or so before, and the wet rails ahead glistened dully under the glare of the headlight. A warm, clinging mist, which had grown to be almost a fog, hung over everything, and the darkness was intense.

There was no delay at the junction or at the

crossover, and the train swung out on the Falls branch without checking speed.

The fireman looked at his watch. "Seven minutes and a half late by Ames Street," he remarked, as he turned again to his work of shoveling the coal into the fire-box.

The engineer made no comment, but, with his eyes on the rails ahead, he pulled the throttle out the last half-inch, and felt the great locomotive sway and strain as she plunged faster and faster through the night. The peacefully sleeping passengers in their berths behind did



ENGINEER BRADLEY.

not know that their lives depended on this wild speed, and even the engineer himself had no idea that it was a race for life he was running instead of merely a record spin for 735.

The train had no stops to make. It was a through run, with the right of way over everything. In spite of the wet rails the huge machine gained speed with every revolution of the wheels.

The fireman looked at his watch quickly as the train flashed by a light. "We made that mile in 68," he remarked laconically, giving the bell-rope an exultant pull for a crossing. Bradley smiled grimly. At the next station, where the stretch of double track ended, the train had made up a minute and a half. Since the new flier had been put on there had



been scarcely a night when the engineer had found it possible to reach the end of the division on time. "We'll do it this trip, if some freight does n't 'lay us out,'" remarked Bradley.

"We're all right. We made that last mile in 62," said the fireman, as the lights of Brockport flashed by.

The big locomotive rolled and lurched and trembled from her mighty efforts, but plunged ever on and on, as though determined to surpass her own record.

It would have been a wild ride for one accustomed only to the steady, even motion of the heavy sleeping-cars. The powerful engine tore through the darkness, straining, rushing, hurling, merely that the trip between two great cities might be shortened by only a very few minutes for the passengers who slept tranquilly on, all unconscious of the effort that was being made in their behalf.

On dashed the heavy train with a seemingly greater speed—past tiny telegraph stations—sweeping through the sleeping towns with the wheels hammering a wild tattoo on the network of frogs and switches. A sudden glare of electric lights, some scattered buildings, a bunch of houses, a cluster of stores, a glimpse of brightly lighted but deserted streets, a glaring factory, again a bunch of houses, some scattered buildings, and on into the night; past long freight trains waiting quietly on sidings for the pet flier of the road to pass—and only two minutes late at Albion!

"We made that last mile in 52," remarked the perspiring but enthusiastic fireman.

"That's close to a seventy-mile clip," said the engineer. "We'll be on time at Medina. Now to make up that last minute."

The train roared through Knowlesville before the sleepy telegraph operator could get out on to the platform to wave his customary salute, and was away on the straight run to Medina, the half-way station of the road. The engineer had glanced at the illuminated time-indicator in front of the station as the train tore by. "There's a freight twenty minutes ahead," he said, "testing the road for us."

Just east of Medina the track crosses a long steel bridge over a good-sized stream which flows through a winding passage one hundred

feet below. The eastern bank forms a long steep hill down to the water's edge. A short distance back from the top of the hill a storehouse had been erected near the railroad, and a short side-track put in for convenience in loading cars.

The branch was a short one, the rails ending very near the brink of the ravine, and was connected with the main track by a "blind switch," that is, a switch which is seldom used and which bears no signal light.

Between the time of the passage of the freight train and the coming of the Limited, some one had thrown this switch—for what purpose, or whether by accident or not, it was never known.

The train was now within a mile of Medina, and running at a speed approximating sixty-five miles an hour, when engineer Bradley leisurely took his watch out and looked at it.

"Frank," he said, turning to the young fireman, "we've done it, old boy. I'll have to shut her off a bit or we'll pass Medina ahead of time."

He pushed the throttle in a little, and the action of the straining, groaning, goaded engine became more even and the speed dropped to a regular, steady grind. The first village street-crossing was passed, and the heavy flier was rushing on at reduced speed, but still as fast as an ordinary passenger train.

The open switch was still two thousand feet away—one thousand—five hundred—two hundred—one hundred. Suddenly the engine gave an awful lurch and swung heavily away from the main track.

Bradley realized in an instant what had happened. With marvelous quickness he shut off and reversed the engine and turned the air-brake on full.

The great driving-wheels whirled backward and the clenching car-brakes ground out thousands of sparks, but the momentum of the heavy coaches and engine swept the train on relentlessly. It was one hundred feet to the end of the rails.

"Jump, Frank, jump!" shouted the engineer.

The youth sprang to the side of the cab to obey, but, with a glance around at the intrepid engineer sticking to his post, he turned stub-



"735 CAME TO A STOP, WITH THE PILOT PROJECTING OVER THE EDGE OF THE RAVINE." (SEE PAGE 310.)

bornly back to his place, just as the ponderous machine leaped from the end of the rails.

The locomotive struck the earth with a terrific shock, but remained upright, and went reeling, staggering, plowing onward across the narrow roadway toward the brink of the ravine, almost as though she were still upon the rails.

It was an awful moment, but there was no flinching. In desperation Bradley suddenly released the brakes from the sliding car-wheels and then instantly turned the air on again.

The expedient succeeded. With a last desperate struggle of the powerful drivers whirling backward and trenching great grooves in the earth, 735 half overturned, gave a shuddering roll and came to a stop, with the pilot projecting

over the edge of the ravine and the headlight glaring down the awful path which lay ahead.

A hundred or more passengers in the comfortable cars behind slept peacefully on, and doubtless some of them grumbled because the North Shore was two hours late at Detroit.

"It 's a lucky thing," said the engineer, as he and the fireman worked over 735 while they were waiting for the wrecking train and the relief engine—"it 's a mighty lucky thing that we made up that time east of Medina, for if we 'd been running as we usually do through here—"

"It does look rather unhealthy down that hill," remarked the fireman, musingly, as he peered down the steep declivity before them.

## SOME WINTER BIRDS.

BY DR. CHARLES C. ABBOTT.



CHICKADEES.

THERE are three birds that at any time, if it is not very stormy, will help to make many a winter's day merry. These are the two nuthatches and the chickadee. They are often found together, and are as much features of the season as withered leaves or snow and ice. Everybody knows the chickadee. Emerson, in a poem, has been its best biographer. But the lively nuthatches have been too much neglected.

Perhaps it is because they do not sing; yet they are not mute, and their querulous cries fit well with many a wild winter day. But what we can see is as much to

be considered as what we hear, and so I wish to say a word about sights that at this season so largely take the place of sound.

These three birds are always busy, and this is significant. If never idle, it behooves us to know what is the meaning of their ceaseless activity. Watching them closely, we find they are searching for food. Like ourselves, they must eat to live, but the trunk of a tree does not appear to be a promising field for food. This is because our eyes are not so sharp as theirs, and we get a valuable hint from this simple fact. If we looked at all objects more closely than we are apt to do, we would see more. In winter nature does not display herself for our ready recognition. Only in the glory of summer days is she on dress-parade. With few exceptions, nature's bright uniforms have been laid aside in midwinter. A plainer dress befits the winter season, and it is one so plain at times that sharp eyes are needed to distinguish the moving figures from the background.

Over the gray trunks of trees gray birds

creep; or, if they tarry a moment at one spot, the wrinkles and black knots on the bark blend with the black-and-white markings of the birds, and so the general resemblance in color of tree and bird is preserved. The illustration on this page tells its own story better than words can do it.

The woods in winter should not be known only through hearsay. The full meaning of the round year cannot be appreciated by us if we see the world only at certain seasons. Almost any bird, even on a winter day, can keep us busy from dawn to dark. Wherever found, it is always there for a purpose, and it is our part to determine what that purpose is. The acquiring of facts in nature is not play, but work; yet so pleasant is it to unfold life's mysteries, it is never drudgery. The earnest naturalist never grows weary.

Why, as the nuthatches and chickadee are gray and black and white, are not all birds colored in this inconspicuous way? The question opens up a long series of problems, and the way to solve them is to spend days in the woods. I can give only a hint here. If there were no other birds in the woods, then it would not matter much what their color was. They might be bright red and find food just the same. But there are other birds about, and hunting-birds at that. Hawks have sharp eyes, but not often sharp enough to see a nuthatch, unless very near. If the bird was bright red it would have a sorry time of it dodging the little falcons that are ever darting about; one of these hunters is so quick that it is sometimes called "feathered lightning."

"But the cardinal grosbeak is red, and yet is here all winter, too," as some one reminded me recently, when talking of birds at this time of year.

"True," I replied; "but they do not go scrambling over tree-trunks, thus making themselves unnecessarily conspicuous."

It is a fact that the cardinal does not make itself conspicuous in winter, in spite of its bright plumage. There are many constantly near my home; yet they go dodging in and out among the blackberry and smilax tangles, or flit from

base to summit of cedars, but always keep out of view for much of the time. We catch glimpses of them on the wing far more often than we actually see them sitting perhaps at the end of



"THE WRINKLES AND BLACK KNOTS ON THE BARK BLEND WITH THE BLACK-AND-WHITE MARKINGS OF THE BIRDS."

an outreaching branch, as the song-sparrows do when singing. Now this song-sparrow is very much the color of the stick it perches upon. If it did not move at times, it would be very hard to distinguish from a knot on a tree.

"Then why should not all the birds be green in summer, so we could not see them at all?" asked my young friend.

I confess that I could not tell him, and could only suggest that it would be better to study birds where they are found, and learn each for himself all that he can. A few facts, personally acquired, are worth a great deal. They help us to think for ourselves, and what we learn through our own efforts will be longest remembered and go furthest to enable us to understand the beautiful world in which we live.





## A VOYAGE WITH THE OLD DREAM-KING.

BY EMMA L. STEVENS.



WHEN bedtime comes to the girls and boys,  
 And the moon looks round and large,  
 The old Dream King doth merrily sing  
 As he sails along in his barge.  
 Now listen well, I have news to tell,  
 And the secret you must keep:  
 You can never ride by the Dream King's side  
 Till after you've dropped asleep!



BUT when you've cuddled down for the night,  
 And soon into slumber glide,  
 As you fall asleep, then with a sweep  
 He takes you off for a ride.  
 The barge of the King is swift and strong,  
 And it rides on the river Sleep;  
 Its sails gleam white through the darkest night  
 As it slides o'er the waters deep.



**F**AR out from the shore on the river wide  
 Lies the wonderful isle "Just Right."  
 Here are bands that play all the livelong day,  
 And rockets to light at night.  
 There are lovely dolls with golden hair,  
 And the finest of painted toys;  
 But there are no schools nor tiresome rules  
 To bother the girls and boys.

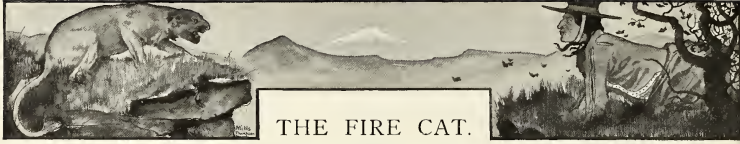


**H**ERE are charming birds with pea-green wings,  
 And beautiful cats so white;  
 There are kittens to match that never scratch,  
 And puppies that never bite.  
 Though you play all night on the golden sands  
 Of this wonderful isle so fair,  
 With the morning light you must take your flight,  
 Nor dreamily linger there.



**W**ITH a hop and skip you board the barge,  
 And go sailing back to town,  
 While the gay old King doth cheerily sing  
 As he carefully drops you down.  
 And when you awake you find yourselves  
 In your little beds, safe and well;  
 And you tumble out, with a merry shout,  
 To the sound of the breakfast bell!





## THE FIRE CAT.

By JOSEPH BLETHEN.

THE Gold Bond Mine needed a dam to control its water-power, and twenty-five wood-choppers had, in some way, to be convoyed up on Mount Baker to build it.

The superintendent had spent a week at Maple Falls, where the trails from the mountains meet the rails from Puget Sound, enlisting his party of twenty-five wood-choppers, and outfitting them for the three weeks which would be occupied in going to the mine, building the dam, and returning. He had selected a typical woodsman for foreman, a big, hard-working logger named Duffy, who he knew would rush the construction with all speed. As guide he selected Simcoe, the coolest Indian on Puget Sound; for there were two dangers ahead of the expedition, both of which demanded peculiar skill. The dangers were from the forest fires, which a dry summer had set raging through the foot-hills, and from lawless gangs of miners employed by rival mining companies.

"Duffy," said the superintendent, the morning the Indian arrived, "this is Simcoe, the guide. You will take orders from him going and coming; but once in camp you are boss."

"Orders from an Injun!" exclaimed Duffy, looking at Simcoe in well-exaggerated amazement. "Whatever do we want of a Yakima Injun from the desert to take us up a mountain? What can a desert Injun know about big timber? Give us a white man, that won't run the first time he hears a tree fall."

"I picked this Indian out particularly for this part of the expedition," replied the superintendent, quietly, "just as I picked you out for the other part of the job."

"Well, when I take orders from an Injun I'll know it!"

The superintendent interrupted, and Duffy

saw a light in the man's eye that silenced all argument.

"You will follow Simcoe or stay at Maple Falls," he said calmly. "The company is n't going to risk twenty-five men in those forest fires with any guide but the best. Simcoe could fall down any side of that mountain in the dark and bring you into town for breakfast, and Simcoe it is, whether Duffy goes or not."

"Oh, all right," replied Duffy, with the air of a man forced to a disagreeable task. "What the company says goes, whether it's Injun or bad bacon. You're 'it,' Simcoe."

The Indian stood through the dialogue, unmoved and uninterested. He knew the woodsman's breed, and he knew, also, that the extravagant words of big white men were forgotten when the labor of the trail began. But the plain words of the superintendent pleased him; they left no chance for any argument to develop after the expedition was in motion. Besides, there was another danger on which the superintendent had not counted, the danger from cougars, which would be driven up to the snow-line by the fires below.

The pack-train started early in the day, and traveled through tall timber till camp for the first night was made at a lake, just where the big timber began thinning at the edge of the foot-hills. Even there the smoke from the forest fires, which were raging higher up on the sides of the hills, choked them. Next day the march was resumed, and Duffy became more reconciled to the guide, who led them safely around more than one fire which, at first glance, seemed to be effectually disputing the trail of the Gold Bond party.

To Simcoe the setting of a fire in the timber during a dry, withering August at the end of a

hot summer, when a fir-tree was coated with pitch and ready to flame at a spark, was equivalent to horse-stealing on the desert.

The same heat that had rendered the forest dry as tinder and covered the sky with smoke and ashes from the countless forest fires had melted the snow on Mount Baker till only white spots clung to the black sides here and there, and the glaciers roared with the many rushing streams that ran like veins and arteries through them. The owners of the Gold Bond Mine had seized this opportunity to send in a party of loggers to build a dam across a mountain stream, that a stamp-mill, to be built the next season, might always have a head of water sufficient to run its machinery. The low water gave an exceptional opportunity to build the reservoir at this time.

Twenty-five experienced loggers can go into camp away up where the scrub timber is getting very thin, and make a dam grow so fast that the contract seems only an exhibition drill. Above these men, as they worked on the Gold Bond's dam, were snow-capped peaks outlined against a cloudless sky. Below them the thin, brown timber, splashed with white patches where here and there small banks of snow lay yet unmelted, stretched on down till the smoke from the forest fires set the hills in a blur. Daily the smoke increased until the loggers, accustomed as they were to forest fires in the great timber of Puget Sound, grew alarmed. Each day new fires appeared where there was no fire the day before, and where it was impossible for them to have been caused by flying sparks; and the suspicion grew that they had been started by the men of an opposition company who were more than willing to discourage them from building the dam.

"How ever will we get back to Maple Falls with those forest fires raging all around the mountain?" demanded Duffy of the Indian guide. "Somebody must be startin' 'em to spite us," he added.

Simcoe was awed and had no answer ready. The heat of these August days was depressing. But high up the side of the mountain as they were, the nights were clear and cool, and the men were sure of a sound, refreshing sleep. The foreman drove the work ahead, and in

fifteen days the dam was completed. The only thing remaining was to fill the reservoir and test the strength of the work. This required several days, for the stream, owing to the excessive heat, was low. During the time necessary to fill in, the men were employed in clearing on what would be later the water-covered bottom and sides of the reservoir. Simcoe, during these days, tramped about the hills, watched the trails where the fire encroached upon them, and with his rifle brought fresh meat daily into camp. But at last the tiny pond crept up to the overflow of the dam and trickled over it in a small stream. Then the men, over-anxious about the great fires, gladly broke camp and prepared to begin the descent early the next morning.

The men lay down to sleep, and the foreman looked for Simcoe. The moment had come for



SIMCOE.

the foreman to turn the command over to the Indian, who was captain on the trail. The sky was cold, clear, and moonless above them. Below them, down among the hills, was a sea of black smoke, out of which flashed here and



there a glow of red as some tree became a torch of flame in the hurricane of fire. The foreman was decidedly nervous over the prospect of a descent through this glowing tract, and he wanted to have a good talk with Simcoe before they started.

He found the Indian sitting at the end of the dam, his rifle across his knees, silently contemplating the fires in the distance below.

"She 's sure pretty warm pyrrer-technic over yonder," said the foreman.

"'Pyrrer' what?" demanded the Indian, his voice betraying a slight nervousness.

"'Technic,' Simcoe. All same fireworks. You savvy fireworks, Simcoe?"

The Indian felt relieved. He was troubled in his mind about this spread of the forest fires, and the sound of a new word had jarred on him like an ill omen. He did not fear the fires. His plan for descending through them was clearly mapped in his mind.

But in the days when the others had worked on the dam he had watched the fires increase till a great dread had seized him. What had set these fires so high up the mountain and so close to the snow-line? Surely, nothing but the Fire Cat, he said to himself. Indian-like, he feared this dreadful myth of the tribe, for he believed it to be true.

As the two men sat on the edge of the dam and watched the grand panorama of red flame playing against the black of the smoke, each forgot the color of the other, and their talk dropped to low tones and earnest speech. Simcoe told the foreman his plan for taking the expedition down to Maple Falls. At midnight he proposed to open the outlet under the dam and let the entire contents rush away down the bed of the mountain stream to the lake in the foot-hills. Then they would close the dam, which would fill naturally. At daylight the men were to be ready for a rush, as they must make the lake by nightfall. The rush of water down the stream would soon reach the fires and cool a path for their descent to the lake. There they would rest overnight, and on the next day, if necessary, raft themselves across and crawl down the outlet till they had passed out of the lower fire-line. To this plan the foreman readily agreed, adding that Simcoe "shorely was

on to this trail business to think out such a scheme."

Then the foreman fell to speculating on the cause of the forest fires, and announced his belief that the workers in a rival mine, after being driven off the Gold Bond Company's land by Simcoe and Duffy's men, had returned to fire the trail and to play even by shutting them in to starve behind a wall of fire.

But the Indian only shook his head.

"Well, some one has to start a fire," persisted the foreman. "Forest fires don't start on their own hook."

The Indian was silent for a long while before he replied, speaking slowly the English he had learned at the reservation school:

"I have seen fires start 'way up in the hills where there was no man—no trapper—no prospector—no wood-chopper," said the Indian, in his halting way.

And then he went on to tell how his father was a Yakima, and knew but little of the woods; and how his uncle, who was a Lummi, knew much of the woods, and had told of the great fires which came in these mountains in his youth before the white man came, but that no man had set them.

"Then it 's the sun shining on a rotten stump—what those assay-office sharps call spontanyus c'mbustion," growled the foreman, who did n't feel any too comfortable over Simcoe's mysterious tale.

Again the Indian noted the sound of unusual words the foreman used, and again he became moody for a time.

"These fires always come in hot weather," persisted the wood-chopper. "It stands to reason it 's the dry brush and the hot sun and the rotten stumps. I remember my father telling of his barn catching fire from his putting wet grass in it. The sun on the barn heated the stuff till it blazed."

But the Indian was unmoved. Down in his heart was the tribal tale of the Fire Cat, and to him no scientific excuses which concerned wet, rotten stumps could stand for a forest fire. August was the month when the Fire Cat roamed the mountains, jumping from the Olympics across to the Selkirks, from the Selkirks to Baker, from Baker to Rainier, and then back to

the Olympics, turning the whole of Puget Sound into a smoke-veiled, ash-covered country. This was August, and fire after fire had sprung from the hillsides close to the snow-line, in timber too poor to attract cruisers and too thick to allow mineral prospectors any chance at ledges.

Nothing but the Fire Cat could have done it, Simcoe thought. Besides, while the men were at work on the dam he had trailed around the peak and looked off to the north, where he

halting. He even asked to hear the story, and listened attentively as the red man resumed his narrative. The substance of the legend as Simcoe told it was this:

"When the Lummi first came to the Sound there were lazy Indians in the islands who had no lodges and knew not how to tan skins for clothing. The Lummi drove them away and settled on the islands. Game was plenty, and every summer the red salmon were taken in the



THE DAM.

could see the peaks of the Selkirks just clearing the smoke-clouds around their bases. Was not that the track of the Fire Cat also?

"I do not use the big words of the white man; I use short talk," Simcoe went on. "My uncle heard the truth from his father in the lodges on Lummi Island, just as it has been told from father to son since the Fire Cat was set loose in the mountains. It is the truth as I will tell it to you sitting by this cool water, which is the only thing feared by the Fire Cat."

The wood-chopper caught the earnest tone of the Indian, and found his own easy excuses

passes and were dried for winter. The tribe prospered, and the great chief had many skins and battle-spears. So rich did he grow that he stored great wealth in a cave in the Olympics, many days by canoe from the Lummi lodges on the islands—a cave high up where no other Indian had ever been. He was a strong chief, and he caught a great cougar-cat and trained her to dwell in the cave. She was the biggest cat ever seen in the mountains, and when the tribe learned of it no man dared go near to look upon the chief's riches.

"When he died, he made his two sons chiefs of the tribe, and told them that, should mis-

fortune come, they should go to the cave with fifty men, and tie a fawn before it. When the great cat came out to devour the fawn the fifty men were to hurl their spears into the cat and kill her, and thus be able to enter the cave and secure the riches stored there.

"But one of the sons was greedy, and gathering fifty young men about him, he told them

"That was in the month you call August, the month after the red salmon came among the islands. Since that time every year in August the great cat comes out of the cave and flies about the mountain in a rage, for no man has dared go to the cave to slay her. She has grown to be the greatest of all the cougars, and no man has seen her since the fifty spearmen



THE LAKE IN THE FOOTHILLS.

of the cave. 'Let us go there,' said he, 'and kill the great cat, and secure this wealth of my father which is lying hid.' The fifty men went with him, for they were young and adventurous. When they reached the cave they tied a fawn before it, and presently a great cat bounded forth and seized it. Then the fifty raised their spears and rushed forward. But the cat which had seemed to them so great was only a kitten, and the great mother cat came bounding out. The chief's son was the first to fall, crushed under one blow of the cat's paw. The fifty ran screaming about the timber, but the great cat pursued and killed them. Then she returned to the dead kitten, and her rage increased. She clawed the huge trees till the pitch burst into flame and the forest roared with the fire.

"Then she jumped from mountain to mountain, scratching the trees till they all blazed, and all the region was hung low with smoke.

were slain, for she jumps from mountain to mountain in the night, when all the Indians who have gone down to the islands to take the red salmon are drying them for winter. Indians do not like the woods in August."

Simcoe, as he told the tribal tale, had become conscious of a change in the wind. For days the air about their camp had been clear, the smoke-banks drifting around the bases of the hills toward the east. But now, as he paused, the air was filling with smoke, which clearly meant that the fire was running up the cañon before the wind to sweep the camp in its fury. As the Indian ceased talking to the foreman, whose interest in the tale had rendered him oblivious to all else, he also scented the smoke and awoke to its meaning.

"She 's shore hittin' the trail for us, Simcoe. The mischief take your Fire Cat story, anyhow! You 've got me that nervous I want to yell."

Down the cañon they heard a noise that

came louder than the draw of the wind through the scrub timber—a hissing, crackling noise, that spoke the footfall of the fire in new fuel. The white man felt suddenly sick at the sound of the approaching fire; the red man braced himself against the dam. To the white it was merely the approach of a forest fire; to the red it meant the presence of the dread Fire Cat up the cañon.

Through the smoke they could see flashes of bright flame, which was spitting showers of sparks from their quivering tongues, and every new flash rose a little nearer and a little clearer. The fire, attacking a new tree which the recent hot weather had coated with pitch, would rush up the trunk and roar among the branches with as much fierceness as though the tree had been purposely coated with oil. Hot ashes began falling about the two men by the dam, warning them that the time for action had come. To open the flood-gate of the dam was useless against such a fire. The foreman suggested calling the men and retreating up the peak beyond the timber, where the fire could not follow. But Simcoe said no, because the fire would pen them up on the peak for days, and they would go very hungry.

"I'd rather go hungry than be burned up in that Fire Cat jamboree!" exclaimed Duffy.

"We go up rock, what then?" demanded Simcoe, quietly. "Fire on this side now; fire run round all sides and hold us on rock. Bimeby come cat, cougar-cat, from timber. Cat eats horses—then fight man. No. We must chop open the dam, let big water run down cañon. Water make hole through fire. Every man take some grub, one blanket, one ax. Rush down cañon after water. Fire lower down not so bad. Burned out. Reach lake by morning. Camp there safe."

"Chop open the dam! Bust up the whole show just when she's finished! Simcoe, you're shore daffy! You're scared by your own yarn of this cat that jumps around the map of North America so fast she hits only the high spots. We'll rush up the peak to the snow, and camp—"

The foreman's words died into silence, and he crouched to the ground in horror. Dimly he saw the Indian flatten himself against the

dam and throw his rifle up as if to ward off a blow. Out of the terror of the night, almost at their feet, had sounded the shrill cry of the cougar, the dreaded timber-cat of Puget Sound—a wailing cry, long and despairing. Instantly the cry was answered by another and another, filling the men with a panic of sudden fear.

Simcoe was the first to recover his senses. Jabbing Duffy with his rifle, he cried out: "The pond! Jump in the pond!" Duffy obeyed, and Simcoe ran to where the men, roused by the cries of the cougars, were shaking themselves out of their blankets. Forcing the men, thus rudely awakened, before him into the water, Simcoe followed, till all were waist-deep in the pond. The cold water struck a chill to them, but the deep red glow in the ravine, the smoke in their eyes, and the wailing of the cougars still in their ears held them speechless. Not until they heard Simcoe's voice crying, "Fire no burn a wet shirt. Cougar-cat no swim," did they realize their danger and welcome even the freezing mountain water. It meant safety from fire and from fur, and they stood waist-deep and shivered.

Suddenly there came that piercing cry again, and a black something shot from a tree across the glare of the fire to the top log of the dam. Almost before the men had realized that it was the cougar, Simcoe had taken aim a little back of the blazing eyes, and fired. The great cat yelled again, sprang into the air, and came down in the water among the terrified men. But Simcoe's deadly bullet had found the shoulder. The cat sank where she struck the pond, leaving the men, who had thrown themselves flat in the water when she jumped, to rise—blowing, shivering, but in safety.

A second cougar, leaping from tree to tree, passed the pond without offering a mark to Simcoe's rifle. A third crept up the stream on the other side to the corral, where it frightened the pack-horses into such a panic that they all broke their tethers and raced away in every direction. "They'll have to shift for themselves," said Duffy.

For several moments the men stood in the water, hearing only the cries of the two cougars, growing fainter as they retreated toward the peaks. Suddenly a burning ember fell in the



pond and sent up a spout of steam as the water quenched the live coals. This roused Simcoe from the terror of superstition to a realization of immediate physical danger. The fire would soon reach the dam and destroy it. But the nearness of the fire meant safety from the cougars.

Ordering the men out of the water, Simcoe gave directions for putting together the small packs which they were to carry.

To chop two or three logs in the bulge of the dam was as dangerous a task as breaking a log jam. Duffy would let no other ax but his undertake it. They put a rope about his chest, high under his arms, and stood ready to draw him bodily away at the first sign of collapse. While Duffy chopped, Simcoe again immersed the men in the pond, calling them to him one by one, and tying their red neck-handkerchiefs across their noses, that they might not suffocate in the blind dash that must be made down the bed of the stream after the deluge which the breaking dam would set free.

Superstitious Indian that he was, Simcoe had nerved himself to this duty. Fire Cat or no Fire Cat, he must lead the plunge down the bed of this mountain stream and guide these twenty-five wood-choppers to safety. He knew that the entire twenty-five would follow him, even through that burning cañon.

The foreman's ax was swinging against the key-log at the bottom of the dam. The thickening smoke had forced him to wrap a wet cloth over his mouth and nose. Simcoe worked along the line of men who held the rope, speaking cool words of encouragement, and over and over repeating his admonition: "When the water runs out jump in the hole and roll in the mud." He was roping the men in a line like mountain-climbers, that no one might be lost in the plunge down the cañon.

*Chop, chop!* went the foreman's ax, every blow sounding less clear in the approaching roar. The crackle and hiss of the nearing flames was getting horribly plain, for it was becoming a matter of seconds between them and intolerable heat. Simcoe's words were needed to keep the men from swarming into the pond. Suddenly they felt a jarring of the ground under their feet, and Simcoe yelled: "Pull!"

The rope tightened, and the foreman was

roughly dragged up the bank. Water spouted from a crack low down in the dam. Every man ran for the pond. The water seemed to lean toward the retaining logs, gently at first, then firmly, then to push with a purpose. The logs cracked, groaned, gave way, and leaped down the ravine, borne on the very water which they had lately held captive. The men, rolling in the mud where a moment before there had been a pond of water, heard the miniature deluge crashing down the cañon, heard the hiss of steam, and knew that now or never was their chance. They must follow the path cleared through the fire along the bed of the small mountain stream before the heat could dry up the sudden flow of water.

Stumbling, springing up again; now flat on their faces to escape a wave of hot smoke, now sliding over a charred log; dropping down, when their feet touched soft mud, to re-moisten their face-masks, or pausing to tighten the rope and aid a fallen man to his feet; on down, down they went, each following the man ahead, and all blindly trusting their Indian guide, who led the line, and who was confirming the superintendent's statement that "Simcoe could fall down any side of that mountain in the dark and bring you safe to town for breakfast."

Simcoe's prediction that the fire in the lower levels had burned so long that it must be dying out proved true. As the flood of water, released by the broken dam, swept on down the bed of the mountain stream, its quantity lessened, but its need became less. Long before the expedition reached the lake, Simcoe knew that they had passed the main fire, and were only passing through the awful devastation of its wake. Daylight came slowly over the mountain, and penetrated the smoke long before they reached the lake. The men, wearied to a point of collapse, begged to stop for rest and food. But Simcoe dreaded the heat of smoldering logs, glowing stumps, and deceitful ash-heaps. He urged his party on and on till the lake was reached. There, more dead than alive, the men ate their fill, dried their clothes, and lay down to sleep. Blackened by smoke, torn by underbrush, and smeared with the wet mud that had saved their lives, they looked like demons from another world. But Simcoe was

proud of them and they certainly of him. With his back against a rock, he looked up at the smoke-hidden sun and thanked the Great Spirit that he, Simcoe, had been able to lead his party safely by the fury of the Fire Cat.

At noon Simcoe roused the men, and then went to sleep himself while the foreman directed the building of a crude raft. Night-fall was the signal for a long sleep, for now that the main danger was past, the guide was easy on the men. At dawn they had their breakfast, and pushed out on the lake. It was slow progress, and the day was spent in reaching the outlet. There, just as they were going into camp, the superintendent found them; for the Gold Bond people had sent him in at the head of a rescue party. The superintendent's greeting of Simcoe testified to his sincere regard for the Indian guide. Simcoe, in a few words, told of the destruction of the dam under his orders, and of the escape down the bed of the mountain stream. Duffy expected to hear the

superintendent break out in a wrathful denunciation at the loss of the dam. Instead, the superintendent's grim comment was that he had expected to find the dam destroyed by the fire, and the men camped on the peaks eating horse-meat with the cougars.

"We tried to start in after you a week ago," said he. "But the fires were too hot. There has not been a human being in these hills for three weeks."

Simcoe smiled at this last intelligence. But Duffy was thinking of something else. "No one in for three weeks! Then who set all them fires in the hills?" he exclaimed.

Neither the superintendent nor any one of the rest of the party had an answer. Duffy the rebellious looked at Simcoe the faithful, and was silent. He was not ready to accept the Fire Cat, but down in his heart there was a sudden grand respect for the Indian who, believing in the dread superstition, had braved it to lead his comrades through the fire to safety.





Of kittens Miss Peggy owned  
 just a half-dozen,  
 But she wished to send one  
 to Miss Polly, her cousin,  
 So she said, "I will just tie  
 this tag to its tail,  
 And I'll put on a stamp, and  
 despatch it by mail."

## TO-DAY.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

UPON John Ruskin's writing-desk  
 A slab of chalcedony lay,  
 And on it, cut in careful script,  
 The word "To-day."

Honored of all, a wondrous man,  
 And held a prophet in his way,

He let "To-morrow" bide its time,  
 And used "To-day."

Upon the tablet of the will  
 How good to write, the selfsame way,  
 Putting to-morrow's uses by,  
 The word "To-day"!

## ARISTOCRATIC SQUIRRELS.

BY MEREDITH NUGENT.

NEAR a certain Western city, a family of squirrels found their way into a fine country house and lived in it during a winter while the owner was traveling in Europe. He thought the house had been securely closed, but the sly long-tailed creatures hit upon some unguarded crevice and took possession. One day a neighbor saw one of the squirrels gazing out through a window, very much at his ease. A number of people went in to drive out the little intruders, but could not find even the tiniest baby squirrel, and they had to give up the search.

A few days later, Mr. Squirrel was again seen at the window, and the men determined to make another search for the sly fellows. This time, however, instead of rummaging about, one or two hid themselves, kept quiet, and watched.

Before long, a squirrel came running from

the parlor and started up the stairway. One of the men gave the cry, and a chase began.



"MR. SQUIRREL WAS AGAIN SEEN AT THE WINDOW."



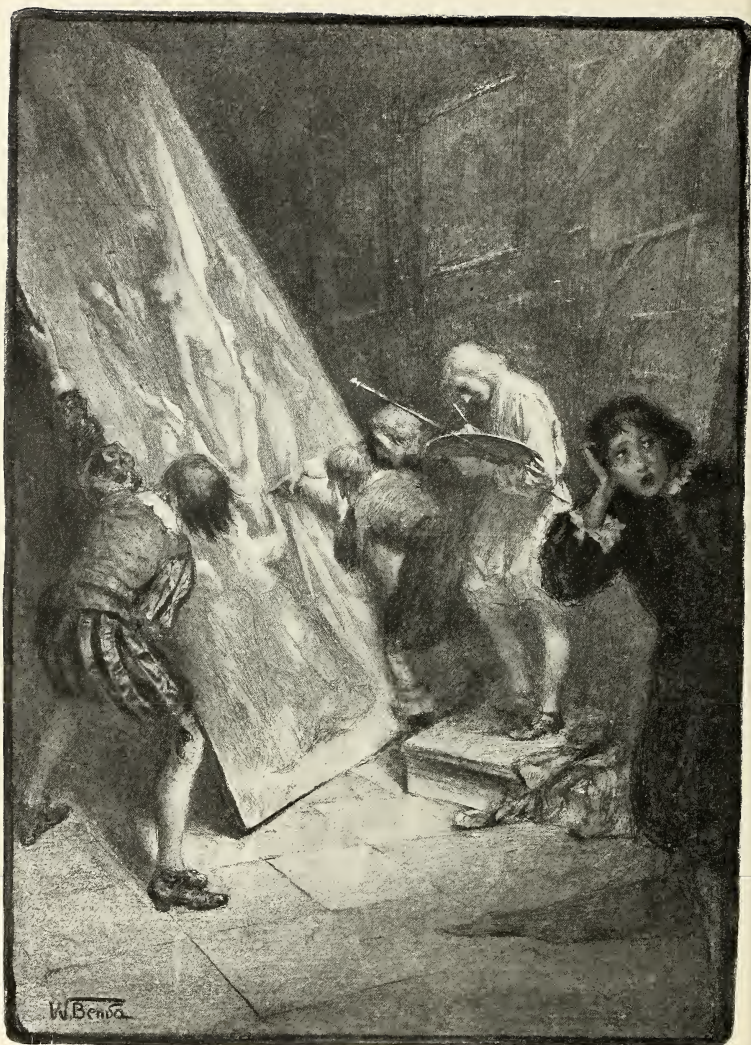
QUITE AT HOME.

They saw him enter a front bedroom; they instantly followed, but found no trace of him!

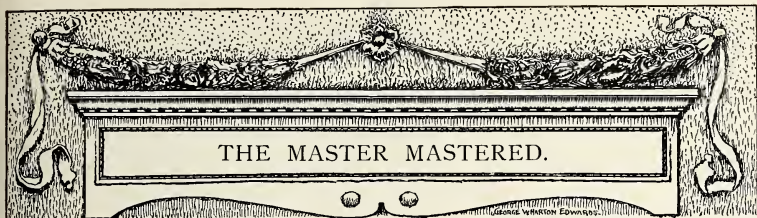
They searched through closets, cupboards, bureau-drawers, yet all in vain. Then some one turned down the edge of a counterpane that covered the bed, and there, snugly cuddled down, were two gray squirrels. No sooner was the cover raised than they leaped to the floor and were off like twin flashes of lightning. But the men were too surprised to follow them, for between the pillows at the head of the bed they found that a neat and cozy nest had been built.

Not far away from the nest, too, was a plentiful supply of nuts and other food, showing that the squirrels were entirely satisfied with their new home, and had no idea of moving.





"HE SPOKE NO WORD, BUT, ALL INTENT, TOOK UP THE MASTER'S BRUSH."



By JESSIE E. SAMPTER.

THE steeple clock had sounded four, the light was waxing dim ;  
And forth went Rubens, and a score of pupils followed him :  
    But five, just bold enough to lurk,  
    Remained to view their master's work.

Back to the studio soft they crept, like tigers bent on prey,  
To feast their eyes on glowing hues, and then to steal away.  
    With eager hands they one and all  
    Drew out the canvas from the wall.

Two climbed the easel in their haste ; all lingered, rapt, intent,  
Before the subtle flood of light, the marvelous "Descent."  
    While gazing, lo ! with dreadful sound  
    The canvas fell upon the ground.

Then silence reigned. None dared to touch the sacred fallen frame ;  
Each bowed his head as though he felt his and his comrade's shame.  
    Then one, with throbbing brow and heart,  
    Drew close to view the injured part.

He spoke no word, but, all intent, took up the master's brush ;  
They heard him lay the colors on, so breathless was the hush.  
    The Virgin's face had come to harm —  
    This, and the Magdalena's arm.

The fair arm round the Saviour's feet he tenderly made whole.  
The face — in every touch was seen the artist's reverent soul ;  
    And, as the shadows fell apace,  
    Still lovelier grew the Virgin's face.

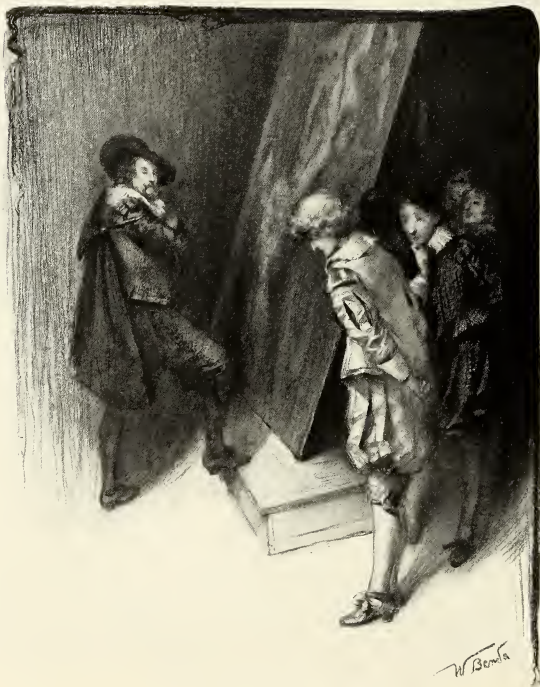
He raced with time. Swift flew the brush on from the lowering night ;  
So wondrous rich his colors were, 't was thought he painted light.  
    And when the darkness filled the room  
    The picture glistened in the gloom.

## THE MASTER MASTERED.

Next morning, when the master came, five lads with downcast eyes  
Felt, though they did not dare to see, the master's stern surprise,  
And heard, while trembled, one and all:  
"Who moved my canvas from the wall?"

One rose and faintly stammered out — ah, but 't was hard to tell! —  
How they had come to see the work, and how the picture fell.  
"Who" — sterner grew his mien and air —  
"Has dared the damage to repair?"

Then all were still; one heard the click of sabots passing by.  
Then faltered low the young Van Dyck: "Master — forgive — 't was I!"  
But Rubens said in tender tone:  
"Thy skill is greater than my own!"



"'THY SKILL IS GREATER THAN MY OWN!'"



"THIS BEAUTY HERE IS MY NEW SLED, THE ONE THAT SANTA BROUGHT;  
YOU SEE IT'S FULL NAME 'S ROBERT, BUT I CALL IT BOB FOR SHORT."

## UPS AND DOWNS.

JOHNNY 's cryin'; do you hear him?  
I don't see why he should cry!  
Jus' because we two went coastin';  
On the hill there, he an' I.

Got a lovely sled las' Chris'mas,  
Papa gave it, painted red.  
"Let your little brother use it  
Half the time" — our mama said.

An' I did. I only used it  
Coastin' *down* the hill, an' then  
Every single time I let him  
Drag it *up* the hill again.

An' it took him so long climbin'  
That he had it most — he *did*.  
An' yet there you hear him cryin'!  
Is n't that jus' like a kid?

*Marguerite C. Page.*





## THE STORY OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS.\*

BY HOWARD PYLE.

### PART II.

#### FOREWORD.



Now in the years that followed; a great peace lay upon the earth, and prosperity and plenty made glad the land. For war and desolation were past and ended, and new and better times were come in their stead. Now, instead of alarms and uproar of battle, were heard the sounds of happy labor: the craftsman plied his trade in the town and the farmer harvested his crops on the pleasant countryside, and no cruel knight or wicked baron dared to harry the one or to harm the

other. The kine lowed in the meadows; the milkmaid sang at her milking; the plowman whistled as he drave the long straight furrows of smoking earth, and no clamorous tumult or noise of strife brought dismay and terror upon the earth.

Likewise, around King Arthur there began to gather such a court of splendid knights as Britain had never seen until that day, and which after their time that land should never see again.

So it was even as Merlin had foretold to the Archbishop of Canterbury. For Arthur ruled the land not only in entire peacefulness, but with great nobleness of estate.

And now listen and you shall presently hear the beginnings of those glorious deeds of knight-hood that even yet are famous upon the earth.

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## CHAPTER I.

## THE SABLE KNIGHT.

Now it fell upon a certain pleasant time in the springtide season that King Arthur and his court were making a royal progression through that part of Britain which lieth near to the Forest of Usk. So, the weather being very pleasant and warm, king and court one day made pause in the greenwood because of the shade and the pleasantness of the place.

With the king were two-and-twenty knights, — the flower of his chivalry, — so that, what with the lords in waiting, esquires, pages, and attendants, all the shady places of the leafy woodland were made bright with gay colors, and the forest silence was made cheerful with the sound of merry voices.

A couch of sweet rushes all spread with scarlet linen had been prepared for the king's repose, and around him sat the famous knights and lords of his court, discoursing very pleasantly with jest and song, whilst attendants in gaily clad array ran hither and thither, bearing a noble feast for their refreshment. Sweet sang the birds in copse and dell and dingle all in the merry May-time; clear tinkled the brook as it bickered down its course; soft rustled the leaves overhead, flickering all the grass beneath with trembling golden patches of yellow sunlight. So bright and jocund the day that the hearts of all were expanded with good cheer.

Now as they thus feasted joyously together there fell, of a sudden, a bustle upon the outskirts of the court, and presently there came into view adown the forest path a sad and woeful sight. For underneath the woodland trees came riding a knight, sore wounded, and upheld upon his horse by a golden-haired page clad all in a seemly apparel of white and azure.

But though the knight and the page were clad in comely guise, yet was that noble lordling of a most woeful appearance. For his face, as pale as the moon in daytime, hung down upon his breast; his glazing eyes saw naught that passed around him; and his fair apparel of white and blue was all red with the life-blood that ran from a great wound in his side.

"Alas!" cried King Arthur, "what doleful

spectacle is this that I behold? Hasten ye, my lords, and bring succor to yonder knight; and do thou, Sir Kay, go quickly and bring yonder fair young page hither, that we may presently hear from his lips what sad mishap hath befallen his lord and him."

Then certain of the knights hastened at the king's bidding and gave all succor to the wounded knight, conveying him to King Arthur's own pavilion, which had been pitched at a little distance. There the king's own chirurgeon presently attended upon him — albeit his wounds were of such a sort that the good knight might not hope to live, even for a single day.

Meantime Sir Kay brought that fair young page before the king where he sat. "Now tell me, Sir Page," quoth he, "who is thy master, and how came he in such a sad and pitiable condition as that which we all have beheld."

"That will I tell, your Majesty," said the youth. "Know, then, that my master is Sir Myles of the White Fountain, and that he cometh from the north country, a great distance from this. In that land he is the master of seven castles and several noble estates. A fortnight ago he set forth with only me for his attendant, all for to seek adventure, as beseemeth a good knight who would be errant. Several adventures we had, and in all of them my lord was most successful. For whensoever it came to a combat of man to man, Sir Myles attested himself to be the better knight.

"At last, this morning, at a certain place not far from here, we beheld a castle of the forest, which stood in a valley surrounded by open glades of level lawn, bedight with many flowers of divers sorts. There did we behold three fair damsels, who tossed a ball from one to another, and the damsels were clad all in flame-colored satin, and their hair was enmeshed in nets of gold, and the ball with which they played was of pure and shining gold. And as we drew nigh to them they stunted their play, and one who was the chief of those damsels called out to my lord Sir Myles, demanding of him whither he went and what was his errand.

"To her my lord made answer that he was

errant and in search of adventure. Upon this the three damsels laughed, and she who had first spoken said, 'An thou art in search of adventure, Sir Knight, haply I may help thee to one that shall satisfy thee to thy heart's content.'

"I prithee, fair damsel,' quoth my master, 'tell me what that adventure may be, so that I may presently assay it.'

"Thereupon this lady bade my master to take a certain path, and to follow the same for the distance of a league or a little more, and that he would then come to a bridge of stone that crossed a violent stream, and that there, an he had the mind for it, he might find adventure enow to satisfy any man.

"So my master Sir Myles and I wended thitherward as that demoiselle had directed, and by and by we came unto the bridge whereof she had spoken. And, lo! beyond the bridge was a lonesome castle with a tall, straight tower, and before the castle was a wide and level lawn of well-trimmed grass, and immediately beyond the bridge was an apple-tree hung all over with a multitude of shields, and midway upon the bridge was a single shield entirely of black, and beside it hung a hammer of brass. And beneath the shield was written these words in letters of red:

**Wboso Smiteth this Shield  
Doeth so at his Peril.**

"Now my master Sir Myles was a knight who was very bold in his adventurings. Wherefore, reading those words, he went straightway to that shield, and, seizing the hammer that hung beside it, he smote upon it a blow so that it rang like a peal of thunder.

"Thereupon, as in answer, the portcullis of the castle was let fall, and soon there came forth a knight, clad all from head to foot in sable armor. And his apparel and the trappings of his horse and all the appointments thereof were likewise entirely of black.

"This Sable Knight came riding swiftly across the meadow, and so to the other end of the bridge, where, drawing rein, he saluted my master and cried out, 'Sir Knight, I demand of thee why thou didst smite that shield. Now, let me tell thee, because of thy boldness I shall

take away from thee thine own shield, and shall hang it upon yonder apple-tree, where thou beholdest all those other shields to be hanging.' 'That,' said my master Sir Myles, 'thou shalt not do unless thou mayst overcome me as knight to knight.' And thereupon immediately he dressed his shield and put himself into array for an assault at arms.

"So my master Sir Myles and this Sable Knight, having made themselves ready for that encounter, presently drove together with might and main, so that the earth shook and trembled beneath their horses' feet. And they met in the middle of the course, where my master's spear burst into splinters. But the spear of the Sable Knight smote through my master Sir Myles his shield, and pierced him in the side, and both he and his horse were overthrown violently into the dust, he being wounded so grievously that he could not arise again from the ground whereon he lay.

"Then the Sable Knight took my master's shield and hung it up in the branches of the apple-tree where the other shields were hanging, and thereupon, without paying further heed to my master, or inquiring as to his hurt, he rode away into his castle again, whereof the portcullis was immediately closed behind him.

"So, after that he had gone, I got my master to his horse with great labor, and straightway took him thence, not knowing where I might find harborage for him, until I came to this place. And that, my Lord King, is the true story of how my master came by that mortal hurt which he hath suffered."

"Ha! Splendor of heaven!" cried King Arthur. "I do consider it great shame that in my kingdom, and even near to my court, strangers should be so discourteously treated as Sir Myles hath been served. For, though knights may do well to course in a noble bout of arms, yet it is certainly a discourtesy for to leave a fallen knight upon the ground, without tarrying to inquire as to his hurt how grievous it may be. And still more discourteous is it for to take away the shield of a fallen knight who hath done good battle and may no longer be able to defend it."

And so did all the knights of the king's

court exclaim against the discourtesy of that Sable Knight.

That same day, Sir Myles having died of his hurt, King Arthur smote his palms together and declared that he himself would now go forth for to punish that Sable Knight, and for to humble him with his own hand. And though the knights of his court strove to dissuade him, yet would he ever declare that he with his own hand would accomplish that proud knight's humiliation, and that he would undertake the adventure, God wotting, the very next day.

So disturbed was he that he could scarce eat his food that evening for vexation, nor would he go to his couch to sleep; but, having inquired very narrowly of the page where he might find that valley of flowers and those three damsels, he spent the night in walking up and down his pavilion, waiting for the dawning of the day.

Now as soon as the birds first began to chirp and the east to brighten with the coming of the daylight, King Arthur summoned his two esquires, and having with their aid donned his armor and mounted his great war-horse, he presently took his departure upon that adventure which he had determined upon.

And a noble sight, I ween, was he. For his armor of chain, as fine as woven silk, was so bright that it glistered like silver. The crest upon his helmet was a golden dragon, and all his silken apparel and the housings of his horse were of shining satin as yellow as gold. The bridle and the bridle-rein were studded with bosses of gold, and the bit thereof was of gold. A dozen golden bells rang with sweet tinkling, and when the sun shone down through the leaves upon him, it flashed so brightly that the eyes were dazzled with the splendor thereof.

And, hey! but it is sweet for to ride apace thus in the dawning of a merry springtime day. For then the little birds do sing their blithest, all joining in one joyous medley, whereof one may scarce tell one note from another, so multitudinous is that jocund roundelay; then do the growing things of the earth smell the sweetest, all in the freshness of the smiling daytime — the pretty flowers, the shrubs, and the blossoms upon the tree; then doth the dew

bespangle all the sward as with an incredible multitude of jewels of a million various colors; then is all the world sweet and clean and new, as though it had only now been fresh created for him who hath come to roam abroad so early in the morning.

So King Arthur's heart swelled within him for pure joyousness of the day, and he chanted a quaint song as he rode through the dappled lights and shadows of the woodland, the hoofs of his great war-horse scarce sounding upon the soft, damp sod. Thus it was that, in that wonderful world of long gone by, King Arthur rode the forest-way in quest of that knightly adventure.

And so, about noontide, he came to that part of the leafy forest whereof he had heard from the page of Sir Myles. For, of a sudden, he discovered that the way before him opened upon a wide and gently sloping valley, adown which ran a stream as bright as silver. And lo, the valley was strewn all over with an infinite multitude of fair and fragrant flowers of divers sorts. And in the midst of the valley there stood a comely castle, with tall red roofs, and many bright windows, all shining in the yellow sunlight. And it seemed to King Arthur that it was a very fine castle.

Upon a smooth green lawn he perceived those three damsels clad in flame-colored satin of whom the page of Sir Myles had spoken. And they played at toss with a golden ball, and the hair of each was enmeshed in a net of gold, and it seemed to King Arthur, as he drew nigh, that they were the most beautiful damsels that he had ever beheld in all his life.

Then, as the youthful king, all shining brightly in his glistening armor, drew nigh to them, riding upon his milk-white charger, the three damsels ceased tossing the ball, and she who was the fairest of all demanded of the stranger knight whither he went and upon what errand he was bound.

"Ha, fair demoiselles!" quoth King Arthur, "whither should a belted knight ride upon such a day as this, and upon what business other than the search of adventure such as beseemeth a warrior of a proper strength of heart.

Then the three damsels smiled upon the king, for he was exceedingly comely of face and they



liked him very well. "Alas, Sir Knight!" said she who had before spoken, "I prithe be in no such haste to undertake a dangerous adventure, but rather tarry with us for a day or two or three, for to feast and make merry with us. For surely good cheer doth greatly enlarge the heart, and we would fain enjoy the company of so gallant a knight as thou appearest to be. Yonder castle is ours, and all this valley is ours, and those who have visited it are pleased, because of its joyousness, to call it the Valley of Delight. So tarry with us for a little, and be not in such haste to go forward."

"Nay," said King Arthur; "though I thank ye all, I may not tarry, for I am bent upon an adventure of which ye may wot right well when I tell ye that I seek that Sable Knight who hath overcome so many other knights and hath taken away their shields. So I do pray ye, of your grace, for to tell me where I may find him."

"Alack-a-day!" cried the damsel who spake for the others, "this is certainly a sorry adventure which ye seek, Sir Knight! For already in these two days have two knights assayed with that knight, and both have fallen into great pain and disregard. Ne'theless, if so be thou wilt undertake this peril, yet shalt thou not go until thou hast eaten and refreshed thyself." So saying, she lifted a little ivory whistle that hung from her neck by a chain of gold, and blew upon it very shrilly.

In answer to this summons there came forth from the castle three fair young pages, clad all in flame-colored raiment, bearing among them a silver table covered with a white napkin. And after them came five other pages of the same appearance, bearing flagons of white wine and red, dried fruits and comfits, and manchets of fair white bread.

Then did King Arthur descend from his war-horse with great gladness, for he was both anhungered and athirst, and, seating himself at the table with the damsels beside him, he ate with great enjoyment, discoursing pleasantly the while, so that the three damsels listened to him with great cheerfulness of spirit. Yet did he not tell them who he was nor of his kingly estate, though greatly they marveled who might be the noble warrior who had come into that place.

Then, having satisfied his hunger and his thirst, and having mounted his steed again, the three damsels conducted King Arthur across the valley a little way, he riding upon his horse, and they walking beside him. So by and by he perceived where was a dark pathway that plunged into the farther depths of the woodland.

"Thither, Sir Knight," said the damsel who had addressed him before, "is the way that thou must take an thou wouldst enter upon this adventure. So fare thee well, and may good hap go with thee, for certes thou art the knight most pleasant of address who hath come hitherward for this long time."

Thereupon King Arthur, having saluted those damsels right courteously, rode away, they gazing after him until the deep green woodland had swallowed him entirely from their view.

So now again for a long time he rode through those darker parts of the forest until, after a while, he came to where was a clearer space in the wood, where charcoal-burners plied their trade.

And in the open clearing he immediately perceived three sooty fellows with long knives in their hands, who pursued one old man whose beard was as white as snow. The reverend old man, who was clad richly in black, and whose horse stood at a little distance, was running hither and thither as though to escape from those wicked men. But, indeed, he appeared like one very hard pressed and in great danger.

"Pardee!" quoth the young king to himself. "Here certes is some one in sore need of help and succor."

Upon this, and crying out in a great voice, "Hold, villains! What would ye be at?" he set spurs to his horse, and, dropping his spear into rest, he rushed down upon them with a noise like to thunder.

But when the three wicked knaves beheld the armed knight thus thundering down upon them, they straightway dropped their knives, and, with loud yellings and outcries of fear, ran away hither and thither, until they had escaped like vermin into the near-by thickets of the forest, where one upon a horse might not hope

# **I**n the Valley of Delight



to pursue them. Thus having driven away those wicked fellows, King Arthur rode up to him whom he had succored, thinking to offer him condolence.

But when he beheld his face and saw who it was, he was astonished beyond measure and filled with a great wonder. For, behold! he now perceived that the old man was none other than Merlin the Wise. Yet whence he had so suddenly come who had been only that morning at the king's court in the forest, and what he did in that outlandish place, the king could in no wise understand.

"Ha, Merlin!" he cried, greatly marveling, "and is it indeed thou whom I have succored? By what magic hast thou come hither? Now, in very truth, it seemeth to me that this day I have saved thy life. For, surely, thou hadst not escaped from the hands of those wicked fellows had I not happened to come hitherward at this time."

"Think not so surely thus, my Lord King," said Merlin, smiling his strange and wrinkled smile. "I did, in sooth, appear to be in great danger. Yet I might have saved myself easily enow had I chosen for to do so. But, as thou sawest me in this seeming peril, so mayst thou know that a real peril, far greater than this, lieth before thee, wherein no errant knight may hope to succor thee. Wherefore I pray thee, my lord, take thou me with thee upon this adventure that thou art set upon, for I do tell thee that thou shalt certainly suffer great dole and pain therein."

"Merlin," said King Arthur, "even an I were to face my death, yet would I not turn back from this adventure."

"By the light of heaven, my Lord King," said Merlin, "there verily spake a brave man, yet, certes, not a very wise one. Only take thou me with thee for thine esquire; for this day, ere the sun set, I shall assuredly render unto thee more aid in thine extremity than ever thou didst render unto me."

And now list and I will tell you of that parlous battle that fell betwixt King Arthur and that same Sable Knight, and therein ye may see how the greatest benefits sometimes are gathered as the fruit of much pain and ill fortune.

So harken to what followeth, for it is, indeed, a right goodly adventure.

## CHAPTER II.

### HOW KING ARTHUR FOUGHT WITH THE SABLE KNIGHT.

So, for a considerable time, King Arthur and Merlin rode together through the forest depths, until at last they perceived that they must be approaching nigh to the place where dwelt the Sable Knight whom the king sought so diligently.

At last they came out entirely from the thick woodland, and there beheld before them a violent stream of water, that rushed through a dark and dismal glen. And likewise they perceived that across this stream of water there was a bridge of stone, and that upon the other side of the bridge there was a smooth and level lawn of green grass, whereon knights-contestants might joust very well. And beyond this lawn was a tall and forbidding castle, with smooth walls and a straight tower; and this castle was built upon the rocks so that it appeared to be altogether a part of the stone. So they thus perceived that this must be the castle whereof the page had told the king.

Now, hanging midway upon the bridge, they beheld a sable shield and a brass mall, exactly as the page had said; while upon the farther side of the stream was an apple-tree, amid the leaves of which hung a very great many shields of various devices; and they beheld that some of those shields were clean and fair, and that some were foul and stained with blood, and that some were smooth and unbroken, and that some were cleft and riven as though by battle of knight with knight. But all those shields were the shields of different knights whom the Sable Knight, who dwelt within the castle, had overthrown with his own hand in combat.

"Splendor of heaven!" quoth King Arthur, "that must indeed be a right valiant knight who, with his own single strength, hath overthrown and cast down so many other knights. For, indeed, Merlin, there must be an hundred shields hanging on yonder tree!"

"And happy mayst thou be, my Lord King,"

quoth Merlin, "an thy shield, too, hang not there ere the sun goeth down this eventide."

"That," said King Arthur, "shall be as God willeth, for certes I have a greater will than ever for to try my power against yonder knight. For consider what especial honor would befall me should I overcome so valiant a warrior as this same sable champion appeareth to be, seeing that he hath been victorious over so many other good knights."

Thereupon King Arthur immediately pushed forward his horse, and so, coming upon the bridge, he clearly read that challenge writ in letters of red beneath the shield:

**Whoso Smiteth this Shield  
Doeth so at his Peril.**

Upon reading these words, the king seized the brazen mall and smote that shield so violent a blow that the sound thereof echoed back from the smooth walls of the castle, and from the rocks whereon it stood, and from the skirts of the forest round about, as though twelve other shields had been struck in those several places.

In answer to that sound, the portcullis of the castle was immediately let fall, and soon there issued forth a warrior, very huge of frame, and clad all in sable armor. And likewise all of his apparel and all the trappings of his horse were entirely of sable. And indeed he did present a most grim and forbidding aspect.

This Sable Knight came across that level meadow of smooth grass with a very stately and honorable gait; for neither did he ride in haste, nor neither did he ride slowly, but with great pride and haughtiness of mien, as became a warrior who haply had never yet been overcome in battle.

So, reaching the bridge-head, he drew rein, and saluted King Arthur with great dignity, and also right haughtily. "Ha, Sir Knight," quothe he, "why didst thou, having read those words yonder inscribed, smite upon my shield? Now I do tell thee that, for thy discourtesy, I shall presently take thy shield away from thee and shall hang it up upon yonder apple-tree, where thou beholdest all those other shields to be hanging. Wherefore, either deliver thou thy shield unto me without more ado, or else

prepare for to defend it with thy person; in the which event thou shalt certainly suffer great dole and discomfort to thy body."

"Gramercy for the choice thou grantest me!" said King Arthur. "But as for taking away my shield, I do believe that that shall be as Heaven willeth, and not as thou willest. Know, thou unkind knight, that I have come hither for no other purpose than to do battle with thee, and so endeavor for to redeem with my person all those shields that hang yonder upon that apple-tree. So make thou ready straightway, that I may have to do with thee, mayhap to thy great disadvantage."

"That will I so," replied the Sable Knight. And thereupon he turned his horse's head, and riding back a certain distance across the level lawn, he took stand in such place as appeared to him to be convenient. And so did King Arthur ride forth also upon that lawn, and take his station as seemed to him to be convenient.

Then each knight dressed his spear and his shield for the encounter, and having thus made ready for the assault, each shouted to his warhorse and drave his spurs deep into its flank.

Then those two noble steeds rushed forth like lightning, coursing across the ground with such violent speed that the earth trembled and shook beneath them, as it were by cause of an earthquake. Fair met those two knights in the midst of the center of the field, crashing together like a thunderbolt. So violently did they smite the one against the other that the spears broke and shivered even to the guard and the truncheon thereof; and each horse staggered back from the onset, so that only because that the riders drave spurs into the flanks each of his charger, and shouted thereunto, did they recover them from falling before that shock of meeting.

But with great skill and address each knight imbued his horse with his own spirit, and so completed his course in safety.

And, indeed, King Arthur was very much amazed that he had not overthrown his opponent, for at that time he was considered to be the very best knight, and that one most approved in deeds of arms, that lived in all of Britain. Wherefore he marveled at the power and the address of that knight against whom



he had driven, that he had not been overthrown by the greatness of the blow that had been delivered against his defenses. So when they met again in the midst of the field, King Arthur gave that knight greeting, and bespoke him with great courtesy. "Sir Knight," quoth he, "I know not whom thou mayst be, but this I do know, that thou art the most potent knight that ever I have met in all of my life. Now I do bid thee get down straightway from thy horse, and let us two fight this battle further together with sword and upon foot; for it were pity to let it end in this way."

"Not so," quoth that Sable Knight — "not so; nor until one of us twain be overthrown will I so contest this battle upon foot." Thereupon he shouted, "Ho! Ho!" and straightway thereupon the gateway of the castle opened, and there came running forth two tall esquires, clad all in black, pied with crimson. And each of these esquires bore a great spear of ash-wood, new and well seasoned, and never yet strained in battle.

So King Arthur chose one of these spears and the Sable Knight chose the other, and thereupon each returned to that station wherefrom he had before assayed the encounter.

Then once again each knight rushed his steed to the assault, and once again did each smite so fairly in the midst of the defense of the other that the spears were splintered, so that only the shield and the truncheon thereof remained in the grasp of the knight who held it. And this time also the good horses so staggered back upon their haunches that only the extraordinary address of the knights lifted them to their feet again.

Then, as before, King Arthur would have fought the battle out with swords and upon foot; but the Sable Knight would not have it so, but, calling aloud upon those within the castle, there immediately came forth two other esquires with fresh new spears of ash-wood. Thereupon each knight again chose a spear, and, having armed himself therewith, took each his station upon that fair, level lawn of grass.

And now for the third time, having thus prepared themselves for the assay, did those two excellent knights hurl themselves together in furious assault. And now, as twice before,

did King Arthur strike the Sable Knight so fairly in the center of his defense that the spear which he held was burst into splinters. But this time the spear of the Sable Knight did not so break in that manner, but held; and so violent was the blow that he delivered upon King Arthur's shield that he pierced through the center of it. Then the girths of the king's saddle burst apart by that powerful blow, and both he and his steed were cast violently backward. And now indeed King Arthur might have been overcast, had he not cleared his saddle with extraordinary skill and knightly address, so that, though his horse was overthrown, he himself still held his footing and did not fall into the dust. Nevertheless, so violent was the blow he received that for a little space he was altogether bereft of wits thereby.

But when his sight and senses returned to him he was exceedingly wode, and filled with an anger so vehement that it appeared to him as though all the blood in his heart rushed into his brains, so that he saw naught but red before his eyes. And when this also had passed, and he gazed about him once more, he perceived that the Sable Knight sat his horse at no great distance. Then immediately King Arthur ran to him, and catching the bridle-rein of his horse, he cried out aloud to that Sable Knight with great violence: "Come down, thou black knight, and fight me upon foot and with thy sword!"

"That will I not do," said the Sable Knight, "for, lo! I have overthrown thee. Wherefore deliver thou to me thy shield, that I may hang it upon yonder apple-tree, and go thy way a conquered man as others have done, lest I haply do greater harm unto thee than this which thou hast suffered."

"That will I not!" cried King Arthur, with exceeding passion. "Neither will I yield myself nor go hence until either thou or I have altogether conquered the other." Thereupon he thrust the horse of the Sable Knight backward by the bridle-rein so vehemently that the other was constrained to spring from his saddle so as to save himself from being overthrown upon the ground.

And now each knight was as entirely mad as the other, wherefore, each drawing his sword

# **T**he Battle with the Sable Knight.



and dressing his shield, they came together like two wild bulls in battle.

And terrible indeed was the fight that followed. They foined, they smote, they traced, they parried, they struck again and again, and the sound of their blows, crashing and clashing the one upon the other, filled the entire circum-adjacent space with an extraordinary uproar. Nor may any man altogether conceive of the entire fury of that fell encounter; for, because of the violence of the blows which the one delivered upon the other, whole cantles of armor were hewn from their bodies, and many deep and grievous wounds were given and received, so that the armor of each was altogether wet with the blood that flowed down upon it.

At last King Arthur, waxing, as it were, entirely mad, struck so fierce and dire a blow that it might have split an oak-tree had it fallen upon it. So terrible was the stroke that the sword broke at the hilt, and the blade thereof flew high into the air like a flash of lightning. As for that Sable Knight, he groaned beneath the blow, and staggered like to a drunken man, running about in a circle as though not knowing, in his blindness, whither to direct his steps.

But presently he recovered himself, and perceiving King Arthur standing near by, and not knowing that he had now no sword for to defend himself withal, he cast aside his shield, and grasping tight his own sword with both hands, he smote so fell a stroke that he clave through the king's shield and through his helm even to the bone.

Then did King Arthur deem that he had received his death-wound, for his head swam, his thighs trembled exceedingly, and he sank down to his knees, whilst the blood ran down into his eyes and blinded him.

Then the Sable Knight called upon him with great vehemence for to yield himself and to surrender his shield, because he was now too sorely wounded for to fight any more.

But King Arthur would not yield himself; and, catching the other by the sword-belt, he lifted himself up to his feet. Then, being in a manner recovered from his amazement, he embraced the other with both arms, and placing his knee behind the thigh of the Sable Knight, he cast him backward down upon the ground,

and that so violently that the sound of the fall was like to thunder, and the Sable Knight was, for a while, entirely stunned thereby.

Then King Arthur straightway unlaced the helm of the Sable Knight, and there beholding his face (in spite of the blood that still ran down his own countenance), he saw with great amazement that his enemy was none other than that King Pellinore afore named in this history—a whilom potent king who had twice warred against King Arthur's rule. Him King Arthur had deprived of his kingdom and of all his kingly estate, so that only this poor gloomy castle in which he dwelt, and whence he waged war, single-handed, against all the knights of that country, was now left unto him.

"Ha, Pellinore!" he cried, "is it, then, thou in sooth? Then yield thee to me, for now thou art entirely at my mercy." And upon this he drew his misericorde, or dagger, and set the point thereof at King Pellinore's throat.

But by now King Pellinore had greatly recovered from his fall, and perceiving that the blood was flowing down in a great stream from out his enemy's helmet, he wist that that other must have been very sorely wounded by the blow which he had just now delivered. Wherefore he clutched the other's wrist in his hand, and so directed the point of the dagger away from his own throat that no great danger threatened therefrom.

And, indeed, what with his sore wound and the loss of blood, King Arthur was now fallen exceedingly sick and faint, so that it appeared to him that he was nigh to death. Accordingly it was with no very great ado that King Pellinore suddenly heaved himself up from the ground, and, recovering himself, overthrew his enemy, so that King Arthur was now underneath his knees.

And now King Pellinore was exceedingly wroth with the fury of the sore battle he had fought. Straightway he wrenched the dagger out of his enemy's hand, and immediately began to unlace King Arthur's helm, with intent to slay him where he lay.

But at this moment came Merlin hurrying forward with great speed. "Stay, stay, King Pellinore!" he cried. "What would you be at? Stay your sacrilegious hand! For know that

he who lieth beneath you is none other than Arthur, king of all this realm!"

At this King Pellinore was astonished beyond measure. He cried out in a loud voice: "Say'st thou so, old man? Then have your words doomed this grievous tyrant unto death. For no man in all this world hath suffered such ills and such wrongs as I have suffered at the hands of Arthur of Britain. For he hath taken from me power and kingship and honors and wide lands, and hath left me only this gloomy, dismal castle of all that was once mine. Wherefore, being in my power, he shall now presently die his death—if for no other reason than because, if I now let him go free, he will revenge himself when he shall have recovered from all the ill he hath suffered in this gift."

"Not so," said Merlin; "he shall not die at thy hands, for I myself will save him from thee." Whereupon he uplifted his staff and smote King Pellinore across the shoulders, and King Pellinore fell forward and lay all upon the ground on his face like one who had suddenly gone dead.

Thereupon, discovering himself to be free, King Arthur uplifted himself upon his elbow, and beheld his enemy lying there as though dead. "Ha, Merlin!" he cried out, "what is this that thou hast done? I am very sorry, for I do perceive that thou, by thy arts of magic, hast slain one of the best knights in all the world."

"Not so, my Lord King!" said Merlin, "for, in sooth, I tell thee that thou art far nigher to thy death than he. For he is but in a sleep, and will soon awaken; but thou art in such a case that it would take only a very little for to cause thee to die."

And indeed King Arthur was exceeding sick, even to the heart, with the sore wound he had received, so that it was only with much ado that Merlin could help him up upon his horse. Having done this, and having hung the king's shield upon the horn of his saddle, Merlin straightway conveyed the wounded man thence across the bridge, and, leading the horse by the bridle, so took him away into the forest again.

Now I must tell you that there was in that part of the forest a certain hermit, so holy that

the little wild birds of the woodland would come and rest upon his hand the whiles he read his breviary; and so sanctified was he in gentleness that the does would come even to the door of his hermitage, and there stand still whilst he fed them with his own hands.

This hermit dwelt in a small cell in a part of the forest depths so remote that when he rang the bell for matins or for vespers, there were hardly ever any ears to hear the sound thereof, excepting the wild creatures that dwelt thereabout; yet, nevertheless, to this remote and lonely place royal folk and others of high degree would sometimes come, as though on a pilgrimage, for to visit him, because of his exceeding saintliness.

Unto this forest sanctuary Merlin conveyed the wounded king, and having reached that place, he lifted the fainting man down from his saddle,—the hermit aiding him, with many words of pity and sorrow,—and together they conveyed him into the holy man's cell. They laid him upon a couch of moss, and unlaced his armor, and searched his wounds, and bathed them with pure water, and dressed his hurts; for that hermit was a very skilful leech. So for all that day and part of the next, King Arthur lay upon the hermit's pallet like one about to die; for he beheld all things about him as though through thin water, and the breath hung upon his lips and fluttered, and he could not even lift his head from the pallet.

Now upon the afternoon of the second day there fell a great bustle and noise in that part of the forest. For it happened that the Princess Guinevere of Camilard, together with her court, both of ladies and of knights, had come upon a pilgrimage to that holy man, the fame of whose saintliness had reached even unto the town where she dwelt. For she had a favorite page who was very sick of a fever, and she trusted that the holy man might give her some charm or amulet the virtue of which might haply cure him of his malady.

So thitherward she came with all her train, and immediately all the lonely forest was made gay with silks and sarsenets and cloth of gold and silver, and with pennons and banners, with feathers and gauds; and all the silence of the woodland was made merry with the sound of



talk and laughter and the singing of songs, the chattering of many voices and the neighing of horses.

And the Princess Guinevere rode with an escort of her damsels and her court, and her beauty outshone the beauty of her maidens as the splendor of the morning star outshines that of all the lesser stars that surround it.

Now when the Princess Guinevere had come to that place, she perceived the milk-white war-horse of King Arthur where it stood cropping the green grass of the open glade nigh to the hermitage. And likewise she perceived Merlin, where he stood beside the door of the cell. So of him she demanded whose was that noble war-horse that stood browsing upon the grass at that lonely place, and who was it that lay within that cell. And unto her Merlin made answer: "Lady, he who lieth within is a knight, very sorely wounded, so that he is sick nigh unto death!"

"Alas and alack!" cried the Princess Guinevere, "what a sad thing is this that thou tellest me! Now I do beseech thee to lead me presently unto that knight, that I may behold him. For I have in my court a very skilful leech, who is well used to the cure of wounds such as knights receive in battle."

So Merlin brought the princess into the cell, and there she beheld Arthur where he lay stretched upon the pallet. And she wist not who he was, for it had been many years since she had beheld him afore. Yet she saw that there was somewhat in his face she knew, and it seemed to her that in all her life she had not beheld so noble-appearing a knight

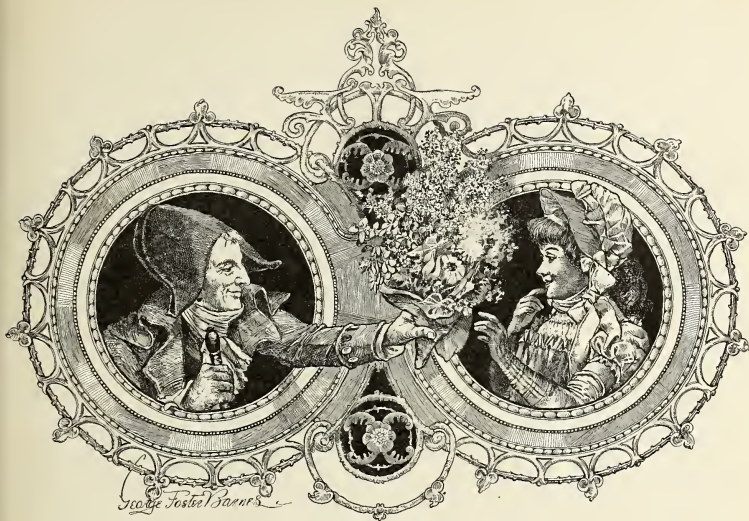
as he who lay sorely wounded in that lonely place. And King Arthur cast his gaze upward to where she stood, so close beside his bed, surrounded by her maidens; and so weak was he with his sickness that he knew not whether she whom he beheld was a mortal lady, or whether she was not rather some tall, fair angel who had descended from one of the lordly courts of Paradise for to visit him in his pain and distress. And the Princess Guinevere was filled with a great pity at beholding King Arthur's sorrowful estate. Wherefore she called to her that skilful leech who was with her court, and bidding him bring a certain alabaster box of exceedingly precious balsam, she commanded him for to search that knight's wounds and to anoint them therewith, so that he might be healed of his hurt with all despatch.

So that wise and skilful leech did according to the Princess Guinevere's commands, and immediately King Arthur felt entire ease of all his aches and great content of spirit. And when the princess and her court had departed he found himself much uplifted in heart, and three days thereafter he was entirely healed, and was as well and strong and lusty as ever he had been in all of his life.

And now listen and I will tell you of the marvelous ending of this goodly adventure, and of how in an exceeding strange way King Arthur obtained that famous sword Excalibur, the like of which the world had never beheld before that time and which haply it will never behold again.

(To be continued.)





## A VALENTINE.

BY HARRIET F. BLODGETT.

PRITHEE, little maiden mine,  
 Will you be my Valentine?  
 Long and long I've been a-roaming,  
 Waiting for my true-love's coming;  
 Now I've found you, maiden mine,  
 Will you be my Valentine?

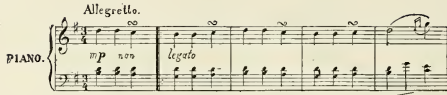
Though you dance with merry laugh  
 As I lean upon my staff,  
 Though your cheeks have dimples growing

Where my wrinkles deep are showing;  
 Still, sweetheart, I will not pine  
 While you are my Valentine.

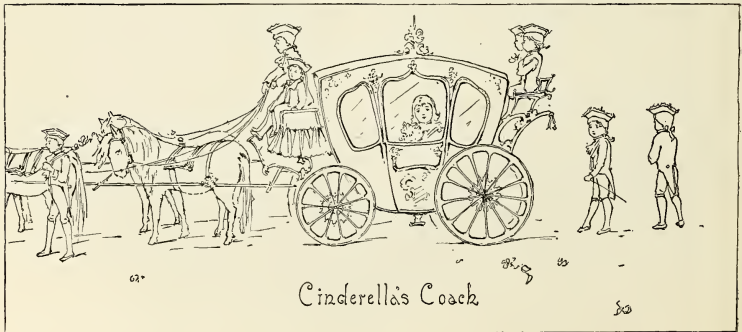
Take them, sweeting, all for you,  
 Bright with sun and bathed in dew.  
 Never mind the wintry weather;  
 You and I will dream together;  
 Youth and spring again are mine  
 When with you, my Valentine.



# The Baby Minuet



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Cinderella's Coach

## THE CASTLE OF THE BEECHES.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

ONCE a soldier, Sir Alan Howard, who had served his king and his country faithfully in a long war far from his native land, found himself free to return home. The war had been successful, and all in the army believed that they would be well rewarded by their king when they came back.

But while they had been away the king and his court were busy with other matters than the war in a distant land, and were not well pleased to be reminded what they owed their brave soldiers.

To the first of the returning army the king was not unkind. Some he made of high rank, to others he gave rich lands, to yet others money. But finally the king and his advisers lost patience.

"What have we to do to-day?" the king would ask his prime minister.

"A few more of the veterans from the war in Cathay, your Majesty," says the minister.

"Botheration!" replies the king, under his breath. "When will they stop? Of course they are patriots, heroes, and all that sort of thing, but —"

"I understand, your Majesty. These are hard times, and after we have paid the bills for the royal receptions on Fridays, the banquets on Saturdays, and the usual weekly balls and picnics, a wise economy is necessary."

Thus it was that when Sir Alan, who had been in the hospital wounded and therefore came to the king last of all, presented himself before the throne, it was anything but a welcome that he got.

"Well, well," exclaimed the king, as Sir Alan bent before him, "your face is familiar, and yet —"

"I have been fighting your Majesty's battles in far Cathay," said Sir Alan, modestly.

"Another of the veterans," observed the king to himself. "What an enormous army I must have had!" Then to Sir Alan he remarked: "Glad to see you, of course, and all that, you

know, but there 's a hunting-party on hand, and I 'm a little hurried this morning. We 've been doing a good deal of rewarding lately, you see, and we don't feel very rich. What can I do — that is, I mean — what did you wish?"

Sir Alan drew himself proudly up. "I thought," said he, "you might like to hear something of our campaigns, and —"

"No," replied the king. "You see, we 've read it already in the despatches; besides, it 's all over now, you know."

"I will not detain you from your hunting-party," Sir Alan said proudly, "and I ask for nothing. I am a soldier, used to hard fare and rough lodging. I return to you penniless, but I am yet young and strong. Good-by!" and he turned to go.

At this moment the prime minister whispered to the king, who giggled, and then called Sir Alan back.

"A moment, please," said the king. "I do not leave my faithful soldiers unrewarded. We have already paid nearly all we can afford in pensions, but the land of the kingdom still holds out. My prime minister reminds me that the Castle of the Beeches is unoccupied. It *may* be a little out of repair,—I have n't visited it for some time,—but such as it is, you are welcome to it, Sir— Really, I forget your name; pardon me."

"Sir Alan Howard thanks your Majesty," replied the nobleman, bowing again.

"All right, Sir Alan. My secretary will make out the papers for you. *Good morning!*" and the king rose and hurried away to put on his hunting-boots, which were of scarlet leather embroidered with gold thread.

Sir Alan was too poor to refuse the king's bounty, for he had only a single gold piece in his purse and a few bits of silver; and even this had to be spent for a humble lodging while he waited for the secretary to make out the title-deeds.

But when he had the parchment safe in his



pocket, though he had n't even money enough to hire a donkey, he set out bravely for the Castle of the Beeches, hoping that the new estates would restore his fortunes, and then, being still a young man, he expected to do good work in the world.

To his amazement, Sir Alan found it difficult to reach his new castle. After a long and tiresome trip on foot, he came to the region where he expected to see its towers rising to the sky; but there was no castle in sight, and, what was worse, no one seemed to know anything about the estates.

He had nearly given up hope, when one bright midday he entered an old wood, and, almost worn out, stopped for a meal of bread and milk at the hut of an aged shepherd. Having eaten his luncheon on the door-step, the knight asked the old man whether there was a castle in the neighborhood — the Castle of the Beeches.

"Let me think," said the old shepherd, slowly. "I have heard of it. Yes; it comes back to me. I think I went there when a boy. It was a fine old place. Yes; it was surely a fine old place, a fine —"

"Thank you," said Sir Alan, to bring the old man back to his subject. "Can you direct me to it?"

"It was sixty years ago," replied the shepherd, "but I believe it is at the end of the wood-road yonder."

Thanking the peasant and giving him his last piece of silver, Sir Alan walked briskly into the wood. The trees grew so thickly together that it was twilight at noon on that road, but the knight pressed bravely on, hoping his long walk was ended. In and out amid the tree-trunks wound the unused roadway, and just before sunset Sir Alan found himself near a great stone pillar which he saw only dimly in the dusk.

"At last!" he exclaimed. "Here is my castle. I can see the gateway"; and he went eagerly forward.

There was the gateway, it is true; but there was nothing else. One great stone pillar, on top of which was a stone dragon with wings, stood alone in the forest. All about it were the dense woods where the squirrels ran, the birds

chirped, and the beetles crawled, with no one to disturb them.

Sir Alan sank down on the broken threshold. It was some time before he could speak. At length he looked up.

"It cannot be the place," he said; "the old shepherd was in his dotage." But even as he spoke, his eyes caught the name "Castle of the Beeches" cut in the stone of the pillar. There could be no mistake. The king had given him a ruin.

And there on the foot-worn old step Sir Alan sat and watched the sun go down. Gradually the night came on, and still Sir Alan sat unmoving.

At last he rose.

"I should bruise my shins, if I did not break my neck," said he, "were I to attempt to find my way out of the forest in the dark. An old soldier can be happy anywhere. Come — I'll sleep to-night in my castle, if never again!"

So saying, he gathered great piles of dry leaves and made of them a comfortable pallet, and then he lay down and slept dreamlessly till morning.

Just as the sun rose, Sir Alan awoke and, like an old campaigner, was on his feet at once. He brushed the leaves from his doublet and hose, and prepared to leave his "estates."

He looked up at the dragon — the grinning stone dragon on the pillar. "Good luck to you, old fellow, and may you keep as happy as you look," he exclaimed gaily. "I hate to leave you alone. But I have my living to make, and 'the morning hour has gold in its mouth,' you know."

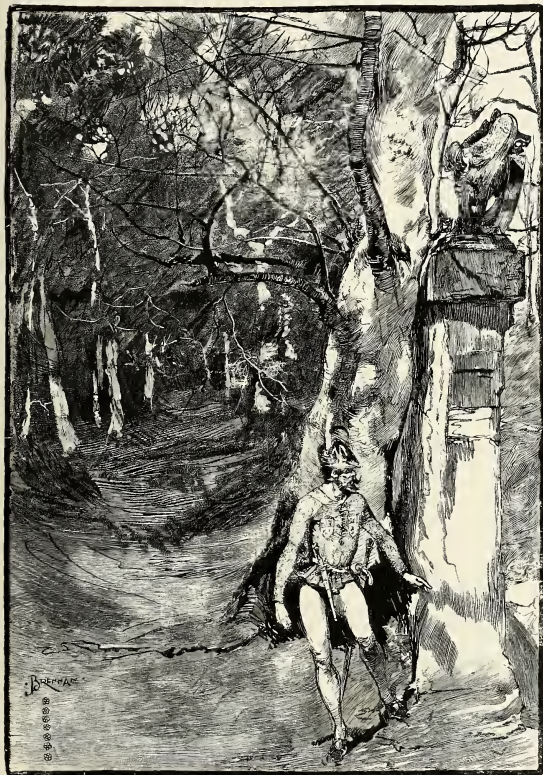
As Sir Alan spoke these joking words, he happened to gaze at the dragon's open jaws, and, queerly enough, there seemed to be a golden gleam there.

"You have gold in your mouth, too, it seems!" exclaimed the knight; "or at least the sun is shining on a bright leaf there. Let us see."

Out of idle curiosity, he swung himself up by the branches of an old tree that leaned against the pillar, looked into the dragon's mouth, and there he found a golden key.

"A key without a door is of little use," said the knight, drawing it forth; but as he lifted it he found a gold chain attached to the top of

the key, and at the end of the chain was a gold keyhole in the slab on which the dragon stood. The key fitted; he turned it; a whirring and rumbling was heard near by, and suddenly the old stone threshold fell inward, leaving a flight of steps visible.



"ONE GREAT STONE PILLAR, ON TOP OF WHICH WAS A STONE DRAGON WITH WINGS, STOOD ALONE IN THE FOREST."

sealed and wrapped. He drew it out and read these lines:

RUIN ABOVE AND WEALTH BELOW —  
SEARCH FOR TREASURE ERE YOU GO.

You may be certain that Sir Alan obeyed. And he was rewarded by discovering a tiny

everything you find there," said the king, smiling an aside to the prime minister.

So Sir Alan became wealthy, and having learned in his poverty to live without needing much, he never was spoiled by his good luck.

He did not marry the princess, I am happy to say, for he found a much finer wife.

Down these went Sir Alan, and found himself at the end of a long passage. He had flint and steel with him, and soon made a torch of bark and leaves. When he had a light, he saw that he could follow the long passage into the treasure-vaults of the old Castle of the Beeches, where there were great chests and stout linen bags filled with treasure.

Sir Alan took only enough of the gold to fill his pockets, and then returned to the court.

The king laughed mischievously when he saw the knight returning.

"And how did you find your estates?" he asked. "A little out of repair?"

"I am satisfied," said the knight, "for though the castle was gone, the land is rich in minerals."

"You're welcome to



EDUARDE BLAISDEL  
8

"WINGS UP!"



MRS. HIPPO: "THAT 'S JUST IT! EVEN WHEN I HAD THE MUMPS EVERYBODY SAID, 'HOW WELL YOU 'RE LOOKING!'"

## A NONSENSE CALENDAR.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

Oh, the Turtle-dove  
Is a messenger of love;  
And when St. Valentine's day comes  
round,

The dear old man is always found  
Writing merry and loving lines  
To give the world its valen-  
tines.

His picturesque  
Old writing-desk



# FEBRUARY

Has a Turtle-dove in every  
pigeonhole;  
To each of these he gives a  
little scroll,

Then he cries out "Shoo!"  
The doves say "Coo,"  
And away they gaily fly to you,  
O maidens fair and lovers true.



## WHY?

BY CHARLOTTE SEDGWICK.

THE day it breaks though it never falls —  
The reason I 'm sure I can't see;  
The night it falls but it does not break —  
It 's very perplexing to me!



## ON THE HOSPITAL STAFF.

BY CAROLINE M. FULLER.

I AM called the "Emergency Cat,"  
And I wear a red cross on my tie;  
But whenever emergencies come,  
There is no one runs faster than I!



PAPER DOLLIES.

# PRINCE CHARMING'S FATE.

AN OPERETTA IN THREE ACTS.

BY CAROLINE C. LOVELL.

## Characters.

PRINCE CHARMING, of the Kingdom of Imagination.  
TOMMY TUBBS.  
LORD HIGH-THINKER-TO-HIS-MAJESTY.  
LORD HIGH-KEEPER-OF-THE-CANDY-BOX.  
JESTER.  
EXECUTIONER.  
AMORET, a Gipsy Princess.  
POLLY PEACHUM, sister of Tommy Tubbs.

BLOWSABELLA, Ancient Daughter of the Lord High-Thinker.  
Four Little Attendants.  
Lords and Ladies, Heralds, Guards, Pages, Gipsy Tribe, and Corps de Ballet.  
The play can be acted by the principal characters alone if a performance of smaller proportions is desired. Other music and costumes can be substituted for those here given, if preferred.

## ACT I.

[SCENE I. Interior of Palace. JESTER asleep on throne, right. Grand staircase at back, center, down which comes procession of Pages, Heralds, Lords, and Ladies. BLOWSABELLA comes last and gazes in a pensive manner at the throne. All march down to first two strains of "Boulanger March," and take their places around the stage.

CHORUS: Air, third strain of "Boulanger March."

All hail to our Prince on this glorious day!  
Gather, ye courtiers, homage to pay.  
Lords and fair ladies fealty own,  
For he is of age and he comes to the throne.

Enter EXECUTIONER, LORD HIGH-KEEPER-OF-THE-CANDY-BOX, and PRINCE CHARMING, with escort of Pages.

He comes! He comes, heir of this kingdom grand!  
When loyal vassals gathered are from over all the land,

Then lift on high your voices, and let the welkin ring.

From page to lord, with one accord, cry out,  
"Long live the King!"

[JESTER skips down, and PRINCE seats himself on throne.

LORD HIGH-KEEPER-OF-THE-CANDY-BOX. All hail, your Majesty! We are here to-day to celebrate your most glorious coming of age. The whole Kingdom of Imagination prostrates itself at your feet in my person — I, the most important being at the foot of the throne itself. [Prostrates himself. All bow.

PRINCE. Thanks.

JESTER (*from behind the throne*). Yes, thanks — awfully.

LORD HIGH-K. Step forth, O Herald, and read the Proclamation.

HERALD (*unrolling a voluminous parchment*). On this, the most august and glorious day that ever dawned upon the Kingdom of Imagination —

PRINCE (*yawning*). Oh, skip that!

LORD HIGH-K. Your Majesty!

PRINCE. Executioner! Step out.

[EXECUTIONER darts forward brandishing his ax.

LORD HIGH-K. I subside — I collapse — I prostrate myself! [Throws himself on the floor.

PRINCE (*to HERALD*). Go on.

HERALD. On this, the most august and glorious day — er-er (*skipping to the end of the parchment*) — and on the day when Prince Charming comes of age, a fleet shall be sent across the sea to escort to his kingdom the unknown lady to whom his father betrothed him in infancy; and upon her arrival their wedding shall be celebrated with due magnificence. Signed: Lord High-Thinker-to-his-Majesty.

LORD HIGH-K. Your Majesty!

PRINCE. Executioner! Oh — er — beg pardon! Go on.

LORD HIGH-K. Your Majesty, we are preparing a royal fleet to escort your bride to her future home. This will be put under the guidance of the Lord High-Thinker. He alone knows the secret — knows who she is. And if all goes well, we compute that she will arrive within a fortnight.

CHORUS: Air, "Anchored."

Flying with flowing sail over the bounding sea,  
The fleet will come from distant shores, swift as  
swift may be,  
Bringing our Prince's fair betrothed, whom he has  
never seen,  
To our broad land, in royal state, to be our future  
queen.

Only a few more fleeting hours,

Only a few more days alone,

Then safe at last, the ocean past,

She comes to her royal throne.

PRINCE. Bring in the Lord High-Thinker!

[Funeral march. Four guards bring in the LORD HIGH-THINKER, heavily chained.

PRINCE. You only, menial, know who my mysterious bride is, and before she arrives I demand her name.

LORD HIGH-T. Oh, miserable me! Your Majesty, it is impossible for me to tell. I promised his lamented Majesty that no one in the kingdom should know until after the lady arrived, otherwise dire calamities might sweep the Kingdom of Imagination from the face of the earth. I cannot tell! Oh, miserable me!

PRINCE. Well, then, I wish you to think for me. ALL. He wishes him to *think* for him. Hu-sh!  
PRINCE. Think of some way for me to get out of this. [LORD HIGH-THINKER strikes a meditative attitude.

CHORUS: Air, "Haunted House."

He is thinking! He is thinking!  
Let silence reign supreme.  
Of such an effort, one of us  
Could never, never dream!

LORD HIGH-T. It is over!  
PRINCE. Well, is there any way in the world for me to get out of it?

LORD HIGH-T. I have thought—  
ALL. He has *thought!*

LORD HIGH T. . . . And there is no way. Your father's will must be obeyed.

PRINCE. Bind him hand and foot and cast him into the deep dungeon.

[Soldiers bear him away.

PAGE. My Lord, the feast is spread.

PRINCE. Banish all cares that may oppress the mind.

"On with the feast, let joy be unconfined."

[Exeunt to an inspiring march.

[BLOWSABELLA stalks to front of stage and strikes a tragic attitude.

BLOWSABELLA. Every chance is fading away. In but two weeks this hated maiden will arrive, and my ambition will be forever crushed. Is any one around? No; I am alone. Then I proclaim it to the world. I would ascend the throne! Although the daughter of the Lord High-Thinker, even this elevated position does not satisfy me, and my life has been spent in trying to win the heart of—well, first the father and now the son. I am not old, oh, no, *no!* for my ambition began in the cradle. I lived in hope this wretched unknown maiden might die, or perchance refuse to wed a monarch she had never seen; but all hope is fading fast. In a fortnight she will arrive. But soft—the Prince. Let me melt his stony heart!

Enter PRINCE.

PRINCE. Well, Blowsy.  
BLOWSABELLA (*aside*). All of his fascinating curses! (*Aloud*.) Your Majesty.

PRINCE. Well?  
BLOWSABELLA. Your Majesty—I—excuse this coyness, this childish embarrassment, this—oh, he leaves! (*Louder.*) Your Majesty!

PRINCE. Executioner!  
BLOWSABELLA. Good gracious! Don't, don't! (*Aside.*) Oh, a thought, a brilliant thought, directly inherited from my father. (*To PRINCE.*) Your Majesty, one word; one serious word on the subject of—your approaching marriage.

PRINCE. What's that?  
BLOWSABELLA. Being the daughter of the Lord High-Thinker, your Majesty, I, alone of all the world, share the secrets of his wondrous brain—

PRINCE (*eagerly*). Go on; go on.  
BLOWSABELLA. Is no one nigh? I alone, your Majesty, can tell you who is this mysterious bride.

PRINCE. Who is she? Quick! Who—what?

BLOWSABELLA. Your Majesty, the king, your father, did not wish you to know until it was too late. Your horrible doom is to wed a hideous old creature, who brings you an immense dowry, but whose face you are not to see until after the ceremony is performed.

PRINCE. Oh, horrible!  
BLOWSABELLA. Yes, horrible! My heart breaks for you. I would fain comfort you. Accept the girlish—though devoted—sympathy of one who loves—

PRINCE. What! Another blow!  
BLOWSABELLA (*hastily*). Of one who loves to serve her sovereign.

PRINCE. Oh! *That's* a relief, at any rate.

BLOWSABELLA. Your Majesty, can I not help you in some way?

PRINCE (*absently*). No, of course not.  
BLOWSABELLA (*dissolved in tears*). Oh, cruel one!

PRINCE. Oh, beg pardon. Thanks very much. I will reward you anon. Now go.

BLOWSABELLA (*aside*). He will reward me anon—anon. Triumph! I see the crown glittering before my eyes. [Stalks out.

PRINCE. Oh, wretched fate! What shall I do?

PRINCE: Air, "Some Day."

I know not when the time may be,  
Or what the day or when the hour,  
This dreadful blow shall come to me,  
And crush me with resistless power.  
Oh, can there not be found some way  
To shun the doom that draweth nigh?  
Oh, help me, heart and brain, to-day,  
To find escape, or else to die!



A PAGE IN WHITE.



Some way, some way, must be found for rescue.  
Life's to me of little worth. There remains no  
hope on earth.

