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ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

VOLUME XLII.

PART II.—MAY TO OCTOBER, 1915.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK
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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XLII.

PART II.

SIX MONTHS—MAY TO OCTOBER, 1915.

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"THE LOST PRINCE," by FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

VOL. XLII, No. 7

MAY, 1915

PRICE, 25 CENTS

ST. NICHOLAS



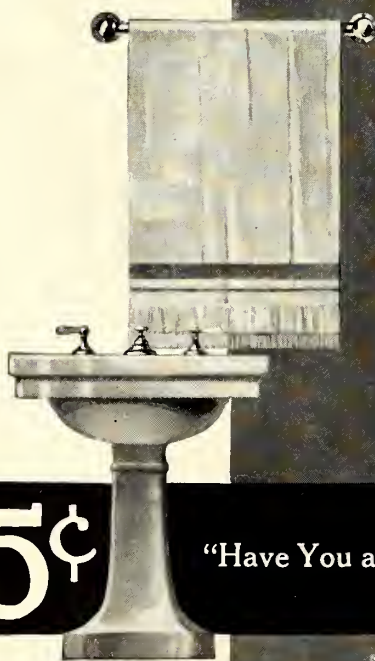
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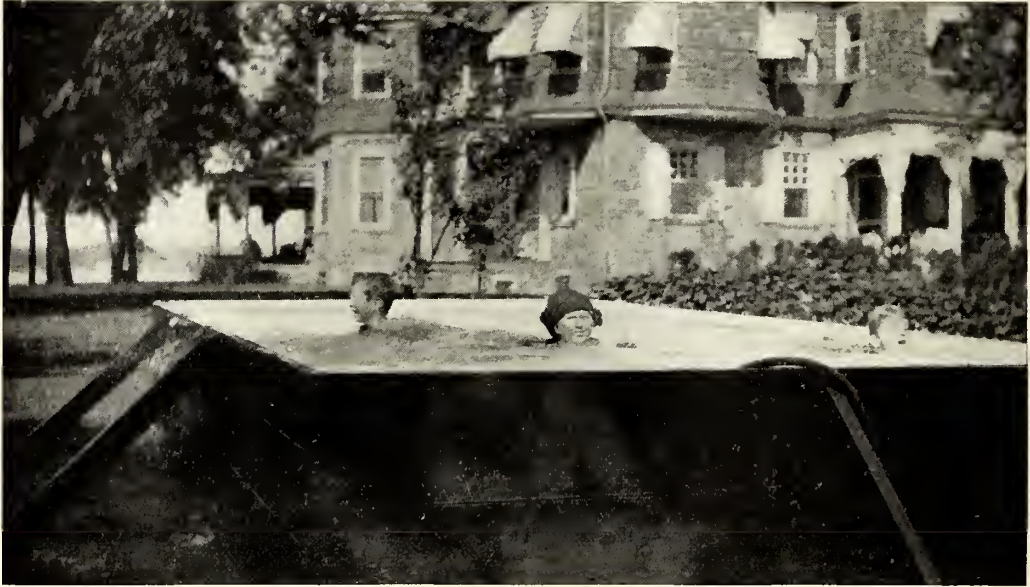
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ST. NICHOLAS NEWS NOTES



These two pages are to be a kind of family newspaper this month for ST. NICHOLAS readers, though there will probably be more about the future than most newspapers have.

THE FORBIDDEN RIVER

The first piece of news will be about the future. Does the picture just above make you a little envious? The paddlers in the water had heard that old, familiar order: "You must not go swimming in the river." The river was dangerous in more ways than one. So an uncle, who had a leaning toward carpentry, set about making a substitute for the forbidden river. In the June ST. NICHOLAS there will be an article telling about a home-made swimming-pool: its size, cost, how to construct it, its advantages, etc.

"PAYNE IS BATTING FOR COBB"

Once there flashed across the telegraph wires that bring news from the Big League baseball fields this bulletin: "Payne is batting for Cobb." The bulletin was read with astonishment all over the country. Other bulletins came on, saying that Cobb had struck out four times already that afternoon. But why he did so, and what he did to the same pitcher when next they faced, these and many more anecdotes of America's greatest games are told in an article entitled "The Art of Batting" by Billy Evans in the June ST. NICHOLAS. There will be a series of these baseball stories running all summer.

FLYING FOR FUN

A few years ago model aeroplanes were said to be doing something splendid if they flew 200 feet. But now they fly half a mile, and there are often tournaments that bring together a large number of boys who fly their machines in races. F. A. Collins will tell the latest news about model aeroplanes in the June ST. NICHOLAS.

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Please find enclosed \$3.00, for which send me ST. NICHOLAS for one year, beginning with thenumber.

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(ST. N.-5)

FOR NEW READERS

WHEN CHARLES KINGSLEY WAS A BOY

In the June ST. NICHOLAS Miss Hawthorne will write, in her delightful manner, about Charles Kingsley. He is the author, you remember, of "Hereward the Wake," "Westward Ho," "Water Babies" and other great favorites. When Charles Kingsley was a boy—but, there, you must read it all in next month's ST. NICHOLAS.

IF YOU SHOULD BE A KING

Well, it would be far from ill if you had learned how to be one from Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "The Lost Prince," now appearing in ST. NICHOLAS. Meanwhile, you will have learned also "that kings are men, and men of as many different sorts as tinkers are. Young republicans should be intelligently and calmly intimate with kings. They should be aware of how much, and at the same time, of how little, they really matter."

ST. NICHOLAS is prouder every month of its "Lost Prince," and our readers are also, judging by their letters. In the June ST. NICHOLAS Marco and the Rat resume their travels, and Marco calls for help. We must not tell any more now.

"PEG O' THE RING," in the next issue, will reveal the desperate Blundell going after the ring or the boy.

There are fresh discoveries in "THE BOARDED-UP HOUSE" in June, and the two girls hear some one while they are investigating. And then there is an incident that leaves them terrified.

The June number also sees the boys of "CHAINED LIGHTNING" well across the border of Mexico, and already having thrilling adventures.

As for "TOMMY AND THE WISHING-STONE," he again sits on the magic stone, and as soon as he wishes it is transformed into a—no, we simply can't tell it now. But he has a lot of new kinds of adventures and is in great danger.



ST. NICHOLAS

PENNANT NEWS

This is the ST. NICHOLAS pennant. A new supply has just been received, made in the colors of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Pennsylvania and Dartmouth. Surely you who are reading this have a favorite among the big universities, and certainly you want one of these pennants! They are thirty inches long, and the scene on the January cover-page of ST. NICHOLAS is carved into the felt with sharp knives. Each is in two colors, the colors of one of the universities named above. If you send in your own name or that of someone else as a subscriber, please use the coupon on the corner of the opposite page; if you wish to have the whole story of the ST. NICHOLAS pennants, use the coupon on the corner of this page. Why not write to-day? Doing things now is one of the best habits. Putting things off is one of the worst. Write to-day. You have nothing to lose, something to gain.

FOR REGULAR READERS OF ST. NICHOLAS

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There is a story about a wonderful man who is the friend of all wild animals, the savage and the tame.

Can you remember things? Cleo Chester Smith does—dates, all kinds of figures—anything he wants to remember.

As for real adventure, “Deeds of Daring in the Movies” is more exciting than a make-believe story.

Ask father if he is “His Own Worst Enemy.” Ida M. Tarbell writes about that. “Cupid vs. Geography” by George Fitch will make mother gasp and laugh.

THE MAY NUMBER

is waiting for you and your family

THE AMERICAN
MAGAZINE

How the Woman's Home Companion "GOES TO THE MOVIES"—FOR YOU

REMEMBER how you used to love to "go to the movies" when they were new and rare? You would go every time a new reel was to be shown.

Nowadays, though, there are so many theaters and so many reels of all kinds, some good and many bad, that you are often disappointed with the pictures. As you go out, you say to Cousin Sue, or whoever is with you, "I wish we had played 'house' (if you are a girl), or 'Indian' (if you are a boy), instead of wasting our time in that stuffy place."

Don't you sometimes say that?

There are thousands of other boys and girls all over this country who feel just as you do. And there are just as many *mothers* who feel that many films are really harmful to you.

These are the reasons why THE WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION has begun to "Go to the Movies"—for you. And here is the way they do it:

The Editors have the better class of films shown to them before they are "released" for use in your local theater. The films which they feel sure will be entertaining and instructive to boys and girls and, above everything, "safe," they recommend. There is a list of these films in the March, April and May issues of THE WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, and a story in each one telling how

much this work means to mothers who wish to safeguard their children.

If your mother would like to have copies of each of these issues, send the three little coupons below with 25 cents and all three will be sent. This is a special low price which THE WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION is making so that many new families can learn how interesting it *all* is.

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

To WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION,
381 Fourth Ave., New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I go to "The Movies" and my mother would like me to go only to good ones.

Her name is:

Mother's

Name.....

To WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION,
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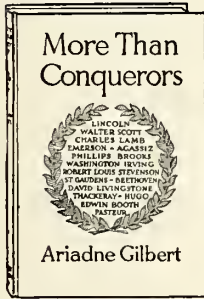
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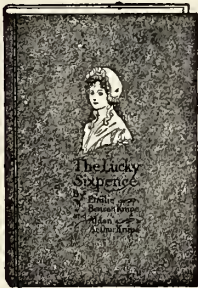


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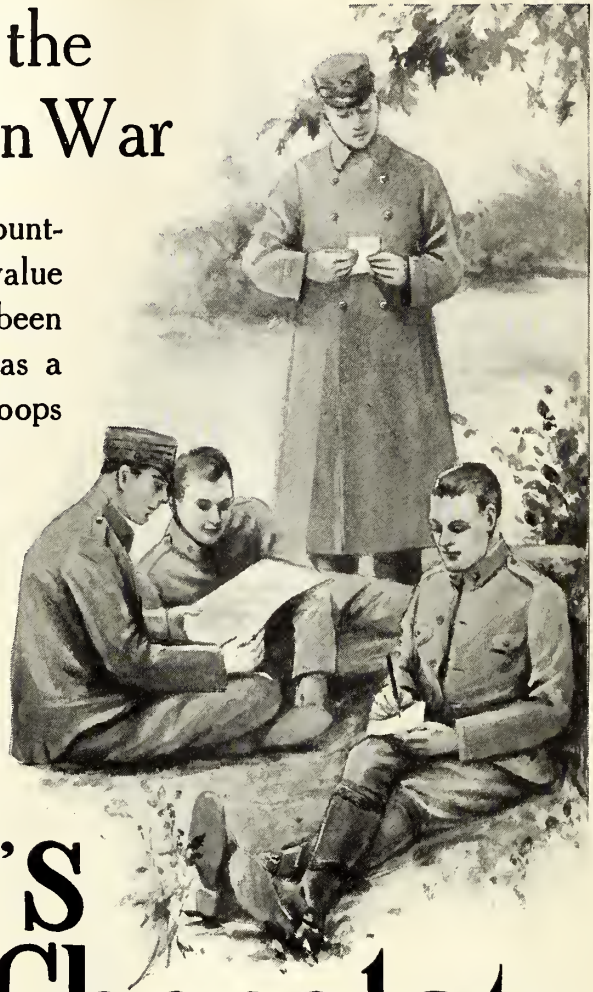
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"THE DISTANT THROB OF A MOTOR-CYCLE CAME TO HIS EARS." (SEE PAGE 580.)

ST. NICHOLAS

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No. 7

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A FIRST-CLASS ARGUMENT

BY GEORGE M. JOHNSON

LESTER ROBERTS burst into the room where his father was busily perusing the evening paper.

"Oh, Dad!" he called; "come out and see Jim's motor-cycle! He 's just got it."

Mr. Roberts leisurely followed his excited son out to the front yard where a number of lads were gazing in mingled envy and admiration at a second-hand motor-cycle. James Farnum, who lived across the street, and to whom the machine belonged, was trying—with little success, to be sure—not to look proud.

"Well, James, so you 've actually become a motor-cyclist!" remarked Mr. Roberts. "I suppose there will be no peace and quiet in the neighborhood from now on."

"Ain't she a beauty!" exclaimed Lester, gazing with glowing eyes at the motor-cycle, which was really very much the worse for wear.

"Ahem!" rejoined Mr. Roberts, not caring to commit himself on that particular question. "Suppose you give us a demonstration," he added, addressing Jim.

The latter was only too willing, and, with the dignity which befitted the owner of a motor-cycle, proceeded to climb into the saddle.

"Hold on!" cried Mr. Roberts; "your back wheel 's not on the ground. You can't ride it like that!"

"He 's only going to warm up the engine," several boys were kind enough to explain in chorus, clearly shocked at the denseness of the ignorance which Lester's parent displayed.

Jim pedaled the machine vigorously, but nothing happened.

"Tickle the carb," advised one of his admirers.

Jim "ticked the carb" and tried again, with more gratifying results. A volley of sharp, pistol-like reports rang out, irregular at first, but coming more steadily as the engine warmed to its task. Then Jim throttled down the motor, released the clutch, kicked the stand up to its position, and soon was riding about in the street. Evidently the machine behaved well enough, even though lacking in good looks.

"Say, Dad," said Lester wistfully, after the exhibition was over, "I wish you 'd buy me a motor-cycle."

"I 've been expecting that," was the answer, "and, while I dislike to disappoint you, I will not buy a motor-cycle. They are dirty, noisy, dangerous, expensive, and a menace to the health of the rider!"

"I did n't know you 'd ever owned one, Dad," remarked Lester very innocently.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Lester's sire, a trifle sharply.

"Why, you know so much about 'em, seems as though you must have ridden a good lot; that 's all."

"One does n't need to ride a motor-cycle to learn about it," stated Mr. Roberts confidently. "You can see that they 're dirty, and even a deaf person can tell that they 're noisy enough to wake the dead."

"Only when the muffler 's open," declared Lester. "They 're quiet enough if the muffler 's closed, and most fellows ride with it closed all the time. They 're not dangerous either, except when you race 'em."

"We need not continue this discussion," affirmed Mr. Roberts. "There is not a single first-

class argument in favor of my buying you a motor-cycle, and we may as well let the matter rest."

"Dad 's got a grouch on," thought Lester mournfully, as he left the room. "Wonder what 's the matter."

It was his mother who gave the boy light on this question.

"I hope you won't keep asking your father to buy you a motor-cycle just at present, Lester," she said, somewhat anxiously. "I know you 'd like one, and perhaps you can have one when you 're older, but that big case of father's does n't seem to go just as he had hoped, and it worries him most of the time. He did n't mean to be cross just now. It 's only because he 's been working so hard that his nerves are on the ragged edge."

Of course Lester promised not to say anything more about the motor-cycle, though he felt that he wanted one more than anything else in the world. But Jim was his particular chum and was very generous in sharing the new possession with Lester. Thus the latter had many opportunities to ride a motor-cycle, and each ride left him with a keener desire to possess one of his own.

About nine o'clock one morning, as Lester was digging worms in preparation for a fishing trip, his mother called him. From her voice the boy knew that something was wrong, very much so.

Mrs. Roberts was just hanging up the telephone-receiver as the boy darted into the room.

"Your father made a terribly careless mistake when he left for the city this morning!" she gasped. "That important case is on trial to-day, and he took the wrong batch of papers. The right ones are on his desk upstairs, and he wants you to catch the 9:15 train to the city and get them to him as soon as possible. He said he could have the trial delayed a short time."

The two ran to the desk, but at first the missing documents were not to be found. Even as Lester finally buttoned them inside his coat, the train whistled. Mrs. Roberts turned pale.

"Oh dear!" she moaned. "Now we 're too late. What will your father do?"

Then Lester had an idea—Jim's motor-cycle.

"Don't worry, Mother! I 'll get 'em there!" he shouted, and off he ran as fast as his legs could carry him.

In about three words Lester explained the dire emergency to Jim.

"Go ahead, old boy!" cried the latter. "The machine 's out in the barn," and he ran to help start the engine.

"Two minutes later Lester was headed for the

city, seventeen miles away, flattened down on the gasolene tank of Jim's motor-cycle. He had never ridden so fast before; in fact, he had never realized that the motor-cycle was capable of such speed. His hat blew off, but he hardly knew it. The wind cut into his face like a blast of sand-grains; his eyes smarted and streamed, but Lester kept the throttle open and thanked his lucky stars that the road was level. That old rattle-trap was certainly a true blue machine—regardless of appearances—what one might call an example of "handsome is that handsome does."

Belvin's Corners marked the half way point to the city, and Lester tore through in a cloud of dust, easily doing forty-five miles an hour. Mr. Cyrus Belvin, who had plenty of time for the various duties of store-keeper, postmaster, notary public, game-warden, and village constable, rushed from his place of business as the roaring motor-cycle—for Lester had kicked the muffler open, both as a warning and to gain a little more power—flashed by. Cyrus had no liking for motor-cyclists and dearly longed to arrest one for scorching, but all in vain. They were usually out of sight before the slow-witted constable realized they were coming, and, as in this instance, all he could do was stand in the road and shake his fist at the vanishing rider.

About two miles beyond the Corners the motor-cycle, which had hitherto run like a top, missed a few explosions, and its speed slackened noticeably. Then, without further warning, the engine stopped dead. Lester dismounted a little unsteadily, for he was not used to such riding, and looked doubtfully at the machine. He put it up on the stand and tried to make the engine run by pedaling it, as Jim usually did, but not a single explosion rewarded his efforts.

"Well is n't that the limit!" exploded Lester wrathfully.

The motor-cycle did not seem to hear; at any rate, it vouchsafed no reply, while the discomfited rider scratched his head in perplexity. The information Lester possessed about motor-cycle engines was not what one could truthfully term exhaustive. He had not the slightest idea as to the proper thing to be done in such an emergency. In a vague sort of way he understood that the spark came from the magneto and the explosive mixture from the carburetor; that the inlet-valve opened to admit the fresh charge, while the exhaust-valve provided a mode of escape for the burned gas. But just how these mysteries were brought about was very much of a sealed book to the boy.

The distant throb of a motor-cycle came to his ears as a faint interruption to this discouraged

revery, and presently the machine itself appeared around a bend. On seeing Lester standing disconsolately beside Jim's motor-cycle, the rider threw out his clutch and put on a brake, coming to a stop close by, the engine purring sweetly. How

Then he disconnected the magneto-cable from the spark-plug.

"Pedal the engine over," he directed Lester, meanwhile holding the end of the cable close to the plug.



"THAT OLD RATTLETRAP WAS CERTAINLY A TRUE BLUE MACHINE."

envious that sound did make Lester feel! But then his eyes fairly glistened as they took in the new-comer's motor-cycle, a brand-new two-speed twin, equipped with electric headlight, electric horn, speedometer, and other desirable features.

"What 's the matter?" inquired the rider of this splendid mount. "Stalled?" The speaker was a very likable-appearing young fellow indeed, dressed in a neat riding-suit of olive green.

In a swift flood of words Lester poured out the story of his trouble, explaining how important it was that he get to the city without loss of time. The stranger stopped his engine, leaning the machine against a convenient tree.

"I guess we can fix you up all right in a minute or two," he remarked confidently.

That young man seemed to know just what to do. First he rapped his knuckles against the gasoline tank.

"Plenty of gas," he muttered. "Tank must be half full. Compression 's good," he went on after a brief test, "so valves are in fair shape, at least. Carb 's got gas in it, too."

The boy did as suggested, and a husky blue spark jumped across the narrow gap.

"You see the magneto 's delivering the goods all right," was the verdict, "and so your trouble must be in the plug."

With a few deft twists of a wrench Lester's good Samaritan removed the spark-plug from the cylinder-head.

"There she is!" he cried, and showed Lester how a thin deposit of burned cylinder oil had formed between the points, thus causing a short circuit. A few seconds sufficed to clean the plug and replace it, when the engine ran as well as ever.

"Say, but you must know a lot about motor-cycles!" was Lester's admiring tribute. The entire time consumed had been but three or four minutes.

"Oh, that was an easy one!" laughed the other; "but almost always, when an engine balks, it 's nothing worse than a dirty plug, or some little thing like that."

"Well, I can't say how much I 'm obliged to you," declared Lester gratefully.

"Don't mention it!" cried the stranger heartily. "Good luck to you!" and he was off down the road.

Fortunately for Lester no other hard luck was lying in wait for him. He found travel conditions in the city difficult to one of his inexperience, but nevertheless managed to get through with no mishap, even where traffic was thickest.



busy that Lester saw very little of him, and therefore had no opportunity to describe to him the various adventures of that wonderful ride. Of course he told Mrs. Roberts about it as soon as he got back.

"And gee, Mother! you ought to have seen that motor-cycle!" was Lester's conclusion to his narrative. "It was a regular lallapaloozaler!"

"Lester!" gasped his mother. "Where did you get that horrible word?"

"And that fellow that started me going again was a dandy chap, too," the boy went on, not heeding the interruption.



"STANDING BY A TELEPHONE, WATCH IN HAND." "YOU'RE JUST IN TIME! EXCLAIMED MR. ROBERTS."

The first person Lester saw, as he entered the large open hall of the court-house, was his father, standing nervously by a telephone, watch in hand.

"Good boy!" exclaimed Mr. Roberts, at sight of his hatless, dusty son. "You're just in time! there was not another minute to lose!" and, seizing the papers, Mr. Roberts fairly ran towards the elevator.

"Gee!" mused Lester, as he retraced his way down the massive marble steps, "I reckon Dad was in some hurry, from the way he acted. But he did n't hustle as fast as I did, at that."

With the big weight of responsibility lifted from his shoulders, Lester felt quite care-free and not a little self-satisfied. There was no occasion for further hurry, and accordingly he waited to regale himself with a couple of chocolate ice-cream sodas at a convenient drug-store. They served very well to wash the dust from his throat.

During the next few days Mr. Roberts was so

"It certainly was very kind of him to stop and help you as he did," agreed Mrs. Roberts. "Not every one would go to so much trouble for a boy he had never seen before."

"Oh, that's the way all motor-cycle riders do," answered Lester wisely. "They never go by a fellow that's stalled without stopping."

Shortly after dinner one day, about a week later, the Roberts telephone rang. Lester answered it.

"That you, Les?" said a voice. "Well, come down to the shop. Got something I want to show you."

The speaker was Joe Parker, who ran the local sporting-goods store.

Lester lost no time in obeying the summons. Mr. Parker had just finished uncrating a new motor-cycle (his up-to-date little store represented a popular make of machine) and was even then in the act of straining gasolene into the tank. The motor-cycle was just like the one Lester

had described in such glowing terms to his mother.

"Some boat, eh, Les?" remarked Joe with enthusiasm.

"You bet!" was all Lester could say.

With hungry eyes he watched while Joe fixed up the machine for the road. How he longed for even a short ride on that wonderful motor-cycle!

"Tell you what, Les," said Mr. Parker, with a confidential wink. "S'pose you ride the bus around this afternoon. Show it to your dad to-night and see if you can't get him to buy it for you."

Lester almost jumped out of his shoes. Then his heart sank, for he knew the price of that luxurious model.

"I 'm afraid dad won't," the boy said mournfully; then he added hastily, as if fearing that Mr. Joe Parker would repent of his generous offer, "but I 'd like mighty well to try it, anyway! I 'll be awfully careful, too," and Lester lovingly passed his hand over the beautiful, satiny enamel of the gasolene tank.

"Sure, I know you will," rejoined the agent affably, "or I would n't let it go out."

Joe quickly showed Lester how to manage the new machine, which was the same make as Jim's, and a few minutes later the boy started away. Without exception that afternoon was the happiest in Lester's life. He had no idea that his father would buy the motor-cycle for him, but that could not detract from the pleasure of the moment.

When he finally rode back home to supper, Mr. Roberts was on the front porch reading the paper. Naturally he manifested considerable surprise at seeing his son in possession of such a

vehicle. Lester briefly stated the facts in the case, as Joe had proposed it.

"Um!" mused Mr. Roberts. "What 's the price of a machine like that?"

"Three hundred dollars," whispered Lester, feeling horribly guilty.

"What!" shouted his father. "Why, that 's a lot of money! I can't afford to pay three hundred dollars for a motor-cycle!"

"That 's just what I told Joe, sir," returned Lester quite frankly, "but he told me to go ahead and ride it just the same."

"Well, you 'd better take it back after supper."

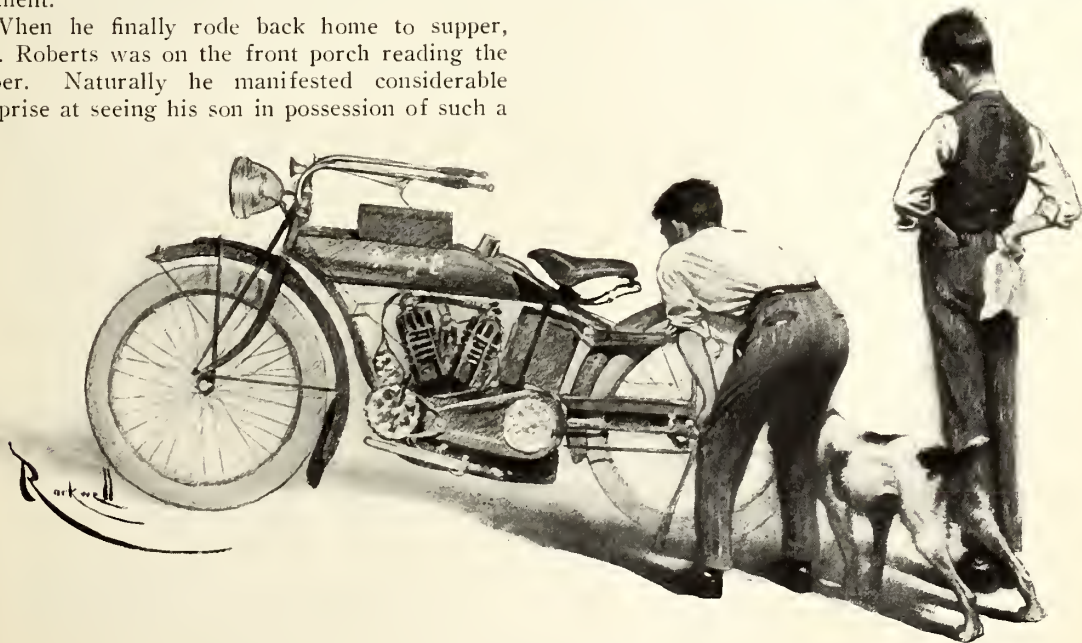
"Yes, sir," rejoined the boy.

That was exactly what Lester had known would happen, but he did feel very much disappointed nevertheless, for he had entertained a faint hope that the motor-cycle would be his. He wished Joe had selected a less expensive machine, for a first-class motor-cycle could be bought at a far lower figure.

Lester purposely waited until dark before returning to the shop, so that he could enjoy the pleasure of riding behind the brilliant beams thrown by the powerful electric searchlight. Joe did not seem discouraged at the loss of the sale.

"Look here, Les," he suggested, with one of his confidential winks. "You keep that machine for a day longer, and see if your dad don't change his mind. I want you to own that motor-cycle."

"What 's the use?" protested the boy. "I guess I know dad well enough to know when he 's made



"'SOME BOAT, EH, LES?' REMARKED JOE WITH ENTHUSIASM."

up his mind. He 's not buying any motor-cycles right away."

"Well, can't I take a chance on it if I want to?" demanded Mr. Parker, banging his fist forcefully down on the saddle. "You don't stand to lose anything, do you? You get to ride the machine, and if your dad don't come across, bring it back, and there 's no hard feelings. What 's the matter with that offer? What?"

Of course no one could complain of such an offer, and, when Joe put the matter as he did, Lester really could not resist longer. Therefore the motor-cycle again went back to the Roberts home, where it found comfortable quarters in the woodshed.

"Did you bring that motor-cycle back with you?" demanded Mr. Roberts, as Lester entered the room.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy meekly, "but I could n't help myself. Joe would n't let me leave it there."

"Well!" grumbled Mr. Roberts. "I must say that this Joe Parker is a very persistent sort of chap. If persistency were the only quality essential to success, he ought to be very far removed from failure."

Lester hardly knew what to make of that remark and so said nothing, but his mother sud-

denly looked up from the magazine she was reading.

"It 's a shame to tease the poor boy so!" she declared, "and I 'm going to tell him. Lester, that motor-cycle is yours. Your father paid Mr. Parker for it this morning, and between them they fixed up this way of fooling you. I guess you 'll forgive them, though."

For a moment Lester was absolutely dumb. Then he found his voice.

"B-but—you—you said you could n't afford to pay three hundred dollars for a motor-cycle!" he stammered.

"Well, I could n't," answered Mr. Roberts. "I 'd just paid that much for one, and another would have meant six hundred dollars."

"But I thought you did n't approve of motor-cycles, Dad," said Lester slyly, after the family had been talking the affair over for ten or fifteen minutes.

"Well," replied Mr. Roberts judicially, "to tell the truth I did n't. I said that you could n't show me a first-class argument in their favor. Then, after you had done so well in convincing me that I was altogether wrong, the only decent thing for me to do was to buy you a first-class machine. Don't you agree with me in that?"

And Lester did agree—most heartily.

THE SPRING OF LIFE

BY ODELL SHEPARD

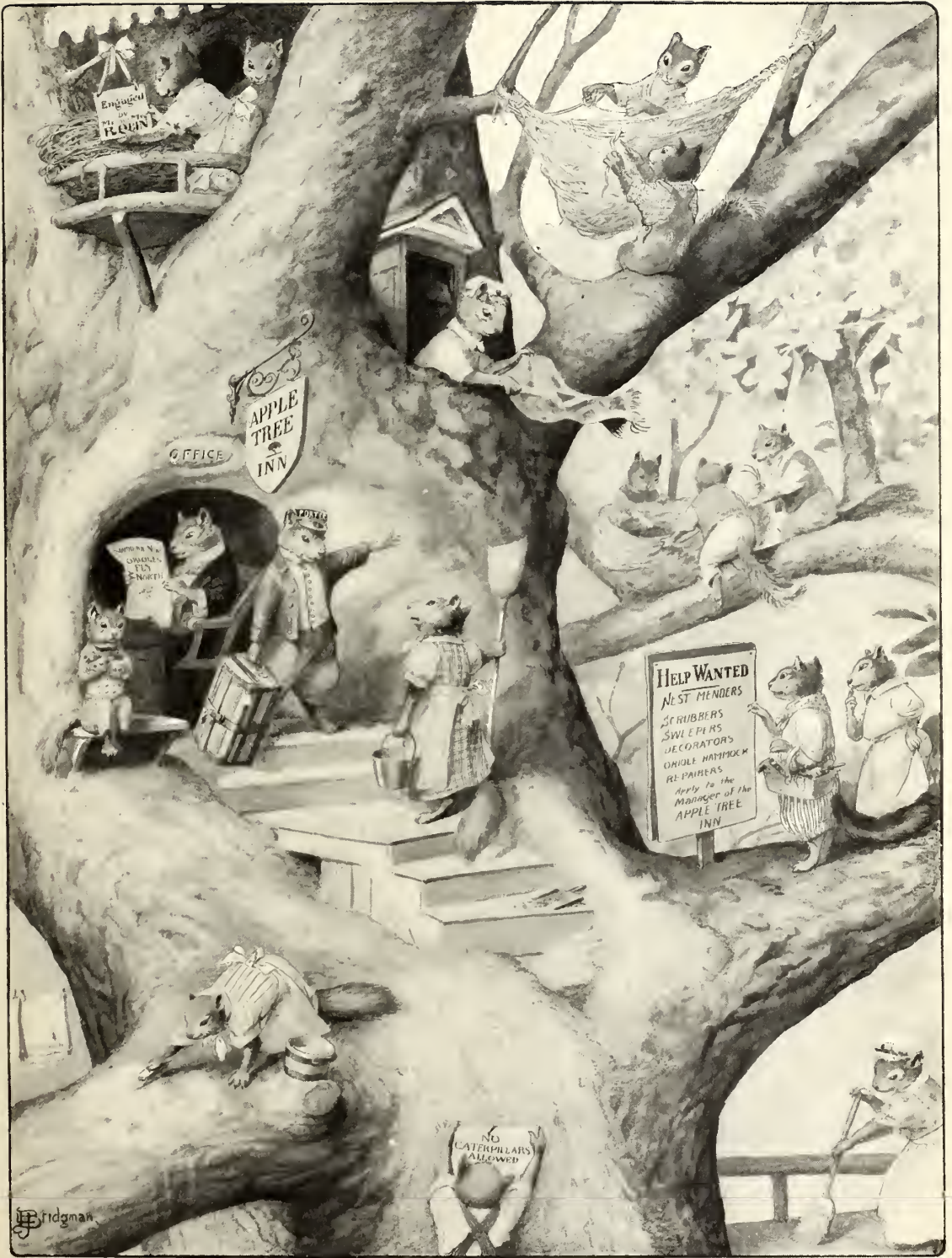
HAVE we never a song of delight, my lads,
Have we never a song to sing
When April comes wandering up the world
Decked in the splendor of spring,
And out of the quivers of lakes and of rivers
The wild-goose arrows wing?

Through the blithe young dawn of the year, my lads,
Let us wander in jubilant throngs,
And over the hills of the weary world's ills
We will carol our rollicking songs,
We will go forth singing our rapture and bringing
Right to the old world's wrongs.

'T is a heavy price that we pay, my lads,
If we barter our visions sweet
For aught that the world can ever give
That quiets the dancing feet.
The roads of time are slow to climb,
But the dreams of youth are fleet.

The dreams of youth are fleet, my lads,
As the clouds that the winds of dawn
Hurry and shift like thistle-down drift
Tinted with amber and fawn,
As the clouds that wither and vanish whither
All dear dead dreams have gone.

But more than the winter needs the spring,
And more than the dust the dew,
More than the midnight needs the dawn,
The weary world needs you.
Then lift us a song of the spring, my lads,
Over the tumult and strife,
For the spring is the youth of the year, my lads,
And youth is the spring of life!



AT THE APPLE-TREE INN: MAKING READY FOR SUMMER PATRONS.

THE BOARDED-UP HOUSE

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

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

CHAPTER IX

THE MEMORIES OF GREAT-AUNT LUCIA

CYNTHIA sat at her desk in high school, alternately staring out of the window, gazing intently across the room at Joyce, and scowling at the blackboard where the cryptic symbols

$$(a + b)^2 = a^2 + 2ab + b^2$$

were being laboriously expounded by the professor of mathematics. Of this exposition, it is safe to say, Cynthia comprehended not a word for the following simple reason. Early that morning Joyce had returned from the visit to her great-aunt Lucia and had entered the class-room late. Cynthia had not yet had a moment in which to speak with her alone. It was now the last period of the day, and her impatience had completely conquered her usual absorbed attention to her studies.

The professor droned on. The class feverishly copied more cryptic symbols in its notebooks. But at last the closing-bell rang, and, after what seemed interminable and totally unnecessary delays, Cynthia found herself out of doors, arm-in-arm with Joyce. Then all she could find to say was:

"Now—*tell me!*" But Joyce was very serious, and very mysterious too.

"Not here," she answered. "I could n't! Wait!"

"Well, where and when, then?" cried Cynthia.

"Home," said Joyce. Then, after a moment,— "No, I'll tell you in the Boarded-up House! That 's the most appropriate place. We'll go there straight after we get home." So Cynthia was obliged to repress her impatience a little longer. But at length they had crept through the cellar window, lighted their candles, and were proceeding upstairs.

"Come into the library," said Joyce. "I want to stand right where I can look at the Lovely Lady when I tell you this. It 's all so strange—, so *different* from what we thought!" So they went through the drawing-room, entered the library, and placed their candlesticks on the mantel where the light would best illuminate the portrait of the Lovely Lady. Then Joyce began.

"Great-aunt Lucia is very old and very feeble. She seemed so glad to see us all,—especially me. She talked to me a great deal, but I did not have

a chance to mention this place to her at all till the last evening we were there. Mother and Father had gone out to call on some friends, but it was raining and I had a sore throat, so they decided not to take me. I was so glad, because then I could stay home and talk to great-aunt Lucia, and it was the first time I 'd been with her long alone.

"She had been telling me a lot about when she was a little girl, and asking me about myself. And I had told her about you and how we 'd been together so many years, and what we did when we were n't in school. And finally I mentioned, just casually, that we often played in the grounds of this old house next door and described the place a little to her. Well, that started her, as I was sure it would! She began telling me that it was so strange,—that she had been in this house once, and curiously enough, just before it was closed for good. Then, you can warrant, I listened with all my ears!

"She said she had become acquainted with the lady through meeting her a short time before at the house of a friend in New York. This friend had then introduced them,—'Mrs. Hubert Kenway—Mrs. Fairfax Collingwood!'"

"Mrs. Collingwood!" cried Cynthia. "And we thought she was n't married!—"

"Well, she was,—and we 've made several mistakes beside that, Cynthia Sprague, as you 'll find out later! It seems that great-aunt Lucia took quite a fancy to young Mrs. Collingwood. She was so sweet and gracious and charmingly pretty. Later, great-aunt Lucia discovered that she was a widow, living out here. Her husband had been dead a number of years,—ten, I think. She was a Southerner having come originally from South Carolina.

"Great-aunt Lucia did not see her again till a few weeks later, when she received an invitation to go with her friend, take luncheon, and spend the day at Mrs. Collingwood's. There were several others invited, about a dozen in all. They all came out by train and drove here in hired carriages from the station, which was a long way off then. It was a beautiful, soft, balmy April day, and spring seemed well begun.

"Great-aunt Lucia said the place was delightful,—an old, Colonial house (it seemed so strange to hear her describe everything just as we 've

seen it!). And Mrs. Collingwood was a charming hostess. But they were just finishing luncheon when the strangest thing happened!

"A servant came in and handed Mrs. Collingwood a telegram as she sat at the head of the table. She excused herself to them, tore open the envelope and read it. Then, to their astonishment, she turned first a fiery red, and afterward white as a sheet. Then she sprang to her feet saying, 'Oh!' in a sort of stifled voice. Everyone jumped up too, some so quickly that they knocked over their chairs, and asked if anything dreadful was the matter. Then, all of a sudden, she toppled over and slipped to the floor in a dead faint."

"Did n't I *tell* you so, long ago!" exclaimed Cynthia. "I *said* she probably fainted!"

"Yes, you were right. Well, two or three began to chafe her hands and face, and the rest sent the servants flying for smelling-salts and vinegar. Everything was confusion for a few minutes, till she presently came to. Then they all began again to question her about what was the matter, but she would n't tell them. She just said:

"I've had bad news, dear friends, and it has made me feel quite ill. It is something I cannot speak about. I hope you will not think me thoroughly inhospitable, if I go to my room for a while.' They all told her she must certainly go and lie down, and that they would leave immediately. She begged them not to hurry, but of course they saw that it was n't best to stay, since she would n't let them do anything for her. So, fifteen minutes later they were all driving away in the carriages which had remained for them at the house. And—" here Joyce paused dramatically,—“not one of them, except my great-aunt's friend, Mrs. Durand, ever saw her again!"

"But—but—" began Cynthia.

"Wait," said Joyce. "I have n't finished yet! Of course, all of them were crazy to know what happened, but most of them never did,—not till long, long afterward, anyway. There was one that did know soon, however, and that was Mrs. Durand. Two nights afterward; Mrs. Durand was astounded to have Mrs. Collingwood arrive at her house in New York, and beg to be allowed to stay there a day or two. She was dressed entirely in black, and carried only a small grip. Of course, Mrs. Durand took her right in, and that night Mrs. Collingwood told her what had happened.

"But first, I must tell you that Mrs. Collingwood had a son—"

"*What?*" gasped Cynthia, staring up at the girlish picture.

"Yes, a son! And not a baby, either, but a fine, handsome young fellow of seventeen. Great-aunt Lucia says that Mrs. Collingwood was married when she was only seventeen, and that she was thirty-five when all this happened. But she looked much younger. So that accounts for our mistake! The son was away at Harvard College,—or at least they *thought* he was, at the time of the luncheon. But great-aunt Lucia says that the same afternoon, as they were driving to the station, they met a splendid young fellow with yellow hair and bright brown eyes, hurrying along the road in the opposite direction. He took off his cap to them gaily, and Mrs. Durand whispered that it was young Fairfax Collingwood, evidently coming home unexpectedly. Great-aunt Lucia says she will never forget his excited, happy look!

"Now, I'll go back to Mrs. Durand and Mrs. Collingwood. (And all that follows, Mrs. Durand told great-aunt Lucia long, long afterward.) Mrs. Collingwood came into the house, and her face looked set like a stone, and she seemed twenty years older than when she was having the luncheon. And Mrs. Durand cried:

"Oh, my dear, you have lost some one? You are dressed in mourning!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Collingwood. "I have lost my son! I am going away." And Mrs. Durand said:

"Oh, how—how sudden! He can't be *dead*! We saw him!" And Mrs. Collingwood answered:

"He is dead to me!" And for the longest time, Mrs. Durand could n't get another word from her, except that she had shut up the house and was going home South, to live for good. Well, Mrs. Durand put her right to bed,—she was fairly sick with nervousness and exhaustion. And late that night, she broke down and cried and cried, and told Mrs. Durand everything.

"And, oh, Cynthia! *What* do you think it was? You'd never guess!—You know, the Civil War had just broken out,—Fort Sumter had surrendered, and Mrs. Collingwood was a South Carolina woman, and was heart and soul with the Confederacy. She had married a Northern man, and had lived ever since up here, but that did n't make any difference. And all the time war had been threatening, she had been planning to raise a company in South Carolina for her son Fairfax, and put him in command of it. They did those things at that time. Her son did n't know about it, however. She was keeping the news to surprise him.

"And then, that day at luncheon, she received a telegram from him saying he had left college and enlisted—in the *Union army*—and was com-

ing home at once to bid her good-bye before going to the front! The shock of it almost killed her! But later she thought that surely, when he came, she could persuade him out of it.

"And he came that very afternoon. The ladies had met him walking up from the train. She would not tell Mrs. Durand just what happened, but intimated that they had had a dreadful scene. You see, the young fellow had been born and brought up in the North, and *his* sympathies were all with *that* side, and he was just as enthusiastic about it as his mother was about the other. And besides, she 'd never talked to him much about the Southern cause, so he did n't realize how she felt. At last, when he would n't give in, she admitted to Mrs. Durand that she disowned him, and told him never to see her face again.

"When he had gone to his room to pack his things, she went and dismissed her servants, and told them to go at once. Then she locked herself in her room till her boy went away. She never saw him again! After he had gone, that night, she collected all her silver and hid it, and partially packed her own things, and then decided she would n't take them with her. And when she had gone around shutting up the house, it was morning. As soon as it was daylight, she went out and got an old colored carpenter who lived nearby to come and board up the windows and doors. She had the boarding all in the cellar, for it had been made two years before when she went to Europe for six months. It took him nearly all day to finish the work, while she stood around and gave directions. I don't see how she had the strength to do it! When it was all done, she locked the door, walked to the station, took the train for New York, and came to Mrs. Durand." Joyce paused in her recital, from sheer lack of breath, and Cynthia took advantage of the silence.

"So *that* was the way of it! And *we* thought it was her brother, and that he 'd done something awful,—committed a robbery or forged something! I don't see why that young Fairfax should have been treated so! I think what he did was fine!"

"You must remember," said Joyce, "that people felt so differently about such things in those days. We can't quite realize it now, and should n't judge them for the way they acted. I suppose Mrs. Collingwood could have forgiven him more easily if he 'd committed a burglary instead! And great-aunt Lucia says she was terribly high-tempered, too."

"I *can't* understand it, even so!" insisted Cynthia. "But did your great-aunt say anything about those pictures?"

"No, but I asked her if Mrs. Collingwood had any other children, and she said she understood that Fairfax had been a twin, but his little sister had died when she was n't much more than three years old. So that 's the explanation of the two babies in the other room. I suppose Mrs. Collingwood did n't tell all,—in fact I said she did n't tell any details about what happened that night. Probably she turned the portrait around and tore out the miniature when she was alone. But I have n't finished my story yet!"

"Oh, do go on then!" implored Cynthia.

"Mrs. Collingwood stayed at her friend's house two days," continued Joyce, "and then left for her old home in a little town in South Carolina and never came North again. Mrs. Durand never saw her again, either, but used to hear from her at very long intervals. But here 's where the awful thing comes in. After the battle of Shiloh, a year later, when the papers published the list of killed—Fairfax Collingwood's name was among the first! So he did not live very long, you see. But what a terrible thing for the poor mother to think that she and her son had parted in anger, and now were never, never to meet again, and make it all up! Oh, I can hardly bear to think of it!" Joyce's eyes were full of tears, as she gazed up at the proud, beautiful face above them.

"Well, that 's the end of the story, and that 's the tragedy and mystery about this Boarded-up House. Oh!—there 's one other thing,—great-aunt Lucia says she thinks Mrs. Collingwood is still alive,—a very old lady, living down in the little old South Carolina town of Chesterton. She will never allow this old house to be touched nor let any one enter it. But she has made a will, leaving it to the Southern Society when she dies. That 's positively all, and you see everything is explained."

"No it is n't!" retorted Cynthia. "You have n't explained *one* thing, at all!"

"What 's that?" asked Joyce.

"The mystery of the locked-up room!" replied Cynthia.

CHAPTER X

AN EXCITING DISCOVERY

THE autumn of that year ended, the winter months came and went with all their holiday festivities, and spring entered in her appointed time. The passing winter had been filled with such varied outside activities for the two girls, that there was little time to think of the Boarded-up House, and still less to do any further investigating within it. Added to that, the cold had been so constant and intense that it would have

been unsafe to venture into the unlighted, unheated, and unventilated old mansion.

But, in spite of these things, its haunting story was never out of their minds for long, and they discussed and re-discussed it in many a spare hour when they crouched cozily by themselves over the open fire during that long winter. It was a wonderful and appealing secret that they somehow felt was all their own. It was better, more interesting than the most engrossing story they had ever read. And the fascination of it was that, though they now knew so much, they did not yet know all. The mystery of the locked room always confronted them, always lured them on!

Once, on a day that was unusually mild, they ventured into the old house for a few moments, and looked long and intently at the Lovely Lady over the library mantel, and at the two pretty children in the drawing-room.

"Yes, that is the boy," said Cynthia. "You can see, even there, what a fine young fellow he must have made, with those big brown eyes and that curly golden hair. Oh, the poor mother!—How she must have grieved, all these years! You can see that she has never gotten over it, or she would have come back here sometime. I wonder if she is alive yet!"

In the library, Joyce picked up the paper that had been discovered through the help of Goliath, and looked it over curiously.

"Why in the world did n't we read this paper when we found it!" she exclaimed disgustedly. "Just see here,—the big headlines,—'Fort Sumter Surrenders. War Formally Declared. Troops Rushing To Washington!' Why, Cynthia, it would surely have given us the clue!"

"I don't think it would have," declared Cynthia, sceptically. "I never would have connected anything in the paper with what happened here."

"Sherlock Holmes would have," mused Joyce. "Well, anyway, we got at the story in another fashion. But oh, Cynthia, will we ever know about the locked-up room?" As Cynthia could cast no further light on this vexed question, they were forced to drop it.



"OH, I WISH I WERE SHERLOCK HOLMES!"

Then came spring, and the ancient cherry-trees in the enclosure back of the Boarded-Up House blossomed anew. One brilliant Saturday morning early in May, the girls clambered through the fence with their books and fancywork, to spend some of the shining hour under the white canopy of blossoms. They were reading aloud the "Sign of Four," (they inclined much toward mystery

and detective stories at this time) turn and turn about, while the one who did not have the book sewed or embroidered. Presently Joyce laid down the volume with a big sigh.

"Oh, I *wish* I were Sherlock Holmes!"

"Mercy! what for?" cried Cynthia. "I'm sure I don't!"

"Why, do you suppose Sherlock would have been all this time getting at the final facts about our Boarded-up House? Of course not! He'd have had it all worked out and proved by now!" Joyce got to her feet and began roaming about restlessly. Suddenly she stopped in front of her companion.

"I tell you, Cynthia, it *haunts* me! I can't explain to you why, but I feel there is something we have n't discovered yet,—something we *ought* to know. It is n't just 'idle curiosity' as Professor Marlow would call it! I never knew or heard of anything that went so—so *deep* in me as this thing has. That poor, loving, proud mother, and her terrible misunderstanding with her splendid son!—He was *right*, too, I can't help but think. But was she in the wrong? I suppose we can't judge about how people felt in those days. The whole thing is so different now,—all forgotten and forgiven! But I've read that the Confederates considered their cause almost a—*a religion*. So of course she would have felt the shock of what her son did, terribly. And think how he must have felt, too!

"And then to lose his life, almost in the beginning! Perhaps he and his mother might have made it all up after the war was over, if he'd only lived. It's—it's the saddest thing I ever heard!" Cynthia had risen too, and they linked arms, strolling up and down the little orchard as they talked.

"I feel exactly as you do about it, though I don't often speak of it," said Cynthia. "But, by the way, did it ever strike you that we might find it interesting to look over some of the books in that old library? Some of them looked very attractive to me. And even if it did n't lead to anything, at least it would be good fun to examine them. I love old books! Why not do it this afternoon?"

"Just the thing!" agreed Joyce. "I've thought of that too, but we've never had much chance to do it, till now. This afternoon, right after lunch!"

So the afternoon found them again in the dim, musty old library, illuminating the scene extravagantly with five candles. Three sides of the room were lined with bookshelves, reaching nearly to the ceiling. The girls surveyed the bewildering rows of books, puzzled where to begin.

"Oh, come over here!" decided Joyce, choosing the side opposite the fireplace. "These big volumes look so interesting." She brushed the thick dust off their backs, revealing the titles. "Look!—They're all alike, with red backs and mottled sides." She opened one curiously. "Why!—they're called 'Punch'! What a strange name! What kind of books can they be?" And then, on further examination,—“Oh! I see. It's a collection of English papers full of jokes and politics and that sort of thing. And this one is from way back in 1850. Why, Cynthia, these are the most *interesting* things!”

But Cynthia had already extracted another volume and was absorbed in it, chuckling softly over the old-time humor. Joyce grouped the five candles on the floor and they sat down beside them, from time to time pulling out fresh volumes, reading aloud clever jokes to each other, and enjoying themselves immensely, utterly unconscious of the passing moments.

At length they found they had skimmed through all the volumes of "Punch," the last of which was dated 1860, and had them piled up on the floor beside them. This left a long space on the shelf from which they came, and the methodical Cynthia presently rose to put them back. As she fitted in the first volume, her eye was suddenly caught by something back of the shelves, illuminated in the flickering candle-light.

"Joyce, come here!" she called in a voice of suppressed excitement. And Joyce, who had wandered to another corner, came over in a hurry.

"What is it?"

"Look in there!" Joyce snatched a candle and held it close to the opening made by the books. Then she gave a long, low whistle.

"What do you make of it?" demanded Cynthia.

"Just what it is! And that's as 'plain as a pikestaff'—a *keyhole*!" Cynthia nodded.

"Yes, but what a strange place for it—back of those shelves!" They brought another candle and examined the wall back of the shelves more carefully. There was certainly a keyhole—a rather small one—and around it what appeared to be the paneling of a door, only partially visible through the shreds of old, torn wall-paper that had once covered it.

"I have it!" cried Joyce, at length. "At least, I think this may be an explanation. That's a small door, without a doubt,—perhaps to some unused closet. Maybe there was a time, when this house was new, when this room was n't a library. Then somebody wanted to make it into a library, and fill all this side of the room with book-shelves. But that door was in the way. So they had it all papered over, and just put the shelves in front of

it, as though it had never been there. You see the paper has fallen away, probably through dampness,—and the mice seem to have eaten it too. And here 's the keyhole! Is n't it *lucky* we just happened to take the books out that were in front of it!"

"But what are we going to do about it?" questioned Cynthia.

"*Do?* Why there 's just one thing to do, and that is move the shelves out somehow,—they seem to be movable, just resting on those end-supports,—and get at that door!"