Only this, only this, to avoid this bitter fortune  
Which so swiftly draweth nigh. I must escape!  
escape or die!

I have made up my mind. I will escape.  
What care I for riches if I must share them  
with a hideous old queen—perchance as  
hideous as Blowsabella herself. I will  
leave my kingdom, and run away to seek  
my fortune. Off, baubles!

[Throws off crown and cloak.

And now for freedom and a happy life.  
Away with riches and an unloved wife!

[SCENE II. A Forest. Enter TOMMY TUBBS with fish-  
ing-rod, and an immense fish dragging on the ground.

TOMMY. I'm awful late. Polly'll be wonder-  
ing where I am. But this will help to  
excuse me. (*Holds up fish.*) I'm as  
hungry as a bear. Hello! who are you?

Enter PRINCE.

PRINCE. A wanderer.



THE HERALDS.

TOMMY. What's your name?

PRINCE. Impudence! Executioner! Oh, I—I  
beg pardon. (*Aside.*) Let me see; he  
might be useful. (*To TOMMY.*) Are you  
honest, my man?

TOMMY. Tommy Tubbs never told a lie.

PRINCE. Oh, indeed. Very aristocratic name,

I'm sure. Well, and where is your king-  
dom—I mean home?

TOMMY. Me and Polly live 'bout a mile from  
here.

PRINCE. And who is Polly?

TOMMY. My sister Polly! Never heard of Polly  
Peachum Tubbs? She's the prettiest and  
the smartest girl on the coast.

PRINCE. This grows interesting. And can you  
be trusted?

TOMMY. Yes.

PRINCE. Could you keep a secret?

TOMMY. I guess so.

PRINCE. Then I'll tell you all. You may be  
of use to me. I'm a prince in disguise.

TOMMY. Gracious! I would n't 'a' thought it.

PRINCE (*angrily*). Why not?

TOMMY. You don't look it.

PRINCE. Don't look it? I'm not accustomed  
to such talk. I'll have you beheaded.

(*Aside.*) Well, perhaps that would n't be  
wise, after all. He could n't be of much  
use to me then. (*To TOMMY.*) Well,  
young man, we'll let that pass. 'T is true  
I don't look much like a prince. I've  
wandered a homeless fugitive for  
days. I'm ragged and hungry.

TOMMY. Oh, come on, then, and we'll  
have a fish-fry.

PRINCE. Noble and forgiving youth, we  
will. And you will protect me?

TOMMY. I'm your man.

PRINCE. Give me your hand. [Exit.

[SCENE III. Interior of cottage. Table, C,  
set for supper. Fireplace at L. Window, R.  
Polly spinning in front of fire.

POLLY: Air, "Flowers from Mother's  
Grave."

The night has come on, all the stars are  
shining out,

The birds have tucked their heads 'neath  
their wings;

And alone I sit and wait, but no footstep  
at the gate

Tidings of my absent brother brings.

Where art thou, my brother, what is keep-  
ing thee?

How I long to hear thy footsteps near!

For 't is growing lonely, and though I'm  
not afraid,

Still, I'd like to see thee, Tommy dear.

POLLY. What *can* be keeping Tommy?

It's long past supper-time, and I never knew him  
to miss *that*—whatever happened. And batter-  
cakes for supper, too. (*Hovers around the table.*)  
Hark! a sound in the forest. (*Runs to window.*)  
Yes, footsteps—a voice—two voices! What  
means it? It must be some of those tiresome  
boys!

Enter PRINCE and TOMMY.

TOMMY. Here we are, Polly!

POLLY. Brother!

TOMMY. Sis! (*They embrace.*) Notice the minnow, Poll! (*Holding up the fish.*)



TOMMY AND POLLY.

POLLY. But who is this?

PRINCE (*kissing her hand*). Lady, allow me!

POLLY. What courtly grace!

PRINCE. I am a wanderer, fair lady, on whom your gallant brother has taken pity.

POLLY (*aside*). He's very handsome! (*Curtseys.*) Welcome to our poor though neat abode.

PRINCE. What do you say to telling her?

TOMMY. Oh, Polly's a trump. She can keep a secret. No other girls near to tell, you know.

PRINCE. Well, then, I will disclose it all. Fair lady, I'm a prince.

POLLY. Support me! (*Faints in a convenient chair. Both rush to fan her. She revives.*) A prince! That I should live to see the day! (*Aside.*) Why should n't I be a princess? [*TOMMY seats himself at table and falls to.*

PRINCE. I can only stay here a single night, though, for I am a hunted fugitive. If they drag me back to my throne it will be my terrible fate to wed an old and hideous hag.

POLLY. Oh, horrible!

PRINCE. And, rather than endure that ignominy, I have given up my crown, my kingdom, my—er—supper!

TOMMY (*eating greedily*). Hurry up, if you 'spect to get anything. I'm 'most through.

PRINCE. One moment to arrange our plans. Can you go with me to-morrow as my guide?

TOMMY. Yes, guess so.

POLLY (*rapturously*). And, oh, may I go too?

PRINCE. Ah—er—I'm afraid you might possibly be in the way.

POLLY (*weeping*). 'T will break my heart to be

left behind. (*Aside.*) And all my hopes are dashed!

TOMMY. Gracious, Polly, don't cry! Is n't that like a girl, though?

PRINCE (*disdainfully*). If you're such a cry-baby, it's out of the question. I don't want you around—you'd be a bother!

POLLY (*aside*). A cry-baby—a bother? Little do you know the price you will pay for those cruel words. A bother? Well, I *will* be a bother indeed. I'll have revenge! *Revenge!* I will track them in disguise and watch for my opportunity. [*Exit POLLY.*

PRINCE (*to TOMMY*). Well, then, it is arranged. You will be my guide, and we must be off by daybreak. But the question is, where shall we go?

TOMMY. We might put to sea.

PRINCE. That's vague, but we might. Well, then, we'll put to sea; and I will reward you handsomely for your services, even unto the half of my kingdom—that is—I—well, I have n't but a quarter with me.

[*Dives into his pocket.*

TOMMY. Oh, that does n't matter. I'll tell you what. Say you'll make me heir to your kingdom after you.

PRINCE. I will, with pleasure.

TOMMY. Honor bright?



C.L.

AMORET.

PRINCE. On my honor as a prince—I mean as a gentleman.

TOMMY. Perhaps you'll sign a document to that effect. [*Produces paper, pen, and ink.*

PRINCE (*writes*). There—my signature. “In this, I will and bequeath to Tommy Tubbs, Esq., the entire Kingdom of Imagination, and upon my demise he shall ascend the throne as king.” (*Aside.*) I ’m sorry for him. “Signed, Prince Charming.” And now about our plans. What name shall I take? You see, as I am a prince in disguise I must use some other name. Let me see; I think I will be a wandering artist. Yes, that ’s the very thing; and my name shall be—Vandyke Brown. Yes, that will do.

TOMMY. We may as well arm ourselves. [Takes two immense pistols from the wall and flourishes them.

PRINCE. There, there; be careful, will you? It would be unpleasant if one of us should be injured, for we ’ve got to be off by daybreak, you know—and that reminds me of supper. Come, I ’m almost starved. (*Sits himself and regards the empty table with horror.*) Why, where ’s the supper?

TOMMY. I called you over and over again, and you would n’t come.

PRINCE. Do you mean to say you ’ve eaten *everything*?

[Uncovers dishes.  
TOMMY. Yes, and ’t was n’t half enough. I ’m hungry as a bear even now.

PRINCE (*on the verge of tears*). This is treason! I ’d like to have you beheaded on the spot.

TOMMY (*rummaging in the safe*). Hurrah! Here ’s one of Polly’s little pies. (*Staggers back with an enormous pie, which he puts on the table.*) There, that will fill you up, I think. [Both sit down and eat.

PRINCE. Nothing to drink, have you?

TOMMY. There ’s a little brown jug in the corner. [Brings a huge jug and sets it on table.

PRINCE. Here ’s to yourself; may you live long and prosper!

TOMMY. Same to you. No, I don’t mean that; I forgot I was to have the kingdom after you.

PRINCE (*raising his glass to POLLY*). Miss Peachum!

TOMMY (*getting up in his chair*). The women—bless ’em!

PRINCE (*waving his glass*). Hurrah!

TOMMY (*imitating him*). Hurrah!

CHORUS: Air, “Downy Jail Birds” from “Erminie.”

To-morrow morn we ’ll put to sea,  
And leave this land of cruelty,  
With courage high and hearts most brave,  
We ’ll seek our fortunes o’er the wave.

We leave behind all worldly care;  
A happier life may wait us there.  
The gloom of doubt we ’ll gladly brave,  
For sunshine breaks beyond the wave.

*Curtain.*

ACT II.

[SCENE I. A Forest. Gypsies reclining in a circle. Kettle over fire in center.

CHORUS: Air, “Dancing in the Barn.”

Oh, happy is the life of a gypsy!  
The whole wide world his home,  
Ever careless, gay, and fearless,  
Where’er he may chance to roam.  
To be gay is our endeavor,  
Care to efface, joy to embrace,  
And our toast will be forever,  
Long life to the gypsy race!

Enter AMORET and four little attendants.

ALL. All hail to the Lady Amoret,  
our Princess fair.

AMORET. I thank you for your gracious welcome. Would that I could share your merriment; but as the time for leaving you approaches, my heart fails. The thought of giving up this wild, free life is terrible to me. Oh, cruel fate, that doomed me to wed an unknown prince and leave my own dear people!

ALL (*weeping*). Oh, cruel fate!

AMORET: Air, “Cora, my Pretty Quadroon.”

The hour is coming swiftly  
That will bear me from my home;  
No more in my dearly loved forest  
With my gypsy band I ’ll roam.

CHORUS:

Oh, Princess, our dearly loved Princess!  
Go not o’er the great ocean’s foam,  
But stay with your gypsies who love you,  
In our beautiful wild forest home.

AMORET:

I feel that my heart is near breaking  
To think that from you I must part;  
But though I ’ll be far o’er the ocean,  
You will ever be first in my heart.

CHORUS.

AMORET. But cheer up. We have only a few more days. Let us spend them as joyously as we can. Come, dance!

[All dance around AMORET.  
Exit.



A PAGE IN BLACK.

[SCENE II. Forest. Enter PRINCE and TOMMY, POLLY stealing after them, disguised in a cloak and slouch hat.

PRINCE. Did you see them? I don't think they caught sight of us behind the trees, but I could hardly remain hidden when that beautiful maiden came. I wonder who she can be.

TOMMY. Who? I saw no "beautiful maiden"; only a lot of gaudy gypsies.

PRINCE. Gaudy gypsies the others, perhaps; but she was a princess. You heard what they said; and she looks it. What a beauty!

TOMMY. I'm awful hungry. I'm glad we've landed at last. We did n't have half enough provisions, and we certainly ought to have brought the rest of that pie along.

PRINCE. Hush! Here comes the beautiful being.

POLLY (*aside*). "Beautiful being"! Did he ever address me thus? No—I was but a blundering bother.

Enter AMORET and four little attendants.

AMORET. Why, who are these?

ATTENDANTS (*putting their heads together*). Who can they be?

PRINCE. We were wrecked upon your shore this morning, fair lady.

POLLY (*aside, bitterly*). He called that gipsy girl "fair lady"!

AMORET. And may I ask your name, noble sir? (*To Attendants.*) For I am sure he is noble.

ATTENDANTS (*wagging their heads*). Oh, yes, no doubt of it. He is noble.

PRINCE. I am a prince—I mean, I am an artist, Vandyke Brown by name; and this youth is my friend. Through our misfortune in being wrecked we are without shelter. We place ourselves at your mercy, gracious lady. Behold us if you like.

AMORET. We welcome you to our island, Sir Artist. (*To Attendants.*) What a coincidence! The tribe was only to-day mourning that they had no portrait to remind them of their princess when far away. The very thing, you see! (*Little Attendants jump up and down, clapping their hands.*) Noble sir, I should be most happy to have you remain with us, and, if you are willing, to paint my portrait.

PRINCE. Willing! I kiss the hem of your garment.

POLLY (*aside*). Oh, it is my duty to prevent this prince from marrying a gipsy girl!

[Exit POLLY.

TOMMY (*in a loud aside*). I wonder if they've done breakfast.

AMORET. I know you are weary and need refreshment, so come with me. [Exeunt.

[SCENE III. Same as Scene I. Under the trees an easel on which is a portrait of AMORET. Two rustic stools. POLLY regarding the picture disconsolately.

POLLY. And was it for this I was to be left behind? For this was I called a bother! To see him gazing upon this gipsy's hated face with

rapture in his eyes! I, who had set my heart upon being a princess, must now stand aside for a low-born gipsy. (*Glaring at picture.*) Oh, hated face! I could cut you to pieces! (*Seizes the palette knife and cuts out the face.*) There! There!—But soft! I hear a footstep. Oh, she comes! What shall I do? I must hide myself. Oh, dear, dear! Where can I go? Ah!—the picture! [Steps behind and puts her face through opening.

Enter AMORET.

AMORET. Yes, I must own the truth to myself at last. I love him. These few short days have shown me that my heart is no longer my own.

POLLY (*aside*). I thought as much.

AMORET. Unhappy creature that I am! To think that I am betrothed to another, a stranger whose hated face I've never seen. Oh, my father, why did you doom me to such a fate? My happiness is all here; I must leave in a few days. But there; he comes—I must dry my eyes.

Enter PRINCE.

(*To PRINCE.*) Are you ready to have me pose, Sir Artist?

PRINCE. Gracious lady, if it please you.

AMORET (*seating herself on stool*). Is this the right position?

PRINCE. Yes—no—a little to the left. Now, look pleasant. (*Seats himself in front of picture.*) Why, the likeness does n't seem to me as good as yesterday. Strange! Perhaps I have n't given you enough color. (*Looking at AMORET, puts a large dab of red on POLLY'S nose.*) No, I cannot! (*Dashes aside palette and brushes.*)

POLLY (*aside*). Another affront to be wiped out!

AMORET. Why, Sir Vandyke, what is it?

PRINCE (*aside*). I must speak or die. (*To AMORET.*) Divine Amoret, do not think me too presumptuous, but—I love you.

[Kneels at her feet.

AMORET. Oh, no, no; it is impossible. Please get up.

PRINCE. Never, until you let me tell you all. I adore you. I worship the ground you walk on.

POLLY (*aside*). Whew! This is embarrassing!

PRINCE. I know it is impossible that an angelic being like yourself should care for me; but perhaps you do not utterly depise me?

AMORET. Please get up. I—I—how can I say it?

PRINCE. What! Tell me—tell me—you don't mean you love me?

AMORET. Ye-es.

POLLY (*aside*). Touching, is n't it? Oh, that I should live to see this day! [Weeps.

AMORET (*starting to her feet*). Oh, dreadful thought! I had forgotten.

PRINCE (*following her*). What is it? Tell me.

AMORET. How can I? Never, never can I be yours. In my infancy I was betrothed to



an unknown young man, and in a few short days they will bear me away to be his bride, and we shall be parted forever.

PRINCE: Air, "Creole Love Song."

Without thee, O love, joy can never be mine.  
As the star to its pole, so my heart turns to thine.  
In the silence of night, let us float far away  
O'er the waves, to the light of a sorrowless day.

Oh, come, my beloved, come;  
Oh, heart of my heart, my own,  
Oh, star of my twilight, come!  
I am weary waiting for thee alone.

PRINCE and AMORET:

And, oh, if my heart had wings,  
To fly like a swallow, far,  
Away and away, to the end of the day,  
Where the cool and the palm-trees are.

PRINCE and AMORET:

Air, "Love Comes like a Summer Sigh."

Love comes like a summer sigh, softly o'er me stealing.  
Love comes, and you wonder why at its shrine  
you're kneeling.

CHORUS:

Love comes, and the days go by, while your fate  
Love's stealing—  
Love some day must come to all, come to all.

[PRINCE and AMORET seat themselves  
above on rocks at the back of the  
stage. Gipsies grouped over the  
rocks, forming tableau.

AMORET. Bring in the dancers.

[Music. Enter Ballet-dancers (nine  
little girls with castanets), who dance  
before the PRINCE.

*Curtain.*



THE BALLET.

Away to bliss and love  
We will fly to-night alone,  
To some distant shore, where we'll live evermore  
Together, my sweet, my own!

ACT III.

[SCENE I. Anteroom of palace. BLOWSA-  
BELLA alone.

PRINCE. Then you *do* consent? You will fly with me?

AMORET. I will.

PRINCE. To-night, then, we will steal away. We'll take a boat and escape to some distant land where your subjects can never find us. Remember, to-night!

[Exit.  
POLLY (*coming to front with raised fist*). Revenge! Revenge! An idea comes! I will steal away after them, and follow this faithless pair. I have our own little boat, and when I have tracked them to their destination I will return to the Kingdom of Imagination and betray the whereabouts of this recreant prince! Oh, Prince Charming, you little knew what a "bother" I was to prove!

[Music. Gipsies run in, shaking tamborines. PRINCE leads AMORET in.

BLOWSABELLA. Oh, breaking heart! Oh, crushed, down-trodden hopes! Never while life lasts will my great ambition be achieved. The recreant prince hath fled. No news—not a word—and ten long, weary days have passed. Not that I personally care for him. In reality, I don't. I never did—but the great ambition of my life—to be queen. Oh, it is hard, hard! After sixty years—er—er—*sixteen* years—of bitter striving, to have it all end thus! Why not try it now? No one is near—I will. (*Ascends and seats herself on throne.*) Behold your queen! With what royal dignity I grace this seat. Subjects kneel in the dust before me. I crush their necks beneath my little foot. A wave of my scepter and off go the heads of hundreds. (*A step is heard.*) Oh, who's there? (*Hastily runs down the steps.*)



EXECUTIONER, LORD HIGH-KEEPER-OF-THE-CANDY-BOX, LORD HIGH-THINKER, AND JESTER.

Enter POLLY, still disguised.

POLLY (*excitedly*). A word! A word!  
BLOWSABELLA. Who are you, little girl? (*Turns.*)

Oh, a gentleman! What do you wish?

POLLY. To see the most important person in the kingdom.

BLOWSABELLA. Behold her!

POLLY. Madame, do you wish to hear news of Prince Charming?

BLOWSABELLA. Oh, charming sir. (*Aside.*) He is charming. How my heart flutters! (*To POLLY.*) Yes, yes; news of the Prince!

POLLY. I know where he can be found.

BLOWSABELLA. Tell me, tell me!

POLLY. He has run away with a gipsy maiden and by to-morrow they will be wedded. I can guide any one to the place and he can be dragged back to his kingdom; but if we do not hurry 't will be too late.

BLOWSABELLA (*aside*). Traitor, traitor! Another has his heart! All hopes are gone. He can never be mine. Not that I care. For, since gazing on the manly form of this stranger, even all my desire for the throne has vanished.

POLLY. We must go at once.

BLOWSABELLA. We will. His wicked hopes shall be crushed to atoms, and I will have done it. "Revenge is sweet, especially to woman."

POLLY. Hurry, hurry, or 't will be too late!

BLOWSABELLA. Come with me, noble sir. An army shall be sent at once and he will be dragged back to his throne—torn away from her he loves, and forced to marry the

hated, unknown maiden to whom his father betrothed him. Come with me, my lord.  
[Exeunt.]

[SCENE II. Same as in Act I. Enter LORD HIGH-KEEPER-OF-THE-CANDY-BOX, LORD HIGH-THINKER, JESTER, and EXECUTIONER.]

LORD HIGH-K. Alas! he has been found!

LORD HIGH-T. Oh, misery! I shall have to think again!

JESTER. And I 'll have to make more jokes!

EXECUTIONER. And there 'll be no more executions!

LORD HIGH-K. I am no longer the chief person in the kingdom. Now I shall have to tear around after the Prince to offer him candy.

[All howl.]

CHORUS: Air, "The Moon He Climbed."

The Prince is found, he 'll return to-day.

(*Yodel.*)

We had such fun when he was away.

(*Yodel.*)

Though the land is happy now the Prince is found, To this quartet it 's a woful sound.

(*Yodel.*) [A "walk-round" and exeunt. Funeral march.]

Enter PRINCE CHARMING.

PRINCE. Dragged back to this hated kingdom! Torn away from my lovely Amoret, and forced to marry a hated stranger. What misery is mine!

Enter TOMMY TUBBS.

TOMMY. What is it you 're so blue about?

PRINCE. Blue, man? Blue? Would n't you be

black and blue if you were dragged back to your throne against your will?

TOMMY. Not much, if any.

PRINCE. And torn away from an angelic being, to marry an old and hideous woman?

TOMMY. Well, that is pretty bad. But there's a way out of it yet.

PRINCE. How is it possible? (TOMMY produces the pistols.) Ah—yes. But how do you mean?

TOMMY (swaggering). Why, blow out your brains. You'd rather do that than marry her, would n't you?

PRINCE. Rather anything! Rather death itself!

TOMMY. Well, here you are!

PRINCE. Oh, yes—but then—why, you see the duty I owe my kingdom. A bitter fate compels me to live. Horrible as life is, I cannot throw down the burden. I must stagger on under the load for the sake of my people. There might be trouble about the succession.

TOMMY. Perhaps you don't remember a little document you drew up in our house. (Produces paper.) You made me heir to your kingdom, so that's all settled. I'll be the king. That's all right. Here you are!

PRINCE. Yes, that's so, but—look here, how would you like to blow your brains out?

TOMMY. I? Not much, if any; but you said, "rather death than marry her." Goin' to back out?

PRINCE. No, of course not. A prince always keeps his word, and the thought of that hated creature is sufficient. Give me the weapons!

TOMMY (handing the pistols). You want to be careful; they're loaded!

[PRINCE holds one in either hand to his head.

PRINCE: Air, "Pinafore."

Farewell, my own! Light of my life, farewell!  
Say that alone for love of her I fell.  
Where grief's unknown, hereafter may we dwell.  
Farewell, my own! Light of my life, farewell!

Enter POLLY.

POLLY (throwing off her cloak). Ah, stay your hand. I'll marry you!

TOMMY (aside). Shucks! It's Polly! Where did she come from?

POLLY. Oh, do not slay yourself!

PRINCE. I won't—I won't, since you insist! I can't refuse a lady.

POLLY. I must confess my crime; it is weighing me down. But promise to forgive me first.

PRINCE. I'll promise you anything, Polly, after this.

POLLY. I was the wicked creature who betrayed you to your subjects. Your slighting remarks as to my being a cry-baby and a bother maddened me and drove me to it; but bitterly have I repented! I hoped to wed you; that was my excuse. Oh, can you ever forgive me? [Kneels imploringly.

PRINCE. You betrayed me? You, Polly, whom I trusted so implicitly?

POLLY. Oh, let me kill myself, since he will not forgive me! (Seizes pistols and holds them wabblingly, with muzzles toward TOMMY.)

TOMMY (hastily taking them from her). Don't be a goose, Polly. You might hurt somebody!

PRINCE. I do forgive you, Polly. There, don't cry. (Lifts her up.) You've saved my life, so that wipes out all old scores.

POLLY (aside). Oh, happiness! I am forgiven!  
[PRINCE seats himself on throne.

Enter QUARTET.

LORD HIGH-K. Your Majesty, the fleet has landed, and the royal retinue has started toward the palace. Your bride is approaching. Will you have a peppermint to support you? (Unlocks a huge padlock on his candy-box. While he is handing the candy to the PRINCE, the other three dive headlong for the box.)

PRINCE. Even fudge has no charms for me now. Oh, misery untold!

Enter HERALD.

HERALD. The bride approaches! Let the court assemble and all prepare for the ceremony!

POLLY (aside). I must not be recognized as the betrayer of the Prince. (Resumes her disguise.) [March.

Enter COURT.

CHORUS: Air, "White Wings."

"White wings that never grow weary,"  
Swift o'er the ocean come flying so free;  
Blow soft, ye winds light and airy,  
Bring our fair Princess from over the sea.



AMORET'S FOUR GIPSY ATTENDANTS.

Here we await her, glad homage to render,  
Ready to greet her with loyalty true.  
A welcome most loving and tender,  
Fair unknown Princess, we offer to you.  
[Repeat first verse. Wedding march.

Enter AMORET in wedding dress, her face veiled. Behind, four little attendants; gipsies; dancers.

AMORET. Oh, dreadful fate! To be torn away from my beloved Vandyke Brown and dragged to the altar with an unknown, hateful prince. Ah, woe is me! I dare not gaze upon him.

LORD HIGH-K. Your Majesty, let me present your bride.

PRINCE (*aside*). An old and hideous hag! (*Attendants lift AMORET'S veil.*) Amoret! (*Embracing her rapturously.*)

AMORET. Vandyke! Impossible!  
PRINCE. Amoret, my loved one—how is this?

AMORET. I'm so bewildered!

PRINCE. And I.

LORD HIGH-K. The Lord High-Thinker alone can explain.

[PRINCE and AMORET ascend the throne.

LORD HIGH-K. Your Majesty. (*Bows.*) Lords and ladies all. To begin at the beginning. The king, your father, was once wrecked on a strange island, where a band of gipsies seized him, bound him, and dragged him to their king demanding his death. The gipsy king, however, took compassion on him, and gave him shelter and protection. Your grateful father promised to the gipsy king the hand of his infant son—yourself, my lord—for his baby daughter, the Lady Amoret—yourself, my lady. Knowing that most of his subjects would object to such a match, and would probably exterminate the entire gipsy race before allowing such a union, the king, your father, did not proclaim the name of the lady openly, and I—I alone was intrusted with this mighty state secret. Seeing her beauty, even as an infant, your father felt sure no objections would be raised by you when the Princess herself appeared on the appointed day.

PRINCE. Not many—no indeed! For your noble service I will reward you magnificently. You can resign your arduous position. You need never think again!

LORD HIGH-T. Thank heaven!

[Falls flat and kicks feebly; then, springing up, dances a few steps of a clog-dance and retires.

BLOWSABELLA. And I, your Majesty—what reward have I for being the daughter of this noble man?

PRINCE. Executioner, off with her head!

EXECUTIONER. No joking this time! (*Rushes*

*at BLOWSABELLA, snatches off her wig, and waves his ax.*)

BLOWSABELLA (*shrieking*). Mercy! Mercy!

AMORET. Spare her life, my lord.

PRINCE. I will—at your request.

EXECUTIONER. Same old thing! I'm going to give up this job!

[Kicks the wig across the stage and retires.

PRINCE. She shall be banished for life, instead.

And now (*turning to POLLY, who is still disguised*)—you saved my life, what can I do for you?

POLLY. Your Majesty, I am responsible for Blowsabella's tracking you, so my one request is that you will not punish her at all.

PRINCE. I grant it. I will even go further, and old Blowsabella herself can have the privilege of making any reasonable request she chooses.

BLOWSABELLA (*aside, looking gratefully at POLLY*). He's saved my life. The noble creature! But I will reward him handsomely. (*To PRINCE.*) Your Majesty—excuse this girlish shyness—my request is that I may marry yonder noble youth. I love him!

[Throws herself on POLLY'S neck.

POLLY (*struggling and throwing off her cloak*). Great heavens! I'm Polly Peachum Tubbs—I can only be a sister to you.

BLOWSABELLA. Polly! Another disappointment!

[Faints and is dragged out.

PRINCE. Come, Polly and Tommy, I'll make you Duke and Duchess of Pie-Crust for life, and we will all be happy together in the Land of Imagination!

[PRINCE and AMORET come to front of the stage.

PRINCE and AMORET: Air, "Lullaby," from "Erminie."

Dear hearers assembled before us,

The curtain's now ready to fall.

For the kindness we've known, and the patience you've shown,

We gratefully thank one and all.

And now, like the birds to their tree-tops,

We hope you're not too tired to fly

To your homes and to bed, when the farewell is said;

So we sing you this low lullaby.

CHORUS:

"By-by, drowsiness o'er-taking,

Pretty little eyelids, sleep."

By-by, sweet dreams until waking;

Peace attend thy slumbers deep.

By-by, by-by.

*Curtain.*



THE PRINCE.





# NATURE and SCIENCE for Young Folks

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.

## NATURE'S "DRIED GARDEN."

A COLLECTION of plants, pressed, mounted on paper, and arranged systematically, is most commonly spoken of as a herbarium. This term is from the Latin *herba*, which means a green stalk or blade (a grass-like plant), and suggests fields and pasturage. As the collection is not green but dried, another Latin name is frequently used—that is, *hortus siccus*, which literally means a garden dried. Our real nature's "dried garden" is in the fields and meadows, down in the ravines, on the hillsides,

and by the roadsides. It is this real outdoor nature's "dried garden" that we should especially notice this February, as we near the end of winter.

Some of us are apt to think of plants as beautiful only in the spring and summer, when there are green leaves and brightly colored flowers. But old age has a beauty of its own, just as youth has. Take, for an example, our well-known dandelion. Every one admires the flowers of the young plant, and also the fuzzy pappus heads (as the botanist calls them) of its last days. No one thinks of comparing the beauty of the golden rosettes with that of the dainty globes. They are as distinct as if belonging to separate plants, yet each as beautiful in its own way as nature could make it.



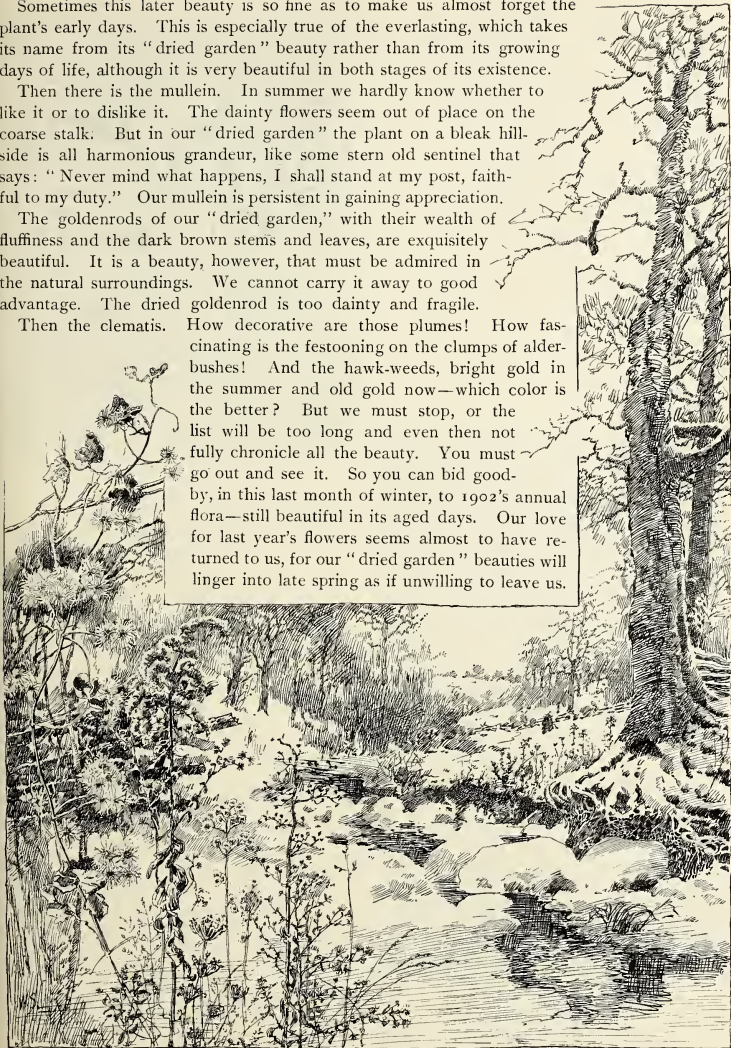
AN UPLAND DRIED GARDEN.

Sometimes this later beauty is so fine as to make us almost forget the plant's early days. This is especially true of the everlasting, which takes its name from its "dried garden" beauty rather than from its growing days of life, although it is very beautiful in both stages of its existence.

Then there is the mullein. In summer we hardly know whether to like it or to dislike it. The dainty flowers seem out of place on the coarse stalk. But in our "dried garden" the plant on a bleak hill-side is all harmonious grandeur, like some stern old sentinel that says: "Never mind what happens, I shall stand at my post, faithful to my duty." Our mullein is persistent in gaining appreciation.

The goldenrods of our "dried garden," with their wealth of fluffiness and the dark brown stems and leaves, are exquisitely beautiful. It is a beauty, however, that must be admired in the natural surroundings. We cannot carry it away to good advantage. The dried goldenrod is too dainty and fragile.

Then the clematis. How decorative are those plumes! How fascinating is the festooning on the clumps of alder-bushes! And the hawk-weeds, bright gold in the summer and old gold now—which color is the better? But we must stop, or the list will be too long and even then not fully chronicle all the beauty. You must go out and see it. So you can bid goodbye, in this last month of winter, to 1902's annual flora—still beautiful in its aged days. Our love for last year's flowers seems almost to have returned to us, for our "dried garden" beauties will linger into late spring as if unwilling to leave us.

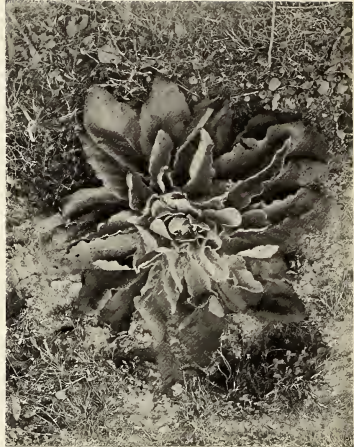


A DRIED GARDEN DOWN BY THE BROOK.

## LEAVES AND LIGHT.

As we stood in front of a big beech-tree, John asked me why the lower limbs hung down, and why most of the limbs were on one side—the left side. I thought the Nature and Science young folks might be interested in his questions, and so I photographed the tree. The answer is the same for both questions: every leaf of a tree wants to see the sun; sunlight is essential to the vigorous growth of forest trees; the little tree on the right makes so much shade there, the limbs cannot grow so well as they can on the other side.

If the lower branches grew straight out, they would be shaded by the branches above them; they droop so that every leaf may see its own patch of the sky. I remarked to John: "One should always notice how every sort of plant gets its leaves to the light."



JOHN'S PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MULLEIN PLANT.

The next day he came in with this picture of a mullein, and observed: "This is the way mullein gets its leaves to the light."

D. W. DENNIS.



THE BEECH-TREE.

Our young folks will note that the small tree near the large tree at the right has prevented the growth of many lower limbs on that side. What would have been the result if the small tree at the left had been nearer the big tree? Where are the leaves on the large trees in a dense forest?

## THE FOOLISH LITTLE INFUSORIA.

EVERY one who uses the microscope knows, of course, the infusoria. Little flecks of jelly they are, of very many different shapes, the largest of them no bigger than a pinhead, and they live in many puddles and ditches and in almost all stagnant water.

It has been known for a long time that these little animalculæ will collect in swarms about the bacteria on which they feed, and that if disturbed they will take themselves out of harm's way. But just what senses they have, and how much they really do know, has been learned only within the last two or three years.

A certain Western naturalist,\* who has been watching these little creatures very carefully, has discovered some very curious facts. If he touched with the point of a fine needle the front end of the infusorian,—we cannot quite call it the head end,—the little creature would at

\* H. S. Jennings, assistant professor of zoölogy, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.

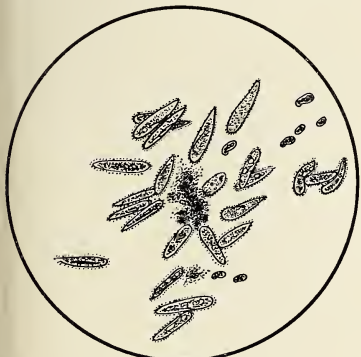


once back away for some distance, and then starting ahead again, would sheer off to one side. Wise little animal, evidently. If, however, the experimenter touched the little chap on the side, he would back off and go ahead again just as before. Then the man tried pricking him from behind. The silly creature acted exactly as he had done before, even though this time, of course, he backed right against the point of the needle. The more he was pricked the more he backed, though this was clearly the very worst thing that he could possibly do. The man experimented with many other sorts of infusoria, and tested their motions in every way he could think of. He touched them on all parts of the body; he heated the



FIVE KINDS OF INFUSORIA.

Found in a tumbler of water from a ditch, after it had stood several days.



SLIPPER-SHAPED INFUSORIA AROUND A MASS OF DOT-LIKE BACTERIA.

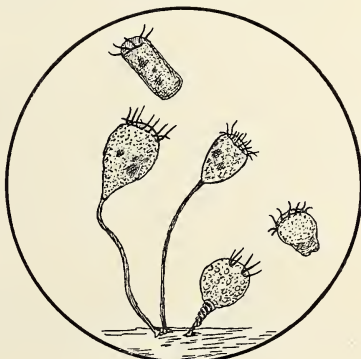
water, he cooled it, and put all sorts of things into it. But no matter what he did, the infusorian always acted in the same way, by swimming first backward for a short distance and then forward again with a slight turn to one side.

Furthermore, the observer found that the infusorian seemed never to notice anything unless he ran straight into it. He would just graze a mass of food and then swim by without noticing it. On the other hand, he would swallow any small particle which chanced to hit his mouth, without the slightest regard to whether it was good to eat or not.

So it seems that the infusoria, for all they

are so pretty and interesting to watch, are not, after all, very bright. They can neither see, hear, taste, nor smell. The only sense they have is touch, and that is so vague that, so far as we can see, heat, cold, pin-pricks, and everything else, all feel exactly alike, and the poor animal cannot tell one part of his own body from another; it is even supposed that the infusorian never learns anything, and that no matter how long he lives, he finds out nothing which he did not know at the first moment of his life.

EDWIN TENNEY BREWSTER.



"BELL" INFUSORIA.

Known to scientists as *Vorticella*.



"BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW."

PREPARING SHELLS FOR A COLLECTION.  
MARION, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me what is the best way to clean and polish shells? There are a great many shells around here that look as if they would be very pretty if they were polished.

Yours respectfully,  
THOMAS H. MCKIT-  
TRICK, JR.

First, wash clean of mud, etc. An old toothbrush will be an efficient aid. The soft parts are easily removed after soaking a day in weak alcohol, or the specimen may be placed in a small kettle or other receptacle suitable for the purpose and covered with cold water. Bring to a boiling-point. Shells should not be put into water already boiling, as the sudden change of temperature may crack them, or at least injure their polish and general appearance.

After removing the soft parts by the aid of pin, crooked wire, or small tweezers, polish with brush or cloth. Shells that have a skin-like covering may have a very small quantity of vaseline rubbed in to prevent them from cracking when dry. Rub off all extra vaseline with a piece of flannel.

DRAGON-FLY NYMPH.

WILDWOOD LAKE,  
P. O. FRANKLIN FURNACE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While in bathing we found a curious insect which none of us had seen before. Some one immediately suggested, "Write to ST. NICHOLAS about it," and I send you as close a description as I can,



BROADENED FORM OF DRAGON-  
FLY NYMPH.

with a sketch. It was about an inch long and nearly as wide. It was dull brown in color, and looked like nothing so much as a water-soaked dead leaf. It was flat, and seemed to be covered by a soft shell. It seemed equally at home in and out of the water. Altogether

"BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW."



ther it was so curious that we are quite anxious to learn what it was.

Your sincere friend,  
ISADORE DOUGLAS.

The insect had crawled out of the water on account of the "inner impulse," as Tennyson expresses it. The full-grown dragon-fly nymph changes its form from a slender creature to a broad and flattened one that has but little if any resemblance to the slender-bodied larva or to the adult. Empty nymph-skins of this form are frequently to be found about water-courses.

The dragon-fly nymph can live about equally well on land and in the water. It surely is amphibious for a part of its life. Perhaps you've heard of the showman's "description" of such adaptation to live on land or water:

"Now, children and ladies and gentlemen, this 'ere beast in this cage is anpibillious, which means, as you all know, that 'e can't live in the water, and dies as soon as 'e gets on land."

This paradoxical joke has an element of truth in it as applied to the outside of the nymph body at time of transformation, as you will readily see if you think about it a little.

A QUEER FISH.

"IROQUOIS" BOUNDARY ROAD, ARMADALE,  
MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am only a little Australian girl, and I am six and a half years old. I have a little cousin in America and he sends to me ST. NICHOLAS. I like it very much, and so I asked mother and father if they thought I could send to you a drawing of a queer



OUR NORTHERN ATLANTIC FLYING-GUNARD.

fish I saw at the seaside. It had wings nearly like a bird's, and it gave me such a fright. It had a long fly in its mouth, and it was red, with wee little yellow specks

on it. Please will you tell me what it was? I learn to draw, and I love it very much. I am the smallest in the class, and I do want to be an artist.

Good-by, from

MERYL AIKEN WAXMAN.

Your drawing indicates that the fish you saw is the flying-gunard. Probably you saw the species that is found in the Indian Ocean, Malay Archipelago, and parts of the South Pacific. We have in our Northern Atlantic a slightly different variety that is very often taken by the fishermen.

#### "BIRD'S-NEST" FUNGI.

AVONSIDE, WESTMORELAND, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We were walking through a wood the other day, and we came across this peculiar fungus shown in my sketch. I have never seen any at all like it, so I thought I would write and ask you its name. It is just like a bird's nest with eggs, but the eggs are flat and round and white. The nest is greeny brown, and the inside of it is of a lighter color, rather like silver-birch bark. There are a lot of eggs in each nest, about twelve to twenty, I should think. A and B are the wrong and right sides, as far as I could tell through a small magnifying-glass, A being the bottom side.

The other fungus is red; the outside is lighter than the inside. Here we call it "king-cups" or "fairy-cups," but I wanted to know what the proper name is, and what you call it in America. Both the fungi grow on old sticks. Hoping I shall soon see an answer, I remain,

Your affectionate reader and well-wisher,

GERTRUDE CROSSLAND.

The fungus shown in your drawing is the bowl-shaped bird's-nest fungus, known to scientists as *Crucibulum*. Yours is probably *C. vulgare*. It is not rare in America.

The other fungus is doubtless the cup-shaped fungus, *Peziza*, known as "scarlet cups." The spores of both forms are in the cup or bowl.

Do not eat or even taste of any of the forms of fungi that you find. Some of them are poisonous.



BIRD'S-NEST FUNGI. (THE FIRST MENTIONED ABOVE.)

#### TRUMPET-SHAPED FUNGI.

COSCOB, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few days ago I was in the garden, and I noticed a great many little plants (or at



TOP AND SIDE VIEWS OF TRUMPET-SHAPED FUNGI.

least they seemed plants, as they had roots). I send a picture of them on inclosed card.

They were about a quarter of an inch high, light brown in color, woolly outside, and the little cups were smooth inside, with four or five lead-colored seeds. There were a number of them, in small irregular groups, all over the ground. After a few days the seeds became black and the rim of the cups curled in over them.

I like the Nature department in ST. NICHOLAS very much. I have a pocket-microscope of my own, and I try to find things out for myself.

DOROTHY OCHTMAN (age 10).

This is one of the curious forms of fungi closely related to the puffballs, and known commonly as "bird's-nest." The one you send is *trumpet-shaped*, and belongs to the genus *Cyathus*, probably *C. striatus*.

Still another form of fungus, known as "fairy shelves," was pictured and explained in the letter entitled "Beautiful Fungi on a Log," page 945 of *Nature and Science* for August, 1901. You will find pictured and described many interesting forms in Marshall's "The Mushroom Book."

#### OBSERVATIONS OF SMALL TURTLES.

THE best observations on turtles received last year were from Elizabeth Q. Bolles, 6 Berkeley Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. In accord with the prize offer, a copy of Dr. Abbott's "A Naturalist's Rambles about Home" has been sent her. The letter will be published in full in *Nature and Science* for March or April, and it contains many suggestions to our young folks who desire to observe turtles or to keep them as pets this season.

Among other letters received, one especially deserves honorary mention—an account of observation of the spotted turtle by Frances Benedict, North Abington, Massachusetts.

## TRYING TO "REALLY KNOW THE SQUIRRELS."

A few months ago our Nature and Science published several letters about singing-mice. At that time a young friend, Dorothy A. Baldwin, Bangor, Maine, wrote an extended letter about hearing squirrels sing. In answer to an inquiry for further particulars she says:

We heard a red squirrel sing, and we know it is the squirrel that sings, for we have seen it do it. There are six people besides myself who have heard the squirrel sing.

Mrs. Baldwin also writes confirming the statements of her daughter, and adds:

I think there was but one. Frequently I have listened closely for a time, unable to decide whether it was bird or squirrel, and then have seen it run along a branch, finishing his song as he ran. Through the song you could trace the chatter and *whir-r-r* of the squirrel, but at the same time it was a sweet bird-song, with none of the scolding, complaining note of the squirrel. I have taken pains to-day to see a friend, who has a cottage about two miles from us at Hancock, and she says she and her husband have heard them, though not very often, as their cottage is situated more in the open and other cottages are near, while ours is surrounded by woods, with no other house near.

The following letters regarding other observations of squirrels will also be of interest.

## VERY FRIENDLY SQUIRREL.

WINNETKA, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There are a great many squirrels about where we live. Last autumn I put a basket with nuts in it on a tree. One day I saw a squirrel at work burying all the nuts that were in the basket. I thought I should like to try to urge it to come and take a nut from my hand, so I went out and stood perfectly still. At last, when it saw that I would do no harm to it, it came nearer and saw the nut in my hand, and came up to me and took it. After that it has come to me very often.

DOROTHY COFFIN (age 11).

## FINDING THE BURIED NUTS.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like you to know about the squirrels here. I live near a park where a great many squirrels live. They are fed and protected by the city, and as no harm is ever done to them, they are

very tame and will go to the neighboring houses for nuts. Once the maid opened our front door and a squirrel walked in for his breakfast. Some of them will take the nuts out of my hand, and even climb to my shoulder and from there out to my wrist to get them. They bury the nuts and come back for them after a while. It

is wonderful how they can find the nuts they have buried when people cannot. These squirrels have given me so much pleasure that I thought perhaps some of your readers might like to hear about them. ALICE BACON BARNES (age 10).

## WORKING TOGETHER IN HARMONY.

PITTSBURG, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have noticed a queer fact about squirrels gathering their nuts. When in a hurry seven or eight will climb up the tree, split open the burs, and then drop them to the ground, where a number of other squirrels gather them in little piles around the tree. Then the others descend and help take off the burs, when they again are put in little piles around the trees and covered over with leaves till they are ready to carry them away. And so forth they go from one tree to another. Heretofore I had always supposed they did their own gathering, and was very much surprised.

ALICE McCORMICK.

## DO SQUIRRELS SOMETIMES EAT TOADSTOOLS?

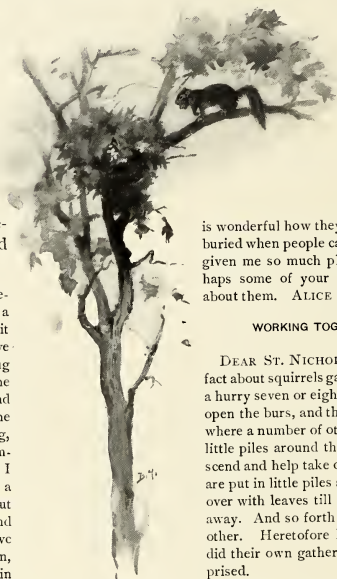
NEW LONDON, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Is the toadstool a usual article of food for squirrels? One day last week we saw a squirrel sitting on a branch of a hemlock-tree and holding a toadstool between his fore paws. He was nibbling contentedly at the bottom end of the toadstool, and we watched him until he had eaten the whole of the stem.

RUTH CARLIN.

## FLYING-SQUIRRELS.

Perhaps we may say, in some respects at least, that the most lovable of all four-footed small animals is the flying-squirrel. One of our grown-up friends, Mary Teresa Gale, 15 Elizabeth Street, Worcester, Massachusetts, sends a photograph of one of these favorite pets sitting on her hand.



CARRYING A NUT TO THE NEST OF LEAVES.

Such a nest of leaves does very well in the warmest days of winter.

From an account of the life of the squirrel we make the following extracts:

Our little pet, "Taney," lived in a large oblong wire cage in which we once kept a mocking-bird. In one corner was a small wooden box which originally held school crayons. This held his bed. Slightly open, it was also, on special occasions, his "automobile"; for Taney was quite a traveler.



TANEY.

He was extremely neat and orderly in the arrangement of his quarters. He was given daily a small dish of water, and one of milk, besides different kinds of nuts, kernels of fresh corn, berries, tiny morsels of cake, fruit, candy, or indeed of any delicacy which came to hand. He was very provident, and stored away under the paper floor of his cage all the titbits which he could not at once eat.

Being a nocturnal animal, he drowsed away the day if left alone, and spent his evenings all around the cage. Every evening I paid him a visit. He was always overjoyed at seeing me, and if I did not hasten to take him out would stretch toward me, between the wires, one of his little paws,—which in its palm looked just like a tiny pink hand,—opening and shutting it with much impatience.

When out of his cage he would quickly scamper up on my shoulder or head. He was more than contented to sit perfectly still and be gently stroked by the hand as long as I thus chose to fondle him. So, lacking but a very few weeks, ten happy years passed. Then came the sad day when, through old age and illness, I was obliged to part with my little companion.

The large number of letters received from our young folks regarding the flying-squirrel show that it is a favorite pet. We have room for only extracts from a few of these letters.

#### FLYING-SQUIRREL IS GOOD NATURED.

NORTH BROOKFIELD, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have had a flying-squirrel as a pet for several months, and he is very tame and gentle, never offering to bite, while his "cage-mate," a red squirrel, is quite vicious. I found a nest containing five flying-squirrels while out fishing one day, and succeeded in catching this one only. He was very young when I captured him, and lived on milk and apples for a long time. He has no fear of me, and never did have, for the first day I had him he would take a piece of apple from my hand. . . .

ROGER D. FRENCH.

#### FLYING-SQUIRRELS CAME DOWN THE CHIMNEY.

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The flying-squirrel soars rather than flies. He gives a leap into the air, and soars like a bird with its wings at rest. His tail, which is flat and quite broad, he seems to use as a rudder. Between his front and hind legs on each side of his body is a quantity of loose skin which spreads out when he flies and folds into his sides at other times. One flew from our window-sill to a tree thirty feet away, landing at a place on the tree a little higher than the window-sill. I live next to the woods, and often see flying-squirrels. The squirrels often come into our house. Once two little baby squirrels came down the chimney. . . . One went to sleep on a sofa just like a kitten, and the other one ran up my dress and over my shoulder, where he sat very calmly looking about him. At one time a flying-squirrel came into the house at night, and was put into a gentleman's pocket, where he slept for quite a time.

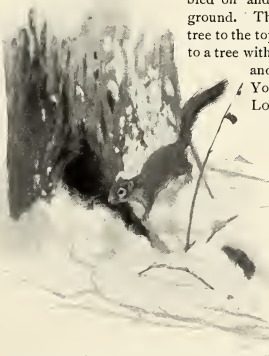
MILDRED G. JENKINSON (age 12).

#### WATCHING FLYING-SQUIRRELS IN THE WOODS.

ROBBINSDALE, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen many flying-squirrels and handled them. Their skin is stretched from hind foot to front one. They run up a tree, and sail from the top slantwise to the bottom of another tree, which they climb up and sail to another tree. They sometimes build their nest in the fork of a tree, but mostly in a hole in a tree. When scared they soar and land on a tree having a hole, and vanish as soon as they light. I found a nest of them this year. I was tramping through the woods, when I saw a nest in a tree. I climbed up, and from a hole in the side four little eyes peeked out. I put my hand in, and the squirrels ran out the other side and out on a dead limb. I shook it, and they tumbled off and fell to the ground. They ran up a tree to the top, and sailed to a tree with a hole in it and vanished.

Yours truly,  
LOUIS GILMAN  
(age 12).



"I 'M LIVELY, EVEN IF IT IS COLD."

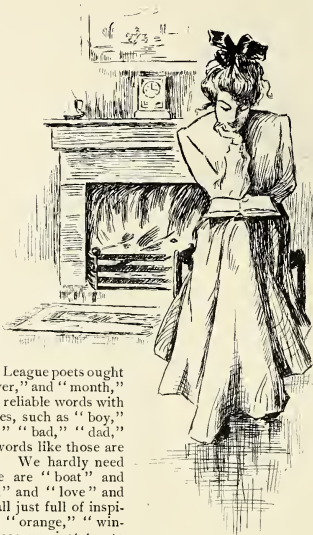
In coldest weather the burrow underground or a nest in a hollow tree is the best, after all. Here is solid comfort for a squirrel.



# THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

But four short weeks in  
which to win  
A badge of gold or silver!  
Dear me! I must at once  
begin  
My effort to—

WHY, let's see; just what is it I've got to do to rhyme with "silver"? What, no rhyme for "silver"? Not in all the words and words of the whole dictionary? Or for "orange," or "window," or "month"? What are such words for, anyway, not to have at least one good useful rhyme? They must have done something, to be singled out and kept to themselves like that. They hardly ever get a place of honor at the end of a line, and when they do, it's only a happen so, when any other word would do just as well. We League poets ought to ostracize such words as "silver," and "month," and "orange." Give us good reliable words with large families of related rhymes, such as "boy," "toy," "joy," and "annoy," "bad," "dad," "mad," and "sad." Why, words like those are almost a poem in themselves! We hardly need any lines at all. Then there are "boat" and "float" and "warbling note," and "love" and "dove" and "skies above," all just full of inspiration and possibilities. But "orange," "window," and "silver"! Suppose we just try to write a poem with rhymes for those, and see what happens. Not a long poem, of course; just two "FIRESIDE DAYS." BY MILDRED CURRAN SMITH, AGE 15. (CASH PRIZE.)



She ate a golden orange,  
All seated in the window;  
'T was served her in a porridge,  
Or by one who came from Hind,  
oh.

Oh, merry was that golden month  
The moon was made of silver.  
Says she, "I pray you go at wunth,  
Thith methage to deliver."

Now what kind of poetry is that, anyway? Better that she ate a "potato, served on a plate, oh," or that the moon was made of "green cheese, if you please," than to try to fit sense or even nonsense to such rhymes as those above. Why, it's as bad as when some of our Leaguers try to make "come" rhyme with "sun," or "lake" with "skate," which seems to be a great temptation about this time of year. There are plenty of good rhymes for all these words. You can "skate late, if your supper will wait," for instance, and the others are fully as well supplied with useful rhymes. But as for "orange," "month," "window," "silver," and all other such perverse and isolated parts of speech, the editor is willing to rule them once and for all out of the poet's "rhyming corner."

## PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 38.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**VERSE.** Cash prize, Doris Webb (age 17), 115 Montague St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gold badge, Alberta Cowgill (age 16), 301 Maple St., Reno, Nev.

Silver badges, Madge Falcon (age 17), Lapworth, Warwickshire, Eng., Eleanor Myers (age 12), 261 W. 42d St., N. Y., and Martha Catherine Gunn (age 8), 15 Central Park W., N. Y.

**PROSE.** Gold badges, Luther Dana Fernald (age 17), West New Brighton, N. Y., and Lucile Ramon Byrne (age 14), 11a N. H St., Irvington, N. Y.

Silver badges, Ruth Dodge (age 14), Orange City, Ia., and Winchester Donald Brunig (age 10), 149 W. 74th St., N. Y.

**DRAWING.** Cash prize, Mildred Curran Smith (age 15), 4 Washington Ave., Schenectady, N. Y.

Gold badges, Alice Josephine Goss (age 15), 925 Moss Ave., Peoria, Ill., and Roger K. Lane (age 11), 219 Summer St., Bristol, Conn.

Silver badges, Elisabeth B. Warren (age 16), 27 E. Crescent St., Augusta, Me., Emily Grace Hanks (age 16), 360 W. 113th St., N. Y., and Eddie L. Kastler (age 14), 1824 College Ave., Racine, Wis.

**PHOTOGRAPHY.** Cash prize, Eloise Gerry (age 17), 18 Clifford St., Roxbury, Mass.

Gold badge, James W. Young (age 16), 1390 Scott St., Covington, Ky.

Silver badges, Marguerite Benson (age 15), 29 W. 127th St., N. Y., and Will Darch (age 15), 411 W. Park St., Butte, Mont.

**WILD-ANIMAL AND BIRD PHOTOGRAPHY.** First prize, "Kingfisher," by Henry H. Hickman, Westchester, Pa. Second prize, "Porpoises," by John P. Phillips, St. Davids, Pa. Third prize, "Partridge Nest," by Amy Peabody, 120 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Gold badges, Donna J. Todd (age 14), Nottawa, Mich., and Wilmot S. Close (age 15), 253 W. 139th St., N. Y.

Silver badges, W. N. Coupland (age 15), 8 Thorncliffe Road, Clapham Park, London, S. W., England, and Simon Cohen (age 8), 1709 Linden Ave., Baltimore, Md.

**PUZZLE-ANSWERS.** Gold badge, Stella Weinstein (age 16), 115 Goliad St., San Antonio, Tex.

Silver badges, George T. Colman (age 14), 198 Franklin St., Buffalo, N. Y., and Helen Hopkins (age 13), 147 Hoyt St., Buffalo, N. Y.

## MY SWEETHEART'S VALENTINE.

BY DORIS WEBB (AGE 17). (*Cash Prize.*)

TENDERLY soft, the sunset glows  
Over the silent sea;  
That is a valentine, my pet—  
My valentine to thee;  
Baby mine, thy valentine  
I will read to thee.

Those are my thoughts, those purple clouds,  
Thoughts of my baby wee;  
Here are delicate, rosy clouds—  
They are my dreams of thee;  
Softly bright, with rosy light,  
Happy dreams of thee.

There is a lovely twinkling star,  
Bright as a star can be;  
Could n't you tell me what it is?  
That is a kiss for thee—  
Only one, but later on  
Scores will come for thee.

Thoughts of my dear and happy dreams,  
Yes, and a kiss—but see;  
Over above is tender blue—  
That is my love for thee:  
Far above, my boundless love,  
Boundless love for thee.

## A CLOSE CALL.

BY LUTHER DANA FERNALD (AGE 17).

*(Gold Badge.)*

FRED DANFORTH hurried home from school. He had stayed to get to-morrow's lessons, so as to have the whole evening free. The snow lay deep on the ground, but that he did not mind in the least; he was very glad of it.

There would be no bare patches on the long hill, and the snow would be packed hard by the sleighs and the feet of many boys, and the rising moon gave promise of some glorious moonlight slides.

The long hill, it may be said, was at once the joy and sorrow of the community—depending, of course, whether one was at the top or at the bottom.

About a quarter of a mile long, wide and steep, the only danger was the turn in the road where it crossed the railroad tracks.

So far, waiting when trains were due, and warning "toot-toots" from the trains themselves, had prevented any accidents.

After supper Fred brought out the "Meteor" from the cellar, looked at the slining runners, and, with a cheery "Good-by, mother," he was off.

When he reached the hill he found many boys and girls already there.

The hill was in fine condition, and the coasting was excellent. On his arrival, Fred learned that Jack Appleton, on his new sled, had gone from top to bottom in record time that afternoon.

Before, the Meteor had always held the record. Fred

determined to keep the Meteor. Two boys with the watches were found to time him, who placed themselves, one at the top and one at the bottom.

"All right," called Fred. "Time!"

And he was off.

Down he went, faster and faster.

In record slides one goes round the curve on one runner; but to Fred it seemed he hardly touched the ground at all.

But as he shot around he heard the "clank, clank" of train wheels on uneven rails.

To his horror, he saw a long freight slowly going by.

No use to try to stop, for greased lightning can't be stopped by two small toes.

No use to fling one's self off the sled, for one would roll under the wheels even then.

Fred shut his eyes and waited for the crash.

"Click, click," went his runners on the rails, and he opened his eyes, turned, and gazed in amazement.

Then slowly it dawned upon him: he had gone through between two cars, and miraculously escaped injury!

A moment later he was shouting "Time!" and telling of his escape.

To this day the record is still held by Fred. His experience, luckily, has never been duplicated.



"FIRESIDE DAYS." BY ALICE JOSEPHINE GOSS, AGE 15.  
(GOLD BADGE.)

## A CLOSE CALL.

BY LUCILE RAMON BYRNE (AGE 14).

*(Gold Badge.)*

LAST Sunday afternoon my brother Edward and I went for a trolley ride from Hastings to Yonkers. The country between these two places is particularly beautiful. On one side of the road are woods, country-seats and cottages, and from the other one can look down upon the lordly Hudson and the historic Palisades.

We were so absorbed in contemplating the beauties of nature upon every side that we did not notice until now that there was considerable excitement at the rear of the car. We could see no apparent reason for this. But just then a large black automobile coming at full speed rushed so close as to almost touch the car.

As we were nearing a steep down grade the automobile crossed the tracks directly in front of the car. The motorman called and warned the occupants not to do it again; but, paying no heed to him, they crossed so close that the car struck them. The concussion from this threw the car off the track.

So great was the momentum of its former speed that, although the brakes were on, it plunged down the incline. Women began to scream and children to cry; even brave men turned pale when they realized their danger. Swiftly the car sped on to what seemed a certain destruction, when it slackened and



"FIRESIDE DAYS." BY ROGER K. LANE, AGE 11. (GOLD BADGE.)

wavered, almost paused, and then fell over on its side with a crash.

When the excitement caused by this had slightly subsided, ourselves being unhurt, we found that very few were injured. The occupants of the automobile who had been the cause of the accident escaped without injury, although the machine was badly damaged.

We did not remain long on the scene of the disaster, but took the next train home, thankful that we, who had been so near death, had yet escaped.

## MY VALENTINE.

BY ALBERTA COWGILL (AGE 16).

*(Gold Badge.)*

One day I got a valentine,  
And, guessing who 't was from,  
I went to Cousin Ben and said,  
"Your valentine has come."

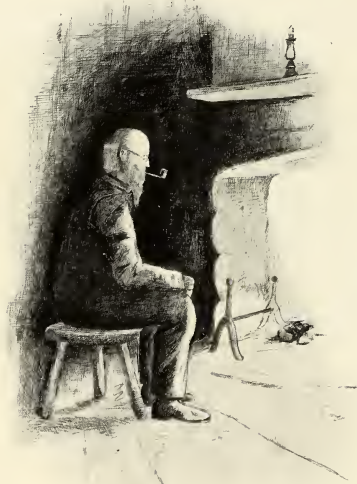
"My valentine! why, little girl,  
I have n't sent one yet;  
I guess it must be sister Kate's—  
I know she 'd not forget."

So then I went to Cousin Kate.  
"I've got your valentine;  
It's such a lovely one!" I cried.  
But Kate said, "'T is not mine."

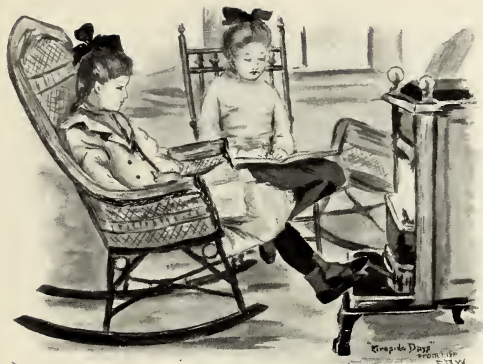
I showed it next to brother Jack,  
But "'Try again!" he cried;  
So then I took it to mama,  
Who to my quest replied:

"No, dear; I think 't was from papa;  
It looks like one he bought."  
Again that valentine I took,  
And for papa I sought.

"No, rosebud; think again," said he;  
"There's but one more to guess."  
And so I thought, and, sure enough,  
It was from Baby Bess!



"FIRESIDE DAYS." BY EDDIE L. KASTLER, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



"FIRESIDE DAYS." BY ELISABETH B. WARREN, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

#### A CLOSE CALL.

BY WINCHESTER DONALD BRUNIG (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge.)

It was on September 27 we were enjoying a beautiful day on the "Auguste Victoria," and were about in mid-ocean.

I was sitting in a steamer-chair with my brother, when suddenly a deck-steward with a white face rushed by, calling,

"Man overboard!"

In a moment every one was looking over the railing. The captain immediately turned the ship, which was going at the rate of four hundred and sixty knots a day, in a beautiful circle, so he could come near the place where the man had fallen. A life-boat was then lowered in which were eight sailors and the ship's doctor. Every one was greatly excited, as the man's head could be seen bobbing up and down among the waves.

The sailors rowed nearer and nearer to the man, until the doctor gave orders to put up the oars. Then a great shout arose as the man was drawn into the life-boat. The sailors then rowed swiftly back to the ship and were drawn up to the upper deck, where an immense crowd had gathered to see the poor man. We found out he was a stoker, who, having been crazed by the heat, not knowing what he was doing, had jumped into the ocean.

Had it not been such a lovely day and the sea so calm, the man could never have kept above the water. Great credit is due to Captain Kaempff, as it was the swift rescue of life in mid-ocean record.

The man was in the hospital four days before he could go back to his work. Do you not think he had a close call?



"FIRESIDE DAYS." BY EMILY GRACE HANKS, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

#### MOTHER NATURE'S VALENTINE.

BY AGNES CHURCHILL LACY  
(AGE 15).

DEAR Mother Nature, waking up  
From her long winter's sleep,  
Heard children's voices from afar,  
Borne on the breeze's sweep.

"To-morrow we will have such fun!"  
They laughed amid their play,  
"We'll all of us get valentines."  
The voices died away.

She drew her nut-brown mantle  
close.  
"The whole broad earth is mine  
From east to west; I too will go  
And seek a valentine."

She journeyed from the east to  
where  
The sunset heavens glow;  
But naught she saw save bare  
brown earth,  
Or silent wastes of snow.

Wearied at length, she paused to rest  
Beneath a leafless vine;  
And there beside a little brook  
She found her valentine.

Down in a sunny sheltered nook,  
Safe hidden from the cold,  
A little purple violet  
Had oped its eye of gold.





"AN AUTUMN SNAP-SHOT." BY ELOISE GERRY, AGE 17. (CASH PRIZE.)

### ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY MARTHA CATHERINE GUNN (AGE 8).

(*Silver Badge.*)

'T is February, 't is February;  
The snow is falling fast,  
And our daily postman  
Is at our door at last.

'T is February, 't is February;  
Come here, be quick, my dear.  
And all the pretty valentines —  
'T is time that they were here.

'T is February, 't is February;  
The snow is falling fast,  
And our daily postman  
Is at our door at last.

### A CLOSE CALL.

(*A True Story.*)

BY RUTH DODGE (AGE 14).

(*Silver Badge.*)

It was a bright summer afternoon, and my brother Harold had taken a small pail and gone to one of the neighbors to get some water. He was then only six years old, and a very chubby boy at that.

He hung his pail on the spout and began to pump, jumping up and down as hard as he could. Suddenly a board gave way, and down went Master Harold to the bottom of the well. There was a board sticking on one of the joints of the pump, and when he came up he somehow managed to get on it and sit there.

Several people had seen him fall, and one man began to tear up the rest of the boards, letting nearly all of them fall in the well. Much to his

surprise, he heard a voice saying, "Stop throwing boards on my head." Looking down, he saw Harold comfortably perched on a board. A rope was soon secured, and a man went down in the well and brought him up.

The first thing Harold said was, "You left my hat down there." Then, as he was being cleaned up, he asked: "Where 's my pail?" The only things he seemed to think about were his hat and pail.

After the well had been cleaned out he saw a little boy wearing his hat. He was so indignant he wanted to go and claim it, but he was not allowed to do so.

The result of the League chapter competition will be announced next month. Chapters have enjoyed their entertainments, and even those who do not win prizes will not regret their efforts.

### HIS VALENTINE.

BY ELEANOR MYERS (AGE 12).

(*Silver Badge.*)

A VALENTINE! a valentine! I wonder who it 's from!  
The postman left it here just now, and laughed to see me come.

I 'll go inside, so folks won't see, and then I 'll try to think.



"AN AUTUMN SNAP-SHOT." BY MARGUERITE BENSON, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

Oh, what a stunner! Look at  
 this — all gold and blue  
 and pink;  
 And bordered round with lover's  
 knots are words in letters gay:  
 "The one who loves you best  
 sends you this valentine to-day;  
 In all the wide, wide world  
 there 's not a lass who loves you more.  
 O heart, let Cupid break the  
 lock and open wide the door!"  
 Now how I wonder if 't was  
 Sue or Mary or Janette.  
 It might perhaps be one of  
 them, or Katherine; and yet —  
 Why, what a stupid thing I  
 am! It can't be any other!  
 The one who loves me best  
 of all in this wide world  
 is — mother.

A League member should never be without a badge. Lost badges will be replaced.

#### A VERY CLOSE CALL FOR A CERTAIN BOBBY.

BY EDITH M. AIRY (AGE 15).

THE big fat robin was twirling around on the small merry-go-round which was in the center of his large wire house. His cheery *chirp, chirp*, rang through the house, and his low, prolonged whistle would make you imagine that it was the cold wind whistling outside.

The cat lay under the stove, purring contentedly, as it seemed, and blinking his eyes in a very wise fashion.



"AN AUTUMN SNAP-SHOT." BY JAMES W. YOUNG, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

This was the way I left them when I went into the library to study. I had not been at my lessons very long before *biff! bish! bang!* reached my ears, followed by a terrible crash. I began to wonder if the gasoline stove in the cook-room had n't exploded, but thought that the safest way to do would be to go out and investigate the matter.

When I reached the kitchen, the sight that met my eyes was very sad indeed. There lay the robin's cage upon the floor upside down, beside it the stand upon which it stood, Bobby nowhere to be seen, and the cat racing out of the kitchen into the cook-room, and making its exit out of the back door. All that could be seen of it was the end of its tail as it made for the door in the rear of the house.

But where was my poor Bobby? Suppose that awful old cat of mine had him this very minute, chewing him up, while I was standing there contemplating on the subject!

I rushed out the back door, and ran around the yard, searching everywhere, then calling "Kitty, kitty, kitty!" at the top of my voice; but no kitty put in an appearance. I returned into the house with a heavy load upon my heart, muttering to myself, "Oh, Bobby, what shall I do without you, you dear old Bob!"

I had no sooner uttered these words when, lo and behold! I heard a faint *chirp, chirp*, and then that low, prolonged whistle, coming from somewhere near the ceiling of the dining-room. I immediately looked up, and, to my great delight, saw my own dear little Bob perched on a picture-frame, looking down and blinking at me sadly out of one eye.

It happened that, as the cat pulled the cage over, the spring door in the back flew open, and my wise little Bobby flew out and up on to the picture-frame in the dining-room, out of the way of the cat's sharp teeth.



"AN AUTUMN SNAP-SHOT." BY WILL DARCH, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)



"FIRESIDE DAYS." BY HAROLD HILL, AGE 12.

#### CUPID'S VALENTINE.

BY MARGUERITE M. HILLERY (AGE 15).

WHEN Cupid tipped an arrow with a shaft of love and light,

And sent it winging on its pathless way,  
He little guessed the heart that it would menace in its flight,

Or who would get that golden heart some day.

He did not stop to wonder when he put it in his bow,

He did not stop to wonder or design;  
And so it sped upon its way, but little did he know  
The heart he pierced was some one's valentine.

#### ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY ELIZABETH Q. BOLLES (AGE 16).

IN Rome a bishop once did dwell  
Whose name was Valentine;  
He was a good and loving man  
And now a saint divine.

Among the poor he did much good;  
He gave to them his all;  
And in him trusted and believed  
All people, great and small.

But one sad day the emperor's wrath  
On him did chance to fall;  
The bishop to the scaffold went,  
And said farewell to all.

A saint the bishop then became—  
His day is sacred still;  
For on that day the little birds  
Began to coo and bill.

And when the youths and maidens saw  
The birdlings bill and coo,  
They chose that very selfsame day  
To send sweet tokens too.

#### TO MY VALENTINE.

BY A. ELIZABETH GOLDBERG (AGE 10).

OF all the pretty girls I know,  
I 'd choose you to be mine;  
If you will have me for a beau,  
I 'll be your valentine.

When Cupid aimed his shaft at me,  
He knew that I would pine;  
For the fairest maid, they all agree,  
Is my small valentine.

So tell me if you will be mine;  
Oh, answer me—pray do!  
To you alone, my valentine,  
I always will be true.

#### A CLOSE CALL.

BY FLORENCE E. LAHEE (AGE 16).

ONE lovely day in August we took our books and spent the afternoon on the cliffs. As we were sitting there calmly reading, a lady opposite me, whom for convenience I shall call Mrs. Smith, suddenly jumped up and ran quickly past me. I looked round and saw her little three-year-old boy coming straight for the edge of the cliff. But as it appeared that his mother could easily reach him before he came to danger, I continued my reading. A short time after, Mrs. Smith came back, and this is what she told us had happened.

Thinking she would make a short cut, she went nearer to the edge of the cliff than the usual path led. As she walked along about three yards from the edge, suddenly the earth began to slip from under her feet. She grasped at a little pine-tree, but it came up by the



"AN AUTUMN SNAP-SHOT." BY FRANCIS EARLE, AGE 15.



roots. Down, down she went, nearer to the edge! She heard the sod splash into the breakers far beneath. Just as she was about to give up hope, she found a secure footing on a little ledge of rock not more than eight inches wide. Holding tightly to a firm point of rock, she slowly regained her breath. But now how was she to get back to the top of the cliff? With great care she managed to take off one shoe, and by holding it in her mouth, she was able to take off the other one. She did not dare look down, for she knew that if she did she would immediately lose her head and fall. And thus she slowly climbed up again. At last she was at the top. Faint and exhausted, she sank down on the grass.

Off in the distance her little boy was walking calmly along toward us, quite out of danger, and little knowing how nearly he had lost his mother.

When Mrs. Smith told her experience to the rest of the company, one of the gentlemen said that a short time before some one else had been caught in this sort of landslide, and had fallen over the cliff.

#### A VALENTINE OF THE LONG AGO.

BY MARCIA LOUISE WEBBER (AGE 17).

UP in the attic so gloomy and gray  
I found this message of love to-day,  
"Mid silks and laces and satins' sheen—  
A gift to some old-time belle, I ween.  
The paper is yellow with years that have sped;  
Its beauty and freshness long since have fled;  
But roses half blown and forget-me-nots blue  
Still waft through the ages a love that was true.  
Oh, old-time maid, were you dark or fair?  
Did midnight or sun tint the wealth of your hair?  
You were tall; in my mind I picture you so,  
And beautiful, too, in that long ago.  
Do you care if I read your valentine,  
And smile at each quaintly worded line?  
I will put it back in its old, old place,  
Safe hidden away from curious face,  
And there it shall stay, with its tender rhyme,  
"Mid the silks and brocades of the olden time.

#### A CLOSE CALL.

(A True Story.)

BY ELIZABETH M. COOPER (AGE 11).

I AM a little fox, and my name is "Jack." I was born in Skaneateles, New York.

I think my life has been a very hard one, especially for a fox.

How would you like to be put in a box when you



"FIRESIDE DAYS." BY EDGAR FEARCE, AGE 17.

were just a baby only three months old, with no one but a frightened sister to keep you company? I did n't like this journey to the city, and neither did my sister "Jill," I am very sure.

The next thing we heard was a lot of children crying, "The foxes, the foxes!"

Then we were put into a yard and kept there. There was no place to run in this yard.

All around us there was a chicken-yard which looked quite tempting. But we could not get out.

During the summer Jill died. Then I was in despair. I tried to burrow a hole in the ground underneath the chicken-wire, but the wire went down underneath the ground.

One day I worked, and finally worked my way below the wire and got out. But some men had seen me, and they chased me.

Soon they were joined by more men. Among them was my little master,

a man with a gun, a pair of hounds, and a crowd of people. There was then a very hot chase.

Finally I gave out, as you might expect of a fox so out of practice. The hounds caught me. The gun was just going to be shot at me, and I had given myself up for lost, when my little master called out, "Don't shoot him, don't! He's my fox. Please don't!" And he ran in front of the gun, the dogs, and the crowd of people, and he took me up in his arms and carried me to my yard.

Then I was safe.



"AN AUTUMN SNAP-SHOT." BY LOUISE PUTNAM, AGE 16.



## A MYSTERIOUS VALENTINE.

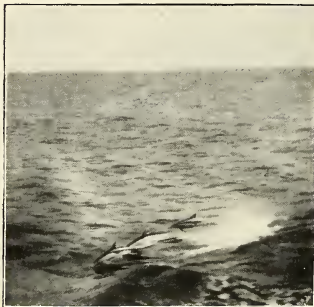
BY ADRIANA W. VAN HELDEN  
(AGE 13).

I GOT a valentine to-day;  
I don't quite understand.  
It's just addressed to "Little  
May,"  
In a funny sort of hand.

It's quite the prettiest I got,  
All bordered round with  
hearts,  
And near a big forget-me-not  
A Cupid with his darts.

All round the edge is paper lace,  
A beautiful design;  
And there the dearest little face  
Is done in colors fine.

Inside of it a single line  
Reads: "To my little love."  
And near by, perched upon a vine,  
There sits a turtle-dove.



"PORPOISES," BY JOHN P. PHILLIPS. (SECOND PRIZE,  
"WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

I had a lot of other things,  
And guessed them nearly all:  
Some candy hearts, two pretty  
rings,  
And cards both large and small.

I'll give it up. Hark! mama says,  
"Perhaps it's from your  
brother."

Ah, no! your telltale face betrays;  
I know! it is from mother.

## A CLOSE CALL.

BY FRED SCHOLLE (AGE 12).

ONE day, as I was coming home  
from school, my attention was  
attracted by the clanging of fire-  
bells. Glancing around, I saw a  
heavy hook-and-ladder truck com-  
ing toward me along a side street.



"KINGFISHER," BY HENRY H. HICKMAN. (FIRST PRIZE,  
"WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

Looking down the avenue on  
which I stood, I saw a cable-  
car coming at full speed.

A man across the street, see-  
ing that a collision was immi-  
nent, waved his hand at the  
rapidly approaching car as a  
signal to stop. The motorman,  
quickly comprehending the sit-  
uation, did his best to check  
the speed of the car. But even  
then it struck the hook-and-  
ladder truck with a fearful  
shock.

The heavy truck was thrown  
up into the air, and then came  
crashing down upon the cor-  
ner where I was standing. A  
heavy ladder hit me on my  
knee, and I lay on the pave-  
ment for what seemed to me  
about five minutes, but what  
was in reality not more than thirty seconds. Then  
some firemen lifted up the ladder and dragged me  
from under it.

Considering that the motorman, the driver of the  
hook-and-ladder truck, and two horses were killed, I  
think I had a very close call.

## A VALENTINE.

BY EDWINA L. POPE (AGE 17).

THERE 's a certain person somewhere  
Who 's as dear as dear can be—  
Makes me love her more than ever  
Every time she looks at me.

Great gray eyes, and shadowy tresses,  
Every tendril round my heart;  
All enmeshed and captured am I  
Through her magic, fairy art.

Have you seen the roses tremble  
With the passion of the wind?  
So her blushes! Poor old Cupid!  
Baby Love, they say, is blind.

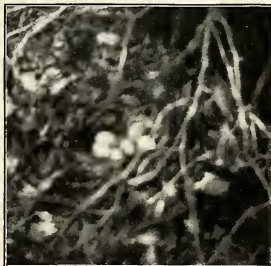
Surely you have seen her somewhere;  
I her valentine would be;  
And I write this just to tell her.  
Can't you guess? Oh, don't you see?  
Why,

It 's  
You!

## A CLOSE CALL.

BY HENRY HITCHCOCK (AGE 8).

ONE day it was raining, and  
the hired man came to take us  
home to dinner. There were  
four of us—Lois, Marion, Ethel,  
and myself. We were almost  
home when the king-bolt of the  
wagon broke. I was sitting on  
the hired man's lap, and the horse  
dragged us quite a ways, and my  
sister Marion hurt her nose.  
When I got home I had to change  
all my clothes. Don't you think  
it was a close call that no one  
was hurt?



"PARTRIDGE NEST," BY AMY PEARODY.  
(THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")



Helen Van Valkenburgh  
Marie Margaret Kirkwood  
Saude E. Kennedy  
Madge Smith  
Maud Dudley Shackelford  
Elizabeth Lee  
Edith Winslow  
Elizabeth McCormick  
Adele De Witt Clinton  
Dorothy Ochtman

## VERSE 2.

Marie Burnham  
Edward T. Hills  
James Carey Thomas  
Frances Benedict  
Harriette I. Baer  
Ruth Andrews  
Ruth Helen Brierley  
Francis Wolle  
Shirley Willis  
Anna Morris Coley  
A. Musgrave Hyde  
Anna Size Roane  
Helen E. Wagner  
Mary C. Nash  
Stella Lesser  
Laura Rood  
Katharine R. Welles  
Gerald Jackson Pyle  
Greta Björkstén

## PROSE 1.

Mary C. Scheinman  
Elsie Flower  
Frances F. White  
Edith M. Van Tine  
Milton E. Crouch  
Will L. Glen  
Earl Van Deman  
Sarah MacKnight  
Evelyn Olver Foster  
Arnold W. Lahee  
Louis D. Edwards  
Elizabeth Pierce  
Madeline E. Brewster  
W. Morgan Whittemore  
Flora Mills  
Constance Helen Parmely  
John A. Bailey  
Charles J. Heidelberger  
Florence Rust  
Emma D. Miller



"FIRESIDE DAYS." BY MARJORIE BETTS, AGE 13.

Wandee Cheek  
Arthur K. Hulme  
Eleanor Foster  
Marie Aline Soderer  
Philip W. Wolle  
Elsie Plant  
Mary E. Cromer

## PROSE 2.

Margaret Prall  
Mary P. Parsons  
Hilda Millet  
Ida B. Jelleme

Henry Goldman  
Minnie Jongewaard  
Alan Foley  
Lula Larrabee  
Meta Walther  
Edith Iva Worden  
Herbert Andrews  
Avis Ingalls  
Mildred Newman  
William S. Rogers  
Michael Heidelberger  
Margaret P. Ginter  
Margaret Sturges  
Mary Margaret Groff  
Cyrus McCormick  
Rona Bond  
Alfred P. Merryman  
Llewellyn Williams  
Louise E. Seymour  
Katharine J. Bailey  
Harry K. Cridler  
Susan S. Strong  
Mildred S. Huntington  
Ralph Crozier  
Ray Randall  
Marjorie G. Hamilton  
Margaret Robertson  
Inez D. Mason  
Geraldine Kreitzer  
E. Blake Robbins, Jr.  
Florence Zander  
Bessie Alter  
Ellenore Laidlaw  
Helen Hunter  
Mary Evans  
George Huntington Wil-  
liams, Jr.  
Alexander T. Ormond  
Julius Machat  
Martha S. Huntley  
Ruth Clement  
Remsen Wisner Holbert  
Sara Morgan  
Margaret Gordon  
Francis Marion Miller  
Adelaide Lucile Flagler  
Irwin C. Poley  
Marie Annen  
Mary Gattis Ellison  
Walter Savage  
Guy Holt  
Frances Renee Despard  
Helen Noyes  
Helen Hill

Martha Charles  
Helen Woolsey  
W. Benfield Pressey

## DRAWINGS 1.

Miles S. Gates  
Lois D. Wilcox  
Stacy H. Woods  
Delmar C. Cooke  
Phoebe Williamson  
Sidney Moise  
Edwin C. Trego  
Joseph W. McGurk  
Dan Malone  
Paul J. Woodward  
Cecil Edwards  
Ernest Patrick Doyle  
Edith G. Doggett  
Clarence B. Arnold  
Aimee Vervalen  
Charlotte Morton  
Margaret H. McCrum  
Susie May Fleming  
Marion C. Cobb  
Marjorie S. Collins  
Curtis Kinney  
A. H. Dornin  
Elizabeth A. Gest  
Frederick Yaffa  
Selma Swanstrom

## DRAWINGS 2.

Helen E. Jacoby  
I. D. Clapp  
Dorothy Robinson  
Ralph Lusk  
Kirley B. Lewis  
Edward Poppert  
Carl Gamertfelder  
Ethel Smith  
William Davis Gordon  
Mary Hazeline Fewsmith  
Samuel Davis Otis  
Marshie McKeon  
Freda M. Harrison  
Edna Phillips  
Jeannette Gillie  
Elizabeth Abbott  
Joy M. Alexander  
Joyce Mewburn  
Oto K. Treumann  
Frank Davis Halsey  
Elizabeth Flynn  
J. E. Fisher, Jr.

Roberta Colgate  
Margaret Josen Hans  
Maude Whitten  
Gilbert Lacher  
Isabel McQuaid  
Mildred Botsford  
Ailsen Hyland  
George C. Wakeman  
Willard C. Becker  
Mary Cutler

## PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Florence R. T. Smith  
Elizabeth B. Field  
Clifford Hampton Lawrence  
Maximilienne Deprez  
Dunton Hamlin  
Barton H. Kelly  
W. F. Harold Braun  
Marjorie Mullins  
Hugo K. Graf  
Annette L. Hoyt  
Winifred Booker  
Lilla A. Greene  
Alice May Gray  
Nelle McQuough  
Margaret Crosman Phillips  
Fred Dewey  
Stephen L. Mershon, Jr.

## PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

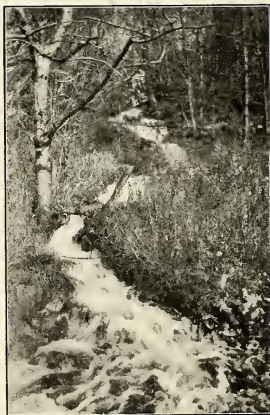
Camilla Allyn Moore  
Fannie H. Bickford  
Robert Bartley  
Charles S. Smith  
Marjorie C. Newell  
Sydney S. Morris  
Roger W. Taylor  
Sallie Sprague  
T. Samuel Parsons  
Cyril B. Andrews  
Mildred D. Woodbury  
J. Rose Troup  
Shirley B. Valentine  
Mildred Dodge  
William O. Jelleme  
Richard de Charms, Jr.  
Caroline C. Bailey  
Helen Smith  
H. Clayton Beaman, Jr.  
Christine Graham  
Allen Grant Brewer  
Genevieve Hunter  
Frederick Morgan Pile, Jr.  
Mary Russell Paul  
Norman Taylor  
Agnes C. Cochran  
William Minor Gaylord  
Will Maynard  
Burr Chapman  
Clermont L. Barnwell  
George T. Bague  
Metcalfe Simonsby  
Elizabeth T. Harned  
Arthur L. Stone

## PUZZLES 1.

Helen Seeligman  
Koscoe Adams  
Mary Blossom Bloss  
Vera A. Fueslein  
William Ellis Keyser  
Lilian M. Riley  
Virginia Worthington  
Eleanor Lovell  
Tyler H. Bliss  
Clarence T. Purdy

## PUZZLES 2.

Dorothea M. Dexter  
Ernest Angell  
Marguerite Hollowell  
Henry W. Kirby  
Helen Andersen  
Irving Babcock  
Violet Fakenham  
Anna Skinner  
Lawrence Rust Hills  
Willard P. Chandler, Jr.  
Elsie W. Dignan



"AN AUTUMN SNAP-SHOT." BY KENDALL MORSE, AGE 13.





"FIRESIDE DAYS."  
BY FLORENCE E. WILKINSON, AGE 13.

## LEAGUE NOTES.

J. P. Moore, Quaker Hill, Conn., would like the present address of William F. Moore, who has been traveling in the South. Samuel S. Berry (age 15), Redlands, Cal., would exchange stamps, curios, coins, and shells with anybody in the whole

"wide, wide world." Would also collect minerals. Frank Dolin, 4214 Morgan St., St. Louis, Mo., would exchange St. Louis postal cards for those of any city in the world; would also send World's Fair souvenir cards if preferred.

## LEAGUE LETTERS.

## ST. JOHNS, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Thank you ever so much for the badge. When you arrived I looked over the puzzle department, but overlooked mine. The other day, when the postman brought it, I, well, I fell down. In Detroit, a few days ago, while on a ferry-boat, I saw a large lake-boat coming at full speed, and the little mail rowboat put out from the launch and make fast to the lake-boat, and deliver and take the mail. I will have to say good-by.

With thanks, your interested reader,

OLIVER SPAULDING.

Other valuable letters have been received from Leslie Snow, Edward C. Day, Mabelle Seitz, Cordeur H. Smith, Mildred Bacon, Eileen Lawrence Smith, Bessie Stella Jones, Ruth Reed, Katie A. Lusk, M. Elaine Flinter, Margaret Burnham, M. Letitia Stockett, Yvonne Téguier, Edna Stevens, Karl F. Kroch, Fred M. Harrison, Margaret Conklin, Dora L. Nash, Mildred C. Jones, Christine Graham, William G. Whitford, Alice K. Bushnell, Teresa Cohen, Marjory Anne Harrison, Joseph A. Murphy, William W. Tenney, Mildred S. Huntington, Helen S. Chindell, Jessie S. Pound, Margaret Peck, W. J. B., Catherine Flint.

## NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 583. "Four-leaf Clover." Gladys Gaylord, President and Secretary; four members. Address, Deseronto, Ont., Can.

No. 584. "Newton Center Club." Harriet Gardiner, President; Wardle Wilkins, Secretary; five members. Address, 57 Marshall St., Newton Center, Mass.

No. 585. "The Socialists." Bertha Randall, President; Margaret Wildman, Secretary; five members. Address, Langhorne, Pa.

No. 586. Rosamond Hobart, President; Helen Hughes, Secretary; five members. Address, 785 West End Ave., New York City

No. 587. "The Brownies." Frank Mortley, President; Clarence Mortley, Secretary; four members. Address, 1 Irwin Ave., Toronto, Ont., Can.

No. 588. Henry Newmann, President; Sidney Israel, Secretary; thirty-seven members. Address, 268 W. 118th St., New York City.

No. 589. Elizabeth McDaniel, President; Bessie Lynch, Secretary; eight members. Address, 456 South St., Springfield, Mo.

No. 590. Annie McBirney, President; Isabella Holt, Secretary; three members. Address, 1931 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.

No. 591. "Jolly Eight." Kathleen Bugh, President; Lotta Young, Secretary; eight members. Address, Mattoon, Ill.

No. 592. "Case Chapter." Adelaide Case, President; Mary Case, Secretary; six members. Address, 347 W. 87th St., New York City.

No. 593. "A. E. I. O. U." Catherine Staff, President; Julia Ketting, Secretary; five members. Address, 2101 N. 9th St., Terre Haute, Ind.

No. 594. Louise Hill, President and Secretary; seven members. Address, Lexington, N. C.

No. 595. Sally Van Zile, President; Sarah Swift, Secretary; eight members. Address, 1 Wethersfield Ave., Hartford, Conn.

No. 596. "McKinley Memorial Chapter." Miss F. McKinley, President; Althea Rowland, Secretary; fifty-five members. Address, Aberdeen, Wash.

No. 597. Wandee Check, President; Margaret Weber, Secretary; five members. Address, 1265 Castro St., Oakland, Cal.

No. 598. "Al Baldwin Association." Alfred Baldwin, President; William Rouse, Secretary; twenty-three members. Address, 18 Newell St., Greenpoint, Brooklyn, N. Y.

No. 599. Edwin Sutton, President; Lillie Schmidt, Secretary; fourteen members. Address, Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.

No. 600. Mabel Wilson, President; Eva Hess, Secretary; nine members. Address, 335 Magnolia St., St. Paul, Minn.

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 41.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A SPECIAL CASH PRIZE. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded, instead of another gold badge.

Competition No. 41 will close February 20 (for foreign members February 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for May.

VERSE. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Title to contain the word "Meadow" or "Meadows."

PROSE. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author. Title to contain the word "Battle." May be humorous or serious.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Peace."

DRAWING. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Subject, "Animal Friends."

ANSWER. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird; taken in its natural home: First Prize, five dollars and League gold badge. Second Prize, three dollars and League gold badge. Third Prize, League gold badge.

## RULES.

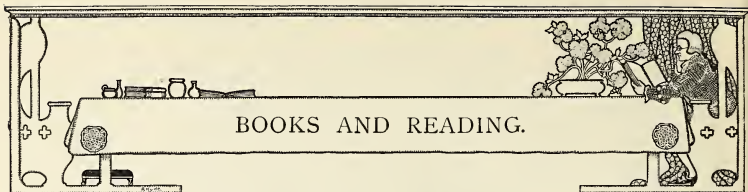
EVERY contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself — if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month — not one of each kind, but only one. Address all communications.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,  
Union Square, New York.



"THE END." BY MARJORY ANNE HARRISON, AGE 14.





## BOOKS AND READING.

**THE BOOK-PLATE CONTEST.** In the November number three subscriptions were offered for the best designs for a child's book-plate. Fifty very carefully drawn and creditable designs were received, and after repeated examination and consideration, the prizes were awarded to the following young artists:

### PRIZE-WINNERS.

(Each entitled to a one-year's subscription to ST. NICHOLAS.)

W. B. HUNTLY (17), East Newington Place, Edinburgh, Scotland.

CLARENCE TRITT (17), 1323 Winfield St., Los Angeles, Cal.

BETH HOWARD (15), Honolulu, H. I., U. S. A.

### SPECIAL HONORABLE MENTION.

Robert Foulke (15), St. Paul, Minn.

Maurice M. Osborne (16), Newton, Mass.

Fred Stearns (17), Chicago, Ill.

Ruth E. Crombie (14), Brooklyn, N. Y.

Maria N. Allen (5), Hartford, Conn.

Yseulte Parnell (16), London, England.

Henry Kieffer (12), Easton, Pa.

Vieva Marie Fisher (9), New York, N. Y.

### HONORABLE MENTION.

John L. Binda (16), Boston, Mass.

George E. Nerney (17), New York, N. Y.

Margaret J. Russell (14), Luray, Va.

Mabel Belt (14), Baltimore, Md.

Frances Hope Bachelier (13), Hockanum, Conn.

Florence Ewing Wilkinson (13), Kirkwood, Mo.

Hélène Nyce (17), Collingswood, N. J.

Evelyn Olver Foster (14), Edgeworth, Pa.

Margaret Yancey (14), Albany, Ga.

Pauline Croll (17), Boston, Mass.

Olive Carpenter (17), Omaha, Neb.

We thank our young designers for the good work they have put into their drawings.

**OUR FEBRUARY TOPIC.** In suggesting each month a subject for you to work upon, it is not the intention always to offer prizes for the best articles upon it. Prizes are pleasant to win, but the best prize in every contest is won by that competitor who secures the most improvement *in himself* from the work he has done — whether in any other way he is a



PRIZE DESIGN BY CLARENCE TRITT.

prize-winner or not. In a literary department such as this we hope that our readers find reading, like virtue, its own reward.

For February we shall offer a topic upon which they may expend any amount of work without losing their time.

John Ruskin was born in February. His recent death at an advanced age, after having devoted his long life unselfishly to the good of the race, should interest us all in his career.

For the best three brief accounts of John

Ruskin's life, in three hundred words or less, three subscriptions to ST. NICHOLAS will be awarded. Manuscripts must be by authors under eighteen, must be received by February 15, and must be indorsed as original in the usual way.

Address "Books and Reading," ST. NICHOLAS, Union Square, New York City. And, a word of advice: do not use much space in giving names of his books.

A QUOTATION IN an article by the FROM PETRARCH. Rev. J. L. Fradenburgh are quoted these sentences from Petrarch. So many of the quotations about the love of books have become hackneyed that it is a pleasure to give currency to a new and excellent one such as this:

I have friends whose society is extremely agreeable to me; they are of all ages and of every country. They have distinguished themselves both in the cabinet and in the field, and obtained high honors for their knowledge of the sciences. It is easy to gain access to them, for they are always at my service, and I admit them to my company and dismiss them from it whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I ask them.

Some relate to me the events of past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of nature. Some teach me how to live and others how to die. Some, by their vivacity, drive away my cares and exhilarate my spirits, while others give fortitude to my mind and teach me the important lesson how to restrain my desires and depend wholly on



PRIZE DESIGN BY W. B. HUNTLY.

myself. They open to me, in short, the various avenues of all the arts and sciences, and upon their information I safely rely in all emergencies. In return for all these services they only ask me to accommodate them with a convenient chamber in some corner of my humble habitation, where they may repose in peace; for these friends are more delightful with the tranquillity of retirement than with the tumults of society.

A VERY POPULAR BOOK. WE all know that many modern novels sell enormously, but here is a book—a spelling-book—that makes their sales seem small:

In the thirty-five years' time (1855-'90) during which it was published by the Appletons, 31,155,000 copies were sold. One large press was kept constantly at work on this book year in and year out. In 1855, 1,093,500 copies were sold, and in each of the next two years this quantity was exceeded by a few thousands. In 1858 it dropped below a million, but the next year went above it

again. In 1860 it began a downward course, only 938,000 copies being disposed of; in 1861 the number dropped to 706,000, and in the dark days of 1862 low-water mark was reached, only 368,000 being sold. Of course the war was responsible for this tremendous falling off. . . . In 1866 the sales took a sudden jump to 1,596,000 copies, the greatest number sold in any one year.