"But suppose it 's locked?"

"We 'll have to take a chance on that! Come on! We can't move these books and shelves away fast enough to suit me!"

They fell to work with a zest the like of which they had not known since their first entrance into the Boarded-up House. It was no easy task to remove the armfuls of books necessary to get at the door behind, and then push and shove and struggle with the dusty shelves. In a comparatively short time; however, the floor behind them was littered with volumes hastily deposited, and the shelves for a space nearly as high as their heads were removed. Then they tore at the mouldy shreds of wall-paper till the entire frame of the paneled wooden doorway was free. Han-

dle there was none, it having doubtless been removed when the place was papered. There seemed, consequently, no way to open the door. But Cynthia was equal to this emergency.

"I 've seen an old chisel in the kitchen. We might pry it open with that," she suggested.

"Go and get it!" commanded Joyce, bursting with excitement. "I think this is going to be either a secret cupboard or room!"

Cynthia seized a candle and hurried away, coming back breathless with the rusty tool.

"Now for it!" muttered Joyce. She grasped the chisel and inserted it in the crack, pushing on it with all her might. But the door resisted, and Cynthia was just uttering the despairing cry,—

"Oh, it 's locked too!" when it suddenly gave way, with a wholly unexpected jerk, and flew open emitting a cloud of dust.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Joyce, between two sneezes, "That almost knocked me off my feet. Did you ever see so much dust!" Snatching the candles again, they both sprang forward, expecting to gaze into the dusty interior of some long unused cupboard or closet. They had no sooner put their heads into the opening, than they started back with a simultaneous cry.

The door opened on a tiny, narrow stairway, ascending into the dimness above!

(*To be continued.*)

THE CIRCUS

BY DAN F. MILLER

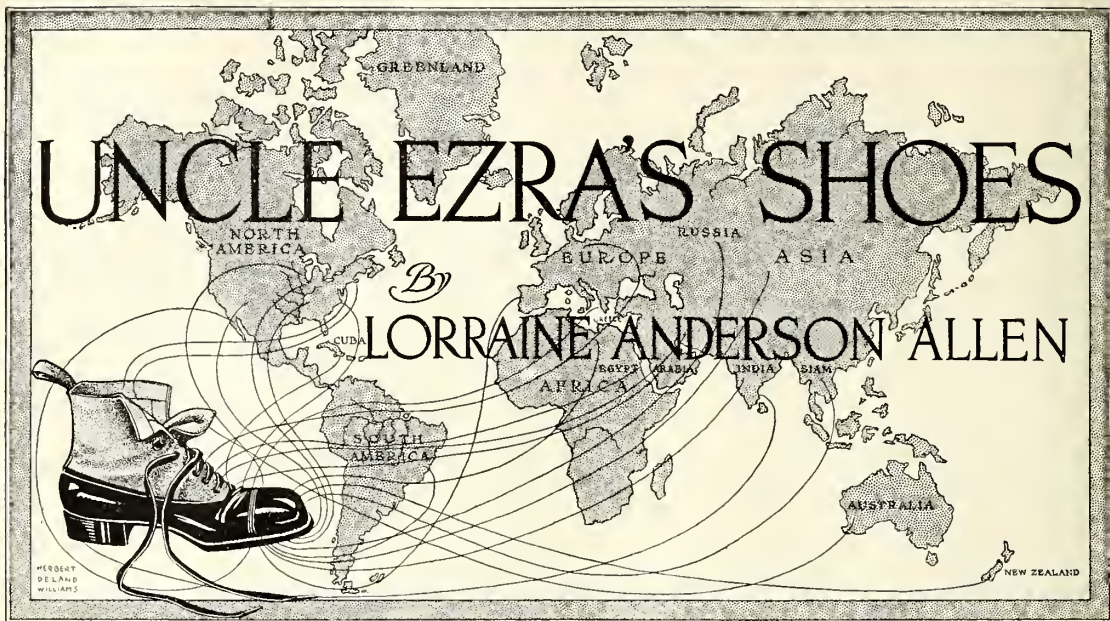
WHENEVER the circus comes to town,
On Father's face is a solemn frown,
And he says to me as he shakes his head:
"Here 's a task that I really dread;
Some one must take you, it 's plain to see,
And I 'm sorry to say that it 's up to me;
I 'm shirking the office work, I know,
But since I must do it, come on; let 's go."

Then, just as soon as he hears the bands,
He hardly can keep from clapping his hands,
And I hear him mutter: "Well! Is n't that
great!"
And he 's likely to say: "I 'm afraid we 're late."

The "Parade of Nations" is "not so bad,"
He "used to like it," he says—"when a lad,"
And it seems to me, as I watch his face,
That he is n't displeased by the chariot-race.
He really grins at the funny clown
Whenever the ring-master tumbles him down,
And the tricks of the monkeys and tall giraffe,
Well, they almost seem to make him laugh;

But when it 's over, you 'll hear him say,
In a sort of bored and offhand way:
"The same old nonsense and fol-de-rol;
When you 've been to one, you have seen
them all!"

Yet sometimes I wonder—for nobody knows—
If because *I* like it is why *he* goes!



It was a rainy day. Besides, Bobby had a cold, so his mother would n't let him go out. He stood by the sitting-room window looking out into the wet garden with a very cross expression on his face; indeed, his mouth looked very much as if he were pouting. He leaned first on one foot and then on the other, and drummed every now and then on the window-pane. He did n't *feel* cold, and he wanted very, very much to go out.

"Why don't you try to think about something else, Bobby?" said his mother, glancing up at him from the pile of stockings that she was darning.

"What?" growled Bobby, without turning around.

"Something interesting," answered his mother.

"There 's nothing interesting in the house," said Bobby, in the same tone. "There never is."

"Whew!" whistled his Uncle Ezra, who was reading the newspaper by the other window. "Why don't you think about your shoes?"

"My shoes!" cried Bobby, turning around this time, he was so astonished. "What would I think about my shoes?"

Uncle Ezra put down his paper. "Not much on geography, are you?" he said.

Bobby straightened. "I just guess I am!" he exclaimed. "I 'm head of my geography class."

"Can't seem to believe it when you feel that way about shoes," said Uncle Ezra, his eyes twinkling.

Malcolm and Ned, Bobby's older brothers, came in from the hall just then to ask where their rubbers were. They were on their way to the barn

to have some fun, but, when they saw that Uncle Ezra was going to talk, they sat down. Uncle Ezra always had something to say that boys wanted to listen to.

"Here is a young man," said Uncle Ezra, addressing them, "who tells me that he is the head of his geography class, and yet can't find anything interesting in his shoes. Now what have you got to say about that?"

"I 'm with him," said Malcolm.

"So am I," said Ned. "Shoes are just—shoes, are n't they?"

"Maybe yours are," agreed Uncle Ezra, "but I 'll tell you about mine." He put his foot on a hassock. "My shoes," he began, "are so wonderful that, when I get to thinking about them, I can hardly believe that they are mine. Look at that heel. Do you know that not so very long ago that heel was part of a Calcutta buffalo racing around in East India? That buffalo never thought he would have anything to do with an Illinois corn-field—not much. But the stuff that keeps those lifts together is dextrine—"

"I know what dextrine is," interrupted Bobby, proudly. "It 's made from starch, and, when you mix water with it, it 's called British gum, and we use it on the backs of postage-stamps and on envelopes."

"That 's right, Bobby!" cried Uncle Ezra. "You *do* know some geography, after all. A little bit—we 'll see how much more. Well, a lot of dextrine is made from the corn in Illinois.

"Now, to jump from the heel to the toe, how

do you suppose they get these box-toes as hard as that? You can't dent it in to save yourself."

"Give it up," said Bobby. "What do they use?"

"Shellac," said Uncle Ezra.

"I know about shellac!" exclaimed Ned. "That comes from the East Indies and Siam. It's a kind of resin that they find on some of the trees there. Insects that eat the sap, sting the tree, and then the resin comes out and covers the twigs all over, and then people come and cut them off and melt off the resin, and purify it, and that makes it shellac. I knew that we used it for sealing-wax, and varnish, and things like that, but I didn't suppose there was any in our shoes."

"Of course you did n't!" chuckled Uncle Ezra. "You said shoes were—just shoes!"

"When the heels of my shoes," Uncle Ezra went on, "were racing around in East India, in the form of a Calcutta buffalo, the tops of them were skipping about in South America, the happy goat having no idea he was booked for a Philadelphia tannery, or that there were hundreds of people 'way off, up in a State called Michigan, all busy making wool-oil to rub him down with after he'd been tanned to make him nice and soft like this."

"Where did the tongue come from, Ezra?" asked Bobby's mother, laying down her darning and joining the group about Uncle Ezra. "I always think the tongues of shoes are funny things."

"The tongue," said Uncle Ezra, "came from Australia. It was once a kangaroo."

"Why, that's three animals in one shoe!" exclaimed Malcolm.

"Let's count and see how many there are!" cried Bobby. "Go on, Uncle Ezra, please."

"I thought there was n't anything interesting to think about a pair of shoes," laughed Uncle Ezra. "Well, the next animal we find is in the patent-leather vamp: that was once a horse 'way off in Russia. It came over—as a skin, of course—in one boat, and the bichromate of potash to tan it with came over from Germany on another."

"I am going to count the countries," declared Malcolm. "Let me see how many we've got already: India, the United States, Siam, South America, Australia, Russia, and Germany—seven."

"And I'll count the different materials," said Ned. "We've had, so far, dextrine, shellac, wool-oil, and bichromate of potash—four, not counting the different leathers, which I will let Bobby have for his animals."

"The outer soles," went on Uncle Ezra, "were once the back of a Texas steer. It was sent to Kentucky for tanning, and the bark they used in

tanning it came from Tennessee. Better count the States, too, Malcolm, along with the countries.

"The inner sole was made from the hides of California cattle. And you know that lovely polish that they always put on new soles? Well, that polish came over to my shoes from India. It was made of bayberry-tallow, from the fruit of the Indian bay-tree, mixed with native honey, beeswax, and turpentine."

"Every one gets something out of that," laughed Bobby's mother.

"I don't," said Bobby, disappointed. "I'm keeping the animals' count."

"Are n't you going to count the honey and the beeswax?" asked Uncle Ezra. "To be sure, the bees are not *in* the shoes, but they helped to make them."

"Sure enough!" cried Bobby. "Of course I'm going to count the bees. Go on, Uncle Ezra."

Bobby was so interested, he did n't know that he was urging Uncle Ezra on every time he hesitated.

"Anybody here know what tragacanth is?" inquired Uncle Ezra.

They all shook their heads. "Well, that's what was used to clean the top and the tongue with. That came from Persia. It is obtained from a spiny, leguminous shrub that grows in the west of Asia. It comes in hard whitish or yellowish flakes that are very, very difficult to dissolve in water, but that, after a while, will swell slowly into a mucilaginous (sticky, Bobby!) mass.

"My shoes have to get pretty wet to leak: there's cork in them that keeps out the moisture. That comes from Portugal, from the cork-tree.

"The lining of my shoes did a lot of traveling before I began to carry it about," Uncle Ezra went on. "In the first place, it grew in Texas, in the cotton-fields. From Texas it was shipped to Massachusetts, where it went into one of the great cotton-mills, and was woven into cloth. Then it was freighted to Philadelphia, where it was stiffened with the preparation that grew in Kansas, in the wheat-fields, before it, too, was freighted to Philadelphia. The thread that the top stitching is sewed with is made from Sea Island cotton, and the lace is dyed with logwood from Yucatan. Do you know why it is called logwood, Bobby?" asked Uncle Ezra.

"Because it is sent to other countries in logs," answered Bobby, promptly, pleased to show some more of his knowledge.

"That's right," said Uncle Ezra. "And one thing more: do you know where that patent-leather of mine got its beautiful shine?"

Bobby's mother laughed. "Why, Ezra!" she

cried, "you 're not going to tell us, are you, that the shine has a story, too?"

"It certainly has," said Uncle Ezra. "The shine has almost as much geography in it as my whole shoe. The shine is made up of lamp-black and turpentine from North Carolina, linseed-oil from Ohio, dammar-resin from New Zealand, asphalt from South America—"

"Asphalt!" exclaimed Ned. "I thought asphalt was only used for making roads?"

"It 's a preservative," said Uncle Ezra. "The Egyptians used it for embalming their dead; that is what makes mummies so black and hard—the bitumen in them. And asphalt is what we call bitumen when it is very hard. But to go on with my shoes: wood-naphtha from Michigan, benzene from Pennsylvania, amber from the shores of the Baltic, sandarac from Africa, mastic from the island of Scio, Greece, elemi from Asia, and, finally, lac from Cuba—all helped to make my

shine. Some day, when we 've more time, I 'll tell you about all those queer things you 've never even heard of; but now you 'll have just time to count up your tallies before the sun comes out."

"How many have you got?" asked Bobby's mother a moment later, as the three boys looked up from their lists.

"Six animals," said Bobby.

"Twenty-six materials," said Ned.

"Twenty-eight countries and states!" exclaimed Malcolm.

"Something to think about in a pair of shoes, eh, Bobby?" said Uncle Ezra.

"I should say so!" exclaimed Bobby.

"And now I see by your mother's face, and by the way the sun has slipped out from behind those clouds, that you may all run out to the barn and have some fun."

"This was fun!" cried Bobby, as they all started to go. "I take back all the cross things I said."

ON SUNDAY MORNING

BY CECIL CAVENDISH

ON a sunny Sunday morning when the bells begin to ring,
In the tall trees all around us, then the birds begin to sing,
And the birds and bells together make the day seem twice as fair,
As we go, on Sunday morning, to the church across the square.

Long before the bells have finished, we have reached the carven door.
There 's a long, long aisle to follow—every step sounds on the floor.
From my quiet little corner at the end of the long pew,
I can see most lovely windows, crimson, purple, gold, and blue.

'Way, 'way off, I hear the music, it grows nearer still, and higher.
With the golden cross before them, through the doorway comes the choir.
Men and boys with sober faces, singing as they march along;
Though I cannot march beside them, I can join their happy song.

When it 's time to hear the sermon, my eyes always want to close.
Just above our pew 's a window that is colored like a rose,
And within a golden border is a shepherd and his sheep—
He looks down upon me kindly as I slowly fall asleep.

So I never hear the sermon, but I always wake in time
For the offering, and I 'm always glad to give my silver dime.
There are prayers and there is singing, even sweeter than before,
As the choir come marching past us, and then vanish through the door.

It 's so very sweet and peaceful that I do not want to go,
I should like to stay and listen to the organ soft and low.
Seems to me on Sunday morning that the weather 's always fair,
And the birds are always singing as we go across the square.



"FRIEND OR FOE?"

THE LOST PRINCE

BY

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "The Secret Garden," "T. Tembarom," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII

"CITIES AND FACES"

THE hours of Marco's unexplained absence had been terrible to Loristan and to Lazarus. They had reason for fears which it was not possible for them to express. As the night drew on, the fears took stronger form. They forgot the existence of The Rat, who sat biting his nails in the bedroom, afraid to go out lest he might lose the chance of being given some errand to do but also afraid to show himself lest he should seem in the way.

"I 'll stay upstairs," he had said to Lazarus. "If you just whistle, I 'll come."

The anguish he passed through as the day went by and Lazarus went out and came in and he himself received no orders, could not have been expressed in any ordinary words. He writhed in his chair, he bit his nails to the quick, he wrought himself into a frenzy of misery and terror by recalling one by one all the crimes his knowledge of London police-courts supplied him with. He was doing nothing, yet he dare not leave his post. It was his post after all, though they had not given it to him. He must do something.

In the middle of the night Loristan opened the door of the back sitting-room, because he knew he must at least go upstairs and throw himself upon his bed even if he could not sleep.

He started back as the door opened. The Rat was sitting huddled on the floor near it with his back against the wall. He had a piece of paper in his hand and his twisted face was a weird thing to see.

"Why are you here?" Loristan asked.

"I 've been here three hours, sir. I knew you 'd have to come out sometime and I thought you 'd let me speak to you. Will you—will you?"

"Come into the room," said Loristan. "I will listen to anything you want to say. What have you been drawing on that paper?" as The Rat got up in the wonderful way he had taught himself. The paper was covered with lines which showed it to be another of his plans.

"Please look at it," he begged. "I dare n't go out lest you might want to send me somewhere. I dare n't sit doing nothing. I began remembering and thinking things out. I put down all the

streets and squares he *might* have walked through on his way home. I 've not missed one. If you 'll let me start out and walk through every one of them and talk to the policemen on the beat and look at the houses—and think out things and work at them—I 'll not miss an inch—I 'll not miss a brick or a flagstone—I 'll—" His voice had a hard sound but it shook, and he himself shook.

Loristan touched his arm gently.

"You are a good comrade," he said. "It is well for us that you are here. You have thought of a good thing."

"May I go now?" said The Rat.

"This moment, if you are ready," was the answer. The Rat swung himself to the door.

Loristan said to him a thing which was like the sudden lighting of a great light in the very center of his being.

"You are one of us. Now that I know you are doing this I may even sleep. You are one of us." And it was because he was following this plan that The Rat had turned into Brandon Terrace and heard the Samavian song ringing out from the locked basement of Number 10.

"Yes, he is one of us," Loristan said, when he told this part of the story to Marco as they sat by the fire. "I had not been sure before. I wanted to be very sure. Last night I saw into the depths of him and *knew*. He may be trusted."

From that day The Rat held a new place. Lazarus himself, strangely enough, did not resent his holding it. The boy was allowed to be near Loristan as he had never dared to hope to be near. It was not mercy that he was allowed to serve him in many ways, but he was taken into the intimacy which had before enclosed only the three. Loristan talked to him as he talked to Marco, drawing him within the circle which held so much that was comprehended without speech. The Rat knew that he was being trained and observed and he realized it with exaltation. His idol had said that he was "one of them" and he was watching and putting him to tests so that he might find out how much he was one of them. And he was doing it for some grave reason of his own. This thought possessed The Rat's whole mind. Perhaps he was wondering if he should find out that he was to be trusted, as a rock is to be trusted. That he should even think that per-

haps he might find that he was like a rock, was inspiration enough.

"Sir," he said one night when they were alone together, because The Rat had been copying a road-map. His voice was very low—"do you think that—sometime—you could trust me as you trust Marco? Could it ever be like that—ever?"

"The time has come," and Loristan's voice was almost as low as his own, though strong and deep feeling underlay its quiet—"the time has come when I can trust you with Marco—to be his companion—to care for him, to stand by his side at any moment. And Marco is—Marco is my son." That was enough to uplift The Rat to the skies. But there was more to follow.

"It may not be long before it may be his part to do work in which he will need a comrade who can be trusted—as a rock can be trusted."

He had said the very words The Rat's own mind had given to him.

"A Rock! A Rock!" the boy broke out. "Let me show you, sir. Send me with him for a servant. The crutches are nothing. You've seen that they're as good as legs, have n't you? I've trained myself."

"I know, I know, dear lad." Marco had told him all of it. He gave him a gracious smile which seemed as if it held a sort of fine secret. "You shall go as his Aide-de-Camp. It shall be part of the game."

He had always encouraged "the game," and during the last weeks had even found time to help them in their plannings for the mysterious journey of the Secret Two. He had been so interested that once or twice he had called on Lazarus as an old soldier and Samavian to give his opinions of certain routes—and of the customs and habits of people in towns and villages by the way. Here they would find simple pastoral folk who danced, sang after their day's work, and who would tell all they knew; here they would find those who served or feared the Maranovitch and who would not talk at all. In one place they would meet with hospitality, in another with unfriendly suspicion of all strangers. Through talk and stories The Rat began to know the country almost as Marco knew it. That was part of the game too—because it was always "the game," they called it. Another part was The Rat's training of his memory, and bringing home his proofs of advance at night when he returned from his walk and could describe, or recite, or roughly sketch all he had seen in his passage from one place to another. Marco's part was to recall and sketch faces. Loristan one night gave him a number of photographs of people to commit to memory. Under each face was written the name of a place.

"Learn these faces," he said, "until you would know each one of them at once wheresoever you met it. Fix them upon your mind, so that it will be impossible for you to forget them. You must be able to sketch any one of them and recall the city or town or neighborhood connected with it."

Even this was still called "the game," but Marco began to know in his secret heart that it was so much more, that his hand sometimes trembled with excitement as he made his sketches over and over again. To make each one many times was the best way to imbed it in his memory. The Rat knew, too, though he had no reason for knowing, but mere instinct. He used to lie awake in the night and think it over and remember what Loristan had said of the time coming when Marco might need a comrade in his work. What was his work to be? It was to be something like "the game." And they were being prepared for it. And though Marco often lay awake on his bed when The Rat lay awake on his sofa, neither boy spoke to the other of the thing his mind dwelt on. And Marco worked as he had never worked before. The game was very exciting when he could prove his prowess. The four gathered together at night in the back sitting-room. Lazarus was obliged to be with them because a second judge was needed. Loristan would mention the name of a place, perhaps a street in Paris or a hotel in Vienna, and Marco would at once make a rapid sketch of the face under whose photograph the name of the locality had been written. It was not long before he could begin his sketch without more than a moment's hesitation. And yet even when this had become the case, they still played the game night after night. There was a great hotel near the Place de la Concorde in Paris, of which Marco felt he should never hear the name during all his life without there starting up before his mental vision a tall woman with fierce black eyes and a delicate high-bridged nose across which the strong eyebrows almost met. In Vienna there was a palace which would always bring back at once a pale cold-faced man with a heavy blonde lock which fell over his forehead. A certain street in Munich meant a stout genial old aristocrat with a sly smile; a village in Bavaria, a peasant with a vacant countenance. A curled and smoothed man who looked like a hair-dresser brought up a place in an Austrian mountain town. He knew them all as he knew his own face and No. 7 Philibert Place.

But still night after night the game was played.

Then came a night when, out of a deep sleep, he was awakened by Lazarus touching him. He had so long been secretly ready to answer any call that he sat up straight in bed at the first touch.

"Dress quickly and come down stairs," Lazarus said. "The Prince is here and wishes to speak with you."

Marco made no answer but got out of bed and began to slip on his clothes.

Lazarus touched The Rat.

The Rat was as ready as Marco and sat upright as he had done.

"Come down with the young Master," he commanded. "It is necessary that you should be seen and spoken to." And having given the order he went away.

No one heard the shoeless feet of the two boys as they stole down the stairs.

An elderly man in ordinary clothes, but with an unmistakable face, was sitting quietly talking to Loristan who with a gesture called both forward.

"The Prince has been much interested in what I have told him of your game," he said in his lowest voice. "He wishes to see you make your sketches, Marco."

Marco looked very straight into the Prince's eyes which were fixed intently on him as he made his bow.

"His Highness does me honor," he said, as his father might have said it. He went to the table at once and took from a drawer his pencils and pieces of cardboard.

"I should know he was your son and a Samavian," the Prince remarked.

Then his keen and deep-set eyes turned themselves on the boy with the crutches.

"This," said Loristan, "is the one who calls himself The Rat. He is one of us."

The Rat saluted.

"Please tell him, sir," he whispered, "that the crutches don't matter."

"He has trained himself to an extraordinary activity," Loristan said. "He can do anything."

The keen eyes were still taking The Rat in.

"They are an advantage," said the Prince at last.

Lazarus had nailed together a light rough easel which Marco used in making his sketches when the game was played. Lazarus was standing in state at the door, and he came forward, brought the easel from its corner, and arranged the necessary drawing materials upon it.

Marco stood near it and waited the pleasure of his father and his visitor. They were speaking together in low tones and he waited several minutes. What The Rat noticed was what he had noticed before—that the big boy could stand still in perfect ease and silence. It was not necessary for him to say things or to ask questions—to look at people as if he felt restless if they did not speak to or notice him. He did not seem to re-

quire notice, and The Rat felt vaguely that, young as he was, this very freedom from any anxiety to be looked at or addressed made him somehow look like a great gentleman.

Loristan and the Prince advanced to where he stood.

"L'Hôtel de Marigny," Loristan said.

Marco began to sketch rapidly. He began the portrait of the handsome woman with the delicate high-bridged nose and the black brows which almost met. As he did it, the Prince drew nearer and watched the work over his shoulder. It did not take very long and, when it was finished, the inspector turned, and after giving Loristan a long and strange look, nodded twice.

"It is a remarkable thing," he said. "In that rough sketch she is not to be mistaken."

Loristan bent his head.

Then he mentioned the name of another street in another place—and Marco sketched again. This time it was the peasant with the simple face. The Prince bowed again. Then Loristan gave another name, and after that another and another; and Marco did his work until it was at an end, and Lazarus stood near with a handful of sketches which he had silently taken charge of as each was laid aside.

"You would know these faces wheresoever you saw them?" said the Prince. "If you passed one in Bond Street or in the Marylebone Road, you would recognize it at once?"

"As I know yours, sir," Marco answered.

Then followed a number of questions. Loristan asked them as he had often asked them before. They were questions as to the height and build of the originals of the pictures, of the color of their hair and eyes, and the order of their complexions. Marco answered them all. He knew all but the names of these people, and it was plainly not necessary that he should know them, as his father had never uttered them.

After this questioning was at an end the Prince pointed to The Rat who had leaned on his crutches against the wall, his eyes fiercely eager like a ferret's.

"And he?" the Prince said. "What can he do?"

"Let me try," said The Rat. "Marco knows."

Marco looked at his father.

"May I help him to show you?" he asked.

"Yes," Loristan answered, and then, as he turned to the Prince, he said again in his low voice: "*He is one of us.*"

Then Marco began a new form of the game. He held up one of the pictured faces before The Rat, and The Rat named at once the city and place connected with it, he detailed the color of eyes

and hair, the height, the build, all the personal details as Marco himself had detailed them. To these he added descriptions of the cities, and points concerning the police system, the palaces, the people. His face twisted itself, his eyes burned, his voice shook, but he was amazing in his readiness of reply and his exactness of memory.

"I can't draw," he said at the end. "But I can remember. I did n't want any one to be bothered with thinking I was trying to learn it. So only Marco knew."

This he said to Loristan with appeal in his voice.

"It was he who invented 'the game,'" said Loristan. "I showed you his strange maps and plans."

"It is a good game," the Prince answered in the manner of a man extraordinarily interested and impressed. "They know it well. They can be trusted."

"No such thing has ever been done before," Loristan said. "It is as new as it is daring and simple."

"Therein lies its safety," the Prince answered.

"Perhaps only boyhood," said Loristan, "could have dared to imagine it."

"The Prince thanks you," he said after a few more words spoken aside to his visitor. "We both thank you. You may go back to your beds."

And the boys went.

CHAPTER XIX

"THAT IS ONE!"

A WEEK had not passed before Marco brought to The Rat in their bedroom an envelope containing a number of slips of paper on each of which was written something.

"This is another part of the game," he said gravely. "Let us sit down together by the table and study it."

They sat down and examined what was written on the slips. At the head of each was the name of one of the places with which Marco had connected a face he had sketched. Below, were clear and concise directions as to how it was to be reached and the words to be said when each individual was encountered.

"This person is to be found at his stall in the market," was written of the vacant-faced peasant. "You will first attract his attention by asking the price of something. When he is looking at you, touch your left thumb lightly with the forefinger of your right hand. Then utter in a low distinct tone the words 'The Lamp is lighted.' That is all you are to do."

Sometimes the directions were not quite so simple, but they were all instructions of the same order. The originals of the sketches were to be sought out—always with precaution which should conceal that they were being sought at all, and always in such a manner as would cause an encounter to appear to be mere chance. Then certain words were to be uttered, but always without attracting the attention of any bystander or passer-by.

The boys worked at their task through the entire day. They concentrated all their powers upon it. They wrote and re-wrote—they repeated to each other what they committed to memory as if it were a lesson. Marco worked with the greater ease and more rapidly, because exercise of this order had been his practice and entertainment from his babyhood. The Rat, however, almost kept pace with him, as he had been born with a phenomenal memory and his eagerness and desire were a fury.

But throughout the entire day neither of them once referred to what they were doing as anything but "the game."

At night, it is true, each found himself lying awake and thinking. It was The Rat who broke the silence from his sofa.

"It is what the messengers of the Secret Party would be ordered to do when they were sent out to give the Sign for the Rising," he said. "I made that up the first day I invented the party, did n't I?"

"Yes," answered Marco.

AFTER a third day's concentration they knew by heart everything given to them to learn. That night Loristan put them through an examination.

"Can you write these things?" he asked, after each had repeated them and emerged safely from all cross-questioning.

Each boy wrote them correctly from memory.

"Write yours in French—in German—in Russian—in Samavian," Loristan said to Marco.

"All you have told me to do and to learn is part of myself, Father," Marco said in the end. "It is part of me, as if it were my hand or my eyes—or my heart."

"I believe that is true," answered Loristan.

He was pale that night and there was a shadow on his face. His eyes held a great longing as they rested on Marco. It was a yearning which had a sort of dread in it.

Lazarus also did not seem quite himself. He was red instead of pale, and his movements were uncertain and restless. He cleared his throat nervously at intervals and more than once left his chair as if to look for something.

It was almost midnight when Loristan, standing near Marco, put his arm round his shoulders.

"The Game"—he began, and then was silent a few moments while Marco felt his arm tighten its hold. Both Marco and The Rat felt a hard quick beat in their breasts, and, because of this and because the pause seemed long, Marco spoke.

"The Game—yes, Father?" he said.

"The Game is about to give you work to do—both of you," Loristan answered.

Lazarus cleared his throat and walked to the easel in the corner of the room. But he only changed the position of a piece of drawing-paper on it and then came back.

"In two days you are to go to Paris—as you," to The Rat, "planned in the game."

"As I planned?" The Rat barely breathed the words.

"Yes," answered Loristan. "The instructions you have learned you will carry out. There is no more to be done than to manage to approach certain persons closely enough to be able to utter certain words to them."

"Only two young strollers whom no man could suspect," put in Lazarus in an astonishingly rough and shaky voice. "They could pass near the Emperor himself without danger. The young Master—" his voice became so hoarse that he was obliged to clear it loudly—"the young Master must carry himself less finely. It would be well to shuffle a little and slouch as if he were of the common people."

"Yes," said The Rat hastily. "He must do that. I can teach him. He holds his head and his shoulders like a gentleman. He must look like a street lad."

"I will look like one," said Marco, with determination.

"I will trust you to remind him," Loristan said to The Rat, and he said it with gravity. "That will be your charge."

As he lay upon his pillow that night, it seemed to Marco as if a load had lifted itself from his heart. It was the load of uncertainty and longing. He had so long borne the pain of feeling that he was too young to be allowed to serve in any way. His dreams had never been wild ones—they had in fact always been boyish and modest, howsoever romantic. But now no dream which could have passed through his brain would have seemed so wonderful as this—that the hour had come—the hour had come—and that he, Marco, was to be its messenger. He was to do no dramatic deed and be announced by no flourish of heralds. No one would know what he did. What he achieved could only be attained if he remained obscure and unknown and seemed to every one only a common

ordinary boy who knew nothing whatever of important things. But his father had given to him a gift so splendid that he trembled with awe and joy as he thought of it. The Game had become real. He and The Rat were to carry with them The Sign, and it would be like carrying a tiny lamp to set aflame lights which would blaze from one mountain-top to another until half the world seemed on fire.

As he had awakened out of his sleep when Lazarus touched him, so he awakened in the middle of the night again. But he was not aroused by a touch. When he opened his eyes he knew it was a look which had penetrated his sleep—a look in the eyes of his father who was standing by his side. In the road outside there was the utter silence he had noticed the night of the Prince's first visit—the only light was that of the lamp in the street, but he could see Loristan's face clearly enough to know that the mere intensity of his gaze had awakened him. The Rat was sleeping profoundly. Loristan spoke in Samavian and under his breath.

"Beloved one," he said. "You are very young. Because I am your father—just at this hour I can feel nothing else. I have trained you for this through all the years of your life. I am proud of your young maturity and strength but—Beloved—you are a child! Can I do this thing!"

For the moment, his face and his voice were scarcely like his own.

He knelt by the bedside, and, as he did it, Marco half sitting up caught his hand and held it hard against his breast.

"Father, I know!" he cried under his breath also. "It is true. I am a child but am I not a man also? You yourself said it. I always knew that you were teaching me to be one—for some reason. It was my secret that I knew it. I learned well because I never forgot it. And I learned. Did I not?"

He was so eager that he looked more like a boy than ever. But his young strength and courage were splendid to see. Loristan knew him through and through and read every boyish thought of him.

"Yes," he answered slowly. "You did your part—and now if I—drew back—you would feel that *I had failed you—failed you.*"

"You!" Marco breathed it proudly. "You could not fail even the weakest thing in the world."

There was a moment's silence in which the two pairs of eyes dwelt on each other with the deepest meaning, and then Loristan rose to his feet.

"The end will be all that our hearts most wish," he said. "To-morrow you may begin the new part of 'the Game.' You may go to Paris."



"AS SHE MOVED TOWARD THE CARRIAGE WITH HIM, HE SPOKE A FEW WORDS IN RUSSIAN."
(SEE PAGE 603.)

WHEN the train which was to meet the boat that crossed from Dover to Calais steamed out of the noisy Charing Cross Station, it carried in a third-class carriage two shabby boys. One of them would have been a handsome lad if he had not carried himself slouchingly and walked with a street lad's careless shuffling gait. The other was a cripple who moved slowly, and apparently with difficulty, on crutches. There was nothing remarkable or picturesque enough about them to attract attention. They sat in the corner of the carriage and neither talked much nor seemed to be particularly interested in the journey or each other. When they went on board the steamer, they were soon lost among the commoner passengers and in fact found for themselves a secluded place which was not advantageous enough to be wanted by any one else.

"What can such a poor-looking pair of lads be going to Paris for?" some one asked his companion.

"Not for pleasure, certainly; perhaps to get work," was the casual answer.

In the evening they reached Paris, and Marco led the way to a small café in a side-street where they got some cheap food. In the same side-street they found a bed they could share for the night in a tiny room over a baker's shop.

The Rat was too much excited to be ready to go to bed early. He begged Marco to guide him about the brilliant streets. They went slowly along the broad Avenue des Champs Elysées under the lights glittering among the horse-chestnut trees. The Rat's sharp eyes took it all in—the light of the cafés among the embowering trees, the many carriages rolling by, the people who loitered and laughed or sat at little tables drinking wine and listening to music, the broad stream of life which flowed on to the Arc de Triomphe and back again.

"It 's brighter and clearer than London," he said to Marco. "The people look as if they were having more fun than they do in England."

The Place de la Concorde spreading its stately spaces—a world of illumination, movement, and majestic beauty—held him as though by a fascination. He wanted to stand still and stare at it, first from one point of view and then from another. It was bigger and more wonderful than he had been able to picture it when Marco had described it to him and told him of the part it had played in the days of the French Revolution when the guillotine had stood in it and the tumbrils had emptied themselves at the foot of its steps. He stood near the Obelisk a long time without speaking.

"I can see it all happening," he said at last, and he pulled Marco away.

Before they returned home, they found their way to a large house which stood in a courtyard. In the iron work of the handsome gates which shut it in was wrought a gilded coronet. The gates were closed and the house was not brightly lighted.

They walked past it and round it without speaking, but, when they neared the entrance for the second time, The Rat said in a low tone:

"She is five feet seven, has black hair, a nose with a high bridge, her eyebrows are black and almost meet across it, she has a pale olive skin and holds her head proudly."

"That is the one," Marco answered.

They were a week in Paris and each day passed this big house. There were certain hours when great ladies were more likely to go out and come in than they were at others. Marco knew this, and they managed to be within sight of the house or to pass it at these hours. For two days they saw no sign of the person they wished to see, but one morning the gates were thrown open and they saw flowers and palms being taken in.

"She has been away and is coming back," said Marco. The next day they passed three times—once at the hour when fashionable women drive out to do their shopping, once at the time when afternoon visiting is most likely to begin, and once when the streets were brilliant with lights and the carriages had begun to roll by to dinner-parties and theaters.

Then, as they stood at a little distance from the iron gates, a carriage drove through them and stopped before the big door which was thrown open by two tall footmen in splendid livery.

"She is coming out," said The Rat.

They would be able to see her plainly when she came, because the lights over the entrance were so bright.

Marco slipped from under his coat sleeve a carefully-made sketch. He looked at it and The Rat looked at it.

A footman stood erect on each side of the open door. The footman who sat with the coachman had got down and was waiting by the carriage. Marco and The Rat glanced again with furtive haste at the sketch. A handsome woman appeared upon the threshold. She paused and gave some order to the footman who stood on the right. Then she came out in the full light and got into the carriage which drove out of the courtyard and quite near the place where the two boys waited.

When it was gone, Marco drew a long breath as he tore the sketch into very small pieces indeed. He did not throw them away then but put them into his pocket.

The Rat drew a long breath also.

"Yes," he said positively.

"Yes," said Marco.

When they were safely shut up in their room over the baker's shop, they discussed the chances of their being able to pass her in such a way as would seem accidental. Two common boys could not enter the courtyard. There was a back entrance for tradespeople and messengers. When she drove, she would always enter her carriage from the same place. Unless she sometimes walked, they could not approach her. What should be done? The thing was difficult. After they had talked some time, The Rat sat and gnawed his nails.

"To-morrow afternoon," he broke out at last, "we'll watch and see if her carriage drives in for her—then, when she comes to the door, I'll go in and begin to beg. The servant will think I'm a foreigner and don't know what I'm doing. You can come after me to tell me to come away, because you know better than I do that I shall be ordered out. She may be a good-natured woman and listen to us—and you might get near her."

"We might try it," Marco answered. "It might work. We will try it."

The Rat never failed to treat him as his leader. He had begged Loristan to let him come with Marco as his servant, and his servant he had been more than willing to be. When Loristan had said he should be his aide-de-camp, he had felt his trust lifted to a military dignity which uplifted him with it. As his aide-de-camp he must serve him, watch him, obey his lightest wish, make everything easy for him. Sometimes, Marco was troubled by the way in which he insisted on serving him, this queer, once dictatorial and cantankerous lad who had begun by throwing stones at him.

"You must not wait on me," he said to him. "I must wait upon myself."

The Rat rather flushed.

"He told me that he would let me come with you as your Aide-de-camp," he said. "It—it's part of the game. It makes things easier if we keep up the game."

It would have attracted attention if they had spent too much time in the vicinity of the big house. So it happened that the next afternoon the great lady evidently drove out at an hour when they were not watching for her. They were on their way to try if they could carry out their plan, when, as they walked together along the Rue Royale, The Rat suddenly touched Marco's elbow.

"The carriage stands before the shop with lace in the windows," he whispered hurriedly.

Marco saw and recognized it at once. The owner had evidently gone into the shop to buy something. This was a better chance than they had hoped for, and, when they approached the carriage itself, they saw that there was another point in their favor. Inside were no less than three beautiful little Pekingese spaniels that looked exactly alike. They were all trying to look out of the window and were pushing against each other. They were so perfect and so pretty that few people passed by without looking at them. What better excuse could two boys have for lingering about a place?

They stopped and, standing a little distance away, began to look at and discuss them and laugh at their excited little antics. Through the shop-window Marco caught a glimpse of the great lady.

"She does not look much interested. She won't stay long," he whispered, and added aloud, "that little one is the master. See how he pushes the others aside! He is stronger than the other two though he is so small."

"He can snap, too," said The Rat.

"She is coming now," warned Marco, and then laughed aloud as if at the Pekingese, which, catching sight of their mistress at the shop-door, began to leap and yelp for joy.

Their mistress herself smiled, and was smiling as Marco drew near her.

"May we look at them, Madame?" he said in French, and, as she made an amiable gesture of acquiescence and moved toward the carriage with him, he spoke a few words, very low but very distinctly, in Russian.

"The Lamp is lighted," he said.

The Rat was looking at her keenly, but he did not see her face change at all. What he noticed most throughout their journey was that each person to whom they gave the Sign had complete control over his or her countenance, if there were bystanders, and never betrayed by any change of expression that the words meant anything unusual.

The great lady merely went on smiling, and spoke only of the dogs, allowing Marco and himself to look at them through the window of the carriage as the footman opened the door for her to enter.

"They are beautiful little creatures," Marco said lifting his cap, and, as the footman turned away, he uttered his few Russian words once more and moved off without even glancing at the lady again.

"That is *one!*" he said to The Rat that night before they went to sleep, and with a match he burned the scraps of the sketch he had torn and put into his pocket.

CHAPTER XX

MARCO GOES TO THE OPERA

THEIR next journey was to Munich, but the night before they left Paris an unexpected thing happened.

To reach the narrow staircase which led to their bedroom it was necessary to pass through the baker's shop itself. The baker's wife was a friendly woman who liked the two boy lodgers who were so quiet and gave no trouble. More than once she had given them a hot roll or so or a freshly baked little tartlet with fruit in the center. When Marco came in this evening, she greeted him with a nod and handed him a small parcel as he passed through.

"This was left for you this afternoon," she said. "I see you are making purchases for your journey. My man and I are sorry you are going."

"Thank you, Madame. We also are sorry," Marco answered, taking the parcel. "They are not large purchases, you see," smiling.

But neither he nor The Rat had bought anything at all, though the ordinary-looking little package was plainly addressed to him and bore the name of one of the big cheap shops. It felt as if it contained something soft.

When he reached their bedroom, The Rat was gazing out of the window watching every living thing which passed in the street below. He who had never seen anything but London was absorbed by the spell of Paris and was learning it by heart.

"Something has been sent to us. Look at this," said Marco.

The Rat was at his side at once. "What is it? Where did it come from?"

They opened the package and at first sight saw only several pairs of quite common woolen socks. As Marco took up the sock in the middle of the parcel, he felt that there was something inside it—something laid flat and carefully. He put his hand in and drew out a number of five-franc notes—not new ones, because new ones would have betrayed themselves by crackling. These were old enough to be soft. But there were enough of them to amount to a substantial sum.

"It is in small notes because poor boys would have only small ones. No one will be surprised when we change these," The Rat said.

Each of them believed the package had been sent by the great lady, but it had been done so carefully that not the slightest clue was furnished.

To The Rat, part of the deep excitement of "the game" was the working out of the plans and methods of each person concerned. He could not have slept without working out some scheme

which might have been used in this case. It thrilled him to contemplate the difficulties the great lady might have found herself obliged to overcome.

"Perhaps," he said, after thinking it over for some time, "she went to a big common shop dressed as if she were an ordinary woman and bought the socks and pretended she was going to carry them home herself. She would do that so that she could take them into some corner and slip the money in. Then, as she wanted to have them sent from the shop, perhaps she bought some other things and asked the people to deliver the packages to different places. The socks were sent to us and the other things to some one else. She would go to a shop where no one knew her and no one would expect to see her and she would wear clothes which looked neither rich nor too poor."

He created the whole episode with all its details and explained them to Marco. It fascinated him for the entire evening and he felt relieved after it and slept well.

Even before they had left London, certain newspapers had swept out of existence the story of the descendant of the Lost Prince. This had been done by derision and light handling—by treating it as a romantic legend.

At first, The Rat had resented this bitterly, but one day at a meal, when he had been producing arguments to prove that the story must be a true one, Loristan somehow checked him by his own silence.

"If there is such a man," he said after a pause, "it is well for him that his existence should not be believed in—for some time at least."

The Rat came to a dead stop. He felt hot for a moment and then felt cold. He saw a new idea all at once. He had been making a mistake in tactics.

No more was said but, when they were alone afterward, he poured himself forth to Marco.

"I was a fool!" he cried out. "Why could n't I see it for myself! Shall I tell you what I believe has been done? There is some one who has influence in England and who is a friend to Samavia. They've got the newspapers to make fun of the story so that it won't be believed. If it was believed, both the Iarovitch and the Maranovitch would be on the lookout, and the Secret Party would lose their chances. What a fool I was not to think of it! There's some one watching and working here who is a friend to Samavia."

"But there is some one in Samavia who has begun to suspect that it might be true," Marco answered. "If there were not, I should not have

been shut in the cellar. Some one thought my father knew something. The spies had orders to find out what it was."

"Yes. Yes. That 's true too!" The Rat answered anxiously. "We shall have to be very careful."

In the lining of the sleeve of Marco's coat there was a slit into which he could slip any small thing he wished to conceal and also wished to be able to reach without trouble. In this he had carried the sketch of the lady which he had torn up in Paris. When they walked in the streets of Munich, the morning after their arrival, he carried still another sketch. It was the one picturing the genial-looking old aristocrat with the sly smile.

One of the things they had learned about this one was that his chief characteristic was his passion for music. He was a patron of musicians and he spent much time in Munich because he loved its musical atmosphere and the earnestness of its opera-goers.

"The military band plays in the Feldherrnhalle at midday. When something very good is being played, sometimes people stop their carriages so that they can listen. We will go there," said Marco.

"It 's a chance," said The Rat. "We must n't lose anything like a chance."

The day was brilliant and sunny, the people passing through the streets looked comfortable and homely, the mixture of old streets and modern ones, of ancient corners and shops and houses of the day was picturesque and cheerful. The Rat swinging through the crowd on his crutches was full of interest and exhilaration. He had begun to grow, and the change in his face and expression which had begun in London had become more noticeable. He had been given his "place," and a work to do which entitled him to hold it.

No one could have suspected them of carrying a strange and vital secret with them as they strolled along together. They seemed only two ordinary boys who looked in at shop windows and talked over their contents, and who loitered with upturned faces in the Marien-Platz before the ornate Gothic Rathaus to hear the eleven o'clock chimes play and see the painted figures of the King and Queen watch from their balcony the passing before them of the automatic tournament procession with its trumpeters and tilting knights. When the show was over and the automatic cock broke forth into his lusty farewell crow, they laughed just as any other boys would have laughed. Sometimes it would have been easy for The Rat to forget that there was anything graver in the world than the new places and new won-

ders he was seeing, as if he were a wandering minstrel in a story.

But in Samavia bloody battles were being fought, and bloody plans were being wrought out, and in anguished anxiety the Secret Party and the Forgers of the Sword waited breathless for the Sign for which they had waited so long. And inside the lining of Marco's coat was hidden the sketched face, as the two unnoticed lads made their way to the Feldherrnhalle to hear the band play and see who might chance to be among the audience.

Because the day was sunny, and also because the band was playing a specially fine programme, the crowd in the square was larger than usual. Several vehicles had stopped, and among them were one or two which were not merely hired cabs but were the carriages of private persons.

One of them had evidently arrived early, as it was drawn up in a good position when the boys reached the corner. It was a big open carriage and a grand one, luxuriously upholstered in green. The footman and coachman wore green and silver liveries and seemed to know that people were looking at them and their master. He was a stout, genial-looking old aristocrat with a sly smile, though, as he listened to the music, it almost forgot to be sly. In the carriage with him were a young officer and a little boy, and they also listened attentively. Standing near the carriage door were several people who were plainly friends or acquaintances, as they occasionally spoke to him. Marco touched The Rat's coat sleeve as the two boys approached.

"It would not be easy to get near him," he said. "Let us go and stand as close to the carriage as we can get without pushing. Perhaps we may hear some one say something about where he is going after the music is over."

Yes, there was no mistaking him. He was the right man. Each of them knew by heart the creases on his stout face and the sweep of his big gray moustache. But there was nothing noticeable in a boy looking for a moment at a piece of paper, and Marco sauntered a few steps to a bit of space left bare by the crowd and took a last glance at his sketch. His rule was to make sure at the final moment. The music was very good and the group about the carriage was evidently enthusiastic. There was talk and praise and comment, and the old aristocrat nodded his head repeatedly in applause.

"The Chancellor is music mad," a looker-on near the boys said to another. "At the opera every night unless serious affairs keep him away! There you may see him nodding his old head and bursting his gloves with applauding when a good

thing is done. He ought to have led an orchestra or played a 'cello. He is too big for first violin."

There was a group about the carriage to the last, when the music came to an end and it drove away. There had been no possible opportunity of passing close to it even had the presence of the young officer and the boy not presented an insurmountable obstacle.

Marco and The Rat went on their way and passed by the Hof-Theater and read the bills. "Tristan and Isolde" was to be presented at night and a great singer would sing *Isolde*.

"He will go to hear that," both boys said at once. "He will be sure to go."

It was decided between them that Marco should go on his quest alone when night came. One boy who hung about the entrance of the Opera would be observed less than two.

"People notice crutches more than they notice legs," The Rat said. "I'd better keep out of the way unless you need me. My time has n't come yet. Even if it does n't come at all I've—I've been on duty. I've gone with you and I've been ready—that 's what an Aide-de-Camp does."

He stayed at home and read such English papers as he could lay hands on and he drew plans and re-fought battles on paper.

Marco went to the opera. Even if he had not known his way to the square near the place where the Hof-Theater stood, he could easily have found it by following the groups of people in the streets who all seemed walking in one direction. There were students in their odd caps walking three or four abreast, there were young couples and older ones, and here and there whole families; there were soldiers of all ages, officers and privates; and, when talk was to be heard in passing, it was always talk about music.

For some time Marco waited in the square and watched the carriages roll up and pass under the huge pillared portico to deposit their contents at the entrance and at once drive away in orderly sequence. He must make sure that the grand carriage with the green and silver liveries rolled up with the rest. If it came, he would buy a cheap ticket and go inside.

It was rather late when it arrived. People in Munich are not late for the opera if it can be helped, and the coachman drove up hurriedly. The green and silver footman leaped to the ground and opened the carriage door almost before it stopped. The Chancellor got out looking less genial than usual because he was afraid that he might lose some of the overture. A rosy-cheeked girl in a white frock was with him and she was evidently trying to soothe him.

"I do not think we are really late, Father," she said. "Don't feel cross, dear. It will spoil the music for you."

This was not a time in which a man's attention could be attracted quietly. Marco ran to get the ticket which would give him a place among the rows of young soldiers, artists, male and female students, and musicians who were willing to stand four or five deep throughout the performance of even the longest opera. He knew that, unless they were in one of the few boxes which belonged only to the court, the Chancellor and his rosy-cheeked daughter would be in the best seats in the front curve of the balcony which were the most desirable of the house. He soon saw them. They had secured the central places directly below the large royal box where two quiet princesses and their attendants were already seated.

When he found he was not too late to hear the overture, the Chancellor's face became more genial than ever. He settled himself down to an evening of enjoyment and evidently forgot everything else in the world. Marco did not lose sight of him. When the audience went out between the acts to promenade in the corridors, he might go also and there might be a chance to pass near to him in the crowd. He watched him closely. Sometimes his fine old face saddened at the beautiful woe of the music, sometimes it looked enraptured, and it was always evident that every note reached his soul.

The pretty daughter who sat beside him was attentive but not so enthralled. After the first act two glittering young officers appeared and made elegant and low bows, drawing their heels together as they kissed her hand. They looked sorry when they were obliged to return to their seats again.

After the second act the Chancellor sat for a few minutes as if he were in a dream. The people in the seats near him began to rise from their chairs and file out into the corridors. The young officers were to be seen rising also. The rosy daughter leaned forward and touched her father's arm gently.

"She wants him to take her out," Marco thought. "He will take her because he is good-natured."

He saw him recall himself from his dream with a smile and then he rose and, after helping to arrange a silvery blue scarf round the girl's shoulders, gave her his arm just as Marco skipped out of his fourth-row standing-place.

It was a rather warm night and the corridors were full. By the time Marco had reached the balcony floor, the pair had issued from the little



"A MOMENT LATER A HAND LIGHTLY TOUCHED HIM."

door and were temporarily lost in the moving numbers.

Marco quietly made his way among the crowd trying to look as if he belonged to somebody. Once or twice his strong body and his dense black eyes and lashes made people glance at him, but he was not the only boy who had been brought to the opera so he felt safe enough to stop at the foot of the stairs and watch those who went up and those who passed by. Such a miscellaneous crowd as it was made up of—good unfashionable music-lovers mixed here and there with grand people of the court and the gay world.

Suddenly he heard a low laugh and a moment later a hand lightly touched him.

"You *did* get out, then?" a soft voice said.