The above extract is taken from a booklet published by the Appleton Co.

NATURE-STUDY BOOKS. A CLASS of books that is now growing more rapidly than any other is the nature-study class. Some of them are devoted only to the life of plants and animals, while others are in the form of stories in which the outdoor part is not the main interest. We should be very glad to receive lists of such books. A classified list of books devoted to flowers, to trees, to animals in general, to birds, to insects, would be very useful to our young naturalist-readers. Now that there are so many libraries that conduct departments for young readers, there must be also many librarians who might send us classified lists. The Nature and Science Department in ST. NICHOLAS is a proof that there are thousands of young readers who would be glad to be directed in such reading.



PRIZE DESIGN BY BETH HOWARD.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

MOUNT HOLLY, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take you, and I like you very much. I can hardly wait until the next month comes around again, I want to read you so badly.

But I do not wish the months to slip by too fast, for vacation is so pleasant and school begins only too soon.

Although I live in a small town, it is rather pretty here, and some places are historic.

Mount Holly is on the Rancocas Creek, and some of the banks along this stream are very high and steep, and cannon-balls and arrowheads have been found in them.

It is a very pretty and very winding stream, and in the fall of the year, when the leaves are turned red and yellow and are reflected in the water, it is most beautiful.

There is an old Quaker meeting-house here which the British soldiers, in the time of the Revolutionary War, occupied. The marks of their axes are still visible on the benches where they chopped their beef.

Last summer a whole lot of my friends and I went down to Seaside Park to spend the day. We took our bathing-suits and lunches, and had a glorious time.

Cordially your devoted reader,

EDITH LOUISE HULME (age 12).

P.S. About a square and one half from my home is a little house where Stephen Girard used to live. When he died he gave his money to build an institute in Philadelphia, which is called Girard College. There is a legend that he did not want this college to be built in Mount Holly because the boys used to throw stones at his dog, and he did not like it.

ATHENS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I hope my letter will have as good a reception as my sister Paulemnia's, which you printed three years ago, much to our delight; she received so many answers that she could not reply to all.

The ruins of Athens command some beautiful views. I think many of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS would be delighted to mount the steps which St. Paul ascended when he preached to the Athenians from Mars Hill. From this summit one commands a magnificent view of Piræus and the bays of Salamis and Phaleron.

I am sure that tourists visiting the Temple of Jupiter must lament over the magnificent ruins of the Corinthian columns; and yet, on second thoughts, how wonderful it seems that this temple dedicated to Jupiter — the king of gods — so many years before Christ should still have some columns remaining in a good state of preservation, which look gigantic in their statelyness under our clear blue sky. On going to the Acropolis, there is the Theater of Dionysus, in which, upon entering, one beholds some wonderful specimens of our ancient architecture.

I am proud to say that my father owns part of the Plain of Marathon, on which was fought that famous battle. Last time my father went there, he took two of my sisters and my eldest brother with him, and they brought back with them a spray of blossom from the tree growing by the monument erected in memory of the brave men who gave their lives on one of the most noted fields of battle recorded in Greek history. We take a great many magazines, but of them all I think I like you best.

I am making a post-card collection, but I have not very many as yet, and none at all of America.

We have taken you for many years now, and I still remain Your faithful reader,

NINA P. SKOUSÈS (age 13).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little American, but we live in Europe most of the time. The winter of 1900-1901 we spent in America. We left in that February for Boulogne-sur-Mer on a Dutch steamer which was going to Holland; but as the weather was very stormy the captain would not let any one get off at Boulogne, so we had to go on to Holland. We landed at Rotterdam, where most of the streets are canals, and it rained all the time. We saw a funny little wedding at the church, and Paul Potter's picture of "The Bull" in one of the picture-galleries. Then we went to The Hague, where we stayed a few days. Then we went to Amsterdam. It was very gay; everything had flags because the Dutch Queen was coming, and it was the first time after her marriage. There we saw Rembrandt's "Night Watch." We then went to Delft, then to Bruxelles, and then to Antwerp, where we saw Rubens's "Descent from the Cross" in the cathedral, and from there to Paris. Then we went to a little town called Sens-sur-Yonne, where there is one of the finest cathedrals in France; and for the summer we went to a little place called Petites Dalles, a fishing-village off the Normandy coast. We spent the winter in Paris, and I went to school every day. I also went to the Grand Opera to see "Faust." Then we came to London. I have taken your magazine for six years and enjoy you very much.

I remain your loving reader,

GABRIELLE ADELAÏDE MCLELLAN (age 11).

P.S. I do not write very well in English, as I have only been writing in French of late.

MANSFIELD, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just finished reading your interesting magazine. I will graduate next year. I will be seventeen next March. I have a kodak and I have taken many pictures of the beautiful scenery around here. My room-mate takes the ST. NICHOLAS, and we are always glad when it comes. I have a violin which I am very fond of. I expect to go to the conservatory in St. Louis the year after I finish school. I have used the personal pronoun a great deal, but it seems as if it is impossible to avoid it. Last Sunday we went walking up to a negro church and heard them preach. They start the sermon about eleven o'clock in the morning and never stop until dark; when one preacher gets tired another gets up to take his place. They sing very loud, and also sing the same thing over. Well, I must close.

Very truly yours,

GERTRUDE ALEXANDER.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I got ST. NICHOLAS last January, but the little I have taken it I do not feel as though I could get along without it. I like your stories very much, especially the long continued ones, Nature and Science, and the League.

As many children write about their pets, I will tell about mine. I have a canary singer that one of my friends brought on a transport from Japan about seven months ago. Then I have a large gray cat. She has four kittens. Every morning they have a frolic out in the yard. Once the old cat sneaked into the house, and was leaning over the bird-cage just as I saw her. I ran in and grabbed her, and whipped her so that she never went to the bird again. I have also two guinea-pigs. They are black, tan, and white. They eat vegetables, apples, weeds, uncooked mush, and drink water and milk. They run about the yard all day. I am your friend and constant reader,

WILLARD MORTON.



### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

NOVEL CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Longfellow. 1. B-all-et. 2. S-ton-es. 3. C-ant-er. 4. S-age-ly. 5. R-af-er. 6. F-eel-er. 7. M-ell-ow. 8. W-ill-ow. 9. S-cot-ich. 10. M-ow-ers.

RHYMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. May-or.  
DOUBLY DIAGONAL. Oysters, skating. 1. Serious. 2. Skylark. 3. Slavery. 4. Scatter. 5. Session. 6. Cyclone. 7. Opening.

NOVEL TRANPOSITIONS. Emancipation Proclamation. 1. Sweat, wants. 2. Timid, idiot. 3. Plato, pilot. 4. Owner, tower. 5. Races, arars. 6. Poise, poems. 7. Types, yeast. 8. Adage, glade. 9. Alter, clear. 10. Slice, close. 11. Stone, stern. 12. Dense, speed.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Joe Carlada -- Daniel Milton Miller -- M. McG. -- Edgar M. Whitlock -- "Chuck" -- "Allil and Adi" -- "Johnny Bear" -- Stella Weinstein -- George T. Colman -- Edward McKey Very -- M. Wilkie Gilholm.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from M. Nathan, 1 -- M. G. Collins, 1 -- Corinne W. Huling, 3 -- R. Channing, 1 -- M. Lee, 1 -- E. C. Taylor, 1 -- E. L. Stone, 1 -- D. Hungerford, 1 -- A. Brush, 1 -- C. Schumann, 1 -- Y. Clarkson, 1 -- A. Hansen, 1 -- H. Chapin, 1 -- M. L. Harrington, 1 -- D. Fisk, 1 -- J. MacLaren, 1 -- No name, Stafford, N. Y., 1 -- C. Campbell, 1 -- R. McLaughlin, 1 -- F. F. Van de Water, Jr., 1 -- M. Wall, 1 -- C. M. Howe, Jr., 1 -- G. Huntington, 1 -- M. Thayer, 1 -- J. Sherman, 1 -- E. Youngs, 1 -- E. C. Fueslein, 1 -- B. C. Luce and M. J. McCall, 4 -- F. Miller, 1 -- W. Morton, 1 -- M. L. Raymond, 1 -- A. L. Wilson, 1 -- W. B. Hervey, 1 -- J. R. Reed, 1 -- E. Whittemore, 1 -- H. E. Atwood, 1 -- D. De Bevoise, 1 -- B. Hibben, 1 -- T. E. Crawford, 1 -- R. M. Cary, 1 -- N. M. Wait, 1 -- W. Sommers, 1 -- E. Thomas, 1 -- M. Davis, 1 -- K. H. Toadvin, 1 -- Norman Holmes, 4 -- E. Reinhart, 1 -- L. R. Paul, 1 -- J. Fahs, 1 -- Geraldine, 1 -- M. M. Burnham, 1 -- J. V. Harvey, 1 -- J. Roessler, 1 -- M. C. Nelson, 1 -- E. Derby, 1 -- Lewis and Elizabeth Dodd, 2 -- M. Hathaway, 1 -- Marguerite Beale, 4 -- M. T. Nickerson, 1 -- F. S. Dohrman, 1 -- L. Sampter, 1 -- C. G. Potter, 1 -- C. Cook, 1 -- Oswald Reich, 5 -- Mason B. Starring, 8 -- E. A. Owen, 1 -- H. B. Beaumont, 1 -- R. Carter, 1 -- Alfreda Peele, 3 -- B. M. Louz, 1 -- R. Draper, 1 -- M. Moody, 1 -- A. Drummond, 1 -- A. Struck, 1 -- S. M. Anderson, 1 -- F. Baker, 1 -- P. Ferley, 1 -- R. Preston, 1 -- M. E. Winslow, 1 -- Louise Hill, 2 -- Amelia S. Ferguson, 7 -- L. M. Dyckinson, 1 -- C. Merkel, 1 -- Laura M. Bulkeley, 7 -- R. M. Hoyman, 1 -- Blanch Dencl, 2 -- T. Dollard, 1 -- T. Baker, 1 -- Bessie Sweet Gallup, 6 -- I. G. Farnham, 1 -- Runsey Hall, 8 -- Ernest Angell, 5 -- L. M. Fletcher, 1 -- D. L. Smith, 1 -- Jacob Robbier and Gracie Craven, 6 -- R. Turner, 1 -- Marguerite Owings, 2 -- L. M. and F. R. Mead, 6 -- Ruth S. Draper, 2 -- C. W. Kessel, 1 -- P. Heinel, 1 -- C. Lederer, 1 -- E. Traitel, 1 -- Helen Hopkins, 7 -- C. Conklin, 1 -- G. Mackenzie, 1 -- E. L. Phelps, 1.

### DIAGONAL.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell a pretty missive.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The same as the diagonal. 2. A devotee of Bacchus. 3. Belonging to allegory. 4. To relieve. 5. According to canons. 6. Benefit. 7. A song of praise to God. 8. Relating to an appeal. 9. To make thin or slender. SIMON COHEN (age 8).

### TRANPOSITIONS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EXAMPLE: Doubly curtail a piece of cultivated ground, rearrange or transpose the remaining letters, and make to pull. Answer: gard-en, gard, drag.

1. Doubly curtail part of a bureau, transpose the remaining letters, and make a division in a hospital. 2. Doubly curtail commerce, transpose the remaining letters, and make skill. 3. Doubly curtail harmony of sound, transpose the remaining letters, and make an amount. 4. Doubly curtail a title given to foreigners of rank in India, transpose the remaining letters, and make a common little verb. 5. Doubly curtail a cutting implement, transpose the remaining letters, and make a black fluid. 6. Doubly curtail income, transpose the

CHARADE. Insinuate, in-sin-you-ate.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Star. 2. Tome. 3. Amen. 4. Rent.

MISSING LETTERS. Franklin. 1. De-f-er. 2. Fa-r-ce. 3. Gr-a-in. 4. Mu-n-ch. 5. Di-k-es. 6. So-l-ar. 7. Chi-e-f. 8. Mi-n-cc.

SYNCOFATIONS. 1. 1. Ba-i-rn. 2. Chi-e-f. 3. De-i-fy. 4. Ho-i-st. 5. La-i-rd. 6. Ma-l-ze. 7. No-i-se. 8. Pa-nt. 9. Wa-i-ve. 10. Mo-tn. 2. Po-und. 3. Ga-u-ge. 4. Ro-u-se. 5. Cou-pé. 6. Bo-tn. 7. Ga-u-ze. 8. Mo-u-th. 9. Ro-u-te.

A CONCEALED POET. Emerson. 1. Ecls. 2. Emma. 3. Secl. 4. Spar. 5. Ease. 6. Tone. 7. Nose.

remaining letters, and make at no time. 7. Doubly curtail the hours of darkness, transpose the remaining letters, and make a machine for separating the seeds from cotton. 8. Doubly curtail separated, transpose the remaining letters, and make a snare. 9. Doubly curtail to countermand, transpose the remaining letters, and make above. 10. Doubly curtail a sudden fright, transpose the remaining letters, and make a short sleep.

The initial letters of the new words formed will spell the name of a famous man whose birthday comes in February. WILMOT S. CLOSE.

### REVERSIBLE PUZZLE.

EXAMPLE: Reverse a wanderer and make a noted man. Answer: nomad, Damon.

1. Reverse the stems of certain grains, and make small excrescences. 2. Reverse places beloved by trout, and make a kind of boat. 3. Reverse halts, and make places. 4. Reverse a province of India, and make a son of Ishmael. 5. Reverse glossy, and make parts of vessels. 6. Reverse a carousal, and make a mechanical power. 7. Reverse skins, and make a state of oblivion. 8. Reverse a general who figured at Marengo, and make a place associated with witchcraft. 9. Reverse something formerly used by physicians, and make short, informal letters.

When these are rightly guessed, the central letters, before and after reversing, will spell the name of a famous man. "NAUM-KE-AG QUARTETTE."





**MUSICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.**

I AM composed of eighty-eight letters and am a quotation from a poem by Celia Thaxter.

My 64-37-13-32-48-16 was a famous composer of oratorios. My 56-23-51-71-33-5 showed a knowledge of music when only three years old; my 80-3-2-14-59-84-68-88 was his first name. My 66-18-82-73-64-8-45-11-21 was "the master of masters." My 49-67-28-42-69-16-24-65-57-64-47 wrote "Elijah." My 24-77-64-12-66-60-78-39 has been called "the Burns of music." My 2-86-65-51-54 was a very famous pianist. My 80-30-22-41-82-26 composed a series of famous operas; my 16-79-64-69-38-88-19-20-58 is one of his operas. My 4-53-40-31-51 61-66-17 was a favorite German song-writer. My 76-25-75-15-35-9-7-55-62-36 was the best of violin-makers. My 64-52-6-43-81 was "the father of the symphony." My 29-2-12-72-85 was the singing-master of Marie Antoinette. My 7-50-87-66-12-16-74-80 was a famous pianist who died at Cairo less than ten years ago. My 45-18-78-83-46 was a celebrated Italian composer. My 59-1-12-13-27-35 was the famous French composer who wrote the opera of 70-34-12-76-63. My 68-23-33-32-44-10-71 has sung, with success, the principal woman's part in this opera. ELSIE LOCKE.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An ecclesiastical rule. 2. A band of singers. 3. The foundation of an atoll. 4. A seat. 5. Summons. 6. A social class. 7. A beast of burden. 8. A small and secret association. 9. An animal valued for its fur. Designed by

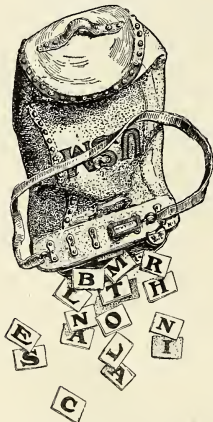
HANNAH T. THOMPSON  
(Winner of a silver badge).

**HIDDEN TREES.**

EXAMPLE: Find a tree in a low, hoarse voice. Answer: cr-oak. The tree is not always at the end of a word; it may be at the beginning or in the middle of a word.

1. Find a tree mentioned in the Bible in to mar. 2. Find a graceful tree, common in the Eastern States, in overpowered. 3. Find a tropical tree in the science of reading the hand. 4. Find a tree which furnishes tough, elastic wood in a beating. 5. Find a coniferous tree in to murmur. 6. Find a fruit-tree which has very beautiful blossoms in the spring in accused. 7. Find a tree which bears a small, sour fruit, similar to a lemon, in exalted. 8. Find a common fruit-tree in aspect. 9. Find a beautiful coniferous tree in to declare solemnly. SAMUEL WOHLGEMUTH (League Member).

**MAIL-BAG PUZZLE.**



ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning at the upper left-hand letter) will spell a time when all watch for the postman. All of the words may be formed from the letters tumbling out of the mail-bag.

**DIAGONAL ZIGZAG.**

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
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.	.	.	.	.	.	14	15	.	.
.	.	.	.	.	.	.	16	17	.
.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	18	.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A flower mentioned in "Aux Italiens." 2. Largeness of dimensions. 3. A merrymaking. 4. A collection of shrubs. 5. Coarseness. 6. Journeying. 7. Fleets of small vessels. 8. Unnecessary trimmings. 9. The body of persons employed in some public service. 10. Sarcastic.

From 1 to 18, a famous American poet, essayist, scholar, and diplomatist whose birthday comes in February. DONNA J. TODD.

**NOVEL DOUBLE 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, one of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell a poet's name; another row, reading upward, will spell the name of one of his poems.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To change. 2. A projection. 3. A great peninsula in the south of Asia. 4. Nimble. 5. Frequently. 6. A shelf of rocks. 7. A celebrated Roman naturalist. 8. The god of the Mohammedans. 9. To explain. 10. A river of Scotland.

W. N. COUPLAND.

SOROSIS  
SHOES

## For Young Girls

THE Chinese idea of making a woman's foot beautiful is to crush it into a tiny hoof. That excruciating torture is involved is not considered.

Our idea, until recently, was not so different as to be worth many words. Our grandmothers wore paper-soled absurdities that seemed to them fairylike, to us idiotic.

Young girls to-day, being more sensible, wear shoes that fit snugly where the foot needs support and protection but are flexible and easy where the play of bones and muscles, the growth of the foot, require freedom.

The "Sorosis" shoe for Misses provides a shoe made upon these principles—snug, easy, stylish, and of the best quality. It costs \$3.00, a reasonable price for a good shoe.

Cheaper shoes are mere catchpenny devices—leather traps for the unwary. Keep your feet out of them.

## ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE.

THERE have been so many stamps issued with pictures upon them of the various animals found in different countries that collectors can learn not a little about zoölogy by examining them. The intention of the governments issuing the stamps is to reveal as fully as possible the natural characteristics of their country, hence a selection is made in many cases of animals which are peculiar to those countries. For example, they have the emu and the kangaroo on the Australian stamps, the llama on the stamps of Peru, the hippopotamus and the giraffe on issues from African countries; indeed, quite a collection can now be made of stamps which have upon them as the figures in their designs either plants or animals which are peculiar to the countries issuing them.

### A NEW DUTCH EAST INDIAN ISSUE.

A NEW issue has been made for the Dutch East Indies. The central design consists of the head of the Queen of the Netherlands. The picture is one of the best that has been made of her, and represents her as somewhat younger than the design last in use. The general appearance of the stamp is, however, not so pleasing as that of the previous issue, the workmanship being coarse. The stamps are each in one color and bear no surcharge. The values are ten, twelve



DUTCH EAST INDIA  
STAMP.

and one half, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, and fifty cents. These will probably be followed by larger stamps for the higher values.

### THE NEW UNITED STATES SERIES.

THE first stamps issued of the new series for the United States show that the set will probably be a very fine one. The design is excellent and the workmanship is of superior quality. The thirteen-cent bearing the portrait of Benjamin Harrison, and the eight-cent, with that of Martha Washington, are the first denominations to appear. This new issue is likely to cause an increase in the number of collectors of United States stamps, and arouse a renewed interest among all collectors. It is comparatively easy to get possession of stamps of our own country. All values may be secured in used condition. It is customary in many places to use considerable ink in canceling them. Many of the older issues are apt also to come very poorly centered, and in some instances the paper is so brittle that specimens are usually found torn. Thus, in spite of the great number of United States stamps, it is difficult to get good specimens of many of them. It is for this reason that the catalogue prices have been advanced from year to year, so that the values are now high for

some varieties. Young collectors here in this country however, do not find much difficulty in getting hold of the stamps either by exchanges or in the way of gifts. It is well to make as complete a collection as possible of the stamps of one's own country, and if particular pains are taken to secure good specimens, the stamps of the United States make a very fine showing.

### STAMPS OF LARGE SIZE.

LARGE stamps have always been popular with young collectors. It is for this reason that there has been so much collecting of United States revenue stamps. The sizes range from that of the two-cent bank check, measuring about the same as an ordinary postage-stamp, to that of the two-dollar stamps of the war issue of 1861-65, which are about five times as large. There are also the large varieties seldom seen, such as the five-dollar proprietary and the five-hundred-dollar revenue stamps, which measure about two by four inches. The fine engraving covering the stamps of these old issues makes them peculiarly attractive, and it is not to be wondered at that young collectors like to fill the spaces in their albums with them. They are not likely, with the exception of the stamps of which few are issued, to increase in rarity much, since old documents are being continually destroyed, and revenue stamps taken from them come into the market. Fine specimens, however, of these will always be desirable.

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

IT has been reported that the British colonial stamps of Northern and Southern Nigeria, Gold Coast, and Sierra Leone, bearing Queen Victoria's head, have all been destroyed. It is not probable that this report is true, since stamps with the King's head have not been issued for all of these countries, and consequently those bearing the Queen's head are likely to be required and will remain in use until the new issue is made. The letters in the corners of the stamps of Great Britain used in the older issues were intended to indicate the position of each stamp upon the plate and to prevent forgery, since it would not be possible to make any large quantity of stamps bearing the same letters without occasioning suspicion. They bear no relation to the directions given for placing stamps in albums.—It is not known how many will be made of the varieties of the new Portuguese surcharges on the colonial issues. The necessity for the making of many surcharges is not apparent.—Spain has been reduced to two stamp-issuing colonies, Fernando Po and Spanish Guinea. The last issue was of the same denominations for each of these colonies. The colors differ slightly.—The lately surcharged Cuban stamp is not likely to be rare, as the issue was two hundred thousand.

## CATALOGUE AND NEW ALBUMS

for Nineteenth Century and Twentieth Century stamps.

Send for new circular of prices, etc.

Would you like to try our Approval Sheets at 50% discount?

**Scott Stamp & Coin Co.,** 18 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

**NEW ISSUE** of Canada will soon be out. Buy these now. 7 var. Maple Leaf, 15c; 8 var. M. L. Comp., 28c; 9 var. 2 fig., 18c; 15 var. Revenues, 12c; 30 var. Canada, 15c; entire env. used 1860, 5c. red, \$1.00. List Free.  
**THE BRITISH COLONIAL STAMP CO.,**  
217-218 Temple Building, London, Canada.

**FREE!** A stamp worth 12c. given to all new applicants for approval sheets. Reference must accompany application, or a note from parent giving consent.

**WILLIAM F. PRICE, Arnold Ave., NEWPORT, R. I.**

**300** foreign stamps, 10c; 104 varieties, Bulgaria, Malta, &c., 10c; 200 varieties, 25c; 300 varieties, 50c; 500 varieties, \$1.25; 1000 varieties, \$4.00; 40 varieties, U. S., 10c. 32-page list free.  
Sheets of stamps on approval at 50% discount.  
**D. CROWELL STAMP CO.,** 143 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.

**500** STAMPS finely mixed, only 10c. 50 all diff., 5c. 100 diff. Corea, Mexico, etc., 10c. 1000 hinges, (union), 10c. 40 diff. U. S. and Canada, 10c. Agts. wanted, 50%. LIST FREE. Old stamps bought. Union Stamp Co., Dept. D, St. Louis, Mo.



**STAMPS.** 100 all different Peru, Cuba, Bolivia, Mexico, Argentine, Brazil, Costa Rica, Turkey, Persia, Tunis, etc., and ALBUM, ONLY 10c. 1000 fine mixed, 20c. 1000 hinges, 10c. 60 different U. S., 25c. Agents wanted, 50%. 1003 List FREE.  
**C. D. STEGMAN,** 3947 Cote Brillante av., St. Louis, Mo.

**152 DIFFERENT** foreign stamps, Servia, etc., 10c. 1000 mixed, 25c. Finest approval sheets, 50% com. Largest list of albums, packets, cheap stamps, etc., free. **NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO.,** 27 BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON, MASS.

**200** var. genuine China, Servia, etc., only 15c. **1000** Foreign, 20c. Finest sheets 50%. Big catalog free.  
**SAMUEL P. HUGHES, Omaha, Neb.**

**FREE,** 10 var. Japanese to all who apply for sheets at 50% com. **W. T. Mckay, 673 Broad St., Newark, N. J.**

**HOLLAND.** The 1/2, 1, 2, 2 1/2, 3, 5, 10, 12 1/2, 20, and 25c. 1890 issue for 8 cts. Agents wanted. **Geo. M. Fisk, 2015 Vermont Ave., Toledo, O.**

**FREE!** A set of beautiful U. S. stamps, face value **\$6.00**, for address of collector and return postage. Finest sheets 50% com. Agents wanted. **KOLONA STAMP CO., Dept. N, Dayton, Ohio.**

**Stamps Free** 100, all different, for the names of two Collectors and 25 postage. We offer 11 Japan, 1900, 10c; 11 Germany, 1900, 25c; 5 1901 Revs., \$1.00 to \$5.00; only 15c; 3 1902 Revs., Green and Black, \$1.00 to \$5.00; only 25c; \$10.00, only 75c. Agents wanted, 50% com. Price-lists free.  
**TOLEDO STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio.**

**COIN** list, c. 4 large U. S. Cents, 20c. 50% disc. on U. S. and FOREIGN STAMPS, 2 seconds at 70% disc. Est. 1883. **R. M. LANGZETTEL, 92 CROWN ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN.**



**STAMPS! 300** genuine foreign from Phil. Islands, Cuba, Porto Rico, Mexico, etc., with nice stamp album, also 68 pp. catal., all for 10c. Finest stamps on approval, 50 per cent. discount. Agents wanted. List Free. We buy old stamps. Est. 17 years.  
**STANDARD STAMP CO., St. Louis, Mo.**

**112** all different stamps for 5c; 1000 Foreign stamps, 15c. Our Big Stamp paper free. Biggest bargains on earth.  
**GREATER N. Y. STAMP & COIN CO., 238 East 88th St., New York**

**STAMPS FREE** for addresses of collectors. The more names, the more stamps. Album & cata. free. Agts. 50%. 103 In-China, a U. S. worth 25c., W. I., etc., 5c. **Bullard, Sta. A, Boston.**



**STAMPS.** 103, no two alike and GENUINE. Mauritius, Natal, Cape of G. H., Cuba, Costa Rica, Honduras, Mexico, etc., and an ALBUM, for 10c. only — a splendid bargain. New list free! Agents wanted, 50% com. **L. B. DÖYER & CO., St. Louis, Mo.**

## Stamp Collecting A PROFITABLE PASTIME



**WE BUY  
RARE  
STAMPS  
AND OLD  
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TIONS.**

150 different foreign stamps.....10c  
500 mixed foreign, many kinds.....10c  
500 unusual foreign stamps.....10c

Price List and sample of our Weekly Stamp Collectors Paper free.

**T**ELL us the number of stamps and the kind of album you use for your collection. We will then send you **FREE** some very attractive foreign stamps for you to use in starting new collectors.

Approvals  
50 per cent  
discount.

Illustrated list showing what to look for, 10 cents.

**MEKEEL STAMP CO. (Dept. C.) St. Louis, Mo.**

**FREE** 2 unused Shanghai stamps to every one sending for our approval books. Sets: 35, all diff., Sweden, 20c; 5 Nyassa '98 unused, all diff., 10c. Complete issue Roumania '94, 9 stamps, only 10c. **R. M. GAY & CO., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

**50 VAR.** free. Agents wanted for finest sheets. 150 var. fine, 10c; 50 var. U. S., 15c; 25 var. unused, 12c; 25 var. Australia, 20c. **F. C. BARTLETT, Norwich, N. Y.**

**FREE** 50 dollars, face value — who buy from our sheets. Reference needed. **KING & CO., 141 East 19th St., New York City.**



A handsome book in boards 15x9 inches, with an embossed cover in five colors. This book has 72 colored pages of fun for old and young. The success of the series in the New York Herald was instantaneous, for who has not heard of Foxy Grandpa and Bunny? It keeps boys and girls amused for hours at a time.

Sent postpaid on receipt of \$1.00.  
**L. R. Hamersly Co.,** 49 Wall St., New York, N. Y.

**UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT SOLD** 200,000 Guns, Revolvers, Swords, etc. to Francis Bannerman, 573 Broadway, N. Y. Catalog, 1,000 Illustrations, free.

NEW-YORK, New-York, 23 and 15 W. 86th St.

**Mrs. Leslie Morgan's Boarding and Day School for Girls.**

Reopens Wednesday, October first.

## CARMEL SOAP

Keeps the Skin Soft and Smooth.

MADE IN PALESTINE, SYRIA.

**AN ABSOLUTELY PURE OLIVE OIL SOAP**  
FOR  
Nursery, Toilet and Bath.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS & GROCERS, IMPORTED BY  
**A. KLIPSTEIN & CO.,**  
122 PEARL ST. NEW YORK.





## BURIED TREASURE.

Ever Try to Dig It Up?

The biggest boxes of gold are dug up out of a man's strong, money-making brain. No box of Capt. Kidd's ever held the gold owned by the money makers of the present day. And those same money makers keep the brain well, strong and of the money making sort by feeding on Grape-Nuts.

Ask the next millionaire or successful lawyer, author or business man if he eats Grape-Nuts. Try the experiment on several and learn something of how they feed. They may know a secret that would make you rich.

You can't keep a strong brain down and Grape-Nuts food makes strong brains for the brain making and rebuilding elements are there and the facts will come out in undeniable form after a trial of the famous food.

The tool that makes money is the brain.

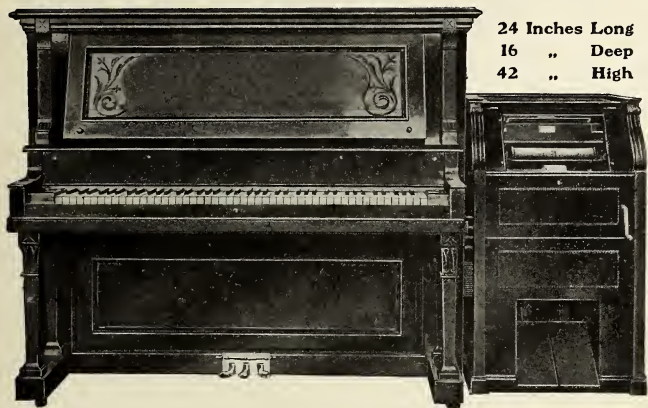
Weak, dull tools don't do the work.

Brain absolutely must be fed on the right kind of food if results are to be had — Grape-Nuts is that food.

There is a reason.

You can prove it by trial ten days.

**Dig up your buried treasure.**



24 Inches Long  
16 " Deep  
42 " High

## Simplex SPECIAL Piano Player

*"IT MAKES MUSICIANS OF US ALL"*

**The Latest and Most Wonderful Invention in Automatic Piano Players. Compact—Ornamental—Capable of the Most Artistic Results.**

As shown in the above illustration, the SIMPLEX SPECIAL does not come in contact with the keyboard. It does not interfere in any way with the ordinary uses of the piano. You can play the piano either with the aid of the SIMPLEX SPECIAL or in the ordinary manner without changing the position of the piano or player.

It is so constructed that it is not necessary to cut, mar, or alter in any way the casing of the piano in making the attachment.

Results obtained with the SIMPLEX SPECIAL are equal to those obtained with our regular SIMPLEX, and we feel we do not need to say more than that.

The SIMPLEX SPECIAL is operated in the same manner as the SIMPLEX. Anybody can play more than five thousand selections of music on any piano by the aid of the SIMPLEX.

**Price of the Simplex Special, \$300. Price of the Simplex, \$250**

Music Libraries at all principal Simplex agencies. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

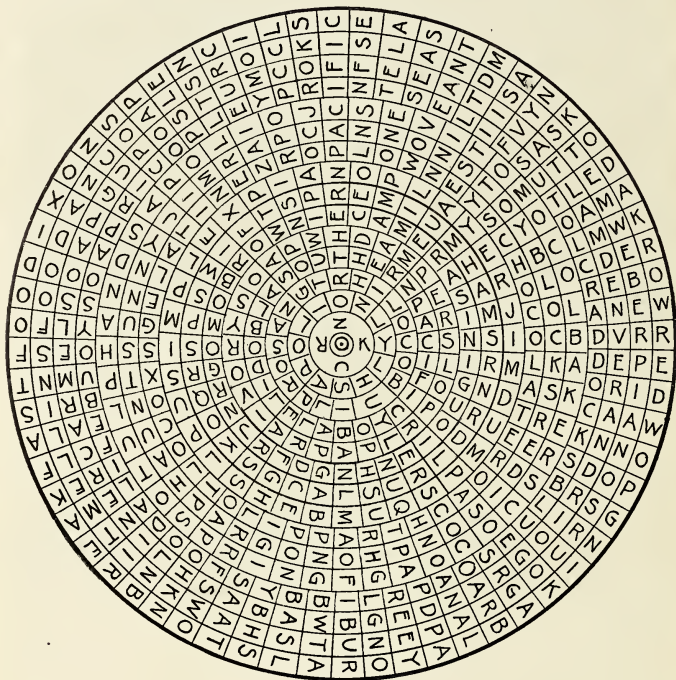
**THEODORE P. BROWN, Manufacturer**

6 MAY STREET, WORCESTER, MASS.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

*St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition, No. 21.*

“WHEEL OF FORTUNE” PUZZLE.



OH, IT'S EASY. TRY IT.

How many advertisements can you spell, according to the rules, with the letters within this wheel?

RULES:

1. You must begin with a letter anywhere within the *large outer circle*, and then read either forward, backward, up or down.
2. Each advertisement must be spelled in a straight or curved line from or toward the center of the wheel, or following one of the curved lines.
3. There must be no spaces between letters or words forming an advertisement, and you must not skip across a circular line to finish a word when you have begun in one of the circles. You may look for any advertisements that have appeared in ST. NICHOLAS during the year 1902.

## THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

4. Answers must be written in ink, arranged in alphabetical order and numbered.
5. Answers must be sent in by February 25th, and must be accompanied by the usual certificate of originality and statement of the competitor's age.

### *Report on Competition 17.*

The competition in designing advertisements "good enough to be used" has brought out a most creditable and satisfactory response. We hope to show our competitors and their friends a number of these in the March number. It may be said for the encouragement of our young artists and writers that before the institution of these League Competitions such results as are now attained were impossible. Our competitors are certainly learning to make excellent advertisements. Here follow the

#### AWARDS OF PRIZES.

### *St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition, No. 17.*

#### *One First Prize, \$5.00:*

Ruth E. Crombie (14), 40 South Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

#### *Three Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:*

Clarence Tritt (17), 1323 Winfield St., Los Angeles, California.

Edith Daggett (15), 731 Ninth St., San Diego, California.

Pauline Croll (17), 285 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.

#### *Five Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:*

Graham Hawley (16), Tarrytown, N. Y.

Carolyn E. Putnam (14), Brooklyn, N. Y.

Doris Webb (17), Brooklyn, N. Y.

T. Lawrason Riggs (14), Washington, D. C.

Alma Nilsen (13), New York City.

#### *Twenty-six Consolation Prizes, \$1.00 each (age being considered in the award):*

Grace L. Croll (17).

A. Elizabeth Goldberg (10).

Robert E. Dundon (15).

Eleanor L. Parmalee (15).

Elizabeth Q. Bolles (16).

Ruth M. Peters (15).

Elsie W. Dignan (17).

Sarah McDavitt (15).

Beth Howard (15).

Evelyn O. Foster (14).

Michael Heidelberg (14).

Helen V. Runnette (16).

Virginia S. McKenney (14).

M. Effie Lee (17).

Marian D. Jewett (17).

Pearl A. Maynard (16).

William A. Simonds (15).

Ricardo Bertolacci (11).

Harold R. Norris (10).

W. R. Burlingame (13).

Margaret E. Nicholson (12).

Gertrude Russell (12).

Frances S. Mears (12).

Irene Dalton (16).

Pauline Angell (16).

Eleanor Wright (16).





PEARLINE



## The "Pearline Girls" \$100.00 Competition

The competition for \$100.00 in cash prizes offered by PEARLINE for the most attractive pictures of girls for its advertisements closed, as originally announced, January 25th.

The prize-winners will be announced in the March number of ST. NICHOLAS.

It will be impossible to give in this expensive advertising space a detailed account of the competition. PEARLINE will gladly, however, furnish personally to applicants any further information desired.

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Flattery



I know Pearline to be the  
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Pearline  
is the original  
Washing  
Powder

do you think  
it would have  
been so widely  
imitated if it

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Our Claims

To St. Nicholas Leaguers who may have become photographers since Christmas, or who for other reasons may not have taken part in the competition, PEARLINE wishes to state that good photographic ideas, suitable to its use, are always acceptable.

**Pearline** Prize Picture  
Competition

436 Greenwich Street, New York



# The Knowing Old Woman In the Shoe



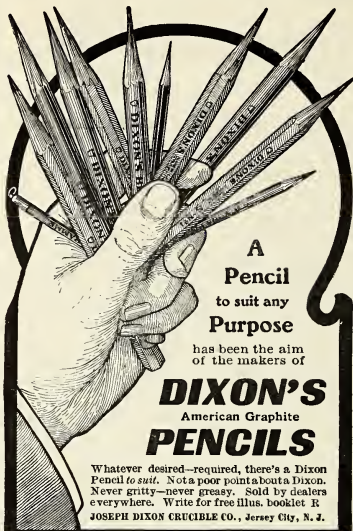
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The Old Woman in the Shoe was, as you will remember, much worried by her inability to appease the hunger of her large number of children—

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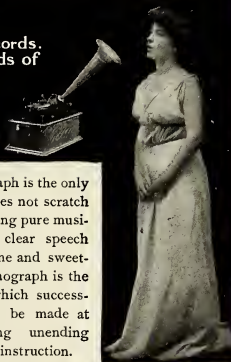
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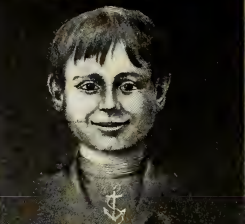
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This is the Malt  
That flavors the  
Box of KORN-KRISP.

This is the Chap  
That likes the Malt  
And the Corn in the  
Box of KORN-KRISP.

These are the Parents  
That raised the Chap  
That likes the Malt,  
As well as the Corn  
Combined in the  
Box of KORN-KRISP.

These are the Bowls  
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To the Chap and the Parents, to whom he was born  
For they relish the Malted Flakes of Corn  
That make up the Box of KORN-KRISP.





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Subscription price, \$3.00 a year; single number, 25 cents. The half-yearly parts of ST. NICHOLAS end with the October and April numbers respectively, and the red cloth covers are ready with the issue of these numbers; price 50 cents, by mail, post-paid; the two covers for the complete volume, \$1.00. We bind and furnish covers for 75 cents per part, or \$1.50 for the complete volume. In sending the numbers to us, they should be distinctly marked with owner's name, and 54 cents (27 cents per part) should be included in remittance, to cover postage on the volume if it is to be returned by mail. Bound volumes are not exchanged for numbers.

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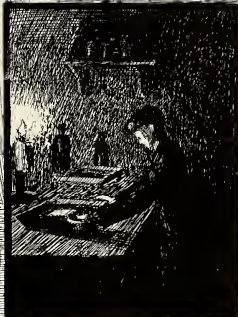
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**O** 's the Odd thousands that seek them each day.  
**P** 's their Perfection which none can gainsay.  
**Q** is their Quality—the best, as we 're told.  
**R** for the Reasons so many are sold.  
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**V** 's their Value, three-fifty, the same as before.  
**W** 's the Want which these shoes supply.  
**X** unknown quantity—people who buy.  
**Y** Youth's Sorosis—the best can be bought.  
**Z** is the Zeal with which they are sought.







"SEVERAL GREAT, GAUNT WOLVES WERE NOT FIVE RODS BEHIND ME."  
(See "Mother's Wolf Story," page 388.)

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXX.

MARCH, 1903.

No. 5.



BY EVERETT McNEIL.

WHEN I was a boy there was one story which my sisters and brothers and I were never tired of hearing mother tell; for our own mother was its heroine and the scene of the thrilling chase was not more than a mile and a half from our own door. Indeed, we often went coasting on the very hill down which she took her fearful ride, and skated on the pond which was the scene of her adventure. I can still distinctly remember how, when the long winter evenings came and the snow lay deep on the ground and the wind whistled stormily without, we children would gather around the great sheet-iron stove in the sitting-room of the old farm-house and beg mother to tell us stories of the perils and hardships of her pioneer days; and how, invariably, before the evening was over some one of us would ask: "Now, mother, please do tell us, just once more, how you escaped from the wolves, when a girl, by coasting down Peek's Hill."

Mother would pause in her knitting, and, with a smile, declare that she had already told

us the story "forty-eleven times"; but, just to please so attentive an audience, she would tell it even once more. Then, while we children crowded closer around her chair, she would resume her knitting and begin:

"When your grandfather settled in this part of Wisconsin I was a little girl thirteen years old. We moved into the log house father had prepared for us early in the spring, and by fall we had things fixed quite comfortable. The winter which followed was one of unusual severity. The snow fell, early in November, to the depth of three feet on the level; and the greater part of it remained on the ground all winter. This, of course, made grand coasting. Father made for me a sled with strong, hard, smooth hickory runners, and big enough for two to ride on. I declare, I don't believe there ever was such another sled for speed"; and mother's eyes would sparkle at the memories the thought of her faithful sled recalled.

"At this time the country was very thinly populated. Our nearest neighbor was Abner

Jones, who lived some three miles away, over on the other side of Peek's Hill. Abner Jones had a little girl, named Amanda, about my own age, and we two children soon became great chums. After a big snow-storm, Amanda and I would go coasting on Peek's Hill whenever we could gain the permission of our parents. She would come over to my house, or I would go over to her house, and together we would go to the hill. Amanda had no sled; but we would both ride down on my sled, and then take turns pulling it up the hill.

"The first week in January there was a two-days thaw, followed by a sharp freeze. This caused a thick icy crust to form on top of the remaining snow, which, by the next day, became so hard and strong that it would bear the weight of a man. The water from the melted snow ran into the hollow at the foot of Peek's Hill, and made a large, deep pond, which was soon covered over with a sheet of gleaming ice. So, you see, Peek's Hill had become an ideal coasting-place; for we could slide down its steep side at lightning speed, and out upon the ice, and even clear across the pond, a good three quarters of a mile from the top of the hill.

"On one Saturday afternoon following a thaw and a freeze-up, I secured the permission of my parents to go over to Amanda's and get her to come sliding with me down the hill. Father cautioned me to be sure and be home early, because the wolves, which at that time infested all this section of the country, were said to be getting very bold and fierce, especially at night-time; and they had been known, when driven by hunger, to run down and kill horses and cattle and even human beings. Doubtless the cold and the deep snow had forced many southward from the great woods in the northern part of the State. But the caution fell on idle ears. I considered all wolves cowards; besides, I was not going to hunt wolves: I was bent upon coasting down-hill; and I did not believe any wolf would be foolish enough to take the trouble to run down a little girl when there were plenty of chickens and cattle to be had.

"I bundled up warmly, and, drawing my sled behind me, started 'cross lots over Peek's Hill to Amanda's house. Peek's Hill stood about half-way between our two homes. I left the heavy

sled at the top of the hill to await our return. When I reached the house I found Amanda laid up with a bad cold, and of course her mother would not allow her to go coasting; so I took off my things to stay in the house and play with her. Amanda had two rubber dolls, and we had such a jolly time playing with them that I did not notice how fast the time was passing until Mrs. Jones said, 'Come, my dear; it is time you were going.' Then she helped to bundle me up, gave me a doughnut hot from the kettle, and saw me safely started on my way home.

"The sun was nearing the western horizon. I glanced at it and hurried on. The first part of my way lay through heavy woods; then came an opening, in the midst of which rose Peek's Hill. The brow of the hill was perhaps forty rods from the edge of the woods, the steep incline down which we coasted being on the opposite side. There was no road, only a path worn through the snow by our neighborly feet.

"I had passed about half-way through the woods, when suddenly a great shaggy wolf bounded out into the path in front of me. The wolf stopped and glared hungrily at me for a moment, then dashed away into the brush. A moment after I heard him howling a few rods in the rear. To my inexpressible horror, the howl was quickly answered by another, and then another, and still another, until to my terrified ears the woods seemed full of the ferocious beasts.

"There was no need of telling me what this meant. I was old enough and familiar enough with wolf-nature to know that the first wolf was calling to his mates to come and help him run down and kill his quarry.

"For a moment I stood still in my tracks, listening in trembling horror to the hideous howlings; then I gathered myself together and ran. Fear lent me wings. My feet seemed hardly to touch the snow. And yet it was but a minute before I heard the rapid pit-pat of the feet of the wolves on the hard crust of the snow behind me, and knew that they were drawing near. I reached the edge of the woods; and, as I dashed into the opening, I cast a hurried glance to the rear. Several great, gaunt wolves, running neck and neck, were not five rods be-



“FINALLY I HEARD A CRASH, AND GLANCING BACK I SAW A STRUGGLING  
JUMBLE OF HEADS AND PAWS.” (SEE PAGE 390.)



hind me. They ran with their heads outstretched, making great bounds over the hard snow.

"At that time I was tall for my age, and could run like a deer. The sight of the wolves, so close behind me, caused me to redouble my efforts; but, in spite of my speed, as I reached the brow of the hill I could hear their panting breaths, so near had they come. With a quick movement of my hands I threw off my heavy cloth cape and woolen hood. At the same instant my eyes caught sight of the sled, which I had left at the top of the hill. Fortunately it was standing facing the steep incline. If I could reach it before the wolves caught me, possibly I might yet escape! My hood and cape delayed the animals for an instant; but they were again upon me just as I, without slacking my speed in the least, caught the sled up into my hands and threw myself upon it.

"I think the sudden change in my position, just as they were about to spring on me, must have disconcerted the wolves for an instant; and before they recovered I was sliding down the hill. The wolves came tumbling and leaping after me, howling and snarling. At the start the hill was very steep, and the frozen snow was as smooth and as slippery as ice. The sled kept going faster and faster, and soon I had the inexpressible delight of seeing that I was beginning to leave the wolves behind. Far below I saw the gleaming ice on the pond. About half-way down the hill the incline was considerably less steep, becoming nearly level just before reaching the pond. When I came to this part of the hill I again glanced behind,

and, to my horror, saw that the wolves had begun to gain on me, and were now not more than two rods away. Evidently the sled was slowing up. There was nothing I could do to quicken its motion. My fate seemed certain. At last the sled reached the pond, and while still but a few feet from the bank I suddenly felt the ice bend and crack beneath me; but either my speed was too rapid or my weight too light, or both, for I did not break through, but sped swiftly on to stronger ice and to safety. For a moment the slippery ice delayed the wolves, then they came on swifter than ever, their sharp claws scratching the ice like knives. Finally I heard a crash, and glancing back I saw a struggling jumble of heads and paws, and I knew in a moment that the combined weight of the wolves had broken through the ice at the weak place that had cracked as I passed over it.

"I left the sled at the margin of the pond, and hurried home, where, girl-like, I fell fainting into my mother's arms.

"There, children; that is how your mother escaped from the wolves by coasting down Peek's Hill; and that great wolfskin robe in the corner is one of the very hides that father took from the six bodies after he had dragged them out of the pond the next morning"; and mother, with a flush on her dear face, would point to the familiar wolfskin robe.

Then we children would bring the great robe from its place, spread it out on the floor before the fire, and, seating ourselves upon it, talk in low voices of the terrible ride our dear mother took down Peek's Hill when she was a girl and was chased by the wolves.





A SKATING PARTY IN COLONIAL DAYS.



## OUR BOYS AND OUR PRESIDENTS.

BY CHARLES F. BENJAMIN.

Few boys escape occasional reminders that they may become Presidents of the United States if they behave themselves. Somebody outside the family wishing to say something nice and encouraging, or a fond parent speaking out a roundabout sort of hope that the beloved son may become worthy of greatness, or some friend uttering a passing bit of pleasantry — any of these may say to any American lad whom he knows: "My boy, you may be President of the United States some day!"

But however and by whom spoken, the remark usually makes no great impression upon the boy, whose joys and ambitions do not yet lie in the direction of the Presidency. We need no proverb to tell us that boys will be boys, and we are likely to pity the man who, in his youth, missed the happiness and advantage of having been a "real boy."

Yet the boy who lives will become a man, and all our Presidents have been boys—most of them just the kind of "real boys" that our country so abundantly rears. So there is not so great a distance between our boys and the Presidency, after all.

To tell a boy that he may be President is to put the Presidency above other earthly prizes attainable by our future men, and to imply that the route to the Presidency is a people's free highway. There is, in truth, no royal road to the White House, nor special privilege to any person or class that may have a fancy for it. What the law says as to the Presidency is simplicity itself: merely that a President shall be a native-born citizen at least thirty-five

years old, with a residence of not less than fourteen years within the United States, and that he shall be elected by a majority of votes in the nation. There are millions of boys who in time will meet all these requirements but the last. The boys possess the wide-open field, and how wide it is may be judged from the distance between Jefferson and Madison, born to wealth and high training, and Jackson and Lincoln, born to dire poverty and cast upon the world to train themselves. From Washington to John Quincy Adams, without interruption, the Presidency went to men who had been boys of so-called good family and position. From Jackson to McKinley it went chiefly to candidates who might be called "self-made men." From being men *for* the people the Presidents became men *of* the people; and, small as the difference looks, the people have clung to it ever since it began with Jackson, the first of "poor boy" Presidents. Now that many young men of wealth and liberal education are showing a disposition toward politics, we may again, as formerly, have Presidents distinguished in private as well as in public life. In a true republic rich and poor are equal, and so they should be in popular feeling, when other qualities are alike. But the social conditions which gave us for Presidents rich and cultured planters like Jefferson and Madison, and men eminent by such distinction as that of John Adams and his son, have passed away. Inherited fortunes must be used to train men expressly for statesmanship, and to support them while giving their time and abilities to the public service, before the self-made

man will lose his stronger hold upon the greatest place in our government.

If a little collection of trustworthy maxims could be published under the title, "How to Become President," it would be a help to those rare boys who begin early to think of what they would like to be, and it might set some boys to thinking of Presidential chances who now never give the matter a passing thought. But the winning of the Presidency is not one of those exact arts for which the directions can be set out like lessons in a school-book. Thus far we have had but twenty *chosen* Presidents; for five of the Presidents, so-called, have been Vice-Presidents, succeeding to the powers and duties of Presidents who died within their terms of office. Twenty is a small number from which to extract a rule for the selection of Presidents, and six of the twenty had already been chosen under the social distinctions prevailing down to the time when Jackson, an idol of the rude and hardy settlers who were transferring the political supremacy from the Atlantic coast to the Mississippi valley, brought in the era of the "poor boy." Yet the reasons why the twenty chosen ones became preferred to others must throw some light on the kinds of men and lives most likely to lead to the Presidency.

Washington was chief of the men who had carried the young nation to independence through the Revolutionary War, and when the people decided to have a President they had no room in their minds or hearts for anybody but him. He would have been a President for life if he had not insisted upon retiring when he felt that he could leave the office without injury to the country.

Presidents John Adams, Jefferson, and Madison were all illustrious statesmen of the Revolutionary period, and each was the natural and proper choice of the party that elected him in behalf of the nation.

Presidents Monroe and John Quincy Adams were both statesmen of distinguished character and service, with high claims upon the whole people, and stronger claims than any of their competitors upon the party to which they belonged.

President Jackson, coming up early from the humbler ranks of the people, had gained great

fame and popularity as a military and political leader at the time of his election. He was a man of violent passions and prejudices, but, like the gentler Lincoln of after years, a man of many virtues and of a rare strength of character, and a lover of truth, honesty, and the interests of his country. Following the examples of Washington and Jefferson, he refused to serve for more than two terms, and gladly went into retirement at the zenith of his power over the government and people.

President Van Buren was a man of winning manners, and of great popularity; he was renowned as a manager of political affairs, and having been a loyal and most valuable helper to Jackson, the latter, in return, did all he could to make his friend's succession to the Presidency easy and sure.

President William Henry Harrison was much like Jackson in the great hold he had upon the masses through his military fame; but he was a well-bred man, and amiable to all men and parties. He was old when the great office came to him at last, and died only a month after his inauguration.

Presidents Polk, Pierce, and Hayes were men of esteemed private character and creditable standing in politics. Their positions in public life were too moderate to give them hopes of the Presidency, but their party leaders chose them as compromise candidates when unable to agree upon statesmen of greater fame.

President Taylor and President Grant were military men who had become popular heroes through famous victories, for which reason they were taken into politics and made Presidential candidates, as being more likely to defeat the civilian candidates of the opposite parties.

Presidents Buchanan, Garfield, Benjamin Harrison, and McKinley were public men of long and prominent service, who, without surpassing other men of their own parties, perhaps, were plainly in the front rank. They were finally preferred in the nominating conventions because well and strongly supported by their adherents, and because their prospects of success favorably impressed the members of the conventions.

Presidents Lincoln and Cleveland were public men who each made a rapid rise to national



importance because he seemed to be the very man to deal with questions out of the ordinary line of politics, which much engrossed the popular mind at the time.

Now let us see what our twenty examples can teach us about how to attain the Presidency. First, we must put aside Washington, Taylor, and Grant as exceptional instances: for we shall hardly again have a creator-in-chief and founder of the nation; and only on rare occasions can some conqueror, by force of popular fervor, supersede the statesman and stride like a victor to the White House. From the seventeen examples that remain we learn that a coming President must be in political life, whether as an illustrious statesman, to whom the office comes like a natural promotion with hardly an effort, or as a suddenly risen man of fame, to whom the popular feeling decrees it. If he be neither of these, then he must be a statesman distinguished beyond the average, or one of average yet real distinction, who in either case must reach out for the coveted place, with a general feeling of the propriety of his having it. If such a one, in the course of events, has had an opportunity to successfully turn his hand to warfare, after the fashion of public men in this land of citizen soldiery, his martial popularity will count largely in his favor. Or an average statesman will have a useful lead if he possesses those personal qualities, such as tact, patience, and grace,—the iron hand in the velvet glove,—that enable him to manage all sorts and conditions of men, and so to make himself quietly predominant. Lastly, to be modestly but honorably in politics, with attractive personal qualities and good claims to private esteem, is to be hopefully in waiting for the day when a party, torn by the rival contentions of its principal men, shall look over into the next rank for a substitute candidate, and thus bring the honor suddenly.

To be in politics means to be active in some political party. Government in all free countries is carried on by parties, and, from the first President Adams to President Roosevelt, every President has been a party man. Even General Taylor had to be stamped as a Whig, and General Grant as a Republican, before they could be put in the way of a regular election to

the place that popular admiration had already bestowed upon them.

Politics means the science of government, and because it means that it has been termed the noblest of professions, without meaning disrespect to the other learned professions, all of which depend upon it for their opportunities to flourish. Our government has been strikingly described by President Lincoln as a government of the people, by the people, for the people. If so, the people generally must take part in carrying it on honestly and intelligently, or it will not work. Those who do their duty must do it habitually through some party, or their labor will be lost. From the beginning of the government there has been one great party in favor of giving to the language of the Federal Constitution its broadest rational meaning, so as to make the national government strong and far-reaching, and to keep it large and active in overseeing the people and helping them to be prosperous. All the time there has been another great party, which aims to keep the language of the Constitution within its narrowest rational limits, leaving to the local governments all that they can fairly do, and leaving still more to the individual himself, as the best judge of his own interests and obligations. The first-described party was known as the Federalist party in the beginning, and is represented today by the so-called Republicans; while the second party includes to-day those whom we call Democrats. The founder of the Federalist party was Alexander Hamilton, greatest of our statesmen who have put political principles into action; and of the opposite party, Thomas Jefferson, greatest of those who have wrought our system of government into a philosophical statement of principles. Among the followers of Hamilton's principles have been Washington, Adams, Chief-Justice Marshall, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and Abraham Lincoln; and among the believers in Jefferson's principles were James Madison, James Monroe, Andrew Jackson, John C. Calhoun, and Thomas H. Benton. So long as the Constitution lasts, the two opposing parties that sprang into being as soon as it went into operation will, under one name or another, face and combat each other, and the popular feeling will continue to shift

from the one to the other. In this very year young men just of age are entering politics as Democrats or Republicans, a few of whom may hereafter attain the Presidency, to their own glory and the profit of the nation.

Of our twenty chosen Presidents sixteen have been lawyers. To explain this we must remember that our government is one of mixed national and State authority, everywhere controlled by written constitutions, in which each power is limited and each duty defined. To understand and interpret these writings requires a legal education, because many of them mean more than can appear to the uninstructed reader. Lawyers, too, are trained speakers and orators; and to show the merits of one party and the demerits of the other, to the people, is an important part of political work. The first early step toward the Presidency, then, is to study law—not necessarily to become a lawyer, but to become a qualified statesman of the American kind. The next is to join one of the political parties, to be active in it, to preserve a good character, and to learn from the abundant records of the past as much as possible about the United States and its history.

In politics, too, there is room neither for ignorance nor sloth. But, to the diligent, studious, and upright, politics is a high calling, and when a political career ends in the Presidency it reaches the summit of recognized human greatness. Great men we have always with us; yet the President stands alone. Politically he is often showered with abuse, which he does not resent; but personally he is treated with a deference that kings might envy, because, so long as he is President, he is the first citizen of the republic, and all his fellow-citizens belong to their country before they belong to their party.

In the White House, the President is the agent of his party, to carry out its principles

and execute its policies, in harmony with the Constitution and the laws. He has much to do with the making of the laws, much more with their execution, and most of our national and foreign relations may be said almost to lie in the hollow of his hands. His powers might make him proud or foolish if the burden of his great duties did not lead him to value simple rest and privacy above ambition and vanity, and if the dreaded consequences of rashness or error did not make him cautious and sober-minded. He has so much to say, to hear, and to do that in general he must consult or advise or direct or depend upon many others, and he could not become an autocrat if he tried. Since Washington, Jefferson, and Jackson, though setting limits upon their stay in office, consented to be double-term Presidents, he also wishes for two terms as a mark of popular confidence and esteem; and as he is fated to appear upon the pages of history while history endures, he longs to appear there as a good and able President. But to gain those coveted distinctions he must please a majority of both his party and the people, or one or the other will retire him at the end of his first term.

To win the Presidency as most of our Presidents have won it is a great thing; but it is a greater thing to part with it at the end of four or eight fruitful and mainly successful years. A President moving to an honored retirement is a witness to the noble possibilities of politics as a career, if followed with wisdom, justice, and a faithful devotion to duty. It is just such an inspiring ideal of an American citizen that the kindly speaker has in mind who pats on the head some manly and attractive urchin of the streets or the fields, and utters into politely attentive but uncharmed ears the suggestion that he may one day be President of the United States.



# THE STORY OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS.\*

BY HOWARD PYLE.



## The Winning of a Sword & a Queen

### CHAPTER III.

#### HOW KING ARTHUR WON EXCALIBUR.

Now as soon as King Arthur had been thus healed of those grievous wounds which he had received in his battle with King Pellinore, he found himself to be moved by a most vehement desire to meet his enemy again for to try issue of battle with him once more, so to recover the credit which he had lost in that combat. So upon the morning of the fourth day, being entirely cured, and having broken his fast, he walked for refreshment beside the skirts of the forest, listening the while to the cheerful sound of the wild birds singing their matins, all with might and main. Beside him walked Merlin, and unto him the king spake his mind concerning his intent to engage once more in knightly contest with King Pellinore. "Merlin," quoth he, "it doth vex me very sorely for to have

come off so ill in my late encounter with King Pellinore. Certes he is the very best knight in all the world whom I have ever yet encountered. Ne'theless, haply it might have fared differently with me had I not broken my sword, and so left myself altogether defenseless in that respect. Howsoever that may be, I am of a mind for to assay this adventure once more, and so will I do as immediately as may be."

"My Lord King," replied Merlin thereunto, "thou art certainly a very brave man to have so much appetite for battle, seeing how nigh thou camest unto thy death not even four days ago. Yet how mayst thou hope to undertake this adventure without due preparation? For, lo! thou hast no sword, nor hast thou a spear, nor hast thou even thy misericorde for to do battle withal. How, then, mayst thou hope for to assay this adventure?"

"That, in sooth, I know not," said King

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Arthur. "Ne'theless I will presently seek for some weapon as soon as may be. For even an I had no better weapon than an oaken cudgel, yet would I assay this battle again with so poor a weapon as that."

"Now, my dear lord and king," quoth Merlin, "I do indeed perceive that thou art altogether fixed in thy purpose for to renew this quarrel. Wherefore I will not seek to stay thee therefrom, but will do all that in me lies for to aid thee in thy desires. Now I must tell thee that in one part of this forest (which is, indeed, a very strange place) there lieth a wide and considerable lake which is certainly of enchantment, and of no common sort. Now in the center of that lake there hath for some time appeared a woman's arm — exceedingly beautiful and clad in white samite. And this arm holdeth forth a sword of such exceeding excellence and beauty that no eye hath ever beheld its like. And the name of this sword is Excalibur, it being so named by those who have beheld it because of its marvelous brightness and beauty. And it hath come to pass that several knights have already endeavored to obtain this wonderful sword, but heretofore no one hath been able to touch it, for when any man draweth near unto it, it either disappeareth entirely, or else it is withdrawn beneath the lake, so that no man hath ever been able to obtain unto its possession. Now I am able to conduct thee unto that lake where thou mayst see Excalibur with thine own eyes. Then, when thou hast seen it, thou mayst haply have the desire to obtain it, which, an thou do, thou wilt have a sword very well fitted for to do battle with."

"Merlin," quoth the king, "this is a very strange thing which thou tellest me. Now am I desirous beyond measure for to attempt to obtain this sword for mine own; wherefore I do beseech thee to lead me with all speed to this enchanted lake whereof thou tellest me."

"That will I do," quoth Merlin.

So King Arthur and Merlin took leave of the hermit who had given them shelter (the king having knelt in the grass to receive his benediction), and so, departing, they entered the woodland once more in that further quest of the adventure which the king had undertaken.

And now, as before, they traveled a very long distance through those gloomy shades, beholding nothing but the trunks of trees before them and nothing overhead but the foliage thereof, and hearing no sound but now and then the note of the wood-dove.

Nor did they discover any sign of human life until, about high noontide, they came to a spot where they perceived a little bower, wherein was a table spread with a fair snow-white cloth, and set with refreshments of white bread, wine, and meats of several sorts. And at the door of this bower there stood a page clad all in green, and his hair was as black as a raven, and his eyes as black as sloes and exceeding bright. And when this page beheld King Arthur and Merlin, he gave them greeting, and welcomed the king right pleasantly. "Ah, my Lord King!" quoth he, "thou art very welcome to this place! Now, I prithee, dismount and refresh thyself before going farther."

Then was King Arthur adoubt as to whether there might not be some enchantment in this for to work him an ill. But Merlin bade him have good cheer. "Indeed, my Lord King," quoth he, "thou mayst freely partake of this refreshment, which, I can tell thee, was prepared especially for thee. "And in this, forsooth, thou mayst foretell a very happy issue unto this adventure."

So King Arthur sat down to the table with great comfort of heart (for he was anhungered), and that page and another like unto him ministered unto his needs, serving him all the food upon silver plates, and all the wine in golden goblets, as he was used to be served in his own court, only that these things were much more cunningly wrought and fashioned and were more beautiful than the table furniture of his own court.

Then, after he had eaten and had washed his hands in a silver basin which the first page offered him, and had wiped them upon a fine linen napkin which the other page brought unto him, and after Merlin had also refreshed himself, they went their way, greatly rejoicing at this pleasant adventure, which it seemed to the king could not but betoken a very good issue to his undertaking.



Now, having so proceeded again for a not very great distance farther, King Arthur and Merlin came, of a sudden, out from the forest and upon a fair and level plain, bedight all over with such a number of flowers that no man could conceive of their quantity and of the beauty thereof. And midway in the plain was a lake of water as bright as silver, and all around the borders of the lake were incredible numbers of lilies and of asphodels.

But when King Arthur had come unto the lake, there he beheld the miracle that Merlin had told to him aforetime. For, lo! there in the midst of the expanse of water was the appearance of a fair and beautiful arm, as of a woman, clad all in white samite. And the arm was encircled with several bracelets of wrought gold; and the hand held a sword of marvelous workmanship aloft in the air above the surface of the water; and neither the arm nor the sword moved so much as a hair's-breadth, but were motionless like to a carven image upon the surface of the lake. And behold! the sun of that strange land shone down upon the hilt of the sword, and it was of pure gold beset with jewels of several sorts, so that the hilt of the sword and the bracelets that encircled the arm glistened in the midst of the lake like to some singular star of exceeding splendor.

And so King Arthur sat upon his war-horse and gazed from a distance at the arm and the sword, and he greatly marveled thereat; yet he wist not how he might come at that sword, wherefore he knew not how he might come thereunto for to make it his own. And as he sat pondering within himself, he was suddenly aware of a strange lady, who approached him through those tall flowers that bloomed along the margin of the lake. And when he perceived her coming toward him he quickly dismounted from his war-horse, and, with the bridle-rein over his arm, he went forward for to meet her. As he came nigh to her, he perceived that she was wonderfully beautiful, and that her hair was like silk and as black as it was possible to be, and so long that it reached unto the ground as she walked. And this strange lady was clad all in green, only that

a fine cord of crimson and gold was interwoven into the plaits of her hair. And around her neck there hung a very beautiful necklace of several strands of opal stones and emeralds set in cunningly wrought gold; and around her wrists were bracelets of the like sort, of opal stones and emeralds set in gold. And when King Arthur beheld her wonderful appearance, he immediately knelt before her upon one knee in the midst of all those flowers. "Lady," quoth he, "I do certainly perceive that thou art no mortal demoiselle. Also that this place, because of its extraordinary beauty, can be no other than some land of faerie into which I have entered.

"King Arthur," replied the lady, "thou sayst soothly, for I am indeed faerie. Moreover, I may tell thee that my name is Nymue, and that I am the chiefest of those ladies of the lake of whom thou mayst have heard people speak."

"Lady," said King Arthur, "that which thou tellest me causes me to wonder a very great deal. And, indeed, I am afraid that in coming hitherward I have been doing amiss for to intrude upon the solitude of your dwelling-place."

"Nay, not so, King Arthur," quoth the Lady of the Lake; "for, in truth, thou art very welcome hereunto. Likewise, I may tell thee that thou couldst not have entered this land had we not been willing for thee to do so. Moreover, I tell thee truly that I have a greater friendliness for thee and those noble knights of thy court than thou canst easily wot of. But I do beseech thee of thy courtesy for to tell me what it is that brings thee to our land."

"Lady," quoth the king, "I will tell thee the entire truth. I fought of late a battle with a certain Sable Knight, in the which I was sorely and grievously wounded, and wherein I burst my spear and snapped my sword and lost even my misericorde, so that I had not a single thing left me by way of a weapon. In this extremity Merlin, here, told me of Excalibur, and of how it is continually upheld by an arm in the midst of this magical lake. So I came hither, and, behold, I find it even as he hath said. Now, lady, an it be possible, I would fain achieve that excellent sword, that by means of it I might fight my battle to its entire end."

"Ha, my Lord King," said the Lady of the Lake, "that sword is no easy thing to achieve; and, moreover, I may tell thee that several knights have lost their lives by attempting that which thou hast a mind to do. For, in sooth, no man may win yonder glave unless he be without fear and without reproach."

"Alas, lady!" quoth King Arthur, "that is indeed a sad saying for me. Haply I be brave enow, yet in truth there be many things wherewith I do reproach myself withal. Ne'theless I would fain attempt this thing, even an it be to my great endangerment. Wherefore, I prithe, tell me how I may best undertake that which I would perform?"

"King Arthur," said the Lady of the Lake, "I will do what I may for to aid thee in thy wishes in this matter." Upon this she lifted a single emerald that hung by a small chain of gold at her girdle, and, lo! the emerald was cunningly carved into the form of a whistle. And she set the whistle to her lips and blew upon it passing shrilly. Then straightway there appeared upon the water, a great way off, a certain thing that shone very brightly. And this drew near with great speed, and, as it came nigh, behold! it was a boat all of carven brass. And the boat moved upon the water like a swan, very swiftly, so that long lines like to silver threads stretched far away behind across the face of the water, which otherwise was like unto glass for smoothness. And when the brazen boat had reached the bank it rested there and moved no more.

Then the Lady of the Lake bade King Arthur to enter the boat, and so he entered it. And immediately he had done so the boat moved away from the bank as swiftly as it had come thither. And Merlin and the Lady of the Lake stood upon the margin of the water and gazed after King Arthur and the brazen boat.

And King Arthur beheld that the boat floated swiftly across the lake to where was the arm uplifting the sword, and that the arm and the sword moved not, but remained where they were.

Then King Arthur reached forth and took the sword in his hand, and immediately the arm disappeared beneath the water, and King Arthur held the sword and the scabbard thereof and the

belt thereof in his hand, and, lo! they were his own.

Then the brazen boat sped quickly back to the land again, and King Arthur stepped ashore where stood the Lady of the Lake and Merlin, and he gave the lady great thanks beyond measure for all that she had done for to aid him in his great undertaking; and she gave him cheerful and pleasing words in reply.

Then King Arthur saluted the lady as became him; and having mounted his war-horse, and Merlin having mounted his palfrey, they rode away thence upon their business—the king's heart still greatly expanded with pure delight at having for his own that beautiful sword, the most beautiful and the most famous in all the world.

That night King Arthur and Merlin abided with the holy hermit at the forest sanctuary, and when the next morning had come they took their departure for the valley of the Sable Knight.

Anon about noontide they reached the valley, and there all things were appointed exactly as when King Arthur had been there before: to wit, the gloomy castle, the lawn of smooth grass, the apple-tree covered over with shields, and the bridge whereon hung that single shield of sable.

Thereupon straightway the king rode forth upon the bridge, and, seizing the brazen mall, he smote upon the sable shield with all his might and main. Immediately the portcullis of the castle was let fall as afore told, and in the same manner as that other time the Sable Knight straight rode forth therefrom, already bedight and equipped for the encounter. So came he to the bridge-head, and there halted whilst to him spake King Arthur: "Ho, King Pellinore!" quoth he. "Now do we know one another entirely well, and each doth judge that he hath cause of quarrel with the other: thou that I, for mine own reasons, as seemed to me to be fit, have taken away from thee thy kingly estate; I that thou hast set thyself up here for to do injury and affront to knights and lords and other people of this kingdom of mine. Wherefore, now that I am errant, do I here challenge thee for to fight with me, man to man, until either thou or I have conquered the other."



# xcalibur the Sword.



*Drawn by Howard Pyle.*

Unto this speech King Pellinore bowed his head in obedience, and thereupon he wheeled his horse, and, riding to some little distance, took his place where he had afore stood. And King Arthur also rode to some little distance and took his station where he had afore stood. At the same time there came forth from the castle one of those tall pages clad all in sable pied with crimson, and gave to King Arthur a good, stout spear of ash-wood, well seasoned and untried in battle; and then, shouting aloud, they drave together, smiting each other so fairly that both spears shivered into small splinters as they had aforesaid done.

Then each of these two kings immediately dismounted his horse with great skill and address, and, drawing each his sword, they fell to a combat so furious and so violent that two wild bulls upon the mountains could not have engaged in a more desperate encounter.

And now did the temper and the keenness of Excalibur stand King Arthur in such stead that it was soon entirely apparent that he was to be the victor in that second battle. For many wounds, sore and grievous, did he deliver to his enemy, and yet received he none himself; nor did he shed a single drop of blood in all that fight, though his enemy's armor was in a little while all ensanguined with crimson.

At last King Arthur delivered so fell and vehement a stroke that King Pellinore was entirely benumbed thereby. Down fell his sword and his shield, his limbs trembled beneath him, and he sank unto his knees upon the ground. "Spare!" said he. "Spare! For I yield myself unto thee, Arthur."

"I will spare," said King Arthur, "and I will do more than that. For now that thou hast yielded thyself to me as conquered, lo! I will restore unto thee all those lands that I had, perforce, to take away from thee whiles thou wert in rebellion against me. I bear no ill will toward thee, Pellinore. Ne'theless I can have no rebels against my power in this realm, for I do declare that I hold singly in my sight the good of the people of this kingdom. Wherefore he who is against me is also against them. But now that thou hast yielded thyself to me I will render back to thee thy life and everything else that thou hast lost in thy war against me. Only,

as a pledge of thy good faith toward me in the future, I shall require it of thee that thou shalt send to me, as hostage of thy good will, thy four sons: to wit, Sir Aglaval, Sir Lamarack, Sir Dornar, and the young Percival. Those three shall be fellows unto the goodly knights of my court, and shall be held in all honor and regard by me. As for Percival, him will I knight with mine own hand when he hath come of the proper ripe age. So these four shall stand between us as pledges of thy truth and loyalty."

All this while King Pellinore remained upon his knees; nor did he arise after King Arthur had ceased speaking. "My Lord King," quoth he, "I do accept all that thou offerest me, and that with full gratitude and love. And unto my faithfulness henceforth I do pledge both my knightly word and my four sons to boot. And to my troth, moreover, I do here swear upon the handle of this sword which I now hold up before mine eyes and thine."

"I bid thee rise, Pellinore," said King Arthur, "for now we are enemies no longer, but in sooth friends." Thereupon he gave King Pellinore his hand, and King Pellinore kissed it, and lifted himself up and stood upon his feet, though still tottering with the weakness of that fierce combat that was lately waged. Then they went together into the castle, where King Pellinore's wounds were dressed and he himself put into some ease and comfort.

That night King Pellinore's four sons served King Arthur and their father, and after supper King Arthur went to his bed, his heart greatly expanded and uplifted with cheerfulness.

Thus it was that with sore trials and by means of two dreadful battles King Arthur won, not only a friend instead of an enemy, but four most glorious knights for that splendid and famous court of chivalry that surrounded him. For I must tell you that in after-times Sir Percival de Gales was, next to Sir Launcelot of the Lake, the most potent knight in all of the world, and, next to Sir Galahad, the most pure of spirit and serene of life.

Moreover, by all this dire suffering and defeat, King Arthur finally gat him that famous sword Excalibur, the like of which the world hath never seen before nor since.



Now the next day, as Merlin and King Arthur rode through the forest together, quoth Merlin to the king: "Which wouldst thou rather have — Excalibur or the sheath that holdeth it, my Lord King?"

"And canst thou ask such a question of me as that, Merlin?" said the king. "Ten thousand times would I rather have Excalibur than its sheath."

"There art thou wrong, my lord," said Merlin. "For let me tell thee that, though Excalibur is of so great a temper that it may cut in twain either a feather or a bar of iron, yet is the sheath that containeth it of such a sort that he who weareth it can suffer no wound in battle, neither may he lose a single drop of blood. In witness whereof, thou mayst remember that in thy late battle with King Pellinore thou didst suffer no ill nor mishap of any sort."

Then King Arthur directed a countenance of great displeasure upon that wise man. "Forsooth, Merlin," quoth he, "I do declare that thou hast taken from me the entire glory of that battle which I have lately fought. For what credit may there be to any knight who fights his enemy by means of enchantment such as that thou tellest me of? Now am I of a mind

for to take this glorious sword back to that magic lake, and to cast it thereinto where it belongeth; for I believe that a knight should fight by means of his own strength, and not by means of magic."

"My Lord King," said Merlin, "I deem that thou art entirely right in what thou holdest. But thou must bear in thy mind, my lord, that thou art not an errant knight, but a king, and that thy life belongeth not unto thee, but unto thy people. Wherefore thou hast no right to imperil it, but shouldst do all that lieth in thy power for to preserve it."

This saying King Arthur meditated for a long while in silence; then spake he at last in this wise. "Merlin," quoth he, "thou art right, and, for the sake of my people, I will keep both Excalibur for to fight for them withal, and likewise its sheath for to preserve my life for their sake. Ne'theless I shall nevermore fight with this sword in single knightly contest; for what credit could there be to me therein, seeing that I have such odds as this in my favor?"

And King Arthur abided by all this that he said to Merlin; for, though he never let Excalibur go from beside him, yet thereafter he ever contented himself with jousting upon occasions with the lance.

### PART III.

## THE WINNING OF A QUEEN.

### CHAPTER I.

#### HOW KING ARTHUR WENT TO CAMILARD.

Now, upon a certain day King Arthur proclaimed a high feast, which was held at Carlion-upon-Usk. Many noble guests were bidden, and an exceedingly splendid court gathered at the king's castle. For at that feast there sat seven kings and five queens in royal state; and there were high lords and beautiful ladies of degree to the number of threescore and seven; and there were a multitude of those famous knights of the king's court who were reckoned the most renowned in arms in all of Christendom.

And while the king sat thus at feast, lo! there came an herald-messenger from the west country. And the herald came and stood be-

fore the king and said: "Greeting to thee, King Arthur!"

And the king said: "Speak, and tell me, what is thy message?"

And the herald said: "I come from King Leodegrance of Camilard. And my king is in sore trouble, for thus it is. His enemy and thine enemy, King Rayence of North Wales (he who at one time would have thee send him thy beard for to trim his mantle), doth make sundry demands of my master, King Leodegrance, which demands King Leodegrance is altogether loath to fulfil. And King Rayence of North Wales threateneth to bring war into Camilard because King Leodegrance doth not immediately fulfil those demands. Now, King Leodegrance hath no such array of knights and armed men as he one time had

gathered about him for to defend his kingdom against assault. Wherefore my master King Leodegrance doth beseech aid of thee who art his king and overlord."

To these things that the herald-messenger said, King Arthur, and all that court that feasted with him, listened in entire silence. And the king's countenance, which erstwhiles had been expanded with cheerfulness, became overcast and dark with anger. "Ha!" he cried. "This is, verily, no good news that thou hast brought hither to our feast. Now, I will give what aid I am able to thy master, King Leodegrance, in this extremity, and that right speedily. But tell me, Sir Herald, what things are they that King Rayence demandeth of thy master?"

"That will I tell your Majesty," quoth the herald-messenger. "Firstly, King Rayence maketh demand upon my master of a great part of those lands of Camilard that march upon the borders of North Wales. Secondly, he maketh demand that the Lady Guinevere, the king's daughter, be delivered in marriage unto Duke Mordaunt of North UMBER, who is of kin unto King Rayence; but that duke, though a mighty warrior, is so evil of appearance, and so violent of temper, that I believe that there is not his like for ugliness or for madness of humor in all of the world."

Now when King Arthur heard this that the messenger said he was immediately seized with an extraordinary passion of anger.

And the reason of the king's wrath was this: that, ever since he had lain wounded and sick nigh unto death in the forest, he bare in mind how the Lady Guinevere had suddenly appeared before him like some tall, straight, shining angel who had descended unto him out of Paradise—all full of pity, and exceedingly beautiful. Wherefore, at thought of that wicked, mad Duke Mordaunt of North UMBER making demand unto marriage with her, he was seized with a rage so violent that it shook his spirit as a mighty wind shaketh a tree.

So for a long while he walked up and down in his wrath, and no one durst come nigh him.

Then, after a while, he gave command that Merlin and Sir Ulfius and Sir Kay should come to him at that place where he was. And when

they had come thither he talked to them for a considerable time, bidding Merlin for to make ready to go upon a journey with him, and bidding Sir Ulfius and Sir Kay for to gather together a large army of chosen knights and armed men, and to bring that army straightway into those parts coadjacent to the royal castle of Tintagalon—which same standeth close to the borders of North Wales and of Camilard.

So Sir Ulfius and Sir Kay went about to do as King Arthur commanded, and Merlin also went about to do as he was bidden; and the next day King Arthur and Merlin, together with certain famous knights of the king's court who were the most approved at arms of all those about him,—to wit, Sir Gawaine and Sir Ewaine (who were nephews unto the king) and Sir Pellias and Sir Geraint the son of Erbin,—set forth for Tintagalon across the forest of Usk.

And they traveled for all that day and a part of the next; and so they came, at last, to that large and noble castle, called Tintagalon, which guards the country bordering upon Camilard and in North Wales. Here King Arthur was received with great rejoicing; for whithersoever the king went the people loved him very dearly; wherefore the folk of Tintagalon were very glad when he came unto them.

Now the morning after King Arthur had come unto Tintagalon (the summer night having been very warm) he and Merlin were glad to arise betimes to go abroad for to enjoy the dewy freshness of the early daytime. So in that early hour of the day they walked together in the garden (which was a very pleasant place) and beneath the shadow of a tall, straight tower. And all round about were many trees with a good shade where the little birds sang sweetly in the pleasantness of the summer weather.

And here King Arthur opened his mind very freely to Merlin, and he said: "Merlin, I do believe that the Lady Guinevere is the fairest lady in all of the world; wherefore my heart seems ever to be entirely filled with love for her, and that to such a degree that I think of her continually by day (whether I be eating, or drinking, or walking, or sitting still), and like-

wise I dream of her many times at night. And this has been the case with me, Merlin, ever since a month ago when I lay sick in that hermit's cell in the forest: what time she came and stood beside me like a shining angel out of Paradise. So I am not willing that any other man than I should have her for his wife.

"Now I know very well that thou art wonderfully cunning in those arts of magic that may change a man in his appearance so that even those who know him best may not recognize him. Wherefore I very greatly desire it of thee that thou wilt so disguise me that I may go, unknown of any man, into Camilard, and that I may dwell there in such a way that I may see the Lady Guinevere every day. For I tell thee very truly that I greatly desire to behold her in such a wise that she may not be in any way witting of my regard. Likewise I would fain see for myself how great may be the perils that encompass King Leodegrance—the king being my right good friend."

"My Lord King," said Merlin, "it shall be as thou desirest, and this morning I will cause thee to be so disguised that no one in all the world shall be able to know thee who thou art."

So that morning a little before the dawn, Merlin came unto the king where he was and gave him a little cap. And the cap was of such a sort that when the king set it upon his head he assumed, upon the instant, the appearance of a rude and rustic fellow from the countryside. Then the king commanded that a jerkin of rough frieze should be brought to him, and with this he covered his royal and knightly vestments, and with it he hid that golden collar and its jewel pendants which he continually wore about his neck. Then, setting the cap upon his head, he assumed at once the guise of that peasant lad.

Whereupon, being thus entirely disguised, he quitted Tintagalon unknown of any man, and took his way afoot to the town of Camilard.

Now toward the slanting of the day he drew nigh to that place, and, lo! he beheld before him a large and considerable town of many comely houses with red walls and shining windows. And the houses of the town sat all upon a high, steep hill, the one overlooking the other, and the town itself was encompassed

round about by a great wall, high and strong. And a great castle guarded the town, and the castle had very many towers and roofs. And all round about the tower were many fair gardens and lawns and meadows, and several orchards and groves of trees with thick and pleasing shade. So, because King Arthur was weary with walking for all that day, it appeared to him that he had hardly ever beheld in all of his life so fair and pleasing a place as that excellent castle with its gardens and lawns and groves of trees.

Thus came King Arthur unto the castle of Camilard in the guise of a poor peasant from the country-side, and no man in all of the world knew him who he was. So, having reached the castle, he made inquiries for the head gardener thereof; and when he had speech with the gardener he besought him that he might be taken into service into that part of the garden that appertained to the dwelling-place of the Lady Guinevere. Then the gardener looked upon him and saw that he was tall and strong and well framed, wherefore he liked him very well, and took him into service even as he desired.

And thus it was that King Arthur of Britain became a gardener's boy at Camilard.

Now the king was very glad to be in that garden; for in this pleasant summer season the Lady Guinevere came every day to walk with her damsels among the flowers, and King Arthur, all disguised as a peasant gardener-boy, beheld her very many times when she came thither.

So King Arthur abode at that place for above a week, and took he no care that in all that time he enjoyed none of his kingly estate, but was only the gardener's boy in the castle garden of Camilard.

Now it happened, upon a morn when the weather was very warm, that one of the damsels who was in attendance upon the Lady Guinevere, and who was called Mellicene of the White Hand, saw from her window what appeared to be a brilliantly appareled knight bathing his face at the fountain under the linden-tree; and when she herself went to see who he might be, behold, no one was there but the stupid gardener-boy

busy at his work. When Guinevere awoke, the lady in waiting told her all that she had seen; but the Lady Guinevere only laughed at her and mocked her, telling her that she had been asleep and dreaming when she beheld that vision.

bathed his face in the water as he had aforetime done. And this time she beheld that his collar of gold lay upon the brink of the fountain beside him, and it sparkled with great splendor in the sunlight



## The Lady Guinevere

the whiles he bathed his face. Then, after that damsel had regarded him for a moment's space, she ran with all speed to the chamber where the Lady Guinevere still lay. "Lady!" cried the damsel Mellicene, "lady! lady, arouse thee and come with me! For, lo, that same young knight whom I beheld before is even now at the fountain under the linden-tree."

Then the Lady Guinevere, greatly marveling, aroused herself right quickly, and, clothing herself with all speed, went with the damsel unto that casement window which looked out into that part of the garden.

And there she herself beheld the young knight where he laved his face at the fountain. And she saw that his hair and his beard shone like gold in the sunlight; and she saw that his tunic was of purple linen threaded with gold; and she saw that beside him lay that cunningly



*Drawn by Howard Pyle.*

And, indeed, the damsel herself had begun to think this must be so.

Then there befell another certain morning when she looked out of the casement, and, lo! there sat that strange knight by the fountain once more, as he had aforetime sat, and he

wrought collar of gold inset with many jewels of various colors, and the collar shone with great splendor where it lay upon the marble verge of the fountain.

Somewhiles she gazed, astonished greatly; then she commanded the damsel Mellicene for



to come with her, and with that she turned and descended the turret stairs, and went quickly out into the garden, as her damsel had done aforetime. Then, following the damsel, she straightway hastened in all silence down the path toward the fountain.

But, behold! when she had come there, she found no knight, but only the gardener's boy, exactly as had happened with the damsel Mellicene aforetime, for King Arthur had heard her coming and had immediately put that enchanted cap upon his head. Then the Lady Guinevere marveled very greatly to find there only the gardener's boy, and she wist not what to think of so strange a thing. Thereupon she demanded of him, even as Mellicene had done, whither had gone the young knight whom she had beheld anon there at the fountain. And unto her the gardener's lad made answer as aforetime: "Lady, there hath been no one at this place at any time this morning but only me."

Now when King Arthur had donned his cap at the coming of the lady, he had, in his great haste, forgotten his golden collar; and this Guinevere beheld where it lay shining very brightly beside the fountain. "How now, fellow!" quoth she. "And wouldst thou dare to make a mock of me? Now tell me, thou varlet, do gardeners' boys in the land whence thou didst come wear golden collars about their necks like unto that collar that lieth yonder beside the fountain? Of a sooth, if I had thee well whipped it would be only thy rightful due. But take thou that bauble yonder and give it unto him to whom it doth belong, whatever knight he be." Then turned she with the damsel Mellicene, and left she that place, and went back again into her bower.

Yet, indeed, for all that day, as she sat over her broidery, she did never cease to marvel and to wonder how it was possible that that strange young knight should so suddenly have vanished away and left only the poor gardener-boy in his stead. Nor, for a long time, might she unriddle that strange thing.

Then of a sudden, at that time when the heat of the day was sloping toward the cooler part of the afternoon, she aroused herself because of a thought that had come on the instant to her.

So she called the damsel Mellicene to come to her, and she bade her to go and tell the gardener's lad for to fetch to the Lady Guinevere straightway a basket of fresh roses for to adorn her tower chamber.

So Mellicene went and did as she bade, and after considerable time the gardener's lad came bearing a great basket of roses. And, lo! he wore his cap upon his head. And all the damsels in waiting upon the Lady Guinevere, when they saw how he wore his cap in her presence, cried out upon him, and Mellicene of the White Hand demanded of him: "What! how now, Sir Boor! Dost thou know so little of what is due unto a king's daughter that thou dost wear thy cap even in the presence of the Lady Guinevere? Now, I bid thee straightway to take thy cap from off thy head."

And to her King Arthur made answer: "Lady, I dare not, for I have made a vow to myself not to remove it for a certain time."

"Then wear thy cap, blockhead," quoth the Lady Guinevere. "Only fetch thou the roses unto me."

And so at her bidding he brought the roses to her. But when he had come nigh unto the lady, she, of a sudden, snatched at the cap and plucked it from off his head. Then, lo! he was upon the instant transformed; for instead of the gardener's boy there stood before the Lady Guinevere and her damsels a noble young knight with hair and beard like threads of gold. Then he let fall his basket of roses, so that the flowers were scattered all over the floor, and he stood and looked at them all. And some of those damsels in attendance upon the Lady Guinevere shrieked, and others stood still from pure amazement and wist not how to believe what their eyes beheld. But not one of those ladies knew that he whom she beheld was King Arthur. Nevertheless the Lady Guinevere remembered that this was the knight whom she had found, so sorely wounded, lying in the hermit's cell in the forest.

Then she laughed and flung him back his cap again. "Take thy cap," quoth she, "and go thy ways, thou gardener's boy who durst not take off his hat." Thus she spoke because she was minded to mock him.

But King Arthur answered her not, but

straightway, with great soberness of aspect, set his cap upon his head again. So, resuming his humble guise once more, he turned and quitted that place, leaving the roses scattered all over the floor even as they had fallen.

## CHAPTER II.

### HOW KING ARTHUR FOUGHT WITH THE DUKE OF NORTH UMBER.

Now upon a certain day at this time there came a messenger to the court of King Leodegrance with news that King Rayence of North Wales and Duke Mordaunt of North UMBER were coming thither, and that they brought with them a very noble and considerable court of lords and knights. At this news King Leodegrance was much troubled in spirit, for he wist not what such a visit might betoken—and yet he greatly feared that it boded ill for him. So on that day when King Rayence and the Duke of North UMBER appeared before the castle, King Leodegrance went forth to greet them, and they three met together in the meadows that lie beneath the castle walls of Camilard.

There King Leodegrance bade those others welcome in such manner as was fitting, desiring them that they should come into the castle with him, so that he might entertain them according to their degree.

But to this courtesy upon the part of King Leodegrance King Rayence deigned no pleasing reply. "Nay," quoth he; "we go not with thee into thy castle, King Leodegrance, until we learn whether thou art our friend or our enemy. For just now we are certes no such good friends with thee that we care to sit down at thy table and eat of thy salt. Nor may we be aught but enemies of thine until thou hast first satisfied our demands—to wit, that thou givest to me those lands which I demand of thee, and that thou givest unto my cousin, Duke Mordaunt of North UMBER, the Lady Guinevere to be his wife. In these matters thou hast it in thy power to make us either thy friends or thine enemies. Wherefore we shall abide here outside of thy castle for the space of five days, in which time thou mayst frame thine answer, and so we may know accordingly whether we shall be friends or enemies."

"And in the meantime," quoth Duke Mordaunt of North UMBER, "I do hold myself ready for to contest my right unto the hand of the Lady Guinevere with any knight of thy court who hast a mind to deny my just title thereto; and if thou hast no knight in all thy court who can successfully assay a bout of arms with me, thou thyself canst hardly hope to succeed in defending thyself against that great army of knights whom King Rayence hath gathered together to bring against thee in case thou deniest us that which we ask."

Then was King Leodegrance exceedingly cast down in his spirits, for he feared those proud lords, and he wist not what to say in answer to them. Wherefore he turned and walked back into his castle again, beset with great anxiety and sorrow of spirit. And King Rayence and Duke Mordaunt and their court of lords and knights pitched their pavilions in those meadows over against the castle, so that the plain was entirely covered with those pavilions. And there they took up their inn with great rejoicing and with the sound of feasting and singing and merrymaking, for it was an exceeding noble court King Rayence had gathered about him.

And when the next morning had come, Duke Mordaunt of North UMBER went forth clad all in armor of proof. And he rode up and down the field before the castle and gave great challenge to those within—daring any knight to come forth for to meet him in knightly encounter. "Ho!" he cried. "How now, ye knights of Camilard! Is there no one to come forth to meet me? How then may ye hope to contend with the knights of North Wales an ye fear to meet with one single knight from North UMBER?" So he scoffed at them in his pride, and none dared to come forth from Camilard against him. For the Duke of North UMBER was one of the most famous knights of his day, and one of exceeding strength and success at arms, and there was now, in these times of peace, no one of King Leodegrance's court who was at all able to face a warrior of his renowned skill and valor. Wherefore no one took up that challenge which the Duke of North UMBER gave to the court of Camilard. And the people of Camilard,

who were gathered upon the walls, listened to him with shame and sorrow.

Now all this while King Arthur digged in the garden; but, nevertheless, he was well aware of everything that passed, and of how that the Duke of North UMBER rode up and down so proudly before the castle walls. So, of a sudden, it came to him that he could not abide this any longer. Wherefore he laid aside his spade and went out secretly by a postern-way and so up into the town.

Now there was in Camilard an exceedingly rich merchant, by name Ralph of Cardiff, and the renown of his possessions and his high estate had reached even unto King Arthur's ears at Carlion. Accordingly it was unto his house that King Arthur directed his steps.

And while he was in a narrow road, not far from the merchant's house, he took off his magic cap of disguise and assumed somewhat of his noble appearance once more, for he was now of a mind to show his knightliness unto those who looked upon him. Accordingly, when he stood before the rich merchant in his closet, and when the merchant looked up into his face, he wist not what to think to behold so noble a lord clad all in frieze. For though King Arthur was a stranger to the good man, so that he knew not his countenance, yet that merchant wist that he was no ordinary knight, but that he must assuredly be one of high degree and in authority, even though he was clad in homely garb.

Then King Arthur opened the breast of his jerkin and showed the merchant the gold collar that hung around his neck. And also he showed beneath the rough coat of frieze how that there was a tunic of fine purple silk embroidered with gold. And then he showed to the good man his own signet-ring; and when the merchant saw it he knew it to be the ring of the King of Britain. Wherefore, beholding these tokens of high and lordly authority, the merchant arose and stood before the king and doffed his cap.

"Sir Merchant," quoth the king, "know that I am a stranger knight in disguise in this place. Ne'theless, I may tell thee that I am a very good friend to King Leodegrance and wish him exceeding well. Now thou art surely aware of how the Duke of North UMBER rides continually up and down before the king's castle, and

challenges any one within to come forth for to fight against him in behalf of the Lady Guinevere. Now I am of a mind to assay that combat mine own self, and I hope a very great deal that I shall succeed in upholding the honor of Camilard and of bringing shame upon its enemies.

"Sir Merchant, I know very well that thou hast several suits of noble armor in thy treasury, for the fame of them hath reached unto mine ears, though I dwell a considerable distance from this place. Wherefore I desire that thou shalt provide me in the best manner that thou art able to do, so that I may straightway assay a bout of arms with that Duke of North UMBER. Moreover, I do pledge thee my knightly word that thou shalt be fully recompensed for the best suit of armor that thou canst let me have, and that in a very little while after the contest."

"My lord," said Master Ralph, "I perceive that thou art no ordinary errant knight, but rather some one of extraordinary estate; wherefore it is a very great pleasure to fulfil all thy behests."