When he turned he felt his muscles stiffen. He ceased to slouch and did not smile as he looked at the speaker. What he felt was a wave of fierce and haughty anger. It swept over him before he had time to control it.

A lovely person who seemed swathed in several shades of soft violet drapery was smiling at him with long, lovely eyes.

It was the woman who had trapped him into No. 10 Brandon Terrace.

(To be continued.)

THE GRASSHOPPER VANE

BY TUDOR JENKS

THE February *ST. NICHOLAS* tells of the grasshopper that forms the vane on Faneuil Hall, Boston, and assumes that the device was only a notion of its maker.

But it is possible that this figure was chosen for another reason.

in compliment to its founder, Sir Thomas Gresham, who lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, being knighted by her in 1565. The grasshopper is taken from his coat-of-arms, and its use as a bearing is probably due to the resemblance of the old name, "grasshop" (sometimes spelled "gresshop," as the *Century Dictionary* tells us) as given to the insect, and the name "Gresham." The pun is a very weak one, but puns far worse than this will be found to have found favor with heralds of the time, and were quite usual.

The grasshopper having been for nearly two hundred years a familiar symbol of the Royal Exchange in London would seem a fitting sign for the building of a similar character in the city of Boston.

Sir Thomas Gresham's name remains well known to this day, as it is given to the "Gresham Law," said to be due to him; namely, the rule or law that of two forms of currency the worse will circulate more freely. An example of this that young people will readily understand occurs when, for instance, your father gives you a dollar in four quarters, one of them bright and new, and the others thin and worn. If you have to spend only three of them, you will be likely to choose out the bright new one to keep. Since others do the same thing, as a rule, the poorer or older currency circulates faster and oftener than the new. So, to keep paper currency clean and good, it is necessary to destroy the old (or wash it, as described in the last January number of *ST. NICHOLAS*) as fast as it gets into the hands of banks or the government, and to issue new, clean bills.

Sir Thomas Gresham was a shrewd merchant, and is said to have made a good profit out of the founding of the Exchange, by retaining for his own use certain offices in the building; while, at the same time, he was hailed as a public benefactor for giving the fine public mart to the city.

It is quite possible that the vane on Faneuil Hall had nothing to do with that on the Royal Exchange in London, but it seems likely that the one suggested the other.

It is interesting to recall that in 1904 *ST. NICHOLAS* published an account of this curious weather-vane, and we reprint it here, together with the picture that accompanied it, for the benefit of the newcomers among *ST. NICHOLAS* readers:



THE GOLDEN GRASSHOPPER ON THE TOWER OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

Faneuil Hall was the business center of the early city, and so may have been considered the Exchange. Now, the London Royal Exchange also had a grasshopper vane, and this was adopted

"The golden grasshopper on the tower of the Royal Exchange has been for nearly three and a half centuries a London landmark as familiar as the cross on St. Paul's or the dragon on Bow Church steeple.

"Sir Thomas Gresham, a royal agent in three successive reigns, founded the Exchange in the reign of Elizabeth. He erected at his own expense a beautiful structure in the Flemish style of architecture, with shops on the first floor. A bell-tower, crowned by a huge grasshopper, stood on one side of the chief entrance. The bell in this tower summoned the merchants at twelve o'clock noon and six o'clock evening. During the Great Fire of 1666 the building was totally destroyed. The statues of kings and queens which ornamented the corridors were precipitated into the enormous cellars, and with them the tower and grasshopper.

"Gresham was loyally loved by the metropolis, and his generous services were not forgotten. From the mountain of debris the grasshopper was rescued, and it was placed—a lofty vane of gilt brass—above the new dome supported by eight Corinthian columns, and to this hour swings to the points of the compass, perpetuating the sign and crest of the Gresham family. The old clock in this tower had four dials and chimed four times daily. On Sunday, "The 104th Psalm"; on Monday, "God Save the King"; on Tuesday, "Waterloo March"; on Wednesday, "There 's nae luck about the hoose"; on Thursday, "See, the

Conquering Hero Comes"; on Friday, "Life Let Us Cherish"; and on Saturday, "Foot-Guards' March." In 1838 fire again devastated the stately building, beginning soon after ten at night, and by the next morning the clock-tower alone was standing. It is significant that the last air played by the chimes before they went crashing through the tower roof, crushing the entrance arch below, was "There 's nae luck about the hoose"; then the eight bells ceased their clanging.

"The grasshopper was unharmed, and to this day remains, eleven feet of shimmering metal looking down from its perch one hundred and eight feet above the busy streets.

"There is a legend—containing how much truth no man dare say—that Thomas Gresham was brought from Holland and left a poor and hapless waif on the moors—left among clumps of heather and sage-brush to perish. A hunter, attracted by the shrill cry of a grasshopper, followed the sound and found the boy. Thus rescued, the lad, a comely fellow, was placed in school, grew up to be the counselor of kings and queens, and the founder of an exchange that holds a dominating power in the commerce of the entire habitable globe.

"The fact is that the golden grasshopper of Sir Thomas Gresham is of classic derivation, dating further back than the Roman era. It was the favorite ornament of the proud Athenians, who considered that the grasshopper cast a spell of enchantment, insuring riches and good fortune."

THE KING OF FISHERS

BY FLORENCE L. PATTERSON

THE little kingfisher he swooped to the sea,
The little queenfisher she sat in a tree,
And 'most every time that the kingfisher tried,
He caught a wee fish to present to his bride.
But the men on the bank with their tackle and line,
Brought nothing but bubbles up out of the brine.

The kingfisher chuckled with infinite glee,
And he said to his mate as she sat in the tree,
"Not one man who fishes to serve fish in dishes,
Can fish half as well as a kingfisher fishes."





THE LAKE THAT STRETCHES OUT BEFORE "FANNY Y. CORY'S" MONTANA HOME.

"FANNY Y. CORY"

BY MARION REED

Do you know what really makes the silver pathway on the water, moonlight nights? Some people will tell you it is just the reflection of the moon, but there are others who *know*. All children do, and have let a few grown people into the secret. It is fairies' wings. Every night when the moon shines, the fairies slip out upon the water to dance, and it is their wings, all fluttering and glistening as they gaily tread their elfin measures, that make that entrancing pathway.

That is what Fanny Y. Cory says, and any one who has heard her say so, looking out over the wonderful lake beside her Montana home and with her three children all eagerly watching to catch the first glimpse, could never doubt for a moment that this is the only true explanation.

Magazine readers all over the land are familiar with the inconspicuous signature, F. Y. Cory, on drawings of very engaging babies and delightfully

real little boys and girls; but the accompanying photograph shows that this artist, whose pictured babies are so well known, has an acquaintance that is very intimate indeed with real babies, for Fanny Y. Cory is in private life Mrs. Fred Cooney, and the mother of three very lively little children, aged three, five, and seven.

Fanny Cory's career as an illustrator began as a very young girl in New York City. Her first pictures of wonderful fairy-folk, elves, and little children were published in our *ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE*, and their success was immediate. Since then, her illustrations for children's stories have become affectionately familiar to magazine readers everywhere.

"Do you have your own babies pose for you?" many people ask Mrs. Cooney, to which the laughing answer usually comes, "No, indeed!"—that she is far more likely to be doing up battered thumbs and curing bumps and aches, than calmly

sketching the family portraits. But a page of her delightfully humorous sketches telling "Why Grandmother Does n't Get a Letter Every Day," or, "Christmas Day with the Little Jenkses," who shout three deep from Father's back:

"Is n't it a cheerful thing
To have a dad that 's able
To ride you all a dozen times
Around the kitchen table?"

gives a little glimpse that one guesses may have very intimate foundation in fact.

Mrs. Cooney has lived in Montana since her marriage to a Montana man a number of years ago, and their ranch home is situated in a most beautiful part of the State, eight miles from a tiny, picturesque town called Canyon Ferry, and twenty miles from the railroad. "A little dot of a yellow house," Mrs. Cooney would describe it, nestling close beside a lake seven miles in length, to the east a great sweep of the snowcapped range, and west, across the lake, splendid timbered hills. It is here that all of her recent work has been done.

Possessing a personality that is altogether

sidered more of a gala-day than an early morning start for a day in the hills, which means a wonderful drive into one of the near-by cañons,



"FANNY Y. CORY" AND HER CHILDREN, AS THE CAMERA SEES THEM.



THE CHILDREN AS "FANNY Y. CORY" SEES THEM.



the frequent fording of rushing streams, and the keenest of hopeful outlooks for an occasional grizzly who may come lumbering into view. It is always with bated breath that these trips are made, children as well as grown-ups watching eagerly for the signs of

feminine, she has with it all a touch of gipsy love for holidays in the open, and is passionately fond of the western country. One seeing her surrounded by her children at the sleepy hour, dreamily telling the favorite bedtime story of her own weaving, could scarcely imagine that this same little woman is an excellent shot, fearless in the saddle, and a most enthusiastic camper. To this active outdoor-loving family nothing is con-

wild life on every side, with flowers and bright berries to be exclaimed over, and everywhere birds and little animals startled from under cover by the sound of passing wheels.

Many of Mrs. Cooney's drawings are made in the open, and a glance into her sketch-book would disclose on frequent pages the exquisite tracery of a single flower-petal, or perhaps the wonder of a butterfly's wing in every finest detail. In the

quaint pranks and comical tragedies of her pictures of childhood are reflected her own ready humor and quick sympathy for the lure of the



FANNY Y. CORY COONEY.

tempting jam-pot, with its sequel of smudged little faces, sticky fingers, and the corner in disgrace. More intimate still are babies like apple-blossoms,

pink and white, and wee tots just drowsing off as the little lambs one by one slip over the fence at twilight.

A little incident, occurring during the past summer, is related of Mr. and Mrs. Cooney's five-year-old son. A visitor at the ranch was spending his last day of vacation there, not without inward sinking of heart at the thought of next day's return to city life again. He was a favorite of the children, and so this last day was one of especially thrilling adventures, the killing of many "bears," "Indians," etc.; but, despite the excitement, the knowledge of the good friend's departure came heavily with each breathing-space between gay happenings. Could the children only name them, surely there must be some reasons why this fine playmate should continue to stay with them! Late in the day a sudden mountain shower sent all scampering to shelter for a little while, but presently the clouds broke, and a beautiful rainbow shone out across the sky. The visitor made an exclamation at its beauty. Looking up at him, the little five-year-old's face suddenly took on a look of glowing inspiration.

"Then why don't you stay," he cried, "*where we have rainbows every day!*"

Perhaps nothing could express better than this the fine spirit of all real western loyalty and hospitality; at least, if one were to ask this delightful American illustrator herself why she so loves her western home and the great Montana country, it would not be unlike her to answer whimsically, "That must be the very reason—rainbows every day."

THE BEHAVIOR OF KITES

BY MELVILLE CHATER

THE tree-tops sing, the lilacs sway,
The clouds skim by like cotton sails;
I've walked the gardener's beds all day
Through watching kites with swinging tails.

The kite, when first you take him out
Upon the hill where breezes swish,
Will knock his head and flop about,
And wriggle like a drowning fish.

But give him string, up, up he'll rise,
To soar at ease from place to place;
A-wobbling down when daylight dies,
A smile upon his painted face.

If Aunt would only watch the kite,
Perhaps she'd get to understand
The reason why I fret and fight
At being led about by hand.

If she would let me out instead
Across the fields, I'd never fight,
And end by coming home to bed
A-smiling nicely, like the kite.



"BEING LED ABOUT BY HAND."

PRACTICAL MECHANICS FOR BOYS

THE "BIG GUNS" OF A FIRE DEPARTMENT

BY CHARLES T. HILL

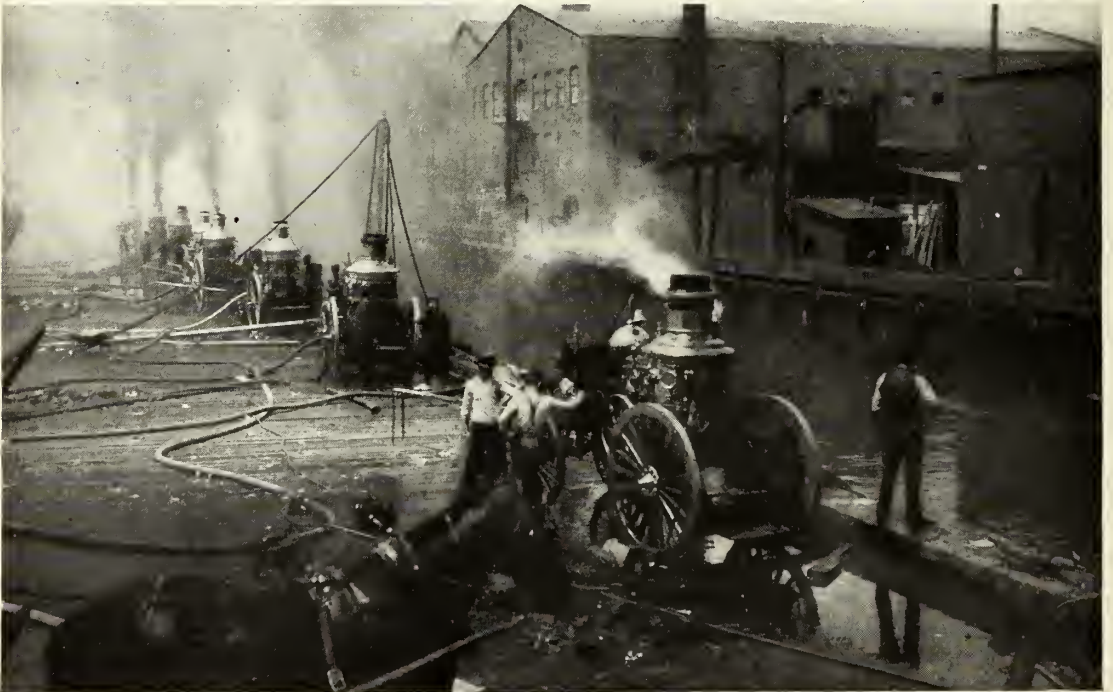
Author of "Fighting a Fire"

Just think of picking up a pond, or a small reservoir, containing about 30,000 gallons of water, and throwing it bodily at a fire! And then picking up another pond or reservoir, containing the same amount of water, and throwing that at the fire, within a moment's time. And keeping up this performance every minute for an hour until the fire is drenched with nearly two million gallons of water! Quite a "bucket-brigade," eh?

Practically, that is what the New York Fire Department does to-day with its "high-pressure system"; for with this new method of water supply the firemen can obtain 30,000 gallons of water a minute, and if necessary, at a maximum pressure of 300 pounds to the square inch—sufficient pressure, or "pushing power," behind the stream to carry it from the street to the top of an eight-story building, or even higher! It has the greatest possible advantage over the "throw-

ing" method, since the firemen, with the aid of their water-towers and monitor-nozzles, can direct right into the heart of the fire this immense volume of water—enormous streams that smash windows, tear down partitions, sweep aside merchandise, and squirm, twist, and force themselves into every nook and corner of a building, searching out the fire better than the firemen can, and smothering it before it can reach the danger mark. And this is why that, in a portion of New York City noted a few years ago for destructive fires, the "big" fire has, in a sense, disappeared.

In the section of Manhattan south of 34th Street, and particularly in what is known as the "dry-goods district," the firemen used to dread to hear the alarm-bell tap off the signals calling them to "second-," "third-," "fourth-," and very often "fifth-alarm fires," for these signals occurred altogether too often, and meant



BEFORE THE DAYS OF HIGH-PRESSURE—OBTAINING A WATER-SUPPLY FROM THE RIVER.

plenty of hard work and long hours of fire-fighting. At the same time so many men and so much apparatus were collected at one point, that it left nearly a third of the city almost without fire protection. And frequently these extra alarms were sent in, not because the officer in charge of the fire wanted this great quantity of men and apparatus, but because the water-pressure was poor and he needed the steam fire-engines to put the necessary "push" into the streams and give them extinguishing power. To-day, in this same district protected with the high-pressure system, even a "second" alarm is rarely heard, and the majority of fires are handled with the complement of men and apparatus responding to a "first-alarm," for now there is plenty of water at the disposal of the firemen the moment they arrive at the scene of the fire, sufficient to "kill" an ordinarily large fire at the beginning. And that is the time to stop a big fire—at the beginning.

But how is this all done? Where do they get all this water? Let us investigate.

We find that in a certain section of New York City, south of 34th Street, extending to the Battery, and stretching from river to river, there have been laid a great many extra-large water-mains connected with two pumping- or supply-stations—one on the west side of the city, at the foot of Gansevoort Street, on the North River, and one on the east side, at the foot of Oliver Street, East River. Each of these stations is equipped with six powerful pumps, of what is known as the "centrifugal" type. These pumps are driven by electric motors—it only requires the throwing of a switch to start them at work—and each pump is capable of delivering 3,000 gallons of water a minute, at a maximum pressure of 300 pounds to the square inch, the combined output of all the pumps in both these pumping stations being estimated at something

over 30,000 gallons of water a minute. Although these pumping-stations are located on the river-front, it is not salt water that is used in extinguishing fires, as the majority of people imagine, but fresh water, for each station is directly connected with the Croton Reservoir by an uninterrupted water-main, *forty-eight inches* in diameter. And to make the service doubly valu-



FIGHTING A FIRE WITH "HIGH-PRESSURE."

able, each station is also connected with the river by means of an immense pipe, or "intake," as it is called, so that, should the Croton supply give out, or any accident happen to the fresh-water service, the pumps can be "shunted," or switched over, to this "intake," and then draw water from the river indefinitely. And to get perhaps a quicker and a clearer idea of the "fire-extinguishing" power of these two pumping-stations, it

might be added that experts have figured that their water-throwing capacity is equal to fifty steam fire-engines delivering two good-sized streams each, or, in other words, to one hundred streams of water! This is how the firemen obtain their enormous supply of water.

Now you ask, how do they use it at fires?



USING HIGH-PRESSURE AT A WATER-FRONT FIRE.

If we walk through the section of Manhattan protected in this manner—known to the fire-department, and water-department, as the “high-pressure zone”—we shall find the fire-hydrants attached to these high-pressure mains much larger than the old-style hydrant, for the new ones are short, stocky-looking affairs, each provided with four outlets, or places to attach the hose. One of these outlets is very large, and to this open-

ing the firemen can fasten a two-way, or “Siamese” connection, giving them two streams from this one opening; so, if conditions call for it, they can obtain *five* lines of hose from each hydrant. With the old-style fire-hydrant they could obtain only *two*. This is an important gain, for it means less hose to “stretch-in” to a fire, and less hose means less loss of pressure, as the more hose the water has to travel through, the more the pressure is cut down, because of the friction caused by the water passing through the hose. And the more *pressure* the firemen can obtain *at the nozzle*, the straighter and truer the stream shoots into the fire. So generously are these hydrants scattered about in this newly protected zone—there are about 3,500 of them—that one can be found within 400 feet of every building in any block or square. In fact so numerous are they, that in case of a large fire the firemen could concentrate in a single block sixty streams, each delivering 500 gallons of water a minute, and using lines of hose of not over 500 feet each—another important advantage to the fire-fighter.

But how do the firemen control this enormous pressure, you will naturally ask, for any hydraulic engineer will tell you that 300 pounds to the square inch is an immensely powerful head or “push” behind a stream of water. To reduce this volume of water to the narrow diameter of the regulation fire-hose, generally about two and one-half inches, and then compress it to the still smaller opening of the average fire-nozzle, usually one and one-half inches, would produce a “kick” or recoil at the nozzle-end so great that no company of men could handle it—it would toss even a dozen men around the street like so many flies. However, we are told that the firemen rarely use this maximum pressure of 300 pounds, for experience has taught them that a pressure of 125 pounds to the square inch gives



STARTING THE STREAMS FOR A HIGH-PRESSURE TEST IN UNION SQUARE.

streams of sufficient power to control any ordinary fire.

As a rule, there is only about 40 pounds pressure on the water-mains in this high-pressure zone, just enough to flush the streets or perhaps extinguish a small fire on the ground-floor or basement of a building. But the fire-department is taking no chances with "small fires" in this section of Manhattan, so these pumping-stations are connected with the fire-alarm system of the city, and when a box is "pulled" for a fire in this "zone," the alarm strikes in the pumping-stations the same instant it does in the engine-house; the engineer in charge of the station throws over an electric-switch, starting the tremendously powerful pumps into action; and when the firemen arrive at the scene of the fire they find the required pressure—125 pounds—awaiting them. And should the fire happen to be in a very high building, or have such a wicked look at the beginning that it may be necessary to use a great many streams, the fire-chief in command simply steps up to a little green telephone-box—found attached to buildings in the high-pressure zone and convenient to every hydrant—and talking direct to the nearest pumping-station, asks for whatever additional pressure he wants. In most cases this pressure is at the hydrants, and at his disposal, before he has time to hang up the receiver and close the door of the telephone-box!

Further investigation shows us an even more interesting detail, for we discover that when the firemen "stretch" their lines of hose from these high-pressure hydrants, they first fasten a "pres-

sure-gauge" to each outlet, and then connect their hose to this gauge, and in this way the pressure



A HIGH-PRESSURE HYDRANT IN SERVICE, WITH AN ENGINEER (AT THE LEFT) IN CHARGE.

on every line of hose can be regulated by an engineer, who is left in charge of each hydrant whenever a fire is burning. This engineer, by

merely turning a valve on top of the hydrant, can send the full pressure of the mains into any par-



A HIGH-PRESSURE TEST, SHOWING THE HEIGHT OF THE STREAMS.

ticular line, or can cut off any one of the four or five lines without disturbing the others. So we find that this wonderful system of water supply—really the “last word” in modern fire-fighting—has all the advantages of the older methods, with the greater advantage of more water, more pressure, less hose to handle, and quicker service. And what is even a greater advantage to the city, as has been actually demonstrated by the New York fire department, is the fact that it is possible for the officers in charge to control and stop a dangerous fire with fewer men and less apparatus than when the steam fire-engines were used. This means that many engine and hook-and-ladder companies throughout Manhattan are left “in quarters,” undisturbed, ready to answer other alarms, thus practically increasing the strength and efficiency of the service without really adding extra men or apparatus to it.

Small wonder, then, that in New York’s most important financial and business district the fire-

problem has been reduced to one of comparatively easy solution and the “big fire” almost eliminated. The battle to-day may be just as severe and just as full of hardship for the firemen, but it is sooner over, and they have the “power behind the guns” to give them confidence, and it is confidence that wins in any battle. And it might be added that in this “high-pressure zone” steam fire-engines have become a thing of the past. Only water-towers, hook-and-ladder trucks, and huge hose-wagons, nearly all of the automobile-type, respond to alarms. Some few steam fire-engines are still held in readiness to “roll” if the high-pressure service should break down. But, with reserve or “duplex” water-mains now being laid in many parts of this “zone,” this contingency is very remote. And very soon indeed will these great gleaming, glistening fire-engines, one of the most picturesque features of the American fire-service, have to take their places beside the gaily decorated hand-engine of the volunteers, for this is a progressive age we live in, and “high-pressure” and the “mo-



HIGH-PRESSURE AT A SMOKY FIRE.

tor-engine” have both demonstrated their value beyond any question of doubt.

A UNIQUE TREE-HOUSE BUILT BY THREE BOYS

BY HAROLD H. COSTAIN, RICHMOND B. ATWATER,
AND RICHARD M. ATWATER

THIS shack is built in the fork of a wild cherry-tree, some thirty feet from the ground. It is about ten feet square, and eight feet from the floor to the ridge-pole.

We began by placing beams across the crotch of the tree and extending them some distance outward at each end. Using these as a foundation, we built a platform which we braced thoroughly from underneath. When the floor was finished, we completed the rest of the house, allowing the two branches of the fork to pass through the building and hold it firmly to the tree. We then covered the roof with tar-paper, thickly coated with tar. The sides are covered with the same material held in place by laths. The interior of the shack is also covered with building-paper.

The entrance is through a trap-door in the floor, which is reached by an extension ladder. Besides a scuttle in the roof, there are seven windows, three large and one small on the south side, one large one on the west side, and two small ones on the north.

The shack contains one room, which is furnished with a small coal-stove, a lamp, a book-case, a table, and a couple of chairs. In addition to that there are also three bunks which can be let down against the wall when we are not using them.

We have covered the floor with carpet, hung



curtains at the windows and placed a few pictures on the walls, and it is very cozy. We often sleep there, and cook our breakfast on the stove in the morning. At night, when the lamp is lit, the light shining through the windows can be seen from quite a distance, and it looks very warm and homelike.

PEG O' THE RING

A MAID OF DENEWOOD

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," etc.

CHAPTER XV

THE DARKNESS BEFORE THE DAWN

CAPTAIN BLUNDELL'S departure left me truly desperate. The need to warn those at Denewood ere eleven o'clock that night was so pressing that my escape from the Schneiders' was no longer a matter touching only my own comfort and convenience. The more I thought upon it the more miserable I became, for I could put no trust in the man's promises either to liberate me on the morrow or not to take little Jack.

And his knowledge of the secret entrance to Denewood gave him so great a power that, even had Cousin John and Bee been at home, he might still have been successful. But, by his contrivance, they were away, and that fact in itself showed all too plainly that there had been a well-laid plan to insure the success of his venture.

Nor could I doubt the man told the truth about how he came by his knowledge of the passage. We all knew there had been an unseen visitor at Denewood upon more than one occasion, who, on a search for a map, had turned things upside down in both Cousin John's and Bee's rooms. Naught had been stolen, and, perhaps on that account, less was made of these strange visitations than would have been the case otherwise. We had wondered how this mysterious person had made an entrance without any one being aware of it, and here was the explanation. Schmuck the magus, the father of Bill Schmuck, Cousin John's faithful body-servant, had found the passage, and let Blundell into the secret. But how could Mrs. Mummer and the servants, who knew naught of its existence, be expected to guard it? I must escape at any cost.

Another matter, too, disturbed me. I was by no means sure that Mark Powell would have put the ring in the box as I had suggested. There had been no definite request for him to do it. My mention of it had been in a bantering spirit, and it was not unlikely that he might have given it to Bee for safe-keeping. In that case Blundell, missing the ring, would take the child out of revenge, thinking I had befooled him of a set purpose.

I sat by the window puzzling over the situation

until my poor head buzzed; but no solution of my difficulty suggested itself to me. I could not get out of that room without help, and where was it to come from? The two farm hands who slept in the barn could not understand a word I might say to them, and, even if they could, I doubted if they would have paid the slightest attention to me. Nevertheless, I made up my mind to attempt an appeal to them, and awaited the noon hour, when they came to the house for dinner.

But as I sat idly looking out upon the peaceful scene before me, though quite unconscious of it, I was roused by the clatter of two horses entering the place with the usual accompaniment of the dog's barking. In a moment Jasper Pilgrim and another rode up to the barns and dismounted.

The newcomer was an entire stranger to me; but at first glance I saw that he was not of Jasper Pilgrim's stamp. He was quite young, hardly more than a boy, and dressed most fashionable, though he was somewhat splashed from riding. Plainly he was a gentleman, and my eyes had not looked upon his like since the Marquis de Lafayette had been a visitor at Denewood. My heart gave a bound of hope, for in him it seemed I might find one who would help me.

I jumped to my feet with the intention of calling out to him, but checked myself in time. I dared not make a direct appeal to him while the old counterfeit Quaker was nigh. That would surely defeat my purpose, for, once warned, Jasper Pilgrim would see to it that I did not receive any help from that quarter. And yet I must attract the young man's attention in some way. I must let him know that I was there, at any rate, and trust to his cleverness to guess at what I dared not tell him.

On a sudden I perched myself on the sill of the window, grasped the bars to keep my balance, and lifted my voice to sing. Albeit it trembled a little at first, it served its purpose.

"Quaker, Quaker, how art thee?" I caroled my loudest, and it had the effect I desired.

With a scowl Jasper Pilgrim lifted his head, but so also did the strange young man, upon whose lips I saw the shadow of a smile at the words of the catch.

"Heed her not!" cried Pilgrim. "She is but a silly wench whom the respectable woman with whom we are to lodge has in charge," and with that he grasped the young man by the arm and hurried him around the corner of the house.

In despair, I shook my head violently in denial of Pilgrim's words, clasping my hands in supplication and I hoped the stranger saw, for he glanced over his shoulder toward me as he disappeared; but I could in no wise be certain and dropped back into my chair as miserable and woe-begone as ever.

I had scarce time to mourn, however, for the next moment I heard the hurried ascent of a man and had small doubt who it was.

An instant later old Jasper Pilgrim burst open the door and confronted me angrily.

"These are pretty goings on!" he cried. "Dost think to make a mock of me to my face and get off scot-free?"

"Getting free is what I most desire," I returned. "You said you would let me go if I told you where the ring is. Well, I 'm ready to tell you."

He seemed a trifle surprised, but his habitual grin showed a trace of humor and triumph.

"Good!" he muttered, rubbing his hands; "where is it?"

"'T is in my room in Denewood in Germantown," I answered. "Take me there and I will hand it over to you."

He looked at me keenly for an instant, then shook his head, his eyes narrowing cunningly like a fox's.

"No, thee cannot befool me so easily," he said. "First I must have the ring—then thee can go thy ways."

"But how can that be managed?" I asked.

"'T is not difficult to write a note to thee's friends in Germantown; but why has thee changed thy mind so suddenly?"

"I must be at Denewood ere sundown," I told him, thinking of naught but that. "Get me ink and paper and I will write, if you promise to return in time so that I may be home ere it is dark."

He considered for a moment, then with a shrug he turned on his heel.

"Very well," he muttered, "I go for writing implements."

He was away but for a few moments, returning presently with a quill, some thick ink in a bottle, and a sheet of coarse paper. These he placed upon the stool and motioned me to take the chair before it.

"Now write!" he said, and I picked up the quill and prepared to set it to the paper.

"Nay, not so fast!" he went on. "I 'll tell thee what to say. Whom is it to be sent to?"

"Mrs. Mummer, the housekeeper," I answered.

"Set that down," he commanded; and, upon my doing so, he dictated the following note, which I wrote out faithfully:

"DEAR MRS. MUMMER: I am held a prisoner until I give up the ring which thee will find in the powdering-box in my room. Please hand it to the highly honest and respectable gentleman who presents this note. He is but a faithful messenger and has naught to do with the matter that is in any way reprehensible."

"Now sign thy name," he ended, with a queer chuckle which sounded more like a crow's caw than the laugh of a man. This done, he took the short letter and read it through, his eyes gleaming with pleasure. Doubtless he found much joy in the words describing him.

"And now," he said, "to prove that I am not so hard as thee thinks, I will ride fast, both there and back, to give thee thy liberty as soon as may be," with which words he left the room, and I shortly saw him ride off alone, apparently with every intention of making haste. His eagerness to be gone, though I knew it was for his own selfish purpose, yet pleased me, and I resigned myself to wait as patiently as might be.

But it was a good three hours ere he came, and in the meantime I had eaten my dinner and had grown more and more anxious.

Blundell had said that Denewood was but an hour away. Why should Jasper Pilgrim take so long?

He came at last, riding furiously into the place, and, as he flung himself off his tired beast, he turned to my window and shook his fist at me. My heart sank as I waited for him to clatter up the stair and enter my room.

"Thee stubborn huzzy!" he shouted, ere he was fairly through the door, "why did thee send me on a false errand?"

"Did you find the ring?" I gasped, though I knew what the answer must be.

"Nay, the woman would not go for it," he cried. "They knew thy hand, but said the letter was wrote under duress. Oh, look not so innocent! Thee knew all along thee was sending me into a trap. Thee saucy jade!"

But his anger scarce made any impression upon me then; for I felt sure that, if Mrs. Mummer had not looked for the ring, it was because it was not there. She knew that Mark Powell had done something else with it. In which case Blundell would not find it either, and then—

"You must take me to Denewood!" I burst out. "I must go there. And I promise I 'll give the ring to you."



“‘QUAKER, QUAKER, HOW ART
THEE?’ I CAROLED.”

“Oh, ’t is likely I ’d go back there!” he fair screamed. “Yea, after fleeing for my life from them. Does thee know how they set upon me? That they tried to keep me till I said where thee was? That they were going to beat me into telling them, and that it was through sheer luck I escaped? Oh, I ’ll take thee back!”

He was beside himself with rage and I knew it was useless to ask aught of him or to try to bargain further.

“And what was Sperry doing here?” he demanded, suddenly.

“I know no Sperry,” I answered.

“So thee adds falsehood to the score against thee,” he blustered.

“Nay, I ’m telling you the truth,” I vowed

stoutly. “I have seen no one but Captain Blundell.”

“Oh, ’t is by that name thee knows him!” he muttered. “Well, mayhap he hath a dozen others. He wanted to know of the ring, I warrant thee?”

“Yes,” I replied shortly.

“And did thee tell him of the box in thy room?” he demanded threateningly.

“I did,” I said, not caring to deny it. “He will seek the ring to-night.”

“To-night,” he muttered to himself, then stopped and looked at me, a little perplexed. “I think thee still wishes me to believe thee does not know thyself where the ring is.”

“In truth, I fear I do not,” I admitted, “so why not let me go in search of it?”

“Thee ’s a cunning one, with ever an answer ready,” he snarled. “Nay, nay! Here thee stays till I get the truth out of thee. Ponder it well, and, for thee’s own sake, I hope the morning brings thee better counsel,” and with that he turned on his heel and left me.

What chance now remained to me? None that I could foresee. The young stranger, from whom I had looked for help, had made no sign, and I realized how foolish had been my hopes in that direction. I regretted that I had not shouted to him even in Jasper Pilgrim’s presence; there would have been some comfort in the knowledge that I had let slip no opportunity, although doubtless I should have paid for my temerity; for in spite of his fine appearance it was most likely that the young stranger was just such another as Blundell. “‘Birds of a feather flock together,’” I said bitterly, repeating words I had heard Mummer say many times, and sat myself down, despairing.

One of Mrs. Schneider’s daughters brought me my supper and would have stayed to say a few friendly words in very broken English, but I was in no humor to welcome her advances and pointed to the door with no uncertain gesture. She left with a toss of her red head, but I heeded her not, and sat beside the window, indifferent to my food as to all else. My only thoughts were of Denewood and what might come of Blundell’s visit there that night.

Just at dusk I saw Jasper Pilgrim go hastily to the barn and in a few moments ride off. I was not sure, in the uncertain light, that it was he till the dog barked and he called out angrily to it; then there was no mistaking his voice.

Night came down, clear and dark, and still I sat thinking, trying to hit upon some plan to free myself, and yet knowing that I was helpless. The common noises of the house gradually subsided as the time came for the Schneiders to retire,

and, save for the hoot of an owl in the distance, all was still; yet I sat by the window, scarce conscious of the passing hours, realizing only an anxious ache in my heart.

Suddenly I became aware of a faint knocking at the other end of the room.

A gentle tap, tap, tap, sounded on the door, and with a bound I sprang to my feet, every nerve in my body tense with excitement and a great hope springing up in my breast.

CHAPTER XVI

A FRIEND IN NEED

It seemed a long moment ere I could recover my wits; then I moved softly to the door and made an answering tap with the tip of my finger.

For a moment I held my breath, awaiting I knew not what.

"Mademoiselle!" The whisper came to me from the other side of the door, and, though it was but a word, it told me much. The way it was spoken showed that I had found a friend who could be no other than the young man I had seen that morning with Jasper Pilgrim. Also that he was French, as I had guessed from his appearance.



"HE GLANCED OVER HIS SHOULDER TOWARD ME."

"Mademoiselle!" He spoke again, this time a little louder, which brought a throb of fear to my heart.

"Hush!" I answered. "You will wake some one."

There was complete silence for a time. Evidently the stranger was awaiting some move on my part. But, now that my chance was at hand, it seemed as if I could not find words to tell him all that was in my mind. I thought at first to speak in French, which I could do passably well on ordinary occasions, but seeing that Jasper Pilgrim had used English, I dismissed the idea of trying to express myself in a foreign language. I should be sure to stutter. Could I have talked aloud, I would doubtless have found my tongue readily enough. But to whisper seemed to put a halter on my speech.

Just then another idea came to me which seemed to hold out a surer promise of saving little Jack. If the young man would but take a message to Denewood, the boy would be saved from Blundell and my liberation could wait till that was made certain. But this would require much explanation, and with the door between we should have to speak too loudly for safety. Then I remembered the crack under the door and dropped to my knees.

"Oh, please, sir!" I breathed, "won't you help me?"

"Where are you, Mademoiselle?" he replied, evidently puzzled to know where my voice was coming from.

"Here at the foot of the door," I replied. "Please stoop down so I can talk to you." I put all the pleading I could into the words and was overjoyed to hear him kneel on the other side. "Speak, Mademoiselle," he murmured.

"I greatly fear they will hear me down-stairs," I said, "and I am in great trouble. Can you hear me?"

"*Parfaitement*," he answered. "Express to me what you would have."

"I am not Mrs. Schneider's daughter," I began.

"I knew that, the women I behol' you," he interrupted.

"It is Jasper Pilgrim who holds me here, trying to force me to tell him something," I tried to explain.

"He is the ol' rascal," the Frenchman murmured, and then a little louder, "If Mademoiselle will permit, I shall be honor' to escort her where she will."

"But they will not let you, Monsieur!" I said. "They are many, and—and I cannot risk that anything should happen to you."

"*Mais non!* Think only of yourself, Made-

moiselle," he replied, gallantly. "So long as you escape—"

"But there is something more important than my escape," I broke in. "I must send a message to Germantown before eleven o'clock to-night, or a great wrong will be done."

"Ah, I know the Germantown," he whispered. "I passed that way yesterday. I shall be your messenger, Mademoiselle."

"Oh, will you?" I burst out, nigh forgetting in my gladness to keep my voice lowered.

"Mademoiselle has but to comman' me," he returned, and I could imagine a polite little bow as he said it.

"Then, if you will go to Germantown, Monsieur; once there, any one can tell you where Denewood is," I hastened to explain. "It is the estate of my cousin, Mr. John Travers, with whom I live. He and Madam Travers are not at home, but the housekeeper, Mrs. Mummer, will receive you. Tell her not to let little Jack out of her sight, day or night. Say that Peggy sends the message."

"And you are Mademoiselle Peggy?" he asked, politely.

"I am Margaret Travers," I answered, "but every one calls me Peggy."

"Ah, Mademoiselle," he went on, "permit that I introduce myself. I am Gervaise Etienne Louis Victor de Soulange—at your service; but one cannot remember all those long names, so my friends they call me Victor."

I murmured something suitable, but with all my worry and perplexity I could not help thinking how funny was this introduction! To meet a polished French gentleman through a crack under a door—and with such a long name, too! But I was in no mood even to smile.

"And you will take the message?" I asked, anxiously.

"Most certainly, Mademoiselle," he answered, and his voice had in it a tone of assurance that lifted a load from my heart. I felt confident he meant what he said, and that he had the will to go through with whatever he might undertake.

"But what of you, Mademoiselle?" he added, after a moment.

"Oh, I shall be all right; only—" I hesitated, "only, tell them to hurry here in the morning."

"Nay, Mademoiselle, it is unthinkable that I leave you here another night," Monsieur Victor announced with decision.

"But you must save the boy," I hastened to tell him. "Don't concern yourself about me."

"It is impossible to forget you, Mademoiselle," he replied; "but consider, can we not both escape to the Germantown? 'T is but an hour's ride."

"I would go gladly," I answered, "but suppose we were both caught? Then there would be no one to take the message to Denewood. No, Monsieur, leave me and go alone."

"Listen, Mademoiselle," he said earnestly. "I am a man of honor. I have been thinking of you all this day since I behol' you at the window. I have listen' for word of you. Nothing! I have look' to have you appear down-stairs. Never! I have thought to go back to your window and speak to you. Impossible! Always was there some one at my elbow; so I make up my mind you are in need of help and I await my time. That has come. If I but had a key to this room all would be well."

"It was hanging on the door-jamb at the foot of the stairs," I told him.

"Ah, is that it!" he exclaimed, under his breath. "Dolt that I am not to have guessed! It is there now, Mademoiselle. Wait but a momen' and you shall be free."

I heard him start to rise and was in an agony of fear lest he should go before I could stop him.

"No, no, Monsieur!" I begged him. "It is too much of a risk. You must not come up the stairs again. If you should be caught, I should have no messenger and the little boy would be taken."

"That is true," he conceded. "Yet wait," he went on, as if he were planning something. "Ah, I have it. See! I go down, oh, so sof'ly. I lif' the key and go out of the house. If I am stop' I explain that it is so 'ot, and say my physician advise fresh air—anything. Then, Mademoiselle, you will drop a cord from your window to pull up the key, while I make ready the horse. If you are stop', I gallop off with your message and bring help. If not, we go together."

To that plan I agreed, and, though I should have preferred that he start alone, he was not willing to do so. And, truth to tell, I was glad enough to see a way of escape, if it did not jeopardize the chance of warning them at Denewood.

"I will leave my cloak at the door, Mademoiselle," he whispered finally. "It is of a dark color and will serve to make you less notice'. But do not fear. All will be well."

The next moment I heard him step quietly away, but he went so lightly that I caught no creak of the stairs as he descended.

Then I bethought me that I had no cord and began to wonder what I could find in lieu of one.

The bed was covered with a patchwork quilt all too stout to tear and so marvelously well sewed that with only half a scissors I could not start a thread. My petticoat served me in the same way. It was one of the last set Mrs. Mummer had bought for me, new and so strong that I was

forced to give that up. My dress was tattered at the hem, but it frayed rather than tore. This exhausted my resources. I began to despair of getting so simple a thing as a cord with which to gain my liberty.

Time was slipping by. At any moment Monsieur Victor might come bringing the key,—it was then I bethought me of my hair. In my haste I would have snipped it all off had I possessed a pair of shears, but pulling it out one hair at a

to the end of my cord of hair. But, though this would give weight to the string, it would scarce show in the darkness. Then I recollected the bit of paper I had taken from little Jack, and with trembling fingers plucked it out of my pack-pocket. I could not see the words, but I remembered them well enough—"Overhaste churns bad butter." Was it for this I had kept it?

I fastened it on the hook like bait upon a fishing-line, and once more dropped it out of the



"I WAS ON THE LITTLE LANDING AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

time set me thinking. The key was not heavy. Three or four single hairs twisted together would certainly carry it to me, and, saying each hair was four feet long and the distance to the ground no more than fifteen, I knew I should have my cord if I knotted together four strands of six hairs each.

This I did, with no very great pleasure, but when I came to lower it out of the window it floated so in the breeze that I was sure it would never reach the ground. Moreover, no one could see it in the darkness.

Pulling it back, I took one of my hairpins and bent it into the form of a hook, which I knotted

window just as a dim shadow came toward the house from the direction of the barns.

It was the young Frenchman, and I could feel him twitching the strands of hair as he secured the key. Slowly, and with as much caution as I could use considering my impatience, I pulled it up, and at last it was in my hand.

I wasted no time in regrets at leaving that little room and hurried to the door on tiptoe.

But, the minute I started to put the key in the lock, the noise made by the rusty metal seemed so loud to my sensitive ears that I stopped appalled. The next instant I breathed a sigh of relief, and, going to my supper-tray, which was

sitting on the chair, I rubbed a good piece of butter on the key, leaving enough to oil the lock somewhat also.

This served admirably, albeit the bolt still grated more loudly than I could have wished; but at last the door was open and I was on the little landing at the top of the stairs.

My foot struck the cloak Monsieur Victor had left for me, and as I picked it up I felt also a hat, which I clapped on my head with a nervous and silent little laugh. My own had been taken from me, and doubtless the Frenchman thought of that when he left the cloak.

But, as luck would have it, that garment was nigh my undoing. I had descended the stairs quite noiselessly and was making my way across the large kitchen when the skirt of the cloak caught the handle of a mop and brought it clattering to the floor with a great racket.

I gasped for breath in my fright and stood rigid, listening intently. But I was not kept long in doubt. Almost on the instant the door of one of the rooms was opened, and a dim, white figure appeared.

"*Wer geht da?*" came the question, in the voice of the red-haired daughter of Mrs. Schneider.

My first instinct was to fly, but that would certainly raise the alarm and bring the household

about my ears. I knew that she could see me but vaguely, and I determined to put my French to some account at last. I whipped off my hat and made a low bow in her direction.

"*Il fait si chaud, Mademoiselle,*" I murmured. "So 'ot, you say. I go to tak' the air, as I cannot sleep. It desolate' me to disturb your slumber'."

I cannot say how good my imitation was, but it passed. With a giggle the girl retreated into her room, and in another moment I was outside the house.

I ran to the barns, and there stood Monsieur Victor's horse, saddled, with a pillion behind, all ready for our departure.

"Good, Mademoiselle!" he murmured. "Come! We was'e no time." And in another moment we were mounted and ready to pick our way over the grass and so to the road.

But we had forgot the dog. Scarce had the horse taken a step when out burst a series of howls that, to my sensitive ears, were enough to wake the dead.

On the instant it seemed that everybody roused at once. From all sides there came shouts.

"Hold hard, Mademoiselle!" cried Monsieur Victor. "We will not stay to parley, eh?" and he gave the horse a cut with his whip and off we galloped to the road.

(To be continued.)



IS THIS WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF THE DESERT OF SAHARA IS TURNED INTO AN INLAND SEA?

CHAINED LIGHTNING

(A Story of Mexican Adventure)

BY RALPH GRAHAM TABER

CHAPTER I—THE KEY

By which is shown how men are made and unmade, and how one of them narrowly escaped unmaking.

Young men are by nature adventurous, and some of the most adventurous young men in the world may be found among that little-heard-of but important body of youths who have chosen railroad telegraphy as the first rung upon the ladder of their lives' work. It is a profession which inevitably instils the love of travel and the desire for adventure. Its members are in constant communication with fellow-workers at distant points whom they may never meet, but with whom none the less they are on terms of friendly familiarity. In dull moments when the wires are idle, they while away the time by exchanging word-paintings of each other's environment, with the history of local happenings and comments on current events; and by each vibrant touch upon the delicately recording keys is transmitted an insight into the sender's characteristics, thoughts, motives, and emotions, almost as clear and expressive as might be conveyed by noting the changing expressions of his countenance.

This alone would be sufficient to infuse a desire to visit the scenes described and to meet, face to face, the co-laborers whom the imagination already pictures as familiar friends.

But there are other influences which, in an even greater degree, encourage the desire to roam. The first lesson an operator is taught is to render implicit obedience to imperative commands; the second is self-reliance. Upon his accuracy and punctuality constantly depend the lives of others; and rapidity of thought, promptness of action, and certainty of execution become second nature to him. Constant contact with the outer world teaches him to regard the world as his home.

So much is necessary, in order to understand the influences which helped to form the characters of two young men who, at the time our story opens, were not unlike thousands of others scattered broadcast over the great American continent, and who, sitting alone in the dingy offices of wayside railway-stations, are yet able to place a finger upon the electric pulse and note the heart-beats of a hemisphere.

It was in one of these lonely offices of a single-track railway that crossed the monotonous prairies of a western State, that Robert Belville was seated one bleak October evening. The last train for the night had passed his station, but he had not asked the dispatcher's office for the "G. N." signal that would release him from duty till the morning. Of what use was such a dismissal, when the only places that offered entertainment were the equally dingy office of the grain-elevator across the siding, and the general-merchandise store beyond the water-tank at the intersection of the township roads? It was a weary existence, the monotony of which would have been more bearable were it not for the very interruptions that might have been supposed to relieve it. The recurring glimpses of the outer world afforded by passing trains served but to accentuate the loneliness of the intervening hours.

"Os—os—os," sounded the instrument at his elbow. He recognized the impatient touch of John Larue, the operator at Red Prairie, two stations down the line. He opened his key and responded: "L-o, Larry!"

"Knew me, did you?" wired Larry. "How are things at Plainfield?"

"Wildly hilarious, as usual; nothing in sight but the switch-lamps. Any news?"

"Same old grind; but it is n't going to last."

"What do you mean?"

"G. W."

"G. W.," meant "Ground the wire." Though the ground-wire was supposed to be resorted to only in emergencies, it was sometimes employed to enable the exchange of confidential communications; for by connecting it with the eastern pole of an instrument, anything that a friend to the westward might have to say could not be heard in the dispatcher's office to the east.

"O. K. What 's up?" inquired Belville, when he had made the connection.

"Mexico 's up," replied Larue. "I 've a letter from Scott, who left last August. He 's caught on at a place called Jimulco; says the salaries are a hundred a month, and to come on down there and collect one."

"You are really going?"

"I 've written my resignation."

Here was news indeed! Though Belville and Larue had never met, they had held many long

conversations, sharing their grievances, hopes, and desires, and exchanging words of encouragement and sympathy. And now Larue would desert him for Mexico. Mexico! What visions that one word conjured up!

"I 'll send you Scott's letter," clicked the sounder, "and write you all about it. What 's the matter with your going, too?"

Belville's hand trembled as it spelled his reply: "I 'll think it over. G. W. off." For he did not dare to keep the ground-wire on longer.

As he removed the ground connection it ticked away furiously: "Os—os—os—os—"

"I—i—os."

It was the dispatcher's office. "What do you mean by leaving without your 'good-night'?" demanded the irate official; and then, without waiting for a reply: "Show red light to flag special bound west."

Belville hung out the signal; and for the following fifteen minutes his pencil flew over his pad, recording reports for the superintendent, who was making a flying trip over the road. When he had finished receiving, he went to the door and glanced up the track. The special was not yet in sight. Returning to his desk, he sat for a few minutes going over his copy; then he leaned back in his chair to wait.

Why not have a few more words with Larry? He put on the ground connection and was about to call his friend, when a whistle sounded sharply. Gathering his messages, he reached the door as the engine drew up with a single private car. A tall man, with iron-gray hair and moustache descended to the depot platform and the conductor followed.

"The superintendent, sir?" asked Belville.

"Yes," said the tall man, taking the messages from his hand; "I 'll speak to the dispatcher a moment."

The tall man entered the office and Belville turned to the conductor.

"Do you go through with the car, sir?" he asked.

"To the end of the division."

"Have you ever been to Mexico?"

"Mexico?" inquired the conductor, with a laugh. "Why, no; but I have a friend there. He writes me a letter occasionally—a land of volcanoes and orange-groves; of gold-mines, bull-fights, red-peppers, and stilettoes. Oh, Mexico is a fine land to go to—and a good one to get back home from!"

"Why do you say that?"

"Because every railway tramp in the country is bound for Mexico, or has been there. It 's a pretty lively country, I reckon; but those who

come back tell me they always want to return there again."

"Ready!" said the superintendent, appearing beside them.

"Ready, sir!" replied the conductor. "Good night, my boy; and good dreams to you—of Mexico—ha, ha—Mexico!"

Belville watched them spring aboard the car; and as the engine whisked it away into the darkness, the conductor waved his lantern to him. Then he went back into the little office that looked dingier and drearier than ever, as if in mourning for its departed guests.

There was a bunch of messages lying on his desk, left by the superintendent for him to transmit. Most of them were for the relay office—instructions to subordinates—and these he quickly disposed of; but one, the last, was for the dispatcher, and Belville's hand closed on the key convulsively as he reached the last paragraph of it.

"What 's the matter? Go on!" clicked the sounder.

In a jerky, uneven way, unlike its customary smoothness of delivery, his hand spelled out the remaining words that caused his agitation: "If your instructions to the operator at this station are to keep the wire grounded, I should suggest that you change them. Changing the operator might do as well."

Belville's hand slipped from the key, and his head sank down upon it with a groan. What was there to hope for, except instant dismissal?

"Pretty hard roast, that," said the receiving operator at the dispatcher's office. "How did you happen to do it?"

Belville replied feverishly: "It 's true. I did leave the wire grounded, and I have not the least excuse for it."

"Fake one, can't you?"

"How?"

"Send J. S. R. a message like this: sounder was n't working; relay was weak; tried ground, thinking wire might be crossed; discovered trouble with battery; was fixing it when special arrived and neglected to disconnect ground. Some such excuse ought to fix you O.K."