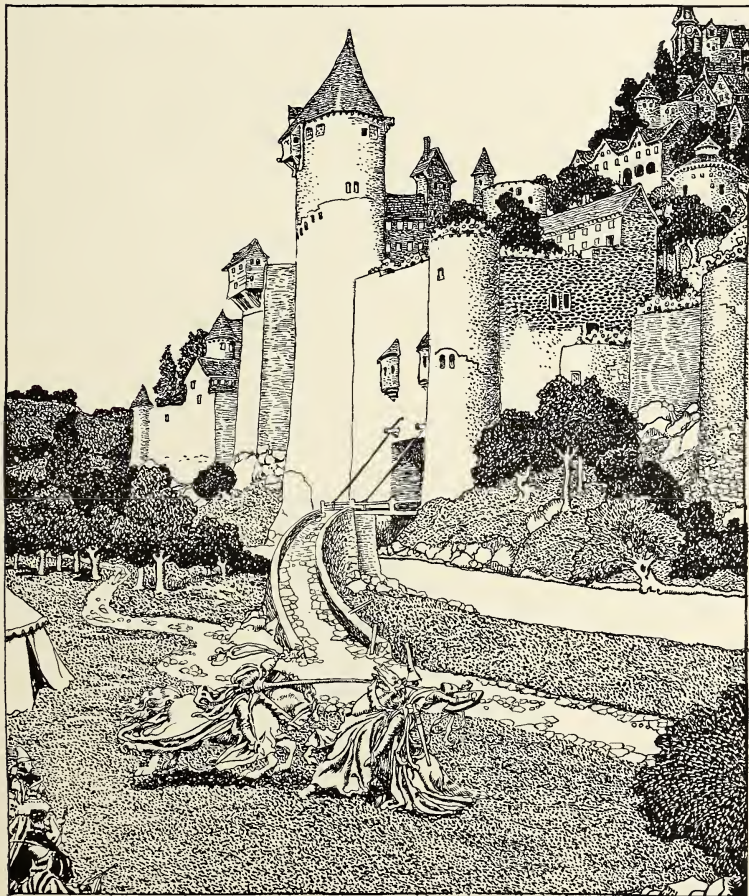
Then six pages took the king to an apartment of great state, where they clad him in a suit of Spanish armor, very cunningly wrought and all inlaid with gold. And the like of that armor was hardly to be found in all of the land. And the jupon and the several trappings of the armor were all of satin and as white as milk. And the shield was white, and altogether without emblazonment or device of any sort. Then these attendants conducted the king into the courtyard, and there stood a noble war-horse as white as milk, and all the trappings of the horse were of milk-white cloth without emblazonment or adornment of any sort; and the bridle and the bridle-rein were all studded over with bosses of silver.

Then after the attendants had aided King Arthur to mount this steed, the lordly merchant came forward and gave him many words of good cheer; and so the king bade him adieu and rode away, all shining in white and glittering in fine armor.

And as he drave down the stony streets of the town the people turned and gazed after him in admiration, for he made a very noble appearance as he passed along the narrow streets between the many houses of the town.



# Two Knights do battle before Camilard



*Drawn by Howard Pyle.*



So King Arthur directed his way unto the postern-gate of the castle, and having reached that place, he dismounted and tied his horse. Then he straightway entered the garden, and there, finding an attendant, he made demand that he should have present speech with the Lady Guinevere. So the attendant, all amazed at his lordly presence, went and delivered the message, and by and by the Lady Guinevere came, much wondering, and passed along a gallery, with several of her damsels, until she had come over above where King Arthur was. And when King Arthur looked up and saw her above him, he loved her exceeding well.

And he said to her: "Lady, I have great will to do thee such honor as I am able. For I now go forth to do combat with that Duke of North UMBER who rides up and down before the castle. Moreover, I hope and verily believe that I shall encompass his downfall. Accordingly I do beseech of thee some token such as a lady may give unto a knight for to wear when that knight rides forth to do her honor."

Then the Lady Guinevere said: "Certes, Sir Knight, I would that I knew who thou art. Yet, though I know not, I am altogether willing for to take thee for my champion, as thou offerest. So, touching that token thou speakest of, if thou wilt tell me what thing it is that thou desirest, I will gladly give it to thee."

"An that be so, lady," said King Arthur, "I would fain have that necklace that thou wearest about thy throat. For meseems that if I had that tied about my arm I would find my valor greatly increased thereby."

"Pardee, Sir Knight," said the lady, "what thou desirest of me, that thou shalt assuredly have." Thereupon speaking, she took from her shoulders the necklace of pearls which she wore, and dropped the same down to King Arthur where he stood.

And King Arthur took the necklace and tied it about his arm, and he gave great thanks for it. Then he saluted the Lady Guinevere with very knightly grace, and she saluted him, and then straightway he went forth from that place, greatly uplifted with joy that the Lady Guinevere had shown him so much favor.

Now, the report had gone about Camiland that a knight was to go forth to fight with the

Duke of North UMBER. Whereupon great crowds gathered all upon the walls, and King Leodegrance and the Lady Guinevere and all the court of the king came to that part of the castle walls overlooking the meadow where the Duke of North UMBER had pitched his tent.

Then of a sudden the portcullis of the castle was uplifted and the bridge let fall, and the White Champion rode forth to that encounter which he had undertaken. And as he rode across that narrow bridge and came out into the sunlight, lo! his armor flamed of a sudden like unto lightning; and when the people saw him they shouted aloud.

Then when the Duke of North UMBER beheld a knight all clad in white, he rode straightway to him and spoke to him with words of knightly greeting. "Messire," said he, "I perceive that thou bearest no crest upon thy helm, nor hast thou device of any sort upon thy shield, wherefore I know not who thou art. Ne'thless, I do believe that thou art a knight of good quality and of approved courage, or else thou wouldst not have thus come to this place."

"Certes, Sir Knight," said King Arthur, "I am of a quality equal with thine own. And as for my courage, I do believe that it hath been approved in as many encounters as even thine own hath been."

"Sir Knight," quoth the Duke of UMBER, "thou speakest with a very high spirit. Ne'thless, thou mayst make such prayers as thou art able, for I shall now presently so cast thee down from thy seat that thou shalt never rise again; for so have I served better men than ever thou mayst hope to be."

To this King Arthur made answer with great calmness of demeanor: "That shall be according to the will of Heaven, Sir Knight, and not according to thy will."

So each knight saluted the other and rode to his assigned station, and there each dressed his spear and his shield and made him ready for the encounter. Then a silence so great fell upon all that a man might hear his own heart beat in the stillness. And so, for a small space, each knight sat like a statue made of iron. Then, of a sudden, each shouted to his war-horse, and drave spur into its flank, and launched forth from his station. And so they met in the

midst of the course with a noise like unto a violent thunder-clap. And, lo! the spear of the Duke of North UMBER burst into splinters unto the very truncheon thereof; but the spear of King Arthur broke not, but held, so that the duke was cast out of his saddle like a windmill, whirling in the air and smiting the earth so that the ground shook beneath him. And he rolled full three times over and over ere he lay still.

Then all the people upon the wall shouted with might and main, so that the noise thereof was altogether astonishing; for they had hardly hoped that their champion, whose name, even, they knew not, would prove so extraordinarily strong and skilful.

Meanwhile those of King Rayence's court ran immediately to the Duke of UMBER where he lay upon the earth, and straightway unlaced his helm for to give him air. And first they thought that he was dead, and then they thought that he was like to die; for, behold! he lay without any life or motion. Nor did he recover from that swoon in which he lay for the space of full two hours and more.

Now whilst the attendants were thus busied about Duke Mordaunt of North UMBER, King Arthur sat his horse very quietly, observing all

that they did. Then, perceiving that his enemy was not dead, he turned him about and rode away from that place.

Nor did he return unto Camilard at that time, for he deemed that he had not yet entirely done with these enemies to the peace of his realm, wherefore he was minded not yet to return the horse and the armor to the merchant, but to keep them awhile for another occasion.

So he bethought him of how, coming to Camilard, he had passed through an arm of the forest where certain wood-choppers were at work felling the trees. Wherefore, remembering that place, he thought that he would betake him thither and leave his horse and armor in the care of those rude folk until he would need those things again. So now he rode away into the country-side, leaving behind him the town and the castle and all the noise of shouting and rejoicing; nor did he once so much as turn his head to look back toward that place where he had so violently overthrown his enemy.

And now you shall presently hear of certain pleasant adventures of a very joyous sort that befell King Arthur ere he had accomplished all his purposes; so listen unto what follows.

*(To be continued.)*





MR. RHINO: "GLASSES MAY BE ALL RIGHT FOR SOME PEOPLE, BUT THEY DON'T SEEM TO DO ME A BIT OF GOOD."

## A MINIATURE CHIEFTAIN.

BY E. W. DEMING.



AGOYA.

Once upon a time, away out in New Mexico, in one of the old pueblos on the Rio Grande, there was a young warrior born among tillers of the soil. His father had been left at the pueblo by a wandering band of Utes because he was too sick to travel. Upon his recovery, he liked the life, and determined to cast his lot with the Pueblo tribe. A council of the governor and his twelve subchiefs was held, he was received into the tribe, and a small piece of land apportioned out to him. The Ute married a Pueblo maiden, and their first son was named Agoya (Star)—the little warrior mentioned at the beginning of this story.

Agoya's first exploits had been with a couple of bear-cubs that he used as playfellows, and frequent were the rough-and-tumble fights he had had with them.

When I went out to live with his people, the young brave had passed his eighth winter, and was a straight, manly little fellow. I noticed him at once among the band of small Pueblo boys, as he was quite different from them in build and looks. He had all the characteristics of the nomad or roving Indian, while his Pueblo playmates were like their own peace-loving tribe. He was reserved and dignified, with a quick temper, which he controlled in a way quite beyond his years, although sometimes it would flare up, as it did one day when he heard the click of

my camera as I took a snap-shot at a group of boys among whom he was standing. He had a dread of the camera, and it made him very angry. We were too good friends to quarrel, but he felt he must punish some one, so, like a flash, he jumped on the nearest boy, whom he sent rolling on the ground in no time. But, with all his pride and temper, he was a generous boy.

My interest in him was no greater than his in me, and we soon became very good friends. He would follow me on long tramps when I was out with my gun, and he took great delight in picking up the game, always stealing up and planting one of his



"AGOYA'S FIRST EXPLOITS HAD BEEN WITH A COUPLE OF BEAR-CUBS."



tiny arrows in the bird or beast, and then rushing in and seizing it, in true warrior style.

Our hunts were silent, as neither understood the other's language; but he comprehended every motion I made, and there was a bond of sympathy between us—the love of nature—that made our trips very pleasant. This small brave had a knowledge of nature that would put to shame most civilized boys of twice his years. Many times he took the lead, and seldom failed to find what he was after.

Sometimes we would take our ponies across the river, and ride up into the cañons, spending the day wandering about the little parks, or climbing to the almost inaccessible prehistoric

was too small to attract his attention, and then the craft of his hunting ancestors would come forth. He would glide upon the game with the stealth of a cat, and more than once he came strutting back with a bird or little cottontail tied to his belt.

The little Ute was a leading spirit among the more docile Pueblo boys, whom he ruled like a little chief, and many were the forays he led against stray dogs from another village. Even in the adult dances his small figure, dressed in regular dance costume, would be seen bobbing up and down in perfect time to the beat of a drum.

During the hot, dry summer weather the people slept on their roofs, and with the first



"HE WOULD FOLLOW ME ON LONG TRAMPS WHEN I WAS OUT WITH MY GUN, AND HE TOOK GREAT DELIGHT IN PICKING UP THE GAME."

stone villages on top of the *mesas*, there to hunt for stone arrow-tips, axes, and other remains of the old Pueblos. His eyes were very keen, and many were the additions he made to my collection. All the time the spirit of the hunter was uppermost in him; no animal

streak of light in the east the pueblo was astir. Down in the plaza, the children would be playing at their various games, many of them with little brothers or sisters strapped to their backs. Among them, leading in some heroic sport, I would always see my miniature chieftain.

One evening, as the shadows lengthened and the wind subsided, I went around behind a sandstone *butte* that stood up from the plain like an old castle, and climbed on top, where

made for his own village, yelping at every jump. He had come to forage upon the enemy's camp, but Agoya and his band soon drove him off. It was a glorious victory for



"SUDDENLY THERE WERE SHRILL WAR-WHOOPS AND YELLS. A BIG DOG, RUSHING OUT, MADE FOR THE VILLAGE."

I could, unobserved, watch the manœuvres of these miniature warriors. Upon reaching the summit I saw the band sneaking along through the sage-brush, crouching, and keeping a sharp lookout for an imaginary enemy. In the lead was Agoya. He made a motion with his hand, and the boys disappeared like a flock of young quail. Presently I saw the little Ute crawl cautiously through the sage, stop, gaze intently at some object lying in a bunch of grass, and crawl back to his comrades. Soon the little dark figures surrounded the enemy, bows drawn, miniature spears and tomahawks in readiness. Suddenly there were shrill war-whoops and yells. A big dog, rushing out,

the warriors, and all without the loss of a man.

Such a victory had to be celebrated, and soon they were in the midst of a scalp-dance in exact imitation of their elders, with bunches of long grass to imitate scalps, tied to sticks and carried by several of their number, while the others danced about them. In a short time they were off again, and the last I saw of the valiant leader and his band, they were having a great buffalo-hunt, as they had surrounded an old bleached buffalo skull, which was attacked with great vigor, and, I have no doubt, furnished a goodly supply of imaginary buffalo-meat for the little savage band.



A LIVE-OAK IN A CITY PARK.\*

## THE CITY THAT LIVES OUTDOORS.

By W. S. HARWOOD.

WHEN the wind is howling through the days of the mad March far up in the lands where snow and ice thick cover the earth, here in this city that lives outdoors the roses are clambering over the "galleries" and the wistaria is drooping in purplish splendor from the low branches of the trees and from the red heights of brick walls.

The yellow jonquils, too, are swelling, and the geraniums are throwing out their scarlet flame across wide stretches of greensward, while the violets are nodding at the feet of the gigantic magnolias, whose huge yellowish-gray buds will soon burst into white beauty, crowning this noblest of flower-bearing trees.

It is a strange old city, this city that lives outdoors—a city rich in romantic history, throbbing with tragedy and fascinating events, a beautiful old city, with a child by its side as beautiful as the mother. The child is the newer,

more modern city, and the child, like the parent, lives out of doors.

The people of the South seem to come into closer touch with nature than the people of most other portions of the land. The climate, the constant invitation of the earth and sky, seem to demand a life lived in the open. This city that lives outdoors is a real city, with all a city's varied life; but it is a country place as well—a city set in the country, or the country moved into town.

For at least nine months in the twelve, the people of this rare old town live out of doors nearly all the waking hours of the twenty-four. For the remaining three months of the year, December, January, and February, they delude themselves into the notion that they are having a winter, when they gather around a winter-time hearth and listen to imaginary wind-roarings in the chimney, and see through the

\* From a photograph by Moore, New Orleans.

panes fictitious and spectral snow-storms, and dream that they are housed so snug and warm. But when the day comes the sun is shining and there is no trace of white on the ground, and the grass is green and there are industrious buds breaking out of cover, and the earth is sleeping very lightly. Open-eyed, the youngsters sit by these December firesides and listen to their elders tell of the snow-storms in the long ago that came so very, very deep — ah, yes, so deep that the darkies were full of fear and would not stir from their cabins to do the work of the white people; when snowballs were flying in the streets, and the earth was white, and the “banquettes,” or sidewalks, were ankle-deep in slush.

All the long years of the two centuries since this old city was born, a mighty river has been flowing by its doors, never so far forgetting its purpose to live outdoors as to freeze its yellow crest, stealing softly past by night and by day,

being nearly thirty feet above the streets in time of flood. It is held in its course by vast banks of earth.

It is a cold, drear March where the north star shines high overhead; but here, where it seems suddenly to have lost its balance and to have dropped low in the brilliant night, March is like June. It is June indeed, June with its wealth of grasses, its noble avenue of magnolias, its great green spread of live-oaks — most magnificent of Southern trees; June with its soft balm, and its sweet sunshine, and its perfume-laden air. And if you have never seen the pole star in the sky of the north, where the star is almost directly over your head, you cannot realize how strange a sight it is to see it so low in the sky as it is here.

How does it happen that this city of three hundred thousand souls lives outdoors? I suppose one may in a measure explain it by the



A FINE RESIDENCE IN THE GARDEN DISTRICT, SHOWING THE GALLERY.

bearing along the city's front a vast commerce on down to the blue waters of the Gulf, and enriching the city by its cargoes from the outer world and from the plantations of the upper river. Strangely enough, the great yellow river flows above the city, its surface

climate, with its long, summer-time languor; or maybe it is in part due to that inborn dislike for walls and roofs which is found in people living hard by the tropics; and yet I fancy it is still more because of the nature of the people themselves. They have made the fashion of the



gallery and the banquette and the hedged-in court and the boulevard—a fashion you will not

houses to a people that lives outdoors? Conveniences only; for such a people, better than houses are the air of the open, the scent of the roses, the blue of the Southern sky, the vast, strong sweep of the brilliant stars!

If we pause here along this street where run such every-day things as electric street-cars, we shall see on one side of the splendid avenue a smooth-paved roadway for the carriages, on the other a course for the horsemen, and in the center a noble inner avenue of trees set in a velvet-like carpet of grass; and here and there along the way, almost in touch of your hand from the open car window, appears the Spanish dagger, with its green, sharp blades and its snowy, showy plume. Not far away stands a lowly negro cabin, where the sun beats down hot and fierce upon a great straggling rose-bush, reaching up to the eaves, beating back the rays of the sun defiantly and gaining fresh strength in the struggle. On such a bush one day I counted two hundred and ninety roses.

For weeks I have watched the spring come on. I think it must be nature's way of moving, this slow, slow pace of the South. In my Northwestern home, where the snows are some days suddenly swept away in a torrent of rain or under an unseasonably hot sun, there is no spring; only a few brief days of bud and burst—lo, before you lies the summer; and the swift leaves have lost their delicate green and

be slow to adopt when once you have come under the spell of this beautiful city in the country.

There is a large garden in this city—it is, in fact, a part of the city proper. It was once a beautiful faubourg, now known as the Garden District, where the people live outdoors in a fine old aristocratic way, and where all the beauty in nature seen in the other sections of the city seems to be outdone. Very many rare old homes are in this garden region, with its deep hedges and ample grounds, inclosed in high stone walls, and a wealth of flowers and noble courts and an abounding hospitality. But what, after all, are

the earth is thirsty for rain. But here the trees are so lazy! The live-oaks have been loitering



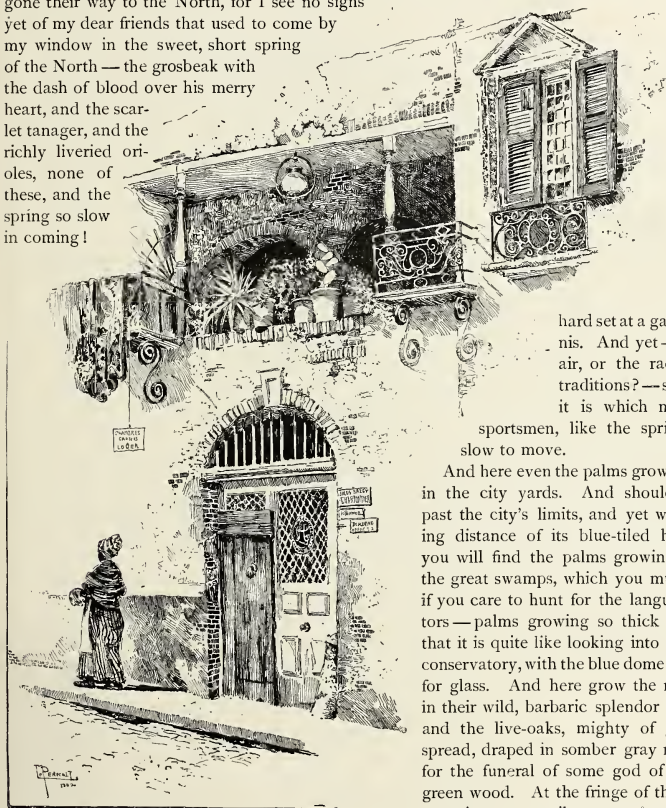
THE SPANISH DAGGER IN BLOOM.



ALLIGATORS IN THE PARK.

along their way to greenness, the birds seem sleeping away the fair days, or else they have gone their way to the North, for I see no signs yet of my dear friends that used to come by my window in the sweet, short spring of the North — the grosbeak with the dash of blood over his merry heart, and the scarlet tanager, and the richly liveried orioles, none of these, and the spring so slow in coming!

may see through the frame-like branches of a giant live-oak the students of a great university



A PICTURESQUE FRONT IN THE FRENCH QUARTER.

This city which lives outdoors must play most in the open, and in its noble park, with its vast stretches of bright green, here empurpled by masses of the dainty grass-flower, there yellowing with the sheen of the buttercup, one finds the tireless golf-players leisurely strolling over the links; from yonder come the cries of the boys at ball; and in the farther distance you

hard set at a game of tennis. And yet — is it the air, or the race, or the traditions? — something it is which makes the sportsmen, like the spring, seem slow to move.

And here even the palms grow outdoors in the city yards. And should you go past the city's limits, and yet within seeing distance of its blue-tiled housetops, you will find the palms growing rank in the great swamps, which you must search if you care to hunt for the languid alligators — palms growing so thick and rank that it is quite like looking into some vast conservatory, with the blue dome of the sky for glass. And here grow the magnolias in their wild, barbaric splendor of bloom, and the live-oaks, mighty of girth and spread, draped in somber gray moss as if for the funeral of some god of the deep green wood. At the fringe of the swamp, tempting you until near to jumping into the morass after them, are the huge fleurs-de-lis, each gorgeous blossom fully seven inches across its purple top.

To the north, somewhat apart from the reach of the treacherous river, lie the health-giving piny woods, and along the big, sullen stream the sugar plantations, some of them still the home of a lavish hospitality, some of them transformed into mere places of trade, where

thrift and push have elbowed out all that fine gallantry and ease and ample hospitality of an earlier day—that hospitality which will ever

sugar or cotton or rice. For such the gallery is a haven of rest. If they must pass the earlier day indoors, for them the gallery during the long,



MOSS-DRAPE LIVE-OAKS JUST OUTSIDE THE CITY.

remain a leading characteristic of this people. To be a Southern man or a Southern woman and to be inhospitable—that is not possible in the nature of things.

It is, when all is said and done, on the gallery that this city lives most of its life—on the gallery even more than on the evening-thrugged banquette, which is the sidewalk of the North, or the boulevards, or even the fragrant parks, where life flows in a fair, placid stream. Some there must be who toil by day in shop, or at counter, or in dim accounting-rooms, or on the floors of the marts where fortunes are made and lost in

the polar circle below you, it is like living on a planet of eternal day to sit through the northern light and feel about you the all-pervasive twilight of the land of the midnight sun. But the night is so hasty here, and the day is swift; and between them runs but a slender, dim thread.

The gallery is a feature of every house in this city that lives outdoors, be it big or little, humble or grand, or lowly or mean. It is on the first floor or the second, or even the third, though the third it seldom reaches, for few people care for houses of great height. Indeed, there are hundreds of homes of but one story,

late afternoon, and the ghost of a twilight, and the long evenings far into the starry night. The ghost of a twilight indeed—these people of the South know no other. Sometimes I have watched the long, splendid twilight come down over the wild Canadian forest—slowly delaying; creeping up the low mountains; halting from hour to hour in the glades below; shade after shade in the glorious sky of the west gradually merging into the dimness of the oncoming dusk; the moments passing so slowly, the day fading so elusively, until, at last, when even the low moon has hung out its silver sign in the west and the stars are pricking through, it is still twilight along the lower earth. And still farther to the north, around the globe in the far upper Europe, with





FAR IN THE PINEY WOODS. *From a photograph by Teunisson, New Orleans.*



full of the costliest tokens of the taste of an artistic people. And the soil below is so like it may be but a single cheap wooden affair, paintless, dingy, dilapidated, weather-worn, and stained with neglect; but a gallery it is still, an important social feature of this outdoor life.



OLD SPANISH HOUSES.

a morass that ample space must be left between floor and earth; while as for cellars, I have heard of but two in all the great city. The gallery may run around the entire house, flanked and set off by splendid pillars with capitals rich and ornate; it may run across one end of the residence and be a marvel of rich

discuss their little family affairs. But lightly these latter must be done, for there is a gallery on every house and the sounds of the night fly far. By day the galleries are protected with gay-colored awnings or those filmy woven sheets of reeds which keep out the glare and let through the light and the fragrant breeze.



OLD PLANTATION VILLA ON ANNUNCIATION STREET.

ironwork, as fine as art and handicraft can make it, with, mayhap, the figures of its field outlined in some bit of color, as gold or green; Children make of the gallery a play-house; young people here entertain their friends; the elders discuss the affairs of a nation or dwell

on that wonderful past through which this ancient Southern city has come tumultuously down through the lines of Castilian and Saxon and Gaul.

If you should take your map of the United States and run your finger far down its surface

through the centuries; or, better still, if you should stroll along the streets on a sweet March day, peering into its curious quarters, watching the beautiful little children and the dark-eyed men and the gaily dressed women and all the throngs of people, city people who can never



EVEN THE HUMBLEST HOMES MUST HAVE THEIR CAREFULLY KEPT HEDGES.

until it rested upon the largest city in all the beautiful South, the one which is the second largest export city on the American continent, and the metropolis of a vast inner empire which holds two civilizations, one French-Spanish, one American, both slowly, very slowly, merging

long remain away from the green fields and the noble old trees and the scent of the roses—then you could not fail to hit upon this charming old place, New Orleans—in many ways the most interesting of all the cities in America, the beautiful city that lives outdoors.



# THE POOR UNFORTUNATE HOTTENTOT.

(Nonsense Verse.)

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.



This poor unfortunate Hottentot,  
He was not content with his lottentot;  
Quoth he, "For my dinner,  
As I am a sinner,  
There's nothing to put in the pottentot!"

This poor unfortunate Hottentot  
Cried: "Yield to starvation I'll nottentot;  
I'll get me a cantaloup,  
Or else a young antelope,  
One who'll enjoy being shottentot."



This poor unfortunate Hottentot,  
His bow and his arrows he gottentot;  
And being stout-hearted,  
At once he departed,  
And struck through the bush at a trottentot.



This poor unfortunate Hottentot,  
When several miles from his cottentot,  
He chanced to set eyes on  
A snake that was p'ison,  
A-tying itself in a knottentot.



Then this poor unfortunate Hottentot  
Remarked: "This for me is no spottentot!  
I'd better be going;  
There's really no knowing  
If he's trying to charm me, or whattentot!"



This poor unfortunate Hottentot  
Was turning to flee to his grottentot,  
When a lioness met him,  
And suddenly "et" him,  
As a penny's engulfed by the slottentot.



## MORAL:

This poor unfortunate Hottentot  
Had better have borne with his lottentot,  
And grown even thinner  
For lack of a dinner.  
But I should have had, then, no plottentot!

# THE PEAR-TREE.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.



I.

MAMA had one morning been baking  
Some little cakes, spicy and sweet.  
"May I have some?" said James. "Not  
at present,"  
Said mama; "you've had plenty to  
eat."  
But mama was called out of the kitchen;  
The cakes looked so tempting and  
nice  
That James filled his pockets and  
satchel,  
And ran out of doors in a trice.



II.

As James ran along with his spice-cakes,  
He looked up, and what should he  
see,  
Beyond a high wall, but a pear-tree  
With ripe yellow pears on the tree.  
Thought James, "If I only could reach  
them,  
With cakes they would taste very  
good."  
Then in through the gate he went creep-  
ing —  
I wonder, myself, how he could!



III.

But a terrible witch owned this pear-  
tree;  
Out into the garden came she.  
"Ho!" she cried. "So at last I have  
caught you —  
The boy who's been robbing my tree."  
The wicked witch called out her  
daughter;  
"Come watch by this pear-tree," she  
said,  
"And I will go fetch out the ladder  
I have laid away in the shed."



IV.

But James took the cakes from his  
satchel,  
And soon he had scattered them round;  
And the witch-girl went hunting and  
stooping  
To gather them up from the ground;  
Then the satchel James dressed in his  
jacket,  
And set his old hat on it straight,  
And slid down the tree in a jiffy,  
And hurried away to the gate.



V.

When the cakes had been gathered and  
eaten,  
The witch-girl looked up at the tree,  
And there, just like James, sat the  
satchel,  
As quiet and still as could be.  
Out comes the old witch with the lad-  
der;  
She says, "I've a plan of my own:  
I'll take this boy in and I'll flog him;  
Henceforth he'll leave our trees alone."



VI.

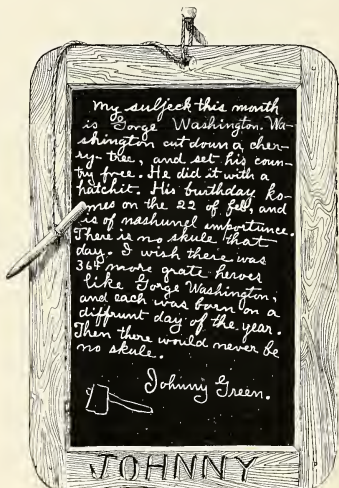
They both began climbing the ladder,  
But, rumpety-dumplety-dump!  
The pears and the satchel came tum-  
bling  
About them with many a thump;  
And there they sat rubbing their  
bruises,  
And staring up into the tree;  
But James has been taught a good les-  
son,  
And henceforth less greedy will be.



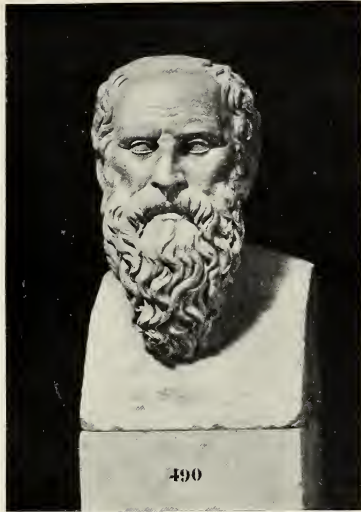


A CRITICAL MOMENT: GENERAL JAMIE FITZ-HUGH MARMION BRUCE McDUGALL IS UNDECIDED WHETHER TO FALL UPON THE ENEMY'S RIGHT FLANK AND DELIVER A CRUSHING BLOW, OR TO RETIRE WITH HIS GALLANT FOLLOWERS TO A STRONGHOLD BEHIND THE SOFA AND WATCH DEVELOPMENTS. IN THE MEANTIME COLONEL BARKER AWAITS ORDERS.

JOHNNY  
GREEN'S  
COMPOSITION



ON  
GEORGE  
WASHINGTON.



AN ANTIQUE BUST OF DIOGENES.

## AN OLD-TIME PHILOSOPHER.

BY ELEANOR LEWIS.

FAR back in ancient days, when Alexander the Great was the ruler of Greece, and was extending his dominion over a vast empire, there lived in Athens a queer, quaint old man named Diogenes, who delighted in showing his contempt for honors, riches, and the luxuries of life. He used to say that it was godlike not to need anything. His own possessions consisted of a cloak, a wallet, a staff, and a wooden cup; and it is said that he even threw away the cup after having seen a boy drink from the hollow of his hand. He had no dwelling, and depended almost entirely upon charity for food; and it is said that when no better shelter offered itself, he lived in a big cask, or tub.

He has passed down in history as the man who carried a lighted lantern through the streets of Athens at broad noon, searching, as he

told all questioners, for an *honest man!* And his name is no doubt familiar to many young readers of St. NICHOLAS, not only from this incident, but because of his celebrated retort to Alexander the Great. When that mighty conqueror went to see Diogenes he found him sitting in the sun in front of his tub.

"I am Alexander the Great," said the Grecian monarch.

"And I am Diogenes the philosopher," replied the other.

"What service can I render to you?" asked Alexander, to which Diogenes replied:

"You can stand out of my sunlight."

But Alexander showed true courtesy, for he is reported to have said to one of his officers who resented Diogenes' rudeness: "If I were not Alexander, I would choose to be Diogenes."



DIOGENES AND ALEXANDER. (FROM THE TAPESTRY AT HAMPTON COURT.)

The great English artist, Sir Edwin Landseer, once painted a picture which he called "Diogenes and Alexander," in which Diogenes is represented by a shaggy cur lying in his tub, and Alexander by a well-groomed, pampered dog standing haughtily before him.

With all his faults, the old philosopher of Athens was often called "Diogenes the Wise." Whether his wisdom was really so great as to deserve that title may be doubted. But his worst faults seem to have been good qualities carried to excess. In opposing too much luxury, he cut himself off from the comforts of life; in his eagerness to make life simple, he lost sight of its gentilities; he was saving at the expense of neatness, truthful at the cost of

rude, "walking philosopher" of his time, and Plato, the polished and aristocratic gentleman.

For Plato, one of the wisest men of all the ages, delighted in refinement, finding art even in the tie of his sandal-latchets and the curl of his perfumed beard, while, at the same time, he devoted himself with true interest to the deep problems of philosophy. But Diogenes had no patience with niceties, and held a very indifferent opinion of Plato. "A shallow fellow, a terrible talker," he called him, and contemptuously spoke of his eloquent speeches as "diatribes," or scoldings. Once he asked Plato for a handful of dried figs, and, when the kindly philosopher sent double the quantity, he remarked: "Will you, if asked how many two and



SIR EDWIN LANSEER'S PAINTING, "DIOGENES AND ALEXANDER."

courtesy, and plain-spoken even to rudeness. One would say that he was coarse-grained by nature; but he showed signs of tenderness, and even refinement, which proved that the grain was not entirely coarse, and which make us wonder at an age that could produce two men so wise and yet so different as Diogenes, the

two make, answer 'twenty'? For you neither give with reference to what you are asked for, nor do you answer with reference to the question put." (Nevertheless, he kept all the figs!)

Indeed, pride shone through Diogenes' rags, and once gave Plato a capital chance for retort. Our sharp-tongued critic went uninvited one



day to Plato's house when guests were there, and with dusty feet rudely strode up and down over the rich carpets, saying, "Thus do I

the fingers," emphasizing the importance of frankness and honesty.

To his stern old master, Antisthenes, he behaved with the kindness of a son. In his youth Diogenes became the disciple of Antisthenes, who was then a celebrated teacher. When he first applied, however, he was refused admittance to the house. But Diogenes was not to be put off, and was so persistent that the teacher even struck him with his staff and bade him be gone. The would-be pupil, without offering any resistance, calmly said:

"You may strike me, Antisthenes, but you will never find a stick stout enough to drive me away from you so long as you say anything worth hearing."

It is said that the teacher was so completely won over by this retort that he forthwith admitted the obstinate youth among his pupils.

Antisthenes himself was rude and snappish.

trample on the pride of Plato." "With quite as much pride yourself, Diogenes," replied Plato, undisturbed by the other's insolence.

Diogenes certainly was rude—unpardonably rude; and for this reason, in part, his real merits have been dimmed.

Perhaps, on the whole, it is more charitable to Diogenes to regard such speeches as a mere bit of ill humor. Other sayings are on record showing that he had milder moods and a nature kindly at heart, as when he said, "One should hold out his hand to a friend without closing

Gentleness and love for his fellow-men were among the lessons that he failed to learn or to teach; and so even when pupils admired his logic and rough honesty, they held aloof from him. But, solitary as he lived, he had some regard for Diogenes, and, had not the latter returned this regard, he would have died uncared for and alone.

Diogenes' fondness for animals is another proof of a nature sound at core. Mice crept up to secure his crumbs, and the man-hater would say: "Even Diogenes keeps his pets!"



DIOGENES AND HIS LANTERN. (FROM A PAINTING BY SALVATOR ROSA.)

He it was who originated a word often used in these days—"cosmopolite." For, being asked to what country he belonged, he said he was "cosmopolites"—a citizen of the world.

He can hardly be called witty, although he had plenty of humor. He compared a rich but ignorant person to a sheep with golden fleece; and, when Plato defined man as a featherless biped, Diogenes sent him a plucked fowl by way of making fun of the definition.

The humorists of his time found in Diogenes a rich subject for wit, and even to this day we make game of him, and cannot forgive his arrogance.

There is much sadness in the words he uttered on entering a theater just as all the rest were leaving. "It is what I have been doing all my life," he said.

In his old age, while on a voyage, he was captured by pirates and carried to Crete, where

he was put up for sale as a slave in the public market. When asked by the auctioneer what he could do, he replied:

"I can govern men; therefore sell me to one who wants a master."

Xenaides, a wealthy citizen of Corinth, was so pleased by this reply that he immediately purchased Diogenes; and on his return to Corinth not only gave the philosopher his freedom, but turned over to him the education of his own children and the direction of his household affairs.

"What sort of a man, O Diogenes, do you think the great Socrates?" some one asked.

"A madman," was his reply.

And he little dreamed that, when at last he should lay down his "very light burden of life," leaving to the "next poorer man" his well-worn wallet, cloak, and staff, he himself would soon come to be known as "the mad Diogenes."



AN ANCIENT BUST OF PLATO.

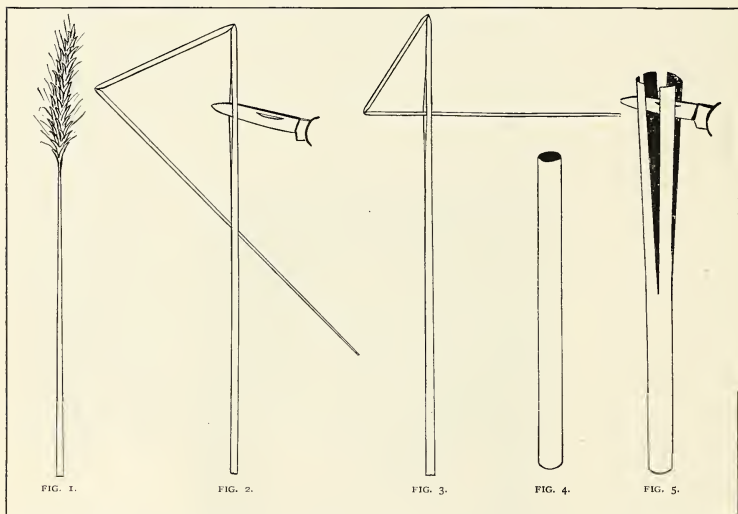


## WINDMILL MADE OF STRAW.

BY PERCIVAL HALL LOMBARD.

PERHAPS some of the boy readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* may be interested, during the windy month of March, to know how to make a windmill of the simplest kind—one which will, when

knife make a slit in the stem about an inch down from the second bend. (See Fig. 2.) Through the slit carefully pass the small end, as in Fig. 3. This part forms the frame and



carefully constructed, give every satisfaction, and produce, if not fifty horse-power perhaps, then at least one "butterfly-power."

Select a few of the driest and most perfect spears of wheat, rye, or barley, and with a sharp penknife cut off the top just above the first joint. Cut off the tip containing the grain (see Fig. 1), bending the remaining part in two places, and with the smallest blade of the pen-

bearings of our windmill, and may be slipped over a support or held in the hand.

The wheel itself is made from the lower end of the blade of straw. (See Fig. 4.) Care must be exercised to select a piece which has not been crushed or broken, one which is also perfectly dry, for if made of green stalk it soon withers and curls up. In one end of a piece about four inches long make two slits at

right angles a distance of half the length of the piece. (See Fig. 5.) Then carefully bend back the four wings thus formed, completing the wheel

This straw windmill is a little German invention—not patented, but free to all—once given to me by two flaxen-haired, barefooted lads

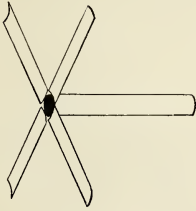


FIG. 6.

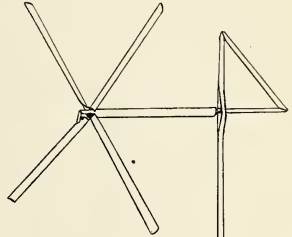
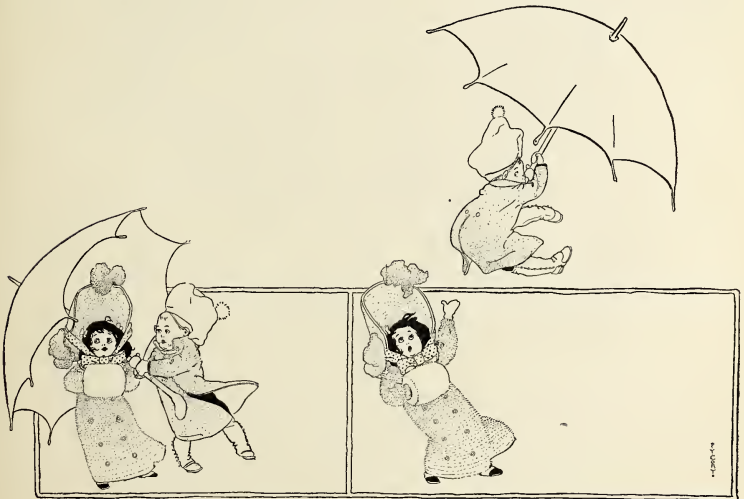


FIG. 7.

shown in Fig. 6. It is well to give the wings a slight twist near their base so that they may catch the wind. The windmill may now be put together by slipping the wheel over the part first made, as in Fig. 7. When held in the breeze the wheel will spin around at an astonishing rate.

away up in the Hartz Mountains, when it was my fortune some time ago to be in the shadow of the grand old Brocken.



THE GALLANTRY OF TOMMY TUDGE AND ITS TERRIBLE RESULT.

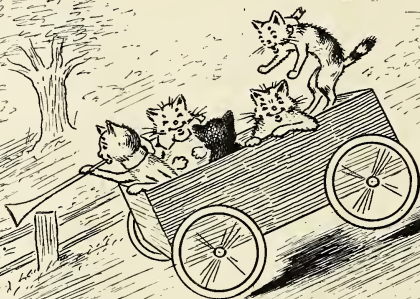


©, coasting Cats! my nerves you thrill  
Gts in your box you bounce and fly!

If Jack  
and Jill

are

down  
this  
hill,



I think  
you'll meet them  
presently.

And they may feel constrained to say  
That yours is quite a sudden way.

Francis

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## “SO MANY YEARS AGO.”

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By H. A. OGDEN.

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GREAT-GRANDMA liked to tell us how, so many years ago,  
When she was but a little child, just like yourselves, you know,  
She saw the Continentals pass, one sunny summer day,  
Upon their march to Pompton, some forty miles away;  
And how George Washington and aides, in faded buff and blue,  
Stopped at her home for luncheon. It 's really, truly true.

Said she: “My brother Ben and I were shy as we could be;  
But both of us were pleased to hear the general praise the tea.  
And when the table had been cleared, we went at mother's call  
To meet the famous patriot, who stood so straight and tall.  
I curtsied as the fashion was, with both my cheeks aflame;  
He took my hand, and said I was a ‘dainty little dame.’

“Then Ben’s turn came. The general bent down and took his hand. ‘In truth,’ said he, ‘my little man, you ’d make a soldier grand!’ But Ben could only smile and stare, so very strange it seemed That this was General Washington, of whom so oft he ’d dreamed— The man who was so patient, so skilful, and so brave, That all the people looked to him their country’s cause to save.”



“HE TOOK MY HAND, AND SAID I WAS A ‘DAINTY LITTLE DAME.’”

As grandma ceased, we heard the tall old clock a-ticking slow,  
 As if it said, “I, too, was there, so many years ago.  
 I saw that noble soldier who made the country free.  
 Remember, then, his glorious deeds when you look up at me.  
 While time shall last, in this our land, his fame shall brighter glow.  
 I, too, beheld George Washington, so many years ago.”

## A TRUE FOX STORY.

BY E. L. WELLS.

WHEN I was a boy I lived at Glens Falls, New York. We boys frequently kept young foxes for pets. I had two, but they so often took my sisters' rag dolls to the garret and tore them to pieces that I traded them for two small, thin, square books with board covers—a life of William Henry Harrison and Peter Parley's Geography. No other two books have ever been quite so wonderful to me.

One of my uncles lived on a farm three miles from the Falls and two miles from Sandy Hill. That farm was a paradise for me, for there I found all the apples and pears, walnuts, hickory-nuts, butternuts, and chestnuts that my heart could desire.

One frosty autumn morning my uncle and I went to a favorite chestnut-tree on the hillside, and were busy picking the loosened nuts from the ground and breaking open the closed burs that we had clubbed from the tree, when a fox ran close by us, down the hill, over the stone wall, across the road, over the other wall, and into the level meadow beyond.

When partly across the field, he suddenly turned at a sharp angle and ran in another direction.

Soon he turned again, and kept on doing the same thing for half a dozen times or more, when he took a straight course for the woods some forty rods away.

His track was somewhat like this:

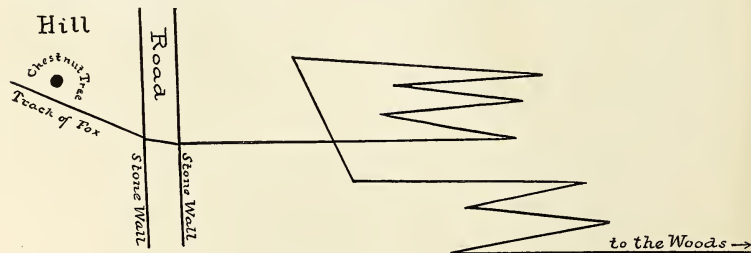


DIAGRAM OF THE PATH OF THE FOX.

I asked my uncle why the fox was running over the meadow in that manner. "Let us wait awhile," said he, "and we may find the reason for his doing so."

In a short time we heard the distant yelping of a hound. With his nose to the ground he ran by us, following the track of the fox. Down the hill, over the wall, across the road, over the wall, into the meadow he went.

All at once he stopped. He had run beyond the track of the fox. It took him half a minute to find the scent he had lost. Then he was off with his longest leaps; but soon once more he was beyond the place where the fox had turned. This losing the scent and finding it again was repeated until he was finally out of the tangle and off for the woods with a yelping I seem to hear after a lapse of sixty years.

But Reynard was then far away and out of danger.

"How did the fox know how to do all this?" you may inquire. But you will have to ask me an easier question.

You and I would have lost no time in trying to reach a place of safety. But the fox was wiser; for in losing time in the meadow he gained time to find a safe den in the forest.

As very few persons may have seen a fox do anything like this, I thought the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS might be interested in hearing the story of this fox's clever trick.

## UNNATURAL HISTORY.

Verses by Alice Brown.

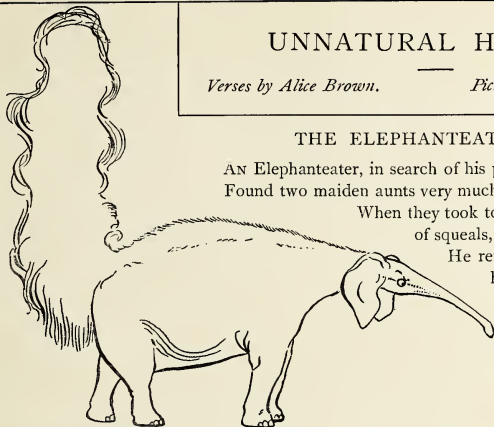
Pictures by Louise Clarke.

### THE ELEPHANTEATER.

AN Elephanteater, in search of his prey,  
Found two maiden aunts very much in his way.

When they took to their heels, with a series  
of squeals,

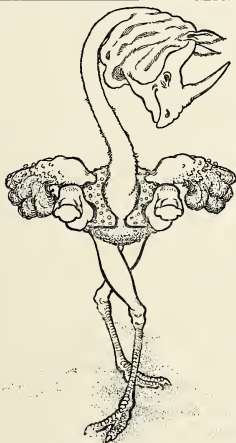
He remarked, "I 'm especially  
hungry to-day!"



### THE PENGUINEAPIG.

When Mrs. Penguinpig goes for the air,  
She takes her two daughters, a duplicate pair.

With calmness of nerve, they always preserve  
A deportment to make all the other pigs stare.



### THE RHINOSCEROSTRICH.

The Rhinoscerostrich can scarce understand  
What to do if pursued by a wild Zulu band.

Says he, "Gracious me! I 'm blest if I see  
How to cover a head of this size in the sand!"



## MARJORIE'S SCHOOL OF FICTION.

(*A Story for Young Authors.*)

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

As for failure, she had scarcely considered this possibility. Of course she knew that people did fail in literature — indeed, she had seen them do so. These unfortunates had belonged to the school classes to which she, Marjorie, had also belonged, and their failure had been easy to understand. Marjorie had never failed, and had graduated at last with a valedictory that shed glory throughout the institution, even to its darkest corridors, where hall-maids gathered to see her pass, and spoke in whispers as she drew near. She had been told — and she believed it — that the literary world was waiting for her. It was simply a question of what particular field she would select.

The quaint phraseology of the romantic school attracted her. Already she had done something in that line — a seventeenth-century bit that held class and teachers breathless with the spell of its old-world charm. She had never been abroad, — they had been too poor for that, — but the artist in her had created an atmosphere which had been compared to that of Scott, while the French sketch of the week following had been considered worthy of Maupassant. So you see Marjorie was hardly to blame. She was only versatile, and was making up her mind while the world waited.

Of course there were others besides the French and romantic schools. Then there were stories of no particular school, such as everybody wrote. She could do these too, but they were not "real literature." They were just stories of things that happened, or might have happened, or could n't have happened, as the case might be. At all events, they were not the "best art," and Marjorie meant to give the world the best or none. She meant to do so at once, for, as before mentioned, her people were not wealthy.

She decided to do a romantic novel.

A good many others must have come to that decision about the same time. Before Marjorie was half through, the book-stalls were simply overflowing with books of every period but our own — most of them decorated with men fighting duels, or at least there were crossed swords on the covers. For once, the sword had become mightier than the pen, and Marjorie noted with anxiety that more than one merry musketeer or lightsome cavalier had ornamented the period and locality she had marked as her own. Still, they were very bad, — the books, of course, — most of them. The real thing would not lack for recognition.

Marjorie still believes that. The true artist is always an optimist at heart, and being an artist, and true, Marjorie will tell you to-day, in spite of all that has passed since "The Auburn Queen" was so hopefully begun, that real merit will one day find its place and reward. Furthermore — but I am getting ahead of my story. It is a habit of mine.

"The Auburn Queen" was finished in September. The family had been in cruel suspense for two days as to the outcome. It was all anybody could have wished. Her mother approved the retributive justice that overtook the villains. Her fourteen-year-old brother reveled in their wholesale taking off. Her sixteen-year-old sister adored the romantic climax. Marjorie's father, having suddenly fallen ill, was spared these things; also the conclave at which it was decided that the best publisher would have to suffice — one who already that year had sold something less than a million each of three books being finally selected. This was important, for the money situation was likely to become strained.

Marjorie's home being in Brooklyn, the favored publisher was not far away. When the manuscript had been gone two days there be-

gan to be an air of expectancy in the household. Marjorie smiled at this. Too soon, she said. They must wait at least a week. At the end of that time the younger members became impatient. Even Marjorie would not have been surprised at a telegram announcing the joyous acceptance of her novel, and that a ten-thousand-dollar check was on the way. Still, it was full early. She would not write to the publishers for another week. She would do so then, for her father was much worse and money running low. Meantime she would write a short story or two to supply immediate wants. These would be of the French school—"pot-boilers." But, alas! many pots grow cold waiting for fuel thus provided. Money ran lower and lower. The doctor came and went, prescribing costly medicines that drained the little family fund to the last, and yet gave no relief to the stricken man. The father did not improve. He died one evening, just at sunset. Marjorie was holding his hand.

"You will have to be mainstay now," he said. "You have resolution. You will do what I have only dreamed." And with that tender faith in his talented, masterful girl, a gentle, plodding life went out.

"The Auburn Queen" came back next morning.

The polite note with it would have meant little at any time. It meant nothing at all now. Neither did the printed regrets returned with the shorter stories. The girl was stunned by her accumulation of disaster.

Yet she did not lose hope. She must not do so. The father who had toiled so laboriously for them all had left her to fill his place. The children were at public school. Her mother had chief care of the household, with its never-ending duties. She was a willing, warm-hearted woman who had never quite understood why, with so much faithful toil, her husband had harvested so little of the world's prosperity. Marjorie, better than the others, had been able to understand the gentle soul that had now slipped so quietly from among them, as he, in turn, had understood and trusted Marjorie. She would be faithful to that trust, and in those days of her first grief regretted that he could not see how faithful would be her fulfilment.

The novel was forwarded at once to another publisher. The short stories were mailed to other magazines, and two new ones immediately begun. These were of no particular school—just stories, such as everybody wrote, of things that Marjorie thought might have happened. After all, it might be necessary to do these occasionally, while the others were getting started.

Perhaps the fact that they were stories of the sort that everybody wrote made them come back. Or it may have been because Marjorie's experience in the matters treated had been mostly acquired at second hand. Heartsick with anxiety and disappointment, Marjorie saw her stories go and come. Sometimes a brief line came with them—the word of a busy, kindly editor who foresaw possible achievement in what was now but promise, and perhaps remembered the long-ago days when he, too, was treading the hopeless way. Such words were as balm to Marjorie, only—the stories always accompanied them.

Had she been alone she might not have surrendered. As it was, the time came when she must perform such labor as would bring return, however small. Her first thought was to teach; but she found, upon entering for examinations, that the branches she had sacrificed for the study of literature, added to an inherent weakness in mathematics, disqualified her for a position in the public schools. Through a friend's assistance she obtained a situation as governess at last, but at the end of the third month came home ill and despairing from having endeavored to maintain at once a proper respect for both her mistress and herself. She was satisfied with her experience in this direction, and consulted the more attractive "want" columns of the Sunday papers.

With a promising list of addresses, she set out on Monday morning, and for several memorable days acquired still further experience and knowledge of human nature, as by turns she was disappointed, wounded, exasperated, or merely amused by interviews that led only to refusal.

She found herself, one morning, in charge of a very small counter in a very large department-store. Behind her were rows and rows of but-

tons. She was supposed to sell these — to count them out by fractional dozens, or cards, or boxes, and to figure up very quickly what three fourths of a dozen black buttons, at seven-tenths cents a dozen, and seven twelfths of a dozen white buttons, at twenty-one cents, were worth, and a great many such things, in the course of a few minutes, besides talking to and waiting on a number of stout ladies who were crowding each other for place, and all the while to keep pleasant and polite and exact and busy, and to be very quick about it.

Poor Marjorie! She never had been *very* quick in all her life! Art is deliberate. It moves majestically and without haste. Then there were those terrible figures — those fractious fractions that were always her despair, and that now, when she hurried them, became veritable imps of the perverse that made her days a Tangle of Sorrow and her nights a Thicket of Unrest. She was trying to study shorthand, too, and sometimes, in her dreams, the curves and pothooks of Pitman held wild dances with the fractions of the button-counter. Seven-eighths and Five-twelfths and all the others hopped and skipped and paraded, while among them capered the stenographic signs that stood for "you can't do it," "you're too slow," and a lot of "nevers," until Marjorie would wake up saying, "Never! never! never! Oh, I *know* I can't! I *know* it! Go away — go away and let me die!"

It was a hard experience. She saw girls about her who, with meager opportunities, cheerless home lives, uncultured tastes, and few ambitions, were yet clever enough in their heads and hands to outdo her in her poor struggle so to sell buttons as to avoid the wrath of the floor-manager more than twice in one afternoon. With some of these girls she became acquainted. Most of them did not please her; yet many of them had good hearts, and, if their knowledge of English was limited, their understanding of humanity served them in good stead. Marjorie realized, at last, that she was in a great school: not a school from which she would graduate with wreaths and honors, nor yet where the proper study of mankind was man, but in a still greater school, wherein the subtler study of womankind was woman.

She received her diploma from this institution when, one morning, a very red-faced woman reported three mistakes in a bill of seventy-two cents. The floor-manager was kindly enough, but firm. They must have some one who was more accurate in figures. Marjorie agreed with him, and went home to consult the papers once more.

She had made but poor advance in shorthand. She could not apply for an office position, and wondered rather vaguely what there was left for her. Something she *must* do. Her wages, small though they were, had been of the greatest assistance. To give up meant privation that would presently become destitution. Pride must not be considered. Not that Marjorie was without pride, but greater than all had become the trust imposed by her dying father, and her resolution to live or die as he had lived and died, fighting the good fight without bitterness and without complaint.

Neither had she lost faith in her literary ability. She was beginning to understand why she had failed. She realized that her "people" had not been real people, and that, after all, it was the real people in fiction as well as in fact who had the better show. Some day she would try again — some day when she had worked her way into a position where days were less wearying to the soul and nights less torturing to the brain.

Marjorie thought of many things. In the great store she had known of women who made articles for certain departments and thus earned considerable during the season of demand. But Marjorie was not handy with needle and scissors, nor yet with the crochet-hook. She scanned the columns anxiously. The "Companions," "Governesses," "Miscellaneous" — none of them offered a place that she could honestly attempt to fill. She sighed audibly as she noted column after column from those who wanted cooks. Some of these appeals she read.

Now cooking was one thing which Marjorie could do, and do well. I don't know just what is the connection between literature and cookery, and I suppose there are a number of good cooks who cannot write; but I have yet to find the woman writer who is not a supremely good

cook. Perhaps the same artistic impulse and imagination is required for both. Men writers can cook, too, when they try; only they are apt to be messy.

Marjorie was not messy, and she had both skill and experience. As a girl it had been her

ther would consent reluctantly to her daughter's "going out to service," while Tom, who was already eager to be doing for himself, and Nellie, with all the faith in life and its romance that sixteen brings—these two, she knew, would unite in a vigorous protest and vow they would



"BUT ONE MORNING, IMMEDIATELY AFTER BREAKFAST, SHE WAS SUMMONED TO THE LIBRARY." (SEE PAGE 443.)

delight to assist with the meals, and her mother, a New England woman, had taught her daughter the science of the household. Later, at school, it was always Marjorie who had been chosen to invent and prepare those little dinners and suppers in which her light-hearted fellows had found exceeding joy.

Of course there would be a storm of objections. Even the hard-working, practical mo-

give up school and sell papers on the street before their Marjie should go into anybody's kitchen. And yet, why not? Better to cook in a well-ordered kitchen than to govern in a disordered nursery. Better to wrestle with roast and pastry, which she understood, than with those torturing figures which she could never hope to conquer. Almost surreptitiously she copied down a number of addresses, and



set out next morning half guiltily. Time enough to face the storm when she had really made her decision. She would have a look over the ground, at least. She put the remnants of her pride, with her addresses, in her pocket, and, throwing up her head, breathed in strength and resolution with the clean morning air.

It was surprising to Marjorie to see with what cordiality she was received now. The neat, plainly dressed girl, with clear eyes and handsome, intellectual face, was welcomed by housekeeper and mistress as if their advertisements had been for long-lost relatives instead of for some one to prepare food. Nearly all were courteous—some even obsequious. Marjorie recalled pleasantries concerning the supremacy of cooks, and realized that these things had been less exaggerated than she had supposed. It is true they did mention, though rather timidly, the matter of "references," and were somewhat conservative on the subject of wages; but when Marjorie had quite frankly explained as much of her position as seemed necessary, and had risen, as queens always do, to close an interview, they followed her to the door with inducements, and parted from her almost with tears.

She "selected" a place at last where the mistress herself, an elderly woman with a face and voice that reminded Marjorie of her mother, took her into a pleasant sitting-room, and after a few moments' conversation offered a price that was nearly double what the applicant had hoped to receive.

"I do not ask for reference," the gentle voice continued, "because when I look into your face I do not need it. Our children are gone, and my husband and I live very quietly. I am sure you will try to please me, and I shall help you to succeed. As to wages, I realize that it takes quite as much intelligence to be a good servant as a good mistress, and a good mistress will properly reward faithfully given service. My last cook was with me twenty-seven years. She left us last week—for a better world. I hope you will come to us."

The gentle voice and sweet, kindly face appealed to Marjorie. She had an impulse to confide everything, but told at last only of her

father's death and the necessity of bread-winning, agreeing to accept the position, with her mother's consent. She returned next morning, ready. The battle had been rather severe, but mercifully short. Marjorie's argument had been unanswerable.

And now our heroine learned what even a life of service may become when humanity is a factor in the household, and when the work itself is not strange or distasteful. There was plenty to do, for in the rather large New York apartment there was but one other servant, a girl younger than herself, to render general assistance. There was no room for more, but the mistress herself gave a hand here and there, and a kind word of encouragement and approval that meant even more. In a few short days Marjorie felt altogether at home, while her meats and her puddings had aroused generous enthusiasm in the dining-room.

"I think I've found my proper station in life at last," she wrote in a merry letter to her mother. "Better a good cook than a bad novelist, and you don't know how grateful I am for all you have taught me. Mrs. Crawford says my salads are Kiplingesque, and Mr. Crawford declares my desserts are Swinburnian poems. So you see I at least have the literary touch in my cuisine.

"Indeed, this seems to be a literary household. Mrs. Crawford said to me yesterday, 'I think you must be fond of reading, my dear.' 'Oh, yes,' I answered. Then she said I might take from the library any books I wished. When I told her I wanted to re-read 'Esmond,' she asked if I would n't like to read it aloud to her. I read for two hours last night. Lettie, the maid, was invited to listen; but Mrs. Crawford saw presently that she did not care for 'Esmond,' so gave her something more suitable, to take to her room. Mr. Crawford also came in. I don't know what he does, but have an impression that he is connected with publishing. If so, I might offer him 'The Auburn Queen.' Imagine 'Er' Ighness the cook, with a ladle under one arm and a manuscript under the other, presenting herself to her employer and saying:

"'Haxin' yer parding, sir, Hi 'ave composed a novel, sir. Hit 's hentitled "The Hauburn

Queen," sir, an' there 's no stint of love in it, or fightin', with hexcitement hextrahordinary.' For oh, dear manna, I know now that 'The Auburn Queen' is very, very bad! I have seen so many real people since then. My people are not at all like them; and, reading 'Esmond' over now, I find that Thackeray *had* real people, even when clothed in the old dress and manner. Perhaps I may write again some day; stories are always running in my head—little stories. There was a boy who used to come to the button-counter with his mother. I might—but this letter is too long already, and it is bedtime. Good night, mammy dear—with love to Tom and Nellie."

And now came pleasant evenings. The distractions of shorthand were forgotten in the charm of the old-world romance of Henry and Beatrix Esmond. When the Crawfords were out, Marjorie looked over the current magazines or attended to her mending. One night she sat in her little rocker, a magazine unopened beside her. She did not feel quite like reading, but closed her eyes and, leaning back, let her mind drift through the experiences and trials of the last eighteen months. It was like a kaleidoscope, in which with each turn new and interesting figures and combinations took form. "I believe I could write some of them," she said half aloud, and began that same evening the story of "The Little Boy at the Button-counter."

There was no thought of style now, nor to what school of fiction her story belonged. The little story told itself in its own way. Marjorie simply put it down as it came—sometimes even laughing at its humor, or finding a blur in her eyes at its pathos. Two evenings later, when it was finished, she could hardly have told you how it had been written. When it was gone at last, to one of the great magazines that sometimes used stories about children, Marjorie suddenly wondered why she should send so slight a thing to so great a market. Reading again her first rough draft, she became still more amazed at her presumption. She resolved to put the whole matter out of her head, quickly and without regret. With busy days and another turn of "Esmond" evenings, she was well-nigh able to do this. When, ten days later, there came one afternoon a letter inclos-

ing a check for her story, it was as if the stove-lifter in her hand had turned to gold.

She had a roast in the oven. Its warning odor brought her back to earth. The roast was not as good as usual that evening, but joy still reigned in the cook's heart, for in the cook's pocket there was a beautiful check, and a still more beautiful letter asking for "more such charming little stories."

She could afford to be humble in her apologies for the roast. But her mistress said:

"Never mind, Marjorie; we must welcome hard fare, now and then, to better appreciate better things."

The following afternoon was her own, and she hastened home with the great news. Her mother took her in her arms and rocked her as she had done so long ago. The younger ones, returning from school, did a war-dance in her honor, declaring that Marjorie should come home now forever. Marjorie restrained them.

"One story does not make an author," she said. "Wait."

But now came another story, and another. People and things that had hurt and exasperated and amused came crowding about her little table at evening, as the stout ladies had once crowded their way to her button-counter on bargain day. How much material we sometimes gather in one brief year! Marjorie wrote and wrote. Two more stories brought checks and letters. A third was returned, only because the kind soul who signed himself "The Editor" thought it better suited for a certain juvenile publication which he recommended. From her home across the river the wolf had fled hastily. Marjorie felt that she could fulfil her trust at last. She wondered if her father knew. With all her time, now, what might she not accomplish?

Then suddenly Marjorie realized that the thought of going was not welcome. She had learned to love those for whom she toiled. Even her success had been, in a great measure, due to their gentle treatment and the atmosphere of her surroundings. She had not the heart to leave them, nor, with a modesty born of success, the courage to confess a reason for doing so. Yet both seemed necessary.

But one morning, immediately after break-

fast, she was summoned to the library. She found Mr. Crawford there alone. The girl began to tremble—what had she done? Perhaps some of the silver was missing. Mr. Crawford motioned her to a chair. Then he regarded her steadily.

"Marjorie Clement Deane," he said, slowly pronouncing her full name.

The girl turned white, then red; how had he learned it?

"Cook extraordinary," he proceeded, "author of 'The Little Boy at the Button-counter,' 'Mrs. Byerly's Bargains,' and other stories of real life. Now what ought we to do with a case like that?"

Marjorie gasped and tried to say something—gaspd again, and gave it up.

"Perhaps you were not aware, Miss Deane," he proceeded, "that I happen to be the editor of the magazine honored by your very remarkable contributions?"

Again Marjorie gasped.

"Y-you!" she managed to say at last. "Oh, I—I did n't know it!"

"No," he assented. "Nor did I know, until last evening, that Marjorie Clement Deane was to be found in the throne-room—for we all agree that the cook's domain is that—of my own apartment. I am rather absent-minded, and rarely notice an author's address. Even when I did remark the fact that our new prodigy's number was the same as my own, I was not startled. There are a number of apartments in this house, and I did not recall that *your* name was Deane. You may perhaps form some idea of my surprise last night when, upon

concluding to look up the new author in connection with some work I had in mind, I was referred by the elevator-boy to my own apartment. My impulse was to argue the matter; but he seemed so established in his knowledge that I came back to let Mrs. Crawford discover whether I was really awake or in one of those dreams I sometimes have after one of your very generous dinners. Mrs. Crawford let in a flood of light, and I went to bed dazed. I have just recovered. I would suggest, Miss Deane, that you abdicate the throne which you have not only graced but honored, to undertake humbler though perhaps more congenial labor in my library. I have certain plans in which I feel you may be willing to render assistance. I may say—"

But what Mr. Crawford was about to say next did not matter. The door opened just then, and Mrs. Crawford entered, followed by a stout, comfortable-looking Englishwoman.

"Mr. Crawford and Miss Deane, I present to you our new cook," she said.

Marjorie's book will appear in the autumn. Not "The Auburn Queen," but a book in which "The Little Boy at the Button-counter" will form the initial chapter, and following "The Little Boy" will come a procession of other quaint people and phases—some humorous, some pathetic, the whole woven into a wonderful march of real life, with its joys, its sorrows, and its rewards. Marjorie did not choose her "school" this time. The new book will belong to that greatest of all schools for every profession under the skies—the school of experience.





## THE FEAST OF THE DOLL.

BY NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH.

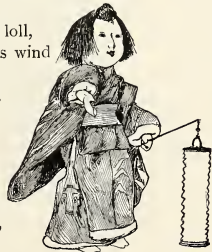
IN flow'ry Japan, the home of the fan,  
 The land of the parasol,  
 Each month has its feast, from greatest to least,  
 And March is the Feast of the Doll-doll-doll,  
 And March is the Feast of the Doll.

The wee, slippered maid in gown of brocade  
 And newest and best folderol,  
 The little brown lad in embroidery clad,  
 All troop to the Feast of the Doll-doll-doll,  
 All troop to the Feast of the Doll.

How pleasant 't would be, 'neath an almond-  
 tree,  
 In sunshine and perfume to loll,  
 Forget our own spring, with its wind  
 and its sting,

And sing to the praise of the Doll-doll-doll,  
 And sing to the praise of the Doll!

Come, sweet Tippytoes, as pink as a rose,  
 And I will get Betty and Moll;  
 Let us follow the plan of the folk in Japan,  
 And dance for your Feast, little Doll-doll-doll,  
 And dance for your Feast, little Doll.



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## HOW DO YOU KNOW —

*There 's a boy in the house?*

By the cap that is hanging downstairs in the hall;  
By the gun and the pistol, the bat and the ball;  
The Indian war-dance, the toy-cannon's roar,  
That are heard, now and then, through the nursery door;  
By the engines and drums and the tool-chest and nails,  
The steam-cars and tracks and the boats with trim sails;  
By the volumes of Cooper which from cover to cover  
Have been read and re-read by an Indian-lover.

“But you must take care, if you value your head,  
When you go to the nursery,” declares Uncle Fred.  
“When I open the door there 's a scramble and shout;  
I 'm attacked by a brigand, and I 'll never doubt  
Who clutches me fast, as a cat does a mouse—  
Well, these are good signs there 's a boy in the house!”



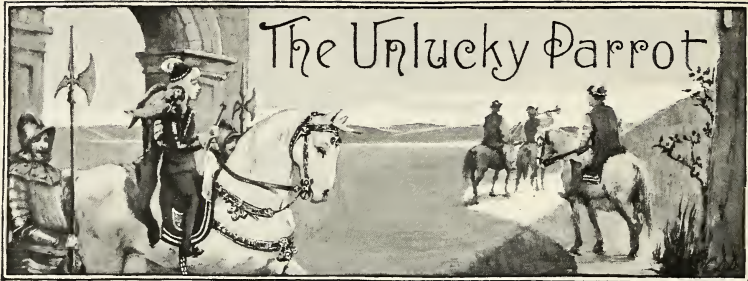
## HOW DO YOU KNOW—

*There 's a girl in the house?*

By the beautiful doll with the movable eyes—  
A French doll that sleeps, and that talks, walks, and cries;  
By the toy-house and trunk and the stove and the chairs;  
By the needle and thread, in the nursery upstairs;  
By the doll-hats and furbelows made every day  
For Annie and Sallie and Bessie and May;  
By the soft little laugh and the sweet little song,  
Which never to grown folks or boys could belong.

“And if you run up to the nursery floor,  
And go to the room, and then open the door,”  
Aunt Dorothy says, “well, when *I* take a peep,  
And see a wee mother a-rocking to sleep  
Her own little dolly, as still as a mouse—  
Why, then I am sure there 's a girl in the house!”





BY RUTH HUNTINGTON SESSIONS.

ONCE upon a time, in a far Eastern country, there lived a young prince. He was good-natured, gentle, and so fond of the people, his father's subjects, that his favorite amusement was to wander about the imperial city disguised as an ordinary boy, and make acquaintance with all kinds and conditions of workers, often helping them and sharing their toil. It was the custom of the country that all members of the royal family should be saluted when seen in public; so you may imagine that the prince was very glad to be able to do away with this ceremony by going about "incognito," as it is called, and being treated a little more informally than when in company of his suite.

One day, while disguised in plain clothes, as he was passing through a dark, narrow street, lined on each side with booths and dens of merchants, he heard the sound of a voice calling:

"Come in! Come in!"

At first, peering into the dark interior of the small shop before the door of which he had passed, he could see nothing, and was at a loss to find out whence the voice came. But presently, in a cage just inside the door, he spied a parrot, a most beautiful bird, with plumage of red, green, and yellow. Now, of all things, the prince had always wished to possess a parrot. He stepped inside the shop, filled as it was with all kinds of curious lamps, jugs, and spicy-smelling Oriental stuffs, and at the very back of it saw a little old man, dark and crafty-looking, whose long beard almost touched the ground.

"Is your bird for sale?" asked the prince, politely, of the shopkeeper.

Now the old man was quite well aware that a member of the royal household stood before him, but he was too cunning to let the prince know it; so he answered as if he were talking to an ordinary purchaser:

"Yes, it is for sale, but only at one price. I will not part with it for money, as I value it too highly."

"How can I purchase it, then?" inquired the prince.

The old man hesitated a moment, then he said:

"Bring me a cup of water from the spring that flows by the image in the palace garden. Then you shall have the parrot. But you must say nothing to any one. The bargain must be kept a secret between you and me."

The prince did not know (what to the clever old man had long been the subject of his plots and schemes) that a cup of water, given to anybody from this spring by the hand of a prince of the blood royal, would render the drinker able to use fairy power and endow any animal with it. This fact had never been told to the boy, because it was so entirely contrary to the rules of the court that he should perform any service whatever for a person outside of his own family. But in mixing with the common people, and seeing their many ways of helping one another, he had forgotten this regulation. So it seemed quite a natural thing for him to run

home at once, fetch a silver cup, and from the bubbling spring which, surmounted by a stately image, flowed in a corner of the beautiful garden of his father's palace, to fill it with water, and return at once to the dingy shop where the owner of the parrot awaited him.

"Come in! Come in!" shouted the bird again, and the prince held out his cup to the little old man, who eagerly clutched it and immediately drank its contents.

"You shall have the parrot now," he said, with a crafty smile; "but first let me get it ready to go with you."

He took the parrot down and carried it into the back of the shop, stroked its feathers several times, and whispered a few words in its ear which the prince supposed to be a tender farewell. Then he handed it to the boy, who ran off delighted with his prize, and unconscious that he was carrying with him the servant of a dangerous sorcerer, who was only waiting for a chance to work some injury upon him. The parrot was not shut up in a cage, like other pets, but was set on a golden perch, and was daintily fed; and soon the bird amused every one in the palace by its speeches.

Two or three days after this the prince was invited to go out hunting with his father, the king. Just as he was mounting his horse at the palace door, the parrot flew from its perch and lighted upon his shoulder.

"Take the bird away," he called to a servant. "I shall be gone all day, and cannot take care of it."

The servant sprang to remove it; but each time he did so, the creature flew back and took its stand once more on the shoulder of the prince. The king was impatient to be off, so at last, finding it difficult to be rid of his pet, the prince allowed it to remain where it was, and they started, the sharp claws of the bird clinging to the boy's hunting-costume. For a while all went smoothly; but finally they came into a dark wood, where it was necessary to ride carefully over a rough road, in single file. The prince was behind the rest of the party, bending his head now and then, as did those in front of him, to escape the hanging boughs of trees which obstructed the path. Suddenly the parrot, with a shrill scream, flew directly down upon the top of the horse's head, and dug its sharp beak into the animal's flesh. The horse tossed its head in annoyance, stumbled, and threw the rider, blinded as he was by the boughs, to the ground; then, as the parrot let go, escaped with a wild snort, and broke away into the thicket, thus leaving the prince on his back alone, the rest of the hunting-party being already out of



"THE PRINCE MADE A LOW BOW."



sight, and the bird, which had now seated itself upon the nearest tree, looking down at him with an evil leer.

The prince shouted and called and whistled, but in vain, for only an echo answered him. Then he sat up, looked about him, and considered how he could best find his way back to his home or catch up with his father. The path before and behind him seemed to have disappeared. There was not even an opening among the trees to guide him to an outlet from the bewildering mass of green which surrounded him on all sides. The parrot had succeeded in the plot imparted to it by the old man, and had led the poor prince into a complete trap, from which it appeared impossible to escape. But the wood was full, fortunately, of friendly little animals who were on excellent terms with the wood-fairies, and ready to join with the latter in helping mortals out of the toils of a sorcerer when necessary. So the prince, staring in a discouraged way at the dense thicket about him, presently noticed a big bee, which buzzed round and round his head in a mild, not at all alarming, fashion, and, without touching him, seemed to have some reason for keeping near him. Pretty soon it flew a little way off, then back again; then, perching on a leaf, looked at him with an expression which, for an insect, was truly remarkable. The prince then began to notice that the parrot was making extraordinary efforts to catch this bee, but that the latter managed to fly away each time it came near, and always returned to its post near him.

"What do you want of me, I wonder?" he said to himself. The bee buzzed again, and this time the prince followed it as it flew off, till it lighted on a thick vine which twined itself back and forth across a couple of tall trees. On examining this vine, he found it had grown exactly in the form of a ladder, upon which, if he liked, he could climb upward.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Now I can ascend high enough, perhaps, to see over the tree-tops and get an idea how to find my way out of this place." So, unheeding the shrill cries of the parrot, which followed him, pecking angrily at the leaves as it hopped from twig to twig, he scrambled eagerly up the long vine ladder.

It was a very long climb, and at the top he found himself at the end of a long corridor, with a floor of interlaced twigs where the vine had grown across between the tree-tops and interwoven itself firmly, and with walls of thick green. Passing down this corridor, he came to a tiny house of the same materials. And within the house, on a throne of pine cones, sat a little old woman.

The prince, who never failed to show his good manners, made a low bow.

"Who are you, pray tell?" inquired the old woman.

He told her how he had been lost in the woods, and she shook her head with a frown.

"The work of some sorcerer," she muttered; "very likely that parrot there." At which the bird ruffled up all its feathers and gave a more piercing scream than ever. "And I am the old woman who looks after the forest. I know all the animals and insects and birds, and my business is to see that they keep it in order. I can't go with you to show you the way out, but I'll help you as much as I can. In the first place, you'll have to do something to that bird, for it is bound to bring you ill luck. You'll never get anywhere till you break its power. And that can be done by touching it with a leaf from the magic palm by the three wells. Do you see the tree just beyond the edge of this forest?"

She pointed with one finger out of the window of the hut, and in the distance the prince could see the top of a palm-tree.

"That is it," explained the old woman. "Get to it, climb up and pluck a leaf, rub your evil-eyed parrot with it, and there will be an end of the power that is keeping you shut up in this wood. Once free from it, you'll find the path easily enough. Now climb down the ladder again, and at the bottom you'll find a guide who can show you the way to the palm; but keep your wits about you, for that bird of yours will stir up more trouble if it can."

The prince thanked her heartily, and in a moment was scrambling down the ladder again, wondering what kind of guide the old woman had provided for him. He did not hear her give any orders, but on reaching the ground, he saw a little rabbit, sitting up on its haunches

and looking at him with a most intelligent air, while round its neck was slung a small silver whistle. The prince made no doubt that this was to be his companion, particularly as the parrot was becoming excited once more; so he made a low bow to the rabbit, and requested him to lead the way toward the magic palm at the three wells.

The rabbit hopped gleefully along in front, and the prince was following, thinking the road quite smooth and comfortable, when suddenly the parrot, which had been flying ahead of them, lighted upon a stone and flapped its wings, at the same time giving a cry. Immediately there was a sound of rushing water, and the next moment a roaring stream dashed across his path, cutting him off completely from further progress, since it was too deep for wading and too turbulent for swimming. The parrot, meanwhile, had managed to fly safely to the other side, and sat on a stone, screaming:

"Get over if you can! Get over if you can!"

The prince looked about him for bridge or boat, but saw none. The rabbit, however, lost no time in putting the little silver whistle to its mouth. It blew a shrill blast, then listened. A burrowing and scratching sounded in the underbrush, and in a few moments an army of beavers, moving with the precision of a regiment, appeared. The prince watched them.

"I believe they're going to build a dam," he said to himself; and, to be sure, this was the case. The clever little animals did not stop until a regular beaver-dam was finished, on which the rabbit and the prince crossed safely. The parrot glared at them in a revengeful manner, but made no more noise, and the three proceeded for nearly a mile, when suddenly a weird laugh from the bird made the prince start and look upward. There in front of them was a frowning precipice of gray rock, seeming almost to touch the sky, and without a foothold on its surface.

The prince glanced at the rabbit, who was again equal to the occasion. Setting the whistle to its lips once more, it blew two blasts this time, and looked up along the face of the cliff. Presently some queer little figures appeared, slowly crawling downward, and as they

drew nearer they turned out to be monkeys, who were hanging by one another's tails and thus making a sort of rope. When they had brought it within a few feet of the prince, the lowest one waved its tail, and the rabbit, giving a jump, landed on its back. Then followed the boy; and lastly the parrot, which contented itself with administering vicious pecks to the poor apes as it flew alongside of them up the cliff.

Now came a long climb down on the other side of the precipice, and then the palm-tree began to seem quite near, and the prince could make out the three wells underneath its shade. But just as he was congratulating himself on this welcome sight, he heard the parrot call out: "Good-by; there you go!"

At the same instant he felt himself begin to sink. Down, down, down he went, into a mass of soft sand, which in a moment was up to his neck, and threatened to cover him altogether. But the friendly rabbit had noticed it, and had blown three loud whistles, at which there was an instant sound of scratching and tearing and rushing. Up from the ground, where they had lived in holes, out of the underbrush, and down the hill behind came a hundred little foxes with bushy tails. They rushed up to the sand-hill which was swallowing the poor prince, began to scratch, scratch with their small paws, and in a "jiffy" they had set him free by pulling the sand away so that he could scramble out. He shook the dirt off and tramped on, now seeing the magic palm-tree very near, and in a few minutes he stood beneath it. But alas! what a discouraging sight confronted him! It was a magic palm-tree indeed, for in an instant it shot up to a great height before his astonished eyes. The tree grew enormously tall, and its leaves were at the very top; and between him and them was the slippery trunk, up which, try as he would, he could not climb, since there was not the least hold for hand or foot. Gradually it shrank again until the leaves were only a few feet above his head, but at the first motion he made to reach up for one, or to climb the tree, it suddenly lengthened itself to a great height again.

"Ha, ha!" screamed the parrot, perched in the tree's branches. "Not so easy, my friend!"

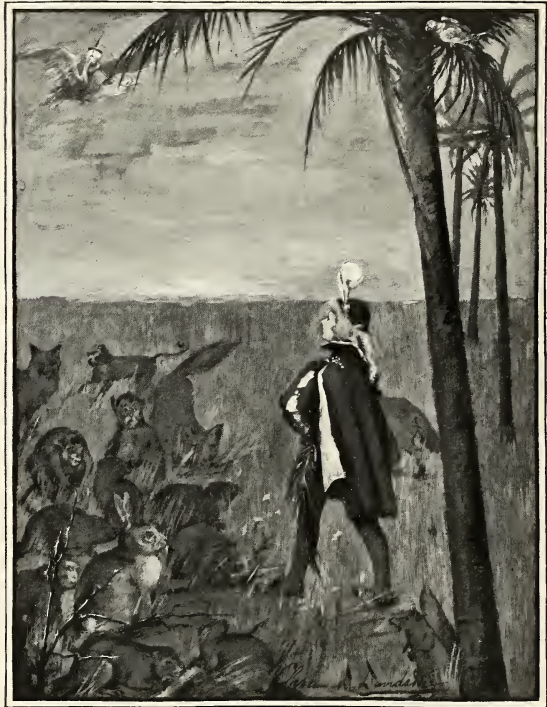
"You wretched bird!" the prince cried angrily. "I will find some way yet." Then he turned to the rabbit once more, feeling sure it would help him out of his difficulty. There was quite a little group of animals by this time, as a few of the beavers, monkeys, and foxes had followed along out of curiosity, and were standing in a semicircle, looking up at the tree. The little rabbit seemed to have a sudden idea. It drew out its whistle, and sounded *four* blasts from the silver mouth. There was no noise in answer to this, but, quick as a flash, a little red squirrel came running into the middle of the group. It ran up to the rabbit, and the two rubbed their noses together in friendly fashion, the squirrel evidently receiving its orders. Then the parrot, seeing what it was about to do, made a rush at it, and opened its beak as if to seize it by the tail; but the swift creature was too quick. In an instant it had sprung away, up the tree, and in another it was back, holding in its mouth a great leaf of the palm.

"Now I have you!" cried the prince to the parrot, taking the leaf in his hand and making a jump after it; but the wicked bird only flew a short distance away to the branch of a tree, where it perched, laughing wickedly.

"Why don't you catch me?" it cried.

The prince, after a few more attempts, realized that it was of no use to try this sort of

game, for the bird escaped him as often as he chased it. The animals were looking on with much interest; but, to the dismay of the wanderer, who was depending upon their protection, they seemed to have nothing to suggest. Even the rabbit was silent and inactive, and did not make any attempt to clear up the diffi-



"A GREAT EAGLE, CARRYING SOMETHING ON ITS BACK, BEGAN TO DESCEND."  
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

culity. But just as the prince began to be discouraged and to think help was never coming, a bird with red wings flew down near him. It had such a look of understanding that the prince ventured to address it in his own language. "Could n't you take a message," he said, "to the old woman of the woods? I'm

sure she could tell me what to do. Please ask her to send me a word of advice."

The bird spread its wings obediently and flew off, and the animals all nodded their heads sagaciously, as if they approved of this. In a few moments a flapping was heard above them; and a great eagle, carrying something on its back, began to descend, and this something, as it drew nearer, was discovered to be the little old woman herself.

"You had no business to send for me," she remarked rather sharply to the prince, "but I'll consent to help you out of your trouble just once, for the sake of getting rid of that nuisance of a parrot. Now listen." And she whispered in the prince's ear: "The only way to make it impossible for that bird to get away is to paralyze him by drawing a circle round him."

"But what shall I do it with?" the boy inquired. "I have not even a piece of chalk nor string. Besides, if it sees me trying any such thing, it is sure to fly away at once, before I finish."

The old woman would not say anything more.

"I shall not make any further suggestions," she declared. "All I can do is to tell you what is necessary. The animals must help you out." And with this she climbed on the back of the eagle once more, and rode away.

The prince was determined to make the rabbit bestir itself, as he began to grow impatient after his chase of the parrot. He went up and seized the little creature by its long ears, giving it a mild shake. Now came about a most curious thing. The head of the rabbit, ears, eyes, nose, mouth, and all, and its neck, slipped out of its body like the heads of the Easter rabbits made of plaster which are bought in the confectionery stores. From the hole that was left came forth a small head and face, then the rest of the body dropped away, and there stood a tiny man, smiling.

"You have set me free," he declared. "I am a fairy prince, who for disobedience to the king of the fairies was condemned to take the form of a rabbit until some human being should shake me out of it. I have power over the animals, and now that your touch has given me command of speech again, we will consult how

to get you out of this trouble. In the first place, we have to draw the circle round the parrot without its seeing what we are about. This will have to be managed very carefully, but I think the animals and insects can help us there. Wait and you shall see." And picking up the whistle, as it lay on the ground beside the rabbit-skin, he blew very softly on it.

The animals all crowded round him closely, and, to his joy, the prince found he could understand the little man as he spoke to them.

"Now," he said, "find me a snake and a spider. You," turning to the prince, "must engage the parrot in conversation."

This was not very difficult to do, as the bird was so ready with saucy answers that the prince could easily keep it talking to him and mocking him by pretending to coax it nearer. Meanwhile the snake and the spider arrived, and received their instructions from the fairy. The spider seated herself on the end of the snake's writhing tail, and as he crawled along unseen through the grass, she spun her web and threw it out behind them, thus drawing a delicate but very firm line round the tree where the sorcerer-bird sat. Suddenly they saw it puff out its feathers and draw up its eyelids as if ill; then, with a cry, it settled down on its perch; and as the prince crept up and gently laid the leaf across its back, the malignant sparkle died out of its eyes. Its magic power was gone.

The animals began leaping about in great joy; but just at this moment a hunter's horn sounded, and not far away. In an instant they were scattering in all directions. The foxes darted into their holes; the beavers made for a stream near by; the squirrel disappeared in the top of the nearest tree; the monkeys, with a chatter, swung themselves out of sight amid the green branches; the snake and the spider hid themselves securely in the grass. "Good-by, comrade!" called the fairy prince as he, too, vanished; and the mortal prince glancing down a sunlit path before him, saw his father's hunting-party approaching, the king riding ahead with an anxious face. The meeting between father and son was most joyful, and of course many explanations followed. Now that the parrot was reduced to a harmless bird once more, there seemed no reason for not keeping



it, though the prince resolved to put it securely into a cage on his return home.

The next question was how the wicked old man could be despoiled of his power as a sorcerer and worker of mischief. He had already, with his magic instinct, discovered the fact that the parrot could no longer be his slave, and was therefore planning some way to prevent the vengeance which he knew the king would execute upon him. But just before leaving the wood, the prince discovered that the fairy had dropped the whistle in his hurried departure. He picked it up and put it in his pocket, feeling sure that it would lead to an opportunity of seeing his little friend again; and that night, after returning to the palace, he determined to try what could be done with it. So, after nightfall, he slipped out into the moonlit garden by the spring, and blew it gently. In an instant the small man stood before him.

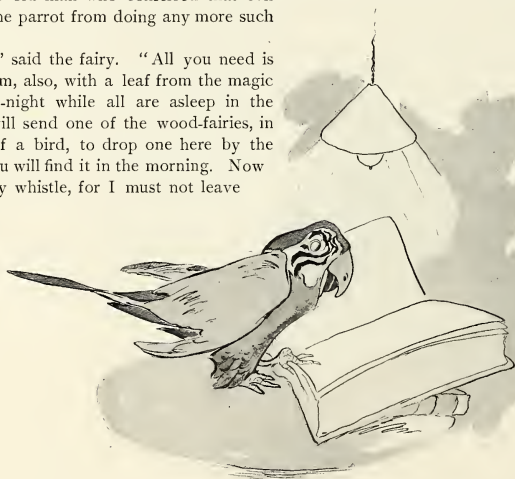
"Can you tell me," the prince asked, when they had greeted each other, "how we can prevent the old man who conferred that evil power on the parrot from doing any more such mischief?"

"I can," said the fairy. "All you need is to touch him, also, with a leaf from the magic palm. To-night while all are asleep in the palace, I will send one of the wood-fairies, in the form of a bird, to drop one here by the spring. You will find it in the morning. Now give me my whistle, for I must not leave

it in the hands of a mortal. Farewell!" And he melted into the moonlight before the prince's astonished gaze.

The next morning, there lay a large green leaf beside the spring. The prince carried it to his father, who sent a guard of soldiers from the palace to overpower the old man and touch him with it; and then, despoiled of his wicked faculties, he was brought before the king. He begged so hard to be allowed to return to his shop that the request was granted; but ever after a watch was kept on him, and the young prince, after his severe lesson, never allowed himself to be persuaded again to give water from the magic well to any of his father's subjects.

And what became of the unlucky parrot? It remained a very sulky bird, always mourning, apparently, over its lost gift; but as parrots are said to have extraordinarily long lives, and its death has never been announced, it may, to this very day, be a pet of some one of the prince's descendants. Who knows?

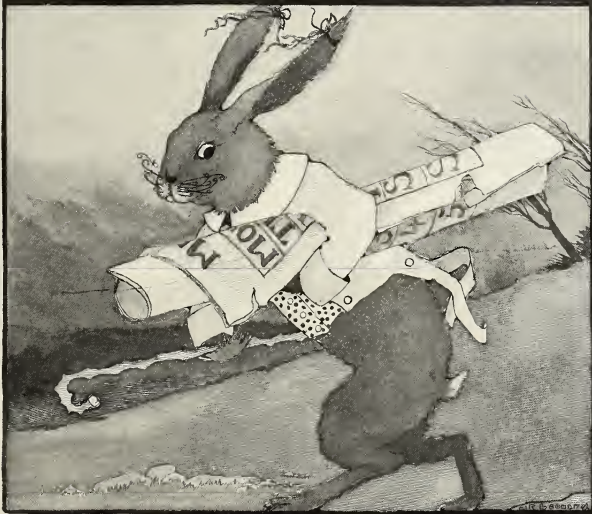


## A NONSENSE CALENDAR.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

It seems very sad  
That the March Hare is mad,  
For he does such ridiculous things:    His whiskers he stiffens with starch;  
He stands on his head,  
And he dances in bed,  
And he ties up his long ears with strings.  
He carries a cane  
For fear it will rain;  
And it 's my own belief  
That he is a thief:  
For once the March Hare stole a  
March!

# MARCH



# NATURE and SCIENCE for Young Folks.

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow



These March winds, which make the woods roar and fill the world with life and bustle, appear to wake up the trees out of their winter sleep and excite the sap to flow.—THOREAU in "Spring."

## NATURE'S SLEEPING GARDEN.

THOSE who find pleasure in watching "the round of the seasons" regard spring as the beginning and winter as the end. From that point of view March 1 is the naturalist's New Year's day. Accordingly it seemed quite fitting that in February we should make our last study of the 1902 nature's garden—the "dried garden." This month we may look forward

to the 1903 garden, that is even now in existence, though dormant and not readily seen.

As most young folks know, a seed is but a case, holding a miniature plant surrounded by some plant-food. This tiny plant is truly a little "sleeper," requiring only moisture and warmth and air to wake it up. Richard Jefferies, a famous English naturalist, even claimed that grains of wheat resemble a tiny man or woman asleep. He says in one of his writings:



MUMMY-LIKE APPEARANCE OF GRAINS OF WHEAT. (ENLARGED.)  
(Drawn by aid of a pocket-microscope.)

If you will look at a grain of wheat you will see that it seems folded up: it has crossed its arms and rolled itself up in a cloak, a fold of which forms a groove, and so gone to sleep. If you look at it some time, as people in the old enchanted days used to look into a mirror, or the magic ink, until they saw living figures therein, you can almost trace a miniature human being in the oval of the grain. It

is narrow at the top, where the head would be, and broad across the shoulders, and narrow again down toward the feet; a tiny man or woman has wrapped itself round about with a garment and settled to slumber.



NATURE'S SLEEPING GARDEN.

On beech-trees especially, and on some oaks and other trees, the dried leaves of last year's garden still cling to the branches. The beginnings of new leaves are well formed and packed in the cottony interior of the buds.

"SLEEPING"  
ARBUTUS.

Naturalists like to speak of nature in winter as "sleeping." Thus Ernest Ingersoll, in his "Nature's Calendar" for January, says: "Nature is not dead, only sleeping, since its work is done for the present." He compares the snow to a blanket:

"The snow which now covers the earth plays a beneficent part to vegetation. It is like a blanket, keeping in the warmth, preventing excessive freezing of the ground, protecting it from a too rapid evaporation of its moisture, and by its occasional melting

The snug, globular flower-buds of the spice-bush are very conspicuous and pretty all winter.

contributing evenly to the soil the water stored in its glistening crystals. . . . The vegetable world, then, rests and sleeps in our January days."

Of February he says: "Nature is still resting and recuperating in the long sleep begun in De-



The fronds (last year's) of the Christmas fern, upright in summer, lie down for "winter sleep." See, in the lower right-hand corner of the illustration, the 1903 fuzzy "baby fronds" curled up like kittens.

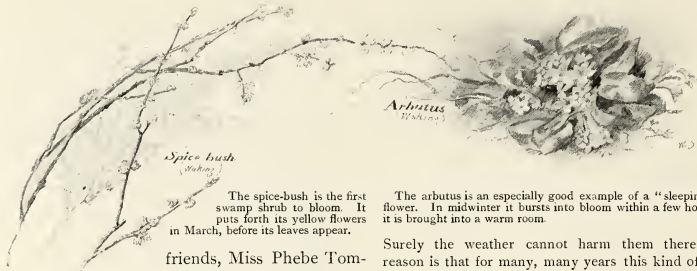
ember, but the good that it is doing her we cannot easily see as we walk abroad, unless we make careful and continuous observations."

A remarkable example of plant-action resembling that of a sleeper is to be noted in the Christmas fern. The fronds stand up in summer, but lie down for the "winter sleep." This fact has been carefully noted by one of our grown-up



THE SLEEPING BROOK AND THE PLANT-SLEEPERS UNDER A BLANKET OF SNOW.





Spice bush  
(Waking)

Arbutus  
(Waking)

The spice-bush is the first swamp shrub to bloom. It puts forth its yellow flowers in March, before its leaves appear.

The arbutus is an especially good example of a "sleeping" wild flower. In midwinter it bursts into bloom within a few hours after it is brought into a warm room.

friends, Miss Phebe Tomkins Persons of Montclair, New Jersey, who writes to us, regarding this singular habit, as follows:

Surely the weather cannot harm them there. The reason is that for many, many years this kind of a fern has found it best to protect its leaves in this way, and a habit which all the Christmas ferns have grown into cannot be changed immediately when one single plant is given warm air all the year round.

If one digs up a Christmas fern in the fall, and brings it into the house, he will be surprised to see how it changes as winter comes on. The leaves, which in summer grew up at all angles from the center of the cluster, droop down over the sides of the pot, till the whole plant looks as if ready to die. The leaves, however, are still green, and remain so all winter.

In the leaves and flowers of the dormant bloodroot (and of some other spring flowers) there is yet another resemblance to the appearance of a sleeping person. The flower of the bloodroot is snugly wrapped in a leaf, and around both there is a thin white tissue—referred to in the botanies as "an infolding papery sheath or leaf-cloak."

Out of doors we can find the Christmas fern growing in great plenty on wooded hillsides where there are few rocks and little underbrush. Here, too, we find the fern changing to a flat rosette, whose leaves fairly hug the ground in the winter-time.

But I know that any one of you young folks in the woods, finding this "sleeping" plant in its snug underground bed, would say:

At first we might think that this change was merely because cold weather caused the evergreen leaves to lie close to the warm ground for protection against the storms. But then, why do not the leaves keep on growing upright when we bring them into the house?

"Why, that 's the nightgown!"

NOTE.—The illustrations in this article were drawn from photographs secured in midwinter.—E. F. B.



Alder-cattkins.  
"Pussy"-willows.

Skunk-cabbage.

Brook waking.

Bloodroot  
(Waking)

Underground view of bloodroot.

THE BROOK, AND THE PLANTS ON OR NEAR ITS BANK, ARE THE FIRST TO "WAKE UP" IN MARCH.

## HYLA TURNS PREACHER.

THE woods were as empty as some great empty house; they were hollow and silent and dreary. I stood looking in among the leafless trees, almost discouraged at the quiet and gloom, when close at my side spoke a tiny voice. I started—so suddenly, so unexpectedly did it break into the wide December silence, so far it echoed through the forest halls.