"It might; but it would n't be true."

"Work it out your own way, then. You 'll hear from J. S. R. in the morning. Good night."

Belville wearily replied, "Thanks; G. N." But he did not move from the table. He sat there, quite still, for more than an hour. The torment of self-reproach for the action of which he had been guilty gradually subsided and left him able to think it over calmly.

He was not alarmed for his future. He felt

that he could care for himself, and, fortunately, none other was dependent on him. But it was his first grave breach of discipline; and though he had little love for Plainfield, it was his first position. He had held it now for over a year, and had hoped for an early promotion. The little office grew suddenly bright; its plaster, dark-

the privilege of resigning. May I also request transportation to Denver?"

Close on the heels of the receiver's "O.K." came Larue's inquiry: "What on earth does that mean?"

"It means," replied Belville, "that I am off to Mexico with you."



"IN ONE OF THE LONELY OFFICES OF THE WAYSIDE RAILWAY-STATIONS."

ened by the coal-smoke of years, now, somehow, seemed soft and beautiful. It would be hard to leave it, after all—though only a little while before, he had thought that he hated the sight of it.

But he was not obliged to leave. He yet might send the message that would clear him with, at most, a mild censure. He started to write it, but his pencil stuck at the very first word. He wondered what Larue would advise; but he had had enough experience with the ground-wire, and he could hardly consult him without using it.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when he finally reached a decision. Then he opened his key and called up Larue. "Stay and listen," he said. He called the dispatcher's office, and with a firm clear touch, sent the message he had resolved upon:

"J. S. R. The superintendent's charge is true. I have no excuse. It was a plain breach of discipline. As it was my first, however, I hope for

CHAPTER II

THE OTHER END OF THE GROUND-WIRE

In which Belville is twice surprised and teaches his friend a lesson.

BELVILLE'S bedroom was a closet at the rear of his office. When he opened his eyes next morning, he lay blinking at the ceiling for several moments before he was able to realize the cause of his dull depression. Then, as the memory of the events of the previous night came back to him, he rose, soused his head in a basin of cold water, and glanced at the clock on the office wall, only to learn that it had stopped with the hands marking four-thirty. Piece of negligence number two; he had neglected to wind it.

Stepping into his office, he hastily cut in his instruments. Only just in time: Larue, at Red Prairie, was closing his morning report, and Plainfield's would be called for in a moment.

Fortunately, his report was a light one. The gauge of water in the tank might be read from the office window; there was but a single car on the siding, and of that he knew the number.

"Os—os—" called the dispatcher.

"I—i—os—G.M.," replied Belville; the "G.M." meaning "good morning." Then followed his report: "Box 2498, C. B. Q., grain, eastbound. Tank, 9 ft. Weather raw, cloudy. Os."

"G.M.," replied the dispatcher. "Curious; it's clear at RD."

Belville glanced critically through the window and his jaw dropped. The sky was clear as a bell. "Please change that to cool and clear," he said.

"O.K. J. S. R. to speak to you."

J. S. R. was the chief dispatcher. Belville was in for it now,—that was evident.

"OS," came over the wire, in the slow heavy dots of the chief. The chief suffered from telegrapher's paralysis and seldom touched the wire himself. When he did so, the labored weight of his hand gave an ominous tone to his sending. This morning it sounded more threatening than ever: "Will exchange you to another post in a few days. Letter by No. 3."

Belville's "OK" nearly choked him. So they intended to punish him by reducing him to some more obscure post—some night office, probably, where the principal part of his duty would be to assist in coaling engines. It changed his regret to rebellion. Well, it was a good thing in one way; it left him the right to resign.

He waited until there was a break in the reports, then said curtly to the dispatcher's office, "OS, breakfast"; and with the "OK" response, picked up his hat and made his way to the general store, in the rear of which the storekeeper dwelt. The latter's wife provided Robert his meals for a consideration of three dollars per week, half of which was clear profit. He had little appetite for the half-cold chicory and the salt pork and potatoes that comprised the breakfast she had "kept for him."

"If folks can't git up in time for meals, they need n't turn up their noses at what they gets," Mrs. Smith remarked, which did not add to Belville's good nature, but he compelled himself to make a civil reply.

"The breakfast is all right, Mrs. Smith. I am not feeling very well this morning—and I am going to leave you."

"Law me! Why, where be you goin'?"

"To Mexico."

"Mexico! Sakes alive! Why, my grandpaw was there in the war about Texas. Sich stories as he did tell!"

Belville smiled for the first time that morning. "That was a long time ago," he said; "things are very different down there now."

"Ye need n't tell me!" replied Mrs. Smith, with asperity. "Did n't I have it from my grandpaw, and he an officer? I tell ye, ye 'll be e't up by catermounts, an' trant'lers, an' sombreroers!"

"Sombrero is Spanish for 'hat.'"

"Well, p'raps 't wa'n't sombreroers; I guess 't was ram—rembosers."

Belville smothered an inclination to laugh. "Yes; perhaps the rebosas are dangerous," he said; "they are the head-gear the Mexican women wear, and are said to be very attractive."

Going back to the station, he searched among his belongings till he found an old volume of Prescott's "Mexico." It was a book his father had owned. He had read it through long ago, but he turned the dog-eared pages now with a quite new interest.

"Gold-mines," the conductor had said. Yes, the country was known to be rich in precious metals. Only the other day he had read of a wonderful find that one of the railroad men had made. Might not he prove equally lucky?

Of course, the country was far different now from the land that Prescott had written about. Capital was being invested there; railroads were under construction—and salaries for operators were high. Think of Scott getting a hundred! Why, he, with his forty dollars a month, was a much better operator than Scott; and he could go to Mexico with better references; for Scott had been discharged for gross neglect of duty.

There was the up-freight's whistle. He laid down the book and went out to watch it draw up to the station. The conductor swung down from a car as it rumbled by. "I've a couple of empties for you," he said; "anything going?"

"Yes; one load."

"All right. There 's a friend of yours in the caboose."

"A friend of mine?"

"Yes; from Red Prairie."

Could it be that Larue was coming? The caboose drew near and the train came to a stop. He watched anxiously for his friend to appear, and felt a presentiment that he was to be disappointed in him. A couple of men descended and sauntered leisurely toward him. Then he breathed more freely. That one must be Larry—that tall, lithe fellow, whose brown eyes were curiously regarding him. Belville stepped forward to greet him, when some one plucked his sleeve from behind. He turned and saw a short, broad-shouldered, freckled young man, with fiery red hair and small twinkling blue eyes.

"You 're the right sort, I guess," the stranger remarked after giving him one keen glance.

"And you?" asked Belville.

"Why, I 'm Larry."

"You--Larry? Well, I 'm blessed!"

"Reckon you are that," laughed Larue. "I 'd prove a blessing to any one; for in spite of me hair, that belies me, I 'm the most good-natured of all Brian Boru's descendants."

Belville shook hands cordially and endeavored to conceal his disappointment, but Larue's quick eyes noted it.

"Not quite what you expected, eh?" he said, with a grin. "Well, I don't handsome much, Belyille, that 's a fact. But it 's only a sort of disguise, after all. If me face showed the worth of me heart, all the girls would die for the love of me!"

Belville laughed in spite of himself. "I confess," he replied, "I had imagined you to be different, somehow; but I 'm rather glad that I did n't guess right. The conductor said you were on the caboose, so I looked for you from that quarter."

"Oh, I took a run forward to the engine. I 'm opposed, on general principles, to staying at the tail of the procession."

"Why did n't you let me know you were coming?"

"Why did n't you get up before breakfast then? I tried to get you to give you the news before the wire got busy. My relief came by the freight—one of the chaps from the relay—so I jumped aboard her and here I am."

"And I 'm more than glad to see you," said Belville.

They had little time to do much talking until the freight-train rumbled away; but after it had departed, there were three good hours at their disposal, and the two young men made the most of them. Larue produced Scott's letter; Belville read extracts from Prescott; and in a very short time their enthusiasm was at the boiling point.

"I would n't remain here," said Belville, "not for the biggest sort of a raise. It seems really laughable now that I should have felt so badly. Why, it was the best thing that could have happened!"

"Ah, yes," said Larue; "blessings often come in disguise, you know. The tormenting thing about 'em is that we don't always recognize 'em."

"No; for we don't always have a good chap like yourself to point them out to us."

"Well, two heads are better than one—as the double-headed boy remarked when signing with the museum for a tremendous salary. But speaking about biographies, I 'd be glad if you would

tell me something about your own. Who are you, anyhow, Belville?"

"The son of a country clergyman, who thought to educate me for the law. He was planning to put me through Harvard, when I lost him. I was fourteen then, and his death ended my college ambitions.

"Then an uncle offered to take me into his store. My wages were to be three dollars a week, with which I was to board, clothe, and care for myself. My hours were from seven till nine. I suppose I was ungrateful. My uncle thought so, anyhow, when I left him at the end of the first week.

"Meantime, I had made the acquaintance of the depot agent, who was also telegraph-operator and baggage-master—a big, good-natured fellow, who wanted an assistant—which the company would n't furnish. He agreed to teach me gratis, if I would hustle his baggage and freight; and I arranged to work for my board at the grain-elevator. The man in charge of the elevator, not only made it easy for me, but took me right into his family, where I was treated like one of his own boys. His wife was like a mother to me. I never knew my own mother, except as a very small child. My heaviest work was keeping the grain pitched back from the trough when loading cars. If you 've never tried it, I don't believe you know what real work is. It 's harder than shoveling coal, and I 've tried both—but that 's another story. To cut this one short, Larry, I learned telegraphy, got this position, and have held it ever since—which brings me up to date. Now to quote your own words: Who are you, anyhow, Larry?"

"Many 's the tale I 'll tell you some day," said Larry, "of how I scrapped for a living; but I 'll keep all that for idling away dull moments when we 're on our way to Mexico.

"To give you just the chapter headings: I was born in a New York tenement. My mother died shortly after my birth, and I was selling papers before I could read 'em. But I did manage to learn to spell and to read, too. That made me keen to learn something more, so I joined the free night-schools. God bless those who established them, for all that I know I owe to them.

"I was always fond of animals, and I used to hang around Madison Square whenever the circus showed. I managed to make myself useful, and finally got a job to help look after the horses.

"On the circus-train, one day out west, I got talking to the train conductor. He offered to get me on the road as a brakeman, and I quit the show on the spot.

"It was when off duty that I learned to 'pitch

lightning.' I was always chock-full of curiosity, and, when I heard the instruments clicking away, I was n't content till I had learned how to understand what was going on. When I felt myself capable, I haunted the office of the dispatcher till he gave me a place. Red Prairie was my second office. The lucky third, mark what I say, is going to be in Mexico. I 'm more than ever sure of it, now that a good chap 's going with me."

"No blarney, Larry!" laughed Belville. "But now let 's constitute ourselves a ways and means committee. We can get passes to Denver, no doubt, but from there on—"

"Trust to me for that; I 'll guarantee passes to China!"

"That 's a trifle beyond our destination. But how about cash? I 've saved up two hundred dollars. I suppose it 's not much compared to your pile, but—"

"Oh, no. It 's only enough to buy and sell me three times—that 's all. I have just seventy bones."

"That 's all right—we 'll lump the lot and share equally."

"Nonsense! Let me tell you, Belville, if you 're that sort you 've a lot to learn before you 'll be as wise as your uncle."

"Well, Larry, have it your own way. But there 's number three's whistle. Now for J. S. R.'s letter, and to see what he 's going to do to me. It does n't matter anyhow. My mind is made up; I 'm going to Mexico."

"Shake on it, then; and I give you my word, Belville, stick to me, and I 'll stick to you as tar sticks to a feather."

The two boys shook hands heartily to ratify their agreement, and then went out on the platform to meet the incoming train.

It was the one west-bound passenger-train that stopped at this wayside station, and the entire population was present to witness its arrival and catch a breath from the outer world. There was the elevator agent, the most important resident, who carefully cultivated a swagger and wore his slouch hat on the side of his head; there were his two helpers, slinking in the background; there was Hans Smith, the storekeeper, puffing away at his big pipe, fat and contented; and there was a distant view of his thin Missouri-born wife, with her head out of her kitchen window; while a scurrying crowd of little Smiths sailed down the road to the depot.

The train drew in, its conductor placed a letter in Belville's hand, then it rattled off over the

prairie, and the little crowd of spectators melted silently away.

Belville reported the train, and, that duly performed, with nervous hands opened the dispatcher's letter. As he read it, a puzzled expression stole over his face, which quickly changed to one of delight, and he tossed his cap to the ceiling with a joyful hurrah.

"Larry, read that!" he cried, handing Larue the letter.

Larue's face wore an astonished look that deepened as he read. The letter ran:

"Operator OS:

Dear Sir:

I owe you an apology. Your breach of discipline was reported by the Superintendent in person, who left his message merely to test you. I should have been satisfied when you sent it, in the face of what was very likely a strong temptation to withhold it; but I suggested a plausible excuse which I found you honest enough to reject.

I have had you in mind for promotion for some time, and shall send you next week to the relay. The work will be heavy, but it will be at an advance of \$10. per month; and if you prove proficient there, I can promise you something better later on.

Yours truly,

J. S. RILEY,
CHf. DISPR."

Belville watched Larue as he read it through to the end, then laid it down on the table and walked to the window without a word.

Belville crossed the room to Larue and laid his hand on his shoulder. Larue wheeled about and faced him with a single word: "Well?"

"You don't blame me for feeling pleased?" queried Belville gently.

"Blame you? No, Belville; a thousand times, no! But you must not blame me either—it 's a great disappointment to me."

"Why so?"

"Why? You ask me why? When I counted on you to go with me! When I thought I had found a fellow whom I could stick to, like a porous plaster! And it 's the first time I 've ever found any one halfway worth the finding—and then you ask me why—you—you—"

"Do you think so lightly of a promise?"

"Do I think—why, what do you mean?"

"I gave you my word, did n't I? Well, I always keep my word. And if I feel happy over this letter, it is because it proves that I managed to do the right thing—and it was a great temptation. Yes, I 'm very glad. But, old fellow, I would n't lose you for a dozen promotions. I 'm going to Mexico with you; that 's all there is about it."

(To be continued.)



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THE WAY THROUGH THE WOOD.

THE CROWNING OF THE QUEEN

A MAY-DAY PAGEANT FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

BY JESSIE M. BAKER

(With illustrations by Polly Marston Leavitt)

Screens are used as wings and also for a background, behind which the Queen's throne is arranged. Shad-bush and Forsythia decorate these screens; low bulb-pots, holding long branches of the same plants, young maples, and birch saplings are grouped about them. The piano is concealed at the left side, so placed that the pianist can look out on the stage.

Sitting in a row in the background, the buttercups, daisies, and violets sleep with heads bowed and hidden by their green capes. At left foreground, beside a rock, sit two anemones, with heads likewise hidden. In the right wing, asleep on last year's leaves, lie three fairies, partly concealed.

SCENE: May Morning in the Queen's Meadow.

CHARACTERS

Raindrop	The May Queen	Two Daisies
Sunbeam	The Spirit of Spring	Two Buttercups
Grassblade	Three Fairies	Two Violets
Leafbud	Three Butterflies	Two Anemones
Rainbow		Two Heralds

(Enter Spirit of Spring dancing. Her dance ended, Spring wanders about the meadow for a few minutes, tenderly touching the flowering branches.)

SPRING: Lo, I am the Spirit of Spring!
My magic awakens the flowers.
Raindrop and Sunbeam, obey my voice.

(Enter Raindrop and Sunbeam, dancing. They drop on one knee at either side of Spring, facing her.)

Grassblade and Leafbud, come forth and rejoice,

(Enter Grassblade and Leafbud dancing. They drop on one knee, a little behind, but not hidden by, the others, and also facing Spring.)

And out of the warm earth everywhere
Arise my children, fair, so fair!
Decking my kingdom for holiday,
To welcome the Queen of the May!
Festival songs shall they sing,
And joyously dance in these bowers.

(Fluttering her fingers to suggest the patter of drops, Raindrop sings)

RAINDROP: Out of the silvery grey of the sky,
Out of the white clouds floating by,
Quick, at thy bidding, our lives to share
With the tender green things everywhere,
Hasten my sisters and I!

(With arms bent to form a circle, finger-tips touching above her head, Sunbeam sings)

SUNBEAM: Out of the first dim hush of the day,
Out of the noontide's golden way,
Over the meadows, over the trees,
Gaily aslant on the softening breeze,
Hasten we gladly away!

(Raindrop and Sunbeam dance, very simply, then exit. Grassblade and Leafbud take their places at either side of Spring, and sing.)

GRASSBLADE: (Face resting on arm) I who have
slept the winter away
Folded beneath the snow,

LEAFBUD: (Swaying) And I who have rocked in
the branches high,

(Shivering) And felt the cold winds blow

GRASSBLADE AND LEAFBUD: Now at the magical
sound of thy voice

(Joyously, looking first to one side, then to the other, then up at Spring)



THE SPIRIT OF SPRING.

Over the whole wide earth rejoice,—
Rejoice! Rejoice! Rejoice!

(Grassblade and Leafbud dance, and exeunt. Spirit of Spring dances a few measures, then, stopping by the Fairies, touches them lightly with a spray of apple-bloom which she carries, and rouses them. Sings.)

SPRIT OF SPRING: Farewell to dreams, O Fairies gay!
Arise and haste away!

(Fairies dance after her to center of stage, holding up their wands to meet at a point. Spring touches them.)

Upon your wands I place
my charm
To wake the flowers,
To wake the flowers and
bring the May!

(Spirit of Spring dances to right background, drops to one knee, and shading her eyes with her arm, watches the Fairies.

The Fairies dance, then poising, two at right foreground, one at left background, sing the first stanza. As the second stanza is sung, the fairy at left goes about among the flowers touching them with her wand, and secretly removes from each cape a pin which has held it in place. The capes fall apart slightly, showing a little of the faces. The eyes remain closed.)

FAIRIES: Awake! Awake! O flowers fair!
Unclose your sleeping eyes!
A wondrous charm to you we bear
O lovely flowers, arise!
Unfold, unfold your fragrance sweet
To every waiting breeze;
The birds their happy songs repeat
In all the budding trees!

Look up, look up from drowsy dreams,
And drink the early dew!
The morning sky in beauty gleams,
The Maytime waits for you!
Awake! Awake! O flowers fair!
Unclose your gentle eyes!
The Spring's own charm to you we bear,
O flowers sweet, arise!

(All the Fairies now join in awakening the flowers. Slowly, as the green capes are opened and then turned back, the Violet, Daisy, and Buttercup heads appear. In vain the Fairies try to awaken the little Anemones, waving wands above them, and touching

them as they sing. Then the Spirit of Spring dances forward, beckoning Raindrop and Sunbeam on from one side of stage as she makes her exit at the other. These two trip in and stand at either side of the sleeping flowers, Raindrop fluttering her fingers, and Sunbeam with arms forming a circle as before. Immediately, little Rainbow dances in, and, as she stands on the rock between Rain-



SUGGESTIONS FOR COSTUMES.

drop and Sunbeam, holding an arch of rainbow-colored roses above her head, the hoods of the two Anemones open. Sunbeam and Raindrop make their exit at left. Rainbow dances away, the Fairies in pursuit. She reappears, and again they dance after. She escapes them, but, before making her exit at right wing, turns to sing, while the Fairies poise and listen, grouped at centre of stage, with arms outstretched.)

RAINBOW: Reach out! Reach out! O Fairies dear!
All hearts may hold,
All hearts may hold and clasp me near!

(Exit Rainbow. Fairies dance off stage at right. As they go, they beckon Butterflies on from the left. Butterflies dance a few measures, during which the Spirit of Spring dances lightly across the stage behind them, and with a gesture of farewell makes her exit. They poise and gaze about them in a dreamy, listening way, as they recite)

BUTTERFLIES: Did we not hear the Spirit of Spring?
Did we not see her pass by?

Was it the singing of the birds
Or the gentle South Wind's sigh?
Surely, but now did her footsteps pass,
For tenderly green is the growing grass;
Surely her smile doth linger near,
For see, the flowers are blooming here!

(Butterflies poise and flutter among the flowers, touching the upturned faces with their lips. Flowers raise themselves from sitting to kneeling position, faces upturned, backs straight, and hands by their sides. Butterflies sing, repeating)

BUTTERFLIES: Flowerets! Flowerets!
Give us of your sweets!
Daisy and Violet,
Buttercup gay,
Flowerets! Flowerets!



A BUTTERFLY.

BUTTERCUP.

A FAIRY.

Give us of your sweets!
We would caress you
This glad holiday!

(Butterflies dance, and exit one at a time. At a chord, the Anemones take their place in the row with the other flowers. The flowers dance. As they finish, distant music is heard. They lean toward each other and clasp hands, listening joyously. All behind the scenes sing very softly.)

ALL: All hail! All hail, our Fairy Queen!
All hail, the Queen of May!
And sing, all flowers and Fairies, sing!

(At this point, a loud chord on the piano interrupts, sending the flowers dancing to either side, to make their exit. The screens, forming the background, part a little at the extreme left and right to admit two Heralds,

each carrying a cymbal. These advance slowly to music, clash the cymbals four times, and retreat. Heralds exeunt. Meantime, the Queen and her attendants, a Fairy to lead her, a Butterfly to hold up her train, and Rainbow bearing the crown on a cushion of moss, have, quite unseen, taken their places at the rear of the audience. The screens are now parted in the center, and drawn aside, revealing the Queen's throne. This is draped in white, with garlands of pink and green.

From behind the screens, at left and at right of the throne, two processions, each led by a Herald, advance. These join hands, march to front of stage, part and disappear into the wings. This is repeated. At their third appearance, the children arrange themselves quickly in a double line at either side, and converging toward the throne. At a chord, they drop on one knee, each extending arm nearest the audience toward the Queen, who appears in the doorway at rear of audience. As the Queen approaches, all sing)

All hail! All hail, our Fairy Queen!
All hail, the Queen of May!
And sing all flowers and Fairies sing!
For this our Queen is crowned,
Our Queen is crowned to-day!

(A Fairy assists her to her throne, then three attendants kneel before her, Rainbow in the center. All the rest change positions kneeling on the other knee, and extending the other arm toward the Queen.

Rainbow raises the crown on its cushion of moss, and turns her head to one side.)

RAINBOW: Out of the sunshine's purest gold,
Out of the diamond dew,
Wrought by the magic touch of Spring
Is this crown we bring to you.

(After the Fairy has placed the crown on the Queen's head, the three attendants slip into their places beside the others. The Queen rises and sings, all standing with her)

QUEEN: Dear children of my Fairy train,
In this the month of May,
Come trip it lightly on the green,
Keep happy holiday!
Let every Fairy take a flower
Her partner gay to be,
And let us dance the May-pole round
In mirth and jollity, in mirth and jollity!

(The Queen steps down from the throne, attended as before, and the others forming behind her as in the previous procession. All march to the May-pole, and join in the May-pole dance.)

Mr. Louis Chalif's beautiful character-dance "Spirit of Spring" is suggested as most fitting. Parts

of this dance are repeated later by Raindrop, Sunbeam, Grassblade and Leafbud, the Fairies, Butterflies and Flowers.

The music of L. Denza's "A May Morning" (published by Chappell & Co., Ltd., New York) is beautifully adapted for use as a background to the action when Spring beckons in Sunbeam and Raindrop, and to the awakening of the Flowers by the Fairies.

The first stanza may be used for Spring's song to the Fairies; the second, for the Fairies' song to the flowers; the third, for the May Queen's song.

Simple melodies may easily be adapted to the other songs, and the "Sunflower" march is excellent for the processional to and from the crowning.

The twenty-three costumes are as easily made as they are artistic, and cost not more than ten dollars.

Variations of the simple peasant frocks, cut in one piece, with round neck and short sleeves, are used for the May Queen, Raindrop, Rainbow, the Fairies and the flowers.

The May Queen wears a long white frock of sheer material, a knotted girdle of pale-green cheese-cloth, and a long court-train of the same, trimmed about with pink paper rosebuds. This train is cut square at the end, and is caught about the shoulders to a point in front. Her crown is of artificial rosebuds wired into a wreath.

The flowers have long frocks of pale-green cheese-cloth, cut in points at sleeve and hem, with circular capes of the same, also pointed, and gathered up under the chin. A knotted girdle-cord of the same is crossed in front, and tied to hang at the left hip. The flower-heads are all of crêpe-paper, gathered around the neck and then tied about with a narrow strip of green. They are slipped on under the necks of frock and cape.

The Violets have five twelve-inch petals, two being caught up to the child's hair at the back, the one directly beneath the chin having a touch of orange.

The Daisies have small flat, yellow caps, and ruffs of ten-inch white petals.

The Buttercups have six eight-inch petals so attached to each other that, when tied about the neck, they cup in slightly.

The Anemone petals are of pink, much the same as the Buttercups', but do not cup in.

Raindrop has a frock of white cheese-cloth coming just below the knees, edged at neck and hem, with strips of pink, pale yellow, and lavender, and wears a little triangular cape of pink, caught at the back of the neck and at either elbow. A band of glass-bead fringe is caught beneath the arms and at each elbow, and a tiny close white cap of crêpe-paper is trimmed with the same.

Rainbow wears a frock of white cheese-cloth over pale green, coming to the knees over full bloomers of the green, and finished in points at neck and hem. A row of knotted cheese-cloth cords, in prismatic tints, is arranged on the left shoulder, and tied to hang at the right hip. She carries a half-hoop covered with the pale green, to which are fastened paper roses in the same tints as the cords.

Sunbeam has a costume of golden yellow cheese-cloth, a round skull-cap, full bloomers, and a full blouse, belted with a knotted cord of the same.

The Fairies have costumes of pink, yellow, and lavender cheese-cloth, with wreaths of paper roses to match; they carry wands covered with silver paper and tipped with a silver star. Full bloomers are worn under the peasant frock, which comes to the knee and is cut in points like the others, and gathered

from hem to hip at the right side. A square cape, edged with points, is folded diagonally, caught at the right hip, fastened again at the left shoulder, and at the edge of the left sleeve, from which point, a ribbon of the same extends to the left forefinger.

The Spirit of Spring wears a simple frock of paler green, with a cape similar to that of the Fairies. She carries a spray of apple-bloom.

Leafbud wears a close, pointed cap of brown cambric, a costume of brown cambric trousers coming up



THE MAY QUEEN.

in long points, caught at the shoulders, and at back and front, over a full blouse of pale green.

The Heralds have Russian suits—the blouses cut peasant-fashion—of the brown cambric. A stole, and a knotted cord of grass-green cheese-cloth is worn. Caps are of green, stitched to a brown paper foundation, and ornamented with a brown flower-head.

Grassblade's costume is of grass-green cheese-cloth, similar to that of the Heralds, except that it is cut in long fluttering points at the sleeve, the bottom of the blouse and the edge of trousers, and is not belted in. A band of green with three upstanding points at centre front is worn.

The Butterflies have "overall" costumes of brown cambric with short sleeves, the trousers coming just below the knee, and wear small round shirred caps of the same, tipped with wired, paper-covered antennae. Fastened between the shoulders, are large butterflies. The bodies are of the cambric, about twelve inches long, stuffed with cotton and banded in the colors of the wings. These are of crêpe paper, two yellow and one pale green, on a foundation of heavy brown paper which is wired on the edge, and measure about three feet across from tip to tip. They are painted in peacock colorings. A knotted cheese-cloth cord, crossing in front and brought back under the arms, fastens them to the child's back.

TOMMY AND THE WISHING-STONE

WHY TOMMY TOOK UP ALL HIS TRAPS

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

Author of "Old Mother West Wind," "Bedtime Story-Books," etc.

IF there was one thing that Tommy enjoyed above another, it was trapping. There were several reasons why he enjoyed it. In the first place, it took him out of doors with something definite to do. He loved the meadows and the woods and the pastures, and all the beauties of them with which Old Mother Nature is so lavish. He loved to tramp along the Laughing Brook and around the Smiling Pool. Always, no matter what the time of year, there was something interesting to see. Now it was a flower new to him, or a bird that he had not seen before. Again it was a fleeting glimpse of one of the shy, fleet-footed little people who wear coats of fur. He liked these best of all because they were the hardest to surprise and study at their home life. And that was one reason why he enjoyed trapping so much. It was matching his wits against their wits. And one other reason was the money which he got for the pelts.

So Tommy was glad when the late fall came and it was time to set traps and every morning make his rounds to see what he had caught. In the coldest part of the winter, when the snow was deep and the ice was thick, he stopped trapping, but he began again with the beginning of spring when the Laughing Brook was once more set free and the Smiling Pool no longer locked in icy fetters. It was then that the muskrats and the minks became most active, and their fur coats were still at their best. You see the more active they were, the more likely they were to step into one of his traps.

On this particular afternoon, after school, Tommy had been down to the Smiling Pool to set a few extra traps for muskrats. The trapping season, that is the season when the fur was still at its best, or "prime" as the fur dealers call it, would soon be at an end. He had set a trap on an old log which lay partly in and partly out of the water. He knew that the muskrats used this old log to sun themselves because one had plunged off it as he came up. So he set a trap just under water on the end of the old log where the first muskrat who tried to climb out there would step in it.

"I'll get one here, as sure as shooting," said Tommy.

Then he found a little grassy tussock, and he knew by the matted-down grass that it was a favorite resting place for muskrats. Here he set another trap and left some slices of carrot as bait. By the merest accident, he found a hole in the bank and, from the look of it, he felt sure that it had been made by one of the furry little animals he wanted to catch. Right at the very entrance he set another trap, and artfully covered it with water-soaked leaves from the bottom of the Smiling Pool so that it could not be seen.

"I'd like to see anything go in or out of that hole without getting caught," said he, with an air of being mightily tickled with himself and his own smartness.

So he went on until he had set all his traps, and all the time he was very happy. Spring had come, and it is everybody's right to be happy in the spring. He heard the joyous notes of the first birds who had come on the lagging heels of winter from the warm southland, and they made him want to sing, himself. Everything about him proclaimed new life and the joy of living. He could feel it in the very air. It was good to be alive.

After the last trap had been put in place, he sat down on an old log to rest for a few minutes and enjoy the scene. The Smiling Pool was as smooth as polished glass. Presently, as Tommy sat there without moving, two little silver lines, which met and formed a V, started on the farther side of the Smiling Pool and came straight toward him. Tommy knew what those silver lines were. They were the wake made by a swimming muskrat.

"My! I wish I'd brought my gun!" thought Tommy. "It's queer how a fellow always sees things when he has n't got a gun, and never sees them when he has."

He could perceive the little brown head very plainly now, and, as it drew nearer, he could distinguish the outline of the body just under the surface, and back of that the queer, rubbery, flattened tail set edge-wise in the water and moving rapidly from side to side.

"It's a regular propeller," thought Tommy, "and he certainly knows how to use it. It sculls him right along. If he should lose that, he sure would be up against it!"

Tommy moved ever so little, so as to get a better view. Instantly there was a sharp slap of the tail on the water, a plunge, and only a ripple to show that a second before there had been a swimmer there. Two other slaps and plunges sounded from distant parts of the Smiling Pool and Tommy knew that he would see no more muskrats unless he sat very still for a long time. Slowly he got to his feet, stretched, and then started for home. All the way across the Green Meadows he kept thinking of that little glimpse



"WHAT 'S A REGULAR PROPELLER," THOUGHT TOMMY."

of muskrat life he had had, and for the first time in his life he began to think that there might be something more interesting about a muskrat than his fur coat. Always before, he had thought of a muskrat as simply a rat, a big, overgrown cousin of the pests that stole the grain in the hen-house, and against whom every man's hand is turned, as it should be.

But somehow that little glimpse of Jerry Muskrat at home had awakened a new interest. It struck him quite suddenly that it was a very wonderful thing that an animal breathing air, just as he did himself, could be so at home in the water and disappear so suddenly and completely.

"It must be great to be able to swim like that!" thought Tommy as he sat down on the wishing-stone, and looked back across the Green Meadows

to the Smiling Pool. "I wonder what he does down there under water. Now I think of it, I don't know much about him except that he is the only rat with a fur that is good for anything. If it was n't for that fur coat of his, I don't suppose anybody would bother him. What a snap he would have then! I'll bet he has no end of fun in the summer, with nothing to worry about and plenty to eat, and always cool and comfortable no matter what the weather! What gets me is how he spends the winter when everything is frozen. He must be under the ice for weeks. I wonder if he sleeps the way the woodchuck does. I suppose I can find out just by wishing, seeing that I'm sitting right here on the old wishing-stone. It would be a funny thing to do to wish myself into a rat. It does n't seem as if there could be anything very interesting about the life of anything so stupid-looking as a muskrat, and yet I've thought the same thing about some other critters and found I was wrong."

He gazed dreamily down toward the Smiling Pool, and, the longer he looked, the more he wondered what it would be like to live there. At last, almost without knowing it, he said the magic words.

"I—I wish I was a muskrat!" he murmured.

Tommy was in the Smiling Pool. He was little and fur-coated, with a funny little tail something like a beaver's. And he really had two coats, the outer of long hairs, a sort of waterproof, while the under coat was soft and fine and meant to keep him warm. And, though he was swimming with only his head out of water, he was n't wet at all.

It was a beautiful summer evening, just at the hour of twilight, and the Smiling Pool was very beautiful, the most beautiful place that ever was. At least it seemed so to Tommy. In the bulrushes a few little feathered folks were still twittering sleepily. Over on his big green lily-pad Grandfather Frog was leading the frog chorus in a great deep voice. From various places in the Smiling Pool came sharp little squeaks and faint splashes. It was playtime for little muskrats and visiting time for big muskrats. An odor of musk filled the air and was very pleasant to Tommy as he sniffed and sniffed. He was playing hide-and-seek and tag with other little muskrats of his own age, and not one of them had a care in all the world. Far away, Hooty the Owl was sending forth his fierce hunting call, but no one in the Smiling Pool took the least notice of it. By and by it ceased.

Tommy was chasing one of his playmates in and out among the bulrushes. Twice they had been warned by a wise old muskrat not to go beyond

the line of bulrushes into the open water. But little folks are forgetful, especially when playing. Tommy's little playmate forgot. In the excitement of getting away from Tommy he swam out where the first little star was reflected in the Smiling Pool. A shadow passed over Tommy, and hardly had it passed when there was a sharp slap of something striking the water. Tommy knew what it was. He knew that it was the tail of some watchful old muskrat who had discovered danger, and that it meant "dive at once." Tommy dived. He did n't wait to learn what the danger was, but promptly filled his little lungs with air, plunged under water and swam as far as he could. When he just had to come up for more air, he put only his nose out and this in the darkest place he knew of among the rushes.

There he remained perfectly still. Down inside, his heart was thumping with fear of he knew not what. There was n't a sound to be heard around the Smiling Pool. It was as still as if there were no living thing there. After



"IT WAS PLAYTIME FOR THE LITTLE MUSKRATS."

what seemed like a long, long time, the deep voice of Grandfather Frog boomed out, and then the squeak of the old muskrat who had given the alarm told all within hearing that all was safe again. At once, all fear left Tommy and he swam to find his playmates.

"What was it?" he asked one of them.

"Hooty, the Owl," was the reply. "Did n't you see him?"

"I saw a shadow," replied Tommy.

"That was Hooty. I wonder if he caught anybody," returned the other.

Tommy did n't say anything, but he thought of the playmate who forgot and swam out beyond the bulrushes, and, when he had hunted and hunted and could n't find him, he knew that Hooty had not visited the Smiling Pool for nothing.

So Tommy learned the great lesson of never being careless and forgetting. Later that same night, as he sat on a little muddy platform on the edge of the water eating a delicious tender young lily-root, there came that same warning slap of a tail on the water. Tommy did n't wait for even one more nibble, but plunged into the deepest water and hid as before. This time when the signal that all was well was given he learned that some one with sharper ears than his had heard the footsteps of a fox on the shore and had given the warning just in the nick of time. Four things Tommy learned that night. First, that, safe and beautiful as it seems, the Smiling Pool is not free from dangers for little muskrats; second, that forgetfulness means a short life; third, that to dive at the instant a danger-signal is sounded and inquire later what the danger was is the only sure way of being safe; and fourth, that it is the duty of every muskrat who detects danger to warn every other muskrat.

Though he did n't realize it then, this last was the most important lesson of all. It was the great lesson that human beings have been so long learning, and which many have not learned yet, that, just in proportion as each one looks out for the welfare of his neighbors, he is himself better off. Instead of having just one pair of little eyes and one pair of keen little ears to guard him against danger Tommy had many pairs of little eyes and little ears keeping guard all the time, some of them better than his own.

Eating, sleeping, and playing, and of course watching out for danger, were all that Tommy had to think about through the long lazy summer, and he grew and grew and grew until he was as big as the biggest muskrats in the Smiling Pool, and could come and go as he pleased. There was less to fear now from Hooty the Owl, for Hooty prefers tender young muskrats. He had learned all about the ways of Reddy Fox, and feared him not at all. He had learned where the best lily-roots grow, and how to find and open mussels, those clams which live in fresh water. He had a favorite old log, half in the water, to which he brought these to open them and eat them, and

more than one fight did he have before his neighbors learned to respect this as his. He had explored all the shore of the Smiling Pool and knew every hole in the banks. He had even been some distance up the Laughing Brook. Life was very joyous.

But, as summer began to wane, the days to grow shorter and the nights longer, he discovered that playtime was over. At least, all his friends and neighbors seemed to think so for they were very, very busy. Something inside told him that it was time, high time, that he also went to work. Cold weather was coming and he must be prepared. For one thing he must have a comfortable home, and the only way to get one was to make one for himself. Of course this meant work, but somehow Tommy felt that he would feel happier if he did work. He was tired of doing nothing in particular. In his roamings about, he had seen many muskrat homes, some of them old and deserted, and some of them visited while the owners were away. He knew just what a first-class house should be like. It should be high enough in the bank to be above water at all times, even during the spring floods, and it should be reached by a passage the entrance to which should at all times be under water, even in the driest season.

On the bank of the Smiling Pool grew a tree, and the spreading roots came down so that some of them were in the Smiling Pool itself. Under them, Tommy made the entrance to his burrow. The roots hid it. At first the digging was easy, for the earth was little more than mud; but, as the passage slanted up, the digging became harder. Still he kept at it. Two or three times he stopped and decided that he had gone far enough, then changed his mind and kept on. At last he found a place to suit him, and there he made a snug chamber not very far under the grass-roots.

When he had finished it, he was very proud of it. He told Jerry Muskrat about it. "Have you more than one entrance to it?" asked Jerry.

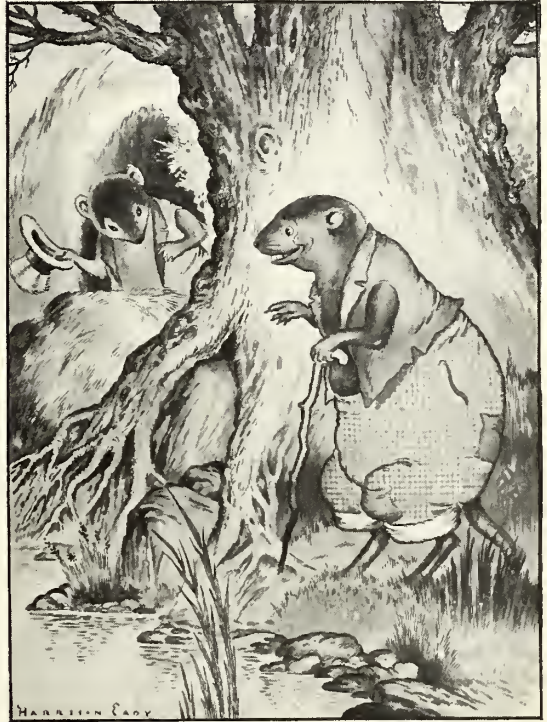
"No," replied Tommy, "it was hard enough work to make that one."

Jerry turned up his nose. "That would n't do for me," he declared. "A house with only one entrance is nothing but a trap. Supposing a fierce old mink should find that doorway while you were inside; what would you do then?"

Tommy had n't thought of that. Once more he went to work, and made another long tunnel leading up to that snug chamber; and then, perhaps because he had got the habit, he made a third. From one of these tunnels he even made a short branch with a carefully hidden opening right out on the meadow, for Tommy liked to

prowl around on land once in a while. The chamber he lined with grass and old rushes until he had a very comfortable bed.

With all this hard work completed, you would have supposed that Tommy would have been sat-



"HAVE YOU MORE THAN ONE ENTRANCE TO IT?"
ASKED JERRY."

isfied, would n't you? But he was n't. He found that some of his neighbors were building houses of a wholly different kind, and right away he decided that he must have one too. So he chose a place where the water was shallow, and not too far from the place where the water-lilies grew; and there among the bulrushes he once more set to work. This time he dug out the mud and the roots of the rushes, piling them around him until he was in a sort of little well. From this he dug several tunnels leading to the deep water where he could be sure that the entrance never would be frozen over. The mud and sods he piled up until they came above the water, and then he made a platform of rushes and mud with an opening in the middle down into that well from which his tunnels radiated. On this platform he built a great mound of rushes, and grass, and even twigs, all wattled together. Some of them he had to bring clear from the other side of the Smiling Pool. And, as he built that mound, he made a nice large room in the middle, biting off

all the ends of sticks and rushes which happened to be in the way. When he had made that room to suit him, he made a comfortable bed there, just as he had in the house in the bank. Then he built the walls very thick, adding rushes and mud and sods all around except on the very top. There he left the roof thinner, with little spaces for the air to get in, for of course he must have air to breathe.



"TOMMY WENT CALLING ON HIS NEIGHBORS."

When at last the new house was finished, he was very proud of it. There were two rooms, the upper one with its comfortable bed quite above the water, and the lower one wholly under water, connected with the former by a little doorway. The only way of getting into the house was by one of his tunnels to the lower room. When all was done, an old muskrat looked it over and told him that he had done very well for a young fellow, which made Tommy feel very important.

The weather was growing cool now, so Tommy laid up some supplies in both houses and then spent his spare time calling on his neighbors. By this time he had grown a fine thick coat and did n't mind at all how cold it grew. In fact he liked the cold weather. It was about this time that he had a dreadful experience. He climbed out one evening on his favorite log to open and eat a mussel he had found. There was

a snap, and something caught him by the tail and pinched dreadfully. He pulled with all his might, but the dreadful thing would n't let go. He turned and bit at it but it was harder than his teeth and gnaw as he would he could make no impression on it. A great terror filled his heart and he struggled and pulled, heedless of the pain, until he was too tired to struggle longer. He just had to lie still. After a while, when he had regained his strength, he struggled again. This time he felt his tail give a little. A neighbor swam over to see what all the fuss was about. "It 's a trap," said he. "It 's lucky you are not caught by a foot instead of by the tail. If you keep on pulling you may get free. I did once."

This gave Tommy new hope and he struggled harder than ever. At last he fell headlong into the water. The cruel steel jaws had not been able to keep his tapered tail from slipping between them. He was free, but oh, so frightened!

After that Tommy grew wise. He never went ashore without first examining the place for one of those dreadful traps, and he found more than one. It got so that he gave up all his favorite places and made new ones. Once he found one of his friends caught by a forefoot and he was actually cutting his foot off with his sharp teeth. It was dreadful, but it was the only way of saving his life.

Those were sad and terrible times around the Smiling Pool and along the Laughing Brook for the people in fur, but there did n't seem to be anything they could do about it except to everlastingly watch out. One morning Tommy awoke to find the Smiling Pool covered with ice. He liked it. A sense of great peace fell on the Smiling Pool. There was no more danger from traps except around certain spring holes, and there was no need of going there. Much of the time Tommy slept in that fine house of rushes and mud. Its walls had frozen solid and it was as comfortable as could be imagined. A couple of friends who had no house stayed with him. When they were hungry all they had to do was to drop down into the tunnel leading to deep water and so out into the Smiling Pool under the ice, dig up a lily-root and swim back and eat it in comfort inside the house. If they got short of air while swimming under the ice they were almost sure to find little air spaces under the edge of the banks. No matter how bitter the cold or how wild the storm above the ice,—below it was always calm and the temperature never changed.

Sometimes Tommy went over to his house in the bank. Once, while he was there, a blood-thirsty mink followed him. Tommy heard him coming and escaped down one of the other pas-

sages. Then he was thankful indeed that he had made more than one. But this was his only adventure all the long winter. At last spring came, the ice disappeared and the water rose in the Laughing Brook until it was above the banks, and in the Smiling Pool until Tommy's house was nearly under water. Then he moved over to his house in the bank and was comfortable again.

One day he swam over to his house of rushes and climbed up on the top. He had no thought of danger there and he was heedless. Snap! A trap set right on top of the house held him fast by one leg. A mist swam before his eyes as he looked across the Green Meadows and heard the joyous carol of Welcome Robin. Why, oh why, should there be such misery in the midst of so much joy? He was trying to make up his mind to lose his foot when, far up on the edge of the meadows, he saw an old gray rock. Somehow the sight of it brought a vague sense of comfort to him. He strained his eyes to see it better and—Tommy was just himself, rubbing his eyes as he sat on the old wishing-stone.

"I—I was just going to cut my foot off. Ugh!" he shuddered. "Two or three times I've found a foot in my traps, but I never realized before

what it really meant. Why, those little chaps had more nerve than I 'll ever have!"

He gazed thoughtfully down toward the Smiling Pool. Then suddenly he sprang to his feet and began to run toward it. "It's too late to take all of 'em up to-night," he muttered, "but I 'll take what I can, and to-morrow morning I 'll take up the rest. I hope nothing will get caught in 'em. I never knew before how dreadful it must be to be caught in a trap. I 'll never set another trap as long as I live, so there! Why, Jerry Muskrat is almost as wonderful as Paddy the Beaver, and he does n't do anybody a bit of harm. I did n't know he was so interesting. He has n't as many troubles as some, but he has enough, I guess, without me adding to them. Say, that 's a great life he leads! If it was n't for traps, it would n't be half bad to be a muskrat. Of course it 's better to be a boy, but I can tell you right now I 'm going to be a better boy—less thoughtless and cruel. Jerry Muskrat, you have n't anything more to fear from me, not a thing! I take off my hat to you for a busy little worker, and for having more nerve than any *boy* I know."

And never again did Tommy set a trap for little wild folk.

(To be continued.)

THE REDBIRD'S SONG

BY MARY M. PARKS

Up in the tip-tip-top of the thorn-apple tree
 The redbird is swinging
 And singing
 To his meek little mate who is winging
 Her way through
 The beautiful blue:

"Come here! Come here! Come here!
 My dear!
 Here 's the very best place for a nest
 That ever was seen in all this green
 And shadowy wood;
 Quite safe from snake and prowling cat;
 I 'm certain of that;
 For if they should
 Come creeping here,
 This brave old tree, I 'm sure as can be,
 Would prick them and stick them
 And drive them away, my dear,
 Never fear.
 Come here! Come here! Come here!
 My dear!"

BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

HOWARD PYLE—MAKER OF PICTURES AND STORIES

A THOROUGH American, in the very best that American implies, that is the first thing I want to say about Howard Pyle. The democratic ideal was completely realized in him. A man was measured by him according to his manhood, or for what he really *was*.

He came of Quaker stock, and he had that serene look in his face which belongs to Quakerism. But he was himself a strong Swedenborgian, though he was not a man who talked of his religion. He loved America, and he thought that it was possible to get all you needed out of life right in America. So much so, that he never wanted to study abroad; and, when he was a young man, that was very unusual, for then it was generally believed that, when it came to art, the United States was no place in which to learn anything really worth while.

Howard Pyle was born in Wilmington, Delaware, March 5th, 1853, and grew up there, rather a quiet boy, but not slow or backward in the usual boy-life of a comfortable, homey town like Wilmington. His people knew everybody, and were hospitable, a trait Howard inherited. Once, when he was asked what were his favorite amusements, he replied that a sociable evening with his friends was the only recreation he ever wanted. And there was practically nobody in the city who did not know him, at least by sight, while most of them were really his friends, knowing him through his stories and pictures even if they had not actually shaken his hand, that capable, strong, kind hand of his, whose clasp was so warm and sincere.

When he decided to take up art as his job, he went first to the Pennsylvania Academy, and then to the Art Students' League in New York. But after all, most of his skill was the result of his own efforts, for his work in the schools was desultory, and he was given to studying out his own problems in his own way.

His first work was in line, and his master in this style was the old German, Albert Dürer. Pyle never lost his skill with the pen, and much of his line work remains unequaled among illustrators. But, before long, his love of color turned him to paint.

All this while, the young man was living on very little money. One day his supply got very

low indeed. So low, that all he could find was a nickel. He had been hard at work on his first important picture, "The Wreck in the Offing." Money must be had, and he determined to spend the nickel in getting to Harper's publishing-house in Franklin Square, New York City, feeling sure that he could sell them the picture for an illustration. It represented a group of life savers playing cards in a room under the light of a swinging lantern. But the lookout has just swung open the door, and stands there dripping with spray and rain, calling out that there is a wreck off shore. A spirited picture it is, and full of the wild salt breath of the sea.

"Perhaps they will give me fifteen dollars for this picture," he thought. And, as he reached the publishing-house, he had made up his mind just how he would spend it.

But there he was told that the art editor was away for the day, and would not be back until the morrow.

Well, there was nothing for it but to leave the picture, and to walk back home, a tramp of several miles, for he lived at a remote distance from Franklin Square. On the way he passed Frederick Church's studio. Mr. Church was always particularly kind to young artists, so Pyle went in, intending to ask for a small loan to tide him over. Once in, however, he talked cheerfully about his work, listened to all Mr. Church had to say, and never screwed his courage up to the point of asking for money. Presently, he said he must be off, and in time he reached home. There, two or three of his comrades were just going off to a little restaurant near by for dinner.

"Come along!" they cried, joyous at the prospect, but Pyle replied that he had no appetite at all, and wanted to finish a bit of work, anyhow. When they had gone, he sat for a while wondering whether any one had ever been hungrier. Then it occurred to him to look carefully through the pockets of all his clothes. Perhaps somewhere there might be a little change.

Wonderful to relate, he did really find a fifty-cent piece, and immediately rushed after his friends. Enough of the money was left for a bite of breakfast next morning and car-fare back to the Harper offices. Yes, the art editor would see him.

The young man's heart sank as he went into the room and saw his picture, looking as big as a

house, standing on the desk. He did n't like it, standing there so brazenly. Of course they would not take it!

"Mr. Pyle," said the editor, "we like your picture, and we want to make a double page of it in the 'Weekly.' We will give you seventy-five dollars for it."

That was the beginning of more than thirty years of work by Howard Pyle for the Harpers. Many of his best pictures first appeared in their publications, and later, after he had become an author, many of his stories were published by them, accompanied by the pictures he had made as illustrations.

"What was the first thing I did with that seventy-five dollars? I took a friend of mine to Delmonico's, where we had the best dinner we could order," Pyle used to say, smiling. And what a smile he had, beginning deep in his eyes long before it got to his mouth, and lingering there after the lips had grown sober again, in the most delightful way in the world!

Hard times were over now. For some time longer, the artist stayed on in New York. But he found the city too distracting for serious labor, and suddenly he made up his mind to get back to the home town.

No sooner thought than done. He flung his things together and took the first train he could catch. And there he lived for the rest of his life, coming away only on short visits. In 1881 he married Miss Anne Pool, also of Wilmington, and set up in a charming house. Two years later, he began writing, his first book being the splendid "Robin Hood and His Merry Men," with the charming drawings in line, so full of spirit and of humor, and so exact in historical value, for Pyle was the kind of man who found no trouble too great to take for the sake of truth. He never tired of studying volumes on costume, on arms, and furniture, and architecture. He knew all about ships, and could draw an old frigate or galleon, with the intricate rigging right to each rope and knot, and every sail correct. And he knew how the light falls on the ocean, too, and how the wave heaves and the white foam laces the green and blue water. Go and look at his pictures, if you too want to know.