"What!" I exclaimed, turning in my tracks and addressing a small brown-leaved beech. "What! little Hyla, are you still out, with a snow-storm brewing and old St. Nick due here to-morrow night?" And then from within the bush, or on the bush, or under the bush, or over the bush, came the answer, *peep, peep, peep!* small and shrill, which dropped into the silence of the woods and stirred it as three small pebbles might drop into the middle of a smooth wide pond.

Not a crow nor a jay nor a chickadee had heart enough to cheep. But little Hyla, the tree-toad, was nothing daunted. Since the last week in February, throughout the spring and the hubbub of summer on till this dreary time, he had been cheerfully, continuously piping. This was his last call.

*Peep, peep, peep!* he piped in February; *peep, peep, peep!* he piped in December. But did he?

"He did just that," replies the zoölogist, "and that only."

"Not at all," I answer.

"What authority have you?" he asks.

"You are not a scientist, but merely one of those dreaming, half-poet 'hangers-on' in the fields and woods who are forever hearing more than they hear and seeing more than they see. We scientists hear with our ears, see with our eyes, feel with our fingers, and



"TO-DAY I  
SAW AND HEARD  
AND FELT THE  
WORLD ALL  
GRAY AND  
HUSHED AND  
DREARY, AND  
LITTLE HYLA,  
SPEAKING OUT  
OF THE DEATH  
AND SILENCE,  
CALLED CHEER,  
CHEER, CHEER!"

understand  
with our brains."

"Just so, just so,"

I reply; "and you are a  
worthy but a pretty stupid

set. Little Hyla in February, in June, and in December cries *peep, peep, peep!* to you. But his cry to me in February is *spring, spring, spring!* And in December?—it depends. For I cannot see with my eyes alone, nor hear with my ears nor feel with my fingers only. To-day I saw and heard and felt the world all gray and hushed and dreary, and little Hyla, speaking out of the death and silence, called *cheer, cheer, cheer!*"

DALLAS LORE SHARP.

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

St. Nicholas  
Union Square,  
New York.

#### TURTLE EGGS.

NOTTAWA, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live near the shore of a lake and have some questions to ask. I send you, in a little box, two eggs which I found on the bottom of the lake in about two feet of water. I found three of them not far apart, but there was no nest. Can you tell

me what they are?



THE EGGS FOUND IN THE LAKE.

Last summer I saw a black snake in the water, swimming quite near shore. It was perhaps fifteen inches long and one and one fourth inches through in the largest part. It swam with its head out of the water. I cannot describe it very fully, but perhaps you could tell me

what it was and some of its habits. How does a snake swim in water?

I like the Nature and Science department very much, and always enjoy reading about animals, flowers, and insects.

Your friend and reader,

DONNA J. TODD.

In answer to this letter Professor F. A. Lucas says: “It is difficult to tell from the eggs themselves what species of turtle laid them, but it is still more difficult to decide the matter from a photograph. The eggs shown, however, are very likely those of the western painted terrapin, a near relative of our abundant painted turtle, *Chrysemys picta*. Of course the eggs being in the water was an accident.

“The water-snake was probably a small *Tropidonotus*, or *Natrix*, as I believe the genus now stands.

“Snakes swim just as they crawl, by throwing the body into a series of curves, and snakes that pass most of their time in the water, like the sea-snakes of the China Sea, have the en-

tire body thinnest from side to side, so that it gets a better hold on the water. And in these the tail is so flattened that it serves as a fin.”

Our young folks will recall that the eel and other common fish are also thinnest from side to side because the curves in swimming are sidewise. But the common leech or “blood-sucker,” often seen swimming in the pond, pool, or ditch, is thinnest from top to bottom, as its curves in swimming are up and down.

#### THE BASKET-CARRIERS, OR BAG-WORMS.

PARK HILL, YONKERS, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We found last January, in one of our walks, what we thought was a cocoon hanging

on a twig. It was made of a gray papery substance like a wasp's nest, covered with what I at first supposed to be little brown sticks. Later I found that they were hemlock needles. We put it in a vase with other twigs on the mantel, expecting to see a moth come out in the spring. But on coming home from school a few days later I was much surprised to see a mass of silky threads like a spider's web hanging from the end of the cocoon nearly to the floor, covered with a large number of very small “worms” (larvæ). We put the cocoons on a newspaper to examine the little “worms”; they seemed to be walking on their heads, and looked like tiny tacks upside down. I thought I saw one of them trying to



“WHAT WE THOUGHT WAS A COCOON.”



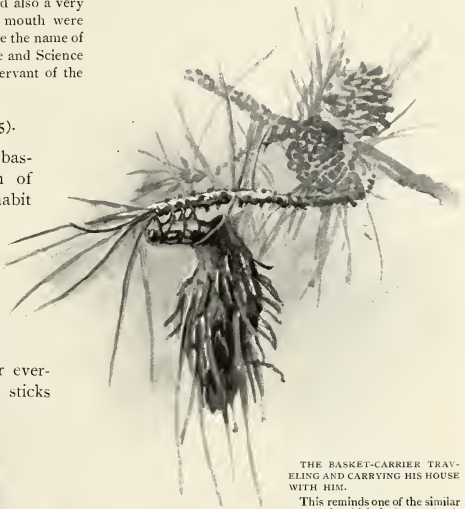
“THEY SEEMED TO BE WALKING ON THEIR HEADS, AND LOOKED LIKE TINY TACKS UPSIDE DOWN.” (ENLARGED.)

eat the paper. When we looked through the magnifying-glass, we saw that they had three pairs of feet, and that the head was much larger than the tail and also a very much darker brown. The head and the mouth were like a caterpillar's. Will you please tell me the name of these strange little creatures? The Nature and Science department has made me much more observant of the wonders of nature.

Your interested friend,

MABEL M. JOHNS (age 15).

The insects you describe are the basket-carriers, or bag-worms. Each of these caterpillars has the curious habit of making a silken bag and covering it with little sticks. When the caterpillar desires to go from place to place, it pushes out the enlarged front end of its body, and travels along carrying its queer little house with it. Some varieties select any slender stick or evergreen leaves. Others select short sticks



THE BASKET-CARRIER TRAVELING AND CARRYING HIS HOUSE WITH HIM.

This reminds one of the similar manner in which the larvæ of caddis-flies walk around on the plants under water, and carry with them their "house" of tiny sticks, of bits of leaves, or of sand.

with blunt ends, so that the silken house has the appearance of a miniature woodpile.

Read the chapter "The Curious Basket-carriers" in William Hamilton Gibson's "Sharp Eyes." Look up the references under *Psyche* in the index of any book on insects.

#### A QUEER HOME FOR WASPS.

UPPER MONTCLAIR, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I had noticed that my hound would not go into his kennel, so I made him go in, but he came out with such rapidity that he nearly knocked me over. I had occasion to give the kennel a slight push, and a number of wasps flew out. I looked in, and in the roof was their nest, with a few of them still clinging to it. We knocked it down, and it was full of eggs. Don't you think it was a queer home?

Your interested reader,

RUTH MORSE TOWNSEND (age 8).

Yes; from your standpoint (and that of the dog!) it was a "queer home." But as the wasps viewed it, the protecting roof was built especially for them. They like such places.



SOMETIMES THE BASKET-CARRIER COVERS THE BAG WITH EVERGREEN LEAVES, SO THAT IT CANNOT BE READILY DISTINGUISHED FROM THE SURROUNDING BRANCHES.



## PINE-CONES OPENED BY FIRE.

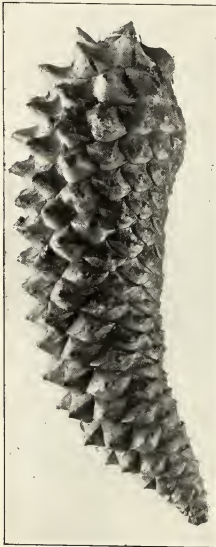
REDLANDS, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw the item in the Nature and Science about pines, so I thought that I would write

to you about some of the pines that they are setting out in the mountains near here. These pines are hard to burn, and so they are a very good covering for the mountains. Their cones also never drop off till exposed to heat. They then fall and open, starting a new forest on the place where the old one was destroyed by forest fires.

I will try to find a cone and piece of branch, but cannot do so until fall, as I am at the shore for the summer. As soon as I get it I will mail it to you. It is called *Tuberculata*.

Very truly yours,  
EDWIN PARTRIDGE  
LEHMAN.



THE CONE BEFORE IT WAS EXPOSED TO HEAT.

Some weeks later the following letter was received. A few days after that the cone arrived, and from photographs of it the accompanying illustrations were made.

REDONDA BEACH, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very glad to tell you that a cone of the *Tuberculata* pine will be sent to you soon. I wrote to a gentleman who has studied this cone, and he will send it when he can. He published an article on this pine in "Forestry and Irrigation," a periodical published in Washington. You can get it by applying at the American Forestry Association, Washington, D. C.

Yours respectfully,  
EDWIN P. LEHMAN.

The following extract from the article in "Forestry and Irrigation" explains the peculiar characteristic of these cones:

When a fire sweeps through a grove, if severe, it kills the tree. The heat melts the resin with which the cone

is sealed, and the second or third day after the fire the winged seeds take flight and plant a far greater area than existed before. Thus after each fire the forest becomes dense, crowding together for protection, until at last they defy the fire, for where they grow so closely together as to occupy all the ground, they will resist fire. . . .

The report goes on to say:

It is found that the seeds in these long-closed cones are always in good condition, however old the cones. They seem to declare not only that this species of tree shall be its own survivor, but also that it may extend its dominion over other territory which has been cleared of trees.



THE CONE WITH SEEDS FALLING OUT.

After I had baked it in the oven of a gas-stove.—E. F. B.

## CAT AFFECTED BY WHISTLING.

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me what makes my pet cat dread whistling? The very softest and lowest whistling will wake him from a sound sleep. He will get upon his feet and lie down again, and then curl himself up, and keep up this uneasiness until the whistling ceases. He does not act this way when any one sings. Are other cats affected in this way?

Your interested reader,

MARY L. BRIGHAM.

It is impossible to answer the question positively, as such an effect may be due to any one of several causes. When the cat was a kitten it may have been badly frightened. Its persecutors may have been whistling just before or at the time of the so-called "fun with the kitten," and hence whistling brings back the associated fright. Early impressions are very enduring.

Shrill whistling has in most cases a more frightening effect upon a cat than upon a dog. Indeed, the dog is usually attracted and apparently pleased by whistling. A cat is also frightened more easily by any unusual sound than is a dog, probably because the cat is really a wilder animal than a dog. The cat returns to its original wild state more readily than does a dog.

On the other hand, dogs are affected by music more than are cats; perhaps because the cat in its original wild state was not accustomed to howls in *musical* chorus, as were the wolves, which it is now believed were the ancestors of dogs.

Find on your piano or other musical instrument the note or notes that harmonize with the dog's baying or the cat's mee-a-ow-ing. Then when these animals are in the house, strike these notes upon the instrument, and observe if the sounds affect them.

## OUR SMALLEST FOUR-FOOTED ANIMAL.

ASQUAM FARM, HOLDERNESS, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you an animal which Francis caught in the snow in a runway like one of a field-mouse. At first we thought that it was a mole until some one said that it was too small to be one. While we were discussing it, it escaped, and one of the servants killed it.

We held an autopsy, and decided, on account of its rodent-like incisors, that it must be a field-mouse.

The fact that the gap between the molars and incisors was filled with teeth, however, made me still think that it was an insectivore; so I got out my books ("Four-footed Americans," Claus's Zoölogy, Nicholson's Zoölogy, and Jordan's "Vertebrates"), and found the nearest description to be that of *Blarina angusticeps* of the family *Soricidae* of the order *Insectivora*.

Please let me know if we are right. Why are the incisors so rodent-like?

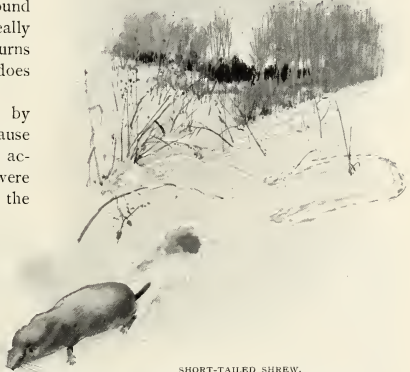
ROGER S. HOAR.

FRANCIS S. CURTIS.

The specimen you send is the *Blarina brevicauda*, or short-tailed shrew. It is insectivorous, but will also eat field-mice, and will make short work of a white-footed deer-mouse—a somewhat larger animal.

You will find a technical account of shrews in "North American Fauna, No. 10," issued by the United States Department of Agriculture.

There is a popular description of shrews in the first part of Chapter I ("Small Deer") of



SHORT-TAILED SHREW.

This picture of the shrew is nearly one half the length of the animal. Many of our young folks would be able to hide the entire animal in the closed hand.

Ernest Ingersoll's "Wild Life of Orchard and Field." He states: "I remember very well the astonishment of a suburban housewife at finding a shrew, one morning, in a tin pail left out overnight. She had never dreamed that there existed so tiny a mammal, much less that it dwelt in her garden."

# ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

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!

PERHAPS never since the League began have we been so anxious to welcome the spring. We have always loved the winter, and have been rather sorry to lose the cold, brisk days, the frozen rivers, and the hills of snow. We love winter now, when we have a warm room and a bright fire waiting at home. But that is just the trouble—the warm room this year has been harder to get, and many bright fires have been allowed to fade and blacken for the want of coal. Many of us have found it hard to get coal at any price. Most of us have been obliged to think twice before we piled the precious fuel upon the beautiful open blaze, that consumes it so rapidly before our very eyes. And some of us, perhaps, have not been able to get even enough coal to properly warm our homes. We have been brought to realize that "winter, with its brisk, invigorating air," is less beautiful without the cozy corner and the crackling hearth. We have remembered that to many it must always mean suffering, sorrow, and an added burden of toil. This winter, when even the well-to-do have felt the pinch of the frost, has made us think, and whatever makes us think and consider and remember is not without purpose, and must result in lasting good.

Once in so often the editor finds it necessary to explain that the word "original" on work means that it is *not copied from any other picture or story or poem or puzzle, but is the contributor's own idea, drawn*



"A WINTER SCENE." BY ALLEN GREGORY MILLER, AGE 17. (WINNER OF FORMER PRIZES.)

*or written either from imagination or from life.* We do not believe there is one child in a million that will intentionally break this rule, for not only have they too much honor to do so, but they must know that, with all the readers of the League, *discovery is absolutely certain.* The trouble is that some of our readers are careless, and do not read the rules. They are perhaps used to drawing from studies, or rewriting from their books for exercise, and think this is what the League wants. *The League does not want these things. It wants only originality—work of the imagination or done from nature.*

## PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 39.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**Verse.** Cash prize, **May H. Ryan** (age 13), Caliente, Kern Co., Cal.

Gold badge, **Maud Dudley Shackelford** (age 13), 300 Main St., Tarboro, N. C.

Silver badges, **Harold Osborne** (age 12), Luzerne, Pa., and **A. Elizabeth Goldberg** (age 10), 348 Central Park W., N. Y. City.

**Illustrated Verse.** Gold badge, **Katharine Butler** (age 12), 168 Lafayette St., Salem, Mass.

Silver badges, **Marie Margaret Kirkwood** (age 15), "Durantwald," box 202, Nottingham, O., and **William C. Engle** (age 11), 885 Lake St., Forest Hill, Newark, N. J.

**Prose.** Gold badges, **Muriel M. K. E. Douglas** (age 16), 29 Holmwood Gardens, Streatham Hill, London, S. W., Eng., and **Mary C. Antes** (age 13), 1409 John St., Baltimore, Md.



"JETS." BY FLOYD GODFREY, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)



"PETS." BY EDWARD A. GILBERT, JR., AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE.)

Silver badges, **Marjory Anne Harrison** (age 14), Villa La Lodola, Cabré Roquebrun, Menton, France, and **Thomas Folger Babcock** (age 9), 1216 Webster St., Oakland, Cal.

**Drawing.** Gold badge, **Elizabeth Otis** (age 14), Sherwood, Cayuga Co., N. Y.

Silver badges, **Arnold W. Lahee** (age 14), 152 Harvard St., Brookline, Mass., and **Florence Gardiner** (age 11), 5510 Wayne Ave., Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

**Photography.** Gold badges, **Floyd Godfrey** (age 14), 617 E. Locust St., Bloomington, Ill., and **Edward A. Gilbert, Jr.** (age 12), Santa Barbara, Cal.

Silver badges, **Cladys Bullough** (age 13), Meggernie Castle, Glen Lyon, Perthshire, Scotland, and **Donald Messer** (age 11), Garvanza, Cal.

**Wild-animal and Bird Photography.** First prize, "Young Crows," by **Montrose Lee** (age 17), 2967 Pacific St., Omaha, Neb. Second prize, "Deer," by **Flarence Spencer Stokes** (age 13), 5419 Wayne Ave., Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa. Third prize, "Squirrel," by **Joseph Rogers Swindell** (age 14), 111 W. 23d St., Baltimore, Md.

**Puzzle-making.** Gold badges, **Mack Hays** (age 14), 3 S. Adams St., Petersburg, Va., and **Ernest Angell** (age 13), 495 Russell Ave., Cleveland, O.



"PETS." BY DONALD MESSER, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

Silver badges, **Marion E. Senn** (age 13), Forestville, N. Y., and **Eaton Edwards** (age 13), 3406 Morgan Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

**Puzzle-answers.** Gold badges, **Alice Taylor Huyler** (age 16), 118 State St., Hackensack, N. J., and **Hugh A. Cameron** (age 12), Sylvania, Pa.

Silver badges, **Margery Quigley** (age 16), 3966 Morgan St., St. Louis, Mo., **George T. Colman** (age 14), 198 Franklin St., Buffalo, N. Y., and **Helen Marshall** (age 9), Nina, O.

#### AMONG MY BOOKS.

BY MAY H. RYAN (AGE 13).

(Cash Prize.)

AMONG my books I sit and dream;

Each title tells a tale to me:

Strange books of time and lore they seem,

While countless folk, from fancies free,

A gorgeous, knightly, changing stream,

Pass by in brilliant pageantry.



"PETS." BY GLADYS BULLOUGH, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

Legends that tell of long ago,

Of love and strife, of hopes and fears,

Of Lake Geneva's thousand snows,

Of wintry storm and summer tears,

The story of the Holy Land—

All this my mind and heart endears.

The Alpine hills, the blushing rose,

The Alpine mountain, tall and white,

That dazzles in the sunset glows,

With coronet of snow by night;

On Alpine heights my mind would roam,

But thoughts speed on with hurried flight.

Companions, must I say farewell,

And waken from my musing deep?

A land of thought is where I dwell,

A store of riches dear I reap;

Here in my land of books and dreams

Treasures secured from you I keep.

#### AMONG MY BOOKS.

(A Nonsense Verse.)

BY THEODORA VAN WAGENEN (AGE 12).

AMONG my books, on a winny day,

I sit and read to my knee,

My feet on a hassock, my head on my neck,

And my arms where they ought to be.





"WINTER SCENE." BY ELIZABETH OTIS, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

### AMONG MY BOOKS.

BY MAUD DUDLEY SHACKELFORD (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

WITHOUT, the rain beats on the window-glass,  
The earth is dripping 'neath a leaden sky,  
And drearily the biting March wind wails,  
As dismal daylight says its last good-by.

Within, the firelight fills the cozy room,  
And warmth and comfort mock the bleak wind's  
moan,  
And dreamily I gaze into the fire,  
Wrapped in my thoughts, in silence and alone.

Alone? Ah, no; about on every side  
In tempting rows my volumes may be found;  
They look into my face as though to say,  
"Why should you sigh when  
we are all around?"

"For though the dusk is dreary,  
dark, and cold,  
And o'er the sky flies swift the  
starless night,  
The damp and chill without affect  
us not;  
We ever wait to make a dark  
eve bright."

And with a book, beside my warm  
hearthstone,  
I can defy the wind and cold  
and rain,  
And live in happy pictures of the  
past,  
Until the darkness calls me  
back again.

And when black night rides  
through the stormy sky  
And howling wind and rain  
have spent their power,  
Then happily among my best-loved books  
I while away the solitary hour.



"WINTER SCENE." BY ARNOLD W. LAHEE,  
AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

### A TYPICAL BRITISH HERO.

BY MURIEL M. K. E. DOUGLAS (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

THE story of Captain (now Major) Towse—"the blind V. C."—is one that will live forever in the annals of British military history.

It was during the late Boer campaign, at the fight at Mount Thaba, that he earned for himself the "little bit of metal" which is so dearly prized by the soldiers.

Captain Towse had enough to do to keep the men under his command steady, yet, on seeing a wounded comrade who was lying on the veldt exposed to the hot fire from the enemy, he dashed through a stinging rain of bullets, and, at the risk of his own life, rescued the man from death.

But the saddest part of the story is that, though the captain's life was spared, he was deprived of his eyesight; for both his eyes were shattered by a shot!

In spite of this, and though he must have been suffering uncontrollable agony, he never wavered; and his men, seeing that their leader "stuck to his guns" despite his terrible hurt, stood firm, and gave the enemy a splendid example of the stuff that British soldiers are made of.

Queen Victoria herself fastened the Victoria Cross on to the plucky hero's breast, and though he will never be able to see it, he is none the less proud of it.

### AMONG MY BOOKS.

BY A. ELIZABETH GOLDBERG  
(AGE 10).

(Silver Badge.)

BRIGHT leap the flames within  
the grate,  
Cold roars the wind outside;  
Among my books I sit till late,  
While happy hours glide.

Onc guides me far beyond the sea—  
Where dusky Hindus dwell;  
Another seeks to interest me  
In the famous Liberty Bell.

Each page is sure to have some way  
Of finding hidden nooks,  
Or telling what it wants to say  
To me, among my books.

#### AN UNWILLING HERO.

(A True Bit of History not down in the Books.)

BY MARY C. ANTES (AGE 13).  
(Gold Badge.)

WHILE our ships were blockading Havana harbor in 1898, there was very little for the sailors to do after their daily drill, and they often amused themselves by catching sharks.

One day they caught an extra large one, and were about to kill it when some one suggested that it would be fun to fasten the shark to an empty air-tight barrel, and to see what it would do when thrown into the water. This was done, and an American flag with a stout little staff was firmly nailed to the top. Then they threw the whole overboard. Of course the shark immediately tried to go to the bottom; but as he could not draw the barrel under he became frightened and headed straight for Havana harbor with our country's flag proudly waving above him. The soldiers at Morro Castle were very much alarmed when they saw this mysterious object with the American flag on it. They thought it was some "infernal machine," and fired at it, but only succeeded in making the barrel go whizzing around and in frightening the poor shark so that he increased his speed.

It was not until it had come alongside of the Spanish ships in the harbor that the propelling power of the "infernal machine" was discovered. Then the hero who first carried our flag into Havana was shot.

#### AMONG MY BOOKS.

BY HAROLD OSBORNE (AGE 12).  
(Silver Badge.)

WHEN icy winds from northern seas  
Are drifting snow upon the leas,  
When Helios, his journey ended,  
Has his bright car and horses  
tended,  
An evening with a starless sky  
Comes stealing slow and silently.

'T is then the fire of anthracite  
Within the grate glows doubly  
bright,  
And puts me in a fitting mood  
To sit and dream while none in-  
trude;



"YOUNG CROWS," BY MONTROSE LEE, AGE 17. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

Secure from all of nature's ills,  
I read "Snow Bound" among the hills.



"DEER," BY FLORENCE SPENCER STOKES, AGE 13. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

I see the farm-house old and  
rude,  
Wreathed in a snowy solitude;  
I see the household gathered  
there,  
Without a thought of want or  
care,  
And wish the One who reigns  
above  
Might fill each home as full of  
love.

#### A HERO IN HUMBLE LIFE.

BY MARJORY ANNE HARRISON  
(AGE 14).  
(Silver Badge.)

THERE are many kinds of heroism, but it is not every one who is a hero in the way Fred Stone was; he was only a poor boy, about fourteen years of age, who lived in a dingy flat situated in the most squalid part of London.

If this boy was poor in position, he was none the less so in appearances, being endowed with innumerable freckles and a shock of red hair—I am quite justified in saying a shock, as his poor widowed mother had never enough money to buy either sufficient clothes or food, pence for hair-cutting being still more scarce.

Ever since Fred was eight years old he had hoped against hope to study engineering; but, unlike most ambitious young folk, for the sake of others he thrust all his own desires aside, and devoted himself to the housework, and the education of his little brothers and sisters. The eldest girl, who was two years his junior, was afflicted with spinal disease, and was compelled to



"SQUIRREL," BY JOSEPH ROGERS SWINDELL, AGE 14. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")



"OUR SLEEPY PET." BY J. L. HOFFER, AGE 17.

lie flat during her short lifetime, rendering her a burden to the family instead of a helper.

But now comes the bright side of my little story. When Fred was about sixteen he was able to attend the evening classes at the Free Technical School, owing to the fact that one of his sisters was old enough to take up part of the housework.

Before Fred was twenty he made a model engine for which he gained a prize of five pounds, and this welcome gift was augmented by another pound from a friendly baker who had known the boy through all his earlier struggles.

At one of the industrial exhibitions in Islington, Fred's handiwork was exhibited; he was so encouraged by his recent success that he worked steadily on, and in a few months' time was occupying a good position, earning enough money to keep himself, and to send part of it to his mother, whom he never failed to help in any way he could.

Although Fred did not endanger his life in any way, he was so unselfish and patient that I think he deserves to be called heroic; he was certainly rewarded for his unselfishness by a career that proved both long and successful.

### A BOY HERO.

BY THOMAS FOLGER BARKCOCK (AGE 9).

(Silver Badge.)

ONE day I was out playing. I heard the fire-bells ring, and I went to the fire. When I got there the building was ablaze. The building had six shops in it. First there was a bicycle-store, next a paint-shop, next a creamery, next a stable, next a book-store, and above them all a boarding-house. The paint-shop burned the most. The creamery was burning inside very fiercely—the windows were crackling and breaking in the heat; and the stable was

pouring out smoke. In the crowd was a little boy. He happened to be looking at one of the windows and he saw a cat trying to get out. Nobody was going to help it. He ran up the ladder before anybody could stop him and brought down the cat. When he got down everybody cheered and whistled. I think he was a very brave little hero. It was on Christmas eve, 1901, in Oakland, California. This is a true story.

### AMONG MY BOOKS.

BY HAROLD R. NORRIS (AGE 10).

IN stormy days when skies are dark  
And winds are high and strong,  
I seat myself among my books  
And read the whole day long.

I read in fairy-tales of gnomes,  
And elves, and brownies bold,  
Who from the highest branches swing  
Their hammocks made of gold.

### A REAL HERO.

(A True Story.)

BY ELIZABETH PARKER (AGE 16).

MARGARET ALLEN was ten years old when she proved herself a hero, or, rather, heroine. She and her younger sister, Irene, were on the porch making daisy chains and discussing the latest style in doll millinery. It was near the close of a summer day, and "Rhoda," the cow, stood at the gate waiting impatiently to be let in.

"Rhoda acts so funny here lately," said Margaret, suddenly, interrupting Irene's remark. Irene glanced at the cow, who stood watching them with bloodshot eyes, while her tail moved nervously to and fro. "There's nothing the matter with her," declared Irene, after a moment's scrutiny. "Flies just bothering her," she added in a decided tone. "Maybe so," agreed Margaret, rather doubtfully; and returning to their daisy chains, the cow was soon forgotten.

A few minutes later Mrs. Allen, with her sewing, came out on the porch, and was made aware of Rhoda's presence by an angry moo. "That poor old cow!" she exclaimed. "I wonder how long she's been standing there?" Without waiting for an answer, she walked to the gate and, "Don't you hook me," she said, shaking her finger at Rhoda.

Margaret, sitting with her back to the gate, turned quickly as a cry from her mother was followed by screams from Irene. There on the walk lay Mrs. Allen, evidently knocked down by the cow, and strug-



"FETS." BY ROSALIE L. HOUSMANN, AGE 14.

gling in vain to get beyond reach of Rhoda's horns.

Without a moment's hesitation, Margaret ran down the path, and bestowed a savage kick on Rhoda's hind leg. The infuriated cow wheeled around and started after Margaret; but before she reached the child, Margaret had gained the porch, and, with a snort, Rhoda, now foaming at the mouth, ran with lowered head at Mrs. Allen. She had gained her feet, and was only a short distance from the porch, when Rhoda again knocked her down. Once more Margaret kicked Rhoda, and this time Mrs. Allen, nearly exhausted, reached the door just as Margaret gained the top step; and no sooner were they safe in the hall, with the door closed, than Mrs. Allen fainted.

Rhoda was pronounced mad, and soon afterward shot by one of the neighbors.

Mrs. Allen, though sick in bed for several weeks, was not seriously injured; and never will she cease to be proud of her brave little daughter, by whose presence of mind her life was saved.



"OUR PETS." BY W. CALDWELL WEBB, AGE 7.

### A FELINE HERO.

BY MARGUERITE WILLIAMS (AGE 14).

SOME friends of mine who lived in Elmira owned a beautiful cat named Toby. They had brought him up from a kitten, and were very much attached to him.

Last winter they moved to Utica, and of course brought Toby with them. He slept through the journey in a strong box, from which he could not look out, as the only openings were a few air-holes.

Once settled in his new home, Toby seemed perfectly content, evincing no desire to wander away.

But one morning several weeks later, when Mrs. Byrd called him to give him his breakfast, he was nowhere to be found. The neighbors were questioned, advertisements put in the papers, and everything done to discover his whereabouts, but in vain. Toby was gone; where they did not know.

Mr. and Mrs. Byrd had despaired of ever finding him when, about a month after his disappearance, they received a letter from some friends in Elmira, saying that Toby had arrived there in a half-starved condition. The cat had traveled over a hundred miles to his old home, and after he had reached it, finding strangers there, had gone next door.

His master and mistress were overjoyed at finding their pet again, and had him sent back to them in a short time.

On his journey to Elmira, Toby had either to cross or go around a large lake, and I think it is wonderful that he ever arrived at his old home.



"PETS." BY KATHERINE L. ORDWAY, AGE 12.

### AMONG MY BOOKS.

BY DOROTHY RUSSELL LEWIS (AGE 14).

THE fire's ruddy glow turns all to golden,  
Alighting with new tints familiar nooks,  
As, dreaming in the arm-chair in the shadows,  
I sit among my books.

Where once I saw the old and well-known figures  
Of chairs and footstools ancient in their looks,  
New visions seem to shapen out before me  
When I 'm among my books.

That weird blue flame that smolders seems to picture  
The flash of metal on brave  
Crusoe's gun;  
That golden flame the  
strange lamp of Aladdin,  
With which he had  
such fun.

That tall, gaunt shadow  
looming in the dimness  
Is one of those dark  
Doones of Blackmore's  
tale;  
The myst'ry that surrounds  
his awful figure  
For years has made  
men quail.

And look! This gleam of  
scarlet here so near me  
Must be the sash of sweet  
Lord Faunteroy  
(I used to think it but the  
table-cover)  
His very name breathes  
joy.

Thus romance tinges every-  
thing with golden,

Alighting with new tints familiar nooks,  
And I drift into pictured lands of glory  
When I 'm among my books.



## AMONG MY BOOKS.



## Illustrated Poem.

BY MARIE MARGARET KIRKWOOD (AGE 15).

*(Silver Badge.)*

SWEET land of dreams, I love to dwell amid your sylvan shades,  
Where wandering knights do valorous deeds to rescue suffering maids;  
'T is there that fairies play their pranks, and sweet-voiced minstrels roan,  
Or sad-faced exile sits and weeps for his far-distant home.

Through branches green the sunlight creeps and touches all with gold—  
Oh, 't is a wondrous world to me that can such beauty hold!  
The air is clearer, flow'rs more fair, the butterflies more bright;  
The very birds sing forth their hearts to greet the glad daylight.

King Arthur and his goodly knights, with each his lady fair,  
Old Sinbad, jolly little Puck, and Shylock too are there.  
I see them as they pass me by among the stately trees;  
I hear their many voices borne upon the evening breeze.

So let me leave the dreary world with all its cares behind,  
And mingle with this company, true happiness to find;  
And all my little griefs must die amid this forest's nooks,  
For all my greatest happiness I find among my books.

## A MODERN HERO.

BY FLORENCE L. HAMM (AGE 13).

YOU must go to the farthest and dirtiest corner of Boston to find my little hero. But, I promise you, it is well worth the time and bother. This little boy never received a token from the people for his brave deeds; indeed, he is quite unknown. By day he works in a dingy cotton factory, and at evening, after a hard day's labor, he sits by his little lame sister and invents some new game, story, or picture to amuse her. Often it is a song, for this poor little factory boy has a very sweet voice. Perhaps you will not grasp the point—you will

not understand why I consider him a hero. Well, I will tell you.

There are many temptations laid in his way; but he always turns firmly away, remembering his dead mother's wishes.

Every night finds him in the house amusing his little sister and living in the way that he has chosen.

Let us hope that the angels of prosperity and happiness will take care of his little lame sister and himself through all the coming years.

## AMONG MY BOOKS.

BY JESSICA NELSON NORTH (AGE 11).

TO-NIGHT among my books I lie;  
The lengthened shadows fall.  
The screech-owl through the dark may cry—  
I do not hear its call.

For now on Crusoe's isle I roam,  
Where savage natives dine;  
I see a footprint in the sand,  
And wonder if it 's mine.

And now to Wonderland I go,  
After the rabbit white;  
I see him scurry down the hole  
And disappear from sight.

Now where the sunlight seldom gleams,  
Where Maurice Thompson leads,  
There where the snow-white heron dreams,  
Deep in the dripping reeds.

With Marmion on his fiery steed,  
Across the bridge I go,  
Where the swift waters of the Tweed  
In rippling silence flow.

## AMONG MY BOOKS.

Illustrated Poem.

BY WILLIAM C. ENGLE (AGE 11).

*(Silver Badge.)*

AT our house, in the attic,  
I have a favorite nook,  
And there on rainy days  
I read my favorite book.

I've rigged up a book-shelf,  
And scattered round the floor  
Are volumes of ST. NICHOLAS,  
Which I read o'er and o'er.



"WINTER SCENE." BY MELTON R. OWEN,  
AGE 15.



## MY LITTLE BROTHER'S HEROES.

*(A True Story.)*

BY DOROTHY MCKEE (AGE 13).

My little brother has nearly always had a hero of some sort. One of the first ones that I can remember was a soldier. When we first went to England, it was about the time that the Boer war first broke out and all the troops were going to South Africa. A great many went away from the place where we lived, and music always accompanied them to the station. My brother is very fond of music, and I suppose that had a great deal to do with his liking soldiers. He was so fond of them that he obtained the name of "Colonel," which he still has.

His next hero, I think, was an "outside" porter. In England they have outside and inside porters in the stations. The outside ones fetch your luggage from your house, and the inside ones see to it in the station.

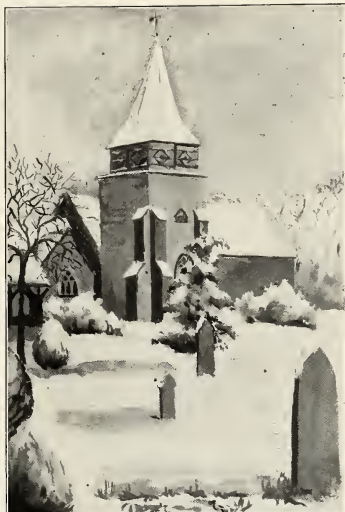
The next that I can remember was a London cab-driver. He thought they must make a great deal of money.

Another one was our man-of-all-work in the bungalow where we were staying for the summer. He said he should so much like to be his little boy; and he followed him about wherever he went.

One of the latest ones is a bus-conductor here in Dresden. There is a certain line consisting of thirteen busses which starts near our pension and goes to the river Elbe. He has a certain conductor and a certain driver in this line whom he likes very much. Every time we go into the bus where his conductor is, he (the conductor) begins jabbering away to my brother in German, of which he understands very little; and sometimes, as we go walking along the streets, we will hear my brother whistle, and, on looking up, see his bus-driver driving by. When he sees my brother his face always breaks into a broad grin.

His last one is a captain of a ship. My mother has often told him how nice the one was on the "Pennsylvania," the ship we came from America on, and he is looking forward to the voyage back very much, as he was so young when we came over that he does not remember as much about it as he wishes he did.

These are the most important of my six-year-old brother's heroes.



"A WINTER SCENE." BY MARGERY BRADSHAW, AGE 14.

In the old arm-chair I ponder, thinking o'er the different sights  
Which my books have placed before me in the long,  
cold winter nights:  
Books of travel, of adventure, books in Latin, French,  
and Greek,  
Which the teacher stern imparted to her pupils mild  
and meek.

On another shelf before me,  
standing packed in close  
array,  
Rest the standard works of Dickens,  
which suffice for any  
day;  
Works of Cooper, Scott, and  
Kipling, lives of men both  
good and great—  
Men who changed a nation's  
history, famous men who  
saved the state.

But there is another volume  
which delights one much  
the more,  
In whose pages there is reading  
fit for every clime and  
shore.  
Other books may please the  
fancy, catch the eye, and  
hold the mind;  
But the equal of ST. NICHOLAS  
one can never see or  
find.

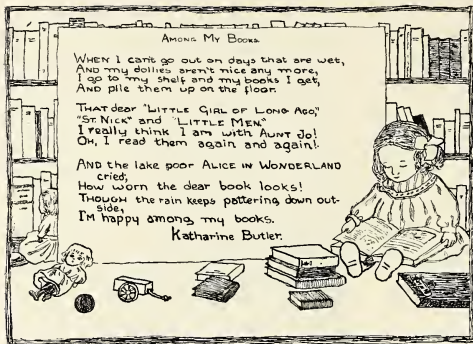
Every reader of ST. NICHOLAS is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and instruction leaflet will be sent on application.

## AMONG MY BOOKS.

BY THOMAS S. MCALLISTER  
(AGE 16).

IN the stormy winter season,  
when the snow falls thick  
and fast,  
And the house a shelter offers  
from the whirling, raging blast,  
Then among my books I linger  
—books of every name and  
kind,  
Suited to the different fancies  
which invest the active  
mind.

"A WINTER SCENE." BY JANET GOLDEN,  
AGE 10.



ILLUSTRATED POEM. BY KATHARINE BUTLER, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE.)

### PRIZE-WINNERS, CHAPTER COM- PETITION No. 2.

CHAPTER ENTERTAINMENT COMPETITION No. 2 closed on January 3. A great many chapters took part, and the results were very satisfactory indeed. Without exception the proceeds have been devoted to most worthy causes, and those who took part may have the satisfaction of remembering that they have had a jolly good time themselves and that they have made others happy as well.

The following is the report of prize-winners in Chapter Competition No. 2:

**First prize**, \$50.00 worth of books to be selected from the Century Co.'s price-list, won by **Chapter 581**, the Ithaca Society of Ithaca, N. Y. Dramatic entertainment given for the benefit of the free kindergarten of Ithaca on December 13, 1902.

**Total net sum realized, \$87.45.**

The Ithaca entertainment was given on a very bad night, but in spite of this fact it enjoyed excellent patronage, and, with the people of Ithaca, may be congratulated on having done so well in so worthy a cause.

**Second prize**, \$25.00 worth of books to be selected from the Century Co.'s price-list, won by **Chapter 565**, the "Sugar Plum," of San Francisco, Cal. Entertainment and bazaar given for the benefit of St. Dorothy's Rest, the convalescent home for children, at Camp Meeker, Sonoma Co., Cal. The money is to be used to begin the erection of a cottage for little sufferers. It is to be called the "St. Nicholas League Sugar Plum Cottage," and its name will be over the door, burned into a large slab of redwood.

**Total net sum realized, \$77.26.**

The "Sugar Plum Chapter" has indeed expended its efforts in a good cause.

For years to come its members and their descendants will be glad to point out the pretty little cottage at Camp Meeker which they helped to build, and those who enjoy its blessing of shelter will not soon forget to whom their comfort is due. We wish they might be taught to sing the two merry little songs "Our Little Bazaar" and "Our Little Club," which were a part of the "Sugar Plum" entertainment.

**Third prize**, \$15.00 worth of books to be selected from the Century Co.'s price-list, won by **Chapter 507**, of San Francisco, Cal. Entertainment and fair given for the benefit of Children's Hospital and Training School for Nurses of 3700 California St., San Francisco.

**Total net sum realized, \$35.25.**

Among other features of the entertainment given by this chapter were a grab-bag, fortune-wheel, notions, candy, sherbet, and lemonade booths; in fact, nothing was overlooked that would help to add to the receipts, and the California Street Children's Hospital is to be congratulated on having the support of their St. Nicholas League friends.

**Fourth prize**, \$10.00 worth of books to be selected from the Century Co.'s price-list, won by Chapter No. 421, of the Pomfret Centre School, of Pomfret, Conn. Receipts used to buy books for the school library.

**Total net sum realized, \$27.20.**

The Pomfret entertainment consisted of recitations, music, and dialogues, and was a most charming affair throughout. The Pomfret paper, among other good things, says: "Certainly teachers and pupils may be congratulated. Failure was a word not known among them."

Among other chapters who took part may be mentioned the "Young Invincibles," of Dixon, Ill., who realized \$30.75 from their entertainment, and are devoting the proceeds to the relief of the poor of Dixon. This chapter has purchased wood, coal, and food with its money, and has done great good.

Chapter No. 583, the "Four Leaf Clover," of Deseronto, Ont., also deserves praise. They gave a most entertaining dramatic performance, consisting of "The Unhappy Princess" and the "Ballad of Mary Jane." Their net profit was \$12.45, used for the relief of a poor family, three children and invalid parents. What a blessing to those needy ones! How welcome must have been their warm flannels and the Christmas dinner paid for by Chapter 583!

In conclusion we would say that every chapter that took part, however small may have been its returns, is to be congratulated on its effort. The results of well-doing cannot be calculated in dollars and cents, and no one can measure the benefit resulting from a good deed.

### LEAGUE NOTES.

ELIZABETH L. ALLING, 199 Washington St., Gloucester, Mass., would like to exchange some Gloucester postal cards for those of some other city or country. She will write on them, if desired, or send the set (four) in an envelope.

May H. Ryan, Caliente, Kern Co., Cal., would enjoy correspondence with a chapter in Scotland or England, the former preferred.

Ruby Taggett, secretary, sends us a beautiful copy of the Annual Programme of the "Daughters of the Wixson Club," organized in 1900.

Imogen Stiles, 44 South Sixth Ave., La Grange, Ill., desires to correspond with a Japanese girl who can write English, or an American girl living in that land of flowers.

Nina Roberts, Morrow, Ohio (age 16), desires a correspondent in England or Australia.

Mary E. Hatch, 668 Washington St., Brighton, Mass. (age 13), desires a correspondent about her age in Texas and Arizona.

Lita Voelchert, Manitowoc, Wisconsin, has six photographs of scenery that she desires to exchange with League members. The size of the pictures is  $5\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ .

A great many of our old friends are slipping away from us these days. The weeks will pass and the months and years will go, and



"PETS OF LORD BURTON." BY C. B. ANDREWS,  
AGE 17.



"A WINTER SCENE." BY ALICE J. GOSS, AGE 15.

bring the eighteenth birthday, beyond which there are no League competitions. Many have asked for a grown-up competition; but, as the editor has said before, the world has many competitions for those who have left behind the pleasant land of childhood.

#### LEAGUE LETTERS.

WOOSTER, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been in our family for seven or eight years, and are one of our most loved magazines.

I used to live in Bogotá, Colombia, but in April we came here to this land. I am a native of Colombia, but yet I consider myself an American.

Ever since your lovely and successful League began, I have wished to become a member myself. I sent two letters and two stamped envelopes at different times from Bogotá, but I suppose they were lost on account of the revolution that is going on there.

When we came from Bogotá we had a delightful trip. We were five weeks on the journey. The sea was calm and everything as pleasant as could be.

I am so interested in your League. I like to look up the names of the different ones that compete.

I left a good many of my dear bound volumes of the ST. NICHOLAS, and I miss them ever so much. I have had them with me ever since I can remember. I must not make this letter too long, and close, hoping that the League will ever be as good and bright and charming as it is now. Ever your reader,  
ELISA CANDOR.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read you ever since I can remember. I think the League is lovely.

Last summer we took a trip through Nova Scotia. At Halifax we saw the citadel and the rocking stone. The soldiers wear their hats on one side. Sunday we went to the church where the soldiers go. At Annapolis we saw them making shoes.

At Wolfville we went to see the Evangeline willows and the Evangeline beach. At Parrsboro we went to Blomdon.

Your reader,  
HELEN BARTON.

NORTH AMBINGTON,  
MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very much surprised to read my name in the list of prize-winners. I was so glad that I ran all over the house, telling every one I could find the good news. It is the first prize I have won since I have been a League member, but I hope it will not be the last.

I was very much inter-



"WINTER SCENE." BY MARJORIE BETTS, AGE 13.

ested to see that two sisters and their friend had each won five dollars also.

Thanking you ever so much for my check, I remain,  
Your best wisher,  
FRANCES BENEDICT.

BOYDTON, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Because I have been somewhat slow in thanking you for the lovely badges sent me, there has been no lack of gratitude and appreciation in my heart.

My gold badge has been a great source of joy and pride to me ever since it came; it is more dear to me than the silver badge, I think, because I know I worked harder on the poem that won it for me than on the other.

It is one of my most pleasant hopes that I will some day meet other badge-winners, and talk over our League days, for I guess we will be over eighteen then.

Gratefully,  
ROSE C. GOODE.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My friends and I are very much interested in the chapters of the League. We have formed a club which we call A E I O U. There are five members; Secretary, Julia Ketting; I am President.

We would like to join the chapter competition, and, if possible, in time to take part in the next one.

We are all very much interested in the League department, and would feel like we had lost a friend if we could not read about it.

Hoping we may soon be able to boast of being a chapter, I remain,  
Sincerely yours,  
CATHERINE STAFF.

NAUGATUCK,  
CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for five years, and I love you so much!—especially the League and the long stories. I read ST. NICHOLAS clear through, from cover to cover, just as soon after it comes as I possibly can, and I am sure I derive more pleasure and benefit from it than any of the other magazines that I read.

I am thirteen years old, and am in my second year in the high school, and I have to work pretty hard out of school, for some of our instructors are very exacting, and if one has n't one's lesson at the tip of one's tongue, one has the doubtful pleasure of returning after school hours for the sole purpose of reciting that lesson correctly. However, I will not use up my energy outside of school to tell what we do in school, but will pass to a pleasanter topic, that of pets.

We have a very pretty cat which came to us not long ago. He is tiger, and is the prettiest marked tiger-cat that I ever saw. We have no dogs, but the dog who belongs to one of our neighbors may usually be found somewhere about. He is a Scotch collie, and is a very pretty puppy,—for he is a mere puppy,—and we often have a great deal of fun with him. He is very good-natured, and is seldom seen fighting (though often playing) with other dogs. Hoping to see this published, I am your loving reader,  
RUBY C. KNOX.

Other League letters will be found in the Letter-box.

#### AMONG MY BOOKS.

BY GERTRUDE E. WILCOX (AGE 13).

If I am tired and weary,  
And wish for love and cheer,  
I do not go to other friends,  
But to my books so dear.

I like to read ST. NICHOLAS  
Better than all the rest;  
Although I think it all is fine,  
I like the League the best.



# ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

## THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published if space had permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

### VERSE 1.

Floy De Grove Baker  
Gertrude E. Wilcox  
Marcia Louise Webber  
Doris Franklyn  
Alice MacLeod  
Louise T. Preston  
Lula M. Larabee  
Wynonah Brezausele  
Eleanor Taylor  
Irwin Tucker  
Sara M. Sneekker  
Annette Osborne  
Dorothy Eyre Robinson  
Dorothy Stott

### VERSE 2.

Ralph M. Crozier  
Rose C. Goode  
Ethel Pickard  
Virginia Jones  
Dorothea Williams  
Odette Growe  
Edwina L. Pope  
Amelia V. Godwin  
Marvin E. Adams  
Harriette Irene Baer  
Walter I. Barton  
Ellen Dorothy Bach  
Gladys Adams  
Beulah H. Ridgeway  
Gladys Crockett  
Marion Lane  
Eleanor Myers  
Marion Prince  
Lucy A. Barton  
Abigail E. Jenner  
Anna Constance Heffern  
Robert Lawrence Wheeler  
John Love  
Gertrude E. Ten Eyck

### DRAWINGS 1.

Loulou Slet van Oldri-  
tenborgh  
Melville Levey  
Marion K. Cobb  
Richard A. Reddy  
Geraldine Noel  
Julian Hilton  
Charles A. McGuire, Jr.  
Joseph W. McQuirk  
Phoebe Wilkinson  
Winifred B. Warren  
Caroline Latzke  
Samuel Davis Otis  
Margaret McKeon  
Carl Gamertsfelder  
Hazel Ferguson  
Mary Clarke  
Gilbert P. Pond

### DRAWINGS 2.

Grace Leadingham  
Emily Grace Tanks  
Sam R. T. Vary



"WINTER SCENE." BY FLORENCE GARDINER, AGE 11.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

Nelly Nice.  
Edgar Pearce  
Marion L. Herrick  
Elizabeth R. Scott  
Susie Fleming  
Charles Heaton Fulton  
Mary Evelyn Foley  
Alice Wrigley  
Gladys Young  
Edith G. Daggett  
Walter S. Davis  
Emilie C. Flagg  
Sally Williams Palmer  
Edith A. Roberts  
William Whitford  
Edna Youngs  
Chester W. Wilson  
Clarissa Rose  
Margaret Lautz Daniell  
Mabel Clark  
Ethel Lewis  
Woodhena E. Remington  
Margaret J. Russell  
Elizabeth Chapin  
Edwards Williams  
Charles Richardson  
Lucile Ramon Byrne  
Mary Myers  
Dorothea Clapp  
Ethel Messervy  
Harold Helm  
Katharine C. Browning  
Edith Sturtevant  
Emma Dickerson  
Margaret E. Nicholson  
Howard Robinson  
Ralph Balcom  
Everett Williamson  
Herbert O. Sauer  
Hattie L. Hawley  
Phoebe Wethely  
Sidney Edward Dickinson  
Katherine Goodwin Parker  
E. Wilson

Grace R. Jones  
Anne Gleaves  
Constance Horner  
Ellen H. Rogers  
Raymond Patterson  
Lucy Porter  
Frances C. Jeffery  
Margaret Patton  
Mary Evelyn Kavanagh  
Dorothy Williams  
Eleanor Cabot  
Prescott Wright  
Delia Strong  
Mary Klauder  
Josephine Stimpson  
Marjorie L. Gilmour  
Ruth Adams

### PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Samuel Robbins  
Clarence L. Hauthaway  
Orland Greene  
Irene F. Wetmore  
Marion D. Freeman

Effie K. Baker  
Fitz John Porter  
John S. Perry  
Margaret H. Faunce  
Margaret C. Phillips

### PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Reynold A. Spaeth  
Eleanor R. Hall  
Justin R. Weddell  
Edna S. Lyon  
Philip Roberts  
Florence R. T. Smith  
Kenneth D. Van Wagner

Edith Emerson  
Marjorie Patrick  
Joseph C. Aub  
Isabel H. Noble  
Eunice Fuller  
Howard Rumsey  
Elsie E. Flower  
Yseult Parnell  
Julia Wright McCormick  
Byron Benet Boyd  
Zenobia Campcube Aymar  
Jessie Wilcox  
Elizabeth Foulds  
Charles McGhee Tyson  
Louise E. Seymour  
Alice Rogers  
Virginia Clark  
Susy Fitz Simons  
Stuart Griffin  
Greta Wetherill Kernan  
Sue Baron Emmerson  
Mary Effie Lee  
Louie Edwards  
Renée Despard  
Jessica Biddle  
David MacGregor Cheney  
Louis F. May  
Irene Kavin  
Charles P. Howard  
Eva Moldrup  
Elizabeth Spies  
Augusta L'Hommedieu  
Mary E. Hatch  
Dorothy Caldwell  
Emily Browne  
Emily Mildred White  
Claudius F. Beatty  
Katharine J. Bailey  
Dorothea Clara Morse

Alice O'Meara  
Mabel Fletcher  
Frances G. Reed  
Esther G. Tomkins  
Annie Erickson  
Mary Beale Brainerd  
Mary C. Scheinman  
Helen Becker  
Gretchen Neuberger  
Richard K. Grant  
Don H. Davis  
Herrick H. Harwood  
Mildred Newmann  
Ruth Andrews  
Michael Heidelberger  
Dorothy Culver Mills  
Helen Janet Smith  
Gladys Gaylord  
Kenneth Kennicott  
Pauline Anderson  
Isabella D. Strathy  
Edwina Macniven  
Maria E. Wood  
Kathleen Soule  
Mary S. McDermott  
Bennie Blacovsky  
Arthur J. Goldsmith  
Doris Weiss  
Vita Sackville West  
Carl U. Perkins  
Pringle McCraven  
Leland R. Hallock  
Emelyn Ten Eyck  
Donald Ferguson  
Mildred Stanley Fleck  
Esther Galbraith  
Susan W. Wilbur  
Dorothy G. Thayer  
Bennie Hasselman

### PUZZLES 1.

Lucille Rosenberg  
T. Lawrason Riggs  
Alice D. Karr  
Donna J. Todd  
Martha Nickerson  
William Ellis Keyser  
Elizabeth Clarke

### PUZZLES 2.

Litta Voelchert  
Isabel Blue  
Angela Hubbard  
William D. Crane  
Wilmot S. Close  
Clarence A. Sutherland  
Florence Short  
Marjorie Murphy  
Gertrude H. Schirmer  
Katharine A. Page  
Helen Andersen  
Marion H. Wheelton  
Winifred Hemming  
Nica Howard  
Albert E. Stockin  
Howard Hosmer  
Rachel Rhoades  
Alexander Cadwalader  
Emily Sibley  
Raymond Preston  
Carloa Glasgow  
Dorothy Davis  
Bruce Peters



"WINTER SCENE." BY MARGARET JOSEPHANS,  
AGE 11.

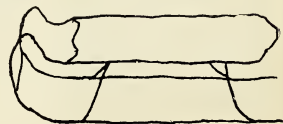
Louise B. Sloss  
Christine Graham  
William Herbert Murphy  
Adelaide B. Montizambert  
Jerome Coudrey  
James Ludlow Raymond  
Jeannette W. Langhaar  
Lawrence B. Lathrop  
Joseph S. Webb  
John Leo Lienthal  
Francis James  
Irving Babcock  
Mildred D. Woodbury  
Edith Hilles  
Simon Blumenfeld  
T. Sam Parsons  
Charles Ford Harding  
Mildred S. Rives  
Philip H. Buncker.

### PROSE 2.

Earl D. Van Deman  
Margaret E. Sayward

### PROSE 1.

Dorothy McKea  
Kathleen Carrington



"SLED." BY ALFRED POND, AGE 7.

## NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 601. Marjorie Holmes, President; Grace Anderson, Secretary; five members. Address, 14 W. La Rua St., Pensacola, Fla.

No. 602. Judith Wilkes, President; Lucile Du Bose, Secretary; five members. Address, 906 Villa St., Nashville, Tenn.

No. 603. "C. C. C." Margaret Kendall, President; Marjorie Osborn, Secretary; seven members. Address, 11 Oliver St., Watertown, Mass.

No. 604. "Rosebud Circle." Elsa Furdlein, President; Kitty Ford, Secretary; six members. Address, 351 East 77th St., New York City. Meetings every two weeks.

No. 605. Oscar Thorup, President; Walter I. Brown, Secretary; eight members. Address, 9 Parker St., New Bedford, Mass.

No. 606. "Vine Leaf Club." Caridad Sanchez, President; Consuelo Salazar, Secretary; seven members. Address, 13 9th Ave., S., Guatemala City, Central America.

No. 607. "Theatrical Chapter." Annie C. Goddard, President; Elisabeth S. Duryee, Secretary; six members. President's address, 273 Lexington Ave., New York City. Would like to correspond with a foreign chapter or with one in a Western State. Members about 12 years old.

No. 608. "Evening Game Club." George Dale, President; Frank Norris, Secretary; six members. Address, 60 Algoma St., Oshkosh, Wis.

No. 609. "Sweet Locust." Pauline Anderson, Secretary; two members. Address, 364 Doyer Ave., Walla Walla, Wash.

No. 610. "Busy Bees." Dorothy Thayer, President; Marguerite Emery, Secretary; five members. Address, State St., Portsmouth, N. H.

No. 611. "Mystic." Frank Stanlake, President; Gertrude Wilcox, Secretary; fourteen members. Address, West Branch, Mich.

No. 612. "Lasting Friendship." Elsie Stark, President; Mabel Schanck, Secretary; eleven members. Address, 70 Grove St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

No. 613. "Paul Revere." Dennis Murray, President; Sylvester Murray, Secretary. Address, 172 Endicott St., Boston, Mass.

## CHAPTER NOTES.

THE chapter at Terre Haute, Ind., has five members. It is called the A E I O U. Julia Kettering, No. 2040 N. 12th St., is secretary.

A literary chapter named "The Daisy Club," with Mary Cramer as president, and Marie Huey secretary, has been organized in St. Louis.

Chapter No. 418 has elected new officers, and calls for three badges.

Chapter No. 449 has recently added three new members.

Chapter No. 470 is now located at Valencia, Spain, and the members intimate that they will redouble their efforts on taking an interest in the work, which hitherto has been lagging, owing to interruptions incident to travel.

The "Vine Leaf Club," Guatemala City, Central America, sends us a beautiful card wishing all the readers of ST. NICHOLAS a merry Christmas.



"WINTER SCENE." BY VERA E. CLARK, AGE 14.



"WINTER SCENE." BY DELMAR G. COOKE, AGE 14.



BY JACK BELLINGER, AGE 9.

## PRIZE COMPETITION, No. 42.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

**A Special Cash Prize.** To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded, instead of another gold badge.

**Competition No. 42** will close **March 20** (for foreign members **March 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **June**.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Title to contain the word "Rose" or "Roses."

**Prose.** Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author. Title, "My Favorite Character in History."

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Waiting for Spring."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "A Heading for June" and "From Nature."

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

**Puzzle-answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

**Wild-animal or Bird Photograph.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

## RULES.

EVERY contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If these things, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address all communications:

The St. Nicholas League,  
Union Square,  
New York.

## BOOKS AND READING.

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**TO OUR PRIZE-WINNERS.** THE prize-subscriptions won in the competitions announced in this department cannot be ordered until we have had word from the winners naming the issue of the magazine with which the prize-subscription should begin. Otherwise you, being already subscribers or buyers, might receive duplicate numbers. No matter if you are already a subscriber; your name can be put down for the next year as well as for the present year, since it is only a matter of noting the date. So, when you win a prize, be kind enough to write *promptly* to the editor of the Books and Reading department stating the month and year with which your prize-subscription should begin. The decision upon the "Twelfth Night" competition will be printed in the April number.

**YOUR OWN READING.** WHO will send us a list of the books read during 1903, so far? We should like to know what books you are actually interested in at present. Send in only those of some little importance, naming authors and titles, and adding short comments where the titles are not well known.

**DISCUSSING BOOKS.** SEVERAL correspondents have written approving the suggestion that we discuss in this department, by means of letters, the merits of certain well-known books for young people. You may remember that Charles Kingsley's "Water Babies" was named as a book about which there seemed to be a difference of opinion among good authorities. We shall be glad to have your views upon its value, expressed briefly, and shall print any letters that are worth that notice.

Meanwhile a young correspondent wishes to hear your opinions on "Alice in Wonderland." She writes: "I have met many girls who don't like this book, and I wonder how many Sr. NICHOLAS readers will say so too"! She mentions other books, but they may be put aside for the present at least, especially because they are really novels for adults. She must remember how many of our readers are

too young to be interested in these. Another bright correspondent is anxious to bring even Dickens's works before the tribunal. She writes: "I have heard a friend of mine say that she 'could n't understand how any one could take Dickens as a favorite writer.' For her part, she thought 'David Copperfield' positively vulgar and not at all humorous." But our correspondent also names "grown-up novels" as proper subjects for our attention, and we therefore say, again, we wish to confine our attention to books for young people. So please let us hear your views upon "Water Babies," "Lamb's 'Tales from Shakspeare,'" or "Alice in Wonderland." Do you like them or dislike them? And why?

**SPECTACLES OR KALEIDOSCOPES.** SOME books remind one of spectacles. They are meant to aid us to see the world and its inhabitants more clearly and with better understanding. They help us to use our own eyes with better effect, so that we shall not make mistakes. Others show us nothing but an amusing set of ever-changing pictures, and meanwhile take our attention from the outer world. Both serve a good purpose, and therefore neither is to be despised. May we carry this comparison of books with optical instruments still further? The "telescope" books, for example, bring before our view things that otherwise would be beyond our powers; such are the books about foreign lands or bygone times and peoples. With the microscope may be compared those books that help us to see into things otherwise too small or too unusual to attract attention. But what sorts of literature can we compare to the spectroscope, the theodolite, the prism, or, if it be properly an optical instrument, the photographic camera? The camera obscura, at least, might be compared to journals and periodicals that reflect for us scenes from life. Let us try to name a book in each class. Perhaps one of Thoreau's or Burroughs's volumes would do for a "spectacles" book; "Alice in Wonderland" and "The Little Lame Prince" might be called "kaleidoscope" books; Hawthorne's

"Note Books" and some of Bayard Taylor's travels are "telescope" books; many nature-study books are "microscope" books, and we may name Sir John Lubbock's "Bees, Ants, and Wasps" as an example. For the spectroscope, "Robinson Crusoe" is not a bad example, since, just as the spectroscope helps men to see what forms the light of a spectrum, so "Robinson Crusoe" helps us to see what is forming the character of the castaway, who, by his hard times on the island, is changed from a heedless boy to a thoughtful, useful man. The theodolite helps engineers to lay straight lines and so to plan out work; books of reference in the same way are scientific instruments to keep us from making errors.

But this is perhaps a little too far-fetched for our younger readers.

**A FIRST READING.** WHEN artists are about to make a drawing or painting, it is usual for them to begin with what they call a "composition sketch"—a rough outline that will give the general action of their figures. In this sketch no attention is paid to small things; their object is to get the main movement, the motion and action and idea, strongly indicated. Afterward, in adding details, the artist takes care not to lose these strong lines.

In first reading one of the good poems or books that we hope to re-read many times, we may take a hint from the artists' method. Let your first reading be for the purpose of a general broad view of the book. Never mind the little things. Keep thinking of the whole story, of the main characters, of the happenings that mean most to the plot. In this way you will get hold of the substance—of the plot; and when you read the work again you can add to these the smaller matters. Books read in school should be read in this way. To stop carefully at every small difficulty makes any book tiresome, and, what is worse, makes it hard to understand. All this refers, of course, to books really worth some care in the reading.

**JACK AND JILL.** WHO will look up for us the old story that is preserved in the Mother Goose rhyme about Jack and Jill and the pail of water? Many of these rhymes are the remains of old poems or folk-lore stories, as is well known, and our

young readers would be glad to hear some of them. Dick Whittington and his cat also have a most interesting history; and Jack the Giant-killer has been known, in one way or another, for many centuries. Students of folk-lore find many interesting bits of information that young readers would be glad to hear. At least, they can tell us where these are stored away, so that we may read them for ourselves.

**A TEST OF THE BEST BOOKS.** IT has been wisely said, "A good book improves on acquaintance. A bad book does not. This is a valuable test." Does not the same rule apply to your companions? The meaning of this bit of wisdom will not be wholly plain to you unless you notice how much is meant by the word "*improves*." It is not enough that you like a book at once, and find no reason for disliking it when it is taken up again. Many a fair book will stand that test. The best books *improve*. That is, you find more in them each time they are read. At first you may see that the story, the plot, is interesting. Next you may find that the characters are well drawn; then that the language is good—the words excellently chosen and well arranged. Another reading may show you that the book contains good advice, and so on. You can never entirely squeeze all the value out of the best books. Some of them have been feeding mankind for ages, and seem as full as ever. No one knows just how long ago the poems of Homer were first recited, and they are not yet considered fit only for the lumber-room. The Bible is one of the oldest and yet it is still the most influential of books, even considered as literature alone.

**THE PRIZE TOPIC.** As a variety this month, we shall offer books for prizes. For the best three accounts of your "Favorite Place for Reading" three prizes will be awarded, the first prize to be any book or books published by the Century Co. to the value of \$3.00; the second to the value of \$2.00; the third to the value of \$1.00. The accounts must be by readers of ST. NICHOLAS not over eighteen, and must be received on or before March 15, 1903. Address, Books and Reading Department, ST. NICHOLAS, Century Co., Union Square, New York City. Illustration by drawings or photographs is permitted.



## THE LETTER-BOX.

ALBANY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I see in the November number of ST. NICHOLAS a letter from Vita V. Sackville West. I have been in the castle in which she lives, and played in the big attic with her. This was last May, when I was in England.

As we drove up to the castle there were some deer feeding in front of it. I came home in June after being abroad four months, and enjoyed getting you each month while there very much. Good-by.

W. G. RICE, JR.

MONTREAL, QUE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was delighted to get my badge. I think it is lovely. I am going to tell you about something that happened this summer. We live on an island on Lake Huron in Canada. One day it was blowing so hard that the water was taken up and went right through the air—*drifted*, the fishermen called it. We had an Indian boy and girl as servants up there. We like them, but they have to sleep on the mainland, which is about half a mile from our island.

My father was going to sail them over to the mainland (the wind was not so strong then), and he got them over all right, but when he started to come back the wind had come up tremendously.

But he thought he would sail with the jib alone, and when he tried to turn at the dock he could not, so he drifted past. Soon the jib all tore to pieces, and he could get no other sails up.

The next island to us was about half a mile away, and he tried to make that, but he did not. Then he went behind another island, and we did not see him for a long time, so we got quite worried. At last we saw him, and he was on an island about three miles from ours.

Soon a whole lot of boats with Indians in went to get him; the wind had gone down a little then.

When he got home, "wet through," he told us that the part of the island he had got on to was a cliff, and he was clinging to the cliff and trying to push the boat off when a huge wave took it and lifted it right out of the water so that it barely missed his face. The Indians expected, as a matter of course, to be invited to dinner, which was a picnicky one.

Your interested reader,  
MARGARET ARMSTRONG.

NEUCHÂTEL, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In a very few days it will be two years that I wrote to you for the first time, asking to be made a member of the League. And now that I have had the privilege of belonging to it for comparatively so short a time, I come to thank you for your kindness to me in awarding me all the prizes.

In two days I shall be eighteen, so this is probably the last time you will hear of your Swiss member. I would so much have liked to contribute this month, and had planned to send you advertisements; but I am so very busy that I have not been able even to think of anything.

I have already told you so many times, dear, dear ST. NICK, but I must say it once again, for the last time, your League has been the cause of real progress in my drawing. When I look at what I did two years ago and at what I do now, I attribute to you the greatest part of the change. And I shall never forget what a stimulant you have been for me. When I first began contributing,

I decided that I *must* at least have one of my drawings printed, if I did not get a prize; and since I have had all prizes, my only desire has been to do better, and show you that it was not only for the sake of recompense that I worked, but that the work itself was a recompense and a pleasure to me. But now, dear ST. NICK, the time is come I have to say good-by. A very sad good-by it is, and I am very vexed with myself for having got *old* so quickly, and not having been able to enjoy you longer. Believe me,

Your ever loving and grateful Swiss League member,  
YVONNE JÉQUIER (age 17 years and 363 days).

Good luck to you, ST. NICHOLAS! And may you live always for the joy of children and even of old members like me!

ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for about four years, and like you very much. I wait anxiously every month for you to arrive, and then I am deaf to everything else but my dear ST. NICHOLAS. I am very much pleased with your long stories, and I think that they are a fine plan. One of the first things that I always look at is the League.

I wish so that I might become a member! I would be so glad if I only could. I would try so hard to win a badge, as I am sure that they must be very pretty, and I would be so proud to wear it.

I do so hope that I may become a member, and I am sure that I will do my best. Please write me soon and let me know if I am welcome. And now I close, dear ST. NICHOLAS. Your interested and devoted reader,

OLIVE STEVENS.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The receipt of your beautifully designed badge has been a great honor to me, and I thank you many times for it. I shall continue to contribute to the League, and shall always be delighted with its rapid progress. Very sincerely yours,

MARGARETE MÜNSTERBERG.

MICHIGAN CITY, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sorry not to have written to you sooner, to thank you for my cash prize, but I have been unable to write.

The thanks that I feel cannot be written.

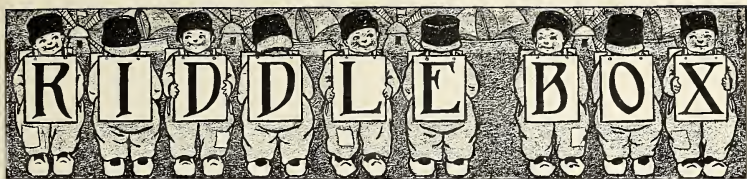
Let me only say that I thank you a thousand times, for now I can say that I have *all* your prizes, a privilege indeed!

I only feel regret that I cannot compete any more, but I shall watch for the League each month as eagerly as before.

I owe all the success that I have had to you, dear Saint, and thanking you again for all the prizes, and wishing you health and prosperity for ever and ever,

I am yours truly,  
HILDA B. MORRIS.

Other interesting letters have been received from Ethel Woods, Morgan Spaford, John Bacon, Agnes L. Peaslee, Martha Wascher, W. Caldwell Webb, Philip S. Ordway, Hazel Harper, Chandler W. Ireland, Priscilla Lee, Mary Blossom Bloss, Eleanor Houston Hill, Lewis W. Minford, Jr., Marguerite E. Wilson, Francis Marion Miller, Edwina Hurlbut, Gladys Brown, Hannah T. Thompson, J. M. McCraven, A. Maude Fulmore.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

DIAGONAL. Valentine. 1. Valentine. 2. Bacchanal. 3. Allegoric. 4. Alleviate. 5. Canonical. 6. Advantage. 7. Alleluiah. 8. Appellant. 9. Attenuate.

TRANSPOSITIONS. Washington. 1. Draw-er, ward. 2. Tra-de, art. 3. Mus-ic, sum. 4. Sah-ib, has. 5. Kni-fe, ink. 6. Reven-ue, never. 7. Nig-ht, gin. 8. Part-ed, trap. 9. Revo-ke, over. 10. Pan-ic, nap.

REVERSIBLE PUZZLE. Roosevelt. 1. Straw, warts. 2. Pools, sloop. 3. Stops, spots. 4. Assam, massa. 5. Sleek, keels. 6. Revel, lever. 7. Peels, sleep. 8. Melas, Salem. 9. Seton, notes.

MUSICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

O lofty voice unfaltering!  
O strong and radiant and divine Mozart,  
Among earth's benefactors crowned a king!

MAIL-BAG PUZZLE. Christmas. 1. Canon. 2. Choir. 3. Coral. 4. Chair. 5. Calls. 6. Caste. 7. Camel. 8. Cabal. 9. Sable.

HIDDEN TREES. 1. Dis-fig-ure. 2. Overwh-elm-ed. 3. Palm-istry. 4. Thr-ash-ing. 5. Ke-pine. 6. Im-peach-ed. 7. Sub-lime. 8. Ap-pear-ance. 9. Ai-fir-m.

DIAGONAL ZIGZAG. James Russell Lowell. 1. Jessamine. 2. Amplitude. 3. Festivity. 4. Shrubbery. 5. Grossness. 6. Travelling. 7. Flotillas. 8. Furbelows. 9. Personnel. 10. Satirical.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Second row, downward, Longfellow; fourth row, upward, Evangeline. 1. Alter. 2. Point. 3. India. 4. Agile. 5. Often. 6. Ledge. 7. Pliny. 8. Allah. 9. Solve. 10. Tweed.

TO OUR PUZZLES: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from "M. McG."—Alice T. Huyler—Daniel Milton Miller—Joe Carlada—Allil and Adi—"The Thayer Co."—Edward McKey Very—Edgar M. Whitlock—Margery Quigley—Allen West—Esther, Clare, and Constance—Elizabeth Q. Bolles—Ramona Cameron—"Chuck"—"Johnnie Bear"—Laurence T. Nutting—George T. Colman—Carolus R. Webb—Hugh A. Cameron—Helen Marshall.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from E. Fitzgerald, 4—Anna MacKenzie, 2—E. L. Kaskel, 1—K. Gordon, 1—A. M. Ross, 1—No name, Turner's Falls, 4—E. Anderwod, 1—"Marlborough," 9—W. Baker, 1—Amelia S. Ferguson, 9—Oswald Reich, 2—Margaret C. Wilby, 9—Dorothy Davis, 3—Marian Swift, 9—Wilmot S. Close, 4—Gracie L. Craven and Jacob Roblyer, 7—Louis Greenfeld, 6.

BOX PUZZLE.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

I	.	2	
3	.	.	4
.	.	7	.
.	.	.	8
5	.	.	6
.	.	.	.
9	.	.	10

FROM 1 TO 2, to delight in; from 3 to 1, a personal pronoun; from 3 to 4, to burn with a hot liquid; from 4 to 2, a measure of time; from 3 to 5, shadow; from 4 to 6, compact; from 5 to 6, the after song; from 7 to 8, stretched; from 7 to 9, a pronoun; from 8 to 10, to raise; from 9 to 10, a decree; from 3 to 7, to repose on a seat; from 4 to 8, a river of Scotland; from 6 to 10, to devour; from 5 to 9, before.

MACK HAYS.

DIAMOND.

1. IN honey. 2. Part of a boat. 3. Beneath. 4. A festival day. 5. A Scandinavian god. 6. Pale. 7. IN honey. H. F. TURNER (League Member).

TRIPLE CURTAILINGS.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

THE initials of the words described will spell an annual holiday.

1. Triply curtail a specimen and leave a masculine nickname. 2. Triply curtail delicate and leave a number. 3. Triply curtail dangerous and leave risk. 4. Triply curtail moles and leave a feminine name. 5. Triply curtail contemplative and leave an idea. 6.

Triply curtail a house and leave to live. 7. Triply curtail mental and leave understanding. 8. Triply curtail usual and leave habit. 9. Triply curtail relations and leave gentle. 10. Triply curtail to call and leave amount. 11. Triply curtail dire and leave horror. 12. Triply curtail to empower and leave a writer. 13. Triply curtail submissive and leave to give way.

MARION E. SENN.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

I	.	4
.	*	*
.	*	*
3	.	2

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To grow dim. 2. To dwell. 3. Part of a wheel. 4. Certain.

From 1 to 2, to kindle; from 3 to 4, edge; from 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4 (eight letters), home.

ELIZABETH A. GEST (League Member).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals spell the name of an important female character in one of Dickens's novels, and my finals spell the name of an important female character in one of Scott's novels.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A place of noise and confusion. 2. A name mentioned in 1 Chronicles xii. 20. 3. A spring flower. 4. Meeting with good fortune. 5. A name mentioned in Judges i. 31. 6. In what place. 7. A fluid that supplied the place of blood in the veins of the gods. 8. Having comparatively little weight. 9. The bottom of a room. 10. Beyond what is usual. 11. An inhabitant of Rome.

CLARA MCKENNEY (League Member).

**CENTRAL ACROSTIC.**

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the central letters will spell the subject of a March tradition.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Fumed. 2. Freight. 3. Advanced. 4. A small rodent. 5. Pertaining to the moon. 6. Tired. 7. To forerun. 8. Spacious. 9. A United States coin. ERNEST ANGELL.

**ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.**



WHEN the above objects have been rightly named and written one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the initial letters will spell the name of a famous son of Poseidon. Designed by JAMES WHEATON CHAMBERS (League Member).

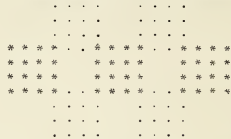
**BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.**

1. BEHEAD and curtail to lament, and leave a pronoun.
2. Behead and curtail cripples, and leave object.
3. Behead and curtail a deep plate, and leave a verb.
4. Behead and curtail parts of the body, and leave elevated.
5. Behead and curtail fairy implements, and leave a conjunction.
6. Behead and curtail is under obligation to, and leave a pronoun.
7. Behead and curtail frightened, and leave anxiety.
8. Behead and curtail tangles, and leave a word expressing refusal.
9. Behead and curtail to obstruct, and leave a common article.
10. Behead and curtail a thorn, and leave to fasten.
11. Behead and curtail a present, and leave a conjunction.
12. Behead and curtail a pitcher, and leave a pronoun.
13. Behead and curtail finished, and leave to forfeit.
14. Behead and curtail to discover, and leave a preposition.
15. Behead and curtail matter finer than air, and leave a

common little word. 16. Behead and curtail supports and leave lineage. 17. Behead and curtail a fortified place, and leave a conjunction. 18. Behead and curtail to intimate, and leave within. 19. Behead and curtail annoyed, and leave comfort. 20. Behead and curtail strikes with fear, and leave a pronoun. 21. Behead and curtail to oscillate, and leave to triumph.

The twenty-one little words will form a four-line stanza. ADDIE S. COLLOM.

**CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.**



UPPER SQUARES: I. 1. To overthrow. 2. A tropical plant. 3. To fly aloft. 4. Weird. II. 1. To cry aloud. 2. One time. 3. A measure of land. 4. To exhale.

MIDDLE SQUARES: III. 1. A companion. 2. The inhabitant of an Eastern country. 3. A tropical plant. 4. Black. IV. 1. A period of time. 2. Comfort. 3. A continent. 4. To gather. V. 1. To strike with the foot. 2. A metal. 3. To arrive. 4. Comprehended.

LOWER SQUARES: VI. 1. Close. 2. A famous mountain. 3. Certain insects. 4. A coarse file. VII. 1. A place of recreation. 2. In a little while. 3. A famous city. 4. A joint of the body. WOOD BRIGGS (League Member).

**CENTRAL ACROSTIC.**

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

THE words described vary in length. When they have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the central letters will spell the name of a noted statesman.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. One who scatters seed. 2. Intimate associates. 3. An article of furniture. 4. An edible shell-fish. 5. A door-fastening. 6. Following the exact words. 7. A mistake. EATON EDWARDS.

**FALSE COMPARATIVES.**

EXAMPLE:

A meadow; an unhappy king;  
A pronoun; fed by mountain spring.  
Answer, Lea, Lear; me, mere.

1. A timber sawed; a guest who pays;  
A sentence stern; the flag we raise.
2. A medicine; a column grand;  
To suffer pain; a piece of land.
3. A mite; the quality of rue;  
A rootless plant; an easy shoe.
4. Appointment high; and anger keen;  
A door; a shoe but seldom seen.
5. A wager; something more than good;  
A rug; a substance, as of wood.
6. A spice; a plant with blossoms sweet;  
A nod; a leafy, cool retreat.
7. A rattling noise; a fine repast;  
A wrap; a playful frisking fast.
8. An animal; to crouch in fear;  
Allow; a message often dear.
9. The mail; an advertising sheet;  
A boy; a mount for nimble feet.

MARY ELIZABETH STONE.

FOR THE TOILET



**P** stands for fair and chic Pauline,  
The gayest French girl that ever was seen.



**S** stands for Sallie, so happy and merry,—  
A little negress as brown as a berry.



**E** for Elisa, the Dutch girl so bright,  
With her clean little apron and kerchief so white.



**O** for Olga, from Russia's snow,—  
The land where bitter winds do blow.



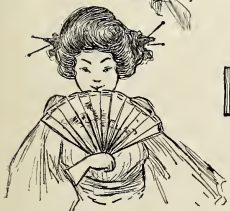
**A** for Alice, the American girl,  
Who goes in with a vim for society's whirl.



**A** stands for Annie, the housemaid sweet,—  
A typical English girl so neat.



**R** for Ramona, with dark eyes and hair—  
Where in all Spain is a maiden so fair?



**S** for Si Lung, the gay little Jap,  
Who with her glances tries hearts to entrap.



**P** for Pocahontas, the Indian lass,—  
Who weaves gay baskets from long sweet grass.

And all these maidens so pretty and bright  
Use PEARS' SOAP every morning and night.

Ruth E. Crombie, age 14, 40 S. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y. First prize in Competition No. 17  
Mar. 1903.



## ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE.

IT is possible to secure many more varieties of cheap stamps than could be collected a few years ago. The changes of color made in accord with the requirements of the Postal Union, and the changes in issues produced by natural causes, have increased very greatly the volume of those stamps which represent the ordinary current rates of postage in the different countries of the world. These stamps are, of course, the ones which are common everywhere, and can be gathered in large numbers and sent to those who make a business of collecting cheap stamps for the purpose of making variety packets. Three or four thousand varieties in this way can be secured at a price no higher than was asked a few years ago for the one or two thousand variety packets. Thus the young collector has been able to fill up many spaces in his album at a comparatively small cost, as the cheapest way to buy common stamps is in the variety packet.

### AUSTRALIAN STAMPS.

SOME peculiar issues of stamps are being made in Australia. It is difficult to understand why a new issue bearing the head of the Queen should be made at this time. Western Australia is taking the current stamps of Victoria, and by changing the name, in some cases, to Western Australia, and in others changing both name and value, is producing stamps for current use. The five-shilling value, which we illustrate, is produced by changes made in the current two-and-one-half penny stamp of Victoria. South Australia also is making a Queen's-head issue. The large-sized stamps issued between 1880 and 1890, with the label at the top bearing the words "Postage and Revenue," have been altered so that the only legend is "Postage," and have been issued in several denominations upon paper with the Crown and S. A. watermark in use at the present time.

### NORTH BORNEO AND LABUAN.

STAMPS of North Borneo appeared a little over a year ago, bearing the surcharge "British Protectorate." The same series of stamps has been used for many years in North Borneo and Labuan, the only difference being that the stamps of the latter colony have had surcharged upon them the word "Labuan." An issue has now appeared which shows that Labuan has become a colony. The design, which is very handsome, bears the British crown and the words "Labuan Colony." The variation from the King's-head type, which is used in so many British colonies, is very pleasing. The values are from two cents to one dollar.

### MAURITIAN STAMPS.

THE stamps of Mauritius usually come well perforated, but the issue of the two rupees fifty cents, made in 1879, was an exception. Quite a number of these stamps have remained on hand in the post-office since they were issued, and they have recently been surcharged "Postage and Revenue." This stamp in its ordinary condition will not be very scarce, but if one secures a specimen in fine condition it will be a rarity.

It is well to be extremely careful in regard to the perforation of stamps placed in one's collection; but if one becomes very particular about this matter he cannot secure certain issues. The early stamps of Mauritius, Ceylon, and many other countries, which are not rare in ordinary condition, are very scarce indeed in the well-perforated ones.

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

THE sixty-öre stamp of Norway, with the inscription in Roman instead of Egyptian capitals, is the only one of the last series issued in the twentieth century. There is no difference between the first issue of stamps for Peru and those of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company. The stamps on blue paper used by this company were turned over to the government of Peru for use until such time as a series of stamps could be prepared. The only way in which to tell them from those used by the Pacific Steam Navigation Company itself is by examination of the cancellations. The stamps as used by the Navigation Company bore a figure and bars. The cancellation used by the Peruvian government had either the word "Lima" or "Callao" in oval or circle. The reason that words denoting the different uses of stamps were placed upon the early issues of United States revenues was because it was expected that they would be used for the different departments named, and that accounts could be kept showing the amount of business done in different ways. It was found, however, that it was impossible to confine the use of particular stamps to the documents for which they were made; therefore special designations were given up, and these do not appear on the later issues of revenue stamps. The only exception to this is the use of the words "Proprietary" and "Documentary" upon the 1898 issue. The stamps of various countries—such, for instance, as New South Wales—cut in half are of no value as provisionals unless they are upon the original cover, so that one may be certain that they were used for postage in a provisional manner. Slight differences of surcharge, such as the inverted types, do not have a place allowed for the stamps bearing them in printed albums, because they are too numerous and not of sufficient interest. Counterfeit surcharges are usually made on stamps of small value.

# STAMPS, ETC.

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**Scott Stamp & Coin Co.,** 18 East 23d Street, New York, N. Y.

**100** stamps all diff., set of 2 unused stamps, hinges and price lists, 12c, post-paid; 20 var. King's Head stamps, unused, from 10 diff. colonies, 5c, post-paid. **The British Colonial Stamp Co.,** 217-218 Temple Building, London, Canada.

**FREE!** A stamp worth 12c. given to all new applicants for approval sheets. Reference must accompany application, or a note from parent giving consent.

**WILLIAM F. PRICE, Arnold Ave., NEWPORT, R. I.**

**200** different stamps, 13c; 300 different, China, etc., for 32c.; 1000 Foreign, 15c; 48-page Coin Book, 10c. **GREATER N. Y. STAMP & COIN CO.,** 238 East 58th St., New York.

**300** foreign stamps, 10c; 104 varieties, Bulgaria, Malta, &c., 10c; 200 varieties, 25c; 300 varieties, 50c; 500 varieties, \$1.25; 1000 varieties, \$4.00; 40 varieties, U. S., 10c. 32-page list free. Sheets of stamps on approval at 50% discount.

**D. CROWELL STAMP CO.,** 143 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.

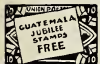
**25 RARE** stamps free (no common ones) with approval sheets at 50%. 1000 hinges, 6c. 50 var. U. S., 12c.

**F. C. BARTLETT, Norwich, N. Y.**

**500** STAMPS finely mixed, only 10c. 50 all diff., 5c. 100 diff. Corea, Mexico, etc., 10c. 1000 hinges (union), 10c. 40 diff. U. S. and Canada, 10c. Agts. wanted, 50%. LIST FREE. *Old stamps bought.* **Union Stamp Co., Dept. D, St. Louis, Mo.**



**STAMPS.** 100 all different Peru, Cuba, Bolivia, Mexico, Argentine, Brazil, Costa Rica, Turkey, Persia, Tunis, etc., and ALBUM, ONLY 10c. 1000 fine mixed, 20c. 1000 hinges, 10c. 60 different U. S., 25c. Agents wanted, 50%. 1000 List FREE. **C. A. STEGMAN, 5941 Cote Brillante av., St. Louis, Mo.**



**FREE** for a 2-cent stamp to any collector who has never written us before (no others), big 6c. green and 10c. violet Guatemala 1897 wrapper stamps. Catalogue value, 30 cents. **NEW ENG. STAMP CO.,** 21 Bromfield St., Boston.

**Stamps Free** 100, all different, for the names of two Collectors and 2c. postage. We offer 11 Japan, 1900, 10c.; 11 Germany, 1900, 25c.; 5 1901 Revs., \$1.00 to \$5.00, only 15c.; 3 1902 Revs., Green and Black, \$1.00 to \$5.00, only 25c.; \$10.00, only 75c. Agents wanted, 50% com. Price-lists free. **TOLEDO STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio.**

**FREE!** A set of beautiful U. S. stamps, face value \$6.00, for address of collector and return postage. Finest sheets 50% com. Agents wanted. **KOLONA STAMP CO., Dept. N, Dayton, Ohio.**

**COIN** list, 2c. 4 large U. S. Cents, 20c. 50% disc. on U. S. and FOREIGN STAMPS; seconds at 70% disc. Estab. 1883. **R. M. LANGZETTEL, 92 CROWN ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN.**

**300** foreign stamps, hinges and a 40-page album, 12 cts. 50 blank app. sheets, 13 cts. **Geo. M. Fisk, Vermont Ave., Toledo, O.**

**FREE,** 10 var. Japanese to all who apply for sheets at 50% com. **W. T. Mckay, 673 Broad St., Newark, N. J.**

**STAMPS FREE** for addresses of collectors. The more names, the more stamps. Album & cata. free. Agts. 50%. 105 In-China, a U. S. worth 25c., W. I., etc., 5c. **Bullard, Sia, A, Boston.**

**FREE** 50 dollars, face value — who buy from our sheets. Reference needed. **KING & CO., 141 East 19th St., New York City.**

**STAMPS.** Choice approval sheets at 50% commission. References required. 100 varieties Foreign, 10c. Dept. B. **WISCONSIN STAMP AND COIN CO., Monroe, Wis.**

**25 RARE STAMPS FREE** with trial approval sheets, 1000 Hinges, 8c. **F. E. THORP, Norwich, N. Y.**

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10 Jamaica, 12c.; 5 Trinidad, 8c.; 6 Newfoundland, 12c.; 4 Iceland, 6c.; 3 St. Lucia, 6c.; 3 Leewards, 5c.; 5 Martinique, 8c.; 8 Fr. Guiana, 12c.; 16 Persia, 25c.; 3 Barbados, 12c.; 6 Hong Kong, 8c. Album, 500 spaces, 6c. Send for cata. **The Colonial Co., 2135 Michigan Av., Chicago.**

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## A GERMAN SILVER "Monkey Wrench"

The cut is about one-half actual size, and illustrates the smallest perfect working Monkey Wrench in the world. Made of German silver, an ideal watch-charm, or just the thing for a class pin.

These wrenches make most attractive and inexpensive souvenirs, whilst prizes, or favors for the german. You will be delighted with them.

**ONLY 25 CENTS EACH BY MAIL**

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Keeps the Skin Soft and Smooth.



MADE IN PALESTINE, SYRIA.

**AN ABSOLUTELY PURE OLIVE OIL SOAP** FOR Nursery, Toilet and Bath.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS & GROCERS, IMPORTED BY **A. KLIPSTEIN & CO.,** 122 PEARL ST., NEW YORK.

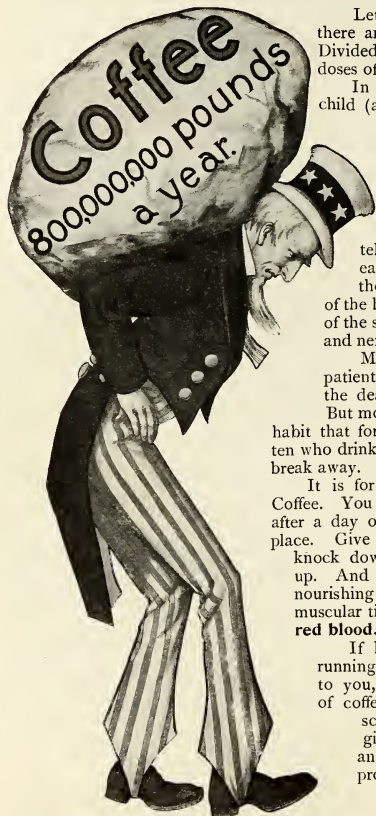
# UNCLE SAM'S HEAVY LOAD

U. S. USES 800 MILLION POUNDS OF COFFEE EVERY YEAR—OVER 10 LBS. PER CAPITA (see report International Coffee Commission, 1902).

COFFEE CONTAINS .008 OF CAFFEIN (M. Payen's analysis, accepted as standard).

12 GRAINS OF CAFFEIN IS A FATAL DOSE (medical authorities).

A GRAIN IS  $\frac{1}{7000}$  OF A POUND, AVOIRDUPOIS (Webster's Dictionary).



Let's figure it out. In 10 pounds of coffee there are  $\frac{8}{1000}$  pounds or 560 grains of caffeine. Divided by 12 this equals more than 46 fatal doses of this deadly drug.

In other words, every man, woman and child (average) in the United States consumes little by little in one year enough of the poisonous alkaloid, caffeine, to kill 46 people.

As the coffee drinker takes it in small doses and diluted, this caffeine does not kill outright. But it is easy to believe medical science when it tells us that coffee sets up all kinds of diseases. Science says coffee directly attacks the vital organs, causes derangement of the heart, kidney troubles, ruins the coating of the stomach, and sets up all kinds of mental and nervous ails.

Many physicians now absolutely prohibit patients drinking tea or coffee, on account of the deadly drugs that these drinks contain.

But most coffee drinkers are such slaves to the habit that for every one who stops coffee there are ten who drink it on the sly. They think they cannot break away.

It is for these that science invented Postum Coffee. You can quit instantly and never miss it after a day or so, if you will drink Postum in its place. Give Postum a chance and it will certainly knock down those diseases which coffee has set up. And all the while it is curing these it is nourishing and strengthening and building up muscular tissue and nerve matter. **It is making red blood.**

If health and happiness and a smoothly running mind and body are of any account to you, take on Postum for ten days in place of coffee, and see the result. Postum is a scientific food-drink made from health-giving grains, heavy with food value and delicious in taste and aroma, when properly made.



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"It Makes Musicians of Us All"



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"Has a softness and elasticity of touch that I have found in no other."

*Emma Stone King*



"No other invention of its kind can compare with it in any way."

*Pietro Mascagni*



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"There is no comparison between the possibilities of the Simplex and any other similar instrument."

*Flora Godke*



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"The effects obtainable with the Simplex far surpass anything I had conceived a piano player capable of."

*Wood Johnson*



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"More easily manipulated physically, its possibilities are greater than any other."

*Masella Lombardi*



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"Producing a dramatic effect for the study of roles which I have found in no other player."

*Edward de Ruyck*

You Can Render All Classes of Music. You Can Play Any Piano.

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Send for illustrated booklet of the SIMPLEX. The music for the SIMPLEX embraces the widest possible range, and is obtainable at a moderate cost through the music libraries that have been established at all the principal SIMPLEX Agencies. The Music Catalog will be sent on application.

**THEODORE P. BROWN, MANUFACTURER**  
6 May Street, Worcester, Mass.



THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

*Report on Competition No. 18,*

*Which appeared in the November number of St. Nicholas, 1902.*

This competition was not in any sense a difficult one, but for that very reason it was necessary for competitors to be particularly careful in following all the directions. There were hundreds and hundreds of answers received, and most of these were correct, so far as finding the names of the advertisements is concerned. You all know that there were only thirty-five prizes to be awarded to the "best, neatest, and most creditable" answers received; so you can easily see that it was necessary for the judges to take into account something besides the mere finding of the answers to the puzzle. Now, in the directions for sending answers the competitors were told to put answers "in alphabetical order, and number them in regular order," which seems a simple direction, but there were many who did not follow it. A little thought would have shown these the purpose of the direction—namely, to make it easier to examine the answers by showing what was missing in incomplete lists, and how many answers were found.

Yet there were comparatively few lists entirely in alphabetical order and numbered from 1 to 26 regularly.

Then, too, there were very careless mistakes made by some. "Caramel Soap" for "Carmel Soap" was not uncommon—a mistake, though caramels are good in the right place. Many put "Ore Twist" among the advertisements found in the square, though it is safe to say that no one found it advertised in the magazine—as one very honest little competitor said in her letter.

But when all real errors were thrown out, even including such slight mistakes as the misplacing or omission of apostrophes and hyphens and capitals, there were still some fifty perfect lists among which to give the thirty-five prizes. So it became necessary to find the "best, neatest, and most creditable" among these. A careful comparison by three judges resulted in the award of these prizes as given below.

The correct list follows:

- |                          |                           |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Baker's Cocoa.        | 14. Nabisco.              |
| 2. Carmel Soap.          | 15. Northern Pacific.     |
| 3. Copley Prints.        | 16. Pears' Soap.          |
| 4. Craddock's Blue Soap. | 17. Postum Coffee.        |
| 5. Cyko.                 | 18. Rock Island System.   |
| 6. Dixon's Pencils.      | 19. Royal Baking Powder.  |
| 7. Grape-Nuts.           | 20. Rubifoam.             |
| 8. Hand Sapolio.         | 21. Sapolio.              |
| 9. Hi-Lo.                | 22. Shawknit.             |
| 10. Ivory Soap.          | 23. Simplex Piano Player. |
| 11. Libby's Food.        | 24. Sorosis Shoes.        |
| 12. Lifebuoy Soap.       | 25. Swift's Premium Ham.  |
| 13. Malta-Vita.          | 26. Weber Pianos.         |

A few variations were possible, and not counted wrong—such as putting 24 and 26 in the singular, "Shoe" and "Piano." But these did not affect the result. In the Consolation Prizes the age of the competitors was considered. Here follows the

LIST OF PRIZE-WINNERS:

*One First Prize,*  
\$5.00:

Francis Marion Miller (10), Brooklyn, N. Y.

*Three Second Prizes,*  
\$3.00 each:

Robert L. Rankin (11), Ocean Grove, N. J.  
Allewe Gates (14), Evanston, Ill.  
Edward G. Heinmiller (16), Cleveland, O.

*Five Third Prizes,*  
\$2.00 each:

Henry Morgan Brooks (13), Urbana, Ill.  
Marion E. Larrabee (14), Lowell, Mass.  
Leslie Sawtelle (15), Northampton, Mass.  
Samuel D. Rollins (14), Belmont, Mass.  
Clarence A. Southerland (13), Wilmington, Del.

## THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

*Twenty-six Consolation Prizes, \$1.00 each (age being considered in the award):*

Mary Sherwood (6).	Geddes Smith (12).	Marion Humble (13).	Laura S. Dow (14).
Thurwood Van Ornum (7).	Fred A. Coates (12).	Bessie Garrison (13).	Miriam Riggs Burch (14).
Neil A. Cameron (9).	Margaret Winthrop Peck (12).	Charlotte Waugh (13).	Harold B. Sweetser (14).
Tyler Barrett (9).	Elizabeth Halsey (12).	Julia Chester (14).	Marion B. Everett (14).
Harold R. Norris (10).	Alice L. Cousins (12).	Mary Salmon (14).	Ruth E. Crombie (14).
Leonard Loving Barrett (11).	Frederick Greenwood (13).	Edna S. Lyon (14).	Louise Brown (14).
Roger K. Lane (11).	Stewart E. Robb (13).		

Besides the Prize-Winners, the following had no real mistakes—only slight blemishes, and therefore deserve *particularly*

### HONORABLE MENTION:

Amanda Brecke.	Florence Elwell.	Elsie F. Danner.	C. C. Davis.
H. A. Bunker, Jr.	Fannie Taylor.	Edith Rogers.	Elizabeth Parker.
Helen Martha George.	Margaret Jane Russell.	Harriet Louise Howard.	Courtland N. Smith.
Dorothea M. Dexter.	N. A. Crawford, Jr.	Percy W. Hodges.	Marion C. Woodworth.
Hugh A. Cameron.	Ralph R. Rudolph.	Louise K. Cowdrey.	Rose C. Goode.
Donna J. Todd.	Helen T. Burch.	Florentine Hackbusch.	Luther Dana Fernald.
Marjorie Wesson.	Dorothy Rogers.	Christel Ward Knight.	Wm. A. Semple, Jr.

### *Preliminary Remarks on Competition No. 22.*

This competition is based upon six page-advertisements drawn by members of the League in connection with competitions, and used by the advertisers in this number. They were selected for this competition because they were ready in time and are fair specimens of the young artists' and writers' work.

To aid our young students, we here give some criticisms of these pages by an older worker in the same field to whom we submitted them. He finds merits to commend as well as faults to deplore in each:

#### BAKER'S CHOCOLATE, Page 21.

"The upper picture is excellent in its simplicity, and its suggestion of chocolate served at a neat table with a 'spandy' clean cloth. It is strong in contrast, telling forcibly the whole of its message at a glance. But the lettering is lazily careless, beginning neatly, ending feebly; while the chocolate-pot looks like agate-ware—appropriate for a kitchen, but out of place where some dainty ware of graceful shape would have better served the purpose. The lower picture has the same merit of simple strength, the same fault of careless lettering; but the fluttering ribbons and the white lines in the figure are very clever touches."

#### LIBBY'S FOOD PRODUCTS, Page 3 of Cover.

"The merits of the Libby page are good arrangement, with prominence of both text and picture; force of contrast secured by the use of blank spaces amid the lettering and by strong lights and darks in the picture of the camping scene in the winter woods; and advertising value through the suggestion that these food-products would taste as good as food does to hungry campers. The faults are heaviness and ugliness—the page is heavy and unnecessarily crude, and the men look stupid and clumsy, whether sportsmen or workmen."

#### MELLIN'S FOOD, Page 23.

"The drawings on this page lack force, and probably decided the judges not to give the page a higher

prize, for the acoustic verses are very brightly written. The proprietor of Mellin's Food, as we all know, prefers to print pictures of thriving, well-fed children; whereas the ones in this page would hardly impress one as sturdy specimens. The lettering at the top is crooked and weak (capital I should not be dotted). The general grouping of the page is very well done, but it would be improved by more darker touches like the boy's belt."

#### LOWNEY'S CHOCOLATE, Page 19.

"The decorative drawing of this page is strong, and good in composition, the blacks and whites being well arranged and contrasted. The verses are poorly printed—they might well have been guided by ruled lines, or, better yet, been put into type, since a printer would have spaced them correctly, and have kept capitals and small letters unmixed. *Do not print your own lettering except where there is something gained over the use of type.* There is a great variety of beautiful types in all large printing-houses. Good engrossing is better than print, but few can do it. The final word 'CHOCOLATE' is a good advertising touch."

#### RUBIFOAM, Page 15.

"The acoustic is excellent because it does n't waste a word—every line tells, and contains an advertising idea. 'Rub them with Rubifoam' is an especially catching phrase. It is excellent advertisement-writing in its substance and meaning, even if it were not in acoustic form."

#### SOROSIS SHOES, Page 4.

"This alphabet shows careful work and is very clever in its telling of the facts, in its treatment of the 'difficult letters' such as J, V, X, and Y, and in its plain strength. The weaker lines are those beginning with B, F, L (bad rhyme), and N ('e'er' is weak). Altogether, a very creditable bit of work, better than much of the versifying by grown-up advertisement-makers."

So speaks our critic and kindly adviser. We thank him for his remarks, and now for the new competition:

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

*St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition, No. 22.*

In force until *March 25, 1903*. Result will be reported and the prizes will be awarded in June *St. NICHOLAS, 1903*.

FIFTY DOLLARS IN PRIZES.

For the thirty-five best solutions to Competition 22, received under the conditions, the following prizes will be awarded:

One First Prize of Five Dollars,	- - - -	\$5.00
Three Second Prizes of Three Dollars each,	- - - -	9.00
Five Third Prizes of Two Dollars each,	- - - -	10.00
Twenty-six Consolation Prizes of One Dollar each,	- - - -	26.00
		\$50.00

These thirty-five prizes will be awarded for the best, neatest, and most creditable solutions (age being considered in the consolation prizes) received before *March 25, 1903*, under the usual League regulations—which will be sent upon a request, inclosing a stamped and addressed envelope. Address solutions to:

ADVERTISING COMPETITION 22,  
ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

DIRECTIONS.

1. Each competing paper must be signed by the competitor with name and age and address, and in the upper left-hand corner of the front page must be the words "Competition 22."

2. Each must be indorsed "Original," with the signature of the competitor's parent, guardian, or teacher.

3. Do not inclose requests for badges, etc., as these cannot be answered by this department. Write a separate letter for them to the *St. Nicholas League*.

4. Remember that good suggestions or drawings for any advertisements are always welcome, and if used will be paid for. But their use depends on the advertisers' approval, and does not have any connection with the competitions or the prize-awards.

5. Read these directions carefully and follow them closely.

The prizes are offered for the best page advertisements designed and written or prepared in any way for any of the following (but see *Direction No. 4* above):

1. Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon.
2. Mellin's Food.
3. Lowney's Chocolate.
4. Rubifoam.
5. Sorosis Shoes.
6. Baker's Chocolate.

The prizes will be awarded preferably for drawings, next for photographic pictures, and next for verse and prose text. What is wanted is pictures showing the *use* of the advertised article. Read over the criticisms given in this department this month, and profit by them. Remember, the purpose of any advertisement is to make readers acquainted with the merits of the goods advertised, and the advantage of using them.

If you have a good idea and can't express it yourself, go into partnership with some young friend who can draw or make photographs, and *both* sign the work. The ideas are what is most difficult to invent. There is no objection to your having your work done by another young competitor so long as *you both sign it*. But give only one address.

Designs used by advertisers will be paid for, whether prize-winners or not, but see *No. 4* above. Such ideas are always worth \$3.00.

REMEMBER that careful work is absolutely necessary, and do not make needless blunders. Our young competitors are becoming very skilful, and careless work does not win prizes.

*Reports upon advertising competitions Nos. 19 and 20 will be given in the April number of St. NICHOLAS.*

## The "Pearline Girls" Competition

The competition of \$100.00 in cash prizes offered by PEARLINE in the December ST. NICHOLAS for the most attractive pictures of girls for its advertisements has been a most gratifying success. Drawings, photographs, sketches, have come in from all parts of the country. Most of them are from St. Nicholas Leaguers, and all have the PEARLINE idea more or less prominently developed. Even the youngest contestants have shown in their work a marked appreciation of the meaning of PEARLINE.

The picture shown here wins first prize. It is by a lad of 14 years, and is the kind of picture, the kind of an idea which, as an advertisement, is well worth its prize money.

The leading winners in this competition have well earned their rewards, and PEARLINE offers them its heartiest congratulations.

### PRIZE COMPETITION.

1st Prize, \$25.00.

Hugo Graf, age 14, 4545 N. Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

2nd Prize.

Miss Irma Stahl, age 18, 1819 G St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

3rd Prize.

Russell Westover, age 16, 1536 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

4th Prizes.

Elizabeth W. Baker, age 10, Wyoming, N. J., Milburn P. O.

Doris Franklin, 684 Harris St., Appleton, Wis.

Marie Margaret Kirkwood, age 15, Nottingham, Ohio.

Gordon G. Miller, age 17, 27 Lorne Ave., Montreal, Can.

Louis Moen, age 17, Menominee, Wis.

Jan. W. McGurk, age 16, 1442 N. 2nd St., Phila., Pa.

Edith Booth McLaren, age 18, Orangeville, Ontario, Can.

Maud McLaren, age 20, Orangeville, Ontario, Can.

Ella B. Mills, Adrian, Mich.

Edgar Pearce, age 17, 1538 Wellington St., Phila., Pa.

Richard A. Reddy, age 15, 396 Richmond Terrace, New Brighton, S. I.

M. J. Reynolds, 167 St. John St., New Haven, Conn.

Fannie Taylor, age 14, 129 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Helen May Topping, age 18, Holly, Mich., R. F. D. No. 4.

Earl D. Van Deman, age 15, Delaware, Ohio.

Elizabeth Warren, age 15, 720 Pleasant St., Worcester, Mass.

Frederick Yaffa, age 14, 320 E. 121st St., N. Y. City.

Anna Zucker, age 15, 1614 Grand Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Spick and Span,  
Bright and Clean,  
Done in a minute  
With PEARLINE!

### FIRST-PRIZE WINNER

5th Prizes.

Charles H. Biggar, 317 Harmon Ave., Danville, Ill.  
Doris E. Bingay, age 20, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, Can.  
Edith G. Daggett, age 15, 731 9th St., San Diego, Cal.  
Letha Dare, age 16, Osceola, Iowa.  
Edith Emerson, age 14, 817 E. State St., Ithaca, N. Y.  
Wilkie Gilholm, age 15, 441 E. 29th St., Los Angeles, Cal.  
Hattie Hawley, age 12, Springville, N. Y.  
Fred. Hill, 5017 Hazel Ave., W. Phila., Pa.  
Dorothy E. Hopkins, age 13, 113 Highland Ave., Winchester, Mass.  
Caroline L. Hunt, C/o Jno. B. Stetson Univ., De Land, Fla.  
Nina B. Mason, age 18, 11 Porter Ave., Batavia, N. Y.  
Roy Mason, age 16, 11 Porter Ave., Batavia, N. Y.





THIS

*Shawknit*  
TRADE MARK

## CATALOGUE

will certainly interest you, and is free. It is a comprehensive little volume, showing styles, gauges, COLOR effects, and prices of our famous half hose for **men**, and **misses'** stockings.

This catalogue tells how to order these stockings **by mail**, if your dealer doesn't keep them.

Our famous products have been worn and praised for over quarter of a century. We are constantly adding new styles and will continue to do so.

**SHAW STOCKING CO.,**  
**34 Smith St., Lowell, Mass.**



# RUBIFOAM

*fragrant and perfectly pure.*

**U**se it. It's better than powder, I'm sure.

**B**est for the teeth. **RUBIFOAM** breath unexcelled.

**i**n highest esteem by its users it's held.

**f**raudulent substitutes should be refused.

**O**nly Hoyt's **RUBIFOAM** should be used.

**A**ll who would have teeth snowy white,

**M**ust rub them with **RUBIFOAM** morning and night.



*A sample vial and beautiful  
booklet on care of the teeth free*

**E. W. HOYT & CO., LOWELL, MASS.**

*This acrostic (not the drawing) was awarded the third prize in Advertising Competition No. 17.  
Written by T. Lawrason Riggs, age 14, Washington, D. C.*



There is no more delightful holiday than a trip to California.

And the best time to go is now — in March or April. California is at its best then. The hills and valleys are clothed in green; millions upon millions of wild flowers are in bloom, and the air is as invigorating as a tonic. Best of all, the Yosemite Valley opens April 1. You can visit it after you have seen southern and central California. The five day stage ride through this valley of wonders is a fitting culmination to the California pilgrimage.

The way to go to California is via the

## Golden State Limited.

Newest, handsomest and most luxuriously equipped of trans-continental trains.

Leaves Chicago daily at 7.45 P.M., Kansas City at 10.40 A.M. Less than three days to Los Angeles. Through cars to Pasadena, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Francisco. Lowest altitudes and most southerly course of any line across the continent. Compartment and standard sleeping cars; dining, buffet-library and observation cars. Electric lights; electric fans; bath; barber. Route: Rock Island and El Paso-Northeastern Systems, Chicago to El Paso; Southern Pacific Company, El Paso to Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Tickets and full information at all railroad ticket offices in the United States and Canada. Beautifully illustrated literature descriptive of California sent on receipt of six cents in stamps.

JOHN SEBASTIAN,  
Passenger Traffic Manager, Rock Island System, Chicago, Ill.





# Well in Hand

## The Santa Fe

The Road of the Southwest is managed with constant regard to the perfect Comfort, Convenience, Safety of all its Tourists, Travelers, Shippers to and from

## California

and other points westward. Besides, by taking the Santa Fe you can visit en route

## The Grand Canyon of Arizona

It is supreme, unrivaled, indescribable.

But we can easily describe the advantages of taking the Santa Fe route, and we will, if you will send for our illustrated pamphlets. They are well worth adding to your library, in any event.

Apply to agents The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway System:

NEW YORK 377 Broadway — BOSTON 332 Washington St. — MONTREAL, QUE. 138 St. James St. — PHILADELPHIA 711 Chestnut St. — BUFFALO Ellicott Square Bldg. — DETROIT 151 Griswold St. — CLEVELAND Williamson Bldg. — CINCINNATI 417 Walnut St. — PITTSBURG 402 Park Bldg. — ST. LOUIS 108 N. 4th St. — CHICAGO 109 Adams St. — PEORIA 109 S. Adams St. — KANSAS CITY 905 Main St. — TOPEKA A. T. & S. F., Gen. Pass. Office — DES MOINES 409 Equitable Bldg. — MINNEAPOLIS 503 Guaranty Bldg. — DENVER 1700 Lawrence St. — SALT LAKE CITY 411 Dooly Block — LOS ANGELES 200 Spring St. — SAN FRANCISCO 641 Market St. — SANTA BARBARA 635½ State St. — GALVESTON 224 Tremont St. — DALLAS 246 Main St. — SAN ANTONIO 101 E. Commerce St. — EL PASO Mills Bk. — ATLANTA 16 N. Pryor St. — NEW ORLEANS 705 Gravier St.

Design accepted by advertiser, originally submitted in Advertising Competition No. 4, by Reinhold Palenske, age 16, Chicago, Ill.



**MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. PAUL**

**FINE SERVICE**

**FROM CHICAGO**

**ILLINOIS CENTRAL**  
**CENTRAL MISSISSIPPI VALLEY ROUTE**  
**RAILROAD**

**New First-Class Through Line**  
 from Chicago via Dubuque, Waterloo and Albert Lea. Fast Vestibule Night train with through Sleeping Car, Buffet-Library Car and Free Reclining Chair Car. Dining Car Service en route. Tickets of agents of I. C. R. R. and connecting lines.

**A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., CHICAGO.**

**WABASH**

**WABASH**

**Traveling by Daylight**  
 ON THE  
**WABASH LINE**

Affords all the comforts to be had in the most luxurious homes or in the best of hotels. Nothing is wanting to complete one's happiness, and the days pass only too swiftly.

The Parlor and Observation-Café Library Car features on the Wabash trains, together with the Free Reclining Chair Cars and Dining Cars, have become widely known and very popular.

**Through Cars** are run between St. Louis and Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, New York, Boston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Denver, Portland, Ore., Minneapolis and St. Paul; between Chicago and Buffalo, New York, Boston and Montreal; between Kansas City and Buffalo, and St. Paul and Los Angeles.

**C. S. CRANE,**  
 Gen'l Pass'r and Tkt. Agent,  
**ST. LOUIS, MO.**



**L**OWNEY, THE MAKER OF CHOCOLATES RENOWNED.

**O**N EVERY PIECE THE NAME CAN BE FOUND.

**W**HEN ONCE YOU'VE TESTED THEM YOU WILL DECLARE,

**N**O OTHER CONFECTION WITH THEM CAN COMPARE.

**E**ACH PIECE IS PERFECT, DELICIOUS, AND PURE.

**Y**OU NE'ER WILL REGRET HAVING TRIED THEM I'M SURE.

**S**O SEND FOR A TRIAL PACKAGE AT ONCE, OF LOWNEY'S  
PEERLESS

**CHOCOLATE**

*This acrostic was awarded the second prize in Advertising Competition No. 17.  
Clarence Tritt, age 17, Los Angeles, Cal.*

**THEY SAY!**

*"never found anything to equal it for babies."*

MRS JOSEPH HOERMAN  
GREEN & FAIRVIEW AVES.  
BROOKLYN N.Y.

*"I was absolutely discouraged until I tried COOK'S FLAKED RICE. It saved my baby's life."*

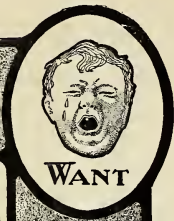
MRS. LUDWIG SIMONS  
MT. CLEMENS, MICH.

*"COOK'S FLAKED RICE is the cleanest and purest food product I ever saw."*

CHAS. A. HINKS M.D.  
OF THE BOARD OF HEALTH  
FALL RIVER MASS.

*"I know of no food that equals COOK'S FLAKED RICE."*

JUSTUS J. SPREND M.D.  
SPECIALIST ON LIVER DISEASES  
143 W 22<sup>ND</sup> ST N.Y. CITY.



# COOK'S FLAKED RICE

## DIRECTIONS

### New Born Infants:

One cup of COOK'S FLAKED RICE, One quart of water, boil ten minutes, add a pint of milk, pinch of salt, and a very little sugar and strain.

### Three Months Old Child:

Use double the quantity of COOK'S FLAKED RICE (two cups) and do not strain.

### From Childhood to Old Age:

See illustrated directions on package



**YOUR GROCER  
SELLS IT  
15¢ LARGE  
PACKAGE**







Delicious Drinks and Dainty Dishes are made from Walter Baker's Breakfast Cocoa. It is absolutely pure, unequalled for Smoothness, Delicacy, and Flavor.

Their new "Choice Recipe" book, sent free, contains recipes from Smith College, Wellesley College, and Vassar College for making fudge.

**Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.,**

*Established 1780*

**Dorchester, Mass.**



DO NOT TURN  
YOUR BACK ON  
GOOD THINGS, BUT  
USE

BAKER'S  
CHOCOLATE.

*The lower advertisement was drawn by Katherine E. Foote, age 16, Guilford, Conn., and was awarded a prize in Advertising Competition No. 7; the upper was drawn by Margaret Morris, age 14, New Haven, Conn., and was accepted and used by the advertiser.*





This is a  
Box of



# Korn-Krisp

This is the Malt  
That flavors the  
Box of KORN-KRISP.

This is the Chap  
That likes the Malt  
And the Corn in the  
Box of KORN-KRISP.

These are the Parents  
That raised the Chap  
That likes the Malt,  
As well as the Corn  
Combined in the  
Box of KORN-KRISP.



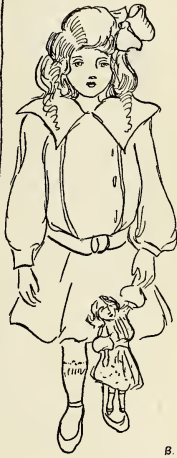
These are the Bowls  
That are served every Morn  
To the Chap and the Parents, to whom he was born  
For they relish the Malted Flakes of Corn  
That make up the Box of KORN-KRISP.



# MELLIN'S FOOD



**M** is for Mellin's, on which babies thrive.  
**E** is for Excellent - (keeps them alive).  
**L**'s for the Laddies and Lassies so small  
**L**aughing and *crying*? - Oh! no! not at all.  
**I** is for Illness - of that they have none.  
**N** is for Nod Land, when Tired of their fun.  
**S**s for the Sandman who's always so near.  
**F**s for the Fairies who sing in each ear.  
**O** is for Olive who thrives as she should.  
**O**ad is Oscar who's happy and good.  
**A**nd **D**'s for the Darlings who love MELLIN'S FOOD.



B. HOWARD

## MELLIN'S FOOD CO. BOSTON.

St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 17. Consolation Prize.  
 Beth Howard, age 15, Honolulu, H. I., U. S. A.

A sample of Mellin's Food sent free on request.  
 Mellin's Food Co.  
 Boston, Mass.



SOME have only themselves to keep clean, but the housekeeper has many and varied tasks of cleanliness. It is not, however, now necessary that she should have for these, several kinds of soap each fitted to clean only one thing. Ivory Soap is pure, and because of its purity it is at all times the soap to select when soap is needed. It drives away dirt with all its unpleasant consequences, and your confidence is increased every time you put it to a hard test.

IT FLOATS.



# Libby's

NATURAL  
FLAVOR

FOOD PRODUCTS  
ARE THE BEST PROVISIONS  
FOR A CAMPING EXPEDITION



Our booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," sent free. Libby's Big Home Atlas for five two-cent stamps.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago, U. S. A.

*Fred Stearns, age 17, 6442 Normal Ave., Chicago, Ill. Design submitted in Competition No. 19*





**BRAINS  
REPAIRED  
HERE.**

Brains rule the world. Americans have brains. They think big things. They think money. The brain is the tool that does the big things and makes the money.

Brain must be fed on the proper food or it will grow sluggish and dull. Can't work with dull tools. **GRAPE-NUTS**, the most scientific food in the world (ask any physician), will strengthen and sharpen the brain.

No stomach is so delicate it will not accept Grape-Nuts.

Give the brain a chance. Feed it on Grape-Nuts—

**THE FOOD FOR THOUGHT**

**THE  
WEBER  
TONE  
IS THE IDEAL  
PIANO  
TONE.**

**THE WEBER PIANO COMPANY**

108 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

266 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO

CATALOGUE MAILED FREE ON REQUEST.

**The Old Reliable**

**ROYAL**



**BAKING  
POWDER**

**Absolutely Pure**

**THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE**

**LIFEBUOY**

Soap has double power, for while it cleanses thoroughly it disinfects perfectly. Equally safe for a delicate fabric or a dangerous drain, for a luxurious shampoo or to disinfect a sick-room, for the family washing or a delightful bath.

An honest, undisguised soap, with its own clean, wholesome scent indicating its antiseptic qualities, which costs no more than ordinary soaps—only 5 cts. at all dealers. **VALUABLE BOOKLET FREE.** Lever, Brothers Limited, New York Offices.

**LIFEBUOY SOAP**

The April Number

# ST. NICHOLAS

FOR-YOUNG-FOLKS

CONDUCTED BY  
MARY-MAPES-DODGE



MACMILLAN AND CO. L'T'D, ST. MARTIN'S ST. LONDON

THE-CENTURY-CO-UNION-SQUARE-NEW-YORK



# Swift's Easter Greeting



Easter Greetings express the joy of living, and our pleasure at the approach of spring.

## Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

make a welcome change in food. They are so quickly prepared and so easily served. Each piece is United States Gov't inspected, wrapped in white parchment paper, and tied with blue ribbon.

Swift's Silver Leaf Lard—America's Standard—put up in 3, 5, and 10-pound air-tight pails, and sold by leading dealers everywhere.

Kansas City Omaha St. Louis Swift & Company, Chicago St. Joseph St. Paul Ft. Worth

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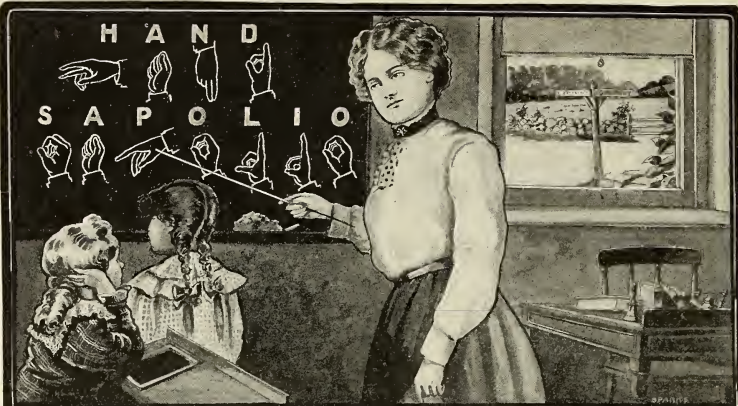


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*Drawn by G. E. Senseney.*

# ST. NICHOLAS.

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NO. 6.

“BEN.”

BY H. S. CANFIELD.

WHEN they saw his round, brown, fearless eyes they named him “Ben.” That is a good name for a sheep-dog, being short and full, and carrying far over the prairie. He was born in Erath County in northwestern Texas. His mother was a Scotch collie of bluest blood; his father was a staghound. From the mother he got faith, affection, and reasoning power; from the father a broad, shaggy chest, powerful limbs, speed, courage, height, weight, and a fanged jaw that promised ill for anything against which he might be angered. In color he was black, with a white breast. Over each eye was a round tan spot. His tail was bushy; his hair was inclined to curl; his voice was deep and mellow as a golden bell.

His puppyhood did not vary from that of other ranch dogs. The herders who went out with the flocks came and looked at him, lifted him, peered into his eyes, and each of them wanted him. When one of them put him back with his mother, however, and turned away, Ben whined, crawled out of the nest, and staggered after the young man, his bowed legs flapping ridiculously. This man was named Aleck Moss, a tall young mountaineer who had strayed to the Texas plains from North Carolina. He stopped, picked Ben up, and gently petted him.

“Look thar, now!” he said to the others.

“He does n't want to let me go. He 's my pup, sure, and no mistake about that.”

It was manifestly love at first sight between the two, as all the herders agreed. The flock that Moss tended was corraled each night at Merino Ranch, which was three miles from Home Ranch, which was three miles from Ewe Ranch. There were thus nine miles of ranch-land, and Merino Ranch was on the western edge of it. It was a hilly country and treeless, covered with brown grass in winter and green in spring, and a creek ran a hundred yards from the cabin door. The cabin was set upon the very top of a hill, close by the great wolf-proof corral in which stood the cotton-seed house. In the cold months the sheep were fed on cotton-seed twice a day, a pint of seed to each sheep. In the lonely cabin lived Moss and a man who cooked his meals and fed the sheep morning and evening. There was a stove at one end of it, a big fireplace at the other end, and the men slept in blankets on the floor. Ben slept in front of the fire. Often he dreamed, and told about it in a low, snuffling bark or a moan. When he moaned that meant he was having a hard time somewhere, and Moss would rise and wake him with a caress.

When he was six weeks old Ben chased his first jack-rabbit, and was astonished at the

speed with which the thing got out of sight. It seemed to him an enormous animal, but he was not afraid of it. Sometimes, however, when lying before the fire at night, a long, fierce howl rose on the prairie away out in the dark, quavering on the air; and Ben shivered, he did not know why. He chased jack-rabbits often, but never caught any of them, and by the time he was a year old had become too wise to waste his strength and breath in such foolishness.

Long before he was grown his friend took him upon the prairie with the sheep, and they spent the days together. Those were good times. The prairie-chickens roared up in front of him. Now and then he found a bevy of quail which did not fly up until he was almost upon them. The warm sun shone brightly nearly every day; the air was very mild and just cool enough to be pleasant except when the northers blew. He had plenty to eat, and rolled upon the grass and raced about Moss, and when tired he sat soberly on a hilltop and looked out over the wide brown slopes.

He noticed within himself that in a little while he began to take great interest in the sheep. He was happiest when with them, and often dreamed of them. He liked to see them feed properly; he wanted them to stay together; if one strayed a little way from the flock he felt impelled to go after it and drive it back; he learned to know each of them separately, though there were hundreds of them. He knew that they belonged to him and Moss, and guarded them jealously as pets which must not suffer harm. This was instinct working in him, coming down to him from a long line of ancestors; but he did not know that his great-greatest-grandfather and grandmother had watched sheep upon the Scottish hills just as he was watching them on the hills of Texas.

When two years old Ben was noted for intelligence and industry. One of the herders remarked of him, one day, that he could do anything except talk. Moss became indignant.

"Anything except talk!" he retorted. "He *can* talk. Why, we do a lot of talking on the prairie. He talks with his eyes, with his ears, with his tail, sometimes with his mouth."

The others laughed at this, but it was true. The man and the dog, in the hours of watching

the sheep grazing, held lengthy conversations, Moss sitting with his back against a big gray rock, Ben with his head upon the man's knees.

"Feeling all right to-day?" Moss would ask.

"Yes!" Ben would answer. "Fine as silk."

"It 's nice weather now, and the sheep are doing well."

"You bet; this weather makes a fellow feel as if he could jump out of his skin, and the sheep never did better."

"I think we'll try a new grazing-ground for them soon, though. The flock needs a change."

"Yep-yap! That 's a good idea. In fact, everything you say is all right. You are a great man — the greatest man in the world."

"Yonder goes a jack-rabbit, Ben, loafing along. S'pose you try him a whirl."

"Not any for me. I got rid of the jack-rabbit habit when I was little."

"Down by Mustang Water-hole I saw wolf-tracks one day, Ben," said Moss, in a whisper.

The muscles stiffened, the ears lifted slightly, the tail became straight as an iron bar, the moist black lips curled upward, and a low, thunderous growl sounded in the dog's throat. It said as plainly as words, and more strongly:

"I know about 'em. I hear 'em sometimes at night. I was afraid of 'em when I was a little chap, but I 've got over that. They mean harm to our sheep, and if they come around I 'll nail 'em sure."

"Good boy, Ben! You 're not afraid of a wolf as big as a house, and you 've got more sense than the ranch-boss."

This was praise that could be answered only by a series of rapid leaps, a dozen short barks, and a tremendous scurrying round and round. Then Ben would make a complete circle of the flock, driving in the stragglers, and, returning to a dignified seat on the hill, cock his eye at the sun to estimate the time of day.

About this time he learned to open and shut gates, pushing up the steel latch with his nose and fastening it again with his teeth. Also he would sit on his haunches and smile when bidden, walk on his hind legs or waltz, count up to ten in barks, and fall over and play dead. Like most big dogs, he regarded these tricks as slightly undignified, but did them to please his friend, who never tired of them. There is

no doubt that he looked on this as a slight weakness in Moss; but it was the only flaw he could find in his idol, and he generously passed it over. Opening and closing gates was his

and fasten it in securely. Moss never permitted the flock to get far from the cabin before joining it, but the dog's steadfastness and intelligence were a great aid to him every day.



"FEELING ALL RIGHT TO-DAY?" MOSS WOULD ASK."

most valuable accomplishment, for thus he could enter the corral in the morning, drive out the sheep when they had been fed, if it were winter, and take them toward the grazing-ground while his master lingered over his breakfast. Similarly he would pen the flock at night

of responsibility pleased him, and it was much easier to him to go all around the flock and gather in the straying members than to the man. Indeed, Ben would go around them five times before Moss had gone half-way around once. That spring, when all of the sheep were

Gradually, as the third summer went on, he came to rely more and more on Ben. Grass was good everywhere, there was plenty of water, and no wild beasts had been seen. They were on the prairie each morning a little after daylight. The sheep would feed until ten o'clock; then, the sun becoming oppressive, they would gather under a clump of trees and lie down, closely packed. "Shading," this was termed; and when the flock "shaded," Moss would often stretch himself and go to sleep, leaving Ben on guard. The dog never failed him. Sometimes when Moss awoke neither guardian nor flock would be in sight; but he would follow the trail left by the thousands of hoofs, and find them a mile away, the sheep placidly feeding, and Ben perched on a hill-top, watching them alertly.

So it came that in the autumn Ben was more shepherd than Moss. He liked it. The sense



gathered at the Home Ranch for the shearing, he had pleased and astonished the other herders and flock-masters by going to the corals, selecting his own herd, opening the gate, and driving them forth to pasture without a word from any one. They said he was an invaluable dog. He heard them and was glad.

The first icy blast shrieked out of the north in December. The man and the dog did not fear it. The cabin had been newly "chinked" with mixed mud and moss and was weather-tight. A great pile of dry wood had been collected, and the chimney would roar of nights as in past winters. There was plenty of cottonseed stored. The sheep were in good condition. It is true that when the snow fell, or the northers came, they would not see or hear from the men on other ranches for days at a time, but they did not mind it. Man and dog were sufficient company to each other. As for "Slow Billy," the cook, whom they saw only at night, he did not count. They refused to admit him to close friendship. To Ben he was well enough in his way, but he was not Moss; to Moss he was well enough, but he was not Ben.

A long-continued spell of cold weather brought out the wolves. They came from the brushy bottoms of Hondo Creek and the rougher-covered country to the west. These were not the small gray wolves of the prairie, but brutes of the "lobo" variety, tall, strong, and savage. They moved in small bands, but worked destruction to cattle and young horses. Often, at night, the dwellers in the cabin would hear them open like a pack of hounds on the trail of some unfortunate quarry, and the babel of clamor would swell grandly upon the wind, dying away as the pack passed on. The men would look at each other and talk of putting out poison in the carcasses of sheep. The hair upon Ben's big neck would rise in a ruff of bristles, and his white fangs would flash in the firelight. Moss went to the Home Ranch and borrowed a pistol, which he strapped to his waist; but he saw no wolves.

On a bright day in early February, the flock feeding within three miles of Bluffdale, a hamlet of one shop and three dwellings, he was overcome by a longing for cheese. Men on lonely ranches get strange ideas and desires

sometimes. For a week he had been seeing, smelling, and almost tasting slabs of firm, white, soft, delicious American cheese. He fought off his craving for a while, then yielded. There seemed to be no danger. Not a cloud was in the sky; the flock was quiet; Ben was wide awake and active; he would be back, at most, in an hour and a half. He said:

"Ben, I 'm going to Bluffdale to get some cheese—white American cheese. You stay here, and I 'll be back soon. You can have some, if you like it."

Ben wagged his tail, and, to show that he understood, put his paws on the man's shoulders. Moss swung rapidly over the hills to the eastward, and his dog friend was left alone.

Ben went first all around the sheep, which were feeding in a small valley with hills on every side. All seemed to be well with the big flock, but he went half-way up a neighboring hillside, squatted upon his haunches, and observed them with kindly eye. Now and then he got up and walked back and forth like a sentry on duty. It occurred to him that a look at the country could do no harm, so he went to the crest of the hill at his back and gazed afar; nothing in sight. Three sheep strayed up the opposite slope. He went after them at top speed, passed beyond them, whirled, charged upon them, made believe to bite them, and chased them furiously back to their flock-mates. Then, with a good-natured grin, he resumed his watch. Ben would not have hurt a sheep for the world. An hour passed.

He did not know why,—he heard nothing, saw nothing, smelled nothing,—but the bristles on his neck rose in a ruff. He glanced keenly across the valley to the hills on the far side. Was it fancy?—surely it was fancy!—did he see just above the edge of the hill the tip of an ear rise for an instant, then disappear? The sheep were placid. He trotted gravely down into the valley, then up the slope. He had gone but a few feet when his flaring nostrils got a scent of something strange and repugnant. Instinctively he growled and went faster. Five yards farther, and instinct told him what it was. An ordinary dog would have turned tail and saved himself; a rashly brave dog would have gone forward to death. Ben did neither.

He reasoned, and in a second of time his course was clear to him. It was his duty to save the sheep first and himself next.

He darted down into the valley, baying sav-

in the center of the level little bottom Ben turned and set himself sternly, for he knew what he would see.

Tearing down the hillside were three wolves,

each seeming as large as a calf. One, of solid red hue, was a yard in the lead; two, of a gray nearly black, were behind it; and as they came their wild cry rang.

Ben did not falter. Never a drop of craven blood had visited that strong heart. One heavy growl tore its way from him; thereafter until the bloody end he fought his fight as mute as an Indian. With the instinct of his sire's kingly race, that for generations had met danger more than half-way, he rushed to meet his foes. The red wolf was his target, and he leaped straight at its throat. Together they rolled on the brown sward. But the other wolves turned to aid their companion.

The wolf is a slicing fighter. It snaps rapidly, its fangs making gashes, not deep, but numerous and weakening. Ben's hold was the staghound's hold. Where his jaws fastened they kept their place, and his teeth were sunk into his enemy. He stood there above the big red war-



"WITH THE INSTINCT OF HIS SIRE'S KINGLY RACE . . . HE RUSHED TO MEET HIS FOES."

agely at the scared feeders. There was a new note in his voice, and they thought that this time, sure, he was going to slay some of them. Not stopping for another nibble of grass, seized with universal panic, the thousand of them bounded up the hills at racing speed. Then

rior, squeezing out the life; but the other two, each as tall and as strong as himself, were upon him. One gashed his haunches and back in a dozen places. The other seized his right fore leg above the knee, and, contrary to habit, held on and gnawed it. Ben did not whimper.

The red wolf, put out of combat by that first fatal plunge, grew weaker, choked hard, and was still. Ben half turned, and caught the second one by the top of its gray neck. One mighty wrench broke its hold upon his leg and threw it upon its back. Then he shifted his grip to the throat and strangled it, while the third foe gashed and gashed him.

The second wolf died, and he wheeled dizzily to meet the third. All was red before Ben's eyes; his breath came thickly: he felt that he must soon fall. But his splendid courage rose in him, and he limped weakly a yard forward. The remaining foe leaped at him, and its fangs clicked savagely. It missed its hold, and, passing him, darted up the hillside and in another moment was out of sight. Ben turned to watch it, then fell upon his side. He was

crimson where strips of skin hung from his ribs; he was blind from exhaustion: but he heard the rapid step of his friend and the voice which said: "Oh, Ben! Ben!"

Then he felt himself wrapped in a coat and carried tenderly to a creek a half-mile away, where his wounds were washed and his leg bound. Then he was taken to the cabin and ointment rubbed upon his wounds, and he was laid upon a pallet. Not till then did Moss go in search of the sheep, which were found grazing together and unharmed.

Ben was limping about the corral a week afterward, and in a month was as good as new. He wore a silver collar that the ranchmen bought him, and on it was a gold plate which told the story of his battle in the valley. But Moss never again left him alone in the hills.



## APRIL SHOWERS.



"Merciful powers,"  
Cried Claribel Bowers,  
"April showers  
Do make beautiful flowers!"

## ABD-EL-GHOO THE TYRANT.

BY PALMER COX.



"SO THE WISEST SAGE WAS SUMMONED."

ABD-EL-GHOO, an Eastern nabob,  
Ruled a country rich and wide,  
From the Tigris to the Oxus  
Stretching far on every side.

Never reigned a greater tyrant,  
And within the human breast  
Never beat a heart as ruthless  
As this cruel sheik possessed.

Not the tiger in the jungle,  
Not the shark in Southern sea,

Not the bear upon the mountain,  
Was more pitiless than he.

As he passed, the subjects kneeling  
Hid their faces in the dust ;  
At his frown the servants trembled ;  
At his pleasure die they must.

Many years, a conquering demon,  
Round the region did he roam,  
And, if foreign foes were wanting,  
Freely used the sword at home.



Now enthroned in royal splendor,  
 In his gorgeous robes attired,  
 To be something more than human  
 Haughty Abd-el-Ghoo aspired.

So the wisest sage was summoned  
 That the empire could produce —  
 One who turned the stars and planets  
 From their orbits to his use,

And from shrubs and things herbaceous,  
 Bark of trees and roots obscure,  
 Could extract the strongest compounds,  
 That would either kill or cure.

When the sage Al-Hazzin entered,  
 So distinguished for his skill,  
 The aspiring old oppressor  
 Thus expressed his royal will:

“ You who read the starry heavens  
 As the student reads his page,  
 And can mix the healing balsams  
 Pain and suffering to assuage,

“ Four-and-twenty hours I give you  
 Some innoxious charm to find  
 That will give me special powers  
 O'er the rest of humankind.

“ I have swept, with weapon gory,  
 Warlike races from my way;  
 Now they only live in story,  
 And their cities, where are they?

“ Ask the bat that broods in ruins,  
 Ask the lizard tribe that crawls  
 Through the creep-holes and the cran-  
 nies  
 In the charred and blackened walls.

“ Yet I 'm not above my servants,  
 Save in riches and in name;  
 When it comes to plain endurance,  
 They and I are much the same.

“ If I fall in lake or river,  
 Soon, in spite of rank and show,  
 Down beneath the yielding waters  
 Like the meanest slave I go.

“ If I come too near the furnace  
 I must feel acutest pain,  
 Like an infant writhe in torment,  
 I, a nabob, born to reign!

“ I, who overran the nations,  
 Tumbled princes from their thrones,  
 Broke upon their heads their scepters,  
 And to vultures gave their bones,

“ I would float while others founder,  
 I would stand while others fall;  
 I would wade through seas of fire,  
 And receive no harm at all.

“ Wide your reputation reaches,  
 Great accomplishments you claim;  
 This should then be in your province,  
 Else you but belie your name.

“ Now depart. You know my wishes;  
 See you find a charm to suit.  
 If you fail in this, remember  
 You are done with leaf and root.

“ All the shrubs that grow in Persia,  
 All the plants that bud and bloom,  
 All the roots in earth that burrow  
 Shall not save you from your doom!”

Then was sage Al-Hazzin troubled  
 As he wandered through the field  
 Seeking bark and roots and foliage  
 That would some assistance yield.

“ Pshaw!” said he. “ There 's nothing  
 growing  
 On the land or in the sea  
 That can give a mortal power  
 Such as he requires of me.

“ Now for twenty years or better  
 I have run a dangerous race;  
 And by hook and crook and cunning  
 Barely kept my head in place.

“ But the sheik is growing bolder,  
 More exacting every hour;  
 And, to cap the climax, fairly  
 Seeks a superhuman power!

“ Shall I serve the tyrant longer ?  
 Still obey his beck and nod ?  
 Strive against the laws of nature  
 To exalt a sinful clod ?



“ THEN WAS SAGE AL-HAZZIN TROUBLED  
 AS HE WANDERED THROUGH THE FIELD.”

“ No! I 'll mix a potent compound  
 That with sleep shall soothe his brain;  
 Days and nights he 'll lie unconscious  
 Ere he lifts his lids again.

“ When he wakens, all the distance  
 That an Arab courser true  
 With unwearied limbs can cover  
 Shall be stretched between us two.”

So he measured, weighed, and pounded  
 Through the watches of the night,  
 While the hours ran on before him  
 And above him burned the light,

Till from bark and root and foliage  
 Secret properties he drew,  
 And prepared a strong narcotic  
 For his Highness Abd-el-Ghoo.

To the sheik he brought the mixture  
 That would scarce a thimble fill,  
 Saying, “ Drink, O royal master!  
 And be what your Highness will.”

But the tyrant, now suspicious  
 Lest the sage had some design,  
 Bade him first to taste the compound  
 Yielding powers so divine.

Said Al-Hazzin, bowing lowly :  
 “ That most gladly would I do;  
 But I must remind your Highness  
 There is not enough for two.

“ If but one can be exalted  
 To a superhuman sphere,  
 Sooth, your Highness is the person,  
 Not your humble servant here.”

Then the sheik received the goblet,  
 For no longer would he press  
 One to share with him the power  
 That he only should possess.

Scarce he drank the subtle potion  
 Ere his head began to bow.  
 Cried the servants in amazement :  
 “ You have fixed the nabob now !”

But Al-Hazzin said : “ Be patient;  
 'T is in keeping with the plan.  
 When he wakens from his slumber  
 He will be another man.”

Then the men, obeying orders,  
 Took the tyrant from the chair,  
 And away to his apartments  
 Did the heavy burden bear.

On a silken couch they laid him,  
 Drew the curtains round his bed;  
 Then attendants sat in silence,  
 As though watching by the dead.

Sage Al-Hazzin left the palace,  
 Ordered out his finest steed —  
 One on which to place reliance  
 For endurance and for speed.

Quick he bound a curving saber  
To his side with silken bands,  
And he placed a brace of pistols  
All convenient to his hands.

Plunging through opposing rivers,  
Howsoever wide and deep,  
Sweeping over sandy deserts,  
Climbing mountains high and steep.



"PAST THE SENTINEL ON DUTY,  
ON TO TARTARY HE RODE."

Then he muttered as he mounted:  
"Be he Persian, Moor, or Turk,  
He who takes me from my saddle  
Must perform some lively work."

Now away went steed and rider;  
Through the city's gates they flew,  
Leaving clouds of dust behind them,  
And the sleeping Abd-el-Ghoo.

So he galloped into darkness,  
So he galloped into light,  
So he rode through sun and shadow,  
Never halting day or night.

How the people stared and wondered  
As he passed them like the wind,  
Leaving Ispahan and Kashan,  
Astrabad, and all behind!

Past the reapers in the barley,  
Past the camel with its load,  
Past the sentinel on duty,  
On to Tartary he rode.

And the castles of Bokhara  
Rose before him on the plain,  
In their noonday splendor shining,  
Ere he drew the bridle-rein.

But as one who drops the cinder  
 Little knows where flames may end,  
 So the business he had started  
 Did to other channels tend.

As the sage in search of freedom  
 Over plain and mountain flew,  
 Strange proceedings were recorded  
 In the home of Abd-el-Ghoo.

While he slept, a prince impatient  
 For the scepter and the throne,  
 Backed by able bold retainers,  
 Seized the empire as his own.

'T was a change the people needed,  
 And to action quick they rose  
 To improve a chance so timely  
 Their oppressor to depose.

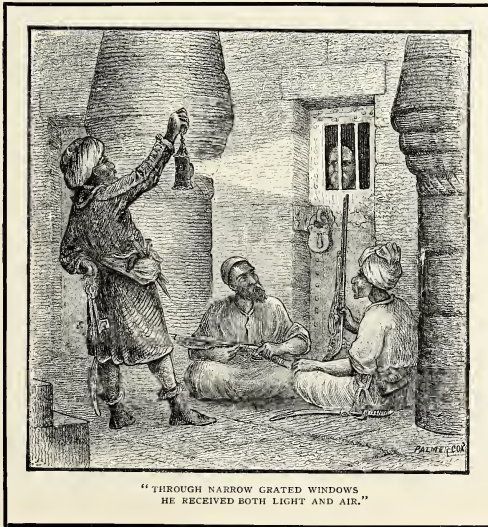
And within a gloomy castle,  
 With its dungeons dark and deep,  
 Soon they gave him quiet lodgings  
 While he still was fast asleep.

When he wakened on the morrow  
 He was under lock and key,  
 Not a servant to attend him  
 Or a slave to bend the knee;

While the prince who took the scepter  
 From the cruel tyrant's hand  
 Was beloved of all the people  
 And with justice ruled the land.

How the nabob blamed his subjects,  
 And the prince who took his throne,  
 And the sage who mixed the potion,  
 To the world was never known.

But through narrow grated windows  
 He received both light and air;  
 And at last accounts from Asia  
 He was still a prisoner there.



"THROUGH NARROW GRATED WINDOWS  
 HE RECEIVED BOTH LIGHT AND AIR."





### POLLY AND HER DOLLIES.

---

POLLY is reading aloud to her dollies  
An interesting tale from her favorite book ;  
But her dollies soon found it too deep,  
And have quietly fallen asleep,  
As Polly would see  
If she were not too busy to look !

*M. O. Kobbé.*

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### SIGNS OF SPRING.

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CREAM-CUPS, butter-cups,  
Dandelions and sedges ;  
Blackbirds in the poplar row,  
Sparrows in the hedges ;  
Fruit-buds in the orchard  
Swelling with the rain ;

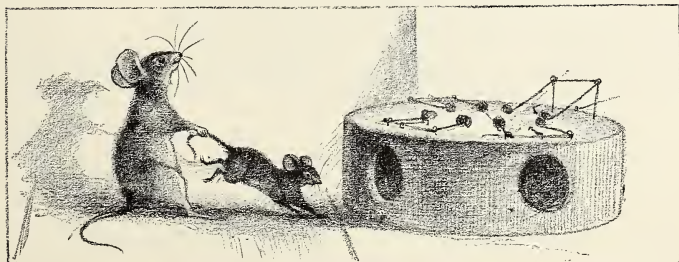
All the close-fed pasture-lands  
Growing green again.  
Poppies on the river-bluff  
Soon will wake from sleeping ;  
Home along the foothills  
Woolly clouds a-creeping.

*Mary Austin.*

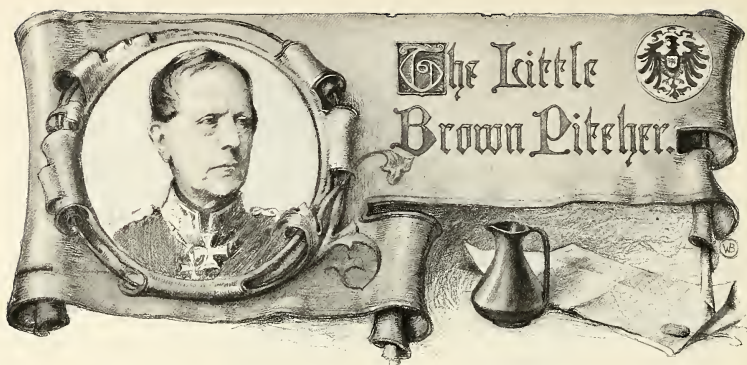


MR. COON: "GOOD MORNING, MRS. PORCUPINE, HOW ARE THE TWINS?"

MRS. PORCUPINE: "THEY HAVE BEEN A BIT CROSS LATELY. YOU SEE, THEY ARE JUST CUTTING THEIR QUILLS."



A POUND OF PREVENTION IS WORTH AN OUNCE OF — CHEESE.



(A True Incident of the Austro-Prussian War of 1866.)

BY ELSIE C. CRANZ.

"*Liebe Mutter*, and am I really to go to the college in the harvest month?"

The speaker was a boy of about sixteen years, an undersized, delicate-looking lad with serious gray eyes. He stood leaning against the well in the farm-yard—it was just outside the little Hessian village of M—in the central part of Germany. It was late afternoon, and the sun was low in the heavens. The boy spoke again: "*Ach, liebe Mutter*, and I am really to go to college?"

His mother, a care-worn woman of forty years, came toward him at this moment, and looked upon him with a sweet, gentle smile.

The lad had no thought now except for college; and to see "little Karl" graduate with honors had always been the dearest hope of her life. They had talked of it and worked toward this end for three long years, while Karl was attending the *Gymnasium* in the village near his home. His father died when he was nine years old, but under the economical care of the mother and of the two elder brothers the affairs of the little farm had gone steadily forward; and now it was plentifully stocked with fine cattle, sheep, and swine.

In answer to the boy's last question the mother said: "Karl, *lieber Sohn*, surely shalt thou go"; and added, placing her hand gently on his shoulder: "All is ready. For many years

have I saved for thee the marks and thalers; in the little brown pitcher there have I saved."

How the two big brothers of this simple household loved the serious-faced lad, and how willingly did they often deny themselves a pleasure in order that the little brown pitcher might grow heavier! That afternoon, Karl, seeing them approach, ran eagerly to meet them.

"So, Karlchen, thou goest to the big city, and when thou returnest thou wilt no more know thy farmer-brother," said one.

"Such a clever boy wilt thou be, lad; but how we shall miss thee!" said the other.

He paused suddenly, for what was that? Along the road was heard the tramp, tramp of many feet, and soon thousands of Prussian soldiers came in sight.

For about three weeks the little town had been hearing rumors that there was trouble brewing between Austria and Prussia; but, being Hessians, these quiet country folk did not greatly concern themselves about it, although they had a deep sympathy for the Prussians.

A courier rode to the gate, calling out: "Hallo, there! To whom does this farm belong?"

"To Frau Lisbeth Grönig."

"Well, I know you wish to help your country; I am a messenger from the great General von Moltke."

Karl's eyes opened in wonder as the mes-

senger continued to say that in the name of the Kronprinz and of General von Moltke he demanded cattle, fowl, and whatever the Grönigs had for the feeding of the troops. While his two brothers went to obey the command, little Karl walked to the gate, near the courier. In the meantime von Moltke, at the head of his staff, had approached. Turning to Karl, he said: "Well, my boy, dost thou go to college?"

"Alas, no!" replied Karl. "I was to have gone in the harvest month, but now what shall I do? Your soldiers take the cattle, and what has been saved for me must go to buy more."

"Wilt not give willingly to the army, lad?"

"Yes, but—how long have I wanted to go!"

"Thou shalt go, my boy." Then, calling to one of his officers: "Lieutenant von Hohenwald make a list of what is taken here, and the value of each thing, and when the war is over, you, boy, or your mother, must present this to the Kronprinz in Berlin and receive full payment."

Poor Karl said nothing. All hope of college had flown; for who could believe that the great Kronprinz would

be bothered with the troubles and losses of the farmers who had been robbed by his soldiers?

Karl's mother took the paper, folded it, and sorrowfully dropped it in the little brown pitcher.

Six weeks went by; the little brown pitcher was empty now, save for von Hohenwald's for-

gotten receipt: but news had come that the Austrians had been severely defeated at Sadowa and peace had been declared! And one glorious day came a letter signed "General von Moltke, per von Hohenwald," asking why the claim of Frau Lisbeth Grönig had not been presented to the



"TURNING TO KARL, VON MOLTKE SAID: 'WELL, MY BOY, DOST THOU GO TO COLLEGE?'"

Kronprinz, and saying that if presented in two weeks it would be paid immediately.

Frau Grönig hastened to Berlin; the claim was presented, and, when she returned, the little brown pitcher was again heavy, for she had received a liberal price for everything.

And Karl went to college in the harvest month.



## THE GOOD FORTUNE OF MOLLY VAN.

BY TEMPLE BAILEY.

MOLLY had never before seen anything like the carriage that had just rolled away from the door. It was low and broad, and the cushions were of fawn-colored cloth, and there were two men up in front, and the horses had black rosettes at their ears.

Neither had she ever seen anything like the girl in the carriage—a girl with a delicate, white face, with a dark dress, long, fair, wavy hair tied with a wide silk ribbon, and a big black hat shading a sad pair of blue eyes.

Molly looked after the carriage until it disappeared, and then she wondered if she had not dreamed it. But in her hand was a card, and on the card, in Old English letters, was a name:

*Miss Gladys Wentworth.*

Molly wondered if she would ever have a card like that—one with Miss Mary Van Ness. Every one called her Molly Van now.

“Gladys”—Molly loved that name; it always seemed to fit princesses and people like that: and now she had seen a girl who looked like a princess and talked like one, too, for when she had stopped at the old-fashioned carriage-step, she had leaned out and had spoken in the softest and sweetest of voices: “Does Mrs. Dobbs live here?” And when Molly had answered “yes,” she had taken the card out of the daintiest little case, and had written something on it with a little gold pencil, and then she had handed it to Molly.

“Give that to Mrs. Dobbs, please,” she had said; “and tell her that we are at the hotel, and if she will come there I will make arrangements with her.”

Molly went slowly into the house and hunted for Mrs. Dobbs. She found her in the kitchen. She was making apple-pies, and was arguing with the “hired girl,” who, just at that time, was paring potatoes for dinner.

“Well,” she was saying, “if Mrs. Andrews does make stewed apple-pies, that is no reason why I should have them. My mother made sliced apple-pies, and my grandmother before her, and I shall too. Now, Molly, child, what is it?”

Molly stood in the doorway, the spring sunshine behind her, a rosy, comely little figure with a smiling but eager and intent expression.

She held out the card.

“Oh, Mrs. Dobbs,” she said, and her voice shook with excitement, “if you had only seen her!”

Mrs. Dobbs finished crimping the edge of her last pie, and picked up the card.

“Miss Gladys Wentworth,” she read. Then, as Molly explained the message, she began to take off her apron.

“I’ll get Hiram to hitch up, and I’ll go right down,” she said. “There is a sick boy, and he and the girl are to board with me. The hotel is too noisy, and they want plenty of milk and country air.”

“Are they all alone?” asked Molly.

“Orphans,” was Mrs. Dobbs’s laconic answer; “and I have promised to let them have the front rooms.”

When Mrs. Dobbs had gone forth on her errand, Molly stole into the wonderful front rooms. There was the parlor and the spare bedroom and the little empty room beyond. The curtains were all pulled down, and there was a strange, fascinating closeness. Molly used to come in the darkness, sometimes, and think of the people who had lived there, and of the company who had sat stiffly on the glossy seats of the horsehair chairs.

After she had been there for a while she could see the faint outlines of the old, old pictures on the wall, and the spectral presence of a strange bead and red flannel structure which stood in the very middle of the table, which, in its turn, stood in the very middle of the parlor. There

was a wood puzzle on the table, too, and twice in her life Molly had been allowed to handle it and put it together. There was an album with all the photographs of the Dobbs family, and Molly liked on Sundays to get it out and look at the ladies in wide, flaring skirts, with their hair

beds with them; and there is a maid, and I shall have to give her the room off the settin'-room, and the girl will take the little room, and the boy is to have the spare room, and they will furnish the parlor as their settin'-room. I don't believe," continued Mrs. Dobbs, "that that girl is a day over sixteen, and she plans as if she were twenty."

The next morning the things came. Molly was set to work in the kitchen to prepare the vegetables for dinner, and she could only run now and then to the window to see the men with the wonderful loads; but she heard things bumping over the porch, and the sound of the men's voices mingled with the softer tones of the girl.

But when noon came she had a chance to leave the kitchen.

"Take this to the boy," said Mrs. Dobbs, as the old clock struck twelve.

"This" was a bowl of chicken-soup. The bowl was a revelation to Molly. It was white, with a wreath of tiny pink roses around it, and under the bowl was a little napkin of finest white damask, and under that a plate with another wreath of pink roses.

"They want to use their own chiny," said Mrs. Dobbs, with a sniff, "and how I can let Susan put her hands to it, I don't see."

"Let me wash it, Mrs. Dobbs — please, Mrs. Dobbs," said little Molly.

Mrs. Dobbs looked at her in astonishment. Molly had always hated to wash dishes, and once she had rebelled openly.

"Well, of all things!" said Mrs. Dobbs. "But if you will be careful you may," she finished, as to her practical mind this offered a solution of the problem.

Now Mrs. Dobbs was a good cook of the kind familiar in most country towns, and she was known to her neighbors as a "liberal provider," and the chicken-soup was, according to



GLADYS.

in nets or coming down in ringlets, with funny little combs at the side.

When Mrs. Dobbs came back she called Molly from the barn, where she had gone to see "Mother Blanche" and her kittens. The kittens were just beginning to roll about the floor, and they looked like small balls of snow.

Mrs. Dobbs seemed worried.

"They want everything moved out of the rooms," she was saying to Susan; "and what I am goin' to do with it all I don't know. They won't have the feather-beds, but will bring their

her long-tried receipt, rich with cream and savory with seasoning.

Molly knocked at the parlor door, and when it was opened by the trim maid she nearly dropped the bowl in her surprise. At the windows were curtains of white, filmy Swiss muslin. The old horsehair furniture was gone, and in its place were beautiful wicker chairs with pink cushions. A dainty desk stood in one corner, and in front of the open double door where the sunshine fell upon him was a boy, lying on a soft couch, his head propped up by cushions and his big eyes gazing straight at Molly.

"Hello!" he said. "Is that my lunch? Well, I don't want any."

Then the girl whom Molly called the Princess came into the room.

"Oh, Oliver, do eat it," she pleaded. "It will do you so much good."

"Well, I sha'n't," said the boy, crossly.

Molly wondered how he could speak in such a tone to the gentle girl who leaned over him. She stood awkwardly in the middle of the room. But now she wanted to help the Princess, and she forgot herself and spoke right out.

"Did you ever taste any of Mrs. Dobbs's chicken-soup?" she asked solemnly.

"No, I never did," said the boy; "and, what is more, I am not going to taste this."

"Then," said little Molly, "you will never know what you have missed. Mrs. Dobbs makes the best soup in the county."

The boy looked at her frowningly for a few moments, until, in confusion, she turned to leave the room.

Then he threw back his head and laughed. "Give it to me," he said. Molly uncovered it, and the Princess drew up a little table. The first spoonful was taken reluctantly, but the rest was eaten eagerly.

Gladys watched her brother with bright, hopeful eyes. This was the last experiment, the doctor had said. If the boy's interest was not aroused and an appetite created by the country air and surroundings, there would be little hope of his recovery—and he was all she had in the world.

When the soup was finished, Gladys smiled at Molly, and it seemed to the little girl that she had never seen anything so beautiful as that smile.

"Do you like candy?" said the Princess, taking a big box of bonbons from the table and handing it to Molly. Molly, in all her little limited country life, had never seen anything like those big chocolates and the nut candies, and the candied cherries and preserved violets, and she drew a long breath of delight as she reached out her hand to take the box.

"Now, Gladys, I call that too bad, to bring those out when I can't have any."

In the five minutes that Molly had been in the room she had seen that the boy was a very cross invalid, and that his sister loved him very much, and therefore treated him so gently that he had grown to be very exacting. At first sight Molly had given to the Princess all the love of her lonely little heart, and so at this moment she forgot chocolates and everything else except the dark red flush of embarrassment that was on the girl's face.

She went and stood close by the side of the couch.

"Do you know what I would like to do?" she asked the boy.

"No, I don't," he said, and dug his rumpled head closer into the cushions.

"Well," said Molly, "I should like to bring Mother Blanche and her kittens here for you to see."

Now Oliver was a big boy,—almost fifteen,—and at the childish suggestion he turned his head away from her, while she stood still, her little face working with disappointment. She had offered him her best, and he had not had the grace to understand.

"Oh, Oliver," remonstrated Gladys, as the door shut behind the little blue-gowned figure, "she is so sweet, and I am afraid you have hurt her feelings."

"Well, let her keep away," said the boy, crossly. "I don't intend to be bothered with any fussy country children with their cats."

The afternoon wore away, and the sick boy lay with his face toward the open door, looking out at the locust-trees which were dropping their honey-scented blossoms over the velvet grass. After a while the soothing sweetness of the air entered into his restless body, and he slept.

Then Gladys hunted up Molly and filled the

little girl's hands full of chocolates. For one blissful half-hour they roamed together over the barn, from the loft to the shadowy corner where old "Buttercup" and her calf were lying. And Gladys grew happy and rosy in the sense of freedom, and she ran from place to place, feeling almost as young as Molly Van herself.

Then Molly went back to help get supper, and to arrange the dainty tray. But the beau-

he reached forward eagerly and buried his nose in the fragrant blossoms. He loved flowers passionately, and Molly had done the one thing to reach his heart.

"Who put them there?" he asked.

"The little girl," said Hortense.

Oliver ate his dinner in silence, and after Hortense had taken the tray away he turned to Gladys.

"Tell her to bring on her cats," he growled; but, in spite of his tone, Gladys smiled as she flew to call Molly Van, for she knew that poor Oliver's interest had been stirred, and that was a great beginning, for his listlessness had been the danger symptom.

Molly, whose generous little heart could not hold anger for a minute, ran to the barn, and came back with an armful of struggling white kittens, and Blanche, the kittens' mother, followed her into the parlor.

Molly dumped the kittens down beside Oliver, and they swarmed over him, frisking over the cushions and harmlessly snapping at his white fingers. At last one small, insinuating, fluffy ball curled down close to his cheek, and Gladys smiled as she saw the tender look in the boy's eyes. Mother Blanche, at the foot of the couch, purred and purred her restful, motherly purr, until finally the babies, tired of play, crept down and snuggled together in a heap of white fur, so that Oliver could scarcely tell where one ended and another began.

And Oliver watched them with sparkling eyes, and petted them and joked with the girls until bedtime.

"Let the cats stay here," he said, when Molly, who had had the best time of her life, turned to leave the room.

"But, Oliver," remonstrated Gladys, "they belong in the barn."

"Well, take them there to-night," said the boy, reluctantly; "but to-morrow you can send to town for a cat-basket, for I'm going to have them here. Goodness knows, I don't have much to enjoy, like other boys," he went on fretfully; and Gladys, worried at the signs of excitement, promised that the basket should come, which it did next day, and Mother Blanche and her kittens thenceforth reigned supreme in the boy's room, much to Mrs. Dobbs's annoyance.



MOLLY VAN.

tiful little silver bowls and dainty china were none too good for Mrs. Dobbs's tempting custards and broiled birds, flanked by hot biscuits and berries and cream.

When all was ready, Molly ran out into the garden and brought in two sweet-scented, old-fashioned pink roses, and laid them by the side of Oliver's plate.

Hortense, the maid, carried in the tray this time, and as Oliver's eyes rested on the roses,



As the days went on Molly Van lived as in fairyland. She and the boy became very good friends, and Gladys, seeing that the little girl knew how to manage Oliver better than she did, left them together, and thus gained many an hour of freedom, that brought back the color to her own pale cheeks.

"Is Mrs. Dobbs your aunt?" asked Oliver, one day, as Molly sat by his side, making little burdock baskets.

Molly shook her head. "She is n't any relation. She just took me when my father died. Mother was dead, too, you know."

"Then you're all alone, except for her?"

Molly nodded.

"Gee-whizz!" said Oliver — which was n't very elegant; but it was expressive, and Molly felt that she had his sympathy.

But, in spite of the good times she had with Oliver, Molly's best love was given to Gladys, and she resented the brother's selfish demands on the delicate sister. So, one day when he was stronger and they moved his couch out under the apple-tree at the corner of the lawn, Molly tried an experiment. She was up on a bough of the old tree, in a seat formed by a bent limb. For a while she had amused Oliver with her chatter, but at last he grew restless.

"Tell Gladys to come and read to me," he commanded.

Molly settled herself comfortably in her leafy seat.

"Indeed I sha'n't," she said.

Oliver looked at her with wide-opened eyes.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Because she is resting for the first time today. You have ordered her around since early morning."

Oliver's forehead was crossed by a heavy frown.

"It is n't your place to interfere."

Molly was scared, but she had made up her mind to stand up for the Princess.

"Well, anyhow, I sha'n't tell her," she declared stoutly.

Then Oliver threatened her in a way that always brought Gladys around.

He half rose from his couch. "If you don't, then I shall go myself," he said grumblingly.

Molly knew that the doctor had said that he must not get up, but she was a wise little person, and she still had one argument left.

She stood up on the old limb and looked down at him squarely.

"You baby!" Her voice was full of scorn. "You baby!"

Her words acted like a tonic. From white, tense anger, Oliver became healthfully indignant. The good red blood surged up into his face, but he did not attempt to get up. Molly's words had rung true, and he knew that he could hurt no one so much as himself by his childish attempt to frighten her.

Then for five long minutes a flushed little girl and a flushed big boy were silent, one with fear, the other with wrath.

At last Molly peeped down out of the tree. Oliver's face was hidden by his thin hand, and her heart smote her for her harsh words. She had always been very tender with the invalid, and only her championship of Gladys had forced her to say hard things.

The boy looked up and caught the repentant, timid look.

He smiled a little wistfully. "It's all right, Molly Van," he said; and then for a long time he lay very still, with his eyes on the sunset.

After a while Molly had to go, and Gladys came out and sat beside him, and the boy reached out and took hold of her hand and held it closely for a moment. That was all, but somehow Gladys felt repaid for the long days when she had given so much of her time to the fretful invalid.

"I say, Gladys," he said after a while, "why can't we take her out of this?"

"Her? Who?" said Gladys.

"Molly Van. She is a perfect little drudge. She's alone and we're alone, and the only difference is that she has n't any money and we have more than we know what to do with. Uncle Wentworth will let us, if we really want to have her. Mrs. Dobbs is kind, but she would be glad to be rid of the care and expense. And we have room enough, goodness knows, in that big old house of our ancestors in the city. She'd be company for you, too," he added, "and help you with your cross old bear of a brother. I say, let's take her back with us."

With a little glad cry, Gladys leaned over and kissed him.

"It would be the very thing. She could study. And I can get her everything to wear as soon as she gets to town. Oh—" and she clasped her hands with delight.

"Oh, well, don't count too much on it; maybe she can't go," growled Oliver, but his eyes shone.

But Molly *could* go, and when the days came that Oliver was able not only to sit up but to walk around a little, he had a strong

little shoulder to lean on, and another adoring little handmaiden to wait on him and scold him and give him new things to think about.

And when for the last time the low, broad carriage with the fawn cushions drew up in front of the Dobbs household, there stepped into it not only Gladys and Oliver, but a rosy little girl, who seated herself beside a wonderful cat-basket with its precious cargo of snowy kittens, and who waved her hand to Mrs. Dobbs and the hired girl and the old farm, and then turned her happy face toward the city.



### A WISE PRECAUTION.

BY E. L. SYLVESTER.

I 'M taking my umbrella, 'cause perhaps it 's going to rain;  
I heard my papa read it in the paper, just as plain.  
It said the indications were, for four an' twenty hours,  
There 'd be some local temperchure an' stationary showers.

## TRAINING FOR INTERSCHOLASTIC ATHLETICS.

BY G. W. ORTON.

INTERSCHOLASTIC athletics have seen a wonderful improvement in the past decade, due in great measure to the systematic way in which the large colleges have encouraged the sport. Recently in New York in an open meet there were over four hundred school-boys who were entered in the different events. Similar large entry-lists can be secured in many of the large cities, while every high school and academy, no matter what its size, has some form of scholastic athletics. Many of the schools employ no competent instructors, especially in track athletics, and because of the increasingly large number of young athletes who take part in these events the following suggestions are offered.

Frequently it happens that the young athlete gets into bad habits of form that are practically impossible to overcome later on, and a first-class athlete is spoiled, and destined to remain among the "second-raters." More frequently through improper training and the desire of the trainer to get all possible out of the boy, irrespective of his future as an athlete, the boy develops into a champion school-boy, but makes no further advance when he has graduated into the college or into club athletics.

The first care of the school athletic trainer should be to remember that he is training boys, and that he has not full-grown men under his charge. The growing boy is capable of a great deal of work, but this should not be made too severe, or he will lose the nervous force which is at the bottom of all success in any kind of athletics. The exercise should be made as pleasant as possible, and the young athlete should not be allowed to specialize, or at least not in the same manner as the full-grown athlete. It is all very well for the young athlete to have his favorite event, and to have one in which he is most proficient; but he should also have a certain amount of sprinting, distance-running, hurdling, jumping, and especially exercise in some form of light gymnastics, such

as the chest-weights, Indian clubs, or dumbbells. This will give him the necessary reinforcing or auxiliary muscles which he will need later on, when, as a college man, he makes a real specialty of some event. By giving the young athlete exercise that tends to an all-round development, the trainer will be fulfilling the object of scholastic athletics—which is to send the young man forth from the school fitted for college not only in mind but in body as well. In their great desire to "win out," many trainers lose sight of this real object of athletics in any school. They must have winners at any cost, and they force the young athlete to such an extent that, though while at school he does some very creditable performances, he is never heard of afterward, because his nervous force has been impaired. This is the great danger toward which competitive scholastic athletics is drifting, and it is the duty of the principals to see that the future health of the boys intrusted to their charge is not forever lessened through over-anxious athletic instructors.

The principal should also be most careful in the choice of a trainer, who, because he is older, may exercise a very great influence on the boys' ideas of fairness and true sportsmanship.

With but one remark on diet, we shall turn our attention to training proper. The young athlete need not undergo any system of diet. He should be merely cautioned against eating too much pastry, etc.; and three or four days before a competition the trainer should ask him to give up everything but plain, healthy food, leaving out pastry, candy, and all sorts of highly seasoned viands: for if he attempts to put the boy under too strict a regimen he will either go to one extreme or the other.

### SPRINTING.

No form of track athletics seems to be so popular as sprinting, mainly because the American is a natural-born sprinter. This is shown

by the fact that we have so many very fast men in this event. The start is of prime importance in a short dash. The best start is the college start. In this the athlete practically takes the position of a cat when ready to spring. He gets on the mark, and after fixing his feet so that he can dip down comfortably on his knees, he waits in this position for the word to "get set." When the word is given he straightens up; in this final position he should rest steadily, and he should have the weight so distributed on his feet that at the sound of the pistol he can spring forward immediately and with all the power of his legs and thighs. In this start the heels and the entire leg should be kept at right angles to the finish, so that all the muscles of the leg can be got into the first drive from the mark. The hands should be on the scratch, and they should be the chief means of keeping the body steady, but still ready to get away at once when the pistol fires. The young sprinter should also remember that the first step is only part of the start. He should summon to his aid every muscle of his body during the first four or five strides, so that he can get into motion in the shortest possible time. Duffy of Georgetown owes his success not only to the fact that he is a quick starter, but also to his power to get up speed in his first four or five strides.

The matter of form in sprinting is of importance. The athlete should have every movement directed forward. There should be no extra movement of the feet describing curves behind, nor any shortening of the stride. The body should work perfectly with the legs, and it should be held slightly forward, so that all the power can be put into the running.

In training for the sprint, the young athlete should first make sure of his start. This can be obtained in only one way, and that is by practice. He should get off his mark, running

only fifteen or twenty yards, but being careful that he is doing it in good form and at his highest possible speed. Speed work in any kind of running should not be tried, however, until the



WADSLY, CHAMPION OF ENGLAND AT  
220 YARDS, ON THE MARK

This picture shows very well the easy position which the sprinter should assume when told to get ready.

athlete has first had some preliminary training of a general character to get him into condition for active training. After making several starts, he may go through to sixty or seventy yards, but he should not go the full one hundred yards at full speed oftener than twice a week. He



should, however, cover the one hundred yards at three-quarter speed every day.

If the sprinter is naturally a fifty-yard runner he should take more of the full hundred-yard work than if he is slow the first fifty. In



I. A. ORTON, 600-YARDS AMERICAN INDOOR CHAMPION.

Showing college start. Ready to start at sound of pistol. Note that this position is at once easy to keep, and that it allows the sprinter to get away immediately.

the latter case the boy should be all the more careful in practising starts and in thirty or forty yard dashes.

If the sprinter wishes also to run the two hundred and twenty yards, which is usually called a sprint, though it is not properly such, he should lengthen out his work; but he should be just as careful of his start as though he were merely training for a forty-yard dash.

In training, the sprinter should run against the wind in practice, because he is likely to have to do this in a race. In racing, the sprinter should never be looking over to see where his opponents are, as that takes his mind off his running, and he involuntarily slackens his speed. The sprinter should put all his mind on his work, and he should run into the tape at top speed. Many a race has been lost on the tape because of letting up at the finish, thinking that the race has been won. In sprints an inch often decides the race, and there is no time for looking around or slacking speed.

After taking the regular starts, the athlete should finish his work in the training quarters by exercise for the back, abdominal muscles, the arms and the chest. Occasionally, after his sprints, he should take a jog, running a half-mile or so, but easily, and merely as a form of exercise.

#### MIDDLE-DISTANCE RUNNING.

THE quarter and the half mile are called the middle distances, because the first is not a sprint, while the latter is faster than the real distance gait. In the former a certain amount of speed is necessary, with stay as the secondary quality, while in the latter the stay must be reinforced by an ability to follow a speedy pace. The quarter-miler must have speed, while the half-miler cannot get along without stay, no matter how great his speed may happen to be. The most successful quarter-milers have been those who have been able to do close to ten seconds for the hundred yards, and, together with this ability, have the staying qualities to allow them to maintain a high rate of speed throughout the entire four hundred and forty yards.

Thus in training for the quarter the athlete should first make up his mind as to which characteristic he most lacks. If he has stay he should put the most of his time on speed work, while if he has the natural speed he should lengthen out his work so that gradually he is able to go through the entire distance without faltering. As a general rule it is well for the quarter-miler to pay much attention to his speed, for he cannot have too much of that quality; but he should also be sure that he runs the full distance often enough to guarantee that

he can maintain a stiff pace the entire distance.

In training for the quarter a schedule might be adopted as follows: Every day the athlete should run four or five thirty or forty yard

should sprint the two hundred and twenty yards at full speed. He should jog the quarter at fair speed almost every day; but he should not have more than one trial a week at the full distance.

The general form in this distance is not the



READY FOR THE START.

In order from the left: Trafford, Duffy, Tremear, and White in special race at Birmingham (England) A. C. sports. Duffy won in ten seconds flat on a grass course. Note Duffy's easy position. When the starter says, "Get set," he can straighten up in an instant.

dashes at full speed, to gain speed and an ability to get away from the mark. This is very necessary, as on most tracks the quarter starts near the corner, and very frequently the good starter gets the corner first and is not bothered, while the poor starter is jostled all the way around the first turn, and often put out of the entire race. After this speed work, the athlete should run two hundred or three hundred yards at quarter-mile racing speed. Twice a week he

same as that when sprinting. The quarter-miler should endeavor to get into a long, easy swing, and he should not "tie up" in his running until the very last hard spurt for home, when the very best of quarter-milers will shorten their stride if they have run the first part of the race at their best speed. The quarter-mile is a punishing race, and no athlete can expect to run it as it should be run without feeling the pace during the last hundred yards. A conscious

mental effort to keep out the stride and maintain form will be found to be of much use at the end of the quarter-mile.

The half-mile runner should also develop a long, easy, swinging stride, for the best of our half-mile runners have been tall men with a good burst of speed, very strong, and with an easy stride. Kilpatrick, the world's champion, and Hollister of Harvard, the present intercollegiate record-holder, are examples of this. The half-miler should learn to sprint

he runs through the full half-mile occasionally he will develop a spurt at the finish.

Here, as in the quarter, the runner should take more or less of fast work, according as he is suited naturally to the distance. If the half seems a little too long for him, he should lengthen out his work occasionally to three quarters, or even to a mile. If he has plenty of stay and is lacking in speed, he should do more quarter-mile work and more sprinting. A curious instance of this is furnished by the



THE LAST LAP OF THE ONE-MILE ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIP RACE, JULY 5, 1902.

Runners, in order from the left: Hawtry (came in second), Shrubbs, Barker (third), Gay-Roberts, Binks (first at finish). Time, four minutes sixteen and four fifth seconds. New British record. This snap-shot was taken on the last lap of a record mile. Note the different styles.

and start, and he should do considerable quarter-mile work. He should occasionally run the full quarter at racing speed, but more frequently he should go through the four hundred and forty yards, the five hundred yards, or the six hundred and sixty yards at half-mile racing speed. This will give him his speed, and if

experience of Dohm of Princeton and Downs of Harvard, back in the eighties. Downs was a quarter-miler, while Dohm was a half-miler. They both entered each event at the college championships. Dohm, in his endeavor to get fast enough to defeat Downs at the quarter, did a great deal of sprinting and neglected his

distance work. Downs, on the other hand, thought that he had sufficient natural speed to defeat Dohm, but he lacked the stay. He, therefore, did much work at the full half-mile distance and farther. On the day of the race each of these athletes showed the effect of his special training, for Dohm won the quarter,

stride, as that is exhausting. He can, however, develop a longer stride by careful practice. In long distances every inch added to the stride makes seconds gained at the end of the race. The experience of our best runners shows that distance running is a branch of track athletics which needs much practice. Many distance



G. W. ORTON, WINNING THE AMERICAN CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP IN 1897.  
FORMER ONE AND TEN MILE AMERICAN CHAMPION, TWO-MILE WORLD'S STEEPLECHASE CHAMPION.

This photograph illustrates the keeping of form at the end of a distance race, one of the most important things to be acquired by the middle-distance and distance runner. This photograph was taken near the finish of the cross-country championship in 1897, when Orton ran the last mile of the course very close to five minutes, and the last quarter at a sustained sprint.

while Downs took first in the half. Each half-miler should, therefore, train according to his natural ability, developing either the speed or the stay which he stands most in need of. But in general it will be found safest to do considerable sprinting in addition to the necessary distance work:

#### DISTANCE RUNNING.

ONE of the requisites for a distance runner is style or form. The more easily he runs and the less effort he expends, the greater speed will he be able to maintain over a given distance. The young athlete should strive to develop a long, easy stride; but he should not over-

runners have triumphed over poor style, and even poor physique, by keeping at it and developing the muscles which are needed for long distances. Much practice is necessary, so that the staying qualities may be developed to the required standard. Most of the scholastic mile runners make the mistake of thinking that because they are training for a distance race they should do no fast work. The distance man should go through his full distance every day, unless he is training for a five or ten mile race, when that is unnecessary. The mile is the standard distance race in scholastic sports. The runner should then cover the full distance every day, but very seldom at racing speed. He



should take occasional half-miles, and three times a week go three-quarter miles at mile racing speed. This will give him the pace for the distance without exhausting him. The mile runner, as indicated above, should also do some sprinting and quarter-mile work. It stands to reason that a man who can do fifty-five seconds for a quarter is better qualified to run the first quarter of his mile in one minute and eight seconds than the man who can do only a minute for the quarter. Speed will make the holding of the pace in the race easier, while it will be found a very comforting quality when drawing near the finish.

The great thing for a distance runner to note is his style in the last third of the mile. Here he is getting tired, and, if he does not think of it, he will lose form, chop his stride, and begin to fall back. A conscious effort to retain form will result in helping the runner to do so. If, during the last three hundred yards of a mile, the runner can change his style and strike a quarter-miler's gait, which is really a sprint, he will finish much faster than if he is unable to do this.

The distance runner, and the quarter and half miler as well, should not forget to take the exercises for the abdominal muscles, the back, etc., for without these the distance runner will hardly do well.

#### THE HIGH HURDLE.

120 YARDS. 10 HURDLES 10 YARDS APART, WITH 15 YARDS AT START AND FINISH.

ONE of the prettiest events on any athletic programme is the high hurdle. This is an event which needs much attention to form. The special attention given to form in this event and the advent of Kraenzlein have improved the standard of hurdlers very much the past seven years. Formerly a sixteen-second man was looked upon as a wonder; but we now have many of them, and this has been due to the speedier form instituted by Kraenzlein, and to better training methods. It is therefore necessary that the young hurdler first learn how to get over the sticks in the most up-to-date manner, and then work for speed. One reason why many high hurdlers do not progress steadily, but remain at a certain stage without improvement, is because they wish to get speed

over the sticks before they have to any extent mastered the form.

Formerly, in the days of Puffer and Stephen Chase, the hurdle race was even a prettier event than it is to-day, as they skimmed the hurdle; and though they sailed over it very prettily, there was a distinct glide through the air, and the motion was stopped after each hurdle. The science of hurdling now demands that the athlete get over the hurdle with the greatest possible speed, to flip himself over without any glide in the air, and to so throw the feet and body that the very effort to clear the hurdle hurls the runner on to the next hurdle. This style, while not so pretty, is faster, and Kraenzlein must be given the credit for developing it to its highest form.

Kraenzlein in topping the sticks would use his hip as a swivel, and throw the first leg over the hurdle, not trying to get distance on the farther side of the hurdle. His idea was to get that leg over as quickly as possible. The other leg followed after, but it was not dragged. It was brought up smartly, so that when his first leg hit the ground on the other side of the hurdle, his other leg was in the position it should be for the next stride. This is the leg motion, but the young hurdler will find that to get the above result he must use his body as a lever and his arms as a means of balancing and propulsion. When throwing the first leg over, the body is doubled up like a jack-knife, as this not only helps to get the leg over the hurdle, but it aids the speed with which the hurdler gets over. The right arm is thrown forward if the right leg is first over; the left arm is then brought up with a rush while the other leg is being swung across the hurdle, so that when the athlete hits the ground after clearing the hurdle he is in the natural position for running, and can put all his effort to getting speed between the hurdles. The athlete should remember that when going at the hurdle he should keep his chest squarely facing it. The body is the lever, and if it is not held straight when going over the hurdle, the athlete will not alight squarely on his feet, and he will lose form and speed between the hurdles. In this event the runner should plan to take but three strides between hurdles.

The hurdler when practising this event should try to get over the hurdle as close as possible. The hurdler will find that it takes a very strong

and, besides his practice over the sticks, the hurdler must take regular sprint training. He should constantly practise starting, and get as



KRAENZLEIN TAKING THE HIGH HURDLES.

THE WORLD'S CHAMPION AND RECORD-HOLDER OF FIFTEEN AND ONE FIFTH SECONDS.

Note the position of the legs, the fact that the body is held straight, and the way the arms and body swing forward to hasten the flight over the hurdle.

development to throw him over the hurdle in Kraenzlein's fashion, and he must pay great attention to his back, chest, arm, and abdominal muscles. The high hurdle is a sprint distance,

speedy as possible. The hurdler should also practise until he has the stride between the hurdles perfect, and then, with his mind off this, he can put all his efforts on speed.

## THE LOW HURDLE.

220 YARDS. 10 HURDLES 20 YARDS APART, WITH 20 YARDS AT START AND FINISH.

KRAENZLEIN also revolutionized low hurdling. This was the event in which the world's great champion first came to the notice of the

first year in the East, he defeated Bremer, the world's record-holder, and beat his record by one and one fifth seconds, putting the figures at twenty-three and three-fifths seconds, where they stand to-day. Kraenzlein seemed to be built for the low sticks. With him there was practically no lateral or side motion of the leg.



KRAENZLEIN, THE WORLD'S CHAMPION, GOING OVER THE LOW HURDLES.

Note the fact that the forward leg is thrust out straight in front, and that on alighting he will be ready for his next stride as the rear leg is being brought up into position.

public. His form, unlike that of his predecessors, was noticeable for the fact that there was no glide over the hurdle. He merely took the low hurdle in his stride, and seemed able to run nearly as fast over the low sticks as if he were running on the flat. That this was no idle dream was shown when, in his

When he came to the hurdle he merely went into the air about five inches; but otherwise he just went over the hurdle in his stride. He may have swung the first foot up a little farther than was natural when running on the flat, but he was so exact in "hitting the hurdle" that he seemed to take them in his stride, and appa-

rently he did not go into the air more than a few inches, and he did not curb his speed at all. This is the style that has been copied ever since he appeared on the track; but it seems more difficult to attain, because it needs a man of a certain build, and in addition it is a dangerous style unless it is run perfectly. Though most of the low hurdlers are aiming at Kraenzlein's form, all of them have more or less lateral movement of the legs, and more or less glide over the hurdle, both of which means time wasted in comparison with Kraenzlein's style. Every young hurdler should try to attain the form which was so instrumental in making this world's champion the holder of all the standard hurdle records.

Kraenzlein took seven strides between hurdles, and this is the best number. If eight are taken that means that the hurdler will have to learn to hurdle with either the right or the left leg forward, as he will hit the hurdles alternately with right and left. If the young athlete

cannot get the seven strides, and he is yet undeveloped as to stride, it might pay him to use nine strides instead of eight, as it is very seldom that an athlete can be found who can hurdle equally well with either leg forward. It is most important in this, as in the high hurdle, that the aspirant for hurdle honors should practise until he has his stride between the hurdles perfect. After he has this, and has good form over the sticks, he can go at the hurdles with full speed and not waste any effort.

This is also a sprint distance, and the athlete should take regular sprint training. But as the two hundred and twenty yards hurdle is longer than the high hurdles, he should run two hundred and twenty yards and three hundred yards on the flat occasionally. Here, again, the athlete must not forget to take exercise for his arms, chest, back, and abdominal muscles.

Next month we shall take up other athletic sports, such as pole-vaulting, throwing the hammer, broad-jumping, and high-jumping.



## MAROONED.

BY KATE DICKINSON SWEETSER.

"You 'RE a coward—just like all girls!" said Jimmie, with supreme contempt.

"I 'm not a coward!" retorted Eleanor, his sister, with much dignity and decision. "Boys are n't any braver than girls, anyhow. They get frightened at different things, that's all. And I just guess I 've seen you scared to pieces when father called you into the library for a talk!"

"Pooh!" said Jimmie. "You never heard me shriek because I was afraid of a silly little mouse; and I never fell down two flights of stairs because I was scared in the dark, and bounced in like a jumping-jack to disturb you

when you were reading. I 'd be ashamed to act so, but I s'pose girls can't help it. I 'm going to be a pirate, and of course they never get frightened at anything. You just wait, and I 'll show you how brave a fellow can be!"

"I don't care how brave you can be—so there," retorted Eleanor. "And girls don't care to be compared to pirates, anyhow!"

Jimmie was standing on the hearth-rug, with feet wide apart and hands in his pockets, and a superior and scornful expression on his round, fat face. Eleanor stood facing him, likewise scornful, now that she had recovered after her



wild scramble from attic to library which had interrupted Jimmie's profound meditation on pirates and their methods of living.

The next day would be Saturday, and on that day Jimmie proposed to abandon himself to the joys of a seafaring existence. Reading of Captain Kidd's adventures until that hero's deeds were engraved on his brain in red letters, and the pages of the book in which they were recorded were worn in holes, Jimmie had just decided to dedicate himself to the delightful task of finding Captain Kidd's buried treasure, or at least that part of it which he felt sure he had traced to a location not far from his home. In imagination he was handing out coffers of gold and precious stones to an admiring audience, when Eleanor rushed into the room, breathless, with the account of her awful attic adventure.

However, he reflected that it might be pleasant to share his plans,—for Jimmie dearly loved to talk,—so in a gentler voice he invited Eleanor to sit down. But her pride had been too deeply wounded to allow of such a concession. With a toss of her head she left the hero to himself, and he was obliged to go to bed for lack of better occupation. There in the dark he completed his plan of bold bucaneeering, and lay awake to hear the old clock on the stairs announce three successive hours.

But late as it was when he fell asleep, he was up at daybreak the next morning, and, eager not to waste one moment of the day, dressed himself as hastily as possible in the finery he had been accumulating for some weeks. When arrayed in the costume of the "order of pirates," the effect was even finer than he had anticipated. He wore short red socks and low shoes on which he had pinned large steel buckles. A gay scarf was draped around his waist, another tied over his head in true pirate fashion, and around his neck, over the old blue jacket that hid all of his red sweater except the wrist-bands, was knotted a red silk handkerchief. On his head over the scarf was an old three-cornered hat which had belonged to a Revolutionary grandfather; and from his ears, suspended by white threads, hung large, old ear-rings of his mother's. A pair of his father's old duck trousers, cut off at the knees to give the proper baggy

effect, completed his outfit, and when he had stuck a Japanese sword in a battered old scabbard through his belt, and taken a pistol from a rack of relics, he so much resembled a pirate as to feel a thrill of pride in his achievement, and a keen desire to begin his adventurous career.

So he crept softly down to the pantry, and packed a gay work-bag of Eleanor's with crackers, cheese, and cake, and filled a bottle labeled "soda-water" with molasses and water as a suitable beverage to quench a pirate's thirst. He then made his way from the house across the two-mile stretch of salt-marshes leading to the inlet. He had often rebelled at the walk when sent on an errand, but in this first chapter in his new career it seemed different.

Reaching the cove where his boat lay, he stowed away his provender and found his pick-ax and shovel safe where he had left them the day before. Then, jumping aboard the boat, he rowed easily down the winding inlet, helped by the current. But when he turned into the bay, divided from the open sea by only a short breakwater, progress was quite another matter. He began to look more sober, to whistle less loudly, and to brace himself for real work. Fortunately it was a calm day or he could scarcely have made any headway against wind and tide in the long pull that was blistering his hands. But at last he reached the strip of sand jutting out from the mainland on which, sunk deep in the sand, lay the spar of an old vessel which Jimmie believed had belonged to the pirate band who had buried their caskets of gold near by.

Beaching his boat, he landed, and began taking measurements to find the exact spot where, as he had figured, the treasure lay. This took some time, and he now decided to eat a bite of luncheon. It did not take long to empty bag and bottle, and off he started toward his boat to get the implements with which to begin work.

But alas for Jimmie! It was clear at a glance that he was *marooned*.

While he had been busy with his luncheon the tide had turned, his peninsula had become an island lapped by waves that threatened soon to cover it, and far out on the water, bobbing up and down, he saw his truant boat!

With a groan of despair, he sank down on

the sand, the empty bag beside him, the pistol in his hand, while the soda-water bottle floated in a little pool.

Only for a few seconds did he give way to his feelings; then, jumping up, he stood erect and brave, as any good pirate should, and decided what to do. A large piece of slate served in place of a shovel, and he dug fast and deep until he had made an immense hole; but he found only sand, and no trace of the pot of

Eleanor with cowardice. Was this his punishment, or only the usual lot of a pirate? Waiting for his last moment to come, to his surprise he continued to live, while thunder and lightning roared and flashed and shook the solid earth, and the waves dashed up to the island and flowed softly over him and his once gorgeous costume.

Slowly came the light, a rift in the clouds showed blue sky, and a boat rounded the point.



"WITH A GROAN OF DESPAIR, HE SANK DOWN ON THE SAND."

gold. Hot and tired, he rested for a moment, and noticed dark clouds gathering. Could night have come so soon? A low, ominous rumble answered him as the first raindrops fell, and he forgot the treasure—forgot everything except his danger. In a panic, he took refuge behind the old boat-spar, clinging to it in a desperate hope of protection against the rising waters. Cowering there, he hid his face that he might not see the waves which were now covering his island, threatening, as he thought, to sweep him out to sea, while remorseful thoughts came thick and fast. He had disobeyed his father's direct commands about rowing along the shore; he had probably given his invalid mother a dangerous fright; he had taunted

manned by two strong men. A megaphone carried their repeated calls to the ears for which they were meant, and a shrill response carried joy to a father's heart.

To row back through the white-capped waves took time and strength, and it was some hours later that the limp, bedraggled, water-logged pirate stood before the home fire, with little left of the bold buccaneer, and much of the thankful boy Jimmie.

That evening, warmed, clothed, and fed, after a long nap, Jimmie was beginning to feel a glow of pride in his adventure, when, with a guilty conscience, the feeling speedily vanished at sight of his father beckoning to him.

"James," he said, "I wish to see you in the

library immediately. I have something to say to you."

A half-hour later, when he emerged, red-faced and meek, he found Eleanor waiting for him, with a mixture of amusement and sympathy written on her face.

"Were n't you one bit afraid, *really* and *truly*?" she whispered—"not one single bit?"

Jimmie looked steadily and solemnly at her,

then his usual merry smile overspread his round face.

"Of course not," he said. "Pirates *never* are. I was n't half as frightened as by that talk with father in the library just now."

And as a reward for his surrender, and a satisfaction to her intense curiosity, she let him sit down and tell her all about it—for really she was very fond of Jimmie, after all.

## THE DOVE AND THE CROW.

BY PETER NEWELL.



ONE day a dove met a crow in the top of a tall sycamore-tree.

"For whom are you in mourning?" asked the silly dove, regarding the crow's black plumage.

"For my coat," replied the crow; "it 's dyed!"

Which only shows that a flippancy answer is sometimes well suited to a foolish question.



## DAY-DREAMS.

BY YSABEL DE WITTE KAPLAN.

"WHEN I 'm a man," said Johnny,  
"I 'll be a sailor bold,  
And I 'll sail the mighty ocean in  
search of wealth untold,  
And I 'll build myself a castle with  
a fearful donjon keep,  
And I 'll have ten thousand vassals  
who will guard me while I  
sleep.

"Then I 'll rescue some fair princess  
from a robber, don't you see?  
And she will thank me sweetly and  
say she 'll marry me;  
And when I wed the princess I 'll  
be a king, you know,  
And I 'll have a million subjects  
who will bow before me low!"

But while he was a-dreaming of the  
time that was to be,  
The teacher asked him gently the  
simple rule of three;  
Then his castle and his kingdom  
faded into air at once,  
And the crown that fate decreed  
him was the tall cap of a  
dunce.







## THE STORY OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS.\*

BY HOWARD PYLE.

### CHAPTER III.

#### HOW KING ARTHUR ENCOUNTERED FOUR KNIGHTS, AND WHAT BEFELL THEREBY.

Now the day was extraordinarily sweet and pleasant unto one so lusty of frame and so light of heart as was good King Arthur. For the bright clouds swam smoothly across the blue sky, and the wind blew across the long grass of the meadow-lands, and across the fields of growing wheat, so that a multitude of waves traveled over the hills and valleys like as it were across an entire sea of green. And for a while all the earth would be darkened with wide shadows from those clouds, and anon everything would burst out, of a sudden, into

a wonderful radiance of sunlight once more. And so King Arthur traveled joyously along, by the hedge-rows and the leafy thickets.

Now you are to remember that when King Arthur had come from Carlion unto the castle of Tintagalon, he had brought with him four young knights for to bear him company. And those knights aforesaid were as follows: there was Sir Gawaine; and there was Sir Ewaine; and there was Sir Pellias; and there was Sir Geraint. These were the four noble young knights who had come with King Arthur from Camelot unto Tintagalon.