Best of all, he loved to paint pictures of the Colonial period in our history, and pictures of pirates. He simply adored pirates, wicked as they were, and there was no mistake about their wickedness in his stories, nor yet in his pictures. One of his pirate pictures, I remember, shows a group of them, blustering, swaggering, all hung with pistols and swords, striding along the shore, looking fit for any crime, and gazed at by a few

poor country folk in terror and curiosity. All of you who read the "Rose of Paradise" will recollect the terrible *Edward England*, and what a series of wild adventures he led *John Mackra* into.

Yet one of the gentlest and tenderest stories ever told is Pyle's "Otto of the Silver Hand," and nothing better reveals his own loving and lovely personality than that story. I hope none



By courtesy of Harper & Bros.

HOWARD PYLE.

of you has missed it. For, though he loved the wild doings of the pirate horde, his heart was as warm and full of kindness as a summer rose is full of fragrance.

In Wilmington he collected about him many enthusiastic young men and women who wished to study under him. Pyle was the first man to realize the possibilities of illustration, and to see that an artist could pour his whole talent into such labor with splendid results. And many of our great illustrators first studied with him in his studio in Wilmington. He taught gratuitously, and his one main preachment was that his pupils must not copy him, not be influenced by him. The stronger students followed this counsel, finding him an inspiration. But those without decided talent simply imitated, and Pyle was not the sort of man who could be imitated successfully—he was too individual—and though there was a complete simplicity in his style, its great qualities of

life and vigor and directness could not be copied by lesser talent. So the imitators faded away.

One time, when Mr. Pyle was asked if he took much outdoor exercise, he answered that all he ever had was what he got standing at his easel. He would go to the studio right after his early breakfast, and in summer work there till six o'clock. In winter he stayed as long as there was light to see by. "And when I shut the door behind me I shut it on all thought of paint, or pencil, or pen and ink. I dropped my work at the threshold till next day."

As time went on, he became more and more recognized as a man of unusual gifts. He was made a member of the National Academy of Design in 1907, and was also a member of the National Institute of Art and Letters. And presently he was given commissions to decorate public buildings with historic subjects. For the Essex County Court House in Newark, New Jersey, he painted the "Landing of Carteret," and St. Paul, Minnesota, has his large decoration, the "Battle of Nashville."

Finally, after a long life of work, he thought it would not be wrong to take a vacation. A real vacation, not a short flight. At last he would go to Europe, that land where so many artists went as young men to learn how to paint from the old masters. He had not believed in that, nor did he believe that he would care much for Europe.

But he loved it. He took to its wonder and its beauty with the same whole-souled enthusiasm he had always shown in life. His letters back were real shouts of delight. And he started in to paint. He was painting in Florence. The picture showed a blue-green sea, flecked with foam, shining, slippery rocks, a cold white moon, and in its light the eerie loveliness of a mermaid siren, winding white arms about a fisher-lad. The picture is not quite finished, and it will never be

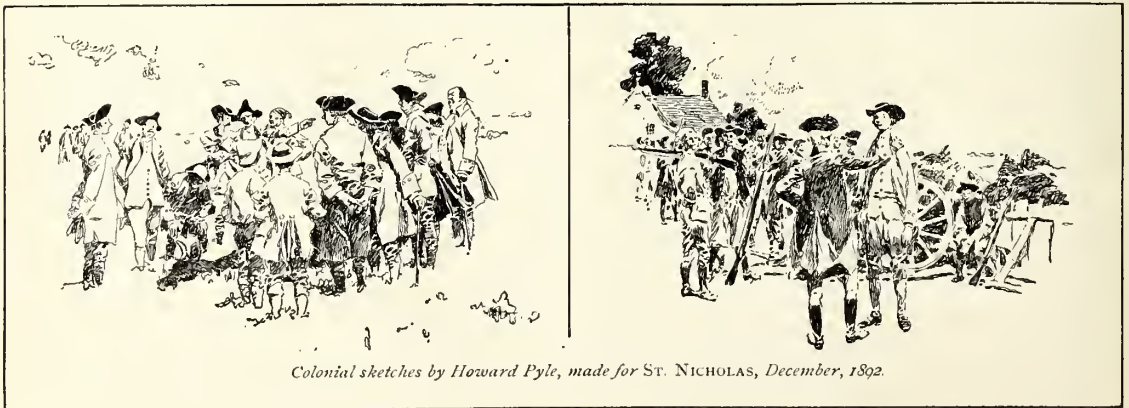
finished. For the painter laid down his brushes one morning, and never took them up again. He died there in Florence on November 9th, 1911.

In appearance Pyle was of medium height, a well-built man, with a high, bald forehead, an oval face, and an expression of marked serenity and deep friendliness. You felt, as soon as you met him, that here was a man who was good, good clean through, strongly good. Some goodness is like light. You feel that if it came into contact with anything bad or wicked, that badness or wickedness would become good too, just as when you take a light into a dark room, the darkness becomes light. That was the sort of goodness Pyle had, and it made happiness all around him.

After his death there was an exhibition in his home city. The friends who got it up thought that probably several hundred people would come to it. But the whole city came! Shop girls, deaconesses, laborers, artists, colored folk, fashionable women, the wealthy and the poor, and particularly boys—and still more boys! They liked his pictures. They collected in a group before the "Marooned Pirate" or "The Flying Dutchman." And they came back, bringing other boys.

Howard Pyle would have liked that. For he loved boys and understood them. His pictures and stories are the kind a boy delights in, even though they are also appreciated by bearded artists and important grown-ups generally. He was always ready to help a boy—but then he was always ready to help a girl too, or any one who seemed to need anything he could give or do.

He has been called America's greatest illustrator. He was also one of the best of Americans, fulfilling, in the most natural, unassuming and unconscious manner those high and yet simple ideals which lie behind whatever is great and worth while in the achievement of our country.



Colonial sketches by Howard Pyle, made for ST. NICHOLAS, December, 1892.

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS



A GROVE OF YOUNG ENGLISH WALNUT TREES.

THE "NUT OF THE GODS"

PLANT an English walnut-tree. If you have room, plant a grove of them, for the cultivation of the English walnut is not only one of the newest, but one of the most rapidly growing, industries in the United States. The reason for this lies in the fact that this country is producing not more than half enough of these nuts to supply the demand.

The Persian walnut, commonly called the English walnut, was named the "nut of the gods" by the old Romans, and by them it was distributed throughout southern Europe, where descendants of these original trees are now standing—some of them more than a thousand years old—lasting monuments to the men who conquered these countries. Before the great war in Europe, which will doubtless destroy thousands of these productive trees, the United States alone was importing more than 27,000,000 pounds of nuts from them every year, and about half a million dollars' worth of their timber, which is very valuable,

having a handsome grain and being unusually heavy; so heavy, in fact, that the green wood will not float in water. The wood is used in the manufacture of gun-stocks and furniture, having a greater value than mahogany. A single tree has been known to sell for more than three thousand dollars.

Realizing the importance of having a home supply of English walnut-trees, France passed a law in 1720 prohibiting the exportation of the timber. How well advised was this measure may be appreciated when it is known that the United States is importing yearly from southern France a large percentage of our total consumption of 50,000,000 pounds of English walnuts.

The Romans did not neglect England, either; for, as a beneficent result of their invasion, many of these fine trees, hundreds of years old, are scattered along its roads and drives. Some are nearly a hundred feet high, with a spread of more than a hundred feet, and bear thousands of nuts for their owners every year. One tree is reported to be more than a thousand years old

and to produce more than 100,000 nuts a year, being a chief factor in the support of five families. In England, by the way, it is customary to eat the fresh nuts, after the removal of the outer skin. They are often served with wine, and are regarded as a great delicacy.

The Germans, also, were quick to discover the great value of these trees, and very early formed the habit of planting a young English walnut-tree to take the place of one which, for any reason, had been cut down. The Germans were also said, in certain localities, to have a law which required every young farmer intending to marry to show that he was the owner of a stated number of English walnut-trees.

It is believed that the first English walnut-tree in this country was planted by Roger Morris in 1758, at what is now known as Washington Heights, New York City. George Washington must have seen that tree in 1776. Just one hundred years later, in Philadelphia, Norman Pomeroy, of Lockport, New York, found a tree (possibly a descendant of the original Morris tree) which was loaded with an exceptionally fine va-

well as of the many fruitful and ornamental trees now growing in all parts of the north and east.

Experts say there is no good reason why this country should not raise enough English walnuts for our own needs at least, and even export a few million dollars' worth. The value of these nuts we are importing is greater than that of the apples exported yearly by both Canada and the United States, and this, too, when Canada and the United States are known as apple countries.

California is producing about 12,000 tons of English walnuts a year, but its crop last year was injured to the extent of two or three thousand tons by three days of extremely hot weather, the thermometer registering 115° in many of the walnut sections. In spite of this, however, the crop realized more than three and a half million dollars.

The California growers do not have the frosts to open the outer shucks which we have here in the east, but they overcome this drawback in a great measure by irrigating a few days before the nuts are ripe. They begin the harvest the last of September, gathering the nuts which have



ENGLISH WALNUT TREES NEAR LOCKPORT, NEW YORK, PLANTED SINCE 1900.

riety of sweet-flavored nuts, thin-shelled, and with a very full meat. That very tree, with Mr. Pomeroy's help, was the progenitor of all the English walnut groves in western New York, as

fallen, drying them in trays for a few days, then taking them to the Association packing-houses, where they are bleached and sacked. The Association does the shipping and marketing, and the



WHEN THE NUTS ARE RIPE—TWO WILLING WORKERS.

grower gets his check on delivery at the warehouse; for there is no waste, and the nuts are all sold before the harvest begins—in fact, often oversold.

In some of the old missions of California, there are English walnut-trees more than one hundred and forty years old, with trunks four feet in diameter. There are many of these individual ancient trees throughout the State, but the oldest of the orchards have been planted only thirty-five or forty years. Some of these trees have a spread of eighty feet or more, and the growers consider that an English walnut orchard will bear profitably for at least two hundred years.

If trees will do this in irrigated sections, they will live and grow much longer in unirrigated places; for it is well known that the roots of trees not irrigated go much deeper into the subsoil, and get the moisture and nourishment which this subsoil furnishes. The roots of irrigated trees remain nearer the surface and are not so long-lived.

As an ornamental tree, the English walnut is unsurpassed. It has a light bark and dark green foliage, which remains until late in the fall, being

shed with the nuts in October and never during the summer. It is also an exceptionally clean tree and beautifully shaped, and, so far as is known, has never been preyed upon by the San José scale or any other insect pest, owing, it is supposed, to its peculiar alkaline sap.

The demand for this nut is increasing rapidly, as its great food value is constantly becoming better known. Its meat contains more nutriment than the same amount of beefsteak.

The price is keeping pace with the demand, and the growers are now receiving three times as much for a pound of nuts as they got a few years ago when they were producing only a tenth of the present output.

Thus it may be seen that the planting of English walnut-trees is not only an exceedingly lucrative venture for the present generation, but it means the conferring of a priceless boon upon the generations to come. Some States are considering the advisability of planting these trees along the new state roads, after the custom in England and Germany, where practically all the walnuts are distributed along the drives or serve as ornamental shade-trees upon the lawns. There



A BRANCH LADEN WITH ENGLISH WALNUTS.

is one avenue in Germany which is bordered on both sides for ten miles by enormous English walnut-trees which meet in the center, thus forming a beautiful covered lane and at the same time yielding hundreds of dollars' worth of nuts each season.

It is the custom in England and Germany to lease the trees to companies which pay so much for the privilege of harvesting the nuts, thus yielding a steady income to the owners.

Besides the demand for the English walnut as a table and confectionery delicacy, they are often used for pickles, catsup, and preserves, and in France many tons are made into oil, furnishing an excellent substitute for olive-oil.

HOLLISTER SAGE.

CONTROLLING TRAINS BY WIRELESS MESSAGES

USUALLY, train dispatchers of a railway tap the telegraph-key in sending to the train-conductor a message to stop at a station, or pass it if the way is clear. The dispatcher's order is a telegram sent over the wire, to a towerman, who on the

receipt of the order sets a semaphore signal either to stop the train or allow it to proceed, as the order may direct.

We see the telegraph-poles supporting two, three, or sometimes twenty wires. All these wires and poles are necessary when the movements of freight- and passenger-trains are controlled by signals. The signal service yearly costs the company a large sum of money to build, and to repair when out of order.

It seems strange that wireless messages, such as those sent across the ocean or between vessels on the sea, had not been put in service on our railways, since it would avoid the expense of the telegraph-poles and wires.

One company, known as the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western, one of the longest railway systems in the East, has at last begun the use of the wireless telegraph for signal-stations and for other uses. The engineers have built steel towers high in the air, as far as 300 miles apart. The tiny network of electrified wires at the tops of these towers catch and send the messages, which reach the dispatcher's office and the station



A WIRELESS OPERATOR ON A MOVING TRAIN.

by other wires connecting with the sounders of sending-keys.

Tests made on this railway show that wireless communication can be maintained to and from a train equipped with a quadrangle of wire supported at a height of only eighteen inches above the roof of the car. The distance between Scran-



THE WIRELESS TOWER, 402 FEET HIGH, AT THE HOBOKEN TERMINAL.

ton and Binghampton is about sixty-five miles, and, in the experiments just made, it was found possible to maintain communication from a train running at fifty-five miles per hour, part of the time direct from the train to the fixed station, away from which the train was speeding; and when the train had proceeded to a point too far away for its short aerial to force signals through to this first station direct, the signals were delivered to the station by being picked up at the second station and relayed back.

At no time during the tests was the train out of communication, in this way, with either station. The Marconi system is employed, except that the power is furnished by a special motor-generator, driven from the train-lighting dynamo, and the ground connection is made to the rails by a wire to one of the car-trucks.

There is another advantage of the wireless service over the poles and wires, as messages can be received and sent from the cars, and, not only the conductors can keep in touch with the dispatchers, but the passengers can receive and send messages by using the apparatus in a car that is fitted with wireless instruments. The following story shows how the wireless telegraph can be used in an emergency.

A conductor of a train was taken ill while his train was running at high speed, westbound. The next station at which a relief conductor could be



WIRELESS "ANTENNAE" ON A VESTIBULE TRAIN.

obtained was Scranton, thirty miles away. Ordinarily, a delay would have been unavoidable—either a stop in order to send a telegram by wire asking for a relief conductor, or a wait at Scranton.

ton after arrival at that point. But thanks to the wireless telegraph equipment, there was no need to take either of these measures.

Instead, the conductor notified the wireless operator on the train, and the latter sent a message direct to Scranton, with the result that a relief conductor was on hand to take charge when the train pulled in. In the same way an extra car, needed to provide accommodations for an unusual crowd of passengers, was ordered to be in readiness to be coupled on at Scranton, thus eliminating the delay that would ordinarily have occurred in getting the car up from the yard.

The wireless telegraph can be depended upon for unflinching communication between running trains and stations, and between the trains themselves, which may mean a revolution in the operation of trains comparable to that which followed the introduction of the ordinary wire telegraph for this purpose. When railroads can install equipment with which dispatchers and train-conductors are able to keep in direct touch, regardless of stops, it becomes possible to save much time in routine train operation.

HENRY HALE.

GIANT CORKSCREWS

THICKLY scattered over an area of at least five hundred miles in Nebraska, mostly in Sioux

County, are the so-called "devil's corkscrews"—otherwise known as "fossil twisters." Some of them are as much as forty feet long. All over that region, they may be seen projecting from the sides of cliffs, and in other places, where the rocky formations have been worn away by water and wind, these vertical spirals of quartz may be found embedded in sandstone. It is difficult to realize that they are the works of nature instead of wonderful works of art.

Until very recently the origin of these "corkscrews" has been an unsolved problem. Many theories were advanced to account for them, but the generally accepted idea was that they were the giant burrows of a huge extinct gopher. But as geology shows that Nebraska once formed the bed of a vast lake, with its aquatic growths, now it has been practically decided that they are petrified water-weeds of enormous size which grew on the bottom of this lake. In course of time the lake became a peat bog; and as ages passed, the weeds were buried by sediment, which, transformed into rock, has preserved them for the astonishment and instruction of the human race which had not then made its appearance on the earth.

R. L. HONEYMAN.

UNCLE SAM'S NEWS-LETTER ABOUT THE BIRDS

THERE is an aerial machine far more economical of energy than the best aeroplane invented, and that is the bird known as the golden plover. This bird, according to the United States Department of Agriculture's new bulletin (No. 185) on "Bird Migration," can fly 2,400 miles without a stop, making the trip in not quite 48 hours, and using only two ounces of fuel in the shape of body fat. A thousand-pound aeroplane, if as economical of fuel, would consume in a 20-mile flight, not the gallon of gasoline required by the best machines, but only a single pint. The fact that the screw propeller of the aeroplane has no lost motion, while the to-and-fro motion of the bird's wings appears to be an uneconomical way of applying power, makes this small consumption of fuel seem even more strange.

Even the little humming-bird can do better than the aeroplane, for in its migration across the Gulf of Mexico it flies over 500 miles in a single night. Nearly all birds, in fact, show in their soaring and sailing that they are proficient in the use of several factors in the art of flying that have not yet been mastered, either in principle or practice, by the most skillful of modern aviators. A vulture or a crane, after a few preliminary wing-beats, sets its wings and mounts in wide sweeping



A NEBRASKA "FOSSIL TWISTER."

circles to a great height, overcoming gravity with no exertion apparent to human vision even when assisted by the most powerful telescopes.

The Carolina rail, or sora, has small short wings, apparently ill-adapted to protracted flight; and ordinarily, when forced to fly it does so reluctantly, and alights as soon as possible. It

that, after laboring with tired wings across the seemingly endless waste, they sink exhausted on reaching land, is disproven by facts, according to the bulletin. It seems, rather, that the powers of locomotion, with which nature has endowed many birds, are so wonderful that under normal conditions they can easily cross the Gulf of Mexico at its widest point, and even pass without pause over the low swampy coastal plain to the higher territory beyond. So little averse are birds to an ocean flight, that many fly from eastern Texas to the Gulf coast of southern Mexico, though this 400 miles of water-journey hardly shortens the distance of travel by an hour's flight. Thus birds avoid the hot treeless plains and scant provender of southern Texas by a direct flight from the moist, insect-teeming forests of northern Texas to a similar country in southern Mexico.

Everybody knows that birds, when they migrate in the fall, generally "go South," but knowledge is seldom more specific. The bulletin brings out the fact that, while some birds go to Florida, the West Indies, or Mexico, others, such as the bobolink, go as far south as Paraguay and the southern part of Brazil.

A CABLE BRIDGE IN THE NORTHWEST

CABLE bridges swaying precariously in the wind are by no means rare in the Pacific Northwest, where turbulent streams are crossed by their means. The accompanying picture shows such a bridge

over the Spokane River, near old Fort Spokane, about sixty miles below the present thriving city of Spokane. Passage across the bridge is not nearly so hazardous as would appear, as the cables are firmly anchored in solid granite, and bear substantial foot-boards two feet wide. Some of the best trout-fishing in the world is to be had in this part of the country, while the scenery is unsurpassed in the entire Northwest.

ROBERT H. MOULTON.



A CABLE BRIDGE SPANNING SPOKANE RIVER.

flies with such awkwardness, and apparently becomes so quickly exhausted, that at least one writer has been led to infer that most of its migration must be made on foot; the facts are, however, that the Carolina rail has one of the longest migration routes of the whole rail family and easily crosses the wide reaches of the Caribbean Sea.

The popular belief that birds under ordinary circumstances find ocean flight wearisome, and



"A HEADING FOR MAY" BY CLARENCE JOHNSON, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE drawings and photographs light up our pages this month with something of the cheery brightness that May-time always brings; and we get the impression that they seem to have been done without effort. But did you ever stop to think how many things that seem easy are n't really easy at all? Truly successful things seldom are. There 's a deal of patient push and striving hidden away in them somewhere, as a rule, from the smallest tasks up to the greatest. For instance, at this warm, spring season, we often see the trees burst forth into their green leaves within a week, or even a few days. It is a miracle, but it seems

so easy. We can form no conception of the amount of energy—"billions of tons of energy" is the way the scientists put it, yes *billions*—that our steadfast old friend up in the sky, the sun, pours out so lavishly each year, to reclothe the earth for us in the beautiful robes of summer.

This little sermonette seems to have wandered off into a pretty big subject; but it is merely a hint that perhaps some of the "Chance Shots" shown this month were n't quite so easy as the title might imply. And certainly the work of the League, as a whole, is a "Triumph of Faith" —and effort!

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 183

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **L. Minerva Turnbull** (age 15), Virginia. Silver badges, **Margaret R. Gay** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Anna E. Botsford** (age 16), New York; **Carol B. Rhodes** (age 12), New York.

VERSE. Gold badges, **Dorothy Ray Petgen** (age 12), Pennsylvania; **Norman Cabot** (age 14), Massachusetts. Silver badges, **Llewellyn Wilcox** (age 17), Cal.; **Peggy Norris** (age 16), Mass.; **Ethel Carver Litchfield** (age 15), Pa.

DRAWINGS. Silver badges, **Miriam Eisenberg** (age 14), New York; **Duane Van Vechten** (age 16), Illinois; **Amelia Winter** (age 14), New York; **Clarence Johnson** (age 16), Illinois.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badges, **Elizabeth Kimball** (age 14), Massachusetts; **Walter P. Yarnall** (age 14), Pennsylvania. Silver badges, **Beatrice Quackenbush** (age 16), Oregon; **Howard R. Sherman** (age 11), New Jersey; **Ferris Neave** (age 13), England.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **Mary Jasner** (age 15), Pennsylvania; **Dorothy Rand** (age 10), Massachusetts.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badge, **Dorothy Wilcox** (age 15), Connecticut.



BY ELIZABETH KIMBALL, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.
SILVER BADGE WON AUG., 1914)



BY WALTER P. YARNALL, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.
SILVER BADGE WON DEC., 1914)

"A CHANCE SHOT."

THE WAKENING WORLD

BY DOROTHY RAY PETGEN (AGE 12)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1914)

MORNING

Rosy light is fading into gold,
 Wakening birds are trilling in the trees,
 Opening blossoms smile to meet the sun,
 New-born leaflets tremble in the breeze.
 All the wakening world around me lies.
 Now the winter's chill and snow are past,
 Harken to the voices of the earth—
 "Spring! the magic spring is come at last!"

MIDDAY

Merry streamlets ripple down the glen,
 Sun-kissed waters dimple in a pool
 Where the little shadows violets hide,
 And the willows bend, all fresh and cool.
 Now the sun is highest in the sky,
 Now the birds their sweetest carols sing;
 Blossom laden branches murmur low,
 All the world is wakening—it is spring!

EVENING

Twilight's dream spell now lies over all;
 In the evening quiet, scented, sweet,
 Cherry blossoms whisper to the breeze,
 Tiny flowers quiver at my feet.
 Lady Moon is floating up the blue,
 Faint star-candles flicker in the skies;
 From the trees a robin calls good-night,
 And the dewy wind of spring time sighs.

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH

BY L. MINERVA TURNBULL (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won February, 1915)

FAITH MARLEY was sitting on the porch with a book in her hand and a despondent look on her face, while Margaret Smith was coming towards the house.

"How can you smile, Margaret, when you know we are going to have a terrible exam on Cæsar to-morrow!" exclaimed Faith, as her friend seated herself on the porch steps.

"How can you look so unhappy on such a beautiful day?" was the retort; but the expression on Faith's face remained the same. Margaret determined to change that despairing look, if it were possible.

"Faith," she began, "I've never seen any one that made so little effort to live up to her name! If only you had faith in yourself and believed that you were going to pass, I know you would be reading Cicero with me next year."

"It's all right for you to talk," was the reply, "but you've never had to practise what you preach."

"Indeed I have!" Margaret said quickly. "I sent a drawing to St. Nicholas League last year and I certainly needed a lot of faith to make me believe that it would be published, but I *did* believe it, and was successful. I did n't win a silver badge, but everything comes by perseverance, and this month I've tried again. Please, Faith, won't you believe that you will pass?"

"Margaret," Faith replied, "I will try to live up to my name"; and Margaret was satisfied.

That night, Faith studied; and as she was not worrying, she learned more about Latin than she had ever known before. After the examination, she met Margaret with the assurance that she believed she had passed.

The day for announcing the marks had come, and Faith, regardless of her determination to live up to her name, was nervous. Then the teacher read out, "Miss Marley, eighty-five." The experiment had worked and Faith and faith had triumphed!

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH

BY MARGARET R. GAY (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

IN a dark room whose windows overlooked the Severn river, sat a man. He was surrounded by drawings which covered the floor. He was thinking, and, if he had given utterance to his thoughts, they might have been like this:

"What is the use! This can come to nothing. I have been told so by every one. Perhaps I am foolish, as they say. But still, why should not iron float if—



"A CHANCE SHOT." BY EMILY L. HOSKINSON, AGE 13.
 (SILVER BADGE.)

no, it will not. These great people with whom I have talked must know better than I." Here he listlessly picked up one of the drawings and looked at it. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation and bent forward to look more closely. He studied it intently for some time, then seized a pencil and began to draw. Finally he stopped and put the paper in his pocket.

"I must have faith," he said to himself, "and patience."

SEVERAL months afterward, on the banks of the Severn, a great crowd was gathered to watch the launching of the first iron ship. Many were the jeers, for every one believed the ship must sink immediately; on its first trial. Even when the ship was sliding down the ways to the water, the crowd was not stilled. Suddenly, amid all the tumult, came a shrill voice:

"She floats! The iron ship floats!" And there was the ship floating safely on the water. The crowd held its breath. But then the same voice cried out,

"Three cheers for the iron ship and for its maker!" And the cheers were given.

So to John Wilkinson, with his great faith, do we owe the huge ships that we have now.

THE REASON WHY

BY LLEWELLYN WILCOX (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

The night must come that there may be the dawn;
There must be darkness ere can come the light;
For there could be no moon without the night.
So pain must come before it can be gone.



"FINE FEATHERS." BY MIRIAM EISENBERG, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

So must the storms of winter beat upon
The old earth, that the sun may shine more bright,
That flowers of spring may grow. A bitter fight
Must needs be fought before the palm is won.

I partly understand the reason why
It thus must be; and yet I cannot tell,
Nor can explain the wondrous plan of test.
But this I know,—enough to satisfy
My soul—that He who doeth all things well
Hath made it so, and therefore it is best.

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH

BY ANNA E. BOTSFORD (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

JEAN sat at the open window in her pretty room at Oberlin, looking out on the moonlit campus and listening to the soft laughter of the girls, so in keeping with the peaceful scene.

It was June, and the evening before her graduation. Jean sat thinking, recalling everything from the beginning.

What a struggle it had been; how she had striven and prayed for a chance to win; and how hard it had been to obtain the means for her education! There had been the invalid mother to care for, coupled with the business failure of her father. Economy had been practiced in every conceivable way. The cloud had sometimes seemed too black to have a silver lining.

Even through the hot summer she had worked with tireless energy, only to go back to school for another year of persistent effort. Oh, it had been so hard!

But she smiled as she saw this other picture; a group of girls out for a frolic; a jolly party of laughing youth, the merry companionship which had made her life such a joy and had given her so much happiness.

Why not resolve to forget all the mean little things in life, holding only to those which were good and noble? How much better it would be!

A feeling of peace and calm came over her, and a look of triumph lighted her face. It was worth all the hardships to learn this priceless truth.

How had she won? Had it been alone through steadfast belief that the end could eventually be accomplished? Had love of real companionship buoyed her to the finish?

No, not in these did the secret lie; beneath them all was the true factor, work. This had been the foundation.

Jean smiled. The triumph of true faith lies in effort. How precious the sequel!

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH

BY MARION RICHARDSON (AGE 11)

MARJORIE was sitting on the sand after her first attempt to swim. Father himself had said she got on beautifully and, as she sat on the sand, she kept hoping that some time her turn would come to show her skill.

As she turned her head towards the blue water, Marjorie's eyes met a sight that spread a wave of terror through her. There, walking up the spring-board, was little Henry, Marjorie's small brother, just five years old! Little Henry did not know how to swim a stroke. Marjorie forgot how deep the water was, she forgot that she could n't swim well; her

only thought was for her brother. She was in the water in a moment and swimming after Henry. She caught him just as he was sinking, and, with her arm around him, tried to reach the shore. Her strength was giving out and she felt herself gradually getting fainter and fainter, but she had faith in her swimming, and was



"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY DUANE VAN VECHTEN, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

determined to save her brother. As she was almost sinking, she felt strong arms about her and knew her Father held her safe. Then she lost consciousness and everything was dark.

The next thing she knew, she was sitting in an arm-chair with Brother right near, asking for "more of dat milk-toast."



BY HARRY CLOW, AGE 13.



BY ADELIN DE V. KENDALL, AGE 16.



BY MARGARET PHILLIPS,
AGE 13.



BY OTIS W. BALIS, AGE 13.



BY BEATRICE QUACKENBUSH, AGE 16.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY HELEN E. WILLIAMS, AGE 17.



BY HOWARD R. SHERMAN, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY MARY GRACE NICHOLAS, AGE 11.



BY DOROTHY EDWARDS, AGE 14.

"A CHANCE SHOT."

SONG FOR THE WAKENING WORLD

BY ETHEL CARVER LITCHFIELD (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

I

O COME, I pray, come, come away
 Into some pretty lane!
 Do not say nay, my love, 't is May
 And blossom-time again.
 These buds of spring are fairer far
 Than summer's full-blown roses are.

II

O don't you hear, from far and near,
 The bluebird's happy song?
 Then come, my dear, while spring is here,
 It cannot linger long.
 The dawn will deepen into noon,
 And May must give her place to June.

III

The primrose sweet, blooms 'neath our feet,
 But only for awhile
 For time is fleet, though youth is sweet;
 So now with song and smile—
 O come, my love, and just be glad
 'T is spring, and we are lass and lad.

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH

BY MAY E. WISHART (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

THE sea stretched out, a ruffled sheet of blue, in the sunlight. Where it met the sky, a purple haze blurred the horizon. A schooner was moving out beyond the point.

When it had become a speck in the distance, the girl turned reluctantly and hurried across the sand to her home at the edge of the beach. Her eyes were troubled, for in the house her father lingered between life and death, and on the schooner, her brother was departing on a fishing-trip. He had promised to be back by Sunday. But she sighed, and went into the house.

Saturday morning, the sun rose unseen. Dark clouds raced across the sky, the mercury fell, the wind raged, and lashed the waves to fury. By night the ocean was a maelstrom of death.

Out of the little house Agnes slipped, and fought her way through the storm to the rocks at the edge of the beach. Her father was worse and was calling for Tom; but Tom had not come. When the *Sea Gull* was men-

tioned, old seamen shook their heads. Lights shone from the tiny church. The villagers had gathered there to pray for the absent fishermen.

The girl shuddered as she thought of the ugly rocks at the point. But surely Tom would be spared to them! If he would only come in time! The shrieking wind bore her prayers aloft. All night she clung to the rocks, and peered out into the blackness of the crashing breakers. Just before dawn, she crept into the house and, drenched to the skin, fell asleep on the floor.



"A CHANCE SHOT." BY CHARLES B. COOPER, AGE 12.

When she awoke, the sun was shining in upon her. She went to her father's bedroom.

"Sh! He 's asleep!" her mother cautioned.

The girl went to the window. The sea and sky were clear blue. Even as she looked, a schooner glided, phantom-like, around the point. She returned to the bedroom.

"Mother!" she whispered joyously. "He 's safe. The *Sea Gull* is back!"



"FINE FEATHERS." BY KENNETH DAVIS, AGE 16.

THE WAKENING WORLD

BY PEGGY NORRIS (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

THE rising sun looked forth upon
 A scene of newness green,
 And where before were bare, brown fields
 Was now a feathery sheen,
 Which covered all the wakened world,
 Where grasses grew and leaves unfurled.

For, when the winter came, it laid
 A coverlet of white,
 Which spread upon the sleeping earth
 A blanket soft and light;
 And there beneath its snowy pall
 It waited for the south wind's call.

A gentle and refreshing rain
 Had fallen through the night,
 And then at morn the sun's bright rays
 Had bathed the world in light;
 And now the springtime breezes blew
 And gently rocked the grasses new.

The woods were carpeted with bloom,—
 The violets' rich hue,
 Hepaticas, like fallen stars—
 Above, the cloudless blue,
 While, from the lilac, fragrance floats
 And mingles with the robin's notes.

THE WHY OF THINGS

BY NORMAN CABOT (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won November, 1914)

In the dark night, when shone the silent stars,
 Full far my eye might pierce, ere I beheld
 The orb most distant from the earth; and yet,
 E'en as I looked, I thought that these great worlds
 Might be as dancing motes, to vaster realms
 Beyond the precincts of all earthly dreams.
 And as I mused, a silent, dull despair
 Crept o'er my spirit, while I reasoned thus:
 How may we hope by human means to find
 The why of things, whose utmost borders stretch
 So far beyond the optic sphere of men;
 To raise ourselves through piercing thought, at last,
 To perfect being by perfected lore—
 Our greatest reach so small, the goal too far
 For that great dream to know reality.
 But Wisdom, knowing all my thoughts, replied:
 "Look to those worms, who strive in southern seas,
 Blindly, their labors to pursue, and live
 Their lives; though small, yet all combined
 Form coral isles, where men may make their homes—
 These fragile worms, these tiny, senseless things,
 Who spend their short and unadventuring lives
 In depths of ocean and unending night."

"THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH"

(A True Story)

BY CAROL B. RHODES (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

In a cold, bleak, and mountainous part of the Balkan States there is situated a small mission-school conducted by two American missionaries, one of whom was a young American girl who had come over from America only two years before.

One day, as the missionaries were seated at lunch, there came the news that a fierce Turkish chieftain was staying near by, and that at any moment he might make a raid upon the mission-school and massacre the people.

Immediately the young girl rose. Without donning either coat or hat, she mounted her white horse, and, after seizing the American flag for protection, dashed gallantly off to the chieftain's camp.

What a picture she made in her dark dress, sitting



"FINE FEATHERS." BY LUCIE C. HOLT,
 AGE 15.

upright upon the white steed and holding the American flag high above her head as she dashed up to the chieftain's tent!

Without waiting to dismount, she made known to the chieftain her name and her purpose, and before he had an opportunity to make any reply, she added in a loud

voice, "I demand the protection of myself and my people!"

The chieftain, astounded at her bravery, immediately promised to grant her demand, and, after giving her food, sent her home with an escort, promising to remove his troops from that part of the country.



"A CHANCE SHOT." BY FERRIS NEAVE, AGE 13.
 (SILVER BADGE.)

Thus the young American's faith in her flag, and her wish to do right, gave her the triumph of having saved her people from destruction.

THE REASON WHY

BY FLORENCE WILSON TOWLE (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

THE reason why I love some folks
 Is simple as can be—
 There are a few I know I love
 Just 'cause they all love me.
 And some I love 'cause they 're such fun,—
 I like the things they do—
 But I can never quite decide
 The reason I love you.

It is n't 'cause your eyes are brown,
 It 's not the way you laugh,
 Nor 'cause, when you 've a candy box,
 You always give me half.
 It 's everything you do or say—
 I guess it must be true,
 The reason why I love you so
 Is just because you 're—you!

THE AWAKENING WORLD

BY ELIZABETH FAY HART (AGE 11)

THE world woke up with the touch of spring,
 The robins and bluebirds began to sing.
 The brook rushed on to the restless sea,
 And sang this little song for me.

"The snow is melting fast away,
 Birds have come again to stay
 Till the leaves grow gold and red,
 Till the summer days have sped.

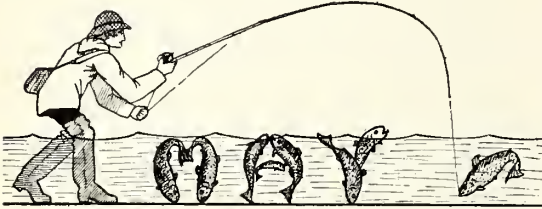
"Flowers are peeping through the snow,
 Greeting me where'er I go,
 Birds are flying in the air,
 Singing, 'Spring is everywhere.'"

"THE AWAKENING"

BY RODERICK YOUNG (AGE 16)

THE sun-god gilds the east with rosy dawn;
The silvery moon shines in the western night;
The day has yet to come, tho' night has gone,—
Then, in this mellow glow, we see aright.

Not dazzled by the splendor of the sun,
And night's dark veil does not our vision ban,
Nor fooled by empty pride of heights we've won,
We view the insignificance of man.



"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY WALDRON FAULKNER, AGE 16.

THE REASON WHY

BY EMMA JACOBS (AGE 14)

OH, why is the grass so fresh and green,
And why does the robin sing so gay,
And why do the trees begin to bud,
And why does the cock, at break of day,
Crow out so loud and lustily,
And drive the long night's sleep away?
'T is May.

And why in cool, dark, mossy glens
Are dainty little violets found,
And why does the brook sing so merrily,
And why is earth in this splendor gown'd,
And why do the farmers plough the fields?
All Earth repeats the joyful sound:
'T is May.

As he sits and cons his "rule of three,"
In the little red school beside the hill,
Why do the birds seem to call him on
And why is it hard for a boy to sit still,
Why does he think of the quiet pool
Where the fish lie deep, or the stream by the mill?
The reason why—'t is May!

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1	John Marshall	Pauline Heller
Robert W. Lewis, Jr.	Elizabeth Cooper	Erna P. Schraubstadter
Adelaide S. Newlin, II	Reginald L. Capon	Blanche F. Livingston
Woodbridge E. Morris	Tillie Rosen	Kinley Engvalson
Gertrude Green	Emma W. Knapp	Mary L. Brennan
Page Williams	Elise Houghton	Ruth H. Brown
Margaret T. Smith	Vail Motter	Dorothy Towne
Frances E. Mills	Gladys I. Pelz	Margaret Alden
Katharine	Arthur Gardiner	Freda Wolfe
Van R. Holste	Mary Bancroft	Eva Tauberman
Virginia B. Smith	F. Aline Krips	Molly Serson
Beatrice Hurwitz	Evelyn G. Pullen	Sophie C. Hills
Elizabeth Gordon Gray	Ruth Jeffries	Katharine Winchester
Alice Bever	Carolyn Dean	Louise M. Sanford
Abel Greenstein	Virginia M. Allcock	Eugenia Raymond
S. Dorothy Jones	Barbara Kendall	Marjorie Harris
Morgan S. Callahan	Ruth McBride	Mollie Beckelman
Ethan Brent	Mollie Greenfield	Elizabeth Chuverius
Eleanora Bell	Katherine Yager	Bessie Rosenman
Georgia C. Greer	Margaret Pratt	Aletha Deitrick
Edith Brill	Rebekah A. Harman	Beatrice Egan
	Estelle Wellwood	Leo F. Wynne

- | | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| Karlene A. Armstrong | William R. | Hope Palmer |
| Charles Perry | Anderson, Jr. | Anna McAnear |
| Eleanor O. Staley | Marian Wightman | Felice Jarecky |
| Norma R. Gullette | Margaret S. K. Ross | Elena G. Savelli |
| Dorothy Holloway | Jean F. Black | Marguerite Carter |
| Gertrude Woolf | Marjorie McCreary | Dorothy Levy |
| Charles B. Steere | Claire H. Roesch | Eleanor D. Hall |
| Gladys Heidelberg | Beatrice Traub | Eleanor Johnson |
| Arvid Janson | Dora G. Golder | Helen F. Smith |
| Alice M. McLarney | Elizabeth L. King | Alice Card |
| Jos. M. Watson | Elizabeth Norton | Lucy L. Ferguson |
| Dorris E. Padgham | Charlotte Vanderlip | |
| J. Townsend | Frances J. Taylor | VERSE, 2 |
| Russell, Jr. | Mildred E. Fish | Louise Waring |
| Fredericka Blankner | Harriet S. Bailey | Max E. Konecky |
| Daisy P. Williamson | Elsa S. Ebeling | Mary R. Steichen |
| Dorothy Long | Margreta S. Kerr | Norma N. Knight |
| Ann Phelps | Isabel E. Rathborne | Beatrice Griffith |
| | Elizabeth B. Rider | |

PROSE, 2

- Sigmund
Liebenstein, Jr.
Eleanor P. Kortheuer
James R.
McClamrock, Jr.
Nell F. Hiscox
Elizabeth R. Child
G. Prescott Duncan
Edna Harley
Mildred Murray
Margaret Hinkley
Persis Miller
Gladys M. Smith
Mary E. Packer
Wilhelmine Hasbrouck
Marcella H. Foster
Alfred S. Valentine
Gertrude Hirschmann
Dorothy Daggett
Hannah Ratisher
Gertrude Goodman
Albert Campbell
Simone Bonaventure
Martha Lewis
Samuel Maidman
Ruth Jackson
Marcia Gale

VERSE, 1

- Clairese Wilcox
Grace Barron
Elizabeth C. Keiffer



"FINE FEATHERS." BY WILLIAM H. SAVIN, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

- | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------|
| Lucy Newman | Clifford A. Furst |
| Mary Stuart | Francis J. Godoy, Jr. |
| Katharine Brooks | Marthedit Furnas |
| Nicholas F. Palmer, 3d | Martha F. Bliss |
| Thomas Coolidge | Florence White |
| Arthur D. Lionberger | Lena Becker |
| Anna M. McCabe | Mary S. Benson |
| | Katherine Steiger |
| | Katherine Bull |
| | Willis F. Goldbeck |
| | Selma Brenner |
| | Barbara Prosser |
| | Sydney R. McLean |
| | Anne Dauchy |
| | Ruth C. Hess |
| | Ethelyn B. Crusel |
| | Louise A. Jackson |
| | Grace Becker |
| | Marguerite A. Wing |
| | Catherine E. Cook |
| | Frances Gillmor |
| | Barbara Wing |
| | Sarah Hiller |
| | Sterling North |
| | Marjorie Willis |
| | Claudia Overington |
| | Dorothy H. Wingert |
| | Harriet T. Parsons |
| | Josephine E. Maack |



"FINE FEATHERS." BY AMELIA WINTER, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

- | | |
|--------------------|------------------|
| Mary W. Fake | Sarah F. Borock |
| Mary G. Kenrick | Hope Nelson |
| Margaret Winfield | Mary I. Fry |
| Grace C. Freese | Evangeline Lueth |
| Venette M. Willard | Ivan L. Albright |

DRAWINGS, 1

- Yvonne Tomes
Julia S. Marsh
Marjorie B. Clarke
Harlan Hubbard
Alice Dunn
Edwin M. Gill
Naomi Brackett
Evelyn Ringemann
Helen N. Smith
Helen F. Sanford
Alice L. Wilson
Virginia Gardiner
Marion Monroe
Eleanor Scott
Marjorie L. Henderson
Charlotte Malsbary

Ruth Seymour
Walter H. Bange
Bess Winston
Henry M. Picken
Alma Kehoe
Ralph Schubert
Claus Peterson
F. S. Watts
Alta I. Davis
Emma Stuyvesant
Helen G. Barnard
Anne Johnston
Edith B. Woodworth
Edith C. Walker
Lillian A. Anderson
E. Theodore Nelson
Margaret C. McLain
Isobel Bailey
Frances B. Brooks
Katharine E. Smith
Maurice A. Easter
Margaret Warren
J. Eleanor Peacock
Louise S. May
Frances Fairley
Marion Lazenby

Anita Cook
Adelaide Hatch
Vera Wolff
Catherine Pelton
Cecil Williams
Anna Lincoln
George Nichols, Jr.

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Dorothea V. Weinacht
Patrina M. Colis
Esther B. White
Kathleen Bridgford
Carolyn Scon
Amelia C. Johnson
Helen F. Bauer
John J. Miller
Marion Weinstein
Mary Cunningham
Rosamond Davis
Richard C. Ramsey
Gerald H. Loomis
Elizabeth T. Gill
Perry B. Jenkins
Alice Schmus

Mary T. Murray
Marshall Meyer
Armand Donaldson
Martha L. Bartlett
Katharine Inglis



"FINE FEATHERS." BY
WILLIAM H. WELLS,
AGE 13.

Louise de Gaugue
Elinor L. Williams
Clement P. Cobb
Eleanor K. Newell
Clinton Kirk
Eugene Staley
Chas. H. Sabin, Jr.
Mary L. Curry
Margaret A. Levi

PUZZLES, 1

Eloise Peckham
Marguerite A. Harris
Julius Brenner
Dorothy Emily Urick
Julian L. Ross



"FINE FEATHERS." BY
GRETCHEM HERZ,
AGE 16.

Mariana Steele
Flavia Waters
Penn McGrann
Eunice Jackson
E. S. Thompson
Dwight W. Caswell
Marie L. Sanderson
Esther Eisen
Frank Bisinger
Ingebor Nylund
Allen B. Walker



"FINE FEATHERS." BY EVELYN
ROSENTHAL, AGE 16.



"FINE FEATHERS." BY
MARJORIE WINTER-
MUTE, AGE 10.

Sibyl F. Weymóuth
Elizabeth Ritchie
Louise H. Lyman
Isabella McLaughlin
David Colladay
Helene Toerring
Kathryn Rohnert
Josephine Ramage
Dorothy Dyer
Ruth Barcher
Maude Ludington
Elizabeth Hale
A. Burroughs

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Marion E. Vosburgh
Marguerite Tjader
Anna C. Rogers
Dorothy Powell
Esther S. Fly
Anna R. Payne
Elizabeth Warren

Esther Israelowitz
Katherine Occhipinti
Helen A. Morgan
Gladys M. Randall
Easton Noble
Minnie Rubin
Edith Pierpont
Stickney
Edward Capps
Frances K. Marlatt
Eleanor Manning
Katharine Johnson
Margaret D. Reese
Ruth Browne
Irene Walber
Donald A. Cook
Margaret S. Anderson
William Clarke

PUZZLES, 2

Ramona D. Wolf
Eleanor Brand

Jack Bole
William Perloff
Evelyn C. Richter
Joe Earnest
Jessica B. Noble
Stuart W. Hill
Loretta Persow
Emma Faehrmann
Marion Baker
Bernard Goldbaum

Dorothy Besuden
Margaret Burkett
Ruth Ebitvitts
Helen Milliken
Anna G. Sassman
C. J. Gerber
Kathryn Peck
Miriam Hardy
Constance Mumford
Benjamin Arbitman

Owen H. Browne
Grace Walker
Elizabeth F. Cornell
Nathan Brown
Ruth Tracy Eaton
Sarah P. Thompson
Dorothy McConnell
Sam Churgel
P. Van Dyke Voorhees
Charles R. Swords

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 187

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 187 will close **May 24** (for foreign members **May 31**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **September**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Ebbing Tide."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Strange Happening."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Good Time."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Out of Doors," or a Heading for **September**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a *few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the *contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Pauline Hatfield
Catherine Spencer
Caroline B. Moore

DRAWINGS, 2

Louis S. Marchiony
Kathryn Eckbert
Helen Miller



A VERY NATURAL MISTAKE.

A Pixy, in a tropic land,
Once met a dainty maid.
She gazed in awe as, hand in hand,
Down sylvan paths they strayed.

"Oh! see those *dreadful* Owls," she said,
"All sitting in a row
Behind that tangled poppy-bed,
And staring at me so!"



HEAD OF THE
HORNED OWL



The Pixy smiled most knowingly:
 "They are not Owls," he cried,
 "Come nearer, little maid, and see,
 Pray do not run and hide!"

With that he waved his tiny reed—
 And, judge of her surprise,
 To find they were *not* Owls, indeed,
 But *lovely Butterflies!*



GEORGE O. BUTLER

THE TROPICAL
 OWL-BUTTERFLY



(FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK)

I. MR. DOG MEETS MR. BEAR IN THE FOREST

ONCE upon a time, in the good old days, Mr. Bear lived in a very comfortable house in the middle of a great wood, while poor Mr. Dog had no house at all, and thought himself lucky if he found so much as a nest of leaves or a roomy hollow tree to lie in.

Well, Mr. Bear not only had a real house all for himself, but it was a very nice house too. It had four windows, and a door, and a chimney. The windows had white lace curtains, and the door had a bright brass knocker, and the chimney was of red brick with a line of white-painted brick all around the top of it.

There was not such another house in the whole forest. It had two bedrooms, and a kitchen, and

for it made one feel elegant and quite civilized. When I say that Mr. Bear also owned a cottage-piano, and a beautiful lamp that he got for a prize with a box of tea, you will think at once that he ought to be very, very happy.

He ought, but he was n't.

I will tell you why in a very few words.

Mr. Bear was L-A-Z-Y.

He just hated to get up out of his warm four-post bed, and go down-stairs in the cold winter mornings to get breakfast. He even tried eating two suppers to see if he could n't skip breakfast altogether, but it did n't work, for he was just as hungry as ever the morning after, at six-thirty.

So one day when he went to walk in the forest he met Mr. Dog, and this is how they began to talk to each other:

"Good day to you, Mr. Bear," said Mr. Dog, making a very low bow as he spoke.

"Good day," said Mr. Bear,—“that is,” he added, “it might be a good day if I did n't have to do all the work in my house over yonder.”

“Oh!” said Mr. Dog, pricking up his ears, “I wish I lived in a beautiful house like yours, Mr. Bear! If I did, I'm sure I would n't mind the work of taking care of it.”

Mr. Bear stopped short, and scratched his head with his paw. His small eyes twinkled, for he had an idea, a fine idea, a wonderful idea; but it would n't do to look too anxious. So he gave a far-away glance at the tree-tops, and when he spoke he said in a far-away voice:

“If anybody came to live with me in my house, I should expect him to get up in the morning and get the breakfast,—oh, yes, and start the fire.”

“If anybody lived in a house like yours, Mr. Bear,” said Mr. Dog, jumping up and down with excitement and almost wagging his tail off as he



“IT MADE ONE FEEL QUITE CIVILIZED.”

a china-closet, and a parlor beside; and it had a neat gravel-walk leading up to it, and a porch and a door-scraper and a handsome sign beside it, which said “Please wipe your feet.” Every animal, for miles around, had been to see it, and most of them had wiped their feet on the scraper,



"MR. BEAR SPOKE AGAIN IN A FAR-AWAY VOICE."

spoke, "if anybody came to live with you in your house, he ought to *expect* to get up and get the breakfast,—oh yes! and build the fire, too."

Now when Mr. Bear saw how delighted Mr. Dog was, he had another idea and that was to get Mr. Dog to do *all* the work, instead of part of it.

Yes, indeed, Mr. Bear was lazy. So he kept his far-away look on the tree-tops, and he spoke again in a far-away voice:

"If anybody came to live with me in my house, I should expect him to get the dinner also."

Mr. Dog stopped jumping when he heard this, but he still wagged his tail, and he answered very promptly and to the point:



"DISHES! YOU NEVER SAW SO MANY!"

"If anybody came to live with you in your house, he ought to expect to get the dinner."

At this Mr. Bear, who had heard that Mr. Dog was a very good cook, almost rolled over and over with joy, but he remembered himself in time, and said, still looking at the far-away tree-tops as he answered:

"If anybody came to live in my house, I should expect him to get the supper, also."

Now when Mr. Dog heard this he stopped wagging his tail and he did n't reply for a moment. But through the trees he caught a glimpse of Mr. Bear's beautiful house, and he remembered how cold and hungry he had been all the night before. So he soon spoke up in answer, though rather solemnly:

"If anybody came to live in your house, Mr. Bear, he ought to expect to get the supper, also."

At this, Mr. Bear took his eyes off the distant tree-tops and said in a brisk business-like voice:

"Then, Mr. Dog, I 'd like you to live with me in my house—on those terms, on those terms, mind you! Come, shall we shake paws, and call it a bargain?"

"Yes, Mr. Bear, we will," said Mr. Dog, and they both gravely shook paws and said, "Done!" to seal the compact.

Now Mr. Bear felt indeed very happy, and after the way of such people, he got lazier and lazier. He stayed in bed till the very last minute before breakfast, and some days he came down without brushing his hair at all.

At first, he felt a little ashamed at letting Mr. Dog do all the work: and, once in a while, he even thought of offering to help peel the potatoes, or carry in some firewood. But he soon got over thinking anything at all about it, and only grumbled if everything was n't exactly to his liking.

Well, this went on for a good while, and though Mr. Dog had a nice room and plenty to eat, he got quite thin working so hard. Mr. Bear had a most enormous appetite and had a way that was most discouraging of coming into the pantry between meals, and eating up everything he found there. So Mr. Dog had to set his wits to working, and this is what happened.

Mr. Bear came in, as usual, just before breakfast one fine morning, and feeling, as he always did, as hungry—well as hungry as a bear, and you know how that is!—and there was no breakfast!

When Mr. Dog was asked for an explanation, he said cheerfully that he was very sorry, but as there were no dishes to put any food upon, he did n't really see how he could be expected to serve the morning meal as usual.

Mr. Bear was angry, and very much surprised.

"No dishes!" he roared. "No dishes! I never heard such nonsense. Why the china-closet is full of dishes!"

"Yes," said Mr. Dog, meekly, "it is full of dishes, and so is the kitchen, but they are n't any of them clean."

"Why!" said Mr. Bear sputtering over his words, he was so angry. "Not clean? Why are n't they clean? Why did n't you wash 'em? What do you mean by having this house full of dirty dishes?" and he pulled open the door of the pantry, in a great rage, as he spoke.

Dishes! You never saw so many! They were in great piles from floor to ceiling, and were simply everywhere, on the chairs, on the sink, even on the kitchen stove. And not one was clean.

"I did n't promise," said Mr. Dog, still very meekly, but with a sly laugh in the corner of his eye. "You remember, Mr. Bear, I did n't promise to wash the dishes—"

"You promised to light the fire, and get the meals, and of course washing the dishes goes with that," said Mr. Bear, not roaring quite so loud now, for he was beginning to get worried.

"Oh, no, it does n't," said Mr. Dog quickly, "though of course it is too bad about breakfast. I took a snack myself off the tea-kettle cover, but I would n't think of offering you food in any such way as that, Mr. Bear, and so I ate up all the breakfast there was myself this morning."

Mr. Bear nearly fell over when he heard this. He would have turned white, like a polar bear, if he could have done so, but, as he happened to be a nice cinnamon-brown shade, he could n't.

He thought a while, and then he began to coax instead of blustering.

"My dear Mr. Dog," he said, "why not be sensible, and wash up the dishes, and let things go on comfortably, just as before? It 's so hot, and my fur is so long. I could n't possibly do it, but you 've got beautiful short hair, and besides, if you got too heated working you could take off your collar. You see I have n't any collar to take off, so I could n't do anything to make myself cooler, if I wanted to ever so much."

But Mr. Dog refused to be wheedled. He said he would rather leave first, and that made Mr. Bear have a chill in spite of the weather.

Well, in the end, they decided to leave the question of what was fair to both of them to Mr. Owl, and forthwith they proceeded to the great tree where he lived.

Mr. Bear was asleep, but he good-naturedly woke up and listened to both sides of the story. Then he took a nap again, while Mr. Dog and Mr. Bear—poor Mr. Bear feeling very hollow indeed—waited patiently. All of a sudden, Mr. Owl's big yellow eyes opened.

"You must *both* wash the dishes," he said.

Then he slept again for about ten minutes. It might have been longer, only Mr. Dog forgot and barked at a chipmunk.

"And you, Mr. Dog, must get up and light the fire, because it 's Mr. Bear's house."

"Wise, wise bird!" murmured Mr. Bear.

"And as for the rest," went on Mr. Owl in his best giving-judgment voice, "you must just take turns." And with that he tucked his head under his wing, and went so fast asleep that nothing could wake him.

Neither Mr. Dog nor Mr. Bear were really altogether satisfied, but each felt it might have been worse, and so they clasped paws once more over the new bargain. Then they went back to the cottage, and fell to.

They washed dishes, and washed dishes, and

washed dishes, all the morning, all the afternoon, and into the evening.

Mr. Bear ate some bread-crusts and honey which he found, and Mr. Dog chewed on a bone; but, except for a very short time, they neither of them stopped work.

At last, every dish was clean and in its right place, and both Mr. Dog and Mr. Bear lay right down on their backs with their four paws in the



"MR. OWL LISTENED TO BOTH SIDES."

air and their tongues hanging out of their mouths and never stirred for a whole hour.

Then, somewhat rested, they each curled up in bed, not even stopping to brush their teeth, so very tired were they. And the next day, when Mr. Bear heard Mr. Dog down-stairs shaking up the kitchen-stove he said to himself as he set his alarm clock:

"Well, in thinking it over, I believe Mr. Owl was right. It *is* pretty hard for one person to do all the work. I guess I 'll make some buckwheat cakes this morning for Mr. Dog's breakfast."

(To be continued.)

THE LETTER-BOX

THE statements of fact in "Uncle Ezra's Shoes," which appears in this number of ST. NICHOLAS (page 592), are based on an editorial in "The Boot and Shoe Recorder" of Saturday, August 15, 1914, which gives a list of a score of things that go into the making of a shoe.

THE story of "Greencap," promised in our April prospectus for this number, has been unavoidably crowded out and cannot appear until June.

THE pretty New England custom of hanging an offering of flowers, or even of goodies, on May-day at the outer door of a friend, has been delightfully described by Miss Alcott in "Jack and Jill," first published, in 1880, in ST. NICHOLAS. To all who love the story (and who does not?) this description of some novel May-baskets will be welcome.

MAY-BASKETS THAT YOU CAN MAKE

BY GERALDINE AMES

A MAY-BASKET that any one can make is shown in Fig. 1. It consists of four cones made of cardboard and covered with bright paper. These cones, or cornucopias, are then fastened securely together at the top by means of wires; or they may be sewed together with linen thread. Then a handle is added, a band of ribbon passed through a double slit cut in each cone, as shown, a bow tied on one side, and the basket is ready to be filled and hung, the ribbon helping to hold the cones firmly in place.

A May-basket in the form of an express-wagon (see Fig. 2) is a novelty and not very difficult to make. (D) in Fig. 2 shows how the basket looks when it is completed. Cut out four pieces, A, of very stout cardboard, and secure two spools, B, around which films are wound. First glue the cardboard strips, A, on the pasteboard box which is to be the body of the cart, as shown at D. Then, remove one of the tin ends from each of the film-spools, push the wooden rod through the holes cut in the cardboard pieces, A, push the tin end of the spool back in place, as shown at C, fasten a tongue, E, to the cart, and your express-wagon May-basket is ready.

To make one of the most novel of May-baskets, Fig. 3, all that is needed is a small basket, not over four inches in diameter and three inches deep, and a toy balloon, such as may be bought for ten cents. Secure this toy balloon to the basket by means of a network of threads—preferably of red silk. A bow of ribbon may be added, if desired, and the basket is ready for delivery. Just set it on the porch, in front of the door, and the balloon will remain upright making an original and attractive offering.

Another novel May-basket is really a trick box. This is shown in Fig. 4. It certainly looks innocent enough, as seen at A, but, when it is opened, to the surprise of whoever sees it, it appears to be empty, as shown at B. The trick consists of a false box secreted in the cover, as indicated by the dotted lines at C. When the cover is lifted, the hidden box comes away with it, and the

bottom part of the big box is empty. After the first surprise and brief disappointment, an examination shows the hidden box, much to the amusement and delight of whoever receives it. A bail instead of a handle may be attached to this and it may be decorated in any manner desired.

One of the biggest surprises is something that appears like three mammoth paper-roses tied together with a ribbon as shown at A in Fig. 5. Whoever finds this will be greatly puzzled until, upon careful examination, she discovers its secret. This secret is that there are three small boxes, containing the bonbons or other gifts, hidden in the roses. First cut out the petals and paste the



FIG. 1.

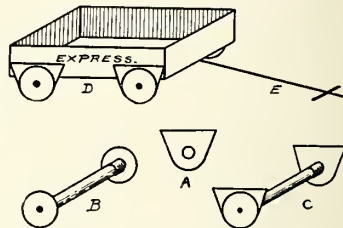


FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.

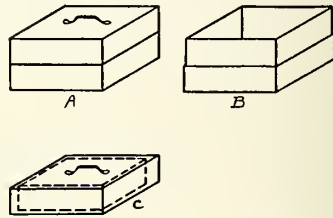


FIG. 4.

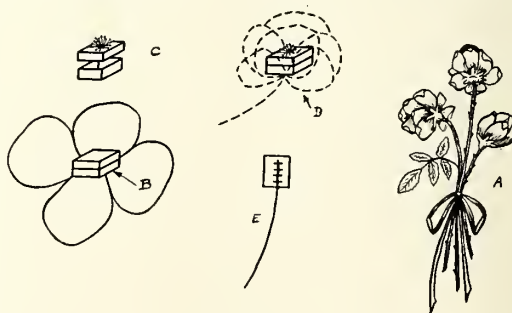


FIG. 5.

box in the center of them as shown at B. Then, on the cover of the little box, you glue the heart of the artificial rose, as shown at C, and build the rose entirely around it, as indicated by the dotted lines at D. Stout wire stems, wound with green paper and fastened to the bottom of the box as shown at E support these roses. Add the green leaves and the basket is complete.

JUNEAU, ALASKA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Juneau, the capital of Alaska. The population is about 6000. In winter the snow only gets about six feet deep in the town, but on the mountains it reaches a depth of from thirty to fifty feet.

I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for about two years, and hope to take it many more.

A couple of weeks ago I went on a trip to Taku Glacier (pronounced Tah koo). It is a large river of ice that reaches to the bay. The face of the glacier is about two hundred feet high. The bay on which the glacier is situated is full of floating ice-bergs; the density of the ice makes the glacier and bergs a deep blue. When the excursion steamers go to the glacier they blow their whistles, and the vibration of the air made by the whistles often causes pieces of ice larger than a house to break and fall from the face of the glacier.

There are about two dozen automobiles in Juneau now. A house caught on fire yesterday. We have a new electric fire-alarm system here.

Your sincere reader,

EDWIN P. POND.

BRIDGETON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is impossible to tell you how much I like you. Sometimes I think I cannot wait a whole month for you to come, but then I bring the old numbers down from the attic and read them again. I think some of your stories are very exciting.

My favorite stories are: "Peg o' the Ring," "The Boarded-up House," and "The Lost Prince."

Your devoted reader,

ELIZABETH NEAL (age 13).

CLAREMONT, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been to Catalina Island several summers. There is an old seal there. The people call him Old Ben. He would come up on the beach, sometimes, and let people take his picture. The fishermen would take a fish they had caught, and coax him with it up the gang-plank to the wharf. Then they would throw the fish into the ocean, and off would go Old Ben.

I am an enthusiastic stamp collector, and, every month, I read the stamp page.

Your interested reader,

ALICE ANDROUS (age 11).

BATANGAS, P. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been intending to write to you for some time, but at last I have decided that nobody else is going to tell you about the Philippines, so I will.

I live in one of the most civilized parts of Luzon; but as there is quite a bit to see, I will tell you about it.

The most interesting thing is a gorge near here. It is several miles long and between twenty and thirty feet wide, and very deep. There is a little stream running through it, and the gorge is covered with the most beautiful vegetation. There are bamboos on both sides, and small trees and bushes grow down the sides; these are covered almost entirely by graceful vines which hang their long tendrils into the water below. In one place, a piece of bamboo has fallen and the vines have grown over it in the shape of a graceful arch.

This gorge is claimed to have been caused by a volcanic eruption, but I believe, with my family, that it has been caused by the stream, which becomes a rushing torrent in the rainy season.

I must tell you that in our unusually rainy season this year, the Pasig River rose and carried off a bridge.

Another interesting thing is that another bridge, "The Bridge of Spain," has been rapidly settling, and in one day sank four inches.

For six days it poured here and a certain river near here (I don't know its name) rose till it flooded the spring so that we could get no more clean water. If it had not stopped that day it would have flooded the ice-plant too.

But goodness! Manila was awful. The whole place was flooded.

I had a friend in the hospital. She said the doctor waded up to his waist when he came to inspect. Bonkas (a long very narrow canoe) sailed up and down the street, and other kinds of boats made it like Venice.

As for the animals, the caraboa is most interesting. He has huge horns, and, though seemingly awkward, is swift as a horse. It is dangerous to hunt the timeroa, or wild caraboa, as he is very artful and sly; he will bound ahead of the hunter and then get in back of him and charge, so that two men are needed.

Your interested reader,

ALICE BALLOU.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister subscribes for you, but I read you just the same.

I don't know what story I like best, but I did love "The Runaway" and "Beatrice of Denewood." I think "Peg o' the Ring" and "The Lost Prince" are lovely.

Yesterday I had to miss a whole day of reading you, as I could not find you, much to my disappointment, but you turned up this morning in Mother's room.

Your devoted reader,

ELEANOR FRANCKE.

ST. JOHNSVILLE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The new year has now begun and I will start in right by writing you a letter and telling how I appreciate you.

I am thirteen years old, and am in the first year of high school. I live on a farm of about 160 acres with my grandparents. I have taken you ever since 1909, and never, in all my years, have I seen a magazine that I enjoyed as much as I do ST. NICHOLAS. I am not the only one in our family who reads you, as my uncle and grandmother also help to wear out your pages.

Grandma was very much pleased over the story called "The Runaway," but did not like it because she had to wait so long for the next ST. NICHOLAS to come. I like most all of your stories, and I feel sure that "The Boarded-up House" is going to be splendid. Hoping for your future success, I am,

Ever your friend,

MARIAN L. NELLIS.

LOCKEPORT, N. S.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our uncle made us a present of ST. NICHOLAS for a year. We have only received two numbers of the magazine as yet. We like the Letter Box, and Riddle Box, and would like to be members of the League.

There are four little blue-noses in this family, but two are not big enough to become members of your League.

The town we live in is called Lockeport, with about 1000 people in it. It is almost an island being connected with the mainland by a lovely crescent-shaped sand beach, over half a mile long.

We enjoy ourselves in summer by bathing, and picking up shells, and playing in the sand. Most of our people are fishermen, and we have quite a fleet of fishing vessels coming and going out all the time. One of my uncles is captain of one, and we get dandy fish. Any time from the spring to the first of winter we can catch smelts, pollocks, tommycods, and perch. Sometimes Johnson catches a sculpin. In the winter we have lots of outdoor skating and coasting. We have good graded schools. We would like to go to the city sometime, but think we live in a pretty good place.

Your new readers,

ALICE M. LOCKE (age 11),
T. JOHNSON LOCKE (age 9).

NORFOLK, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I can hardly wait for the next number. Mother took you when she was a little girl in 1892 and she is almost as interested in it now as I am. I want to tell you how much I like your stories.

I am getting well after a long illness and have kept ST. NICHOLAS on my bed most of the time.

Your devoted reader,
MARY HAMILTON WILLIAMS (age 8).

FORT MYERS, FLORIDA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not take you but hope I will get you as a Christmas present. I just get you at the newsstand every month, and ask days and even weeks before you arrive if you are here. I suppose at your home it is snowing and cold. It is as warm as summer here. I have just finished playing tennis. Why just think! I have never seen snow! We *do* have some cold weather. But it is warm, hot I mean, now, and we are n't going to have any cold weather for Christmas.

That reminds me that in the Christmas ST. NICHOLAS I read about the candy sales given by the *Junior Blairs*, and decided right away that our Junior League must have one. We had it this afternoon and in less than an hour made five dollars. We used four of the receipts given: salted almonds, chocolate cocoanut cakes, nut creams and pinoche. Besides these, we had several other kinds. Every kind we tried turned out fine and we sold every bit. The proceeds went to the starving Belgian women and children. I have tried before the receipts given in "The Housekeeping Adventures of the Junior Blairs" and was successful every time.

Yours sincerely,
CATHERINE FOXWORTHY (age 12).

HANTS, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: May I take a few moments of your valuable time to show you the accompanying photographs of odd potatoes grown in our garden in England?

My family has been pressing me to send you these, though I am long past membership age limit in your most interesting League; I was once a devoted ST. NICHOLAS girl, in the eighties, and now my three children are devotees, but as they are all away at boarding-school, they have asked "Mother" to "send our potatoes to ST. NICHOLAS." The potatoes on the little table were just exactly as they came out of the ground, and not prepared in any way, even the appropriate little tail, which would win the prize at any donkey-party, was *grown* just as you see it, and the four round legs and a quaint little notch for a mouth. We had quite a number of small duck and doll and turtle potatoes, perfect in outline but too small to kodak.

We get the ST. NICHOLAS every month addressed to

my little girl, and I can assure you it is read with great interest by the grown-ups before the term is over; then, when holidays begin, there is such a rush for the different months that they have missed—the children cannot bear to have them bound until the New-year sets in.

We live on the shores of The Solent, just opposite Cowes, and in the summer we have splendid views of the great yacht races and the naval pageants, and recently a ship was towed in all ablaze and beached quite



near by. We were glad to learn that her crew had all been taken off, including the ship's dog. The children would not think my letter complete if I did not tell you that we have three cats, a dog, and two canaries; one of the canaries came from Newark, New Jersey, and has been to Germany; he is seventeen years old.

Your department on books and reading always interests us exceedingly. Many of the titles you suggest are old friends, but we always try to get the new ones.

With friendly greeting for old-time's sake, and many a happy hour.

Sincerely yours,

ANNA KINGHAM.

FORT APACHE, ARIZ.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for two years, and I like you very much and hope to take you another year. My brother always grabs for you, and I never can get you. I live in Arizona and can ride pretty well. I can jump a hurdle about one foot high.

Your loving reader,

THEODORE SCOTT RIGGS (age 7).

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Just a few lines, to tell you how very much I enjoy your interesting stories. I have only personally subscribed to you for two years, but you are an old friend of the family, and up in the nursery we have ever so many bound volumes of you, which belong to my sisters. Although my sisters are grown up now, they very often take great pleasure in looking over their dear old ST. NICHOLASES, which they used to be, and still are, so fond of. My oldest sister is married and has a child five years old, who revels in your pictures, and your stories for Very Little Folk, also your poems. As for myself, I can hardly wait for the first of each month to come, and, when ST. NICHOLAS finally arrives, no matter what I am doing, it always is dropped and I turn to devour the contents of my favorite magazine, and then I often wish I could drop school too.

Your very devoted reader,

BARBARA KISSEL.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER

HIDDEN DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, China; finals, Wales. Cross-words: 1. Curfew. 2. Holloa. 3. Ireful. 4. Native. 5. Abbess.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE. Mike was ten years' old; his sister, four.

NUMERICAL ACROSTIC. Cross-words: 1. Azurine. 2. Inveigh. 3. Abstain. 4. Tracked. 5. Valleys. 6. Noonday. 7. Follows. 8. Ossicle. 9. Baronet. 10. Satraps. 11. Heroism. From 1 to 11, Shakespeare; 12 to 18, England; 19 to 27, Elizabeth; 28 to 42, Love's Labor's Lost; 43 to 49, Susanna; 50 to 64, Stratford-on-Avon.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Can trouble live with April days, or sadness in the summer moons?"

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL. Harvey. 1. Harrow. 2. Magnet. 3. Cornet. 4. Eleven. 5. Goblet. 6. Turkey.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. April. 2. Plane. 3. Range. 4. Ingot. 5. Leets.

GEOGRAPHICAL ZIGZAG. Minneapolis. Cross-words: 1. Mexico. 2. Sicily. 3. Canada. 4. France. 5. Ganges. 6. Manila. 7. Europe. 8. Bogota. 9. Yellow. 10. Pierre. 11. Sahara.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received before February 24 from Harry C. Bailey—Claire A. Hepner—Evelyn Hillman—"Allil and Adi"—S. G. and S. S. Stein—Dorothy Wilcox.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received before February 24 from Katherine D. Stewart, 8—"Chums," 8—Jocelyn E. McDonough, 8—Isabel Shaw, 8—Elisabeth Palms Lewis, 8—"Midwood," 8—Helen A. Moulton, 7—Eloise M. Peckham, 7—Elisabeth Randolph, 7—Kathryn J. Lyman, 6—Helen Tougas, 6—No name, San Juan, 4—"Billy and Maury," 4—Alice M. Carden, 4—Arthur Poulin, 4—Miriam Hardy, 4—Owens H. Brown, 3—Helen W. C. McCloy, 2—"Scott," 2—Alice M. Farrar, 1—Eleanor Rau, 1—Agnes Shober, 1—Elizabeth Hume, 1—Ritchey Hume, 1—Margaret Hardie, 1—Lewis Storrs, 1—Elizabeth Cram, 1—Nancy B. Wilson, 1—Donovan McCune, 1.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of forty-eight letters, and form a quotation from a well-known poem by Tennyson.

My 35-26-3 is a lair. My 7-34-17-46 is injury. My 45-31-13 is not many. My 1-23-41 is an insect. My 39-40-5-48 is a wharf. My 8-11-16-25 is the god of thunder. My 20-38-47-14 is trim. My 29-2-18 is a number. My 24-43-19-37-27 is a goblin. My 30-36-12-6-22 is a stretch of open country. My 15-44-28-10-32 is a sweet substance. My 21-9-42-33-4 is a topic.

EDITH MABEL SMITH (age 17), *Honor Member*.

TRANSPOSITIONS

EXAMPLE: Transpose to harvest, and make a fruit. Answer, reap, pear.

1. Transpose merchandise, and make to have on. 2. Transpose to bedaub, and make anoints. 3. Transpose an Alaskan cape, and make an augury. 4. Transpose method, and make a large cupola. 5. Transpose sensitive, and make a flower. 6. Transpose to wander, and make above. 7. Transpose to glide along smoothly, and make a savage beast. 8. Transpose to haul, and make custody. 9. Transpose the name of the eldest son of Adam and Eve, and make a Peruvian monarch. 10. Transpose a tropical tree, and make a light-producing apparatus. 11. Transpose a graceful ornament, and make to hoard. 12. Transpose performs, and make lyric

DIAMOND. 1. C. 2. Car. 3. Carol. 4. Caramel. 5. Romeo. 6. Leo. 7. L.

CROSS PUZZLE. From 1 to 2, Coleridge. Cross-words: 1. Act. 2. Lot. 3. Ill. 4. Agamemnon. 5. Ascertain. 6. Architect. 7. Ada. 8. Ago. 9. Rep.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Initials, April Fool. Cross-words: 1. Apple. 2. Porgy. 3. Round. 4. Index. 5. Large. 6. Forum. 7. Ogres. 8. Opium. 9. Labor.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Wheel. 2. Hello. 3. Elbow. 4. Flope. 5. Lower. Connecting words: 1. Lamp. 2. Okra. 3. Whip. 4. Edge. 5. Roar. II. 1. Paper. 2. Agile. 3. Pipes. 4. Elect. 5. Rests. Connecting words: 1. Runs. 2. East. 3. Soda. 4. Tear. 5. Sort. III. 1. Start. 2. Throe. 3. Armor. 4. Rooms. 5. Terse. Connecting words: 1. Tray. 2. Edge. 3. Rita. 4. Sags. 5. East. IV. 1. Yeast. 2. Enter. 3. Atone. 4. Sense. 5. Trees. Connecting words: 1. Talc. 2. Rita. 3. Earn. 4. Edge. 5. Sins. V. 1. Canes. 2. Atoll. 3. Noise. 4. Elsie. 5. Sleet.

poems. 13. Transpose part of a horse, and make cognomen.

The initials of the new words will spell the name of a famous man.

HENRIETTA M. ARCHER (age 15), *League Member*.

NOVEL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell the name and title of a famous woman, born in May; another row of letters will spell the title of her mother.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To waste time in trifling employments. 2. Unfolds. 3. To instruct. 4. Avoids. 5. A bunch of flowers. 6. Ships. 7. Tiresome. 8. Statues of gigantic size. 9. Things of little value. 10. Inhabitants of Osaka. 11. Malicious return of injury. 12. Senselessness. 13. To disturb.

IDA CRAMER (age 12), *Honor Member*.

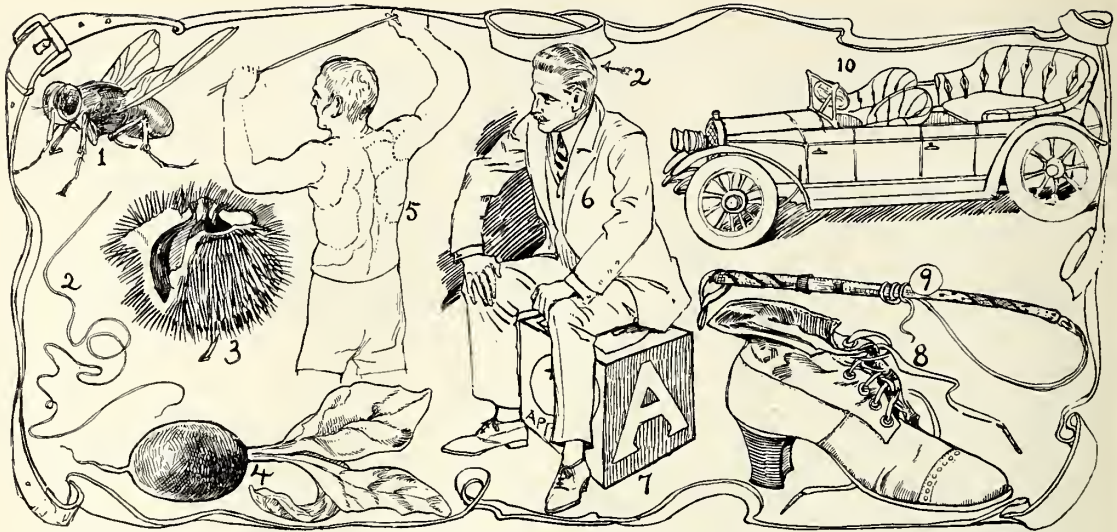
ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE

WHEN Lewis was asked his age, he replied:

"At present, I am one year older than one sixth of my father's age. Next year, he will be one year younger than five times my age. Four years from now, my age will be just one fourth of my father's; but three years ago, he was just seven and one half times my age."

How old were Lewis and his father?

JULIAN L. ROSS (age 11), *League Member*.



ILLUSTRATED PREFIX PUZZLE

To each of the ten objects in the above picture may be prefixed a common little noun of five letters. When the prefix is added, what are the ten words?

CROSS-WORD ENIGMAS

I

My first is in Connecticut, but not in New Hampshire;
 My second is in New Hampshire, but not in Connecticut;
 My third is in Indiana, but not in Colorado;
 My fourth is in Colorado, but not in Indiana.
 My whole is one of the United States.

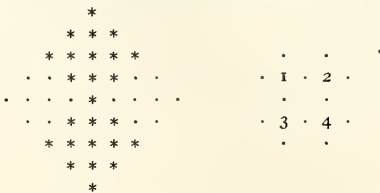
II

My first is in Scotland, but not in the Netherlands;
 My second is in the Netherlands, but not in Scotland;
 My third is in the British Isles, but not in England;
 My fourth is in England, but not in the British Isles;
 My fifth is in England, but not in the British Isles.
 My whole is a great country.

CHALMERS L. GEMMILL (age 13), League Member.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)



THIS puzzle is made up of four large, connected diamonds such as is shown in the above diagram. There are four of these large diamonds joined as shown in the little diagram.

I. LARGE UPPER, LEFT-HAND DIAMOND.

Upper Diamond: 1. In relinquish. 2. To undermine. 3. An old language. 4. To fasten. 5. In relinquish. Lower Diamond: 1. In relinquish. 2. A stick. 3. Scents. 4. One-half of a word meaning "extent." 5. In relinquish. Left-hand Diamond: 1. In relinquish. 2. To fold. 3. Burdened. 4. By. 5. In relinquish. Right-

hand Diamond: 1. In relinquish. 2. To bend. 3. Letters. 4. Moisture. 5. In relinquish.

II. LARGE UPPER, RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND.

Upper Diamond: 1. In relinquish. 2. A unit. 3. To breathe harshly in sleep. 4. To sin. 5. In relinquish. Lower Diamond: 1. In relinquish. 2. An emmet. 3. To penetrate. 4. A drink. 5. In relinquish. Left-hand Diamond: 1. In relinquish. 2. The goddess of revenge. 3. To gaze at rudely. 4. Age. 5. In relinquish. Right-hand Diamond: 1. In relinquish. 2. A small quadruped. 3. Consumer. 4. A number. 5. In relinquish.

III. LARGE LOWER, LEFT-HAND DIAMOND.

Upper diamond: 1. In relinquish. 2. A large body of water. 3. Aquatic animals. 4. A drink. 5. In relinquish. Lower Diamond: 1. In relinquish. 2. A fish. 3. Pertaining to the sun. 4. The light. 5. In relinquish. Left-hand Diamond: 1. In relinquish. 2. A spring of mineral water. 3. Boxes. 4. A portion of a curved line. 5. In relinquish. Right-hand Diamond: 1. In relinquish. 2. Conclusion. 3. To scoff. 4. The governor of Algiers. 5. In relinquish.

IV. LARGE LOWER, RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND.

Upper Diamond: 1. In relinquish. 2. Three-fourths of a word meaning "useless." 3. Governs. 4. Conducted. 5. In relinquish. Lower Diamond: 1. In relinquish. 2. To disclose. 3. Used by horsemen. 4. Before. 5. In relinquish. Left-hand Diamond: 1. In relinquish. 2. The sun. 3. Certain flowers. 4. One of the signs of the zodiac. 5. In relinquish. Right-hand Diamond: 1. In relinquish. 2. A deer. 3. Boils. 4. A curious fish. 5. In relinquish.

MARY JASNER (age 15).

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

EACH of the eighteen questions asked may be answered by the usual abbreviation of the name of one of the United States.

1. Which is an egotistical State?
2. The most religious State.
3. A reading State.
4. The father of States.
5. A little valley.
6. A medical State.
7. Useful at harvest-time.
8. An unmarried woman.
9. A number.
10. Sick.
11. A refuge.
12. Crude metal.
13. Monday.
14. A syllable of the musical scale.
15. A kind of grain.
16. A bird's beak.
17. A container.
18. Happy.

DOROTHY G. RAND (age 10).



They're bound to have plenty

And "plenty" to them means at least a case. In fact you will find that a case at a time is a sensible way to order these tasty Campbell's Soups for the average-size family. And probably you will want half the order to be

Campbell's Tomato Soup

This is so particularly delicious and appetizing, and it "fits in" exactly for so many different occasions, that it is the most popular of all the Campbell "kinds"; while the other twenty are—each in its own way—equally wholesome and satisfying. Try one today.

Your money back if not satisfied.

21 kinds

10c a can



Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



Darning Stops

—and Your Children Wear Stylish Stockings
When They Wear HOLEPROOFS

Three pairs for \$1 are guaranteed to wear three months without holes.

If any of the three pairs fail in that time we will replace them with new hose absolutely *free*.

Six pairs are guaranteed to wear without holes for six months—and many pairs wear longer.

The reason we *can* guarantee them is this: We pay for our yarns an average price of 71c per pound—which buys the *best* yarn for the purpose. Common yarn sells for 29c per pound.

We spend \$60,000 a year for inspection, just to see that each pair is perfect. We spare no expense if it means added quality. Holeproofs are soft and comfortable—and, selling at the price of common kinds, they are the least expensive hose on the market. Try them.

* * * * *

The genuine Holeproofs are sold in your town. Write for dealers' names. We ship direct where no dealer is near, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance. Write for free book that tells all about Holeproofs.

Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

\$1.50 per box and up for six pairs of men's cotton Holeproofs; \$2.00 per box and up for six pairs of women's or children's in cotton; \$1.00 per box for four pairs of infants' in cotton. Above boxes guaranteed six months. \$1.00 per box for three pairs of children's cotton Holeproofs, guaranteed three months. \$2.00

per box for three pairs of men's silk Holeproof socks; \$3.00 per box for three pairs of women's silk Holeproof stockings. Boxes of silk are guaranteed three months. Three pairs of silk-faced Holeproofs for men, \$1.50; for women, \$2.25. Three pairs of silk-faced are guaranteed for three months.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Canada

Holeproof Hosiery Co., 10 Church Alley, Liverpool, England



By invitation member
of Rice Leaders of the
World Association

The New Stocking with Elastic Ribbed Top for Women

The new Holeproof Elastic Ribbed Cotton Top on both silk and cotton hose stretches wide but always returns to original shape.

Because of its *ideal comfort*, both stout and slender women prefer it.

Ask your dealer about it. If he hasn't it, write us and we'll see that you are supplied.

Holeproofs for women are also obtainable with the regular hemmed garter tops. (646)



Reg. U. S.
Pat. Office, 1906



ARE YOU ONE OF THE 26 "BEST BOY AND GIRL POETS"?

THERE is going to be a poem-writing contest in which all ST. NICHOLAS readers, boys and girls, under 18 years of age, will take part.

All you have to write is one verse. Of course you may write more than one if you wish—but every verse must contain seven lines, no more, no less. And the first letters of these seven lines must spell "DR. LYON'S," for it is Dr. Lyon's Company which offers the prizes, and the poem should be about Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream.

To show you how easy it is, we have made this sample verse for you:

"Dr. Lyon's is best of all,"
Ruth remarked to Brother Paul.
"Look at my teeth shining white;
You can make your own as bright:
Only cleanse them twice a day,
Never let your teeth decay.
Start right now. It's just like play."

Can you write a better verse than this?
Both rhymes and blank verse may be entered.

AND HERE ARE THE PRIZES

1st Prize . . .	\$10
Two 2nd Prizes, each	\$5
3rd Prize	\$3
4th Prize	\$2
5th Prize	\$1

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder OR Dental Cream

MORE PRIZES

Then there will be twenty other prizes—each a splendid book. There will be a list of twenty books from which each of the twenty prize-winners may choose.

Besides this, every contestant who sends in any poem, whether it wins a prize or not, will receive a dainty little package of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream.



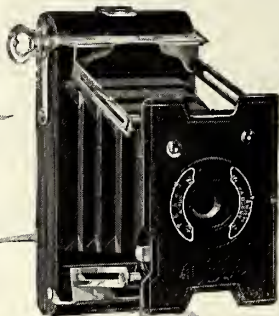
This Prize Contest closes June 10th. Be sure to mail your answer before that date. Just think how fine it would be to have the postman hand you a letter some morning, and then—when you tear it open—to find a crisp check inside, with your name written on it! Think of all the fine things you can buy with that \$10.00!

NOW SIT RIGHT DOWN AND WRITE OUT YOUR ANSWER. SEND TO
I. W. LYON & SONS, 533 W. 27th St., NEW YORK CITY



ANSCO CAMERAS & FILM

NEAT, flat and so compact that it can be easily slipped into coat, vest or hip pocket, the AnSCO Vest-Pocket is the smallest and lightest camera made which takes a picture $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Uses a *standard* six-exposure film-cartridge, obtainable all over the world. Needs no adjustment for different distances. Price \$7.50. For perfect results use the combination of AnSCO Camera; AnSCO Film, the court-decreed *original* film; and Cyko, the prize-winning paper. See your AnSCO dealer. Catalog from him or us, free upon request.



The Sign of the
AnSCO Dealer

Write us for specimen picture taken with model you contemplate buying.

Millions of dollars were recently awarded in a suit for infringement upon AnSCO patent rights, establishing AnSCO Film legally as the original film.



ANSCO COMPANY BINGHAMTON NEW YORK

EVINRUDE + ROWBOAT = MOTORBOAT

EVINRUDE

DETACHABLE ROWBOAT & CANOE MOTORS



IS THIS A MOTORBOAT?

—Yes, my child, it is *now*; but five minutes ago it was just an ordinary rowboat

How did it become a motorboat?

—Mother carried our “Evinrude” down to the beach and clamped it to the stern of the rowboat.

What is an “Evinrude”?

—The Evinrude is a *detachable* motor that enables you to convert any kind of craft—rowboat, sailboat, houseboat, or canoe—into a power boat by merely clamping the Evinrude to it.

The Evinrude drives a rowboat at the rate of 7 to 8 miles an hour—a canoe 10 to 12 miles—and runs four hours on less than a gallon of gasoline. It starts by giving the flywheel a quarter turn and is stopped by pressing a push-button.

It is equipped with Maxim Silencer, Shock Absorber, Weedless Propeller, Waterproof Magneto and Automatic Reverse that enables you to “back water” by merely giving the tiller handle a twist.

Catalog free—or catalog and 12 beautiful poster stamps for 4 cents

EVINRUDE MOTOR CO., 101 Evinrude Block, Milwaukee, Wis., U.S.A.

Distributing Branches:—69 Cortlandt Street, New York, N. Y.; 218 State Street, Boston, Mass.; 436 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.; 182 Morrison Street, Portland, Ore. (1130-7122)

10% More for Your Money

Quaker Oats is put up also in a 25-cent size, nearly three times as large as the 10-cent size. By saving in packing it offers you 10 per cent more for your money. See how long it lasts.



Suppose You Made a Vim-Food

Would You Make It Like Quaker Oats?

Suppose you could make your own oat flakes. And you knew that your children's vim and vitality depended largely on how they liked them.

Would you not sift out the little grains—puny, starved and tasteless? And make those flakes of only the big, rich, luscious oats?

We do that—by 62 siftings. A bushel of choice oats yields but ten pounds of Quaker. Our process enhances the flavor, and brings to your table these rare, delicious flakes.

They are for folks like you—who know the value of oat food, and want this energizing dainty to be loved by those who need it.

Quaker Oats

The Morning Dessert

Nine folks in ten get too little oat food. And nothing can take its place. Oats stand unique and unapproached as vim-creating food. A thousand years have not produced a rival.

But little dishes far apart don't show the power of oats. To keep spirits bubbling over requires constant, liberal use.

That's the reason for this oat-food dainty, this luscious Quaker Oats. It is made to win children

Quaker Cooker

We have made to our order—from pure Aluminum—a perfect Double Boiler. It is extra large and heavy. We supply it to users of Quaker Oats, for cooking these flakes in the ideal way. It insures the fullness of food value and flavor. See our offer in each package.

by its taste and aroma. It makes this supreme vim-food the welcome, wanted dish. It leads them to eat an abundance.

As a result, Quaker Oats is the favorite in millions of homes the world over.

If you want a home-full of oat lovers, specify Quaker Oats. Your nearest store supplies them without any extra price. And every package, always, is made exactly as we state.

10c and 25c per Package
Except in Far West and South



It's time for
NABISCO
 Sugar Wafers

Any time is Nabisco time for little folks. Nabisco Sugar Wafers won't harm you, because they're pure and good. Don't forget to tell mother to keep a few tins in the pantry—for boys and girls never get enough of Nabisco. Nabisco comes in ten-cent and twenty-five-cent tins.



ADORA Sugar Wafers—Another dessert confection. Delicately flavored wafers with a sweetened-cream filling.

**NATIONAL BISCUIT
 COMPANY**



PENNSYLVANIA
Oilproof
VACUUM CUP TIRES
 FOR MOTORCYCLES | FOR BICYCLES

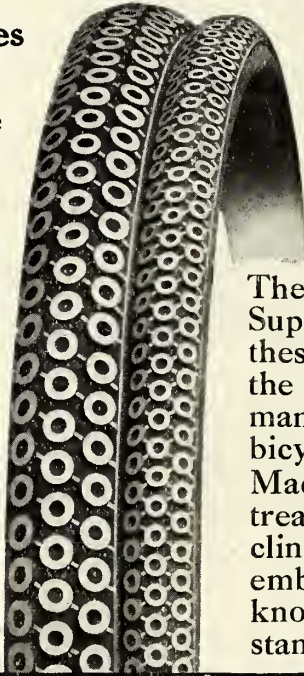


Auto Tires
—Motor-
cycle Size

Oilproof and
 Guaranteed
 One Full
 Season
 against mis-
 hap, includ-
 ing punctures, with re-
 pair or replacement
 free.

You can't buy better
 looking tires; nor any
 that will wear so long.

V.C. on a motorcycle
 casing means real
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 struction. It guaran-
 tees weight, strength,
 durability. The vacu-
 um cups save many a
 slip.



The Safety, Strength and
 Superb wearing quality of
 these tires have made them
 the most popular of all
 manufacturers' brands of
 bicycle tires.

Made in red and gray
 treads, single tube and
 clincher types, they
 embody the highest
 known bicycle tire
 standard.



Guaranteed for
 5,000 miles, and good
 for double that in
 average service.



PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO., JEANNETTE, PA.

Atlanta
 Boston

Chicago
 Cleveland

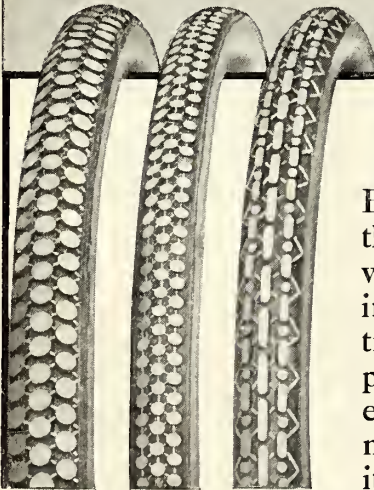
Dallas
 Detroit

Kansas City, Mo.
 Minneapolis
 St. Paul San Francisco

New York
 Omaha
 Seattle

Philadelphia
 Pittsburgh

*An Independent Company
 with an Independent Selling Policy*



STURDY
 STUD

SUCCESS

TRIPLE
 TREAD

PENNSYLVANIA
 ★THREE ★ STAR ★
BICYCLE TIRES

Built especially for
 the bike rider who
 wants a long wear-
 ing, oilproof, sturdy
 tire at a moderate
 price. Three differ-
 ent models, each of
 maximum quality at
 its particular price.

The
newest
Pennsylvania
Product

STURDY STUD
Oilproof
MOTORCYCLE TIRES

Oilproof and
 guaranteed
 4,000 miles.





Sweets from Fairyland

When you were a little tot, you dreamed of fairies in Candyland. We've made this dream come true for your little children. Give them

Necco Wafers

Glazed Paper Wrapper

Hub Wafers

Transparent Paper Wrapper

fresh from the garden of sweets. Necco and Hub wafers are made of pure, wholesome ingredients in the cleanest candy kitchens in America. Nine delightful, old-fashioned flavors in each package, at druggist's and confectioner's everywhere.

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY COMPANY
Boston, Mass.



**Dioxogen first—
means safety first**

Many a pin prick has led to blood poisoning. Many a nail scratch has brought on lock-jaw. Any break in the skin lets infection in—unless you cleanse it first with Dioxogen. Every household needs this powerful, pure, non-poisonous germicide. Avoid the weak peroxides preserved with acetanilid so frequently offered.

Ask for *DIOXOGEN* by name—at any drug store
THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO., 10 Astor Place, New York

**This size
TRIAL
BOTTLE
sent free**



**Flash it on the
Other Boys**

Lots of fun with an EVEREADY Light, which gives a powerful bright light at the touch of your finger. Mighty useful, too, around the house at night, down cellar for apples or jam, up in the attic for last year's hat, and heaps of other things indoors and out. No darkness for you if you have an

**EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHT**



Be sure to buy an EVEREADY because it is guaranteed by the "oldest and largest maker" to give a bright light and last longer than any other kind.

Style illustrated, No. 6961—Nickel plated vest pocket light, price 75c.

75 Styles from little pocket lights at 75c. to big search lanterns at \$5.50.

Send for free illustrated Catalogue No. 53.

40,000 dealers; if yours can't supply you, write us.

No. 6961

AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS

OF NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY

Long Island City

New York

**ROCHE'S HERBAL
EMBRICATION**

has for 120 years been justly regarded as the effectual remedy (without internal medicines) for

**HOOPING-COUGH
AND CROUP**

It is also efficacious in cases of Lumbago, Bronchitis, and Rheumatism.

W. EDWARDS & SON, 157 Queen Victoria Street,
London, Eng. All Druggists, or

E. FOUGERA & CO., 90 Beekman Street, New York



Puffed Wheat Free This Week

All America this week helps itself to Puffed Wheat. We offer to buy for every home a full-size package of it.

Millions enjoy these whole-wheat bubbles morning, noon and night. Now we want you all to know them.

They are airy, flaky, crisp—puffed by steam explosion to eight times normal size. The taste is like toasted nuts.

No other such dainty was ever made from wheat, and we want you to find it out.

**This
12c
Coupon**

Take this coupon to your grocer. He will give you for it a full-size package and charge the price to us.

Accept this offer. It means to your folks ten delightful meals. It will lead to a thousand meals like them.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

**Puffed
Wheat
12c**
**Puffed
Rice
15c**

*Except in
Extreme
West*

SIGN AND PRESENT TO YOUR GROCER
Good in United States or Canada Only

59W

This Certifies that my grocer this day accepted this coupon as payment in full for a 12-cent package of Puffed Wheat.

To the Grocer

We will remit you 12 cents for this coupon when mailed to us, properly signed by the customer, with your assurance that the stated terms were complied with.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY
Chicago

Name.....

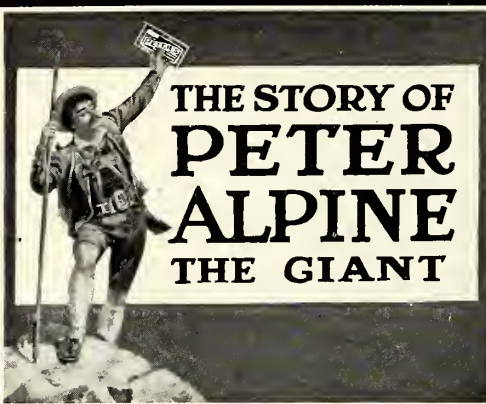
Address.....

Dated..... 1915

***This coupon not good if presented after June 25, 1915.
Grocers must send all redeemed coupons to us by July 1st.***

NOTE: No family is entitled to present more than one coupon. If your grocer should be out of either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, hold the coupon until he gets new stock. As every jobber is well supplied, he can get more stock very quickly.

12-Cent Coupon



THE STORY OF PETER ALPINE THE GIANT

Have you ever been shipwrecked? Probably not.

Well, anyway, it is n't any fun. You get your feet wet probably, and, if cast up on a desert island, you get terribly, awfully hungry.

That is exactly what happened to a certain group of sailors, and if it had n't been for Peter—but we are getting ahead of our story.

You see, these poor shipwrecked men whose lives had been saved almost miraculously were in imminent danger of starvation.

About to give up in despair, they saw at sunrise one day a great giant come wading through the seas with such strides that huge waves were thrown up on the sands, and he himself cast a shadow a quarter of a mile long!

It was Peter Alpine the giant.

The very minute the sailors saw that he was bringing Peter's Chocolate, they set up such a cheering and shouting and dancing as you never saw or even heard of. And they were n't a bit afraid because, of course, a giant would n't be bringing them Peter's Chocolate if he meant to do them harm.

We imagine you like Peter's Chocolate very much yourself, but not having been pretty nearly starved, you have to use your imagination a lot, to realize how much it meant to these forlorn sailors.

They were so very glad they almost forgot to eat until Peter reminded them! Then they ate so greedily, Peter had to caution them to eat slowly so as to enjoy it the more.

After a while they were rescued and Peter Alpine went away to help somebody else, as you shall see next month.

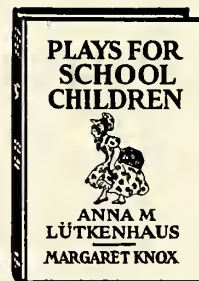


THE BOOK MAN

"The Play's the thing . . ."
Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.

It is a well recognized fact that amateur theatricals are of great value in education. President-Emeritus Eliot of Harvard said recently that he hoped and believed the day would soon arrive when every school-house in the land would also be an amateur theater. And you young people know how you enjoy giving plays! Have you not always felt that the best fun you ever had was when you were rehearsing for your school, or Sunday School, or club play?

Many, many readers of the Book Man have written to ask me to recommend plays for them to give for Christmas, or for a charitable entertainment, or just for their own fun. But there have not been so many plays to recommend to them. There are so many different things to think of in selecting a play for amateurs. First of all, the subject matter must be suitable; the play not too difficult; nor too long, nor too short; nor must there be too many characters, nor so few that all the members of the group giving the play cannot act. And then there is the question of scenery and costumes—these have to be simple and easily procured.



However, a new book of plays has been issued which answers most requirements. There are long plays, and short plays; plays for big

THE BOOKMAN—Continued

and for little children; plays for girls alone and for boys alone, and for boys and girls together. And the subject matter—that covers all sorts of things, too: historical subjects, nature stories, stories of present-day people and things. There is a play taken from "Through the Looking Glass" and another from "The Lady of the Lake." And one splendid play about English queens was written by thirteen-year-old girls.

Anna M. Lütkenhaus, who has gathered these plays together, has been for years the Director of the Dramatic Club of P. S. 15 in New York City and has had plenty of experience in coaching plays. She knows just what young folks like to do in the dramatic line, and what they can do best. This really splendid collection of plays for amateurs is called "Plays for School Children" and costs \$1.25 net, postage 10 cents extra.

There is another good book of plays I always mentioned to those who asked my advice about plays. This is "The St. Nicholas Book of Plays and Operettas." It is a collection of plays, pantomimes, and other entertainments, collected from ST. NICHOLAS. You all know what fine plays are published in ST. NICHOLAS from time to time. Well, this is the cream of them all, gathered together in one book. It costs \$1.00, post-paid.



Many readers of these pages, in telling me which books they like best, place their bound volumes of ST. NICHOLAS at the head of the list. Here are some few extracts from the letters which have come to me in the two weeks previous to writing this:

"We have taken ST. NICHOLAS ever since I can remember. And Mother took it before we did, too! She had her volumes bound, and I have often read the stories in them."

One girl, after listing a dozen or so of the best sort of books as her favorites, says: "But the books that have been read through from cover to cover countless times are my bound volumes of ST. NICHOLAS. All the many stories, and lovely poems, and pictures, and The League, I know by heart, yet I never tire of looking at and reading the books through again."

Another says, "I have never missed a month for ten years."

These are all pretty enthusiastic, but that is not surprising, is it? I'd like to hear things like that from every one of you this month.

The Book Man

"I'M WATERING BOBBY SO HE WILL GROW—

and it won't hurt his suit a bit either!

"That's 'cause Bobby and I both wear Ford & Allen's Man-tailored Wash Suits. We've worn them a long time, and this Spring all the little boys' and girls' mothers in our neighborhood are sending to Boston for them 'cause they know ours don't shrink or fade or anything when they get wet.

"I guess they must have been washed about a million times, or a hundred anyway.

"You just ought to see how beautiful they look even when Bobby and I have been playing Indian. Mother says that is 'cause they are Man-tailored, but I don't know just what that means.

"I s'pose every mother wishes her children could wear them."

Barbara doesn't know it, but it is the easiest thing in the world to get both the catalog and the suits; the first doesn't cost anything, and the suits don't cost very much; and my! how they wear!

Will you cut out the little coupon below and ask your mother to fill it out?

Or if you don't want to cut this jolly little picture, even a little, just write us for the catalog, and have mother sign the letter.

FORD & ALLEN
Man-Tailored Wash Suits
 Boys' and Girls'
 Age 2 to 8



FORD & ALLEN, Inc.
 45 Federal Street,
 Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs:
 Won't you please send
 a catalog to

Name.....
 Street.....
 Town.....
 State.....



For Your Daughter

The most important change now coming to pass in the world is the participation of women in community affairs. In the opinion of deep thinkers, this movement of women will be sterile unless it is based upon mother-love and carries the spirit of the home into the community. This new book tells how one woman, working as a mother, has developed a great community movement. The story includes that of delightful girl life at the summer camp where Camp Fire Girls started. Over 250 pages of fascinating reading matter and wonderful pictures (more than 50) showing how girls swim, dive, paddle canoes, go on "hikes," hold "council fires," cook, dance, sing and have other fun outdoors.