Now it befell as King Arthur rode all gaily in the summer-time, as aforesaid, that he came to a certain part of the road where he beheld

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before him a tall and comely castle that stood upon a green hillock immediately by the roadside. And, lo, there stood upon the balcony of the castle three fair demoiselles, clad all in green taffeta. And on the highroad in front of the castle there was a knight clad all in very fine armor. And the knight sat upon a noble war-horse, and in his hands he held a lute, and he played upon the lute and sang in a voice of extraordinary sweetness. Whiles he sang those three ladies in green taffeta listened to him with great cheerfulness of mien. And whenever that knight would stint his singing, then those three ladies would clap their hands together with great acclaim, and would bid him to sing to them again; and so would he do with great readiness of spirit.

All this King Arthur beheld, and it appeared to him to be a very pleasant sight, wherefore he rejoiced at it exceedingly.

And as he drew nigh, lo! he beheld that the knight who thus sat upon his horse and played upon the lute and sang unto the accompaniment thereof was none other than Sir Geraint, the son of Erbin. For that knight wore upon his crest the figure of a gryphon, and the device upon his shield was two gryphons rampant facing one another upon a blue field, and King Arthur knew that this was the crest and the device of Sir Geraint. And when the king perceived who was the knight who sat there and sang, he laughed unto himself, and straightway closed his vizor and made him ready for such encounter as might, perchance, befall. So he drew nigh to where the knight sang and the ladies listened.

And when Sir Geraint perceived King Arthur approach, he ceased singing and hung up his lute behind him across his shoulder. Then, casting upward his look to those three fair ladies above him, quoth he: "Mesdames, ye have been pleased to listen to that singing which I have assayed altogether in your honor. Now, likewise in your honor, I will perform a deed of knightly prowess which I very much hope shall bring great glory to you. For if ye will be pleased to lend me that encouragement which your very great beauty can so easily afford, ye shall behold me, I doubt not, overthrow yonder knight speedily and completely."

"Sir Knight," said that lady who spoke for the others, "you are truly a lord of noble bearing and exceedingly pleasing of address, wherefore we do wish you great success in this undertaking; and we do believe that you will succeed in that which you assay to do."

Upon this Sir Geraint gave those three demoiselles great thanks for their words, and thereupon he closed the vizor of his helmet. So, dressing his spear and shield and saluting the three ladies with great humility of demeanor, he went forth to meet King Arthur where he now sat at a little distance, all very quietly and soberly awaiting his pleasure.

And Sir Geraint knew not King Arthur, because he wore no crest upon his helm and no device upon his shield, wherefore as he saluted him he made speech to him in this wise: "Ha, messire, I know not who thou art, seeing that thou bearest neither crest nor device. Ne'thless, I am minded to do thee such honor as I may in running a tilt with thee upon the behalf of those three demoiselles whom thou beholdest yonder upon that balcony. For I do affirm, and am ready to maintain the same with my knightly person, that those ladies are fairer than thy lady, whomsoever she may be."

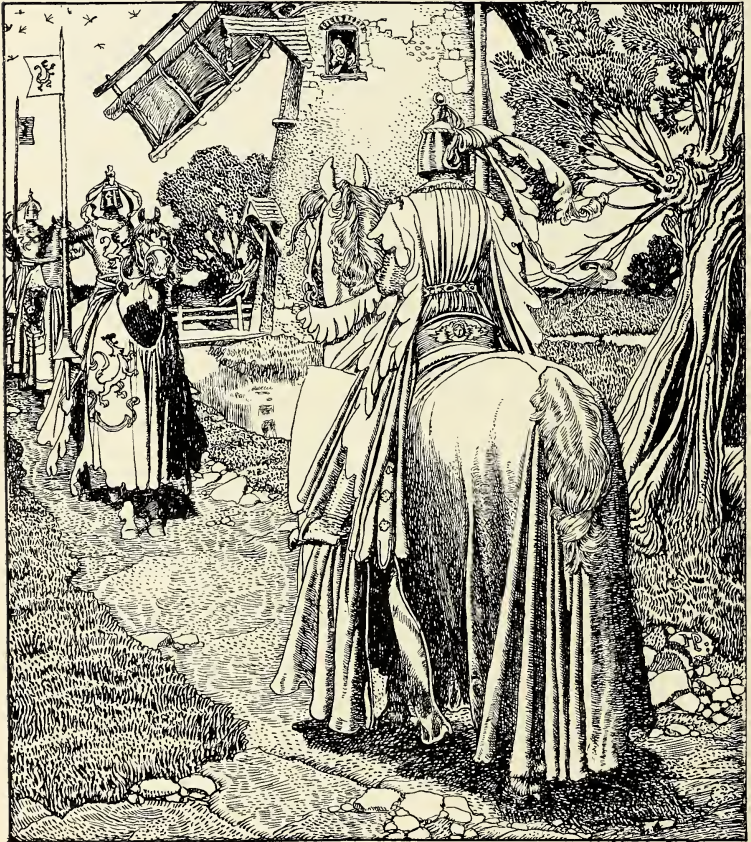
"Sir Knight," quoth King Arthur, "I will gladly run a course with thee in honor of my lady; for I may tell thee that she is a princess, and is held by many to be the most beautiful dame in all of the world. But I will only contend with thee upon one condition, and the condition is this: that he who is overthrown shall yield himself as servant unto the other for seven days, and in that time he shall do all that may be required of him."

"I will accept thy gage, Sir Unknown Knight," quoth Sir Geraint; "and when I have overthrown thee, I will yield thee unto those fair ladies yonder for to be their servant for seven days. And I do tell thee that there are a great many knights who would certainly regard that as being both a pleasant and an honorable task."

"And should I so chance as to overthrow thee," said King Arthur, "I will send thee for to serve my lady for that same period of time; and that will be even a more honorable task than that which thou hast a mind for me to perform."



# The White Champion meets two Knights at the Mill.



*Drawn by Howard Pyle.*



So each knight saluted the other, and thereupon each took such a stand as should cast the encounter immediately beneath where those three fair demoiselles looked down from the balcony. Then each knight dressed his spear and his shield, and having made ready for the encounter, each sat for a small space entirely prepared. Then each shouted to his war-horse, and drove spur into its flank, and launched forth with wonderful speed to the assault. So they met in the very midst of the course with a force so vehement that the noise thereof was wonderfully appalling for to hear. And each knight smote the other in the very center of his shield. And lo! the spear of Sir Geraint burst into small pieces, even to the truncheon thereof; but the spear of King Arthur held, and Sir Geraint was cast so violently backward that both he and his horse were overthrown into the dust with a tumult like a monstrous roaring of thunder.

And when Sir Geraint had recovered his footing, he was, for a while, so astonished that he wist not where he stood, for never had he been so overthrown in all of his life before. Then, coming quickly unto himself again, he straightway drew forth his sword and called upon King Arthur with exceeding vehemence for to come down from out of his saddle and to fight him afoot.

"Nay, not so, Sir Geraint," said King Arthur; "I will not have to do with thee in that way. Moreover, thou art not to forget that thou hast promised to give thyself unto me as my servant for seven days, for assuredly I have entirely overcome thee in this encounter, and now thou art pledged unto me to be my servant."

Then Sir Geraint knew not what to say, being altogether abashed with shame and vexation at his overthrow. Nevertheless, he perceived that he must uphold his knightly word unto that which he had pledged himself to do; wherefore he put up his sword again, though with exceeding discontent. "Sir Knight," said he, "I do acknowledge myself to have been overcome in this encounter, wherefore I yield myself now unto thy commands, according to my plighted word."

"Then I do place my commands upon thee in this wise," quoth King Arthur. "My com-

mand is that thou goest straightway unto the Lady Guinevere at Camilard, and that thou tellest her that thou hast been overthrown by that knight to whom she gave her necklace as a token. Moreover, I do desire that thou shalt obey her in everything that she may command thee to do, and that for the space of seven days to come."

"Sir Knight," quoth Sir Geraint, "that which thou bidst me to do I will perform according to thy commands."

Thereupon he mounted his horse and went his way. And King Arthur went his way. And those three ladies who stood upon the balcony of the castle were exceedingly glad that they had beheld so noble an assay at arms as that which they had looked down upon.

Now after King Arthur had traveled forward for the distance of two or three leagues or more, he came to a certain place of moorlands where were many ditches of water, and where the heron and the marsh-hen sought harborage in the sedge. And here, at sundry points, were several windmills, with their sails all turning slowly in the sunlight before a wind which blew across the level plains of marsh. And at this place there was a long, straight causeway, with two long rows of pollard willows, one upon either hand. And when he had come nigh the middle of this causeway, King Arthur perceived two knights who sat their horses in the shade of a great windmill that stood upon one side of the roadway. And a large shadow of the sails moved ever and anon across the roadway as the wheel of the mill turned slowly afore the wind. And all about the mill, and everywhere about, were great quantities of swallows that darted hither and thither like bees about a hive in midsummer. And those two knights, as they sat in the shadow of the mill, were eating each of a loaf of rye bread, fresh baked and with brittle crust; and with it they ate of a great piece of cheese — which things the miller, all white with dust, served to them. And when these two knights perceived King Arthur, they immediately ceased eating that bread and cheese, and straightway closed their helmets. And when the miller saw them thus prepare themselves, he went quickly back into the mill and shut the



door thereof, and then went and looked out of a window which was over above where the knights were standing.

And King Arthur made very merry unto himself when he perceived that those two knights were Sir Gawaine and Sir Ewaine. For he knew that the one was Sir Gawaine because that the crest of his helmet was a leopard rampant, and because he bore upon his shield the device of a leopard. And he knew that the other was Sir Ewaine because he bore upon his crest an unicorn, and because the device upon his shield was that of a lady holding a sword in her hand. Accordingly, while he was yet at some distance King Arthur closed his helmet so that those two young knights might not know who he was.

So, when he had come anear to the two knights, Sir Gawaine rode forward for a little distance for to meet him. "Sir Knight," quoth he, "thou must know that this is soothly parlous ground whereon thou hast ventured; for there is no byway hence across the morass, and thou mayst not go forward without trying a tilt with me."

"Sir Knight," said King Arthur, "and I am very willing to run a tilt with thee. Ne'thless, I will only encounter thee upon one condition, and that is this: that he who is overthrown shall serve the other entirely for the space of seven full days."

"I do accept thy gage, Sir Knight," quoth Sir Gawaine; for he said unto himself, "Of a surety, so exceedingly strong and skilful a knight as I shall easily encompass the overthrow of this unknown knight."

So each knight immediately took his appointed station, and having dressed his spear and his shield, and having fully prepared himself in every manner, and having rested for a little space, each suddenly shouted to his horse, and drave spur into the flanks thereof, and so rushed to the encounter. And each knight smote the other in the center of his shield, and lo! the spear of Sir Gawaine burst into splinters. But the spear of King Arthur held, so that Sir Gawaine was lifted entirely out of his saddle and was unhorsed by that other's onset. And indeed he fell with wonderful violence into the dust, and some distance from his horse.

Nor could he immediately arise from that fall, but lay all bedazed for a little while. And when he did arise, he perceived that the white knight who had overthrown him sat nigh to him upon his horse.

And King Arthur spake and said: "Sir Knight, I have altogether overthrown thee, and so thou must now serve me according to thy knightly word."

Then up spake Sir Ewaine, who sat near by upon his horse. "Not so, Sir Knight," said he; "not so, nor until thou hast had to do with me. For I do make demand of thee that thou shalt straightway joust with me. And if I overthrow thee I will claim of thee that thou shalt release yonder knight from that servitude unto which he hath pledged himself. But if thou overthrowest me, then will I serve thee even as he hath pledged himself to serve thee." So spake Sir Ewaine; for he said unto himself: "Certes I am of more approved skill at arms than Gawaine. And it may scarcely be possible that this unknown errant knight may hope to overthrow me who am one of the very best champions of King Arthur's court."

"Sir Knight," said King Arthur, "I do accept thy gage with all readiness of spirit!"

So each knight took his assigned place and dressed himself for the encounter. Then shouted they, and drave together, rushing the one upon the other like unto two rams upon the hillside. And the spear of Sir Ewaine was also shivered into pieces. But King Arthur's spear held, so that the girths of Sir Ewaine's saddle were burst apart, and both the saddle and the knight were swept off the horse's back with such violence that a tower falling could scarcely have made a greater noise than did Sir Ewaine when he smote the dust of that causeway.

Then Sir Ewaine arose to his feet and gazed about him, all filled with entire amazement. And to him came King Arthur, and bespake him thus. "Ha, Sir Knight," quoth he, "me-seems that thou hast been fairly overcome this day. And so, according to your promises, both thou and yonder other knight must fulfil all my commands for the space of full seven days to come. Now this is the command that I set upon ye both: that ye shall straightway go

unto the Lady Guinevere at Camilard, and shall take her greeting from her knight. And ye shall say to her that her knight unto whom she gave her necklace hath sent ye, who are kings' sons, for to do obedience unto her. And all that she shall command ye to do in these seven days that are to come, that shall ye perform, even unto the smallest grain."

"Sir Knight," said Sir Gawaine, "so we will do according to thy commands, having pledged ourselves thereunto. But when these seven days are passed, I do make my vow that I shall seek thee out and shall carry this combat unto its entire extremity. For it may happen to any knight to be unhorsed as I have been, yet do I believe that I may have a better success with thee an I battle with thee to the extremity of my endeavor."

"Ha, Sir Knight!" said King Arthur, "it shall be even as thou desirest. Yet I do verily believe that when these seven days are passed thou wilt not have such a great desire for to fight with me as thou now hast."

Having so spoken, King Arthur saluted those two knights, and they saluted him. And then he turned his horse and went his way. And whenever he bethought him of how those two good knights had fallen before his assault, and when he thought of how astonished and abashed they had been at their overthrow, he laughed aloud for pure mirth, and vowed unto himself that he had never in all of his life engaged in so joyous an adventure as this.

And when Sir Ewaine had mended the girths of his saddle, then he and Sir Gawaine mounted their horses and betook their way toward Camilard, much cast down in spirits.

And the miller came forth from the mill once more, greatly rejoiced at having beheld such a wonderfully knightly encounter from so safe a place as that from which he had beheld it.

And so King Arthur rode onward with great content of mind until the slanting of the afternoon had come, and by that time he had come nigh to that arm of the forest-land which he bore in mind as the proper place where he might leave his horse and his armor.

Now as he drew nigh to this part of the forest skirts he perceived before him at the roadside a gnarled and stunted oak-tree. And he

perceived that upon the oak-tree there hung a shield, and that underneath the shield were written these words in fair large letters:

**Whoso Smiteth upon this Shield  
Doeth so at Peril unto his Body.**

Then King Arthur was filled with great spirit, and, uplifting his spear, he smote upon that shield so that it rang loudly.

And immediately King Arthur heard a voice issue out of the forest: "Who hath dared to assail my shield?" And straightway there came out thence a knight of large frame, riding upon a horse white like that which King Arthur himself rode. And the trappings of the horse and of the knight were all white like unto the trappings of King Arthur and his horse. And the knight bore upon his helmet, as his crest, a swan with outspread wings, and upon his shield he bore the emblazonment of three swans upon a silver field. And because of the crest and the emblazonment of the shield King Arthur knew that this knight was Sir Pellias, who had come with him from Camelot to Tintagalon.

And when Sir Pellias had come nigh to where King Arthur waited for him, he drew rein and bespake him with great sternness of voice. "Ho, ho, Sir Knight," quoth he. "Why didst thou dare to smite upon my shield? Verily that blow shall indeed bring thee great peril and dole. Wherefore prepare to defend thyself straightway because of what thou hast done."

"Stay, stay, Sir Knight," said King Arthur. "It shall be as thou wouldst have it, and I will do combat with thee. Yet will I not assay this adventure until thou hast agreed that the knight who is overcome in this encounter shall serve the other, in whatsoever manner that other may desire, for the space of seven days from this time."

"Sir Knight," said Sir Pellias, "I do accept that risk; wherefore I bid thee now presently to prepare thyself for the encounter."

Thereupon each knight took his station and dressed his spear and shield. And when they had prepared themselves they immediately launched together with a violence like to two stones cast from a catapult. So they met in the

midst of the course, and again King Arthur was entirely successful in that assault which he made. For the spear of Sir Pellias burst to pieces, and the spear of King Arthur held; and Sir Pellias was cast with passing violence out of his saddle for the distance of more than half a spear's-length beyond the heels of his horse. Nor did he altogether recover from that fall for a long time, so that King Arthur had to wait beside him for a considerable while ere he was able to lift himself up from the ground whereon he lay.

"Ha, Sir Knight," said King Arthur, "assuredly it hath not gone well with thee this day, for thou hast been entirely overthrown, and now thou must straightway redeem thy pledge to serve me for seven days hereafter. Wherefore I now set it upon thee as my command that thou shalt go straightway unto Camilard, and that thou shalt greet the Lady Guinevere from me, telling her that her knight unto whom she gave her necklace hath been successful in battle with thee. Likewise I set it upon thee that thou shalt obey her for the space of seven days in whatsoever she may command thee to do."

"Sir Knight," said Sir Pellias, "it shall even be as thou dost ordain. Yet I would that I knew who thou art, for I do declare that I have never yet in all my life been overthrown as thou hast overthrown me. And, indeed, I think that there are very few men in the world who could serve me as thou hast served me."

"Sir Knight," said King Arthur, "sometime thou shalt know who I am. But as yet I am bound to entire secrecy."

Thereupon he saluted Sir Pellias, and turned and entered the forest, and was gone.

And Sir Pellias mounted his horse and bethought him to Camilard, much cast down and disturbed in spirit, yet much marveling who that knight could be who had served him as he had been served.

So that day there came to Camilard, first Sir Geraint, and then Sir Gawaine and Sir Ewaine, and last of all there came Sir Pellias. And when these four beheld one another they were all abashed, so that one scarce dared to look the other in the face. And when they came before the Lady Guinevere and told her

how that knight who wore her necklace had overthrown them all and had sent them thither to serve her for seven days, and when she reckoned how great and famous were those four knights in deeds of chivalry, she was exceedingly exalted that her knight should have approved himself so great in those deeds of arms which he had undertaken to perform. And she greatly marveled who that champion could be, and debated those things in her own mind. For it was a thing altogether unheard of that one knight, in one day and with a single spear, should have overthrown five such well-proved and famous knights as Duke Mordaunt of North UMBER, Sir Gawaine, Sir Ewaine, Sir Geraint, and Sir Pellias. So she gave herself great joy that she had bestowed the gift of her necklace upon so worthy a knight, and she was exceedingly uplifted with extraordinary pleasure at the thought of the honor he had endowed her withal.

Now after King Arthur had entered the forest, he came by and by to where those woodchoppers, afore spoken of, plied their craft. And he abided with them for that night. And when the next morning had come, he intrusted them with his horse and armor, charging them to guard those things with all care, and that they should be wonderfully rewarded therefor. Then he took his departure from that place with intent to return unto Camilard. And he was clad in that jerkin of frieze which he had worn ever since he had left Tintagalon.

And when he had reached the outskirts of the forest he set his cap of disguise upon his head and so resumed his mean appearance once more. So, his knightliness being entirely hidden, he returned to Camilard for to be gardener's boy once more.

And now you shall hear the further part of this mirthful adventure; so listen unto that which here follows.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### HOW THE FOUR KNIGHTS SERVED THE LADY GUINEVERE.

Now when King Arthur returned to Camilard once more (which fell upon the afternoon

of the second day) he found the gardener waiting for him, exceedingly filled with wrath. And the gardener had a long birchen rod which he had fetched thither for to punish his boy withal, when he should have returned to the garden again. So when he beheld King Arthur he said: "Thou knave! wherefore didst thou quit thy work to go a-gadding?" And King Arthur laughed and said: "Touch me not." At this the gardener waxed so exceeding wroth that he caught the king by the collar of his jerkin with intent to beat him, saying: "Dost thou laugh at me, knave, and mock at me?"

Then, when King Arthur felt that man's hand laid upon him, and when he heard the words that the gardener spake in his wrath, his royal spirit waxed very big within him, and he cried out: "Ha, wretch! wouldst thou dare to lay thy hands upon my sacred person?" So saying, he seized the gardener by the wrists, and took the rod straight away from him, and struck him with it across the shoulders. And when that poor knave felt himself thus in the powerful grasp of the angry king, and when he felt the rod upon his shoulders, he straightway lifted up a great outcry, although the blow hurt him not a whit. "Now get thee gone!" quoth King Arthur, "and trouble me no more; else will I serve thee in a way that will not at all belike thee." Herewith he loosed that poor man and let him go; and the gardener was so bemazed with terror that both the earth and the sky swam before him. For King Arthur's eyes had flashed upon him like lightning, and those two hands had held his wrists with wonderful power. Wherefore, when the king let him go he gat him away as quickly as might be, all trembling with a great fear.

So he went straight to the Lady Guinevere and complained to her of the manner in which he had been treated. "Lady," quoth he, all weeping with the memory of his terror, "my boy went away for a day or more, I know not whither; and when I would whip him for quitting his work, he taketh the rod straight away from me and beateth me with it. Wherefore now, I prithee, deal with him as is fitting, and let several strong men drive him away from this place with rods."

Then the Lady Guinevere laughed. "Let be!"

she said, "and meddle with him no more; for, indeed, he appeareth to be a very saucy fellow. As for thee, take thou no heed of his coming or his going, and haply I will deal with him in a way that shall be fitting."

Whereupon the gardener went his way, greatly marveling that the Lady Guinevere should be so mild in dealing with the froward knave. And the Lady Guinevere went her way, very merry. For she began to bethink her that there was soothly some excellent reason why it should happen that when the White Champion, who did such wonderful deeds, should come thither, then that gardener's boy should go; and that when that same champion should go, then the gardener's boy should come thitherward again. Wherefore she suspected many things, and was wonderfully merry and cheerful of spirit.

Now that day, in the afternoon, the Lady Guinevere chanced to walk in the garden with her damsels, and with her walked those four noble knights who had been sent thither by her White Champion; to wit: Sir Gawaine, Sir Ewaine, Sir Geraint, and Sir Pellias. And the gardener's lad was digging in the garden; and as they passed by where he was the Lady Guinevere laughed aloud and cried out: "Look, look, messires and ladies! Yonder is a very saucy fellow for to be a gardener's lad; for he continually weareth his cap, even when he standeth in the presence of lords and ladies."

Then Sir Gawaine spake up, saying: "Is it even so? Now will I straightway go to yonder knave and will take his hat off for him, and that in a way so greatly to his misliking that I do not believe that he will ever offend by wearing it in our presence again."

At this the Lady Guinevere laughed a very great deal. "Let be," she said, "let be! Sir Gawaine, it would ill beseem one so gentle as thou art to have to do with yonder saucy fellow. Moreover, he doth assure us all that he hath taken a vow to wear his cap; wherefore let him wear his cap, a' mercy."

Thus the Lady Guinevere, though she suspected a very great deal, was yet pleased to make a mock of him whom she suspected.

Now that day Duke Mordaunt of North UMBER had entirely recovered from those sore



hurts that he had suffered from his overthrow at the hands of the White Champion. Wherefore, the next morning having come, he appeared again before the castle as he had appeared aforetime, clad all in complete armor. And this time there rode before him two heralds, and when the duke and the two heralds had come to that part of the meadows that lay immediately before the castle of Camilard, the heralds blew their trumpets exceedingly loud. And at the sound of the trumpets many people came and gathered upon the walls; and King Leodegrance came and took stand upon a lesser tower that looked down upon the plain where were the Duke of North UMBER and the two heralds. And the Duke of North UMBER lifted up his eyes and beheld King Leodegrance where he stood over above him upon the top of that tower. And he cried out in a loud voice: "What, ho, King Leodegrance! Thou shalt not think because I suffered a fall from my horse, through the mischance of an assault at arms, that thou art therefore quit of me. Yet, ne'theless, I do now make this fair proffer unto thee. To-morrow-day I shall appear before this castle with six knights-companion. Now, if thou hast any seven knights who are able to stand against me and my companions in an assault at arms,—whether with spears or swords, or ahorse or afoot,—then shall I engage myself for to give over all pretense whatsoever unto the hand of the Lady Guinevere. But if thou canst not provide such champions to contend successfully against me and my knights-companion, then shall I not only lay claim to Lady Guinevere, but I shall likewise seize upon and shall hold for mine own three certain castles of thine that stand upon the borders of North UMBER. And likewise I shall seize upon and shall hold for mine own all the lands and glebes appertaining unto those same castles. Moreover, this challenge of mine shall hold only until to-morrow at set of sun; after the which time it shall be null and void. Wherefore, King Leodegrance, thou hadst best look to it straightway to provide thee with such champions as may defend thee from these demands aforesaid."

Hereupon those two heralds blew their trumpets once more, and Duke Mordaut of North

UMBER turned his horse about and went away from that place. And King Leodegrance also went his way, very sorrowful and downcast in his spirits. For he said to himself: "Is it at all likely that another champion shall come unto me like that wonderful White Champion who came two days since, I know not whence, for to defend me against mine enemies? And touching that same White Champion, if I know not whence he came, so I also know not whither he hath departed; so how shall I know where to seek him to beseech his further aid in this time of mine extremity?" Wherefore he went his way, very sorrowful, and wist not what he was to do for to defend himself. So, being thus exceedingly troubled in his spirit, he went straight unto his own room, and there shut himself therein; nor would he see any man nor speak unto any one, but gave himself over entirely unto sorrow and despair.

Now in this extremity the Lady Guinevere bethought her of those four knights who had been pledged for to serve her for seven days. So she went unto them where they were, and she bespoke them in this wise: "Messires, ye have been sent hither pledged for to serve me for seven days. Now I do ordain it of you that you will take this challenge of Duke Mordaut upon you at my behest, and I do much desire that you go forth to-morrow-day for to meet this Duke of North UMBER and his knights-companion in battle, for ye are terribly powerful knights, and, I do believe, may easily defend us against our enemies."

But Sir Gawaine said: "Not so, lady; not so! For though we are pledged unto thy service, yet are we not pledged unto the service of King Leodegrance thy father. Nor have we quarrel of any sort with this Duke of North UMBER, nor with his six knights-companion. For we are knights of King Arthur his court; nor may we, except at his command, take any foreign quarrel upon us in the service of another king."

Then was the Lady Guinevere exceedingly angry, wherefore she said with great heat: "Either thou art a wonderfully faithful lord unto thy king, Sir Gawaine, or else thou fearest to meet this Duke of North UMBER and his knights-companion."

And at this speech of the Lady Guinevere's

Sir Gawaine was also exceedingly wroth, wherefore he made reply: "An thou wert a knight and not a woman, Lady Guinevere, thou wouldst think three or four times ere thou wouldst find courage to speak those words unto me." Whereupon he arose and went out from that place with a countenance all inflamed with wrath. And the Lady Guinevere went away also from that place, and to her bower, where she wept a very great deal, both from sorrow and from anger.

Now all this while King Arthur had been very well aware of everything that passed; wherefore he by and by arose and went out and found the gardener. And he took the gardener strongly by the collar of his coat and held him where he was. And he said to him: "Sirrah! I have a command to set upon thee, and thou shalt perform that command to the letter, else, an thou perform it not, a very great deal of pain may befall thee." Herewith speaking, he thrust his hand into the bosom of his jerkin and brought forth thence that necklace of pearls which the Lady Guinevere had given him from about her neck. And he said further unto the gardener: "Thou shalt take this necklace to the Lady Guinevere, and thou shalt say to her thus: that she is to send me forthwith bread and meat and wine and comfits from her own table. And thou shalt say unto her that I desire her to summon those four knights,—to wit, Sir Gawaine, Sir Ewaine, Sir Geraint, and Sir Pellias,—and that she is to bid those four for to come and serve me with those things from her table. And thou art to say unto her that she is to lay her commands upon those knights that they are further to serve me according as I may command, and that they are henceforth to be my servants and not her servants. And these are the commands that I lay upon thee: that thou art to say these things unto the Lady Guinevere."

And when the gardener heard those words he was so astonished that he wist not what to think, for he deemed that the gardener-lad had gone altogether mad. Wherefore he lifted up his voice and cried aloud, "How now! What is this thou sayest? Verily, should I do such a thing as this thou bidst me to do, either it will cost me my life or else it will cost thee

thy life. For who would dare for to say such words unto the Lady Guinevere?"

But King Arthur said: "Ne'thless thou shalt surely do as I command thee, sirrah. For if thou disobey in one single point, then I do assure thee it will go exceedingly ill with thee. For I have it in my power for to make thee suffer as thou hast never suffered before."

And upon this the gardener said, "I will go." For he said unto himself: "An I do as this fellow biddeth me, then will the Lady Guinevere have him punished in great measure, and so I shall be revenged upon him for what he did unto me yesterday. Moreover, it irks me exceedingly that I should have a lad for to work in the garden who behaves as this fellow does." Wherefore he said, "I will go." So he took that necklace of pearls that King Arthur gave him, and he went forth, and after a while he found the Lady Guinevere, where she was. And when he had found her, he bespoke her in this wise:

"Lady, my garden-boy hath assuredly gone entirely mad. For, under the threat of certain great harm he would do unto me an I performed not his errand, he hath sent me to offer a very grievous affront unto thee. For he hath sent me with this string of large beads for to give to thee; and he biddeth me to tell thee that thou art to send to him bread and meat and sweetmeats and wine, such as thou usest at thine own table; and he biddeth me to tell thee that these things are to be served to him by the four noble knights who came hither the day before yesterday. And he saith that thou art to command those same knights that they are to obey him in whatsoever he may command, for that they are henceforth to be his servants, and not thine. And, indeed, lady, he would listen to naught that I might say to him contrariwise, but he hath threatened us with dire injury an I came not hither and delivered this message unto thee."

And when the Lady Guinevere heard what the gardener said, and when she beheld the necklace which she had given unto that White Champion, and when she was aware that the White Champion and the gardener's boy were indeed one, she was uplifted with an exceeding joy; wherefore she knew not whether to laugh

or whether to weep for that pure joy. So she arose and took the necklace of pearls, and she bade the gardener for to come with her. Then she went forth until she found those four knights, and when she had found them she spake unto them thus:

"My lords, awhile ago I commanded you for to take my quarrel with Duke Mordaunt of North UMBER upon you for my sake, but ye would not do so. And thou, my Lord Gawaine, didst speak to me such angry words as are not fitting that one who serveth should speak with his mistress, far less that a knight should speak unto the daughter of a king. Accordingly, I have it in my mind that ye shall perform a certain thing by way of a penance, which, an ye refuse to do, I will know very well that ye do not intend to fulfil that word which ye plighted to my knight when he overthrew you all four in fair combat. Now my command is this: that ye take certain food prepared for my table,—meats and white bread and sweetmeats and wine,—and that ye take that food unto my gardener's boy, whose cap, Sir Gawaine, thou didst threaten so valorously for to take away from him this very morning. And ye four are to serve the food unto him as though he were a royal knight. And when ye have so served him ye are to obey him in whatsoever he may ordain. And this I put upon ye as a penalty that ye took not my quarrel upon ye as true knights should; for hereafter ye are to be servants unto that gardener's boy and not unto me. Wherefore ye are now to go unto the buttery of the castle, and ye are to bid the server for to give you meats such as are served upon mine own table. And the food ye are to set upon silver plates, and the wine ye are to serve in silver cups and goblets. And ye are to serve that gardener's boy as though he were a great lord of exceeding fame and renown."

Thus spake the Lady Guinevere, and when she had spoken she turned and left those four knights, and she took with her the gardener, who was so astonished at that which he had heard that he wist not whether he had gone mad or whether the Lady Guinevere had gone mad. And the Lady Guinevere bade the gardener to go to the gardener-boy and to tell him that all things should be fulfilled according

to his commands. And so the gardener did as he was told.

Now turn we to those four knights whom the Lady Guinevere had left. For they were all amazed and abashed at the singular commands she had set upon them. And when they recovered from their amazement they were inflamed with exceeding indignation, that for the time they wist not whether that which they saw with their eyes was the light of day, or whether it was darkness. Nor could one of them look at another in the face, so overcome were they with shame at the affront that had been put upon them. Then up spake Sir Gawaine, and his voice so trembled with his exceeding anger that he could scarce contain it for to speak his words. "Messires," quoth he, "do ye not see how that this lady hath wantonly put a great affront upon us because we would not do that which she this morning bade us to do, and because we would not take up her quarrel against the Duke of North UMBER? Now will we indeed serve this gardener's boy even as she hath ordained. For we will serve him with meat and drink as she hath commanded; and we will render our service unto him as she hath bidden us to do. But, observe ye, we are no longer her servants, but we are his servants; wherefore we may serve him as we choose for to do. So when we have fulfilled her commands and have served him with meat and drink, and when we have obeyed whatever behests he layeth upon us, then do I make my vow that I, with mine own hand, shall slay that gardener's boy. And when I have slain him I will put his head into a bag, and I will send that bag unto the Lady Guinevere by the meanest carrier whom I can find for that purpose. And this proud lady shall so receive an affront as great as that affront which she hath put upon us." And they all said that that which Sir Gawaine had planned should be exactly as he had said.

So those four lords went unto the server of the castle, and they asked for the best of that food which was served unto the Lady Guinevere—meats and bread and sweetmeats and wine. And then they all took silver plates and

# **F**our Knights serve the *AA* Gardener Lad.



*Drawn by Howard Pyle.*



platters and they placed the food upon them; and they took silver cups and silver goblets and they poured the wine into them; and they went forth with these things. And when they had come back of the castle nigh to the stables, they found the gardener's boy, and they bade him sit down and to eat and drink. And they waited upon him as though he had been some great lord. (And not one of those four knights wist who he was, nor that he was the great king whose servant they, soothly, were. For he wore his cap of disguise upon his head, whereas they deemed him to be only a poor peasant fellow.)

And when Sir Ewaine beheld that he still wore his cap before them, he spake unto him with great indignation, saying: "Ha, villain! wouldst thou wear thy cap even in the presence of great princes and lords such as we be?"

And Sir Gawaine said, "Let be; it matters not." And then he said very bitterly unto the gardener's boy: "Eat thou well, sirrah! For thou shalt hardly eat another meal of food upon this earth."

And the gardener's boy made reply: "Sir Knight, that, haply, shall lie unto another will than thine for to determine. So that maybe I shall eat many other meals than this; and maybe ye shall even serve at them as ye are serving me now." And those four lords were astonished beyond measure that he should bespeak them thus so calmly and without any appearance of fear.

And after he had eaten, the gardener's boy said unto those knights: "Behold, messires, I have had enough and am done; and now I have other commands for you to fulfil. And my next command is that ye shall make ready straightway to go abroad with me, and to that end ye shall clothe yourselves with complete armor. And thou, Sir Gawaine, shalt go to the head stable-keeper of this castle, and thou shalt demand of him that he shall make ready Lady Guinevere's palfrey, so that I may straightway ride forth upon it. And when ye are all encased in your armor, and when everything is duly appointed to my command, ye shall bring that palfrey unto the postern-gate of the castle, and there I shall meet ye for to ride forth with you."

And Sir Gawaine said: "It shall be done in

every way according as thou dost command; but when we ride forth from this castle it shall be a sorry journey for thee."

And the gardener's boy said: "I think not so, Sir Gawaine."

Then went those four away and did according as the gardener's boy commanded. And when they had made themselves ready in full array of armor, and when they had obtained the Lady Guinevere's palfrey, they went unto the postern-gate, and there the gardener's boy met them. And when he saw that they sat their horses, and that they moved not at his coming, he said: "Ha, messires! and would ye so treat him whom ye have been ordained to serve? Now I do bid ye, Sir Gawaine and Sir Ewaine, for to come down and to hold my stirrup for me; and I bid ye, Sir Geraint and Sir Pellias, for to come down and to hold my palfrey for me whiles I mount."

Then those four noble knights did as they were commanded. And Sir Gawaine said: "Thou mayst command as thou dost list; and I do bid thee to make the most of it whiles thou mayst do so, for thou shalt have but a little while longer for to enjoy the great honor that hath fallen upon thee. For that honor which hath fallen upon thee, lo, it shall presently crush thee unto death."

And the gardener's boy said: "Not so; I believe I shall not die yet whiles." And again those four lords were greatly astonished at the calmness of his demeanor.

And so they rode forth from that place; and the gardener's boy would not permit that they should ride either before him or beside him, but he commanded them that they should ride behind him whiles they were still servants unto him.

And so they rode as he assigned them for a considerable while. Then, after they had gone forward a great distance, they drew nigh to a gloomy and dismal woodland that lay entirely beyond the country coadjacent to Camilard. And when they had come nigh unto this woodland, Sir Gawaine rode a little forward and he said: "Sir Gardener's Boy, seest thou yonder bit of woodland? When we come unto it, we now give thee fair warning, thou shalt immediately die, and that by a sword that hath

never yet been touched by any but noble or knightly blood."

And King Arthur turned him about in his saddle, and he said: "Ha, Sir Gawaine! wouldst thou ride forward thus when I bid thee to ride behind me?"

And as he spake he took the cap from off his head, and lo! they all beheld that it was King Arthur who rode with them.

Then a great silence of pure astonishment fell upon them all, and each man sat as though he were turned into an image of stone. And it was King Arthur who first spake. And he said: "Ha! How now, Sir Knights! Have ye no words of greeting for to pay to me? Certes ye have served me with a very ill grace this day. Moreover, ye have threatened to slay me; and now when I speak to you ye say naught in reply."

Then did those four knights immediately cry out aloud; and they leaped down from off their

horses, and they knelt down into the dust of the road. And when King Arthur beheld them kneeling there, he laughed with great joyfulness of spirit and bade them for to mount their horses again, for the time was passing by when there was much to do.

So they mounted their horses and rode away. And as they journeyed forward the king told them all that had befallen him, so that they were greatly amazed, and gave much acclaim unto the knightliness with which he had borne himself in those excellent adventures through which he had passed. And they rejoiced greatly that they had a king for to rule over them who was possessed of such a high and knightly spirit.

So they rode to that arm of the forest where King Arthur had left his horse and his armor.

And now ye shall hear the conclusion of these goodly adventures, so listen to what follows.

*(To be continued.)*

## NEWS NOTES.

*(From the Springville "Breeze.")*

WE'RE pleased to state that Mr. Wren  
And wife are back, and at the Eaves.

The Robins occupy again  
Their summer home at Maple Leaves.

The Garden restaurant reports  
A fresh supply of angleworms.

The Elms—that favorite of resorts—  
Has boughs to rent on easy terms.

We learn that Mrs. Early Bee  
Is still quite lame with frosted wings.

Ye Editor thanks Cherry Tree  
For sundry floral offerings.

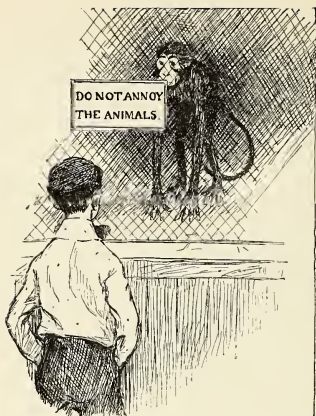
Down Cistern-way a water-spout  
Has been a source of active floods.

We hear of rumored comings out  
Of some of Springville's choicest buds.

In case you run across Green Lawn  
Don't wonder why he looks so queer.

'T is only that he 's undergone  
His first short hair-cut of the year.

*Edwin L. Sabin.*



THE NOTICE ON THE MONKEY'S CAGE.

FROM THE OUTSIDE.



FROM THE INSIDE.

## THE LETTERS OF THE PRINCE OF YOUBA AND THE PRINCE OF POMBA.

(Illustrations Drawn from Exhibits in the South Kensington Museum, London.)

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORVELL.

"Aw-w! Ow-w!"

The young Prince of Youba, being nothing but a little savage, yawned in this rude fashion.

"Aw-w! Ow-w! I will send to the Prince of Pomba to come and play with me."

He sent him this note:

ceived the note, and, having asked and received his royal father's permission, he sent this reply: I am drawn to you.

Fig 2 will show how he sent it.

The young Prince



FIG. 1.

I draw myself to you and would like to see you. I hope you will come immediately.

Fig. 1 will show how he sent it.

The Prince of Pomba smiled when he re-

ceived this reply, and pranced about, crying out:

"Good! He will come, and I shall not longer weary of myself."

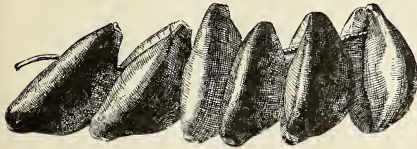
"I draw myself to you and would like to see you. I hope you will come immediately."

Then, as he was afraid the Prince of Pomba would not come as quickly as he wished, he sent another note to this effect:

I wish to see you. Do not delay in coming; but as the bird flies straight and quickly, so do you come as quickly, that I may see you face to face. When you come we will sit down and play together.

Fig. 3 will show how he sent it.

Now the young Prince of Pomba was as



*"I am drawn to you."*

FIG. 2.

impatient as was the Prince of Youba, but he could not help laughing when he received this communication. However, he answered at once by the following message:

Your plan pleases me. I agree. But the distance is great.

Fig. 4 will show how he sent it.

The moment the young Prince of Youba received this, he ran with it to his head nurse, calling out (as even royal boys will do):

"He is coming! Good! he is coming.

After a while the Prince of Pomba arrived, and for a short time his host treated him as an honored guest, and everything was delightful.

Presently the Prince of Pomba beat at the game of the Beans and the Board, which the young princes were playing, and the Prince of Youba was angry and made some very impolite remarks. The Prince of Pomba answered in a way to make matters worse, and finally threw the beans all over the ground and sprang up, saying angrily:

"I won't play. So, now!"

Then the Prince of Pomba and the Prince of Youba each waited for the other to say he was sorry for his rudeness; but neither would do this. So the Prince of Pomba sulked awhile, and then went and found his bearer, whom he ordered to take him home at once. But he still felt very much injured, and nothing would do

but that he must send a message to the young Prince of Youba to this effect:

You are a mean fellow!

Fig. 5. will show how he sent it.

The young Prince of Youba was angry at the Prince of Pomba, however, and, besides, was bent on making it seem that the latter was entirely at fault, so he sent this note:

You owed me kindness, and yet you have kicked against me. I will cast you off because you have treated me thus.

Fig. 6 will show how he sent it.

The Prince of Pomba, in the meantime having relieved his mind, had begun to feel sorry for what had happened, and the note of the young Prince of Youba made him fairly cry. He sat down at once, and composed this message:

I am sorry for what I have done. Let us be friends.

Fig. 7 will show how he sent it.

The Prince of Youba was ashamed of his actions, and was glad enough to have his friend take the first steps toward peace, but would not say it in so many words. What his message did say was:

Your words agree with my thoughts. Deceive me not, and I shall not deal doubly with you. This that you see is a piece of the mat that we sat upon together. I am anxiously waiting to hear from you.

Fig. 8 will show how he sent it.

And now the Prince of Youba and the Prince

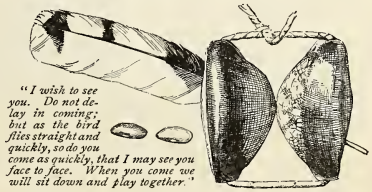


FIG. 3.

of Pomba have made up their quarrel, and are as good friends as ever.

#### THE EXPLANATION OF THE TWO PRINCES' MESSAGES.

COMMUNICATING ideas by means of symbols is a thing that has been and still is being done



by more than half of the savage peoples of the world. North American Indians used to send messages in this way, as anybody who has read Cooper's delightful *Leather-stocking Tales* will

a feather, the other knew that his friend wished to see his playfellow at once; for a feather always means haste. Then the Prince of Pomba had only to return the six cowries, meaning "your wish is mine."

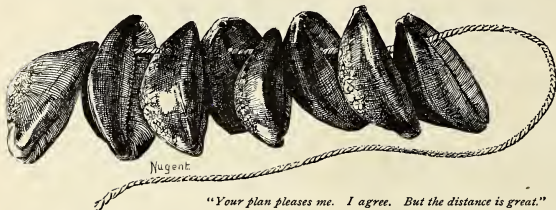


FIG. 4.

know. When Pizarro conquered Peru, he found that the Incas had kept a sort of history by an ingenious system of knotted strings.

The true symbolic writing, however, is that which consists in taking tangible objects and making them convey an unmistakable meaning. Of course certain objects, by frequent use for the same meaning, come to have a fixed significance; but the meaning of any message in symbols depends upon the relation the sender bears to the receiver. For example, if the Prince of Youba had been a young man, and the Prince of Pomba a young woman, and they had been lovers, the string of six cowry shells, all facing the

same way, which the former sent, would have been an offer of marriage; and the string of eight cowries, all facing the same way, which the latter returned by way of answer, would have been an acceptance.

So, when the young Prince of Youba wished to send a message to the young Prince of Pomba

he had no difficulty in doing so, although he had only cowry shells, feathers, bits of cord, beans, pieces of spice, and the shred of a mat. When he sent a string of six cowries to the Prince of Pomba, the latter, being his playmate, knew that the sender meant he was drawn to the receiver as one playmate to another. And because the Prince of Youba added

should come as a bird would come—straight and quickly. But, as a further incentive to speed, the young Prince of Youba added to these symbols two beans, which could mean but one thing: "When you come we will sit down and play together the game of the Beans and the Board."

When the Prince of Pomba answered by sending eight cowries turned the same way, it meant that the plan proposed was a pleasing one, and that he was willing to do as he was asked. But the Prince of Pomba lived some distance from the Prince of Youba, and he wished the latter to remember that, and not be impatient if he was some time in coming; so he sent a long piece of cord with the eight cowries, because a long string always means a long road or distance.

Two cowries placed with their curved surfaces looking outward convey the idea that the sender is angry and wishes to reprove his correspondent; and therefore it was that when the Prince of Pomba wished to tell the Prince of Youba that he was a mean fellow, he sent the two cowries placed with their faces out.

An odd number of cowries always indicates

When two cowries have their curved surfaces face to face they mean, very obviously, a desire to see the person to whom they are sent, face to face. A feather added would mean a desire to see quickly, and that the person so addressed

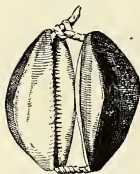


FIG. 5.

"You are a mean fellow!"



"You owed me kindness, and yet you have kicked against me. I will cast you off because you have treated me thus."

FIG. 6.

some sort of unpleasantness, and so the Prince of Youba, being in a bad humor, sent *three* cowries to the Prince of Pomba, because custom gave to that number the meaning that the person addressed had been guilty of ingratitude in quarreling, and was, consequently, the one in fault.

Then there was the answer of the Prince of Pomba of six cowries with their curved surfaces face

to face. If two cowries face to face mean a friendly feeling and a desire to meet, then six face to face would be three times as strong a feeling, and the Prince of Youba would know that the Prince of Pomba was sorry and wished to be friends again.

The Prince of Youba's answer to that message was a string on which were eight cowries all turned one way, a piece of spice, a shred of a mat, and a feather. See, now, how easily that is interpreted: The eight cowries mean agreement, the spice means a pleasant sensation, a thing of which one may be assured by burning the spice, the shred of mat is a re-

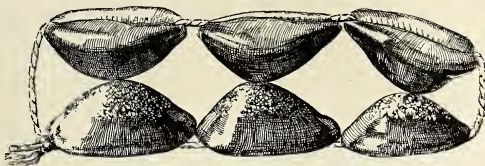
we sat upon." Feather, "Haste"; or, "I am anxiously waiting to hear from you."

Of course there are many other objects used to convey other meanings. For example, if a savage wakes up some morning and finds a knife and a spear on the threshold of his hut, he knows that his life is in danger from some enemy, who is, however, willing to give him time to run away.

Sometimes novel symbols are sent, and then the receiver must exercise his ingenuity to study out the meaning. Thus one man received from his brother a stone wrapped up in some rags. He puzzled over the symbols for a while, and then decided that this was his brother's meaning:

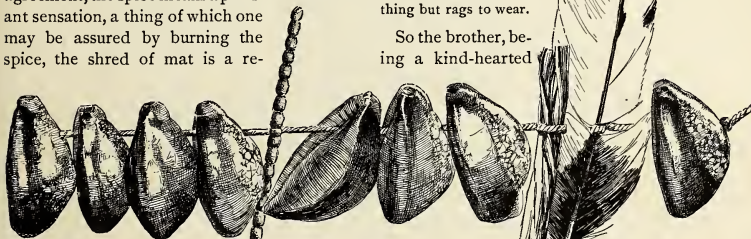
I have nothing but stones to eat, and nothing but rags to wear.

So the brother, being a kind-hearted



*"I am sorry for what I have done. Let us be friends."*

FIG. 7.



*"Your words agree with my thoughts. with you. This that you see is a piece of anxiously waiting to hear from you."*

*Deceive me not, and I shall not deal doubly the mat that we sat upon together. I am*

FIG. 8.

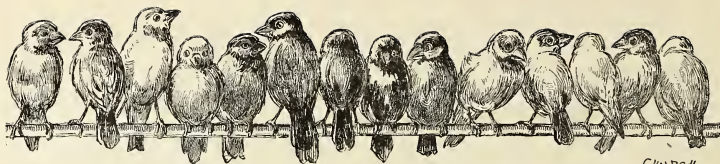
minder of the happy times they passed with each other, and the feather, as before, means haste.

Eight cowries turned one way, "Your words agree with my feeling." Spice, "Something to be depended on"; or, "Deceive me not and I will not deal doubly with you." Shred of mat, "This that you see is a piece of the mat that

man, promptly sent back a grain of corn and a feather, which was the same thing as saying:

I will send you something to eat at once.

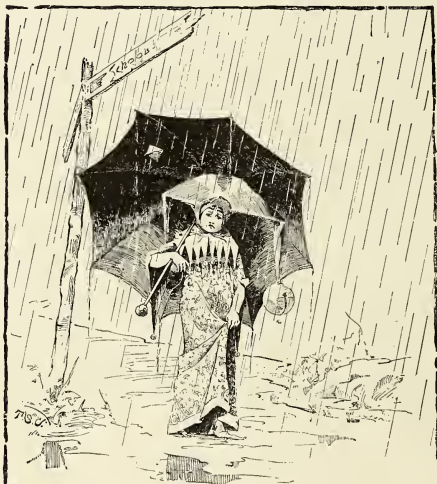
The smile on the hungry man's face as he received this showed that he perfectly understood the message.



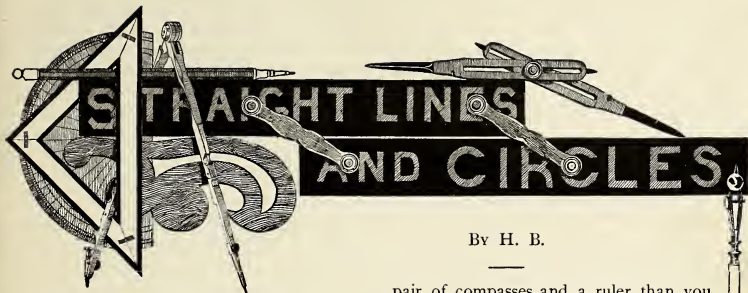
“HEARD THE NEWS?”

A LITTLE bird sat on a telegraph wire,  
And said to his mates, “I declare,  
If wireless telegraphy comes into vogue  
We ’ll all have to sit on the air.”

*McLandburgh Wilson.*



Here's a little April Fool,  
Who is on her way to school,  
As it's easy for to see by her  
Looks, Looks, Looks.  
And I'd even dare to say  
That she'd rather go and play  
Than to fill her mind with knowledge from her  
Books, Books, Books.



By H. B.

Most of our young readers know that every color and tint that has ever been, or ever can be, produced, is either red, yellow, or blue, or some combination of these three primary colors. But did you ever stop to think that the outlines of every form or shape or design or pattern or picture, no matter how complicated, is nothing but straight lines or parts of circles?

Partly to gratify the wish to learn to draw in a short time, without much study, a mechanical method of producing different expressions in the human face, based upon the above truth, is here suggested. But, besides the amusement and entertainment to be derived from it, girls and boys will find that a little familiarity with the use of what I call the "mechanical alphabet" will give them some definite knowledge of facial expression. Whenever you hear some one say, "I cannot draw even a straight line," you may with a pencil, ruler, and paper prove how mistaken is the person who makes such an assertion.

If you place the ruler upon the paper, the line drawn along the edge of the ruler must necessarily be straight. Do not think the use of the compass and rule inartistic. Question any professional artist upon this subject, and he will most likely tell you that he uses any methods by which he can best accomplish his purpose. If he wants a perfectly straight line or a perfectly true circle, he will use the ruler or compasses to make it.

But some of you may think it impossible to draw a picture using only straight lines and circles. More can be done with the aid of a

pair of compasses and a ruler than you will believe until you have experimented. We may *think* we cannot do a certain thing, but we do not *know* that we cannot until we have made the attempt, and failed.

"Faith, an' I don't know; I niver thried!" exclaimed Paddy, when asked if he could play the fiddle.

We may laugh at Paddy's conceit, but if we were not so easily frightened out of trying, we would accomplish more than we do.

Many an artist has lived and died without touching a brush or a pencil; many a poet has plodded through life working over accounts or at the work-bench; many a musician has lived a barren, uneventful life because the technical skill to bring out his greatest possibilities has not been acquired. But do not suppose that any one can, without hard work, reach an exalted position in art.

The would-be art student who says, "I do not expect to learn to paint great pictures, but I should like to be able to sketch 'free-hand' well enough to dash off something brilliant and telling," does not know of the years of hard labor, careful study, and close application that have enabled the artist to produce those telling, hasty little sketches.

Nevertheless, the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, by following the instructions here given, can all learn to draw well enough to afford amusement to themselves and others.

As a first step toward making the outline of a head, draw two straight lines with the aid of your ruler, crossing each other at right angles.



(See Fig. 1, Diagram A.) Next take your compasses, and with the point on the spot where the two lines cross at D, and with the pencil (or pen) point of the compasses starting from the horizontal line at B, draw a half-circle up-

Rub out all the superfluous lines used in the construction, first drawing a horizontal line across the figure at exactly half the distance from A to I (Fig. 6). This is called the median line, and it would run horizontally through the eyes; the nose is placed at about half the distance from eyes to chin, and the mouth a little nearer to

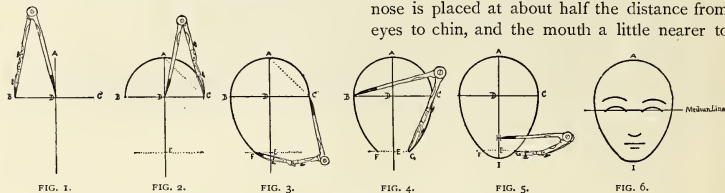


DIAGRAM A.

ward across the vertical line until it touches the horizontal line again at C, as shown in Fig. 2. This will give the top of the head. To draw the sides, take the distance A C with the compasses, and lay it off downward from point D

the nose than to the chin. Having the outline of a head, let us fill in the features in their positions.

The alphabet of expression is a system of lines, made with rule and compasses, which, when placed in proper position on the face

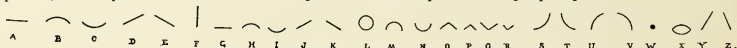


DIAGRAM B. AN ALPHABET OF EXPRESSION.

on the vertical line, and it will give you D E. At E draw a line parallel with B C. Now, with a radius C B draw the curved line B F (Fig. 3), which completes one side of the head. The other side is similarly drawn, by taking B as a center, and with the same radius, drawing

oval, represent the features and the lines of the face by which you are enabled at once to express the different emotions.

The same letters may be put to different uses, as shown by the following:

For the eyebrows the letters A B C D and E;



DIAGRAM C, SHOWING THE ALPHABET OF EXPRESSION IN OUTLINES; AND IN FINISHED DRAWINGS.

the arc C G (Fig. 4). To make the lower part, or chin, lay off, on the vertical line, E H equal to E F (Fig. 5), and with H as a center and a radius H F, draw the arc F I G, and the head, or rather the face oval, will be finished.

for the eyes the letters G H I J K L M N and X; for the nose the letters G H I M N P and R; for the mouth the letters A B C L O Q and X. For the lines of the cheeks extending from the nose to the corners of the mouth the letters S T U

v y and z are used; F is used as a line on the forehead between the brows; w is the eyeball.

When drawing in this alphabet be careful to keep the relative lengths of the eyebrows, eyes, nose, and mouth. One example will be enough to explain the arrangement of the letters, or features, on the face. For this purpose we will use Fig. 3, in Diagram D — a jolly face. Here you will find B and B are the eyebrows, L and L the eyes, with the eyeball w in the center of each. Under each eye, to represent the elevation of

head in which the general character and directions of the governing lines have been preserved.

Diagrams D and E are given to show some of the different emotions that can be expressed, or rather how the expression of the different emotions may be represented by certain arrangements of the alphabet in the face oval, combining some of those shown in Diagram C; and further to show what a decided change of expression a very little alteration of the direction

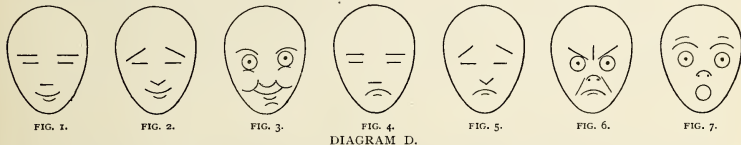


DIAGRAM D.

the cheeks when laughing, is placed the curved line H; I is the nose and c the mouth; for the under lip I is again used, and under this we find H, the upper curve of the chin, which helps to express the emotion; while the cheek-lines extending from each side of the nose and touching each corner of the mouth are represented by s and r.

From this explanation it will be easy to find the different letters used in all the face ovals shown. It is not always necessary to follow

of even two lines will make. For instance, in Diagram D compare Fig. 1 with Fig. 2, and Fig. 4 with Fig. 5. It will be seen that although only the direction (not the character of the lines) of the brows is altered, the expressions are radically different.

The anatomy of all faces is similar, the same muscles are present in all, and in all faces the same muscles are limited to the same movements. Now, although great masters in art will undoubtedly tell you that the representation of

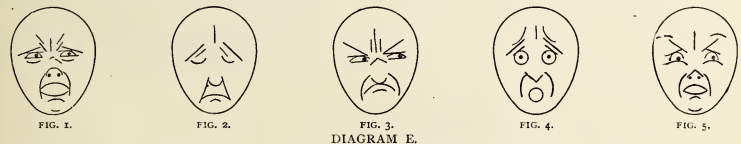


DIAGRAM E.

exactly the letters here given, as, for instance, c I and N can often be used interchangeably.

In the upper part of Diagram C the features in each separate figure are made with lines all of one character. Those in Fig. 1 are composed entirely of horizontal lines; in Fig. 2 of raised curves; in Fig. 3 of depressed lines and angles; in Fig. 4 of down curves; in Fig. 5 of lines and angles; while those in Fig. 6 are represented by circles only. To show that this system, when carried out, gives a definite character to the face, over a tracing of each one of the figures in Diagram C there has been made a sketch of a

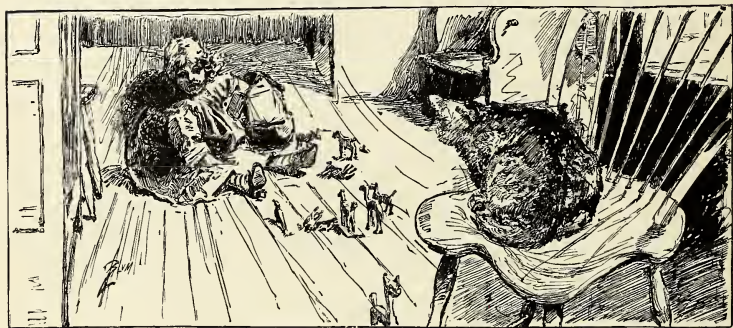
expressions is only arrived at through the feeling of the artist, and is too subtle a matter to be put into any set of rules, yet the fact remains that the expression of emotion is produced by the movements of the muscles of the face, and that these muscles and their movements are limited. Therefore, if a boy with a keen mind and a thorough knowledge of anatomy would study the different expressions of the face excited by the different emotions, he would find that such rules as are here given would at least be of considerable assistance to him in learning to draw.

## Noah's Ark.

Oh bring my Noah's Ark to me ;  
Fol the diddle , and fol the dee !  
The beasts are all asleep I see ;  
Fol the diddle , and fol the dee !



We'll wake them up, and make them play ;  
Fol the diddle , and fol the da !  
And bears shall growl, and nags shall neigh ;  
Fol the diddle , and fol the da !



Lions and leopards, and camels come ;  
Fol the diddle , and fol the dum !  
Some I like , and I don't like some ;  
Fol the diddle , and fol the dum !

Horse and hound , and cat and crow ,  
Fol the diddle , and fol the do !  
Into your Noah's Ark you go ;  
Fol the diddle , and fol the do !

## A RACE AND A RESCUE.\*

BY ELEANOR GATES.

"WHAT 'RE you doin' under there?" asked the biggest brother, looking beneath the canopied bed, where the little girl was lying on her back, her feet braced at right angles to the loose board slats above her.

There was no answer, but the broad counterpane of bright calico squares that, by its heaving, had betrayed her presence, became suddenly still.

"Because," continued the biggest brother, "I'm goin' to the station this afternoon with the blue mare and the buckboard. And if you are n't doin' anything and want to go along, just slide out and meet me on the corn road."

He exchanged his gingham jumper for a coat at the elk antlers in the entry, and left the house. When his whistle was swallowed up by the barn, the little girl crept stealthily from her hiding-place, changed her apron, and, under cover of the kitchen, hurried eastward to the oat-field. Having gained it, she turned north, crouching low as she ran.

When the buckboard rolled along the corn road, the little girl stepped out of the field and climbed to the seat at the driver's side. Neither she nor the biggest brother spoke, but, as the blue mare jogged on, she took the reins from him and chirruped gaily to the horse, with an inward wish that, instead of being in the buckboard, she were free of it and on the blue mare's back. The mare made poor progress when she was hitched between shafts, since she was not a trotter, and reached her best gait under a saddle. But this was known to the little girl alone, for the big brothers never went faster than a canter, and would have scolded her if they had guessed how rapidly, on each trip to the station, the horse was ridden.

The little girl usually started for town in the early afternoon, as the biggest brother had that

day. In this way the local passenger-train passed her, going east, when the trip was half over. As the engine came in sight, the little girl urged the mare to a slow gallop, and, as the cow-catcher got abreast, gave her a sharp cut that sent her forward beside the train. And so swift was the high-strung horse that she was never left behind until a long stretch of road had been covered. The little girl liked best, however, to start the race at the outer edge of the broad meadow that lay west of the station, because, by acquiring speed before the engine came on a line with her, she could ride up to the depot with the rear car.

The almost daily brush with the train was seemingly as much enjoyed by the blue mare as by her rider. With the engine's roar in her ears and its smoke in her nostrils, she sped on, neck and neck with the iron horse. When the train was still far behind she would begin to curvet and take the bit between her teeth. After the first few contests, she needed no whip. The little girl had only to slacken the reins and let her go, and she would scamper into the station, covered with dust and foam from her flashing eyes to her flying feet.

While the little girl was thinking over her exciting rides, the biggest brother had turned in his seat and was mournfully looking back at the farm. The year had been a disastrous one. The hot air of a chinook had swept the prairies in the late winter, thawing all the drifts except those in sheltered gullies, and giving a false message to the sleeping ground.

Lack of moisture had stunted the growing crops, the sun had baked the ground under them, and every stem and blade had been scorched.

Around the fields the brittle grass sloped down to the shrinking sloughs, where the muskrat houses stood high and dry, stranded on the

\* See page 574.



cracked swamp-beds like beached boats. The river, for weeks a wide-spread, muddy stream, was now but a chain of trickling pools. Drought was abroad with its withering hand, and the landscape lay bared and brown.

But frost, sun, and winds had not been the only scourges. Potato-bugs had settled upon the long patch that was bordered by the reservation road; cutworms had destroyed all the melons; cabbage-lice and squash-bugs had besieged the garden, attended by caterpillars; and grasshoppers by the millions had hopped across the farm, devouring as they went and leaving disaster behind them.

The hot wind that bent the stunted grass beside the road reminded the biggest brother of every catastrophe of the year, and he cried out angrily to it. "Oh, blow! blow! blow!" he scolded, and, reaching over, gave the blue mare a slap with the reins to relieve his feelings. It started her into a smart trot, and she soon topped the ridge along which the track ran. Then the little girl headed her toward the station.

"It only needs a fire to finish the whole thing up," said the biggest brother, ruefully eying the prairie. "The country 's as dry as tinder. And our place is n't plowed around half well enough. If a blaze should happen to come down on us"—he shook his head gravely.

As if in answer to his words, there came from behind them a gust of hot air that carried with it the smell of burning grass. He faced to the rear with an exclamation of alarm and, shading his face, peered back along the rails. "Catch that?" he asked excitedly. "There *is* a fire somewhere; it 's behind us. And the wind 's in the west!"

The little girl sprang to her feet, the buckboard still going, and also looked behind. "Why, I can see smoke," she said.

She pointed to where a dark haze, like shattered thunder-clouds, was rising from the skyline.

"It 's been set by that confounded engine," declared the biggest brother. He seized the reins and brought the blue mare to a stop.

The little girl stood upon the seat, holding his hand to steady herself. "Don't you think

we 'd better drive home?" she questioned anxiously.

"Well, I don't know," he replied. "Seems to me that the smoke 's gettin' thicker awful fast. We don't notice it much because the sun 's so bright. But it 's hardly more 'n eight or ten miles away, and comin' like the mischief. It could make the farm ahead of us. We 'll just get on to the back-fire at the station and keep from gettin' singed."

They sat silent for a moment. Then the biggest brother turned about and clucked to the blue mare. But the little girl continued to squint against the sun until, in descending into a draw, the black haze behind was lost to view.

The biggest brother kept the blue mare at a good gait, and the road, with its narrow strip of weedy grass down the center, flew by under the bouncing buckboard. Soon the long, gradual incline leading up from the ravine was climbed. At its top, on a high bench, the horse halted for breath. Both the biggest brother and the little girl at once rose to their feet. As they did so they uttered a cry.

A moving wall of animals, that stretched far to north and south, could be seen heading swiftly toward them from beyond the river bluffs. They heard the sound of thousands of hoofs, like the ceaseless roll of dulled drums, and across the black level of the wall they saw a bank of smoke, into which leaped tongues of flame.

Without losing a second, the biggest brother began to urge on the blue mare. The black-snake whip was missing from its place in the buckboard, so he used the ends of the reins. He saw that the wind, which had been brisk all day, was now redoubled in strength, increased by another that found its source in the advancing fire. He wondered if he had not better unhitch and let the horse carry them both, abandoning the buckboard to its fate on the road. Yet he feared to lose any time, and, reflecting that perhaps the spirited creature would refuse to carry the two, he decided to hurry on without making the change. As the mare responded to the rein ends, something like a prayer moved his dry, firm-set lips. For he knew that they

were threatened not only by a conflagration, but by a mad stampede.

"The local will be along in about half an hour," said the little girl, speaking for the first time since their dread discovery. "Do you think the fire will stop it?"

The biggest brother laughed uneasily. "No," he replied, "it'll go right through the fire; but the cattle will pitch it off the track if they get in front of it."

The little girl faced around to watch the oncoming rout, and the biggest brother renewed his urging of the blue mare. But he was not satisfied with the horse's speed. She was acting strangely, wavering from side to side as if she were anxious to turn, at the same time keeping her head high and whinnying nervously.

"You know what 's comin'," the biggest brother said to her between his teeth; "and you'd go back if I'd let you."

With a shout the little girl called his attention from the mare. He turned to look in the direction of her shaking finger. What he saw blanched his dripping face. From a point on the prairie where he knew the farm-house stood were ascending several dense, black funnels!

The line of flying animals had now crossed the farm. The blaze seemed to be at the very flanks of the herd, licking up the dry weeds and grass from under their speeding feet. The biggest brother groaned as his eye swept the oncoming panic.

He forgot for a moment the danger to those at home and the terrible loss that, doubtless, had been visited upon them, in the thought of the impending fate of himself and the little girl. "They'll be plump on us in no time," he muttered, and, kneeling at the dashboard, he again urged the mare with voice and whip.

A bare three miles ahead lay the meadow beyond which was the town and safety. The thundering host behind, at the rate it was coming, would catch them before they reached it.

In a terribly short space the stampede rushed up the bench and came on, a dense mass, horn-ing and shouldering wildly. It was soon so close that the horses could be distinguished from the cattle. Then it gained on the buck-

board to such an extent that the little girl could make out, through the smoke and dust that whirled before it, animals that she knew. But they were changed. Was that old Kate, the cultivator mare, with bulging eyes and lolling tongue? And that young Liney, the favorite daughter of a well-loved mother? And that Napoleon's dusky son, Dan, near the rails? Even above the sound of their feet and the roar of the fire, she could hear them bawling from weariness and fear as they charged ruthlessly on toward the buckboard.

The blue mare was failing in her stride and acting more obstinately than ever. Now to the right, now to the left, she turned, and it was with difficulty that the biggest brother kept her in the road.

Beside him, quiet and brave, sat the little girl. A spot of scarlet showed on either cheek, her eyes were alight, her figure tense. If she felt any terror, she did not show it. She knew how rapidly the blue mare could travel, and she trusted her pet to bring them to safety.

As the buckboard struck the meadow road, the biggest brother gave a hurried glance over his shoulder to see how far behind was the herd. "Never saw so many animals all together in my life," he said. "They'll trample us sure if they catch us."

A cry burst from him in dismay as a huge, burning tumbleweed, as high as a wagon-wheel and as round, rolled through a gap in the stampede and whirled past them, lighting the grass as it sped. A second and a third followed. Soon a dozen brands had shot forward, heralding the crackling fiend behind. The blue mare shied wildly when the weeds came close, and each time the buckboard almost capsized. She was lagging more than ever, as if waiting for the animals that were not a quarter-mile away.

There was fire all around now, and smoke and cinders floated over the biggest brother and the little girl, choking them and shutting out the view of the road ahead. The wind, as it brushed by, seemed to sear their faces with its torrid breath. And now the flying animals were upon them.

A long-horned steer collided with a hind wheel and a horse came dashing against the

blue mare. The biggest brother guided the buckboard nearer the rails to avoid the horse and reached round to beat with his hat the steer's nose, which was thrust almost against the seat. "They'll trample us, they'll trample us!" he cried, and he seized the little girl about the shoulders and thrust her in front of him. "Drive," he commanded. Then he climbed back over the seat and furiously kicked out at the animals lunging upon the buckboard.

But he could as easily have stopped the pursuing fire, which was in the meadow and was house-high; for, with those in the rear pressing them on at every bound, the leaders could not slacken their course. He saw that there was but one thing to be done: increase the speed before the buckboard was run down. "Oh, why did n't I unhitch?" he cried miserably as he climbed back to the little girl's side.

Forgetful of danger, she was whipping the blue mare with all her strength. The mare was traveling as fast as the herd now, and the station was in sight despite the drifting dust and smoke. Before them lay the black stretch at which the fire must stop, and where, if the blue mare could be brought to a standstill behind a building or a waiting car, there was succor from death. Yet hope—with the herd upon them and the fire closer, hotter, and deadlier—was almost gone. The biggest brother, in a very final frenzy of desperation, joined his efforts to those of the little girl, and pounded the blue mare and the crowding stock repeatedly with his naked fists.

But suddenly another surprise entered into that run for life. The roar behind them became louder, swelled to deafening, and surged to their ears like a long, deep boom of thunder. And then, with a shriek that seemed to divide the smoke and dust, the train plunged through the cloud across her track and came even with the blue mare's muzzle.

In that moment, worn with her five miles' gallop, it was the only thing that could have spurred her on. Her eyes were bulging from lack of breath. Her sides, streaked with lather, no longer responded to the scourge of the rein ends. But, with the engine abreast, the desire to worst it, long nurtured by the little girl, set

her into a wilder pace. With a snort, she gathered herself together.

The buckboard, tossing from side to side on the uneven meadow, gained instantly on the herd and passed to the front once more. The engine had distanced it, yet the blue mare did not slacken. The biggest brother and the little girl, torn between hope and fear, yelled at her encouragingly. Breathing heavily, she strained every muscle to obey.

Another moment and the engine was on the burnt strip; another, and the last car reached it; a third, and the blue mare's feet struck it, and she scurried into the lee of the depot to let the animals behind her divide and charge by through the town.

The biggest brother, as soon as the blue mare had been tenderly cared for, hired a livery horse and started homeward. The little girl accompanied him, her face, like his, still streaked with dust and cinders. Neither spoke as the bare, smutty meadow was crossed. They only looked ahead to where smoke was rising slowly, ten miles away to the west. They were spent with excitement, but their thoughts were on their mother and brothers, the house surrounded by a straw-strewn yard, the line of stacks behind the barn, the board granaries, the fields dry and ready for the match.

At last, with a shout of joy, the biggest brother made out the farm-house; with an unhappy cry he announced the burning of the stacks. And when the buckboard came still nearer, they could see that the granaries were gone, and that all the sod buildings were roofless and open to the blurred sky, while on every side—the corn-field alone breaking the vista—lay the blackened fields.

The reunion was a happy one in spite of the loss of the grain and the buildings.

"Mother," said the biggest brother, patting her shoulder softly, "we've got the house and the farm left, remember. We've got one another, too." He paused a moment. Before he spoke again he gave a little laugh, and all looked up at him in surprise. "What's more," he went on, "there is n't a caterpillar or cucumber-bug or potato-bug or cabbage-louse, and best of all, a plagued grasshopper within a hundred miles!"

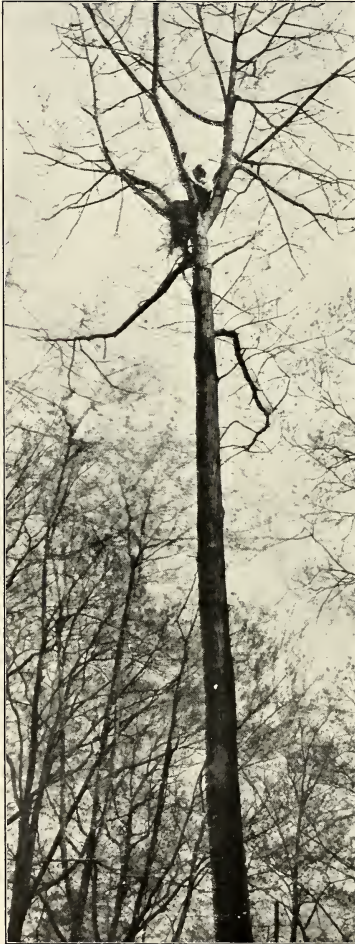


"AND THEN, WITH A SHRIEK THAT SEEMED TO DIVIDE THE SMOKE AND DUST, THE TRAIN  
CAME EVEN WITH THE BLUE MARE'S MUZZLE."



## MY FIRST HAWK'S NEST.

BY ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES.



"I SAT DOWN BESIDE THE NEST, AND MY BROTHER TOOK MY PHOTOGRAPH." (SEE PAGE 548.)

It was a red-letter day in my bird-nesting experience when I found my first hawk's nest. It was a rainy April afternoon, and I was wading knee-deep in a Connecticut swamp, on the lookout for crows' or hawks' nests in the high trees which towered above me. As I splashed about, with my feet in the water and my eyes on the tree-tops, I caught sight of a mass of dark sticks in the upper part of a tall chestnut-tree. I knew that it was a nest, but whether it belonged to a crow or a hawk, I could not tell at that distance. But on going closer, and looking at it through a field-glass, I could see the tail-feathers of a bird sticking out over the edge; not the black tail-feathers of a crow, but the black-and-white-barred ones of a red-shouldered hawk.

The next question was, how to get up there. The nest was fully sixty feet from the ground, and the first branch was over fifty feet up. But I must at least try, so I threw off my waterproof and started to "shin up." It was very hard work though, for my hands were wet, and the bark was slippery from the rain. I managed to get up about forty feet, and then I decided that I did n't care about seeing any hawk's eggs that day. The tree was so slippery that I could n't get a safe hold, so I was obliged to slide to the ground as best I could. But I was determined to try again on the first fine day. I simply could n't sleep for thinking of those eggs.

So, early on the following Saturday morning, my brother and I set out for the swamp, determined to reach the nest if we could, and, if possible, take a photograph of it. We took with us, besides the camera, a ball of twine, a coil of rope, and a little basket containing our luncheon.

When we reached the tree one of the birds was upon the nest; but presently she flew off, and, alighting on a near-by tree, sat shaking and preening her plumage.

I was dressed for the occasion. I had on a white sweater, a pair of corduroy knickerbockers, and two pairs of thick woolen stock-

ings. The latter precaution will be appreciated by every boy who has scratched his legs shining up a rough tree.

Stuffing the ball of twine into my hip pocket, I was ready for the ascent. My brother good-naturedly stooped down, close to the trunk, and allowed me to mount on his shoulders, and then, straightening to his full height, he lifted me up nearly six feet. I told him he

the angry hawks swept past within an inch of my head. It was lucky for me that I did "hold tight," for had I lost my grip on the tree in the excitement of the moment, there was nothing to save me. Twice again, before I reached the nest, the bird swooped down unpleasantly close to my face.

By the time I reached the first branch I was somewhat out of breath, so I sat down for a



THE HAWK'S NEST AND EGGS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR.)

was very good *as far as he went*, and I only wished that he went a little farther. There was now a straight "shin" of about fifty feet, and I went to work. Gripping the bark with my hands, knees, and toes, I gradually hoisted myself up, a foot at a time. I had gone about forty feet when my brother suddenly shouted "hold tight," and the next instant there was a rush of air on my face, as one of

minute or two. In the meantime my brother made ready to take one picture from the ground. I now stood up, and seizing one of the branches above, lifted myself into the nest. There I found two bright-eyed little hawks, covered with soft white down, and two large white eggs, scantily speckled with reddish-brown. The old hawks were sailing in circles far up against the blue, uttering their cry of

*keé-you, keé-you.* I sat down beside the nest, and taking up one of the eggs, held it aloft in my hand. As I did so my brother took my photograph.

Lowering one end of the ball of twine, by the weight of a stick from the hawk's nest, I soon drew up the coil of rope, and then the camera.

Climbing a little higher up, I lashed the camera firmly to a branch, with the lens pointing directly into the nest. I focused it, and then waited patiently for the young hawks to be still. I had expected to photograph eggs only, and had no fast plates with me. But the little rascals kept twisting their heads first in one direction and then in another, until

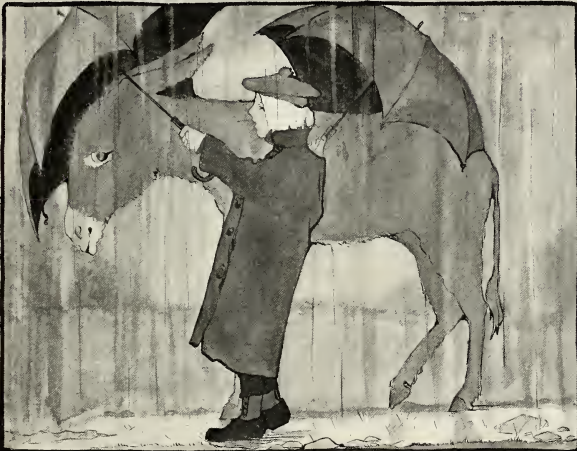
I was obliged to put them into our lunch-basket and lower them to my brother. I was then able to take the photograph of the nest and eggs, which accompanies this story. After taking the photograph I drew up the basket and replaced the young birds in the nest.

If any of the boys or girls who have read this story would like to see exactly what the baby hawks looked like, they can do so by paying a visit to the Museum of Natural History in New York. There they will find, a little to the right of the Seventy-seventh Street entrance, a glass case containing a group, as natural as life, of red-shouldered hawks, representing the old birds feeding the downy young ones in the nest.

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### IN APRIL DAYS.





# APRIL.



## A NONSENSE CALENDAR.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

THE Donkey is the dumbest beast  
In all the world, from West to East;  
He is as stubborn as a mule,  
Of animals the April Fool.

The stupid donkey has n't brains  
Enough to go in when it rains;  
And that is why, for hours and hours,  
He wanders round in April showers.

So, lest the donkey should catch cold,  
Umbrellas over him I hold;  
And wonder, as I cross the pool,  
Which of us is the April Fool?

WELLS ILLUSTRATED





OUR Baby sat upon his mother's knee,  
 And looked his Book of Animals all through,  
 Hailing each picture with a keen delight,  
 And naming every animal he knew.

But Baby's names were very strange and queer;  
 I fear that naturalists, though wise and grave,

In searching through their books would fail to find  
 That wondrous list of names the Baby gave.

For instance, first he named the bold "Gee-gee";  
 Next came a "Hee-haw"; then a small "Bow-wow";  
 The "Quack-quacks" white in waddling flocks were seen,  
 While "Cluck-cluck" was pursued by a "Meow"!

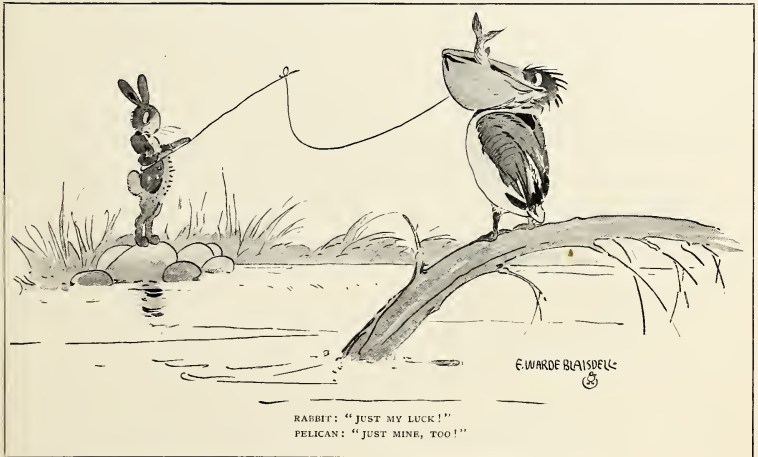
Beside a "Grunt-grunt" fat a "Moo-moo" stood;  
 Around were "Cheep-cheeps," and a "Gobble," too;  
 While in the distance fed some white "Baabaas,"  
 Perched on a fence stood "Cockadoodle-doo."

Suppose that Baby, as a circus man,  
 Could place these curiosities on view!  
 His puzzling posters would attract a crowd  
 To see the Quack-quack and the wild Moo-moo;





And all the creatures Baby loves so well  
 Would form in line as if on dress parade,  
 And on our lawn in chorus would unite  
 Their voices in the Baby's serenade!



RABBIT: "JUST MY LUCK!"  
 PELICAN: "JUST MINE, TOO!"



"Now their attention is turning toward the life of outdoors. And there is a gladness about it that is shared by all creatures, from fowls to horses. The young folks on the farm share in this."

#### GETTING READY FOR SUMMER.

NATURE divides the year into two principal seasons—the hot, that we call summer, with active life; and the cold, that we call winter, with dormant or low activity of life. We have seen (on page 168 of *Nature and Science* for December, 1902) that autumn is a preparer for winter, and that at its close, or in the early part of December, everything is ready for the approaching cold season and the hibernation or "sleep" of plants and animals.

In that part of the year which we call spring, and which is a preface or preparer for the warm weather, we may almost everywhere observe a starting into activity—a getting ready for summer. This is especially true of April. At the farmhouse, in the fields, in the meadows, in the swamps, everything is preparing for warm weather. The barn has been dear to sheep, calves, cattle, horses during the winter, but now their attention is turning toward the life of outdoors. And there



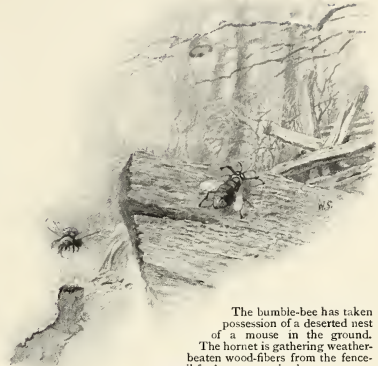
THE FLICKER.

"Now I hear and see him louder and nearer on the top of the long-armed white oak."

is a gladness about it, a gladness that is shared by all creatures, from fowls to horses. The young folks on the farm share in this.

Living things out of doors are becoming joyous, too. Everything in the fields is glad, from the hyla, our "preacher of spring," to the bluebird, the "angel of spring." But it is the flicker that is most clamorous in his happiness. The hyla chatters with a shrill voice; the bluebird—what does he have to say on the subject? Some one has translated it, *Tru-el-ly, tru-el-ly, spring is here.*

But the jubilant flicker! How shall we express his spring joy? Thoreau has succeeded the best in this. Here is his description: "The note of the first flicker . . . is as when a family, your neighbors, return to an empty house after a long absence, and you hear the cheerful hum of voices and the laughter of children, and see the smoke from the kitchen fire. The doors are thrown open, and children go screaming through the hall. So the flicker dashes through the



The bumble-bee has taken possession of a deserted nest of a mouse in the ground. The hornet is gathering weather-beaten wood-fibers from the fence-rail for her nest up in the tree.

aisles of the grove, throws up a window here, and cackles out of it, and then there, airing the house. He makes his voice ring upstairs and downstairs, and so, as it were, fits it for his habitation and ours, and takes possession. It is as good as a house-warming to all nature. Now I hear and see him louder and nearer on the top of the long-armed white oak, sitting very upright, as is their wont, as it were calling to some of his kind that may also have arrived."

A low and harmonious strain to this joyous music of getting ready for summer is added by the insects. Here and there a queen of the hornets that has been "sleeping" in some snug place during the winter is now preparing to start a new nest in the trees, or under the eaves of some old building. The yellow-jackets chime in with a warning *z-e-e-z-e-e* as they investigate the stumps or the crevices in the wall or the stone-pile in the field. The deep humming that makes you dodge and duck your head is the song of the bumble-bee queen, sailing above the grass, or above the clumps of mosses as she searches for a deserted mouse nest, or some such cool retreat where she may prepare her summer home.



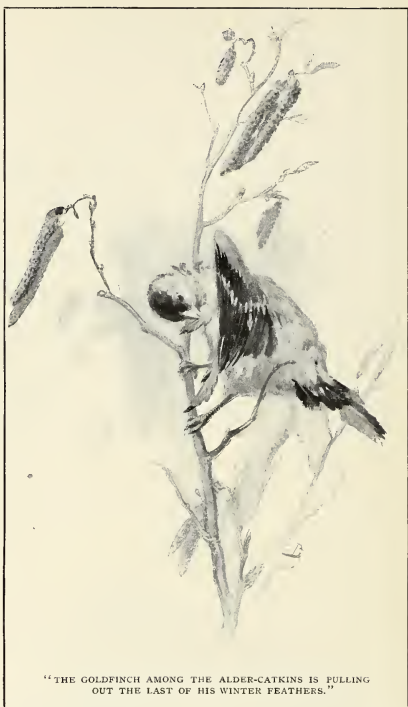
What noble work is plowing, with the broad and solid earth for material, the ox for fellow-laborer, and the simple but efficient plow for tool. Work that is not done in any shop in a cramped position, work that tells, that concerns all men, which the sun shines and the rain falls on, and the birds sing over. You turn over the whole vegetable mold, expose how many grubs, and put a new aspect on the face of the earth! It comes pretty near to making a world; redeeming a swamp does, at any rate. A plowman, we all know, whistles as he drives his team ahead.—THOREAU.



Thus everything in nature is happy. Even the farmer and his workmen whistle or sing as they go about the fields and engage in plowing, "fixing fences," or other spring work.

"See what a funny animal that is, that just dodged into the wall. There, he's out again, on that pile of stones under the old tree." "Is n't he villainous-looking! And what an absurd coat!" This strange example of getting-ready-for-summer may often be seen by our young folks who live in the northern part of our country. It is the weasel's changing from the white ermine of winter to the brown of summer. I wonder if he knows how ridiculous he looks with neither a winter nor a summer coat, but a sort of "between-seasons" coat. But we'll excuse him, for we're all getting ready for summer.

Yes, even our goldfinch among the alder-catkins is pulling out the last of his winter feathers. Now he is to have a bright yellow in place of that soiled brownish white underneath. This is the "change that transforms the bird from a



"THE GOLDFINCH AMONG THE ALDER-CATKINS IS PULLING OUT THE LAST OF HIS WINTER FEATHERS."



THE WEASEL.

In summer the weasel's fur is a peculiar shade of soft, reddish-brown, and in spring and fall the blending of white with brown gives a curiously pied and mottled appearance, the tail at such times being divided in sections of brown, white, and black.—*American Animals.*

somber Puritan into the gayest of cavaliers, and seems wonderfully to exalt his spirit."

Our young people will recall that the bobolink also makes a very conspicuous change of coat for spring and early summer:

Look, what a nice new coat is mine;  
Sure there was never a bird so fine.

But bobolink changes his coat in South America or in the West Indies before coming North. A few goldfinches, however, remain all winter in the North, and of these winter residents we may watch the spring changing of coats. But this is all in harmony with the season—many changes, but all is life, newness, promise, and happiness.

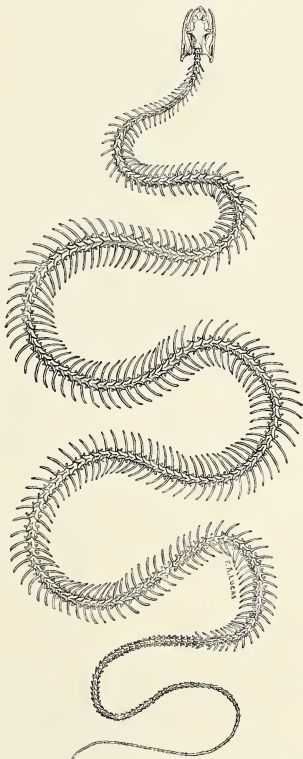
### WHAT SNAKES DO WITH THEIR RIBS.

No doubt many of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, during their excursions to field and forest this spring and summer, will come upon some of our many harmless snakes. If the readers are girls, they very likely will scream and run away; if boys, they probably will try to kill the snake, which is a poor return for the good it is doing by catching insects and field-mice. But do any of you ever wonder how it is that a snake can run so quickly without legs, or do you stop to watch one gliding almost imperceptibly along without any visible means of locomotion? For, without having either hands or feet, a snake can swim, run, and climb better than some animals provided with four good legs. This so impressed the great English anatomist Richard Owen that he wrote: "It is true that the serpent has no limbs, yet it can outclimb the monkey, outswim the fish, outleap the jerboa, . . . and spring into the air and seize the bird upon the wing."

Now any one who has looked at the skeleton of a snake—and it is really a very beautiful object—will have been struck by the great number of ribs, which may be as many as ten hundred and fifty pairs. In these lies the secret of the ability of the serpent to do some of these wonderful things. The lower end of each rib is connected with one of the broad scales that run along the under side of a snake, and when a rib is twisted slowly backward, it pushes on the scale, the edge of the scale catches on the ground or whatever object his snakeship may be resting on, and the body of the snake is pushed just a little bit forward. Of course each rib moves the body but a mere trifle; but where the ribs are so many, and they are moved one after another, the result is that the snake moves slowly but steadily ahead. If any one will watch a snake closely when doing this he will see little ripples, as it were, run along the body, carried by the moving of the ribs. Better still, if he will let a snake crawl through his closed hand this motion can be very plainly felt. It is in this way that a snake climbs directly up a tree, the scales catching on the little inequalities of the bark; but, sometimes in order to get a better

hold, the body is bent back and forth into the shape of several letter S's joined together. One observer has even recorded that in this manner a black snake performed the apparently impossible feat of climbing some distance up the corner of a house.

When a snake is in a hurry he moves by



SKELETON OF A SNAKE, SHOWING THE RIB-BONES.

throwing the body into a series of curves, the ribs propelling, while the scales on the under side prevent the creature from slipping backward. If placed on a plate of glass, where there is little hold for the scales, it is somewhat difficult for a snake to crawl.

Other things, too, some snakes do with their ribs. All are familiar with the pictures of the



THE COBRA-DE-CAPELLO.

The hooded or spectacled snake, of the most venomous nature, found abundantly in hot countries of Asia, especially in India.

East Indian cobra with the curious hood just back of its head; but those who have seen the snake alive know that when quiet there is no sign of the hood. It is just the same with our little blowing-viper—which is n't a viper at all, but one of the most inoffensive of snakes: unless he is trying to frighten some one, his body is round and not flattened. Both the cobra, whose hood is a deadly threat, and the blowing-viper, whose wicked look is mere pretense, put on their threatening appearance in the same way. Each, but more noticeably the cobra, has a number of ribs which are much longer than the others, and when these long ribs are pulled forward their free ends press against the sides of the body until it is stretched out wide and flat, and the snake looks as big and wicked as he can.

And thus it is that snakes make use of their ribs to get along in the world and to frighten their enemies.

F. A. LUCAS.

Our readers will remember that last month Professor Lucas told how a snake uses its ribs in swimming. See page 460 of the March number. I have found the little garter snakes the most convenient to watch.—E. F. B.



THE BLOWING-VIPER.

Sometimes called the hog-nosed snake.

### WEALTH FOR THE ROOTS.

WORKMEN were digging a ditch and laying a drain-pipe near the sidewalk under the old elm.

"What 's the trouble?" I asked.

"Trouble enough for me," replied the owner of the premises; "but luxury and happiness for this old elm."

"See," said one of the workmen, holding up a dense mass of tiny roots woven around and through a strip of the oakum packed between the joints of the pipe. And then he explained that usually the fine roots are scattered through the dry soil, but a few, having found a tiny hole in the pipe-joint, went in for food and drink. "They found a grand thing—as they viewed



THE CURVED STRIP OF OAKUM AND THE CLUMP OF ROOTS BELOW IT.

it," he said; "then they stayed, and invited their friends to come in."

"Yes," said the foreman, in a wise sort of way; "the elm was like some people: it overdid the matter—it stopped up the pipe and cut off its own source of supply; but it made a job for us, so why should we complain?"

"Will you give me the bunch of roots?"

"Yes; but what in the world do you want them for?" he laughingly inquired.

"To show their photograph to St. NICHOLAS young folks, and for the same reason that you have shown them to everybody who has passed by. What a great effort the tree makes to get food and a drink of water! We are interested in this curious enterprise of the old elm."

## "WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

### SPARROW EATING ON SLANTING ROOF.

ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about a bright little sparrow which I saw last winter. Part of the house next to us has a flat roof, and there is a hole where an old drain-pipe used to be which is very near

the slanting part. One day I was sitting by the window, and I saw a little bird disappear into the hole. This roused my curiosity, and I watched him for a long time. Very soon I saw him reappear with some bread, which he commenced to eat. But, foolish birdie, he would take a little nip and then put it down on the slanting roof, so of course it would fall down; then he would go up again and get some more, and he kept on like that until he had gotten a good meal.

In the winter I always throw bread out on the veranda roof for the sparrows. If there is snow it gets just covered with their little footprints; if not, you can hear the patter of their little feet on the tin roof. At first they are very shy, but after a while they get so tame they come the minute I raise the window, and sometimes they come before, and look around as much as to say, "Our breakfast is late this morning."

I enjoy you so much, and always read every word of you.

Your devoted reader,

Alice I. Compton (age 14).

### THE LUNA-MOTH.

PALMYRA, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We send you the drawing of a moth which we found, and of which we would like to know the name and habits. It was a beautiful green color, tinged with yellow. The costa is dark purple, shading to pink on the wings.

Yours truly,

FRANCES AND ALONZO WHITE.

This is the luna, a magnificent moth. It is a favorite with collectors. The larva feeds on the leaves of various forest-trees.

In Julia P. Ballard's "Moths and Butterflies" she tells of a beautiful luna-moth given her by a friend. This moth laid more than thirty eggs. The larvæ hatched out. She fed them on walnut leaves in a barrel, where later



THE LUNA-MOTH.  
(NATURAL SIZE.)

several cocoons were spun, and in a very short time she was rewarded by seeing the moths emerge. She had, as she expresses it, "a barrelful" of the rare and beautiful moths.

The moth is so fragile, especially in the tail-like extension of the wings, that it is very rare to find one in the forest, in perfect condition. The best method is to obtain a cocoon and watch for the coming out of the perfect, beautiful moth.

### GOOD OBSERVATIONS OF TURTLES.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The painted turtles are the most interesting kind that I have kept as pets, for they are not so shy as the others, and are easily tamed. At Chocorua, New Hampshire, where we spend the summers, we live near the lake, where there are a great many painted and also a few snapping turtles. My sister once found a sculptured turtle in the woods, but I think it is too far north for the box and spotted turtles.

The painted turtles are fond of sunning themselves on logs and floating boards. You find them also near the shore where a great many dead leaves have fallen into the water. They lie in the leaves, with only their heads above water. The small ones are not very common, but I once found one as small as a fifty-cent piece. You sometimes see them sitting on lily-pads.