This means more than fun, however. It means vigorous health and learning to do the necessary things of life in co-operation with other girls. Thus, in community relations, the spirit of the home is developed, mother-love is preserved and the girls gain strength and character with which to meet new responsibilities later to be required of them by developing modern conditions. Reading this book gives pure delight and it makes a gift any girl will thoroughly enjoy. Price only \$1.25 *postpaid* anywhere in the U. S. Mail your order to

GOOD HEALTH PUBLISHING CO.

3405 W. Main St.,

Battle Creek, Mich.

Or—ask your bookseller

Leedawl COMPASS

Every Boy Scout, Hunter and Woodsman should know how to find his way through thickest woods, and to read a map with the aid of a Compass.

You can always rely on a Leedawl Jeweled Compass

to show you the quickest way to your destination or to get you back to camp.

It is the only GUARANTEED JEWELLED Compass selling at its price. It has a jeweled needle—heavy and tempered steel point—silvered metal dial—screw stop and white metal non-tarnishing case.

Most dealers sell the Leedawl Compass. If your dealer can't supply you send us his name and address, with \$1.00, and we will send you one. Address Dept. S-30.



Taylor Instrument Companies
AME'S STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Makers of Scientific Instruments of Superiority

THE BOY WHO LEADS



in any sport knows that 3-in-One is the best oil for bicycles. Makes bearings run easily, smoothly and prevents wear—will not gum, dry out or collect dust. Cleans, polishes and prevents rust on all the metal surface.

Try on guns inside and out—trigger, hammer, barrel. Also try on tools, roller skates, fishing reels, etc. A little 3-in-One on base-ball gloves makes them soft, pliable and lasting.



FREE Write to-day for large free sample bottle.

3-IN-ONE OIL CO., 42 QM. Broadway, New York

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

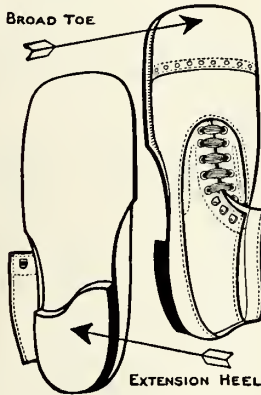


THE future Presidents are strong for Beech-Nut Peanut Butter. It's the *taste*, the palate-satisfying flavor of Beech-Nut that pleases them. And Mother is glad of it. She knows how nourishing Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is. At all good grocers.

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO., Canajoharie, N. Y.

The Coward Shoe

"REG. U. S. PAT. OFF."



For the active feet of children, the Coward Arch Support Shoe gives the necessary protection, help and freedom. It permits unhampered action of the foot-muscles, yet firmly and comfortably supports the arch and steadies the ankle. A feature of this shoe is the Coward Extension Heel, projecting well forward under the arch, and giving a secure footing which can be obtained in no other way. A very practical shoe, of great benefit to young feet, and a sure preventive of "flat-foot."

Mail Orders Filled—Send for Catalogue

SOLD NOWHERE ELSE

JAMES S. COWARD

264-274 Greenwich St., New York City

(NEAR WARREN STREET)



For *the* boy—

A KODAK

Indoors and out he will enjoy the making of pictures. 'Twill mean more fun on the vacation and the after-pleasure of showing the pictures to his chums.

KODAKS, from \$6.00.

BROWNIES, \$1.00 to \$12.00.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Catalog free at your
dealer's, or by mail.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Advertising Competition No. 161

THE minute you look at the other half of this page you see that somebody's little brother or sister has been cutting up, and has snipped sixteen little clippings from the advertising pages of the April ST. NICHOLAS. Think how badly you would feel if your copy of ST. NICHOLAS had been so badly cut up!

The owner of this snipped copy is so busy telling advertisers how much boys and girls like ST. NICHOLAS, that he wants you to tell him where each clipping belongs, so he can put them back easily.

When you have found the advertisements (in April ST. NICHOLAS) in which each clipping belongs, write down in numerical order the names of the advertisers (or if the manufacturer's name is not given, write down the name of the product advertised), and mail it to us.

Then write us a letter of exactly 47 words, no more and no less (counting only the words in the body of the letter), telling us the names and ages of all your brothers and sisters, or if you have n't any of either, tell us the names and ages of the boy or girl friends with whom you share your ST. NICHOLAS each month.

In awarding the prizes, should more than one equally correct solution to the problem be received, those whose reports and letters show the most neatness and care will be favored.

Here are the RULES and REGULATIONS. Be sure to comply with all of these conditions if you want to win a prize.

1. Send in a list showing in numerical order the names of the sixteen advertisers from whose advertisements these clippings were taken, written as they appear in the April advertisements.
2. Write us a letter of exactly 47 words, giving the information asked for above.
3. The prizes will go to those who send in the correct or most nearly correct list, accompanied by the neatest and most carefully prepared letter.
4. In the upper left-hand corner of your answer paper give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (161).
5. Submit all answers by May 20, 1915.
6. Do not use a lead pencil.
7. Address answers:

Advertising Competition No. 161,
ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE,
353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

There will be sixteen prizes awarded: One First Prize of \$5.00; Two Second Prizes of \$3.00 each; Three Third Prizes of \$2.00 each, and Ten Fourth Prizes of \$1.00 each.

Note: Prize-winners who are not subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS are given special subscription rates upon immediate application.

This Competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS in order to compete for the prizes offered.

① could be complete with printed in colors. They which are shown here. Send

② sure a nme enough qual ntinued. "They get om Italy, and another fr arrive in New York, decide how much tax nd the money they p

③ u can use the regular. Morse code, or you can of your own. Signals flas. an be seen and read several. ht. The

④ entirely free fr onable preser require. J v know y you this ay.

⑤ er is delighted a ey're so "comfy everybody happy er down in the cc another's name ar ge. Won't you c We hope you will very much!" righ

⑥ let NIC ish du are guarantee biggest if any of the i' reader ha nerman yo so even if yo est weight. our entry, beca girl who catches rizes will be divi First, Second, an ements of your big

⑦ place them wit' est weight. our entry, beca girl who catches rizes will be divi First, Second, an ements of your big

⑧ ank" below bearing your name and address

⑨ particulars, literature and helpful suggestion nly supplied, if you will c officials, or mail to neary

⑩ zh, sore, irritated the beautiful, c aranteed to c' voice that rumbled like th ing? Wait a minute! with that he handed e he carried him do in :

⑪ It may be just a coinci best-looking (and the brig the school are a

⑫ of your dealer, we will s prepaid east of Omaha. ten cents. Booklet of rec hat the l larks be. " you m

⑬ the same in thousands of mansions of all ages are enchanted with

⑭ digestion is wanted the baked That breaks up more of the why toast is suggested for prescribe it for on exhilarates the baked That breaks up more of the why toast is suggested for prescribe it for on

⑮ exercise more muscles than di ups and the things they we strain and rough

⑯

BOYS! CUT OUT THIS AD. and SAVE 25c. ON THE NEW \$2.50



"IDEAL" 1915 Model RACER AEROPLANE
 THREE FOOT
 The swiftest, strongest, longest flighted Racer made

Will FLY 500 Feet or More.

FINEST SPORT ON EARTH. SAFE, HEALTHFUL, SCIENTIFIC

No Racer like this has ever been sold before for less than \$3.50. It has every point that made our other Models famous—plus many new ideas that make this the swiftest, longest flying Racer made.

Made with new unbreakable spring plane holders and multiple winder. So simple it can be put up in 15 minutes, ready for flights of 500 feet or more.

YOU WANT ONE OF THESE RACERS FOR YOUR VACATION

Absolutely Guaranteed. PRICE \$2.50

Cut out this ad and take it to your dealer and he will credit you with 25c., so that you will get this great Racer for only \$2.25. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct of us.

Other lower priced "IDEAL" FLYERS, ready for instant flight:
BLUE BIRD Racing AEROPLANE, retails for \$1.25
 "IDEAL" SPEED-O-FLYER, " " 1.75
 " SPEED-O-PLANE, " " .65
 " LOOP THE LOOP GLIDER, " " .25

"IDEAL" SCALE DRAWINGS are accurate and will enable you to EASILY build exact 3 foot duplicates of man-carrying machines. Clearest plans for class rooms, exhibitions and aeronautic students, etc. Price includes building and flying instructions.

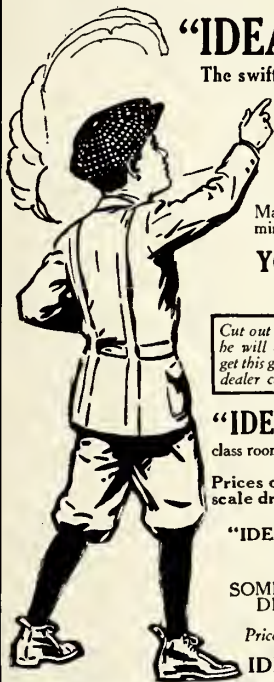
Prices of 3 ft. scale drawings	{	Curtiss Flying Boat	25c.	Wright Biplane	25c.	Complete set of six \$1.25 postpaid
		Nieuport Monoplane	25c.	Curtiss Hydroaeroplane	35c.	
		Bleriot Monoplane	15c.	Cecil Peoli Racer	25c.	

"IDEAL" MODELS AND FLYERS CAN BE HAD FROM YOUR DEALER. ASK ANY TOY, DEPARTMENT OR SPORTING GOODS STORE, OR WRITE TO US.

SOME "IDEAL" DEALERS { Schmelzer Arms Co., Kansas City, Mo. Spelger & Hurlbut, Inc., Seattle, Wash.
 { Kimball-Upson Co., Sacramento, Cal. Jordan Marsh Co., Boston, Mass.

Price List of Toys and Models FREE. Complete 48 pp. Catalog of "Ideal" Model Aeroplanes and Supplies, 5c.

IDEAL MODEL AEROPLANE SUPPLY CO., 84-86 West Broadway, New York



This man can not.

Bristol
FISHING CONTEST

Are You Fishing for a Prize ? If you don't know about the Grand Prize Competition which ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls are having, turn back to your last month's ST. NICHOLAS and read all about it. Page 27 of the advertising section tells all about the 7 prizes and the rules and regulations and everything.

You may be the very person who captures the best prize of all. And you know that the season has just begun. The prize offer does n't expire until September 1, 1915, and the more times you go fishing the more likely you are to catch the "biggest fish" and the more fun you will have this summer.

If you've any questions, we like to answer questions, so write us if everything is n't clear. If everything is clear, just send us your name and be registered as a competitor, otherwise you might catch the biggest fish and it would n't count.

THE HORTON MFG. COMPANY
 167 Horton Street Bristol, Conn.

The Doctor Uses CARBOLIC ACID

CARBOLIC acid is one of the three or four most efficient antiseptics known to medicine.

Carbolated Vaseline

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

is a safe, convenient form of this powerful antiseptic, for home use in dressing cuts, bruises, sores, insect and animal bites. It contains 1 1/2% of carbolic acid, blended with a pure "Vaseline" base. Sold at drug and general stores everywhere.

Write for illustrated booklet describing the various "Vaseline" preparations and their many uses.



CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY

(Consolidated)

38 State Street New York City

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

NEW SURCHARGES

THERE are many collectors who do not like surcharged stamps, who do not collect them, who take pleasure in enumerating the good old stamp-issuing countries which have never resorted to sur-



charges. But one by one the list gets shorter and shorter. Now Switzerland for the first time issues surcharged stamps. There are three of these so far: one of one centime on two, and two of 13 on 12. Just why this rate of 13 centimes was needed, we do not know. As will be seen in the illustration, the old values are struck out by three parallel bars. In two of the stamps the new value appears above the three bars; in the last it is below the bars.

QUEER POSTAGE RATES

FROM time to time much has been written about the amount of work a postage-stamp would do, and especially has attention been called to the differences in the carrying power of stamps. This is illustrated in the Canal Zone better, perhaps, than anywhere else. The city of Christobal in the Canal Zone is separated from the city of Colon, in the Republic of Panama, by a street only. One side of the street is in one city, the other side in the other city. A boy or girl living in Christobal can for two cents send a letter all the way to New York, or farther yet—to San Francisco. Or if he wants to send it a long, long way, a two-cent stamp will carry a letter from Christobal to Alaska, or Hawaii, or Guam, or even half-way around the world to the Philippine Islands. But suppose that boy or girl wants to send a letter across the street to some friend in Colon; how much postage must he use? Why, five cents, of course! It does n't seem quite right, does it?

Now the war abroad brings up another odd postal arrangement, and one, too, of much historic and sentimental interest. Poor little Belgium has suffered in her postal arrangements, as in all else. In one of the suburbs of the French city of Havre there is a large Belgian colony. Here Belgium exists, as it were. Not as a guest of France exactly, but, by a sort of polite fiction, as Belgium itself. Here is a post-office, where may be purchased and used Belgian stamps with the head of King Albert; these stamps, by the consent of the French authorities, are available for both local and foreign use. That is, a ten-centime Belgian, which is the domestic rate of Belgium, will carry a letter in the French city of Havre, or across French territory to what is left of Belgium. But a letter to any point between the city of Havre and the Belgian frontier must pay the

Belgium foreign rate of 25 centimes. Letters and stamps bearing the special postmarks in use at this office are eagerly sought after by those who collect Belgian stamps.

A FORTUNATE READER

SEVERAL months ago we spoke of the stamps of German Samoa. When this colony of Germany fell into the hands of the English, such German stamps as were found there were immediately surcharged "G. R. I." (Georgius Rex et Imperator), and with new values in English money. There were very few of these stamps, and consequently they are exceedingly rare. One of the readers of Stamp Page, Robert King, aged eight, of Iowa City, Iowa, writes to tell us that he is the fortunate possessor of some of these stamps—the ½ d. and 1 d. values. He received them through the courtesy of a friend in New Zealand, who also sent him a clipping from a local paper describing the stamps and telling him how very rare they were—"Not to be bought for love or money." Perhaps the same friend will send him some of the new stamps for Samoa—the New Zealand stamps surcharged with the word "Samoa." But is n't he the lucky boy! The Editor well remembers when he was Robert's age that the day-dream of his life was to have some one of his various beloved aunts go to China or any far distant stamp-issuing country, and send him thence rare stamps which he could proudly show to the other fellows. And this letter of Robert's brings these dreams back vividly to mind.

GERMAN COLONIES

THE various German colonies scattered throughout the world have one after another fallen into the hands of the Japanese, English, and French. One result of this is philatelic. There have been many surcharges for the different colonies, surcharges indicative of English and French occupation. These surcharges have appeared on colonial and English stamps, and rumor says also on French stamps. All this is very interesting to the stamp collector. But now we learn of something even more exciting. We are to have a new country entirely. Not Albania, not Epirus, but "North West Pacific," and it is to issue, or rather to have, stamps. These will be Australian stamps, surcharged North West Pacific. Just what territory will be included under this sweeping name, we do not as yet know. Undoubtedly it will cover the German "Caroline" Islands, also the German "Marshall" Islands; possibly also the German "Mariannas." It is easily possible that some of the British islands in that vicinity, which now issue stamps of their own, may come under the control of the Government of this new colony. As the stamps are to be surcharged on those of Australia, there will doubtless be enough of them to supply the needs of all stamp-collectors. According to report, there have been only two values surcharged—the 1 d. on Australia (portrait of King George) and 2½ d. on Australia (kangaroo type). Doubtless other values will soon follow.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

WAR STAMPS!

Issued for the following reasons

RUSSIA

A large and showy set of four values.

Sold by the Post Office for one kopek more than the face value, the extra amount being devoted to the Red Cross Fund.

Four varieties, 1k, 3k, 7k, and 10k.

The complete set, 25c.

BELGIUM

Current German stamps overprinted with the word BELGIEN prepared for the use of the German forces occupying Belgium.

Four varieties in the set, 25c.

Nearly every country involved in the great European war has issued a special set of postage stamps. Write us for prices.

Approval selections sent on receipt of reference.

Send for big 84-page Price List and Monthly Stamp Paper, free.

SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO.

127 MADISON AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY

A POST-CARD is all that is necessary to bring you an approval lot of fine stamps at $\frac{1}{2}$ c., 1c., 2c. each. A good stamp given applicants, also a small packet of some of the cheaper foreigns, not worth much, but you might find some you need in it.

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South and Central American Stamps, 100 varieties cat. value \$3 to \$4; my price \$1. Post-free. *Collection wanted.* B. F. EGAN, 2216 PLEASANT ST., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

STAMPS 108 ALL DIFFERENT.

Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cuba, Mexico, Trinidad, Java, etc., and Album, 10c. 1000 Finely Mixed, 20c. 65 different U. S., 25c. 1000 hinges, 8c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. List Free. I buy stamps.

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Stamps! War Packet Special Educational, interesting. Stamps from Servia, Belgium, France, Russia, Germany, Turkey, England, etc., 107 vars. for only 7c. 1000 fine mixed only 20c. New 32-p. List and special offers free. Agts. wtd. 50%. I Buy Stamps. L. B. DOVER, ST. LOUIS, MO.

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BARGAINS EACH SET 5 CENTS.

10 Luxembourg; 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 15 Russia; 8 Costa Rica; 12 Porto Rico; 8 Dutch Indies; 5 Hayti. Lists of 7000 low-priced stamps free. CHAMBERS STAMP CO., 111 G NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.



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1897 9 var. 1c. to 24c., catalog 93c. Given with a new yearly subscription, price 50c. MEXEL'S STAMP WEEKLY, 708 KAST, BOSTON, MASS. *The largest and best stamp paper in the world.*

6 mos. 25c. and Choice of these Premiums

Asiatic packet, 50 all diff.	105 all diff. U. S.
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Chile '92, 15c. 25c. 1p. cat. 20	50 Norway-Denmark, diff.
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6, 10c. " .13	
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Costa Rica '89, 1c. to 1p. .27	Mexico 1884, 50c. 1p. 2 pesos
Hayti '98, Unp. 2, 5, 10c. .22	Venezuela, 25 diff., cat. \$1.11
" '96, 1, 3, 5, 7, 20c. palms .23	Panama 1906, Nos. 181-2-3-4
205 all diff. foreign	cat. 93c.

10 wks. 10c. and Choice of these Premiums

Packet of 101 diff. foreign
Leaflet describing U. S. env.
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Packet of 50 diff. U. S.
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RARE Stamps Free. 15 all different, Canadians, and 10 India with Catalogue Free. Postage 2cents. If possible send names and addresses of two stamp collectors. Special offers, all different, contain no two alike. 50 Spain, 11c.; 40 Japan, 5c.; 100 U. S., 20c.; 10 Paraguay, 7c.; 17 Mexico, 10c.; 20 Turkey, 7c.; 3 Sudan, 5c.; 10 Chile, 3c.; 10 Italy, 19c.; 200 Foreign, 10c.; 10 Egypt, 7c.; 50 Africa, 24c.; 3 Crete, 3c.; 20 Denmark, 5c.; 20 Portugal, 6c.; 7 Siam, 15c.; 10 Brazil, 5c.; 7 Malay, 10c.; 10 Finland, 5c.; 50 Persia, 89c.; 50 Cuba, 60c.; 6 China, 4c.; 8 Bosnia, 7c. Remit in Stamps or Money-Order. Fine approval sheets 50% Discount. 50 Page List Free. MARKS STAMP COMPANY, DEPT. N, TORONTO, CANADA.



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1000 Mixed for 12c. This is our regular 25c. mixture containing about 200 varieties. Sold only to those applying for our 50% discount approval sheets. FAR WEST STAMP CO., TACOMA, WASH.

STAMPS 100 VARIETIES FOREIGN, FREE. Postage 2c. Mention St. Nicholas. QUAKER STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.

SNAPS 200 different Foreign Stamps for only 10c. 65 different U. S. Stamps, including old issues of 1861 and revenues \$1.00 and \$2.00 values, for only 11c. Our pamphlet which tells "How to Make a Stamp Collection Properly" free with each order. QUEEN CITY STAMP & COIN CO., Rm. 32, 604 RACE ST., CINTI., O.

Good stamps at right prices sent on approval. Reference asked. Stamp and Coin guide, ten cents. A. A. JONES, HERRIN, ILL.

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FOREIGN STAMPS FREE 52 different foreign, including China and Venezuela, to all who apply for our high grade approval selections. *Send two cent stamp for return postage.* THE EDGEWOOD STAMP CO., DEPT. S, MILFORD, CONN.

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STAMP ALBUM with 538 Genuine Stamps, incl. Old Mexico, Malay (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., 10c. 100 diff. Jan. N. Zld., etc., 5c. Big List, Coupons, etc., FREE! 1000 Fine Mixed 20c. 1000 Hinges 5c. Agents Wanted, 50%. WE BUY STAMPS. HUSSMAN STAMP CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

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Free 3 New Foundland 1898-99—with request for my Profit Sharing Approvals. Particulars for card. JOHN G. BASSLER, 417 S. DICKENSON, MADISON, WIS.

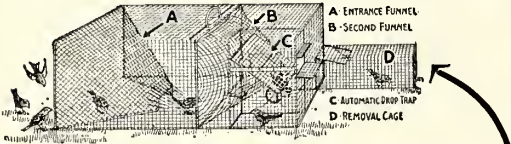
STAMPS 105 China, Egypt, etc., stamp dictionary and list 3000 bargains 2c. Agts., 50%. BULLARD & CO., Sta. A, BOSTON.



104 different STAMPS, including U. S. 1861 Civil War, Japan, Argentine, etc., large Fridelist and sample New England Stamp Monthly only 5c. Finest approval sheets. 50% discount. NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO. 43 WASHINGTON BLDG., BOSTON, MASS.

Helpful Suggestions

ON this page are suggestions where most ideal pets may be found. Dolls can't play with you, games sometimes grow tiresome, and toys wear out, but a loving little pet will bring a new companionship and happiness into the home, growing stronger with passing years, oftentimes aiding in health and character building and frequently proving a staunch protector and friend. We are always ready to assist in the selection of a pet and like to help when possible. We try to carry only the most reliable advertisements and believe you can count on courteous and reliable service from the dealers shown below. ST. NICHOLAS PET DEPARTMENT



The New Dodson Sparrow Trap

Double funnel trap on left, automatic drop trap on right; catches sparrows at *both ends*. No other trap like this. Made of strong, electrically welded wire; lasts a life-time. Price \$6.00, f. o. b., Chicago.

The old-style Dodson Trap has been successful for two years—thousands in use. This trap is notably better.

Banish sparrows and native birds will return to your garden. The sparrow is a quarrelsome pest. U. S. Dept. of Agriculture Bulletin advocates destruction of English Sparrows.

Sparrows are good for one thing only—they're good to eat. Often served as Reed Birds.

Write for Sparrow Trap booklet and for Dodson Bird Book which tells how to win native birds to live in your garden—both free. Mr. Dodson, a Director of the Illinois Audubon Society, has been building bird houses for 20 years. Dodson houses win birds. Write to

JOSEPH H. DODSON

707 Security Building

CHICAGO, ILL.



Playmates of Royalty

In ancient China, this little fellow's ancestors played with princes and princesses. Perhaps that is why these beautiful wee

PEKINGESE

make such brave, lovable little pets. All my dogs are champion bred. There are over 50 to choose from of every color. Prices, \$25 on up. I will be glad to tell you more about them, if you write to Mrs. H. A. Baxter, Telephone 418, Great Neck, L. I., or 489 Fifth Ave., New York City (Tel.)

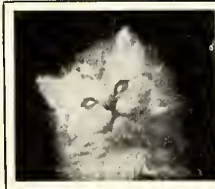
Keep your dog in condition by feeding him on

Spratt's Dog Cakes

The best all-round Dog Food in the world.

Send 2c. stamp for "Dog Culture."

SPRATT'S PATENT LTD., NEWARK, N. J.



EQUAL PARTNERS

is the relationship existing between the child and his pet. They share each day's joys and sorrows on an equal basis, and the welfare of one is the welfare of the other. Put your child in partnership with the ideal pet—one of our Persian Kittens.

Black Short-Haired Cattery Kennels—Hasbrouck Heights, N.J.

Address all communications to N. Y. Office, 112E Carnegie Hall Telephone, 3691 Columbus



Molly had a little Collie, Which came to her in May, It made her feel so very jolly, 'Cause he came from Sunnybrae.

A puppy from the

Sunnybrae Collie Kennels

Bloomington, Ill., will make you very happy, too. Mr. F. R. Clarke, keeper of the Kennels, will be glad to send you his book on Dog Training for 25c. His collies are the best ever. Write to Mr. Clarke for his prices.



Ideal Bird Houses

Pretty cottage designs in imitation stone that will last a lifetime. Three of these houses for \$1.00, each one a different design, by Parcel Post free within 300 miles. House the song birds. They devour noxious insects and save the fruit and shade trees.

IDEAL BIRD HOUSE COMPANY, 707 N. Howard St., Baltimore, Md.

Write for illustrated folder by mail free.



Shetland and Welsh Ponies

Gentle little ponies, thoroughly broken to saddle and harness. Ideal pets for children. Illustrated catalogue.

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America's
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Dog Remedies

Book on Dog Diseases And How to Feed

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If You Own a Dog

Send for free illustrated booklet how to

Keep Him in Condition

C. S. R. CO.

P. O. Box 1028

New York City

St. Nicholas Pet Department—Continued



Write for catalog of Belle Meade Ponies. Bred from blue ribbon winners. Shows photos of pet ponies, describes them with pedigree and gives prices from \$75 up.

BELLE MEADE FARM
Box 9, Markham, Virginia

An Advertisement for Fathers

Insurance and bees always make good talking points.

We all believe in business insurance—and we happen to have right here in St. NICHOLAS a real *insurance* medium.

Since everybody agrees that business institutions should advertise in order to insure—why not recommend to your friends that St. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE is being read by a wonderful growing generation who will take the grown-ups' places in the purchasing power of the country in only a few years?

The average age of a St. NICHOLAS reader is 14 years. He (and she, too!) is buying things *to-day*, and you know as well as I do that he represents a vital force *to be sold* for many years to come.

If you believe we are right—will you help us show more big business men that St. NICHOLAS represents a field which is worth cultivating?

St. Nicholas' Advertising Department

Have A Heart

The Wild Birds Are Our Good Friends and Neighbors; Be Good to Them. A few bird-houses erected on your place will invite the birds to stop on your premises. Proper food will keep them there all the year 'round to please you with song and beautifully influence the children for good.

ALL-IN-ONE RIDGEWOOD IMPROVED BIRD HOUSE
only \$1.00 including 3-Hole Entrance. By mail postpaid \$1.25. Attracts Blue Birds, Chickadees, Wrens, etc. Squirrel-proof. Self-cleaning. Stained brown and green. Hangs anywhere.

White's Suet Basket, 75c. By mail postpaid 90c. Keeps suet accessible to birds all year 'round. How's "Suet Grain" Cakes, per cake 25c. Order with basket.

ROBIN OR PHOEBE SHELF
by mail postpaid 65c. Made in 2 sizes. Large for Robins, small for Phoebes. Can be hung anywhere. Order direct from adv. Money back if not satisfied.

CHARLES E. WHITE
Who believes in befriending the Wild Birds—our friends and neighbors
Box 45-S. Kenilworth, Ill.

CLASS PINS For School, College or Society. We make the "right kind" from hand cut steel dies. Beauty of detail and quality guaranteed. No pins less than \$5.00 a dozen. Catalog showing many artistic designs free.

FLOWER CITY CLASS PIN CO., 686 Central Building, Rochester, N. Y.

Blaisdell Paper Pencils

Do your own color drawing with Blaisdells
All colors at your stationer's or write for free color chart. Philadelphia

The New "Arrow" Read! Electrically Lighted!

Easy motorcycle saddle—New coaster brake—motorcycle mud guard, stand and parcel rack—motorcycle pedals—long rubber grip motorcycle handle bars—re-inforced motorcycle frame. **1 1/2" Red Tread Clincher Tires** beautifully finish. Write.

New Motorcycle Type

Write for our new 1915 catalog. Read the wonderful 1915 improvements above. Nothing like this bicycle ever offered before. Other features, too. Send for catalog. The New Arrow—the most wonderful bicycle value ever built. Perfect motorcycle type. All sizes for boys, men and women.

Pay As You Ride A small amount down brings you the 1915 Arrow—enjoy riding it right away—pay just a little each month while you ride. Write for rock-bottom direct offer.

Write Today Get our new free catalog of this wonderful 1915 Arrow and our rock-bottom offer. No obligations. Don't delay. Your name on a postal will do. Write today—NOW.

Arrow Cycle Co. Dept. 1375 19th St. & California Ave. Chicago

30 Days FREE TRIAL and freight prepaid on the new 1915 "RANGER" bicycle. Write at once and get our big catalog and special offers before buying.

Marvelous Improvements. Extraordinary values in our 1915 price offers. You cannot afford to buy without getting our latest propositions. WRITE TODAY.

Boys, be a "Rider Agent" and make big money taking orders for bicycles and supplies. Get our liberal terms on a sample to introduce the new "RANGER." Tires, equipment, sundries and everything in the bicycle line half usual prices. Auto. and Motorcycle Supplies.

MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. A-15, CHICAGO

Sewing Machine Electric Motor

Will fit any make sewing machine and costs only 1/4 cent per hour for electricity. Price complete, \$14. Write for circular. Guaranteed.

FIDELITY ELECTRIC CO., LANCASTER, PA.

Off for a Day's Sport



They're paddling down stream a few miles to their cave on an island. They will fish and swim a while and cook over a camp fire, making the trip home by moonlight. Tomorrow they canoe across the lake to the woods. Every day is chock-full of fun and adventure if you own an "Old Town Canoe." It is easy to paddle, graceful, swift and strong. The craft used by famous guides and scouts. 4000 ready—all low priced. Send for free catalog of canoe views and facts.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 435 Fourth Street, Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

"Old Town Canoes"

Rich Aunts and Uncles—

Great Things for Babies
—but be sure when they
come to visit that baby
wears



Kleinert's



Single Texture, 25c.

Waterproof
BABY
PANTS



Double Texture, 50c.



Delivered to You Free

A sample 1915 model "Ranger" bicycle, on approval and 30 DAYS TRIAL and free riding test.

Write at once for large illustrated catalog showing complete line of bicycles, tires and supplies, and the most marvelous offer ever made on a bicycle. You will be astonished at our low prices and remarkable terms.

RIDER AGENTS Wanted—Boys, make money taking orders for Bicycles, Tires and Sundries from our big catalog. Do Business direct with the leading bicycle house in America. Do not buy until you know what we can do for you. WRITE TO US.

MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. A-15, CHICAGO

A GOOD GUN
MEANS A GOOD BOY

Nothing satisfies that inborn craving for "something that shoots," like the new powderless

DAISY

Pump Gun

50-Shot Repeater \$3.00
Other Daisy Air Rifles 50c to \$2.20

At all Dealers, or direct from Factory

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

"The Happy Daisy Boy"

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 159

FROM THE MARCH ST. NICHOLAS

When this competition was first shown to the judges and they read "2-A's, 2-B's, 12-C's," etc., they said the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls are mighty clever and have lots of "stick-to-itiveness," but if we get any answers to that competition, we will be more than surprised. Well, you boys and girls did surprise the judges, because just about as soon as the magazine was in your hands, the answers began to come in—not so fast, however, as the answers to some of the easier competitions. The judges looked somewhat sheepish, and I think were just a little bit ashamed for even assuming for a minute that anything was too hard for the boys and girls who read ST. NICHOLAS.

I'm sure you never heard of so many interesting pets, for there were rabbits, mice, ferrets, finches, parrots, canaries, roosters, alligators, lizards, horned toads, gold fish, to say nothing of the dogs, cats, ponies, and horses. The pages of the Pet Department in ST. NICHOLAS have been instrumental in many instances in finding pets for homes, and homes for pets.

The judges say the following boys and girls have been selected as prize winners:

One First Prize, \$5.00:

Eloise M. Peckham, age 12, Rhode Island.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00:

Venette Milne Willard, age 17, Pennsylvania.

Elaine A. Blackman, age 15, Illinois.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00:

Sally Pratt Robinson, age 14, New York.

Lydia L. Storer, age 15, Massachusetts.

Julian L. Ross, age 12, Pennsylvania.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Elsa S. Ebeling, age 15, Maryland.

Katherine Floyd, age 15, Illinois.

Katharine Howard White, age 13, Massachusetts.

Doris L. Bennett, age 15, Wisconsin.

Robert W. Barrell, Jr., age 14, Missouri.





Ruth Barcher, age 15, New York.

Mary Inez Fry, age 14, Quebec.

Eunice Jackson, age 13, New Jersey.

Henry S. Johnson, age 15, Connecticut.

Bessie H. Rockwood, age 15, New York.

 <p>10¢ Wireless Detector. Guaranteed to receive long distance messages with our \$0.39 telephone receiver, or money back. Our Cyclopaedia sent FREE with it. Price PREPAID \$0.10</p>	<p>Static Machine. Turning crank gives powerful 3 in. spark. No batteries required. Made of steel and hard rubber. Performs 500 experiments. Size 8 x 5 x 10 ins. Weight 6 lbs. Price . . . \$3.70</p>	<p>3418  Smallest Tungsten Flashlight made. Powerful light. Weight 4 oz. Price . \$0.50</p>	<p>Hustler Motor. Runs on 1 dry cell. Size 3 x 3 x 4 ins. Weight 1 lb. Price . . . \$0.80</p>	<p>1043  Flashlight Lamps. 3 1/2 Volts give brilliant light. Weight 4 oz. Price . . . \$0.09</p>	<p>Dynamo. Very powerful. Gives 6 Volts, 6 Amperes. Lights 12 tungsten lamps, charges storage cells, runs as power motor. NOT A TOY. Size 6 x 6 x 6 ins. Weight 7 lbs. Price . . . \$3.69</p>	<p>1024  Telephone Receiver, 75 Ohms, Hard rubber shell, powerful magnet. With two phones and no batteries, you can talk 500 feet. Size 2 1/4 x 1 1/2 ins. Weight 1 lb. Price \$0.39</p>
<h1>BOYS</h1>						
<p>We carry the largest stock of experimental electrical goods in the world, and are the originators of the Wireless experimental Business. ASK YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT US. When ordering above goods enclose postage, else goods must go by express. Shipping weights are given. We ship in 24 hours. Send today 3c. postage for a copy of our famous Electrical Cyclopaedia No. 14, containing 400 illustrations, 1,600 articles. "Treatise on Wireless Telegraphy" and 20 coupons for free Wireless Course. With any of above goods, Cyclopaedia included FREE. "Everything for the Experimenter" THE ELECTRO IMPORTING CO. 241 Fulton Street, New York City</p>						

Schools and Camps



MINNE-WAWA Summer Camp For Boys and Young Men.

Located at Lake of Two Rivers, Algonquin Provincial Lake, in the heart of Ontario Highlands.

Unsurpassed for fishing, canoeing, observation of nature and wild animal photography. Just the camp you have been looking for. Wholesome moral atmosphere. Highest references. Reasonable terms. Write for booklet E.

W. L. WISE, Ph. B.

Bordentown, N. J.



CAMP BELGRADE FOR BOYS. In the Maine Woods.

A bully place for a real bang-up vacation. Write for illustrated booklet and see just what good times the camp offers.

FRANK S. SCHRENK, A.M.,
1435 Arch Street, Phila., Pa.

G. P. BLAKE,
Oakland, Me.

PENNSYLVANIA, Swarthmore.

Swarthmore Preparatory SCHOOL FOR BOYS
A thoroughly efficient home school. Near Philadelphia. Modern buildings. Remarkable health record for twenty years. Supervised athletics. Unusually adequate preparation for college. "Unit system" of promotion by subject. Junior School for smaller boys with separate dormitory. Address A. H. TOMLINSON, Headmaster.

Mrs. Marshall's School for Little Girls

BRIARCLIFF MANOR, N. Y.

A Boarding and Day School for Girls under Fifteen

(Tuition \$900)

The *Evening Post* Educational Library says:

"Here little girls are not of secondary importance tucked in a corner, a means of added revenue, but the center of a scheme of work, their interest—mental, moral and physical—conscientiously met."

National Park Seminary for Girls



20 minutes from Washington, D. C. Ideal climate, 65-acre campus, 50 instructors, 30 buildings, division of girls into small home and social groups, limited classes and specialized instruction. Home economics, diploma course. Floriculture. 2 years collegiate work. For catalog address

Registrar, Box 178,

Forest Glen, Md.

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The utmost care should be taken by parents in selecting just the right school at the very beginning of their children's education.

If a mistake is made it requires years of diligent study to overcome it, and sometimes it is never corrected entirely. ST. NICHOLAS has been a powerful educational influence in the cultivated homes of America for three generations. This association has placed ST. NICHOLAS in a position properly to advise parents in regard to the selection of a school. Detailed information about any school or camp may be obtained by ST. NICHOLAS readers without charge.

Wise parents will begin now to make their plans for the next school term. Address **SCHOOL SERVICE DEPARTMENT, The Century Co., 353 Fourth Ave., New York City**

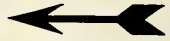
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STREET.....

TOWN.....

STATE.....

Enclosed is 10 cents for which please send to the address up above the fine 32-page Advertising Stamp Album and the ST. NICHOLAS Stamp.

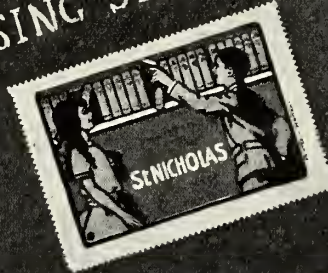
**HERE**

is the Album you get when you send that little coupon over

THERE

in the corner, to ST. NICHOLAS 353 Fourth Avenue (at 26th St.), New York

**ST. NICHOLAS
ADVERTISING STAMP ALBUM**

**ALWAYS**

Please be sure to send a 2c. postage stamp whenever you write to an advertiser for poster stamps. They are quite expensive of themselves and when one has to send out hundreds of sets the postage costs a good deal. So always send the advertiser a 2c. stamp.

WHERE TO GET POSTER STAMPS

After getting your album and the ST. NICHOLAS stamp you will wonder what to do next to start that big collection of hundreds of advertising stamps which you expect to have.

Perhaps *Tom* or *Mary* or *John* or *Will* have extra stamps (duplicates). They may be willing to part with them for a "Please," or "Two Pins" or something else.

They surely will want to trade as soon as you have some stamps which they lack. So perhaps the first thing to do is: Ask the grocer-man and the druggist and the candy-man if they have any poster stamps or advertising stamps they could give you, please. Say to them, "I am making a collection with a ST. NICHOLAS stamp album to show to my friends."

Then whenever you see in an advertisement an offer to send poster stamps, write for them, always enclosing a 2c. postage stamp. (You saw one such advertisement on page 14 of the April ST. NICHOLAS.)

Some of the other advertisers who would be glad to send their stamps (for 2c., you know) are:

Hart, Schaffner & Marx, Chicago, Ill.
The Evinrude Mfg. Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
Mellin's Food Co., Boston, Mass.
Public Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa.
Wells-Fargo Express Co., New York, N. Y.
Volland Poster Stamp Co., Chicago, Ill.

When you write to them, just say about the same thing you told the store-keepers, always mentioning ST. NICHOLAS and always sending a 2c. postage stamp.

Are you going to have the largest collection of anybody in your neighborhood? Or perhaps the biggest one in your whole town?

TO START YOUR COLLECTION SEND THAT LITTLE CORNER COUPON TO ST. NICHOLAS NOW



Little Church around the Corner

“The Little Church Around the Corner”

and twenty-three other things in New York that everybody from everywhere wants to see when they come to New York, and that everybody in New York wants pictures of, are pictured—in seven brilliant colors—in a new series of poster stamps, each one as big as the one you see here. They are all from paintings by Franklin Bittner, who is a very noted designer of posters.

You can have all 24 if you send 25 cents to the

POSTER STAMP CLUB
17 MADISON AVENUE - - NEW YORK

Do you belong to this club? Its members are all collecting poster stamps, and not only having *much fun* but *learning much* too. It is a very instructive and a very jolly pastime.

To join, all you need do is to write the club that you have a collection of poster stamps. Even if you have only an album and a few stamps, you can be a real member. Have you joined?

OLD Coins Curios Etc.

Any of the Following (all different) Sent Prepaid for 25c.: 2 U. S. Cents or ½ Cents, 100 years old; 10 U. S. Coins, Medals and Tokens; 15 Foreign Coins; 3 Named Ancient Coins; 5 Belgian, Russian, French, English and German; \$250 in C. S. A. Money; 10 Cut Gems; Fine Topaz or Amethyst; 10 Old Wampum Beads; 6 Arrow-heads; 15 Egyptian and Roman Beads, 1500-3500 yrs. old; Premium Coin Book, 10c. 100-Page Rare Coin Book, U. S. and Foreign Premiums, 28 plates, 50c. Retail lists of 50,000 Coins, Gems, Weapons, Curios, Scarabs, etc., for 2c. stamp; Special, Coin Sord made of 125 new Chinese Coins, \$1.25.

T. L. Elder Coin Store, 32 E. 23d Street, New York City

NEW WESTERN POSTER STAMPS

Beautiful assortment of 20 stamps, all different, 10c. 60 Poster Stamps, no two alike, 25c. Album, 10c., or Free with 25c. order. 6 Extra Stamps Free if you send names and addresses of a few other collectors with order. NATIONAL POSTER STAMP CO., 605 EXCHANGE BLDG., DENVER, COLO.

88

There are 88 merchant flags which fly from ships of all the different countries in the world. You can get this set printed in its real colors on poster stamps for only 25c.

96

There are 96 coats-of-arms poster stamps, each one printed in gold and silver and all its true colors. Much larger stamps than the flags but cost only 50c. for 96.

72

There are 72 miniature portraits of the world's chief rulers at different times in history. Postage stamp size. Price 50c.

Or, you can get all three sets for \$1.00.

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Have You Ever Been to Belgium?

It is hard to get there now because of the war.

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Photographers of all the World

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Palace of Justice, Brussels



King Albert of Belgium



A Belgian Dog Team



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THIS special packet of 25 of the newest stamps is sent with every new membership in the Art Stamp League. Hundreds are collecting these beautiful, artistic Poster Stamps. They're about twice the size of postage stamps and are works of art.

It is easy to get the stamps, too. We have started a Poster Stamp Collectors League—and have ready for our members a large number of assortments of Poster Stamps. To become a member simply send twenty-five cents (in stamps or coin) for an attractive stamp album, a member's special stamp, and special assortment. From time to time each member of the Art Stamp League will receive absolutely free special assortments of new stamps. You will not be able to buy them. Join now. Send us your name and address, with 25 cents for membership stamp and the album and assortment of stamps.

THE ART STAMP LEAGUE OF AMERICA, INC.
SUCCESSOR TO POSTER STAMP BUREAU
82 Maiden Lane New York



Something to try



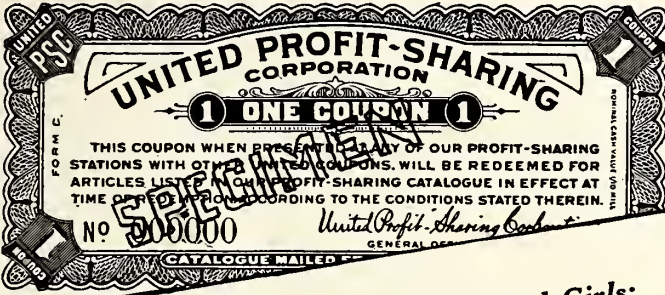
You must read this carefully through so that you'll get all there is in it. Here and there you will notice blurred or broken letters. Find them all, note them down in order, and you'll decipher the concealed message. Then write it out carefully and send it to the address you see printed below.

For your answer, if judged correct, you will get by post, from Colgate & Co., a very pleasing little reward for your work.

Anyone who succeeds in solving the puzzle will have also a sort of password or sign that he or she will find of great worth all through life. The half hour's work, or less, is fully compensated for by the reward you receive, and the password or sign is an extra—in finding which you will enjoy yourself and gain some knowledge of

“Good Teeth—Good Health”

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 60, 199 Fulton St., New York



Dear ST. NICHOLAS Boys and Girls:

Now we have been telling you for three months in ST. NICHOLAS to "Save United Profit-Sharing Coupons! Ask Mother! Ask Cook!" And ask Father for his United Cigar Store coupons —so that you can get many really fine presents all for yourself. Here are pictures of other things you can get with United Coupons, if you have persistence in collecting them.

But now, unless you have already done so, ask your father what United Coupons are and why they are given. He will tell you, probably, that they were originally given with purchases at United Cigar Stores, so that men would like to trade there all the time, and become regular friends instead of being just acquaintances in many stores. You know how you give your friends things. Well, that is just what these stores do.

All grown-ups know that these coupons (little green and orange slips) can be exchanged at certain places for many valuable presents like these outdoor things shown here.

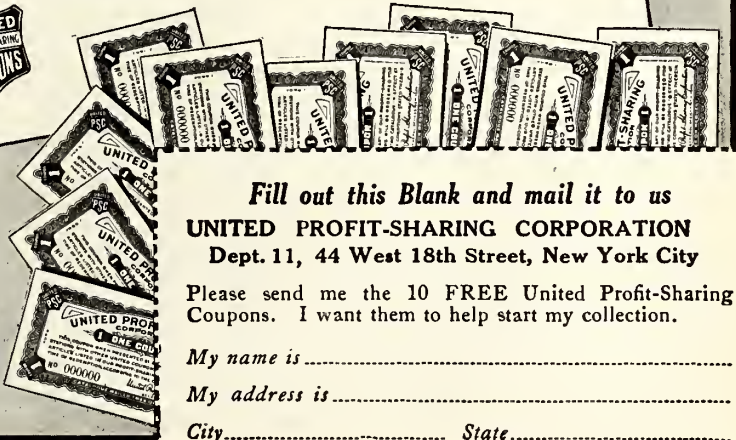
Well, after a while, manufacturers of things to eat, to cook with, to wear, to clean with, etc., wanted to give something to people who buy their goods regularly. So the "United Coupon" is now being packed with their goods, too, sometimes in the package, sometimes around it, but always somewhere. The catalog tells all about it.

Only now it is called the "United Profit-Sharing Coupon," and it looks like this one shown on the lower left-hand corner of our pages.

Remember the watchword from last month? "Save United Coupons! Ask Father! Ask Mother! Ask Cook!" Have you sent for a catalog and the 10 FREE Coupons to start your collection? If you haven't already done so, read what it says on the little blank below, and mail it to us with your name and address written plainly.

Sincerely yours,

The UNITED PROFIT-SHARING CORPORATION



Fill out this Blank and mail it to us
UNITED PROFIT-SHARING CORPORATION
Dept. 11, 44 West 18th Street, New York City

Please send me the 10 FREE United Profit-Sharing Coupons. I want them to help start my collection.

My name is

My address is

City..... State.....





"AFTER many vicissitudes, Bill and I are now on speaking terms again," Peter wrote to his sister Polly.

Polly knew what vicissitudes meant because the new Pond's Society was having just that kind of a time. But before we learn about that, let us see what else Peter's letter said.

"I've been on speaking terms with Bill right along, but he has n't answered anything at all. It was just like a telephone conversation when you cannot hear what the person at the other end of the wire is saying.

"I would say, 'Good morning, Bill.' No answer. 'Say, but this is a great day.' No answer. 'Want to go for a walk out to *The Alps*, to-day, Bill?' No answer. 'Don't you feel well, Will?' No answer.

"By being extremely nice, I was trying to shame him into apologizing for his actions at the basketball game. But all the time I was pretty mad, he was so grouchy.

"He did n't like it, either, I guess, because he kept getting grouchier and grouchier until all the boys began to call him 'Sweet William.'

"Well, things went along like that until to-day. Bill was walking across the campus with his mouth turned down at the corners like a parenthesis mark lying down on its ends, like this: \smile . A lot of the boys were over under the big elm, practising the new baseball song. I heard one of the faculty say it was more like 'close agony' than 'close harmony.' It was pretty bad, I guess, but wait till they get going.

"Well, as I was saying—writing, I mean—Bill was walking like a funeral. Just as he passed the crowd, one of the boys called out, 'Who's dead?' and everybody yelled together, 'Sweet William!' Then one of the boys dropped down on his hands and knees right behind Bill and another gave him a sudden shove backward, so he went head over heels on the grass.

"I know this is n't a very nice trick, but it did Bill a lot of good. Unfortunately—I mean fortunately for Bill—he did n't get hurt a little bit, but Tom Classon, who was on his hands and knees, was struck by Bill's heavy feet and had his forehead scraped quite badly. Tom did n't get angry, though, because he is a good sport, and the way the tables were turned on the other fellows made Bill laugh for the first time in a month. Bill even offered to get the Pond's Extract bottle from his room, up three flights of stairs! But he did n't have to go because Tom's room was on the ground floor and several of us walked over there with him and used his

POND'S EXTRACT

We took turns in rubbing the black and blue spot until he said the pain was almost gone. He'll be all right to-morrow. I guess there are n't more than a dozen boys in our whole



school who don't keep Pond's Extract in their rooms ready for every emergency.

"Remember me to Molly.


"Yours truly,
"PETER."

Over at Polly's school the Pond's Society, which had 29 founders, but now has 43 members, had a little problem which Polly cleverly solved this way:

Each member has signed the pledge you read last month agreeing to use *all* the Pond's things.

At first the club almost broke up because they could n't buy *all* the Pond's things at Mr. Clarke's drug-store.

Before going to the other store, which they did n't like so well, the club decided to appoint a committee of five girls to call on Mr. Clarke down in the village.

They all had their "badges" on. They were made by covering a small pearl button with yellow cloth, after first printing on the cloth in black ink the letters P. S. The badge looks like this:  The S is written backward, you see, the top part forming the top of the letter P.

They used yellow cloth so as to suggest the color of the label which is on all Pond's Extract bottles, you know.

"Good afternoon, young ladies," Mr. Clarke greeted them politely. "What can I do for you to-day?"

Then Molly, the chairman of the committee, said: "Why, Mr. Clarke, we girls want to use all the things the Pond's Extract Company makes because we have found Pond's Extract so good for our bumps and bruises, and Pond's Vanishing Cream so good for our complexions. The new things we want to use are Pond's Tooth Paste,

Pond's Cold Cream, Pond's Toilet Soap, and Pond's Talcum Powder. So will you please get them for us. We've tried them, and they are awfully, awfully good."

"How many of you want them?" asked Mr. Clarke.

"Well, here are five right here," Molly answered diplomatically, "and we feel quite sure that many of the other girls will use them, because they like the samples immensely."

"All right," the druggist answered, and that night he sent in an order. So that problem was easily settled.

As they were walking back to school, Polly discovered on the face of her room-mate a little pink glow which looked very much like the beginning of sunburn. The sun was certainly very hot, and all of the girls said that it was like the middle of the summer.

Polly knew how good Pond's Vanishing Cream is for sunburn, and so she had her friend put it on her face as soon as she got in, and the next morning there was not a trace of any discomfort.

We understand that the Society is planning to give a masquerade party next month, but don't tell anybody because it is a surprise for Polly.

(Continued in the June ST. NICHOLAS)

**POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S Vanishing Cream—
Cold Cream—Toilet Soap—Pond's Extract**

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY

131 Hudson Street

New York





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An educational and entertaining trip to the two mammoth Expositions, where exhibits from more than forty nations portray the achievements of the world.

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View the strange phenomena and unequalled beauty of the world's greatest wonderland.

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"SEE AMERICA"





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Red Wing Grape Juice is just as fresh—just as pure—just as sweet and rich in grapey flavor as the fresh fruit when first picked—only one light crush from select Concordes is used — it reaches you just as it left the grape.

Unchanged
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RED WING the GRAPE JUICE With the Better Flavor

When you buy Grape Juice ask for Red Wing — insist on the brand that insures the utmost in purity, quality and grapey flavor. If your dealer is unable to supply you, send us his name and address and \$3.00 and we will ship you a trial case of a dozen pints by prepaid express to any point east of the Rockies, or for 10c we will mail you a sample four ounce bottle.