When a turtle is swimming it puts its head above



water every few minutes, and at a distance, unless you see it moving, it looks exactly like a water-lily bud. From a boat it is very easy to catch the turtles in a dip-net. They never go far out from shore.

When first caught a painted turtle draws his head in and out, and makes a hissing sound, and attempts to bite. These turtles almost always have two or three small leeches on the legs or under shell, which are easily scraped off.

We used to keep the turtles in a pen through which ran a small stream. When the turtles became used to the pen and to people, they would swim up and take food from our hands. They always went into the water to eat it. They do not seem able to swallow without water. They eat fish and meat, raw or cooked, but prefer it raw. They are very fond of grasshoppers, flies, and angleworms, but will never eat live minnows.

On some hot days the stream in the turtle-pen dried up. We put in a small tub full of water, with a board

leading up to it. The turtles discovered it immediately, and walked up the board, slid into the water, swam round two or three times, and then tumbled out over the edge, only to do the same thing over and over again. If they happened to fall on their backs they could soon turn over again. It is only large, heavy turtles that cannot. The turtles never seemed to pay any attention to each other; they swam and walked right over one another.

If a turtle got out of the pen he would find his way straight back to the lake. We caught the same ones over and over again, as we could tell by the initials cut into their shells.

We kept some turtles all one winter in a box of earth in a cold room in the house. There was a pan of water in one corner of the box. They dug holes in the earth and stayed there most of the time, but occasionally went into the water. They ate nothing from the middle of October until the end of March.

The spotted turtles are very shy, and it is a long time before they get tame enough to eat food from your hands. I have caught them in slow-moving streams and small pools. They eat just what the painted turtles do, and never attempt to bite. Twice in the

spring I have found a spotted turtle in the back yard, and have known of other people finding them.

We took three spotted turtles to New Hampshire, and let them go in the lake, but we never saw them again.

One summer our coachman found an enormous snapping-turtle in the road.

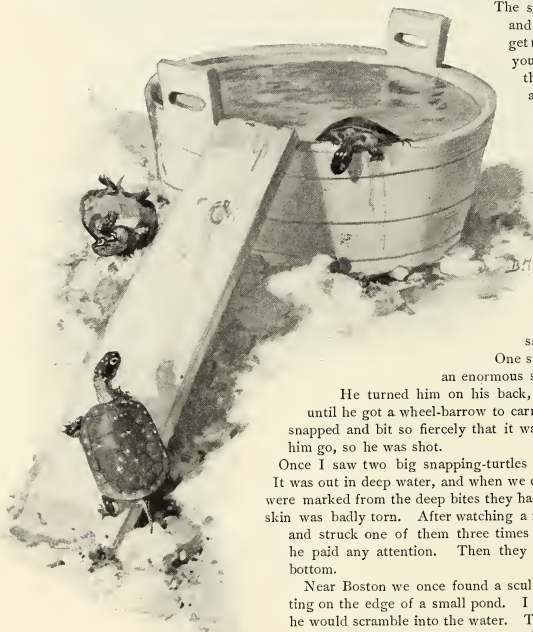
He turned him on his back, where the turtle remained until he got a wheel-barrow to carry him home in. The turtle snapped and bit so fiercely that it was thought dangerous to let him go, so he was shot.

Once I saw two big snapping-turtles engaged in a fierce battle. It was out in deep water, and when we came upon them their heads were marked from the deep bites they had given each other, and the skin was badly torn. After watching a few moments I took an oar and struck one of them three times hard upon the back before he paid any attention. Then they separated and went to the bottom.

Near Boston we once found a sculptured turtle. He was sitting on the edge of a small pond. I walked up to him, thinking he would scramble into the water. To my surprise, he remained motionless, and I picked him up. Then I discovered that he was blind in the eye nearest me. We took him home, and he became quite tame, eating food from our hands. He very seldom got into the water, and always ate his food on land. Once he escaped and was gone two or three days before he returned to the pen. He stayed a few days, and then disappeared.

A MUCH APPRECIATED SUBSTITUTE FOR A SWIMMING-POND.

"The turtles discovered it immediately, and walked up the board, slid into the water, swam around two or three times, and then tumbled out over the edge, only to do the same thing over and over again."





I have seen very few box-turtles. They are different from other turtles, because they have a hinge on the lower shell so that it can shut up close to the upper shell, with the head inside.

I have never happened to find any turtles' eggs, although I have hunted for them.

From your sincere reader,

ELIZABETH Q. BOLLES (age 16).

The writer of this letter was awarded a prize for these observations, because they showed a desire to learn, the power to see with the brain as well as with the eyes, and persistence. Our young folks will please note this last word—persistence. That means something. When some of our young observers first read the offer for best turtle observations, they went at once to swamps or brooks, obtained one or more specimens, and, after watching them a short time, sent a letter to the department telling what they had seen. It would seem, except for such letters, needless to suggest that you cannot get acquainted with turtles or with anything else in a few moments or without effort.

April is one of the best months in which to observe turtles. You can then easily watch them in their native homes or catch them to keep as pets. I have found the spotted, the painted, and the box turtles the most interesting, and the easiest to care for.

Keep them in a box with earth and a pan of water in the bottom, or in a little pen on the ground, made of wire netting, perhaps in some shady place in the back yard. A constant supply of water is more important than food to the turtles. But they should be fed occasionally. If you have a pen in the yard, a convenient method of keeping the water is to sink a tub or even a pail in the ground.



"When a turtle is swimming it puts its head above water every few minutes, and at a distance, unless you see it moving, it looks exactly like a water-lily bud."



"A HEADING FOR APRIL."

BY VERA E. CLARK, AGE 14.  
(GOLD BADGE.)

# THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

## SHOWERS AND SUNSHINE.

BY MABEL C. STARK, AGE 14. (CASH PRIZE.)

A SHOWER of rain is dashing now  
Against the window-pane,  
The wind is moaning o'er the roofs,  
And spring has come again.  
The maple-buds are scarcely swelled,  
Yet soon will burst in flowers  
As down upon the grasses green  
Come bonny April showers.

And where the violet and the white  
Anemone should bloom  
The snowy drifts are melting fast;  
'T is surely winter's doom!  
And in the sloping dells the brooks  
Are babbling as they run,  
And on their banks the flowers will turn  
Their faces to the sun.

For sunny April at the most  
Has but to smile or weep,  
And nature, at her magic touch,  
Awakens from her sleep.  
So April with her warmth and life  
Revives the sleeping spring,  
And round the forest oak the vines  
Of creeping ivy cling.

THE League editor is afraid that "bonny April" will bring disappointment to those talented members who spent a great deal of thought and care over their drawings and poems and stories, and then forgot to sign them, or to put on their ages, or addresses, or parent's indorsement.



"MIDWINTER." BY C. F. JAMES, AGE 14. (CASH PRIZE.)

At least a dozen very excellent contributions were regretfully put aside this month because, for one reason or another, they were not "within the rules." Of course there were plenty left, for the April competition was popular and brought out a great deal of new talent, besides many good things from old friends. Only it does seem too bad that a really good contribution should not be used, or even put on the "Roll of Honor No. 1," just because the sender has been careless about the rules. More than once this month the editor had grown quite enthusiastic over some piece of work only to find that it could not be used. Then he felt as if he had been April fooled.

Speaking of April fools, does any reader of the present day remember an April 1 when President Roosevelt rode up to the Capitol steps on a bronco? Of course he could not have been President at that time, nor perhaps dream that he ever would be. Yet the incident would seem to have been almost an omen, if one could but recall the details. The editor does not remember, for instance, as to any wager, or where the bronco could have been obtained. Perhaps some bright reader will come to the rescue.

#### PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 40.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**Verse.** Cash prize, **Mabel C. Stark** (age 14), Sawkill, Pike Co., Pa.

Gold badge, **Katharine Van Dyck** (age 13), Greenville, Greene Co., N. Y.

Silver badges, **Elsie Lyde Eaton** (age 17), Box 221, Collinsville, Conn., **May Lewis Close** (age 16), 209 Hancock St., Brooklyn, N. Y., and **Gerald Jackson Pyle** (age 9), Carcroft, Del.

**Prose.** Gold badges, **Grace L. Hollaman** (age 14), 936 President St., Brooklyn, N. Y., and **Agnes Dorothy Campbell** (age 13), Monmouth, Polk Co., Ore.

Silver badges, **Eleanor Hissey** (age 13), 131 O'Neil St., Zanesville, O., and **Mary Underhill** (age 11), 41 Summit Ave., Brighton, Mass.

**Drawing.** Gold badges, **Verna E. Clark** (age 14), 401 S. A. St., Arkansas City, Kan., **A. Brooks Lister** (age 9), 103 E. Mt. Airy St., Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pa., and **Mark Curtis Kinney** (age 15), 208 N. Mulberry St., Mt. Vernon, O.

Silver badges, **Fanny C. Storer** (age 15), 418 S. 6th St., Goshen, Ind., **Frances Keeline** (age 13), 618 S. 7th St., Council Bluffs, Ia., and **Margaret Winthrop Peck** (age 12), 234 Summer St., Bristol, Conn.

**Photography.** Cash prize, **C. P. James** (age 14), 248 E. 61st St., Chicago, Ill.

Gold badge, **Austin B. Mason** (age 16), 347 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.

Silver badges, **Rosalie Day** (age 12), Catskill, N. Y., and **Ruth Helen Brierley** (age 14), Box 220, Easthampton, Mass.

**Wild-animal and Bird Photography.** First prize, "Bear," by **Samuel Hoar, Jr.** (age 15), Concord, Mass. Second prize, "Painted Turtle," by **Stanley Cobb** (age 15), Adams St., Milton, Mass. Third prize, "Opossum," by **Cornelia L. Carey** (age 12), Box 956, Orange, N. J.

**Puzzle-making.** Gold badges, **Katharine H.**

**Wead** (age 16), 1620 15th St., Washington, D. C., and **Marion E. Senn** (age 13), Forestville, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Marion Lane** (age 14), Honesdale, Pa., and **Neil A. Cameron** (age 10), Sylvania, Pa.

**Puzzle-answers.** Cash prize, **Hugh Cameron** (age 12), Sylvania, Pa.

Gold badges, **Marjorie Anderson** (age 10), 603 Wayne St., Sandusky, O., and **Mary R. Bacon** (age 14), 2429 1st Ave., S. Minneapolis, Minn.

Silver badges, **William Richard McKey Very** (age 11), 28 Monadnock Rd., Newton Center, Mass., and **Tyler H. Bliss** (age 12), 43 Prince St., W. Newton, Mass.

#### SHOWERS AND SUNSHINE.

BY KATHARINE VAN DYCK (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

UNPLEASANT showers have fallen fast within the house to-day;  
They were not cool, refreshing showers,  
but just the other way—  
Showers of hot and salty tears, which hid the sun from view,  
That made the face on which they fell look dark and dismal too.

One shower fell, caused by a top that could n't be made to spin;

The second, resulting from a sum, was worse than the first had been.

The rest were very similar, and every single one Was caused by something else that could n't or really *must* be done.

Meanwhile, outdoors the sun on high is shining warm and bright;

The first wild flowers are budding, birds sing with all their might;

A  
P  
R  
I  
L



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY MARK CURTIS KINNEY, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)



"MIDWINTER." BY AUSTIN B. MASON, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)





"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY FRANCES KEELINE, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

But oh, how gloomy in the house, and how the nurse-maid glowers, Because one naughty little boy permits so many showers!

#### A REAL COWARD.

BY GRACE L. HOLLAMAN (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

It was a dull, rainy day in January. Harry Hastings was wandering about the house, closely followed by his inseparable companion, "Bob." Bob was a black-and-tan terrier of great intelligence. The little pair sauntered into the parlor. Harry commenced to examine some forbidden treasures on a low mahogany table. Particularly did he admire a glass boat. Bob, meanwhile, trotted round, exploring the room. Well he knew he was on forbidden ground; but then, one can hardly expect a dog to mind, when his master sets such a bad example. Harry finally became so interested in the boat that he took it in his hands for closer inspection. Hearing a noise in the hall, he started; so the pretty boat fell to the floor and broke in pieces. Harry stood a moment, aghast at the result of his mischief. Then, hastily running to the door, he closed it behind him and went upstairs, leaving Bob shut in the parlor. If any one went in the parlor and found Bob there, they would think he knocked the boat over. Harry's thoughts were anything but

pleasant that afternoon. First he tried to read; but the word "coward" seemed printed on every page. Then he went and sat on the stairs to see if any one went in the parlor. The clock seemed to say, as it ticked, "coward," "cow-ard," over and over again. At last the evening came, and Harry ate his supper, and tried to forget Bob in the cold, dark parlor with nothing to eat. He had

just started to prepare for bed when he heard a great commotion downstairs. Servants were opening and shutting doors, and his father was saying, "That naughty dog shall be whipped. Soon Harry heard the howls of Bob, who was getting punishment he did not deserve. That was all Harry could bear. Down the stairs he dashed, and burst into the library, crying, "I won't be a coward, father! It was n't Bob. I broke the boat."

His father took him in the room and they had a long talk. When he had finished he carried him up to his bed. As Harry dropped off to sleep, his last conscious thought was, "I ought to write a story about my being a coward, for this month's prize contribution."

#### SHOWERS AND SUNSHINE.

BY GERALD JACKSON PYLE (AGE 9).

(Silver Badge.)

At April's birth the bluebirds sing,  
And robins at the dawn's;  
The while comes softly through the trees

The sunshine on the lawns.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY FANNY C. STORER, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

The showers patter on the leaves  
And glisten on the corn;  
And all the world is happy now,  
For April fair is born.

#### A COWARD INDIAN.

BY AGNES DOROTHY CAMPBELL  
(AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

BEFORE Oregon was even a Territory, and long before it reached the dignity of a State, my great-grandfather came across the plains with his family, and settled on what afterward became his donation land claim in the Willamette Valley.

That was in the year 1844, and the wolves, coyotes, black bears, and Indians were ever present, while wild game abounded.

Often the men would go hunting, and leave great-grandmother alone with her two daughters Elizabeth and Anne.

The cabin in which they lived stood at the top of a steep though not very high hill.

One day, while the men were all gone, about twenty-five or thirty Indians came filing in, and sat in a silent circle before the great open fire in the front room.

Elizabeth was told to watch and see that none of the weapons were molested.

These Indians were friendly but very curious, and the chief, who was more curious than the rest, presently rose slowly from his place in the center of the circle, and, going over to the door, reached above it for the gun upon the rack, saying:

"Tica nanich gun," which means, "Want look gun."

Elizabeth ran quickly to the other room.

"Mother, mother," she cried, "the chief's got the gun; come quick!"

When great-grandmother heard that, she seized a forked stick used as a pitchfork, and ran toward the chief, crying, "Mica clatawa hiac!" or, in other words, "You go quick!" And the chief, seeing my grandmother coming, was so surprised that he did go quick out of the house, over the fence and down the hill, with great-grandmother after him.

His companions, instead of being angry at this insult to their chief, stood in the doorway of the cabin and laughed at him, and for the rest of his days called him "Squaw Man," because he was coward enough to let a "white squaw" chase him.

But the Indians never bothered the weapons again.



"BEAR." BY SAMUEL HOAR, JR., AGE 15. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")



"PAINTED TURTLE." BY STANLEY COBB, AGE 15. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")



"OPOSSUM." BY CORNELIA L. CAREY, AGE 12. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

#### SHOWERS AND SUNSHINE.

BY ELSIE LYDE EATON (AGE 17).

(Silver Badge.)

SHOWERS are seldom wanted  
By little girls and boys;  
But sunshine's always counted  
Among their chiefest joys.

But if there were no showers,  
How tired they would be  
Of sunshine all the livelong day!  
So they have both, you see.

#### SHOWERS AND SUNSHINE.

BY HILDA C. WILKIE (AGE 13).

OH, sun and showers of April  
Among the clouds at play,  
You make the hours so pleasant  
Of all this sweet spring day.

Oh, soft gray showers of April,  
That bring the flowers of May,  
So softly pattering overhead,  
What is it that you say?

"Pitter, patter, pitter, patter,  
All the long, mild day,  
Saying farewell to April,  
And ushering in the May."

Oh, sweet sunshine of April,  
That makes the violets grow,  
You cause the brook's soft ripple,  
In murmurs sweet and low.

Good-by, dear showers of April,  
And merry sunbeams, too.

We'll think of you right lovingly;  
Farewell to both of you.

#### SUNSHINE AND SHOWERS.

BY JOHN HERSHEL NORTH (AGE 9).

(A Former Prize-winner.)

THE uplands by the river  
Are glistening with dew;  
The yellow sun is rising  
Into the azure blue.

A dark gray cloud is lying  
Along the western hills,  
And snow-white fog is hovering  
Above the trickling rills.

And soon the pattering rain-drops  
Are falling everywhere;  
I hear them on the shingles,  
And see them in the air.



BY MAY LEWIS CLOSE.

### SHOWERS AND SUNSHINE.

BY MAY LEWIS CLOSE  
(AGE 16).

(*Silver Badge.*)

MAGGIE had a garden fair,  
Tended it with ceaseless care;  
When the sun was on the flowers,  
From the flower-pot pattered showers.

Ofttimes in the noonday sun

Maggie'd stop her play and fun;  
Then a place of pleasant shade  
With her parasol she made.

Thus the flowers in beauty grew;  
But they never, never knew  
Maggie's smile the sunshine made  
When dark shadows round them stayed.

### SHOWERS AND SUNSHINE.

BY MARCIA LOUISE WEBBER  
(AGE 17).

(*A Former Prize-winner.*)

SOME days, when nature frowns and skies are gray,  
And, softly weeping, fall the April showers,  
When heaven's pleasant blue seems far away,  
And 'neath their tears bow down the early flowers,  
A sudden rift will part the shroud of night,  
And, like fair messengers of love and grace,  
From some far spot come countless sunbeams bright,  
And kiss to smiles each tear-stained flower face.

And thus in life—when clouds obstruct the blue  
Of hope's fair skies, if, as the poet sung,  
To our own selves each one of us is true,  
No knell of happy days need e'er be rung;  
And if with trusting eyes we look to see  
The silver lining that is never far,  
Life's brightest sun will shine for you and me,  
And e'en the darkest night will have its star.

### NOT A COWARD.

BY ELEANOR HISSEY (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

TOMMY HEARNS was the only child of a good father and mother. He had always been taught that he should obey his elders, as they knew what was best for little boys.

Tommy had a cold, and his mother told him not to go coasting on his way home from school.

But when he reached the hill there was, as usual, a large crowd.

Some of Tommy's companions shouted to him to "come on and go coasting," but Tommy shook his head and said he could n't. They seemed to think this was babyish, and several cried out, "Coward, coward!" "Fraid your mother 'll whip you!"

Tommy did not pay much attention to these words, but he did n't like to be called a coward.

He continued to go on his way, but he met a crowd of girls and, of course, they wanted him to guide their "bob" for them.

He told them he was very sorry, but he had to go home on account of his cold.

Then one of the girls spoke up and said, "Boys always have to go home when we girls want them to guide for us."

A little girl called Rosa, one of Tommy's neighbors, advised Tommy to go. He started, but the girl who had made the other unkind remark spoke again, saying: "I don't care; I think a boy is a coward to leave us to guide for ourselves. He 's afraid he 'll get hurt. Baby!"

Tommy came very near crying after this. He had been called a "coward" twice, and he wondered if he really was one.

When he reached home he was so worked up over it that on entering the door he began to cry.

His mother, hearing him, came to see what was the matter.

She removed his wraps, took him in her lap, and then asked, "What is the matter, dear?"

He told her the story between his sobs, and his mother only kissed him tenderly. In a few minutes he asked, "Mama, am I a coward?" and she replied, "If obeying your mother is being a coward, I wish there were more cowards in the world."



"DEEPEST WINTER." BY HOMER C. MILLER, AGE 17.

### SHOWERS AND SUNSHINE.

BY SIDONIA DEUTSCH (AGE 16).

OH, is it thus St. Swithin reveals his angry soul,  
O'erturning in his righteous wrath his giant pewter bowl?



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY HARRIET PARK, AGE 15.

Oh, calm your wrath, St. Swithin!  
The furious storm allay,  
And send a tinted ray of gold across  
the skies of gray.

The sea is raging angrily, the waves  
are beating high,  
The sea-birds utter shrill, sad cries  
beneath the dull, cold sky;  
But now the wind is calming, and see  
yon streak of light  
Glow in the heavens that were so dark  
and now are growing bright.

A flush of crimson, gold, and blue  
illumes the eastern sky,  
The glorious sun glows in the west,  
and clouds go sailing by;  
And toward the heavens the violet  
uplifts its purple head:  
"The sunshine 's all the sweeter for  
the showers that are sped."

#### ALMOST A COWARD.

BY MARY UNDERHILL (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

MAY was twelve years old, and had taken St. NICHOLAS as long as she could remember. Ever since the League was started she had tried to win a prize, but had failed.

At the time I am writing about she was sitting on the sofa biting her pencil and trying to think of something suitable for "A Heading for April." "Well," she said slowly, "I think I'll make something to go with the old rhyme of 'April showers bring May-flowers.'



"PERFECT WINTER." BY ROSALIE DAY, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

"Well, dear," said her mother, "I have been hunting all over the house for you. But what makes you look so serious?"

Then May told her story. When she finished, her mother looked grave and said, "Well, May, I think you had better decide for yourself."

When her mother finished, May walked slowly and thoughtfully up to her room. Here her eyes fell on a motto over her bed that a little dead sister had worked. The motto was, "Do what conscience says is right." She read it, and then her eyes wandered to a photograph her cousin Jack had taken. "I know what I will do," she cried; "I'll look and see what the photograph is to be this month. I do hope it 's something about snow or winter, for if it is I will borrow Jack's camera and take a picture of those lovely snow-laden trees," she said.

Then she pranced gleefully down into the library and looked into the back of the St. NICHOLAS. Here she found that "Deepest Winter" was the subject. Then, looking to see what the others were, she saw that the title of the prose story was to contain the word "Coward." She laughed, and then looked grave and said, "I came rather near being a coward myself."



"MOUNT TOM IN MIDWINTER." BY RUTH HELEN BRIERLEY, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

"Now it 's all done except the May-flowers. But I can't draw May-flowers from memory, and I can't find any real ones to copy in January, so I suppose I shall have to copy some picture of them.

"Still—oh, dear me! I wish I had been born without a conscience, for if I do copy them it won't be my own work.

"Here comes mother; I must try not to let her see that anything is the matter."

#### SHOWERS AND SUNSHINE.

BY MARGARET LARIMER (AGE 11).

My, how the rain is pouring down!  
The land is like a sea!  
The large black clouds all seem to frown,  
And very angry be.

But, look, the sun is shining!  
I think the shower 's o'er;  
The large, bright sun knows power is his  
To make earth fair once more.

So if there comes a shower,  
Don't grumble and complain,  
For there is always sunshine  
Just following the rain.





## SHOWERS AND SUNSHINE.



BY MADGE FALCON (AGE 17).

WHEN Marjory frowns, the sun's light disappears,  
And the rain patters down in the form of her tears,  
And the dark clouds roll up, and dull gloom gathers round,  
And nowhere can sunlight or brightness be found;  
And the while her sad tears bring black storm-clouds  
and rain,

We long for her smile to bring summer again—  
When Marjory frowns.

When Marjory smiles  
there 's a gleam in the  
air,  
And the summer sun  
shines in the gold of  
her hair,  
And her eyes are like bits  
of the blue summer  
sky,  
And her laugh ripples  
sweet as the brook-  
let hard by,  
And the sun in her heart  
makes the world  
bright and gay,  
And it seems as if summer  
had come here to  
stay—  
When Marjory smiles.

### COWARD ISLAND.

BY WILLIA NELSON (AGE 16).

COWARD ISLAND! A strange name, certainly, for  
an island. "Events make history," 't is said, and  
events or circumstances are often the means of naming  
places of infinitely more importance than this little island.

It is a beautiful place, nestling so close to the bank  
that one might step across. The water flows over the  
pebbles between with a rippling,  
gurgling sound, sparkling in the  
sunlight, sometimes colored, again  
clear, and ever hurrying on and  
on to reach the great river that  
flows to the ocean.

The island is a treasure-house  
of beauty in many forms. The  
pebbly shore is strewn with shells  
of different kinds and of many  
sizes—the snail, the mussel, and,  
most curious of all, the petrified  
shell, which is found everywhere  
here, especially along the water-  
courses. It is round and deep,  
with lines on the outside—a form  
never seen here alive. On this  
rock are several leeches, and in  
this clear pool a "crawdad" is  
idly lying. It is, I believe, the  
most interesting specimen of wa-

ter life I have ever seen. The crawdad goes  
either backward or forward, and when disturbed  
will disappear under a rock or in the mud with a  
rapidity that is astonishing.

At one end of the island is some grass, soft,  
green, and smooth as velvet. Flowers are not  
wanting. Violets and daisies peep through the  
grass, nodding and bowing to each other. It is  
with all flowers as with the lilies. Nothing is "ar-  
rayed like one of these."

The willow-tree, with its roots kissed by the water  
as it ripples by, is swaying its long branches back  
and forth in the spring breeze. The leaves whisper  
together in a subdued way, as if afraid some one might  
hear. The birds sing, squirrels chatter, and all living  
things seem happy and peaceful.

The true beauty of nature can hardly be expressed in  
words. Sometimes minute and intricate, sometimes  
grand and sublime, but always wonderful, are the com-  
plicated parts of this earth which we call nature.

### SHOWERS AND SUNSHINE.

BY KATHLEEN A. BURGESS  
(AGE 10).

THERE are little showers  
and cloudy skies,  
But sunshine is always  
near;  
The little showers are the  
dry earth's drink,  
And the shine is the food,  
my dear.

The sunshine comes peep-  
ing behind the clouds,  
And with it comes help  
and cheer;

The raindrops are over,  
the showers are gone,

And the sunshine is here, my dear.

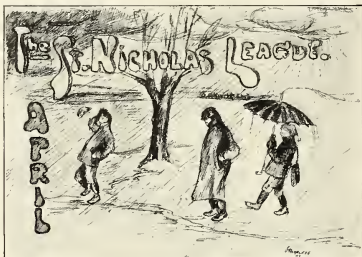
But for the drops and little showers,  
No streamlets would ripple clear;  
And May would come without her flowers.  
Now do you see, my dear?

### "RANDY," A REAL COWARD.

BY KATHERINE TAYLOR (AGE 12).

OUR little dog "Randy" is a  
great blusterer. He will stand  
and bark until we can almost  
hear him say, "If you dare come  
a step nearer, I 'll eat you up,  
bones and all." He is especially  
brave and blustering with any one  
he has a grudge against.

But standing by the railroad  
track and barking is very different  
from being alone with me out on  
a walk in the country, far from  
home, where the silence and lone-  
liness of Wyoming awe him into  
cowardice. Let the smallest coyote  
raise his voice in the weakest  
wail, and Randy will fly to me for  
protection, barking, it is true,  
but with none of the force and  
vigor he uses at home. I fear  
he is a real coward.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY V. RADCLIFFE, AGE 14.



"WINTER IN PORTO RICO." BY HELEN ALMY,  
AGE 10.

## SUNSHINE AND SHOWERS.

BY LOUISE PAINE (AGE 8).

WAKE up, my sweet flowers;  
The sunshine is calling.  
April has come,  
And the rain it is falling.

So wake up, my flowers,  
All nodding your heads;  
So wake up, my flowers,  
From your nice winter beds.

April is here,  
With its fresh spring showers;  
So wake up, my flowers.  
So wake up, my flowers.

## TEDDY'S COWARDICE.

BY MARY TRENDLEY (AGE 17).

TEDDY CONNOR was lying on the nursery floor, wailing. There was no denying that Teddy looked miserable, and he felt more wretched than he looked; for had he not just broken the pretty glass vase with the white lilies in it, and would not his new mama punish him, when she came, because he had spilled the water all over himself?

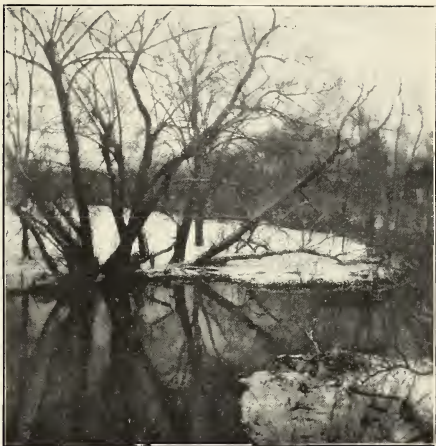
Teddy was just "half-past five," and was not old enough to go to the "learn to read," as he called school, so he believed everything that nurse told him. Poor little boy! He had never known his own mother, who had died when he was born, and his new mother, whom he was to see for the first time in a few minutes, his nurse had told him, was to be an ugly stepmother, who would whip him.

So this was the reason why Teddy felt so badly; for his new mama would not think that his suit was the proper place for the water that had been in the vase. As he sat there thinking, suddenly an inspiration came to him. "I 'm goin' to run away." He had once heard of a boy who had run away and joined a circus; and, although nurse had said that everything bad had happened to that boy, still it was the height of Teddy's ambition to join a circus.

As he thought of this he forgot his misery and started to get ready. Of course he would need his marbles and top. Then he remembered he must take something to eat; but all he could find was some sugar and a lump of very sticky molasses taffy.

He was in the midst of his preparations when he heard some one in the hall, and his heart stopped beating as he heard nurse's voice saying: "I don't know where he is if he ain't in here." Then the door opened, and Teddy saw the most beautiful lady in the world, who could not be his ugly stepmother, but seemed his own mother come to life; so he sprang to her, crying, "Mama!" "My own dear little boy," she murmured, as she put her arms around him.

When Teddy had told his fears she said, "There



"DEEPEST WINTER." BY ELIZABETH BISHOP BALLARD, AGE 17.

is n't to be any stepmother, dear"; and Teddy, although he could not understand, was no longer afraid.

## SHOWERS AND SUNSHINE.

BY EMILY ROSE BURT (AGE 15).

IN the mystic, breezy elf-land,  
Where the flitting fairies play,  
Lived a witching little rascal,  
Dwelt a naughty little fay.

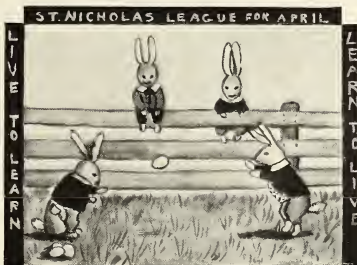
On a morn in showery  
April,  
Called his mother  
from the door:  
"Pink-wing, Pink-wing,  
come here quickly;  
I want something at  
the store.

"Fly you down to Bee-  
foot's grocery;  
Get me thirteen drops  
of honey.  
Hurry, now, for I must  
use it.  
Here, my darling, is  
the money."

From his playground  
Pink-wing heard her,

Came with lagging step and slow.  
Down his cheeks the tear-drops showered;  
"Mother, I don't want to go!"

"Pink-wing, you may keep a penny."  
(Oh, what depths of mother's guile!)  
Through the clouds and dashing tear-drops  
Burst the sunshine of a smile.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY EMILIE C. FLAGG, AGE 16.



"DEEPEST WINTER." BY RALPH E. SMALLLEY, AGE 15.

#### CHAPTERS.

No. 614. Bernard Fry, President; Philip Goldberg, Secretary; four members. Address, 6 W. 177th St., New York City.

No. 615. "Puritan." Irwin Elmer, President; Herbert Elmer, Secretary; ten members. Address, Wareham, Mass.

No. 616. Katherine Janeway, President; Mary Williams, Secretary; nine members. Address, 64 Bayard St., New Brunswick, N. J.

No. 617. "Be Home Before Dark." Rosalind Cundiff, President; Ava Quigley, Secretary; seven members. Address, 216 E. Broadway, Sedalia, Mo.

No. 618. "Do-as-you-please House." Richard Foster, President; Clarence Hauthaway, Secretary; fourteen members. Address, Box 305, Sharon, Mass.

No. 619. "Banner." Miss K. Shrubshell, President; Agnes Carney, Secretary; four members. Address, Richfield Springs, N. Y.

#### LETTERS.

ST. LOUIS, MO.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Pardon me for not thanking you sooner for my prize check. I have been on the sick-list.

We were all so pleased and surprised. I really did not expect a prize. I tried so hard this summer, and at the last minute I had an accident with my negatives and could only save that one.

Heading my list of Christmas wishes is a new subscription of ST. NICHOLAS, and I feel sure of it, for mama and papa declare they could never raise children without ST. NICHOLAS, and tell everybody so.

Once more I thank you, and wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Your constant reader,

HUGO GRAF.

CLINTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although on the 12th of December I was eighteen and an ex-member of the League, my interest in that institu-

tion shall be unabated; for I am bound to it by beautiful prizes and my first success. I am very grateful to ST. NICHOLAS for what it has done for me and for hundreds of others, and shall always wish it success in the future. Some of my most enjoyable hours of the past few years have been spent reading the League or writing for its pages. For this I am thankful, and trust I may be successful in life, if only to reflect credit on its name.

DAVID MACGREGOR CHENEY.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, N. Y.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The gold badge and your good wishes reached me last night. I've worked hard to be deserving of the honor, but it is well worth it all. But, instead of satisfying, it spurs one on to new activities.

I have been looking up in my dictionary: joy, delight, pleasure, ecstasy, rapture, triumph—no one of these expresses one's feelings; perhaps it would take them all.

LUTHER DANA FERNALD.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for five years, and shall continue to do so as long as I can. I have always loved you before, but since the League has been organized you are much more interesting than ever. I have contributed to the League a good many times, but have never won a prize. I do hope my contribution for June will win one, because then I will be so much encouraged. I am particularly fond of collections of different kinds, and have quite a good one of wild flowers, also a monogram collection, and one of photographs. My brother and I have a large collection of postal-cards, of which we are very proud. We live most of the year in the country, and have a pony on which we take long rides. I love gardening, and have a garden of my own. I am a great "book-worm" and have a great many books.

Your interested reader,  
HELEN RIVES.

SCHUYLER, NEE.

EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: With this contribution for April I must say good-bye to the League, as I have almost reached the age limit; and now, before the doors close behind me, I want to thank you for the gold and silver medals, for the two times you have published my work as "meritorious," and for all the encouragement you have given me in the two years that I have been a member.

Very sincerely yours,

MARCIA LOUISE WEBBER.

We have received other interesting and appreciative letters from Geva Rideal, Mabel C. Stark, Benjamin Davenport West, Pearl E. Kellogg, Aime J. Dreyfus, Philip Stark, Alice Brockett, Elizabeth O. Bolles, Edith M. Andrews, Edward Walsley Ashmead, Margaret W. Mandell, Ruth Huntley, Catharine B. Hooper, Ralph Siggins, Ruth H. Matz, Fredericks Bain, Alma Kisch, Elizabeth Beale, B. L. Hammond, Helen S. Strong, Elsie Kimball Wells, Ruth Draper, Salome B. Allen, Flora Miller, H. Boswell Hawley, Agnes Dorothy Campbell, Gertrude Schirmer, Annamary Milliken, and Marguerite Houck.



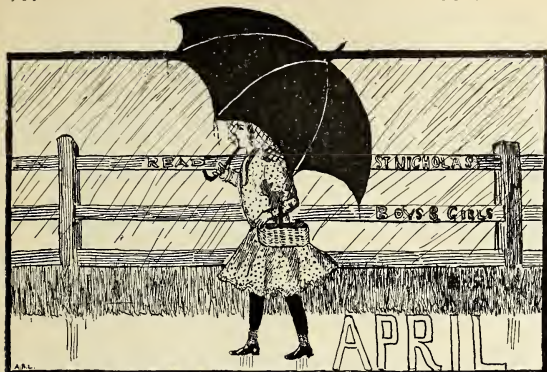
"ORNAMENT." BY MURIEL C. EVANS, AGE 14.



"HEADING." BY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL, AGE 14.

Every reader of ST. NICHOLAS is entitled to League badge and membership, free.





"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY A. BROOKS LISTER, AGE 9. (GOLD BADGE.)

### THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

#### VERSE 1.

Harold R. Norris  
Maud Dudley Shackelford  
May H. Ryan  
Marie Margaret Kirkwood  
Florence L. Bain  
Irwin Tucker  
Doris Webb  
Gertrude Louise Cannon  
Alice T. Huyler  
Elizabeth Otis

Doris Francklyn  
Gladys Gaylord  
Donna J. Todd  
Foy Marie Hartley  
Elsa B. C. Clark  
Alex S. Duhin  
Jessica Nelson North  
Clara P. Pond

#### VERSE 2.

Beth Howard  
Katherine Kurz

Marguerite Beatrice Child  
Edith M. Airy  
Lulu Larabee  
Estelle E. Barnes  
Hilda van Emster  
Wellington Gustin  
F. Eugenie Oneill  
Elsie Kimball Wells  
Bessie Stella Jones  
Nora Butler  
Edith Julia Ballou  
Mary Clara Tucker  
William G. Sharp

Donald Messer  
Edward R. Turner  
Alma Robinson  
Lois Gilbert Sutherland  
Jessie I. Brown  
Kenneth Perkins  
Winifred Hemming  
Frances Curdts  
Mildred C. Jones  
Marjory Leadingham  
Burton E. Smith  
Margaret Helen Bennett

Leonard Fanning  
Margaret Minaker  
Elizabeth Foulds  
Lawrence Grey Evans  
Dorothea Hartung  
Phyllis Cooper  
Dorothy Kuhns  
Junata Fairfield  
Charlotte Chandler Wyckoff

#### PROSE 2.

Lizzie Symon  
Edna Mead  
Charles T. Jennings  
Elizabeth Parker  
Laura Chadwick Wescott  
Elizabeth Q. Bolles  
Charlie Grundstrom  
Elizabeth E. Robertson  
Earl D. Van Deman  
Mary P. Parsons  
Randolph S. Bourne  
Camille Du Bose  
Mabel Fletcher  
Ethel Berrian  
Mabel Luscombe  
E. Bunting Moore  
Herrick Harwood  
Roscoe Adams  
Mary Redfield Adam  
Hadassah Backus  
Katherine G. Leech  
Carrie Seligman  
Sidney F. Kimball  
Ann Violet Witwer  
Daisy Deutsch  
Kathleen Carrington  
Frank Mabley Haltewanger  
Isabel Williamson  
Anna Dutton  
Albert Wescott  
Arthur West  
Ellen Dorothy Bach  
Leslie Bradley  
Mildred T. Bacon  
Gertrude Wilcox  
Myrl Eeresford



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY MELTON R. OWEN, AGE 15.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY MARGARET WINTHROP PECK, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

Edith C. Bunting  
Maria L. Llano  
Raymond Kahn  
Elsie F. Weil  
Grace Reynolds Douglas  
Gladys Edgerton  
A. Elizabeth Goldberg  
Norman Lindau  
Alice K. Fletcher  
Margaret Norton  
Anna C. Heffern  
Dorothy Joyce  
Elizabeth Goodwin Hart  
Lewis Kimberly  
Eleanor Louise Halpin

#### PROSE 1.

Anna E. Gilkyson  
Ivy Varian Walshe  
James B. Taney  
Dorothy Eyre Robinson  
Edith L. Brundage  
Louise W. Bray  
Eda G. Suites  
Sherman H. Bowles  
Ruth B. Beshgetour  
Alice L. Halligan  
Charles P. Howard  
Peirce E. Johnson  
Jesse D. Schwartz

Mary Alice Shaw  
Mary Lord Fairbanks  
Ailsa MacCallum Frank  
Carol S. Williams  
Beatrice Evelyn Pattee  
Lola Hall  
Kirkland H. Day  
Marie Cole  
Marian Mactavish  
Ray Randall  
Gertrude Kaufmann  
Mary Belle McKellar  
Edwin C. Kaelber  
Stuart Griffin  
Carroll Armstrong Bagby





"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY SIDNEY MORSE, AGE 15.

Virginia Clark  
G. Herbert Duncan  
Greta Wetherill Kernan  
Margaret Gordon  
Madeleine Appleton  
Katharine Finch  
Mary A. Wales  
Francis Marion Miller  
Kathleen Murphy  
Katharine Sergeant  
Susan E. Miller  
Annie Costikyan  
Anna Sprague  
Jessica Biddle  
Dorothy Lenroot  
Emma E. Murphy  
Marie Kurz  
Helen Wetz Balfe  
Dorothy Clements  
Helen Wilson  
Evelyn Olver Foster  
Paul Nicholls  
Valentine Ralone  
Yseulte Parnell  
Ignacio Babler

## DRAWINGS 1.

Florence Murdoch  
Tom Benton  
Cordner H. Smith  
A. D. Fuller  
Nancy Barnhart  
Elizabeth McCormick  
Elizabeth R. Scott  
Letha Dare  
Joseph B. Mazzano  
Donald McIlvaine  
Marion K. Cobb  
J. Bertram Hills  
William Davis Gordon  
Jessie Louise Taylor  
Alice Delano  
Maude M. Maddock  
Roger K. Lane  
Otto H. Lacher  
Joseph W. McQuirk  
Alice Howland  
Margaret Wynn Yancey  
Mary F. Watkins  
Fannie Taylor  
Fern Forrester  
Ellen Soumarokoff Elston  
Ruth K-llog Pine  
John Allen  
Beth Howard  
Lucy Mackenzie

Muriel Evans  
Virginia Lyman  
Edith Daggett  
Arthur E. Bye  
Arthur Hutchins  
Charlotte Morton  
Violet Ethel Hyde  
Laura A. Chanler  
Jacqueline Overton  
Isadore Douglas  
Grace M. Buzby  
Carol H. Bradley  
Eleanor Woodward  
Helen de Veer  
Eleanor S. Whipple  
Ernest La Prade  
Margaret D. White  
Anne Lodge Parrish  
Mitchell Beckham  
A. Sheldon Pennoyer  
Frances E. Hays  
Margaret Gould  
Harder  
Marguerite Eastman  
George Macauley

Marguerite Eastman  
George Macauley

Phebe H. Wethey  
Sarah Flock  
Alice H. Miller  
Louis Nicoud  
Margaret Sharpe  
Edna Phillips  
Jessie H. Hewitt  
Julia Coodidge  
Aline J. Dreyfus  
Helen Elizabeth Ellis  
Jessica Lewis  
Irene Gayland Farnham  
Margaret Nicholson  
Elizabeth W. Pardee  
Maud Sylvia Fuller  
Anne Heap Gleaves  
Gertrude Emerson  
Walter Falenske  
Eleanor F. L. Clerment  
Ruth Hazen Heath  
Ella A. Rosenblatt  
Mae Bossert  
Margaret McKeon  
Lucy O. Beck  
Ella Munsterberg  
Ruth Jones  
Alice M. Helm  
George B. Forristall  
Helen F. Jones  
Katharine Dudley  
Clara Licht  
Barbara Bradley  
Adalade Gillis  
Elva Woodson  
Marguerite Davis  
Carol Sherman  
Helen Clark Crane  
Bertha Gage Stone

Louise Robbins  
Blanche Coffee  
Isabel Reynolds Krauth  
Wanda Greineisen  
Mary T. Howell  
Charlotte Stark  
Stella Metzger  
Marjorie Sibyl Heck  
Edward Scott Swazey  
Mabel Wilson Whiteley  
Betty Lockett  
Virginia Brand  
Stephen Bonsal White  
Margaret L. Wood  
Addie Wright  
Lucy Elder  
Eleanor M. Wilkie  
Freda Arnstein  
Dorothy P. Bower  
Merton J. Hubert  
Bessie Brown  
Grace Stone  
Dorothy Dickinson  
Harriet C. Selkirk  
Margaret Osmond  
Madeleine Fleischer  
Sarah L. Coffin  
Janet T. Flanncr  
Mary O. Lawrence  
Albert Livingston Rabb  
Margaret King  
Margaret Howson  
Lucie Mildred  
Harriet K. Walker  
Landon Hammond  
Marion Myers  
Signe Swainstrom  
Helen G. Waterman  
Lila A. Wheelock  
Marjory Ann Harison  
Lily Hutchinson Mears  
Freda M. Harrison  
Margery Bradshaw  
Ethel Messervy  
Margaret Lantz Danicil

## PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Ruth Londoner  
Henry H. Hickman  
C. R. Conkey  
Harriet R. Spaeth  
Howard L. Cross  
Henry Ormsby Phillips  
John C. Wister  
S. Butler Murray, Jr.  
Amy Baldwin  
Arthur Henrici  
Irene N. Mack  
Lawrence Sheridan  
Anna M. McKechnie  
Edith Fitz  
Hugo Graf  
Gordon Thompson  
Gertrude W. Smith  
Alice L. Hill  
Jos. Rogers Swindell  
W. F. Stokes  
George Rodman Goethals

## PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Fred Linden Clark  
Warren Grand  
Mary Clarke  
Philip A. Burton  
Julius Bien III  
Chandler W. Ireland  
Sidney P. Gamble  
Lillian Cotton  
Chester U. Palmer  
Alfred H. Thatcher  
Elizabeth Lawrence Marshall  
Emily E. Howson  
Edward McKee Very  
Canema Bowers  
Grace Morgan Jarvis  
Florence L. Kemway  
Ada Harriet Case  
Adrian A. Grand  
Mabel Murray  
Floyd Godfrey



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY MARJORIE BETTS, AGE 13.

Warner A. Ebbets  
Allen P. Salmon  
Philip Link  
W. Reuter Laughlin  
M. Alice Clark  
Marguerite Strathy  
Dorothea Clapp  
Raymond Skinner Frost  
Richard A. Reddy  
Lucile Cochran  
Helen F. Moloney  
Elizabeth A. Gest  
Herbert Clifford Jackson  
Newman Levy  
Dora C. Gallagher  
Jack J. Hinman, Jr.  
Claude Kauffman  
Bivor Scheppy  
Mabel Belt  
Helen E. Jacoby  
Julia Wilder Kurtz  
Lois Janvier  
Neville Mitchell  
Delia Farley Dana  
Katharine C. Browning  
William W. Wright  
Dorothea Baldwin  
Dorothy Miller  
Arch D. Hinkle  
Doris L. Nash



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY DOROTHY HARDY RICHARDSON, AGE 15.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY N. JOHNSON, AGE 14.

Eleanor May Barker  
Thurlow S. Widger  
Jas. W. Young  
John L. Hopper  
Walter R. Jones  
Joseph Warrington  
Stokes  
Irene Wetmore  
Edward R. Squibb II  
Elizabeth Chapin  
Lawrence T. Hemmen-  
way  
Helena L. Camp  
Julie W. Smith  
Eleanor Nagle  
Margaret Taylor  
Thad R. Goldsberry  
Gordon Andrews  
Ruby F. Allen  
Frederic C. Smith  
C. D. Armstrong  
Ruth Crawford  
Springer H. Brooks  
Gertrude Sloum  
Henry Morgan Brooks  
George Hill  
Isabelle Coolidge  
Marsha D. McKechnie  
Grace R. Jones  
Mildred Crawley  
Charlotte Allen  
Helen B. Sloan  
Virginia Murray  
Bessie P. Frick  
Ruth Borger  
Richard Rogers Peabody  
Elizabeth S. Brengle  
Gertrude H. Henry  
W. Caldwell Webb

## PUZZLES 1.

Margaret C. Wilby  
Ruth Wales  
Margaret Morris  
Philip Stark  
Yashu Kaye  
Herbert Allen Boas  
Howard Hosmer  
Margery Hoffman  
Ruth L. Valentine  
Douglas Todd  
Medora Addison  
Julia M. Addison  
Walter Bryant Hervey  
Dorothea M. Dexter  
Louis Stix Weiss

## PUZZLES 2.

Freda Phillips  
Elsie W. Dignan  
Margaret W. Mandell  
Priscilla Lee  
Paul Ockert  
Sarah E. Hammond  
Edward Walmsley Ashmead  
Elsie S. Riker  
Harold Griffin  
Helen F. Carter  
Margaret Stevens  
Elizabeth Palmer Loper  
J. Thayer Addison  
Walter J. Schloss  
Edgar Howard Flanders  
Paul T. Arnold  
Litta Voelchert  
Dorothy M. Wagner  
Helen Semple  
Margaret Abbott

## PRIZE COMPETITION, No. 43.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

**A Special Cash Prize.** To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded, instead of another gold badge.

**Competition No. 43** will close April 20 (for foreign members April 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for July.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Title to contain the words "Sunrise" or "Sunset."

**Prose.** Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author. Title, "Polly's Fourth."

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted, but

no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Early Spring." May be interior or exterior.

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "A Heading for July" and "A Bit of Nature."

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

**Puzzle-answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

**Wild-animal or Bird Photograph.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.



## THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY LOULOU SLÖET, AGE 15.

## RULES.

EVERY contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address all communications:

The St. Nicholas League,  
Union Square,  
New York.



"A TAILPIECE FOR APRIL." BY SOPHY DUPLESSIS BEYLARD, AGE 9.



# BOOKS AND READING

W.H.M.

**BOOKS ON NATURE STUDY.** IN reply to our request for a list of books suitable to the outdoor season that will soon begin, a young friend from Brooklyn, Alexander B. Morris, has very kindly supplied a list which comes in a cordial letter. First, he names three books by Ernest Thompson Seton: "Lives of the Hunted," "Wild Animals I have Known," and "The Sandhill Stag"; then two by W. J. Long: "Secrets of the Woods" and "School of the Woods." Besides these are three by M. O. Wright: "Tommy Anne and the Three Hearts," with its sequel, "Wabeno, the Magician" and "Four-footed Americans." There is one of W. H. Gibson's, "Eye Spy," and a quartette about butterflies: "Caterpillars and their Moths," "Butterfly Book," "Moths and Butterflies," and "Every-day Butterflies." A half-dozen more finish his list: "Four Feet, Two Feet, and No Feet," by L. E. Richards; "Natural History," A. H. Miles; "Homes Without Hands," J. G. Wood; "Nature's Wonderland," J. S. Kingsley and E. Breck; "Our Native Trees," H. L. Keeler; "The Desert World," A. Mangin.

This seems a good list, though somewhat lacking in books about the ocean and the seashore. Many of our girls and boys will spend the summer days by the breakers, and surely they will find plenty of curiosities that need explanation. Will some other wise friend send us names of books that will be of use to the lovers of nature and salt air? New books about flowers might also be named.

**TESTING THE MEMORY.** TRY, after you have read a book you have enjoyed, putting it out of your mind completely for a week. Then recall some scene and write down what you can remember of it—afterward comparing the book itself with what you have written. Perhaps, after making this experiment once or twice, you will learn to understand why Sir Walter Raleigh destroyed the manuscript of his "History of the World." You will be an unusually careful reader if you do

not make a number of mistakes even after so short a time as seven days.

**"TWELFTH-NIGHT" PRIZES.** OUR young authors found this subject too difficult to treat in the short space allowed them, and therefore failed to produce very good essays on the subject. All things considered, the best three papers submitted were by the following:

#### PRIZE-WINNERS.

FLORENCE HELEN WOOD (15), Stratford, Connecticut.

JULIA H. PRICE (11), 426 W. 124th Street, New York City.

BESSIE E. MORGAN (17), Rochester High School, Rochester, N. Y.

Will each of these winners of a year's subscription to *ST. NICHOLAS* kindly let us know with what month she desires the prize-subscription to begin?

Creditable articles were sent in also by the following young authors:

Edward H. Bonsall, Jr.	Mildred Newmann
Max Palm, Jr.	David Griffith
Eva Gowanlock	Frances White
Lucile Ramon Byrne	Mary Flannery

We print the little essay by Florence Wood:

#### TWELFTH-NIGHT.

TWELFTH-NIGHT is the eve, not the night, of Twelfth-day, which comes twelve days after Christmas day.

Many names and associations cluster around this season.

This day is celebrated among Christians as the festival of the Epiphany, or of the "manifestation." There has been some difference of opinion as to what "manifestation" this day particularly commemorates. The very ancient church celebrated it as the birthday of Christ. Later it was held in memory of the manifestations of the miraculous power of Christ; but the Western Church particularly held it in memory of the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles, by the visit of the Three Wise Men, or the Magi, to the baby Jesus.

For a long time the sovereigns of England have made an oblation of gold, frankincense, and myrrh at this season.

The following is from "Thi Star-Song: A Caroll to the King," by Herrick:

Come then, come then, and let us bring  
Unto our prettie Twelfth-Tide King  
Each one his severall offering.

The Twelfth-tide has long been a "social festival" of "merry England," and many are the gay pranks, customs, and masquerades of this merry time.

The farmers of Devonshire, England, follow the very interesting and perhaps well-known custom of "was-sailing" the fruit-trees, in order to insure much fruit for the following year.

There is also the "Twelfth-cake" with a bean hidden in one of its pieces. The person drawing this piece by lot becomes the king or queen of the festivities of the season.

This season is also quaintly named "Little Christmas"; perhaps because it is the closing of the Christmas-tide, when the Christmas holly and mistletoe are burned, while nuts are roasting, and many merry pranks being played.

This time is also called "the lights" or "day of lights."

A new prize-topic is suggested at the end of this page.

**BOOKS AND REAL-ITIES.** IT is not so very long ago that children were thought to be wasting time when they read fiction. To-day that opinion is not often held, and much is done to encourage young people in their reading. Schools and libraries work together to compose lists of "good books" and to draw up "courses of reading"; parents and relatives seek attractive books for birthday or Christmas presents. Children who do not care for reading cause anxious thought to their elders.

No doubt the objection to fiction was too sweeping; but, in reforming, have we not gone too far to the other extreme? Are we not now likely to overvalue reading? It is well to bear in mind always that realities are outside of the printed page, and that reflected and limited views of life—oftentimes distorted or incomplete—will be taken by those who rely only upon books for knowledge of the world. The best author can do no more than show you life as he sees it. If he be a great author and a good man, his view may be nobler than your own; but yet it is not your own, and is a

"second-hand" view. Fiction should always be read with reserve, that is, with a sense that it is not real. Otherwise, as a writer has put it, "reading awakens and exhausts sympathy upon the unreal. It makes you weep tears over imaginary suffering while you remain unmoved amid realities. You will become hardened if you waste your sympathy on pictures when you owe it to real flesh and blood. You are living in a world of realities, not shadows." When made-up stories move you more than true happenings, you are overvaluing fiction and undervaluing life. Let reading, therefore, teach you to see, not divert, your eyes from the living facts around you.

**READING IN SCHOOL-WORK.** WE shall be glad to hear from teachers or scholars about the study of literature in school-hours. There are so many schools where ST. NICHOLAS is a regular visitor that you may be able to help one another by sending suggestions to this department. Any good ideas that may be sent in will be shown or reported for the general benefit.

**READING WITH A SYSTEM.** HAVE any of our young students a good system for reading the books they ought to read?—such, for instance, as a little blank-book or diary with spaces for keeping an account of their progress week by week? We should be glad to hear from any such systematic student.

**THE TOPIC FOR THIS MONTH.** IN order to give a subject that can be written upon by all,—including those who have not large libraries within reach,—we will offer three prizes this month for the best new story about "Alice"—the Alice who visited "Wonderland." That is, you are to make up a new adventure for Alice—to tell about her meeting some new character not mentioned in the book. The story must not be longer than three hundred words, and must be sent to the Books and Reading Department before April 25, under the usual conditions. Give your name, age, address, and the indorsement of originality. The three prizes will be three juvenile books selected from those published by the Century Co., or, if preferred, subscriptions to ST. NICHOLAS, as the winners of the contest may choose.



## THE LETTER-BOX.

### EDITORIAL NOTE.

The fine story "A Race and a Rescue," which appears on page 541 of this number, is reprinted by permission of the publishers from a delightful book by Eleanor Gates, entitled "The Biography of a Prairie Girl." The thrilling experience so admirably set forth in this single story will whet the reader's appetite; and the book contains many chapters no less entertaining. "The Biography of a Prairie Girl" is indeed a true and vivid record of youthful life in the great West, which ought to be read by every American girl and boy.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for four years, and I like you very much. My favorite short stories are the stories about the "Imp," "The Arrival of Jimpson," "Mistress Cinderella," "Some Great Sea Fights," "The Kid," "Elena's Captive," "The Boy of Galatia," "The New Boy," "Life-saving, Old and Young," "The Life-savers' Ride of a Hundred Miles," "Tom, Jr., Tomboy," "The Lakerim Athletic Club" (long story) and "Baby Elton." These are my favorite long stories: "The Story of Betty," "The Sole Survivors," "Bright Sides of History," "The Junior Cup" and "The Junior Cup—Afterward," "Tommy Remington's Battle," "Careers of Danger and Daring," "A Frigate's Namesake," "Sir Marrok," and "The Story of King Arthur."

Your loving reader,  
HELEN R. (age 13).

HERE is a letter from the most distant of our new possessions:

CEBU, CEBU, P. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you would like to receive a letter from Cebu. Even though it is so far away, my sister and I always look forward to the coming of ST. NICHOLAS.

We have a Chinaman cook that cannot read a word of English, so he tells what is in the cans of food by the pictures on the can. One day my mother gave the order to have baked beans; but the beans came in the same kind of cans as brown bread, even put up by the same firm with the same kind of wrapper, so it was not surprising that we had brown bread instead of baked beans. There is a story over here of a man who carried on an extensive trade with canned milk, but he thought he would put on a more elaborate wrapper with a different picture. Soon he began to notice that the trade in milk was almost stopped over here. The reason was that the natives did not know the new wrapper, and thought that it was something else.

Every evening at dinner we have great numbers of lizards right on the ceiling over the table. It is great fun to watch them fight and catch insects.

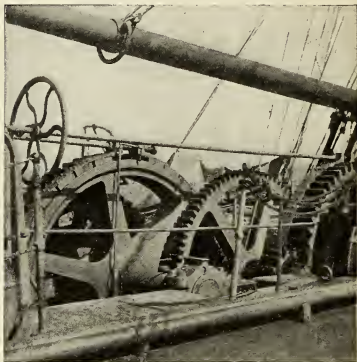
I am your interested reader,  
FOLLETT BRADLEY (age 12).

And here is another from our Pacific Ocean territory:

HAWAII, U. S. A.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is a picture of the picking-up gear of the cable-ship "Silvertown" which I took with my camera. She is a very large ship, and carried the cable in great tanks from which it was paid out into the ocean. If the cable is lost in the ocean they would

use this to pick it up again. As this was the first cable connecting the United States with these islands, there was great excitement the day it was landed. It was a



THE PICKING-UP GEAR OF THE CABLE-SHIP.

holiday for every one, and in the afternoon the cable was christened.

We have been here for two months, and were very lucky to see the cable landed. We are going home soon to our home in Elmira. Sincerely yours,

HARDEN DE VALSON PRATT.

INGLEWOOD, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Every year till now I have had you in bound form. I am glad to say you are coming each month. I am a League member, and I am now going to do steady work in it.

I am so glad you have a continued story, especially written and illustrated by Howard Pyle.

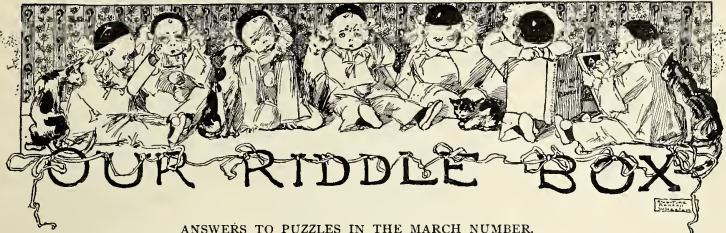
I have few pets, but my cat and pigeons, and hopes of a dog, satisfy me, because I am playing outdoors all the time.

I'm just getting over pneumonia, in which my bound ST. NICHOLAS's were a great comfort.

Your loving reader,  
KATHARINE A. PAGE (age 11).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl living on a farm in Sherborn. I look forward to you every month with great joy. I read every bit of you, and think you are very interesting. My brother took you before I did a good many years. The best thing that I like on the farm is my pony; he is so gentle. Sometimes I drive him and sometimes I ride him. He is a good roaster. My sister has a parrot; it does not talk much now, as he is very young; but I hope he will soon, for I think they are so funny when they talk.

Yours,  
ANNA CAROLINE SHILLABER.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

**BOX PUZZLE.** From 1 to 2, enjoy; 3 to 1, she; 3 to 4, scald; 4 to 2, day; 3 to 5, shade; 4 to 6, dense; 5 to 6, epode; 7 to 8, tense; 7 to 9, those; 8 to 10, erect; 9 to 10, edict; 3 to 7, sit; 4 to 8, Dec; 6 to 10, eat; 5 to 9, ere.

**DIAMOND.** 1. H. 2. Bow. 3. Below. 4. Holiday. 5. Woden. 6. Wan. 7. Y.

**TRIPLE CURTAILINGS.** Initials, St. Patrick's Day. 1. Sam-ple. 2. Ten-der. 3. Peni-ous. 4. Ann-oy-s. 5. Thought-ful. 6. Reside-nce. 7. Intellect-ual. 8. Custom-ary. 9. Kind-red. 10. Sum-mom. 11. Dread-ful. 12. Author-ize. 13. Yield-ing.

**DOUBLE DIAGONAL.** Fireside. 1. Fade. 2. Bide. 3. Tire. 4. Sure.

**DOUBLE ACROSTIC.** Primals, Bella Wilfer; finals, Lucy Bertram. 1. Babel. 2. Elihu. 3. Lilac. 4. Lucky. 5. Ablah. 6. Where. 7. Ichor. 8. Light. 9. Floor. 10. Extra. 11. Roman.

**CENTRAL ACROSTIC.** Ground hog. 1. Raged. 2. Cargo. 3. Grown. 4. Mouse. 5. Lunar. 6. Jaded. 7. Usher. 8. Roomy. 9. Eagle.

**CENTRAL ACROSTIC.** Webster. 1. Sower. 2. Friends. 3. Table. 4. Lobster. 5. Latch. 6. Lateral. 7. Error.

**ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.** Polyphemus. 1. Parrot. 2. Octagon. 3. Laces. 4. Yardstick. 5. Pumpkin. 6. Horse. 7. Elephant. 8. Money. 9. Umbrella. 10. Spear.

**BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.** 1. Mour. 2. Mains. 3. Dish. 4. Thighs. 5. Wands. 6. Owe. 7. Scared. 8. Knots. 9. Bar. 10. Spine. 11. Gift. 12. Ewer. 13. Closed. 14. Find. 15. Ether. 16. Braces. 17. Fort. 18. Hint. 19. Teased. 20. Awe. 21. Swing.

**CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.** I. 1. Rase. 2. Aloe. 3. Soar. 4. Eery. II. 1. Roar. 2. Once. 3. Acre. 4. Reek. III. 1. Mate. 2. Arab. 3. Tar. 4. Ebon. IV. 1. Year. 2. Ease. 3. Asia. 4. Reap. V. 1. Kick. 2. Iron. 3. Come. 4. Knew. VI. 1. Near. 2. Etna. 3. Ants. 4. Rasp. VII. 1. Park. 2. Anon. 3. Rome. 4. Knee.

**FALSE COMPARATIVES.** 1. Board, boarder; ban, banner. 2. Pill, pillar; ache, acre. 3. Bit, bitter; slip, slipper. 4. Rank, rancor; gate, gait, gaiter. 5. Bet, better; mat, matter. 6. Clove, clover; bow, bower. 7. Din, dinner; cape, caper. 8. Cow, cower; let, letter. 9. Post, poster; lad, ladder.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from "M. McG."—Edward McKey Very—"Alliland Adi"—"Marcapan"—Daniel Milton Miller—Joe Carlada—"The Thayer Co."—Theodore W. Gibson—"Chuck"—Alice C. Martin—William Sux Weiss—"Johnny Bear"—Mabel, George, and Henri—Mrs. C. G. Waldo—Alice T. Huyler—Louis Greenfeld—H. S. A. T. E. T., and R. T.—Bernice W. Walworth—Mollie G.—No name, Brunswick, Mo.—Gabrielle C. Weber—Frances Coon Dudley—Philip Eaton—Alice D. Karr—Tyler H. Bliss—"Marlborough"—Marian Priestly Goulin—Margery Quigley—Morton L. Wallerstein—F. Morgan Pile, Jr.—Mary R. Bacon—Basco Hammond—Helen B. Green—No name, Woburn, Mass.—Ethel G. Voorhees—Clara J. McKenney—Allen West—Elsie A. Turner—Helen Kingsbury—Osmond Kessler—Constance, Roswell, and Louise—Annette Howe Carpenter—Frederica and Lawrence Mead—Mary Burrough—Carlton King—Helen Garrison—Lilian Sarah Burt—Hugh Cameron—William R. M. Very—Philip S. Beebe—Christine Graham—Mary C. Demarest—Mollie Naylor—Sumner Ford—Sara Lawrence Kellogg—Elizabeth T. Harned—Marjorie Anderson—George T. Colman—Marguerite Hallowell—Wilkie Gilholm—Mira L. McGregor—P. L. Bryant.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from "Get," 6—Dorothea M. Dexter, 5—E. Benger, 1—Edith S. Kaskel, 5—M. V. Whitney, 1—F. Goldman, 1—H. R. Althoff, 1—Dollie Cunningham, 6—H. W. Bigelow, 3—Alberta E. Horn, 8—Philip Roberts, 2—Marian Smith, 8—Hilda Millet, 7—S. C. Titus, 1—A. De Renne, 1—M. Pratt, 1—M. F. Butler, 1—Gladys C. Lawrence, 4—Mary Lowe, 8—Lillian Jackson, 6—K. H. Toadvin, 1—Elizabeth D. Pierce, 5—Esther M. Walker, 6—Alice McGuffey, 2—Elizabeth Clarke, 7—Annabel Lea, 2—Amelia S. Ferguson, 8—Louise F. Houghton, 7—Bessie Sweet Gallup, 8—Charlotte M. H. Beath, 6—Oswald Reich, 4—Coma R. Alford, 2—Carroll B. Clark, 3—Louise K. Cowdrey, 8—Elsie McCosh, 3—Margaret C. Wilby, 7—Deane F. Ruggles, 7—Carmelita McCahill, 6—Emma Swezey, 7—Paul F. Shontal, 8.

**WORD-SQUARE.**

I. A measure. 2. A kind of soft earth. 3. A gardening implement. 4. Parts of the head.  
ABRAHAM WEINBERG (League Member).

**A CONCEALED POET.**

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ONE WORD is concealed in each sentence. When these eight words (all contain the same number of letters) have been singly curtailed, eight new words will remain; and when these are written one below another, the initials will spell the title of a famous poem, while the finals will spell the name of its author.

1. Some one said that he yet had seven days more.
2. Although I desist now, I will soon begin again.
3. The egg soon hatched and out came a yellow chick.
4. The wolf, Lobo, ate the poisoned meat.
5. The Arno flows through sunny Italy.

6. I will open the big door for you.  
7. The apple on the table is mine.  
8. If peace would ensue then the bloody war would cease.  
MARION LANE.

**ZIGZAG.**

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When these have been rightly guessed, and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower left-hand letter) will spell a sportive time.

**CROSS-WORDS:** 1. Pertaining to one of the continents. 2. Dress. 3. Queer. 4. Discourteous. 5. Three of one kind. 6. Convictions. 7. A South American river. 8. A close, dark prison, commonly underground. 9. Pleasing to people in general. 10. Roughly. 11. Persuaded. 12. Peoples. 13. Not so old.

KATHARINE H. WEAD.



# SOROSIS SHOES

TO THE PUBLIC IN GENERAL;—GREETING:

Now that the March mud, March sleet, and March dust have passed, perhaps details of my experience with the Storm Shoe of the Sorosis Company's make may prove interesting. I bought a pair in January, 1902. I have them yet in good condition. I wore them daily, rubberless, to a school nearly two miles from home, traveling upon ordinary dirt sidewalks, often covered with snow and ice. They fitted perfectly from the first and kept my feet dry and comfortable. In addition, they are stylish and shapely, and there 's lots of wear in them yet. I consider them an ideal boot for March wear. These shoes cost \$3.50 a pair, and are made by A. E. Little & Co., Lynn, Mass.

RUTH MARION,  
Dorchester, Mass.

*Ruth M. Peters, age 15, Dorchester, Mass., First Prize in Competition No. 15.*



## ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE.

### A LIBERIAN PROVISIONAL STAMP.

PROVISIONAL stamps of different countries are more apt to become scarce, soon after they appear, than are the regular issues of a country. Such stamps, whether they be surcharged with a new value, or made by some cheap process, such as lithography, are intended for temporary use, and therefore, in almost all cases, the number issued is limited. It is well to secure such stamps as soon as possible after they are issued. An odd provisional has recently been made for



Liberia. The method of canceling the old value of one dollar and replacing it by the new value stamped in the center is unusual. Lines are more apt to be drawn clear across a stamp or to be omitted altogether than to be made as shown in our cut.

### NEW STAMPS FOR ICELAND.

A NEW issue of stamps has been made for Iceland. The design consists of the head of the King to the right, inclosed by four bands or scrolls containing the value above, the name of the country at the left, the word "postage" at the right, and the inscription "Chr. IX. R. D." below. The workmanship is about the same as that of the preceding issues, but the more elaborate design requires better engraving and printing in order not to appear inferior. These stamps, both regular and official, strike one as inferior to the former issue. Some of the stamps are in two colors, and collectors expect to find them, sooner or later, with inverted centers. The top and bottom of the frames being alike in the preceding issues of the stamps of Iceland, such a thing as inversion of the center could not occur; but with a frame like those now printed such errors may be expected, although great care will be taken to prevent their reaching the public.

### CHILEAN STAMP MADE PUBLIC.

THE twenty-cent gray stamp of Chile of the design of the 1900 issue appeared first in that year. It was sent by the government to the Postal Union headquarters at Bern, Switzerland, whence a distribution to the different countries included in the Postal Union was made. The stamp, however, has only recently been issued to the public. It is not likely to be very rare, as no twenty-cent value has as yet been included in the issue of different design begun in 1902. There is a great deal of material for study to be found in the stamps of this country. Its issues are not extensive, but include varieties of print, paper, and water-mark which are always interesting to collectors. Prices of good used copies of all denominations are still low enough to permit young collectors to secure them quite easily.

### HAITIAN STAMPS.

HAITI elected a new President in December, 1902, and the provisional issue made last May by surcharging the regular issue was discontinued. The new government, instead of making a new issue, returns to the use of the stamps bearing the arms of Haiti on some values, and a picture of President Sam on others. It is likely that some of the values of this issue will be changed, for the feeling in the island is strong against the former President and it is not likely that the people will be satisfied with his picture upon their stamps. An issue with all values bearing the arms of Haiti would serve the purpose of the government through all changes in the Presidency, and, being permanent, would be less costly to produce.

### QUEEN'S-HEAD STAMPS NOT SCARCE.

IT has been supposed that the change from the Queen's-head type of British colonial stamps to those bearing the head of the King would cause the former stamps to become scarce at once. This will be the case in many instances where the issue on hand is small, has been sold out, or is superseded at once by the King's-head issue. There are some countries, however, where the supply of Queen's-head stamps is large for the uses of the country. It is now stated, for example, by the postal authorities of Sierra Leone that they have received the King's-head stamps, but as they have on hand a large quantity of the Queen's-head they will not put the King's-head stamps on sale until those with the head of the Queen are exhausted. There being a large number of the one-pound stamps among these, it will be a long time before this value, at least, is replaced by the King's-head, unless a resort is had to surcharging with a lower value as a means of clearing out the old stock.

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

THE reason that the stamps of Costa Rica of the issue of 1892 have fallen in value recently is that this country makes a practice of selling the remainders of an old issue whenever it makes a new one. A new issue was made in 1901, and these alone at the present time have a face value in Costa Rica. The older issues, being condemned for use, are procurable at low prices. The stamps that are now used in Nicaragua are not "Seebecks," but are the work of the American Bank Note Company. They are not obtainable at low prices at the end of each year. The reason that the high values of British East Africa of the issue of 1898 have been sold at high prices and again at low prices is because they were withdrawn soon after they became current. This naturally caused them to advance. Then the stamps were put on sale again, thus causing their fall to the prices of current stamps.

# STAMPS, ETC.

**1000** Different stamps pasted on sheets ready to mount in Album, \$5.00, post free.

Send for new circular of prices, etc.

Would you like to try our Approval Sheets at 50% discount?

**Scott Stamp & Coin Co.,** 18 East 23d Street, New York, N. Y.

**100** stamps all diff., set of 2 unused stamps, hinges and price lists, 12c., post-paid; 20 var. King's Head stamps, unused, from 10 diff. colonies, 5c., post-paid. **The British Colonial Stamp Co.,** 217-218 Temple Building, London, Canada.

**FREE!** A stamp worth 12c. given to all new applicants for approval sheets. Reference must accompany application, or a note from parent giving consent.

**WILLIAM F. PRICE, Arnold Ave., NEWPORT, R. I.**

**300** foreign stamps, 10c.; 104 varieties, Bulgaria, Malta, &c., 10c.; 200 varieties, 25c.; 300 varieties, 50c.; 500 varieties, \$1.25; 1000 varieties, \$4.00; 40 varieties, U. S., 10c. 22-page list free. Sheets of stamps on approval at 50% discount. **D. Crowell Stamp Co.,** 143 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.

**500** STAMPS finely mixed, only 10c. 50 all diff., 5c. 100 diff. Korea, Mexico, etc., 10c. 1000 hinges (union), 10c. 40 diff. U. S. and Canada, 10c. Agts. wanted, 50%. LIST FREE. *Old stamps bought.* **Union Stamp Co.,** Dept. D, St. Louis, Mo.



**FREE** for a 2-cent stamp to any collector who has never written us before (no others), big 6c. green and 10c. violet Guatemala 1897 wrapper stamps. Catalogue value, 30 cents. **NEW ENG. STAMP CO.,** 21 Bromfield St., Boston.

**FREE!** A set of beautiful U. S. stamps, face value \$6.00, for address of collector and return postage. Finest sheets 50% com. Agents wanted. **KOLONA STAMP CO.,** Dept. N, Dayton, Ohio.



**STAMPS.** 100 all different Peru, Cuba, Bolivia, Mexico, Argentina, Brazil, Costa Rica, Turkey, Persia, Tunis, etc. and **ALBUM ONLY 10c.** 1000 fine mixed, 20c. 1000 hinges, 10c. 60 different U. S., 25c. Agents wanted, 50%. 1903 LIST FREE. **C. A. Stegman, Dept. D, 5941 Cote Brillante av., St. Louis, Mo.**

**COIN** list, 2c. 4 large U. S. Cents, 20c. 50% disc. on U. S. and FOREIGN STAMPS, seconds at 70% disc. Estab. 1883. **R. M. LANGZETTEL, 92 CROWN ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN.**



**20** varieties U. S. Revs., Cat. value 27c., for the names of two Collectors and 2c. postage. 40 Japan Postage and Revenue, mounted on pretty sheet, only 25c.; 20 Paris Exposition stamps, 10c.; 8c. Martha Washington, used, 4c.; 12c. Harrison, used, 6c. Lists free. Agents wanted, 50% com. **Toledo Stamp Co., Toledo, O.**

**Japan:** 1900 issue, 11 var., 5 r. to 20 s., including wedding stamp, 10 cts. Lists free. **Geo. M. Fisk, Vermont Ave., Toledo, O.**

**STAMPS FREE** for addresses of collectors. The more names, the more stamps. Album & cata. free. Agts. 50%. 105 In-China, a U. S. worth 25c., W. L., etc., 5c. **Bullard, Sta. A, Boston.**

**STAMPS.** Choice approval sheets at 50% commission. References required. 100 varieties Foreign, 2c. Dept. B. **WISCONSIN STAMP AND COIN CO.,** Monroe, Wis.



**Stamp Collecting**  
A PROFITABLE PASTIME

150 different foreign stamps ..... 10c  
500 mixed foreign, many kinds..... 10c  
50 unusual foreign stamps ..... 10c

Price List and sample of our Weekly Stamp Collectors Paper free.

TELL us the number of stamps and the kind of album you use for your collection. We will then send you FREE some very attractive foreign stamps for you to use in starting new collectors.

WE BUY RARE STAMPS AND OLD COLLECTIONS.

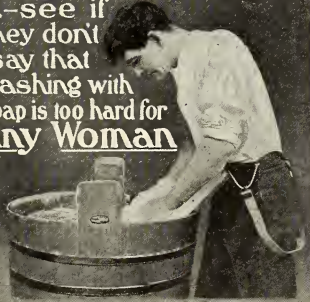
Illustrated list showing what to look for, 10 cents. Approvals 50 per cent discount.

**MEKEL STAMP CO. (Dept' C.) St. Louis, Mo.**

NEW-YORK, New-York, 13 and 15 W. 86th St.  
**Mrs. Leslie Morgan's Boarding and Day School for Girls.**  
Reopens Wednesday, October first.

**GOV'T REVOLVERS, GUNS, SWORDS,**  
Military Goods, NEW and old, auctioned to F. Bannerman, 579 Broadway, N. Y. 15c. Catalogue mailed free.

Let the Men Wash if they won't get you  
**Pearline**  
-see if they don't say that washing with Soap is too hard for Any Woman



**Pearline**  
Makes Woman's Work of Washing

## CARMEL SOAP



Keeps the Skin Soft and Smooth.



MADE IN PALESTINE, SYRIA.

AN ABSOLUTELY PURE OLIVE OIL SOAP FOR Nursery, Toilet and Bath.

SOLE BY DRUGGISTS & GROCERS, IMPORTED BY A. KLIPSTEIN & CO. 122 PEARL ST. NEW YORK.



## OUT OF SORTS

Ever analyze "out of sorts" or "the blues"? Try it just for fun, and 10 cases out of 10 you'll trace all the trouble to the stomach.

Can't do much work on a blue stomach. Wireless telegraphy nor air-ships nor any of the great fortunes of the world were built up on a sour, abused stomach. Sick stomach is an unnatural condition, always due to improper feeding.

If your stomach is out of sorts and you are trying to right it with medicine you are on the wrong track.

There is a positive and sure way to permanently remedy ills of the stomach, and that is to leave off the improper foods and take on the proper food. In **Grape-Nuts** the entire health-giving grains are treated to a predigesting process that makes the food so dainty the weakest stomach in the world will accept it immediately. Out of hundreds of thousands of sick people who have tried **Grape-Nuts** (many of whom could not retain any other food whatever), there has never been one case where the stomach did not immediately relish and digest **Grape-Nuts**.

This process has been accomplished in **Grape-Nuts** without taking away any of the health and brain rebuilding elements of the grains. Nature's best food is all there in **Grape-Nuts** in delicious, fully cooked form. Served in a variety of ways (see recipe book in package).

There are many cases on the medical records where **Grape-Nuts** alone has sustained life for weeks and months at a time. This proves that **Grape-Nuts** is a complete food in practice as well as in theory. This is worth thought if health is anything to you.

You can be happy again when well, and there is a sure road.



# SIMPLEX

## PIANO PLAYER

"It Makes Musicians of Us All"



Copyrighted by Aimé Dupont, N. Y.

"Has a softness and elasticity of touch that I have found in no other."

*Anna Cord*



"No other invention of its kind can compare with it in any way."

*Pietro Mascagni*



Copyrighted by Aimé Dupont, N. Y.

"There is no comparison between the possibilities of the Simplex and any other similar instrument."

*Therese Godeke*



Copyrighted by Aimé Dupont, N. Y.

"The effects obtainable with the Simplex far surpass anything I had conceived a piano player capable of."

*Arvid Jambrovič*



Copyrighted by Aimé Dupont, N. Y.

"More easily manipulated physically, its possibilities are greater than any other."

*Marella Lombardi*



Copyrighted by Aimé Dupont, N. Y.

"Producing a dramatic effect for the study of roles which I have found in no other player."

*Edmond de Puységur*

You Can Render All Classes of Music. You Can Play Any Piano.

PRICE, \$250.00

Send for illustrated booklet of the SIMPLEX. The music for the SIMPLEX embraces the widest possible range, and is obtainable at a moderate cost through the music libraries that have been established at all the principal SIMPLEX Agencies. The Music Catalog will be sent on application.

**THEODORE P. BROWN, MANUFACTURER**  
6 May Street, Worcester, Mass.



# The Three Wise Bears



You all remember that The Three Wise Bears, who lived together in the middle of a wood, found on one occasion that Little Goldilocks had in their absence eaten their porridge; but you may not be aware that what appeared their anger was the fact that Little Goldilocks had brought with her a can of

## LOWNEY'S BREAKFAST COCOA

which she showed them how to prepare and the delicious qualities of which made them forget the loss of their porridge.

**(Trial Size for 15 Cents in Stamps)**

We will send the Lowney Receipt Book, telling how to make Chocolate Bon-Bons at home, to any one who writes and mentions ST. NICHOLAS.

**The Walter M. Lowney Company** Boston, Mass.

## *St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition, No. 23.*

*Time to hand in answers is up April 25, 1903. Prizes will be awarded in the June number.*

It is time to send our bright young workers further afield. Too long have they been playing in their own dooryard — among the ST. NICHOLAS advertising pages. We now wish them to make a little excursion into the outer world. So this month we shall ask for page-advertisements of firms that seldom or never appear in ST. NICHOLAS. Look for them in the advertising pages of *The Century*, or any magazine of general circulation you please. Find something that, in your opinion, ought to be advertised in the ST. NICHOLAS pages, something that ought to appeal to its young readers or their parents and friends. Then draw up or write up or fix up ("any way to get up," as the boys say) an advertisement such as the advertisers will use in ST. NICHOLAS. You see, it will be necessary to write or design it so that it may appeal to ST. NICHOLAS readers.

The usual prizes are offered—one of \$5.00, three of \$3.00, five of \$2.00 and twenty-six of \$1.00 each; and the conditions are the same—give *age*, address, endorsement. Put your design on card or paper of reasonable size, not over 10x12 inches, and mail it to:

ADVERTISING COMPETITION NO. 23,  
ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, THE CENTURY CO., UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

### *Some Valuable Suggestions to Competitors.*

1. Follow the rules closely.
2. Get a good idea, and then don't spoil it by too much elaboration. Keep it simple.
3. Be original. Don't try to make advertisements like others you have seen. Try to make one unlike any you have seen.
4. Take some subject that interests you, and show others by your work why it is interesting.
5. Crude and grotesque drawings are not always comical.
6. Good photographs are better than poor drawings, and good writing may be better than pictures in any form.
7. Make your work neat, clean, and plain.
8. Let some friend criticize it, if you find that helps you.
9. Remember that advertisers may buy some designs that do not win prizes.
10. Thoroughly good work seldom fails to win a prize. Good work is never too plentiful, and always pleases the judges in these competitions.

We wish to say, in conclusion, that the work done in these competitions cannot fail to be of practical value to the young writers and artists in after life. Nearly all of the boys, and certainly many of the girls, are sure to find advertising, in some form, playing a prominent part in the work of their lives as men and women.

In order to shorten the time of waiting to learn the results of the contests, we print this month lists of prize-winners in two competitions.

*Reports continued next two pages.*

*St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition, No. 19,*

*Which appeared in the number for December, 1902.*

AWARDS OF PRIZES.

*One First Prize,*

*\$5.00 :*

Rose C. Goode (16), Boydton, Va. [Ivory Soap.]

*Three Second Prizes,*

*\$3.00 each :*

Fred Stearns (17), Chicago, Ill. [Libby.]

Myron B. Chapin (15), St. Johns, Michigan. [Pears' Soap.]

Charlotte Morton (17), Tescott, Kansas. [Ivory Soap.]

*Five Third Prizes,*

*\$2.00 each :*

Ruth M. Peters (16), Dorchester, Mass. [Serosis Shoes.]

Marjorie Connor (14), Des Moines, Iowa. [Ivory Soap.]

Herbert Martini (15), Brooklyn, N. Y. [Korn Krisp.]

Walter S. Davis (15), Baltimore, Md. [Korn Krisp.]

Donald Cole (17), Baltimore, Md. [Rock Island System.]

*Twenty-six Consolation Prizes, \$1.00 each :*

Sara D. Burge (13).

Florence E. Wilkinson (13).

Margaret W. Peck (12).

Marjorie Betts (13).

Margaret McKeon (13).

Stanley Smith (16).

Helen De Veer (16).

George H. Soule, Jr. (15).

Carl H. P. Thurston (15).

Wilbur Morgan (12).

Helen Ruff (14).

Allen W. Reid (15).

Grace M. Buzby (15).

Cecil Edwards (17), Wichita, Kansas.

Louis May (16).

Roger K. Lane (11).

Elizabeth Bishop Ballard (17).

W. R. Burlingame (13).

Marjorie Stowe Collins (17).

Edith G. Daggett (15).

Elizabeth Howard (15).

Evelyn Olver Foster (15).

Emma E. Bettis (13).

Aimée Vervalen (16).

Graham Hawley (17).

Julia W. Williamson (16).

*St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition, No. 20,*

*Published in the January, 1903, St. Nicholas.*

PRIZE-WINNERS.

*One First Prize,*

*\$5.00 :*

Louise Esther Tuthill (12), Detroit, Mich.

*Three Second Prizes,*

*\$3.00 each :*

Katharine Gay (12), New York City.

Dorothy Kinch (12), New York City.

Elizabeth Q. Bolles (17), Cambridge, Mass.

*Five Third Prizes,*

*\$2.00 each :*

J. F. S. Duke (13), Charlottesville, Va.

Winifred E. Wilson (12), Montreal, Canada.

Hester A. Hopkins (11), Rochester, N. Y.

Harford W. H. Powel, Jr. (15), Newport, R. I.

Satia York (11), Detroit, Mich.

*Twenty-six Consolation Prizes, \$1.00 each :*

Gabrielle Elliot (12).

Gorham Sargent (11).

Edwin Doan (16).

Eugene F. Bradford (13).

Walter H. Durfee (13).

Dorothy W. Caldwell (13).

Geddes Smith (13).

Frances H. Rogers (13).

Marjorie Beebe (12).

Helen Kingsbury (12).

Jean C. MacDuffie (13).

George H. Soule, Jr. (15).

Leonard L. Barrett (12).

Merle S. Whitcomb (15).

John Gilman Paul (15).

Philip P. Cole (12).

M. Enid Hatley (14).

Joe Pound (12).

Ruth Williamson (16).

Margery Quigley (16).

Katherine D. Bolles (15).

Sara Lawrence Kellogg (16).

Edith G. Daggett (15).

Josie Moeller (13).

Mary E. Osgood (16).

Eleanor May Barker (17).

Here follows a list of correct answers to the questions given in the January St. NICHOLAS:

A. 1. Swift (or Swifts). 2. The Round Table established by King Arthur. 3. Panel. 4. Cure. 5. Bacon. B. 1. "Hand"—four times printed, six times drawn on page 20. 2. Soap-bubbles. 3. Palm. 4. Crocodile. 5. A torch. C. 1. A knight (night) printing paper. 2. Huyler's. X'mas should be Xmas. 3. Cyko. Psycho, a prefix meaning soul, life, mind. D. 1. He is tipping the camera; he holds it too near the children. Besides, he should front both of them. He holds the camera (if it is a "Brownie") so he could not work the shutter. 2. Removed his hat. E. 1. The parasol appears convex, and the handle is

crooked with the top. 2. "On the shores of the Pacific . . . with . . . landscapes . . . all about you." "Waterscapes" or "seascapes." F. 1. Square and compass. 2. Cabinet. 3. In the Lundborg advertisement, the woman and child may be said to have but a cent (scent) between them. 4. The Alton's Fencing Girl carries a "foil" and shows a "heart." 5. A saw, an auger (augur), a plane (plain), two "bits." G. Ping-ping should be ping-pong. Sing-song; ding-dong. H. (A question of taste, which was not counted in awarding prizes.)

Although much latitude was given in marking everything right that could be called correct, *not one entirely correct list* was received. But before discussing the answers, let us record the votes for the "best advertisement in the December number of St. NICHOLAS," as called for by question H. Lowney's Cocoa, containing the drawing of Santa Claus, received the most votes—twenty. Libby's Plum Pudding was next, with fourteen, and then came Korn Krisp (9), Pears' Soap (8), Pearline (7), Rubifoam and the Brownie Camera, six votes each; "Serosis" shoe and Cyko, four each; Ivory soap (3), Simplex Piano Player, Edison Phonograph, Royal Baking Powder, and the Tool Cabinet had two each, and the rest had only one apiece.

Now as to the questions. They were prepared with much care, and yet several, as our clever puzzlers showed us, admitted of other answers that could hardly be called wrong. Thus to A. 1. many gave the answer "card," which, however, is not an apparatus for *winding* yarn; others gave "calender," which is a hot press for cloth. To A. 2. "calendar" and "order" were given, but these, while they may be said to be established by a king of England, were certainly not established to prevent quarreling. The "metal cap" or brank was not established by any king of England. To A. 4. "study" was given as a clergyman's office, but it is rather far-fetched to call Asti's picture

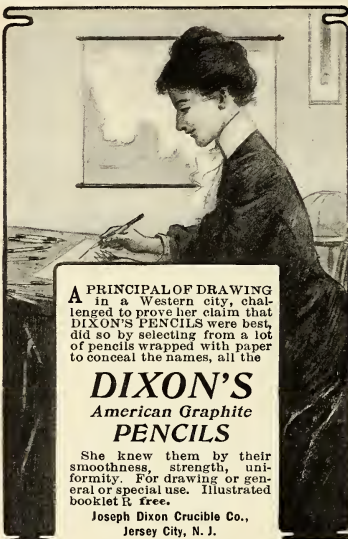
a study, and a clergyman's study his office. To B. 1. a great many gave the answer "nonsense," but there is no definite number of repetitions of this "idea" in the Rubifoam advertisement, and nonsense is hardly an idea. Certainly the idea "hand" is a better, and a very evident solution. To B. 2. "window-sash" is a poor answer. To B. 5. one gave the answer "magazine" as a *symbol* of education or destruction! A magazine may be a means of both, but it is not a *symbol* of either. To C. 1., "a pictured pun," many gave answers referring to the miniature monkey-wrench, "a little charmer." But here the *pun* is not pictured. In answering C. 3., only one referred to "Psycho," Maskelyne and Cooke's automaton. No child failed to say that the Brownie Boy should have taken off his hat before the young ladies he is photographing. Some very ingenious answers were made to E. 2., an especially popular and excusable one being, "lowest altitudes" and "Hi-lo," which was not counted a mistake—being too good.

But, enough space to a bygone competition. Assistance was allowed because the questions were puzzling, but three or four excellent papers were thrown out because the writers did not give their ages. *Where the age of the competitor is omitted, the paper will not be considered!* And do not send stamped envelopes with competing papers.

THERE are no dues or charges of any kind in connection with the St. Nicholas League. Members are simply expected to be readers of the League department, and to take an interest in its purpose and progress. It is a union of cheerful, fun-loving, industrious young people, bound together by worthy aims and accomplishments, and stimulated by a wide range of competitions that offer to every member a chance of recognition and success.

No Dues





**A** PRINCIPAL OF DRAWING in a Western city, challenged to prove her claim that DIXON'S PENCILS were best, did so by selecting from a lot of pencils wrapped with paper to conceal the names, all the

**DIXON'S**  
American Graphite  
**PENCILS**

She knew them by their smoothness, strength, uniformity. For drawing or general or special use. Illustrated booklet **free**.

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co.,  
Jersey City, N. J.

The Most  
**Popular**  
of All  
Beverages

The great  
Spring tonic  
and health  
drink,  
in  
thousands  
of  
American  
homes.

Purifies the  
blood and  
gives vigor  
and  
vim.

**Hires**  
**Rootbeer**

A package makes five gallons. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

**CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY,**  
Malvern, Pa.

**MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. PAUL**

**FINE  
SERVICE**



**FROM  
CHICAGO**

**New First-Class Through Line**

from Chicago via Dubuque, Waterloo and Albert Lea. Fast Vestibule Night train with through Sleeping Car, Buffet-Library Car and Free Reclining Chair Car. Dining Car Service en route. Tickets of agents of I. C. R. R. and connecting lines.

A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., CHICAGO.

# The New Princess of Nonsense Land



This is the Princess of Nonsense Land!  
 She sweetens her coffee with best sea-sand;  
 She plays ping-pong with a sleepy bat,  
 And takes for her ball an Angora cat;  
 She wears a glass veil lest her cheeks be tanned,  
 This lovely Princess of Nonsense Land!

She recites her French to a porcupine,  
 And sits each day on a steeple to dine;  
 Her shoes are made of cakes of ice,  
 And she sings in a choir composed of mice;  
 She has for a servant a little gnome,  
 Who cleans all her silver with RUBIFOAM!

But

Sensible People all say this:

**"RUBIFOAM**

is the Very Best Dentifrice."



COPYRIGHT 1903 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI



"No perfume, but fine linen, plenty of it, and country washing," was Beau Brummel's sartorial code.

CERTAINLY there is no more agreeable fragrance than clean linen, if it has been washed with pure soap. Any soap will remove the dirt. Ivory Soap does so without leaving a strong, rank odor. Its purity makes the linen snow white and sweet smelling. Try it!



Libby's  
PREMIER  
CONCENTRATED  
VEGETABLE SOUP

Libby's  
PREMIER  
CONCENTRATED  
CHICKEN SOUP

Libby's  
PREMIER  
CONCENTRATED  
MOCK TURTLE SOUP

Libby's  
PREMIER  
CONCENTRATED  
MULLIGATAWNY SOUP

Libby's  
PREMIER  
CONCENTRATED  
MOCK TURTLE SOUP

Libby's  
PREMIER  
CONCENTRATED  
MOCK TURTLE SOUP

Libby's  
PREMIER  
CONCENTRATED  
OX TAIL SOUP

Libby's  
PREMIER  
CONCENTRATED  
VEGETABLE SOUP

Libby's  
PREMIER  
CONCENTRATED  
CHICKEN SOUP

Libby's  
PREMIER  
CONCENTRATED  
MOCK TURTLE SOUP

Libby's  
PREMIER  
CONCENTRATED  
MULLIGATAWNY SOUP



Libby's  
PREMIER  
CONCENTRATED  
TOMATO SOUP

Libby's  
PREMIER  
CONCENTRATED  
MOCK TURTLE SOUP

Libby's  
PREMIER  
CONCENTRATED  
OX TAIL SOUP

Libby's  
PREMIER  
CONCENTRATED  
TOMATO SOUP

Libby's  
PREMIER  
CONCENTRATED  
VEGETABLE SOUP

## Libby's Concentrated Soups

are just choice stock soups with nothing but the natural flavor of the beef, chicken, vegetable and seasoning. There's no "Secret Process" about them.

They are delicious and wholesome because of their purity. Made in Libby's spotless kitchens.

Contents of one can makes six large plates ready to serve by adding boiling water.

Send for booklet "How to Make Good Things to Eat."

Libby's big home atlas sent anywhere for five 2-cent stamps.

**Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.**



## French Hypnotism

**Dr. Berillon makes Patients  
leave off Coffee  
Entirely.**

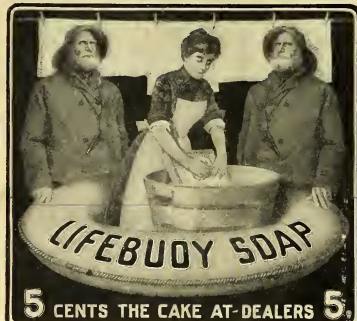
In Paris the clinique of Dr. Berillon, the famous French hypnotist of the Rue St. Andre-des-Arts, where hypnotism is employed in the cure of various diseases, is one of the interesting sights of the modern world of Science.

Some of the cures smack of the miraculous and the ordinary observer can comprehend nothing of the why and wherefore.

It is noticeable that Dr. Berillon instructs his patients to "leave off coffee entirely"—a most important step in the cure of any disease. Many people are steadily and surely forced into disease by coffee.

POSTUM FOOD COFFEE has made the way easy for those who would break away from coffee. When boiled full fifteen minutes it is delicious, heavy with food value, a powerful rebuilding agent. It knocks down the ills coffee has set up. If you would be well it is worth your thought.

**There is a reason.**



An honest, undisguised soap with its own clean, wholesome scent, indicating its antiseptic qualities. It gives double protection, for while it cleanses it disinfects, destroying dirt and disease germs at one and the same time. It is more than soap but costs no more, only 5 cents.

*Your dealer can supply you. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory.*

## The Old Reliable

# ROYAL



# BAKING POWDER

**Absolutely Pure**

**THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE**

Indispensable in Every  
Household

## GORHAM SILVER POLISH

IN CAKE FORM

The result of the experiments and experience of three generations. Cleans as well as polishes. Requires no effort to produce a satisfactory and lasting result. Does not cake or fill up the interstices and is guaranteed to be free from all injurious ingredients.

Price 25 cents a package

If unobtainable at your jewelers', send 25 cents in stamps for a sample package to

**The Gorham Co.**

Broadway & 19th Street, New York