Write for booklet containing recipes for many grape delicacies that delight both guests and home folks. It's free.

Manufactured by

PURITAN FOOD PRODUCTS CO., Inc.
Fredonia, N. Y.



Robbers! Robbers!!



OUR tale now shifts, as stories must, off to the robber's cave, for we must tell how robber men of certain kinds behave.

These special robbers were the worst that mortal man had seen; not only were they *robbers* but unusually unclean. Their whiskers were as black as ink, their faces dark with crime, their hands and coat tails and their hats were caked with mud and grime. And furthermore, these wretched men made naughty plans on *Sunday* to dirty up the drying clothes that mother washes *Monday*.

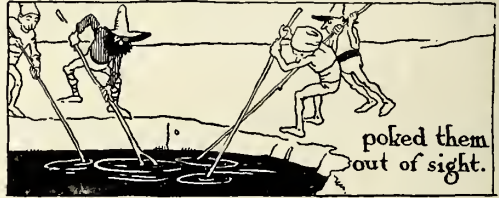
It was on Tuesday, bright and clear, on which our story falls. Those robbers had



been out all night and made some splendid hauls. They'd stripped a score of clotheslines and had made a snowy pile of dainty gowns and aprons white, and frocks of every style. Those roaring robbers danced and pranced about that pile with glee, their horrid howls were bad to hear, their grins were bad to see. But what was worse, they took those clothes, all clean and spotless white, and threw them into pools of mud and poked them out of sight.

MORE ADVENTURES OF IVORY SHIP

The last and daintiest petticoat had just gone in the mire, and those bad robbers stood about with chortles grim and dire, when *suddenly* they heard a sound—a buzzing in the sky, a whirling and a snorting that might surely terrify



most *anybody*, and those rogues just trembled in their boots, and half a dozen ran away with terror-stricken hoots.

Down swooped a **DRAGON**, snorting fire, and tucked from wing to wing, were thirty-seven tots whose shouts just made the welkin ring. Behind them, with a graceful curve, came **IVORY** aeroplane which through the mists of morning left a shining **IVORY** train.

"Unload," cried Gnif, "there's work to do. We're not a bit too soon. We must completely conquer all these robber men by noon. Jump to the earth, ye heroes brave, no robber men can cope with heroes such as you, my dears, well-armed with **IVORY SOAP**."



Those naughty robbers soon will get a thoroughgoing drubbing,
For **IVORY SOAP** can master them as well as Mother's scrubbing.

THIS PAGE IS
REPRODUCED BY
SPECIAL PERMIS-
SION OF "JOHN
MARTIN'S BOOK"
(A MAGAZINE FOR
LITTLECHILDREN)

IVORY SOAP IT FLOATS



Says Johnny Knife,
"I'm keen for life
No rust for me again, sir,
My heart is right
My face is bright
I bathe in
Old Dutch Cleanser."



On written request we will mail—free of charge—a booklet, "The Spickanspan Folks," containing six beautiful colored prints especially designed for young folks. "Old Dutch," Dept. 61—111 West Monroe St., Chicago



PREFERENCES



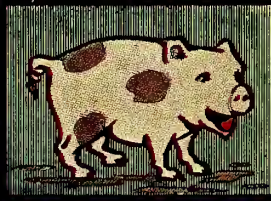
My Bunny nibbles cabbages;
 And Dobbin munches hay;
 And Piggie musses in the mud
 In quite a hungry way.
 My Daddy likes his griddle cakes;
 My Mother likes her tea,
 But **KELLOGG'S TOASTED CORN
 FLAKES** are
 The greatest treat for me.



Our Cow eats lots of clover grass;
 Our Doggie gobbles meat;
 Our Billy Goat thinks paper bags
 Are very crisp and sweet.
 All people have a preference
 For different things to eat,
 But **KELLOGG'S TOASTED CORN
 FLAKES** are
 To me the *greatest* treat.



I love those crispy flakes of CORN,
 They give my tongue delight,
 And make me wish the *whole* of me
 Was one big appetite
 The more I eat the more I want,
 The more I want to see
 My **KELLOGG'S TOASTED CORN
 FLAKES** set
 Before a Child like me.



*This page is reproduced by special permission of
 John Martin's Book—a book for little children.*

Kellogg's

TOASTED CORN FLAKES



THE ART OF BATTING," by BILLY EVANS

OL. XLII, No. 8

JUNE, 1915

PRICE, 25 CENTS

ST. NICHOLAS



THE CENTURY CO. 353 FOURTH AVE. NEW YORK

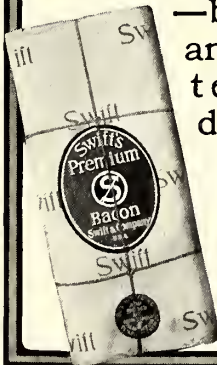
Look for this Brand



When you purchase bacon ask the dealer to show you the double **"Swift's Premium"** brand. Or if you 'phone your order, look for this brand when the bacon is received.

To be sure of the best —best in appearance, taste and tenderness— demand

"Swift's Premium"



Swift & Company U.S.A.

*"The Best
is the
Cheapest"*

There is true economy in PEARS because it is all pure soap—absolutely without waste—and particularly low in price.



Even the last thin wafer end is not wasted—it adheres quickly and firmly to the fresh cake.

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for many generations the world's standard for quality—the finest soap possible to produce at any price, is also the very cheapest soap that you can use. It is made from the finest ingredients obtainable, blended with extreme care and refined to the very highest degree—not almost pure, but **ABSOLUTELY** pure.

PEARS thoroughly cleanses the pores and leaves the skin in a natural, soft, healthy condition—it is far more beneficial than any cosmetic could possibly be. Each cake of Pears' Soap goes through a drying process for a full year before leaving the works, which removes every particle of water. A cake of Pears is all soap and only soap; that is why it lasts so much longer than ordinary kinds.

The quality of Pears' Soap is not approached—its durability greater than any other; yet you can buy the unscented anywhere at not over 15c a cake. There surely is no need to use ordinary soap when you can get "*the best*" at so low a price. Try PEARS now at our expense and bring the charm of this delightful soap into your daily life.

A. & F. PEARS, Ltd.

The largest manufacturers of high grade toilet soaps in the world.

For a generous trial cake of Pears' Unscented Soap send your address and 4c. in stamps to cover mailing cost, to WALTER JANVIER, United States Agent, 419-O Canal Street, New York City.

"All rights secured"

The price of Pears' Soaps to dealers has not been and will not be affected by the European War.

FAIRY SOAP

For all toilet
and bath uses

Expert soapmaking talent; the choicest materials; the best facilities—all these combine to produce a true soap in "Fairy."

It cleanses refreshingly and gives unfailing satisfaction.



*The white floating oval cake
fits the hand*

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

"Have You a Little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"



5¢

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In the United States and Canada, the price of THE ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE is \$3.00 a year in advance, or 25 cents a single copy; the subscription price elsewhere throughout the world is \$3.60 (the regular price of \$3.00 plus the foreign postage, 60 cents). Foreign subscriptions will be received in English money at 14 shillings, 6 pence, in French money 18 francs, in German money 14 marks, 50 pfennigs, covering postage. We request that remittances be by money order, bank check, draft, or registered letter. All subscriptions will be filled from the New York office. The Century Co. reserves the right to suspend any subscription taken contrary to its selling terms, and to refund the unexpired credit.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

The half-yearly parts of ST. NICHOLAS end with the October and April numbers respectively, and the red cloth covers are ready with the issue of these numbers; price 50 cents, by mail, postpaid; the two covers for the complete volume, \$1.00. We bind and furnish covers for 75 cents per part, or \$1.50 for the complete volume. (Carriage extra.) In sending the numbers to us, they should be distinctly marked with owner's name. Bound volumes are not exchanged for numbers.

All subscriptions for and all business matters in connection with THE ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE should be addressed to

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ST. NICHOLAS NEWS NOTES

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JULY



© INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

“WHAT EVERY ONE SHOULD KNOW ABOUT AEROPLANES”

A very important and up-to-date article, a companion-piece to “What Every Boy—and Man—Ought to Know About Locomotives,” published in the April number. It will tell about the latest forms and achievements of the man-carrying machines that navigate the air, and it will contain many illustrations and diagrams, showing the leading types of aeroplanes now in use. It will contain, too, directions and diagrams which will enable any boy to make model aeroplanes that are exact reproductions in miniature of the big machines.

“THE ATHLETIC AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION”

A great many Americans know that Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, died on the Fourth of July just fifty years after the day which his pen did so much to make forever famous in the American calendar. But how many of our young folk know that he was throughout his long life a remarkable athlete? An article in the July ST. NICHOLAS sets forth in detail the methods by which he developed and maintained his great strength and vigor.

“ON THE EDGE OF THE AMAZON”

Girls can be just as plucky as boys, and here is a genuine “jungle-story” of a girl’s bravery in a perilous adventure which threatens to set her adrift on the great river, in a skittish Brazilian dug-out. It is written, too, by a traveler who is thoroughly familiar with the vast South American forest, and it is beautifully illustrated by Paul Bransom.

ST.
NICHOLAS
353 Fourth Ave.,
New York City

FOR NEW READERS

Gentlemen:

Please find enclosed \$3.00, for which send me ST. NICHOLAS for one year, beginning with the number.

NAME

ADDRESS

.....

(ST. N-6)

“THE RE-CHRISTENING OF PHOEBE”

Do you like nicknames? Sometimes—and then again sometimes you don't, perhaps. It depends; sometimes nicknames hurt. This is the story of one that did, and of how a Yale boy got rid of it. But that is the smallest part of the story, for while there 's many a good laugh in it and many a true picture of college life, it is a story of real grit and Yale bull-dog-edness that no lover of athletic contests should fail to read. It combines characteristic college fun with plenty of thrills and excitement. A delightful story by Samuel Scoville, Jr.

“SPEED AND THE BASE-RUNNER”

An article by Billy Evans, in which Ty Cobb, Base-Runner Extraordinary, and other fleet experts comment at length on this important feature of the game.

The popular umpire begins the article with this incident:

“Keep a tight hold on that glove of yours, or he will be stealing it before you get out of the Park!’ said Connie Mack to one of his veteran pitchers, near the close of a game at the old Detroit grounds five or six years ago. Cobb had reached first base by beating out a slow hit down the third-base line.”

Read the story, and learn how he stole second, third—and home!

“THE LOST PRINCE” gets better and better. In the July number Marco and The Rat continue their mysterious wanderings, and spend the night in a chalet above the clouds, descending soon after to Vienna, where they see a royal pageant and the mystery of the story deepens.

As it nears its final instalment “THE BOARDED-UP HOUSE” grows more entertaining than ever, and the chapters for July introduce two new and interesting characters who would never have met in the old house if those two young feminine Sherlock Holmeses—Cynthia and Joyce—had not done their work well.

“TOMMY AND THE WISHING-STONE.” In the July number Tommy gets a new and authentic view of the life of a mink—a little animal which, it seems, has often to face danger. These stories, like all that Mr. Thornton W. Burgess writes, are exceedingly popular with the youngsters, and are teaching them many a good lesson in a fascinating way.



ST. NICHOLAS

PENNANT NEWS

The ST. NICHOLAS pennant continues to be a great success, so great a success that another supply has been used up and we are ordering still more, made in the colors of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Pennsylvania and Dartmouth. Surely you who are reading this have a favorite among the big universities, and certainly you want one of these pennants! They are thirty inches long, and the scene on the January cover-page of ST. NICHOLAS is carved into the felt with sharp knives. Each is in two colors, the colors of one of the universities named above. If you send in your own name or that of someone else as a subscriber, please use the coupon on the corner of the opposite page; if you wish to have the whole story of the ST. NICHOLAS pennants, use the coupon on the corner of this page. Why not write to-day? You have nothing to lose, something to gain.

FOR REGULAR READERS OF ST. NICHOLAS

ST. NICHOLAS
353 Fourth Ave.,
New York City

Gentlemen:
Please send me all the details of ST. NICHOLAS's plan for doubling our family, and how I can earn a carved felt pennant in my favorite college colors.

NAME

ADDRESS

(ST N-6)

FOR ALL ST. NICHOLAS READERS

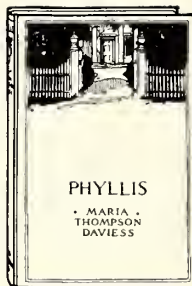


THE LUCKY STONE

By **ABBIE FARWELL BROWN**

The story of how a little tenement girl's dreams came true in most surprising and delightful fashion. A new kind of fairy tale — of American life to-day — with much of the poetic charm of "Peter Pan."

With charming pictures by Reginald Birch.
Price \$1.25 net, postage 10 cents.



PHYLLIS

By **MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS**

How Phyllis, who grew to be almost sixteen with only a multi-millionaire father and an invalid mother and no intimate friend, came into her own in a little Tennessee town. A story for the girl of sixteen.

Illustrations by Johnson.
Price \$1.25 net, postage 10 cents.



Grace Drayton made the "Campbell Kids."

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By **GRACE DRAYTON**

Such adorable little bears as only Grace Drayton makes

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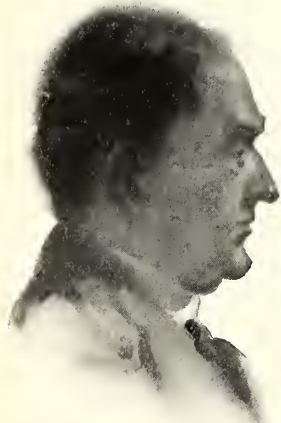
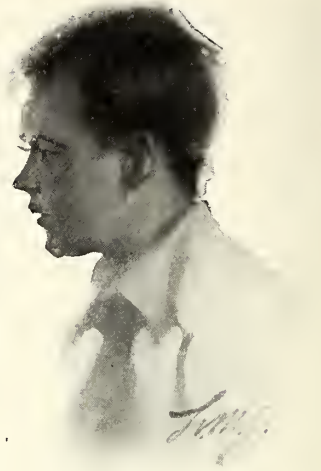
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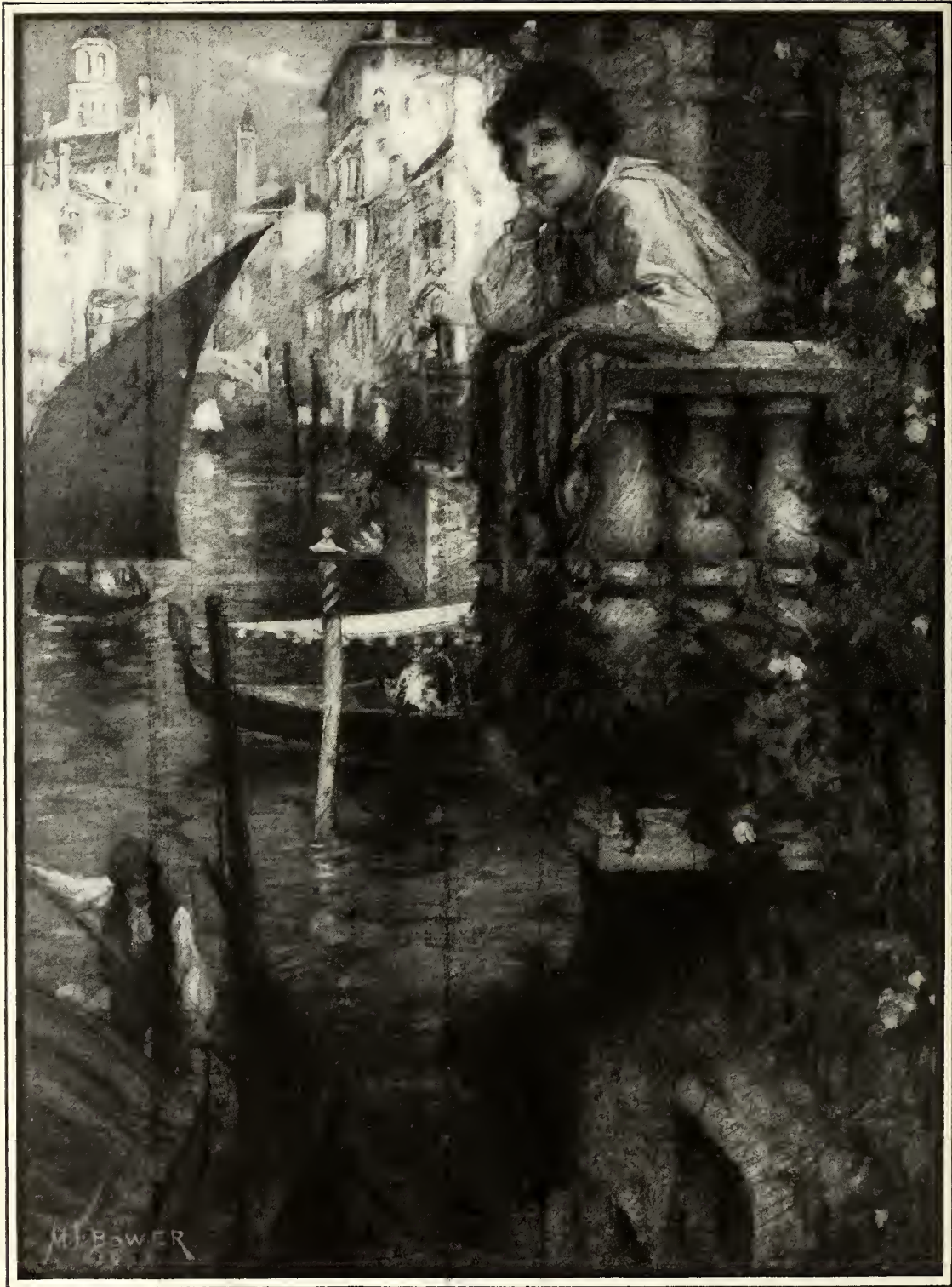
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"FROM THE BALCONY JACOPO COULD LOOK OUT ON THE CANAL."

ST. NICHOLAS

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JACOPO, THE LITTLE DYER

~By Katherine D. Cather~

HE was a handsome lad, strong-limbed and sturdy, and although dressed in the dun-colored smock worn only by Venetian youths of low degree, was as happy as if his father had been one of the Council of Ten. For it was sunset time; and from the balcony of the dim apartment that served as the family living-room, he could look out on the canal, flushed then with glorified light.

A girl with laughing eyes, and hands purple-stained from the dye-pots, came running into the room and called his name. But he did not turn, because he did not hear. He was too busy with his thoughts for familiar sounds to disturb him, for just then everything except the beauty of the shimmering lagoon was crowded out of his mind, and he saw only the amethysts and opals that flashed at every ripple.

The girl was not held spellbound by the wizardry of the sunset. She was just a child of the tintori (the dyers), and she never had fancies beyond those of the money the dyeing would bring, and the trinkets she might buy, and thought it far better to talk of the good fortune come to them that day, than to stand gazing out on the canal. So she went up and shook him violently.

"Jacopo!" she exclaimed. "Jacopo Robusti! Wake up, boy! Don't you know that this is a great day for us? Now that the Dogressa has sent her goods to be colored, other great folk are sure to patronize this shop, and before long your father will be the most prosperous dyer in Venice. Surely you know that, Jacopo!"

The boy turned slowly, as if reluctant to take his eyes from the glowing canal. For now that

the heat was over, gondolas were beginning to glide by, and snatches of song came from the lips of the light-hearted rowers. The music, the color, and the swanlike motion of the boats belonged together, and Jacopo loved it all. But no matter how strong its allurements, it could not hold him after his cousin came into the room. For she was a persistent maid, and always kept nagging until she had her way.

"I know," he replied, "and also that the work must be ready to-morrow night, which means that I'll have to stay at home and help, instead of going out on the Canalezzo to see the sunset."

Floria frowned at him.

"The idea of thinking of anything but your father's good fortune!" she rebuked. "The sun goes down every night, and the canal will always be there. But we've never had work from the Dogressa before, and you ought to be glad to stay at home and lend a hand. Come and look at the stuff. It is silk from the Indies, and will be colored crimson."

The odor of boiling dye came in through the open door, and his father's voice called just then. Jacopo knew there was no more standing on the balcony for him, so he followed Floria into the shop that, its walls gay with pictures in fresco fashion, adjoined the living-room; and soon they were at work grinding the colors that were to transform the creamy silk of the Indies into a gorgeous crimson fit for the court robe of a Venetian lady. Robusti the elder was rolling up some material colored that day, while the apprentice tintori, their arms mottled from the dipping, were finishing up the last bit of work. Dust from the grinding pigments and steam from the boiling vats filled the place; and as Jacopo worked, he thought how pleasant it must be on the canal, with odors from many a walled garden wafting across it, and the soft singing of lithe-limbed gondoliers. But he was a true Venetian lad, and, when the father spoke, had no thought save that of obedience. That is why the walls were so brightly tinted. For often when his heart was out on the lagoons and he had to stay at home and help, he filled the intervals between watching the pots and turning the coloring fabrics by making charcoal sketches and tinting them with dyes.

There were dozens of such pictures; here a bit of sea with a sunset sky like a painted canopy above the white-sailed galleys, and there a lord of Venice, gaily robed as Venetian nobles were in those golden days. Scattered among them were groups of tintori, like his father and his father's men, with dye-bespattered arms, and smocks as many colored as Joseph's coat, and sometimes there were snatches of fairy landscape

across which fantastic figures flitted, just as in the pictures of his fancy. For when the soul is as full of beautiful things as an overflowing river, some of them are sure to get out where people will see.

The next morning every member of the Robusti household was up before the ringing of the matin-bells. The apprentice tintori came early too, and soon the pots were steaming and a hum of work was about the shop. For the silk had been promised for that evening, and to disappoint the Dogressa would be ruinous indeed. It would mean that never again would great folk patronize the place, and that would be a calamity, for great folk paid well. So all hands worked with a vim, the men turning and stirring while the dyer directed, and Jacopo and Floria both lending a hand. There was water to be brought, and refuse liquor to be carried away, which they could do as well as any one.

Evening came and all was finished, and although Jacopo had not had a chance to go out on the canal, he was so interested that he forgot to be disappointed. The costume-maker who was coming to pass upon the work might arrive any minute, and Jacopo wanted to hear what he had to say. Of course it was perfectly done, but so much depended upon the success of that dyeing that all looked forward eagerly to hearing the words of approval.

"How splendid it will be when he says it is all right!" Floria exclaimed, as she danced around the table where the sheeny stuff was piled in crimson billows. "Word will go out all over Venice, and nobles will give us their patronage."

And Robusti the elder smiled at her, for he knew that she spoke the truth. But Jacopo said nothing. He was busy drawing on the wall.

Sweetly across the lagoons the Angelus sounded, and for a minute all was quiet in the shop. Jacopo paused from his drawing, and laughing-eyed Floria did not finish her dance, for always those of the Robusti household were faithful in their devotions, and because of gratitude over their good fortune they were more fervid than usual.

Then the inspector came, with pompous bearing and speech abounding in high-sounding words, pronouncing the work perfect, and the Robusti family knew it was the beginning of wonderful things for them. But one blessing it brought of which they had not dreamed, beside which the glory of dyeing the Dogressa's robe was poor indeed. That faded and wore out, but the other glory, that had its beginning that day, has lasted through five hundred years. For as the inspector turned to go, he saw the figures on the wall.



"JACOPO BEGAN HIS WORK WITH THE MASTER." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Oh, ho!" he exclaimed. "A gay shop you have here. And who is the merry painter, pray?"

Robusti the elder answered in words of apology.

"I do not wonder that you think such walls unfit for a dignified business, and assure you that it is none of my doing. My boy Jacopo defaced them when he had better have been thinking of his trade."

Jacopo turned his wide dark eyes on the man, wondering if he too would reprove him because of his picture-making. He had been scolded so often for wasting his time, and supposed of course the costume-maker would share the family opinion. But he met with a surprise.

"That sturdy chap yonder?" the man asked. "I've a knowledge of pictures, and this work seems from the hand of one well-nigh grown."

"I did it," Jacopo answered, "but not because I wanted to spoil the shop. I had no other place."

The inspector shook his head.

"I would not have believed it!" he said. "Surely he has the gift."

Then to the father:

"Mayhap your lad will become a good dyer, but he will make a far better artist; and if you are wise, you will set about apprenticing him to a painter. There is Titian of Cadore, the flower of Venetian colorists. Before another day passes, I would see him and beg that he try the boy."

Robusti the dyer was a sensible man. Although there were no horses in Venice, he had lived in Ravenna once, and knew if a steed is built for speed and much travel, it is a mistake to set him to drawing loads. And he was wise enough to realize that, if one has a gift for painting, it is sad indeed to keep him in a dye-shop. The inspector's word meant much, and, as he thought the boy should become an artist, it must be true. So it was decided to place him with a master.

"He shall have a chance to do his best," the father said, as they talked it over that night, "for

it shall not be charged to me that I spoiled a good painter to make a second-rate dyer."

The next morning Jacopo and his father set out for the workshop of Titian of Cadore. The pearl-gray of dawn was still over the city, but, through the open spaces between the buildings, reflected rays from the out-peeping sun reached arms of light along the canals. Across the Piazza of San Marco they went, under the clock-tower whose two bronze giants glowed and shimmered, and into the Merceria, where there was a Babel of sound as the merchant folk opened their shops. But they did not stop to look at the pretty things nor to gossip with the loiterers gathered there, although the boy would have liked to pause a bit before the pictures the men on the benches were painting. But there was no time to lose, as the dyer must soon return to his shop. So straight on they went, across the curving Rialto and down the narrow street beyond, where, taking a boat, they came to the studio of the master.

"Will you try the boy?" the dyer asked, as he explained that the worthy costume-maker himself had recommended a painter's career for him. And in answer the great man told him to come next day and begin work.

Jacopo's heart sang all the way home, and he worked in the shop that afternoon as he had never worked before. For even though he did not like the half-sickening odors and the perpetual steaming of the boiling liquid, he knew he would enter a wonder-world on the morrow, and until that time things disagreeable mattered little. Floria had never seen him so gay, and remarked to her uncle that he was surely the happiest boy in Venice.

"It shows he can be contented at dyeing," she said.

For still she believed that to be of the tintori was better than to be a painter.

But the man shook his head.

"No," he replied, "it is the thought of what is to come that makes him glad."

Jacopo began his work with the master, and Heaven seemed to have opened its gates to him. Titian then had many canvasses in his workshop, and the beauty-loving lad drank in the magic of their coloring as thirsty travelers drink from cooling springs, his eyes reveling in the gold and purples and crimsones that surpassed everything he had ever seen except the sunset tints on the lagoons. The working days in the studio were long, yet he was never glad when they came to an end, and always looked eagerly to the beginning of another. It was an enchanted land in which he dwelt, and he was a fairy prince.

But his joy was to be short-lived, for very

soon afterward the master sent him away. Why, no one knows, although many guesses have been made as to the reason, and some have gone so far as to say that Titian was jealous of the gifted youth and feared he might eclipse him. But it does not seem possible that the master-painter of Italy could have feared a mere boy, for he was great enough to know that there is room in the world for more than one genius. But at any rate he sent him away, and dark days began for Jacopo.

Many a lad would have given up and gone back to the dye-shop, but not Robusti's son. He was made of the stuff that wins, and every obstacle in his way goaded him on to greater effort. The greatest master of Venice had refused to teach him. But he determined to teach himself, and the struggle he had in doing it has never been equaled by an artist before or since.

Along the Merceria were elevated benches where the poorer painters sat and did their work before the eyes of the passing throng, selling it sometimes while the canvasses were still wet. There Jacopo went day after day, to watch them mix and apply the colors. Once he worked with journeymen painters at San Marco, and once with stone-masons at Cittadella that he might learn the principles of joining. To know the laws of proportion, he watched the people in the streets and modeled them in wax, moving these figures back and forth between lamps to watch the effect of the shadows.

For ten years he struggled on, always studying, always watching and working. It would have been easier to have taken up his father's trade, for in the dye-shop, when the day's toil is over, there follows a night of rest. But Jacopo thought only of being a painter, and was bound to succeed. So he kept on. All the work that paid well was given to Titian, but that Jacopo might get his pictures where people could see them, he had to paint for nothing. But that did not matter. He was learning and growing, and at last he had his day.

Titian died, and all Venice wondered who would take his place.

"There is no one else," the critics said sadly. "His like will not come again."

But one of the nobles who was wise enough to know that when a work is to be done there is always a man to do it, thought of Jacopo Robusti.

"Why not Tintoretto?" asked this one, whose word was law. And by Tintoretto he meant Jacopo, who because of his father's trade was called "The Little Dyer."

"We will go and see," they said. "And it will be a glad day if he can take the master's place."

So the great of Venice gathered about the paintings of one who had given his work to every church and building that would receive it. In Santa Maria della Orto they found it, in shops along the Merceria, and out Treviso way in village churches where peasants met to worship.

"It is wonderful!" they exclaimed. "What magnificent coloring! What perfection of line! Surely this is the work of the master."

For they did not know that, during the years they had scorned him, his one thought and one aim had been to make his pictures as fine as Titian's, and he had succeeded so well that they mistook them for the master's.

Then it was agreed that he should paint in the Doge's Palace, the greatest honor that could come to a Venetian artist. And there he left much

work that still draws to the city of St. Mark art lovers from every quarter of the globe. There is his exquisite "Adoration of the Savior," and there too is the wonderful "Paradise," the largest oil-painting in the world.

But Venice is not the only city that is rich in his handiwork. Many galleries in many lands have given princely sums to obtain it, and his canvasses have been carried to France and Germany, and even to the banks of the Thames, where, in the stately halls they adorn, they give joy to thousands, although the hand that fashioned them has been still for five hundred years. Yet very few know the name of Jacopo Robusti, because to this day, as in the old Venetian time, he is still called in the musical tongue of the lagoons, "Tintoretto,—The Little Dyer."



FOUR WINDS

BY CLARA PLATT MEADOWCROFT

THE East Wind is a Shepherd;
When spring 's new,
He leads the little cloud-lambs up the sky
To pastures blue;
Then suddenly he turns back with a shout,
And flaps the snowy clothes-lines all about.

Creeps the West Wind like a Hunter, creeps
soft-footed, stealing by
Slow and silent, like a Hunter stalking with a
watchful eye.
He has roamed o'er prairies wide,
And upon his brow in pride
Wears a circlet of bright feathers plucked from
out the evening sky.

The North Wind is a Knight in clinking mail:
He rides upon the wide wings of the gale.
He can storm the strongest fortress;
He has never known defeat;
He can make the stoutest soldier
Face about in quick retreat;
And before him children scatter, helter-skelter,
down the street.

The South Wind as a wandering Singer comes,
Fingering
His silver lute, the moon. And as he strums,
Lingering,
In leafy lattices white petals glisten,
And all the little flowers lean out to listen.

GREENCAP

BY RUTH HAYS

ONCE upon a time, there was a little girl whose name was Sarah Jane. She did n't like it a bit better than you do, and would much rather have been called Cicely or Rosalind. Sarah would n't have been so bad without Jane; or she could have got along pretty well with Jane, if Sarah had n't been tacked to it. But Sarah Jane she was, and had to make the best of it.

She was always called by the full name too, because she was living now with the two aunts whose names she bore. If you had said "Sarah" only, how was anybody to know whether you meant aunt or niece? If you said "Jane," why, there you were again! So it was a hopeless case altogether.

Her own mother and father were in India, and nobody seemed to know when they were coming home again. Sarah Jane was afraid she would be quite grown-up first. She missed her mother dreadfully, and you know you can never be a little girl more than once. Aunt Sarah was very kind and gentle, but she was a good deal of an invalid and must n't be bothered, so Aunt Jane managed Everything—Everything with a capital E, so of course that included Sarah Jane.

It was a pleasant big house where they lived, with a wide lawn in front and a wonderful garden at the back. Behind the garden there was a beautiful little wood. Sarah Jane thought she would have died of homesickness if it had n't been for the wood. She fled to it in all her troubles, and many a stormy cry she had there; but the wood kept her secrets, and nobody ever knew.

She went racing down the garden path one afternoon near sunset, the tears on her cheeks and a very angry light in her eyes. The garden gate fairly slammed behind her as she ran on and on till she was deep in the wood and far away from everybody. Then she threw herself down among the ferns and cried and cried and *cried* as if there were no end to her tears. It was a wonder there was n't as big a salt pool about her as when Alice wept in Wonderland. But there was n't, and, as all little girls have to stop crying sometime, so, finally, did Sarah Jane. And just as she reached that point, she suddenly heard a shrill little voice down by her foot speaking to her. "Hello!" it said; "what 's the matter with you?"

Sarah Jane sat up and rubbed her eyes. There among the ferns stood the tiniest little fellow imaginable, all in green, with his jacket neatly

belted at the waist, and a white feather in the green cap which he doffed politely, while, at the same time, he saluted like a little soldier with the grass stalk in his hand. Then he repeated his question: "What 's the matter with you?"

"Why, why," stammered Sarah Jane in some confusion, "I 'm so unhappy. Aunt Jane 's been scolding me so—"

The little fellow cocked his head on one side sociably. "Ah!" he said blandly. "And what had you done?"

"I—I only left the garden gate open—just a few minutes, and—" Sarah Jane hesitated.

"And?" repeated her visitor, inquiringly.

"And a hen got in." Sarah Jane admitted it reluctantly.

"Oh, yes,—a hen. Any damage?"

"She scratched up a lot of pansies," confessed poor Sarah Jane, her confusion increasing. His eyes were so *very* sharp, you know.

"Your pansies?" very politely this.

"N-no—Aunt Jane's—" She stammered a little, and her questioner interrupted ruthlessly.

"Raised 'em herself from seed perhaps. And transplanted them once or twice, no doubt. Good deal of trouble, and Aunt Jane not so young as she once was, I suppose."

Sarah Jane's temper flared up a little. "Well, I was awfully sorry!" she said sharply. "I told her so. How was *I* to know the hen was around? It had no business to be out, anyway! I told Aunt Jane I was sorry!"

"That put the pansies back?" Greencap said mildly.

"Of course not!" snapped Sarah Jane, exasperated. "You might know as much as that yourself. What are you asking me all these questions for, anyhow?" she demanded sharply.

Greencap made her a very polite bow. "Information, Madam. Nothing but information, I assure you. What are gates for, by the way?" he added quietly, replacing his cap.

"For? Why to get into places, of course," returned the little girl, still sharply, but Greencap shook his head.

"Can't be that," he said thoughtfully. "You could get in easier if they were n't there—as the hen did."

"Well, they 're to *shut*, then, I suppose!" Sarah Jane did n't like this at all. Why should this creature take it upon himself to lecture her?

But he did n't seem to mind her petulance at



"'I WISH YOU 'D STOP ASKING ME QUESTIONS,' SAID SARAH JANE."

all, and went on blandly. "Then why did n't you shut it?"

The little girl flushed hotly. "I—I forgot it," she said more humbly,—she really was ashamed.

"Ah! Forget often?" And then she fired up again.

"Well, how can *I* help it? I was born so. And it 's unkind of Aunt Jane, when I 'm so unhappy—"

"Aunt Jane perfectly happy herself?" Why, this fellow was as bad as a lawyer for asking questions. Sarah Jane shook her head.

"She 's worried about Aunt Sarah all the time," she conceded slowly. "And I think she had a headache. I *wish* you 'd stop asking me questions. I don't like it."

"Why, you said you were unhappy." Greencap looked at her with grave concern. "And I don't like to see people unhappy. Same thing, you know."

But Sarah Jane was n't appeased.

"Well, you 'd be unhappy yourself," she said crossly, "if your mother and father were in India, and you had to live with Aunt Jane. Why do I live here then? There you go again asking more questions! Because they could n't take me with them, and Aunt Jane offered, and there was nowhere else for me to go. *That 's why!*"

The little man cocked his head again meditatively. "Offered, did she? Fond of little girls, I suppose. No? Well, then, of course, she 's well paid for it—"

"She is n't," contradicted Sarah Jane, bluntly. "She just did it out of kindness, to help along."

Greencap's tone was peculiar, but all he said was, "Oh!" and Sarah Jane blushed, and began to excuse herself again.

"Well, I try—I *do* try to please her. I don't mean to be a bother, but I can't help forgetting—"

The tiny visitor touched his forehead significantly. "Something wrong here, perhaps?"

"There is n't! I 'm *not!*" she cried angrily. "What do you want to say such horrid things for? It 's mean and—"

"Pardon me!" protested Greencap, with another bow. "*You* said you could n't help it. And, naturally, I thought—"

"Well, I—I did n't mean quite *that*, of course; only I forget so very easily, when I don't mean to. But I do try, sometimes," she added quite humbly.

"I see." Greencap nodded again. "Well, come now! Perhaps I can help you out. I 'll offer you an inducement. You look out for yourself *sharp*, and *don't* forget, and I 'll give you three wishes. They always give you three, you know. Let 's see! To-day 's Thursday. Keep a sharp lookout, and don't forget once—not even *once*, you understand,—till next Thursday, and then come down here, and I 'll give you the first wish. Yes, anything you say, and honor bright."

"You will? Honest—cross your heart? And I 'll be *sure* to get whatever I wish for? Oh, thank you! thank you!" She danced about, clapping her hands. "I know what I want more than anything else in all the world. Oh, I wish you

could give me the chance *now!*" longingly, but Greencap shook his head. "Sorry to refuse you," he said politely, "but you have to *earn* it."

"Oh, I will—I will!"

"All right, then. See you Thursday," interrupted Greencap, curtly, and in an instant he was gone. He did n't *go away*, he was just *gone*, all in a second, and Sarah Jane stared for a full minute, with frightened eyes, at the place where he had been. It was a very subdued little girl that went slowly back through the garden to the house. Nobody knew better than she how hard she would have to try every single minute of the time. But for the hope of her wish, she did n't think she could do it. But oh, if she only might! She must n't speak of it—if anybody knew, they 'd think she was making it up,—"*telling stories,*"—and would n't let her go to the wood at all. She must be *so* careful. Then she thought of all the sharp little questions he had asked. It was quite true—being sorry afterward never made up. "I 've *got* to remember," said Sarah Jane, stoutly.

She was so quiet and submissive all the evening that Aunt Jane thought complacently that her lecture had really made an impression on the child at last. Kind Aunt Sarah called her "*Deary,*" looking wistfully into her face. She would have liked to pet the child, but she knew her sister would n't approve of that. Aunt Sarah had once gently said she was afraid the little girl missed her mother and was unhappy; and Aunt Jane had replied that it was very ungrateful if she was not happy in so good a home, and that it was unwise to talk of her mother while there was no prospect of her return. Much better keep it out of her mind. And if Aunt Sarah was going to worry, the child must be sent away to school. So poor Aunt Sarah kept quiet and did all her worrying in secret.

That was the longest week Sarah Jane had ever spent. She watched herself painfully, and scarcely dared to play at all. She studied very hard, and spent her playtime reading the dullest books she could find, so she would n't get "*swallowed up,*" as Aunt Jane said, and forget everything. She crept off to bed unusually early, because the only time when she was *perfectly* safe was while she was asleep. Aunt Sarah watched her uneasily, and was afraid she was going to be sick; but Aunt Jane thought she was improving, and that there might be some chance for the child after all, if she could be under proper guidance long enough.

But she did it! Thursday came at last and she had n't forgotten. She shut the garden gate carefully and went as demurely as a little Quaker maid down the box-bordered path. But when

the second gate was shut behind her, she ran like the wind, flying along the path to the trysting-place and looking eagerly about her. It *could n't* have been a dream, and she had tried so hard! If Greencap did n't come, she felt that she should just drop down and die on the spot. But out stepped the dainty little figure again from behind a tall fern, and saluted with a wave of his grass blade just as he did before. Sarah Jane could not speak. She only stretched out her hands imploringly with all her heart in her eyes.

"It 's all right," he said, nodding encouragement. "They 're coming. On the way."

And then Sarah Jane went down in a crumpled little heap and began to cry as hard as before.

"Well! I like that!" Greencap's tone was distinctly disgusted. "What in the world are you crying for *now*?"

"Because I 'm so happy!" sobbed Sarah Jane.

"Well! The other day it was because you were unhappy, and now it 's because you 're happy. You might as well turn into a fountain at once. I don't like it, I tell you. If you 're going to cry *all* the time, I 'm going."

Sarah Jane sat up suddenly. "Of course I 'm not," she said with much dignity. "I 've got through now."

"Very well, then! Two weeks this time—Thursday again." He was gone, just as suddenly as before.

"Oh, but, Greencap—dear Greencap!" she pleaded. "Do come back one minute. I want to ask you—" But there was no answer. A light breeze stirred the ferns, but no little figure reappeared, and she knew it was of no use to wait, and went slowly back toward the house.

Were they really on the way? Her own mother and father coming home at last? "Honor bright," he *said*, and had n't he known just what she wished without asking? She *must* believe it, but it would n't do to be happy over it yet. If she did, she 'd forget, she knew she should. And then she began to think what her next wish should be. There were so many things she wanted. First she thought she 'd wish to be so sweet and good and lovely herself that nobody ever *could* scold her any more. But no, that would n't do. He said she must *earn* it, so it would n't be fair to wish that, perhaps. But that Aunt Jane should be "different"—if she only dared wish that, how comfortable it would be! But she *could n't* be different, all in a minute. Sarah Jane was sure that was impossible, and she must n't waste her chance on impossible things. Then for a second she thought of Aunt Sarah—if she could get well. She was so kind always. But, of course, she 'd get well sometime anyway. "Everybody does,"

she told herself confidently. No, she 'd wish for a nice, pleasant home in the country, far, *far* from here, with her own mother and father and nobody else, where they never 'd have to go away. That would be bliss. She 'd wish for that next.

But alas and alas! when the day came, she went with lagging steps toward the wood. Once she nearly turned back altogether—she was ashamed to meet the sharp eyes again. But there he was waiting for her. She shook her head sadly, trying very hard not to cry.

"Well, what was it *this* time?" he said sharply.

"I—I left a blind unfastened in my room—I was in such a hurry—and it banged and waked poor Aunt Sarah. She 'd been in pain, and she 'd just got to sleep. I would n't have done it for anything—you know I would n't, and I 've tried so hard all this time! But it 's no use," and now the poor child did break down and sobbed a little.

"Ever lie awake all night?" demanded Greencap, abruptly.

Sarah Jane started. Of course she had n't, but what had that to do with it, she wondered.

"Why don't you try it sometime?" he went on quietly, and Sarah Jane stared still more.

"Why, I could n't do it if I tried," she said rather huffily. "And, besides, I should n't like it."

"Aunt Sarah does, no doubt; especially in pain."

"I wish you would n't say such things," flashed out poor Sarah Jane. "You make me feel so—so *contemptible*. You 're just trying to!"

"I? Not at all," protested Greencap. "Merely looking at the other side—you should always do that, you know."

"Well, you keep insinuating, and I hate to be insinuated at. You think I 'm a horrid, selfish thing, and I 'm not. I 'm only careless, because I don't think. I don't *mean* to be." And then some lines Aunt Jane had made her learn flashed into her mind.

"Evil is wrought by want of thought
More oft than —"

Why, she 'd forgotten *that* too, already! Was there really something wrong about her memory? But she could repeat whole *pages* of "Marmion" and "Lady of the Lake," and all of "We are Seven" and "The Pet Lamb."

"I can remember what I *like*, well enough," she thought, and Greencap nodded as if she 'd said it aloud.

"Quite so," he said curtly. "Well?"

"Well, it 's no use," sighed the poor child. "I can't have any wish, that 's all."

"What 's the matter with another try?" suggested Greencap. "You can *always* try again."

Keep trying till you get there! Two weeks." And once more he was gone.

How she did try in those two weeks! She felt as if she 'd been trying, trying, and holding herself tight for *years*. Nobody said anything of the home-coming, and her own letters from her mother did n't speak of it. But then they might have started in a hurry afterward. He *said* they were on the way, and she would believe it. But when she went down to the wood again with her second wish all ready, Greencap seemed to be rather huffy.

"What do you want to be so far away for?" he said crossly. "Is n't this place good enough for you?"

"Oh, it 's beautiful, indeed it is!" Sarah Jane assured him eagerly. "And the wood 's lovely—I 'm very fond of the wood, you know—I *love* it! But it is n't my own home, you see, and I do *so* want that! My own home, and my own mother and father, and nobody else," she added imploringly. "I have n't had them for *so long!*"

"Well—suit yourself." He was plainly not pleased. "Three weeks this time."

She was quite used to his sudden disappearances now, and, though she did n't like him to be so vexed with her, still he had promised just the same, and she did want her own home. But she 'd try to make it up with him next time—she 'd do anything he said when her mother came. She meant to have asked him when it would be, if he had n't been so vexed. Three weeks was such a long, long time to wait and to watch, to hope, and to struggle with herself.

But she was learning—it *was* easier now. Even Aunt Jane had once or twice said a word of commendation; she was almost pleased sometimes. And Sarah Jane tried harder than ever through those slow and lagging weeks, and went down to the wood at last, thankful with all her heart that she had conquered so far, and meaning to try and *try* every day—every day.

"Really, I 'm quite proud of you," was Greencap's greeting. "Keep it right up. How 's Aunt Jane?"

"Oh, she 's well. We 're getting on better, of course—a great deal better," said Sarah Jane, wearily. "But I do wish I could love Aunt Jane better!" she added with a great sigh.

"Very good," said Greencap, approvingly. "Very good indeed! You 're improving. Aunt Jane will be appreciated at last."

"Oh, but that was n't my *wish*," cried Sarah Jane, in dismay. "I did n't mean *that*."

"You *don't* wish it?" said Greencap, sharply. "Why did you say you did then? You can't have

two wishes, and you need n't expect it. What *did* you want then?"

"I was going to wish for money," she began humbly.

"Poof! Money!" interrupted Greencap, scornfully. "I 'm ashamed of you."

"Not for myself," pleaded Sarah Jane, "and not *very* much, you know. Only enough so my father would n't ever have to go away off again to the other side of the world," deprecatingly.

"Your father can look out for himself," returned Greencap, shortly. "He does n't want you wishing him money. *Money!* Why, there 's a thousand things in the world better than money; and let me tell you, Miss, there 's nothing in all this earth better than love. Stick to your wish. When you love Aunt Jane, you 'll be a much wiser and better person than you are now. Money, indeed! I thought you had more sense."

He was gone again, and poor Sarah Jane felt very small indeed as she went back to the house. She did really want to like Aunt Jane better; she was coming to appreciate her real goodness, now that she was learning to look on the other side and be more just to her. But she shook her head sadly as she went slowly along the path.

"I never can really love her—here. Perhaps some day when I 'm grown up and have n't seen her for a long time—"

When she got back to the house, Aunt Jane was standing on the piazza, and she was smiling very pleasantly.

"Run up to Aunt Sarah's room a minute," she said to Sarah Jane. "She wants to see you."

Sarah Jane ran up-stairs. There was a gentleman sitting beside Aunt Sarah talking to her, and close by was a lady looking toward the door and not talking. When she saw Sarah Jane, she held out her arms, and Sarah Jane ran into them, and heard her mother's voice saying, "My own, own little daughter," while her father stood by, smiling and waiting for his turn.

Then presently she saw that Aunt Jane had come in, and was standing by the window. And she looked so kind, so pleased, and yet somehow so *alone*, that before Sarah Jane quite knew what she was doing, she had run across, and given her an impulsive kiss. And there were actually tears in Aunt Jane's eyes when she returned the kiss.

And it was the queerest thing. When Sarah Jane looked up, she could have sworn that Greencap himself was sitting on the arm of her mother's chair. And he said to her with a very broad smile indeed:

"Did n't I tell you so, you goose? Why, love is the *only* thing in the world!"



"THIS IS THE SHADOW OF THE DONKEY AND I HIRED THE DONKEY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

CHINESE FUN AND PHILOSOPHY

THESE quaint and amusing stories were selected from a number of tales gathered in China by the Rev. Joseph Clemens, Chaplain U. S. Army. Concerning them he writes, from Manila, as follows: "They were collected during a detail of over two years in China, by paying to certain colleges money prizes in a students' contest in writing Chinese stories which were to be taken from their old books or folk lore, but which had not before been published in a foreign language. My object in collecting them was to get stories to relate to my soldiers sick in the hospital, but it occurs to me that they may interest a wider circle. I have kept the language and thought of the writers as nearly as possible."—THE EDITOR.

WHO OWNS THE DONKEY'S SHADOW?

ONCE upon a time, there was a man who traveled in a large country. His name was Mr. Hong. He had spent many years teaching a few boys to repeat the wise sayings of the Chinese sages, and in studying books of philosophy, history, and poetry in hopes that he could pass an examination and take a degree which would entitle him to more remuneration for his teaching. But although he had tried to pass the examination for more than twenty years, each year there were many others who possessed more wisdom than he, and so were passed while he struggled on,

each year hoping to be better prepared for the next examination.

At the time he took the journey we mention, he was still poor, and not very strong because he spent the time he should have taken to exercise in studying his books. But he was determined to start in time to walk to the far-off city where the great hall had been built in which several hundred students were examined each year.

After traveling several days on foot over the level country, he found himself very tired, and feared that he must either stay at an inn to rest until it would be too late for him to get to his examination, or else he must return home, as he

could not continue his journey on foot. He was very much grieved, but suddenly, by his good brain, he got a plan to get on his journey—that he would engage a cart or a horse to ride, instead of going on his feet.

Next morning early, he saw a donkey and a donkey owner, standing outside of his inn, to hire to others who would not walk on foot. The traveler was very glad, and after haggling for a long time to fix the price, hired the donkey and its driver. So he started at once, in the comfortable morning, with the donkey owner.

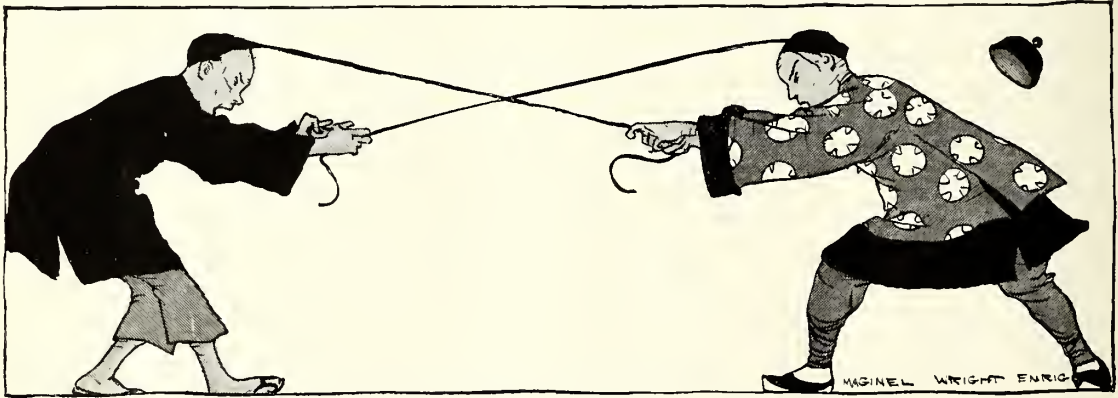
With greater hope the faithful student went off, trotting on the sturdy little donkey while its driver ran by its side, with a whip to make it go faster when it became lazy. But when the sun arose, he felt less comfortable, and when it began to pour its hot rays straight down on the top of his head, he felt that he could hardly stand the jolting of the donkey. At last he became so exhausted that he was compelled to dismount, for the sun had become warmer and still warmer, until it was now noontime.

The traveler at this time was passing through a part of the country where there were no houses, nor trees, nor even a field of any kind of plants where there was any shade. He felt very warm, and looked all about him to find some shade in which to sit and eat the portion of rice he had brought for his meal, but he could see no shade and was not able to ride farther to search for a tree or house. Just as he thought he must sit or lie on the hot sand under the roasting sun, he

hot sun. At once he began to prepare to enjoy this new luxury; but the driver asked why he laughed so pleasantly after having complained so much of the heat a moment before. He then told him of his happy thought about the shade of the donkey, and sat down in the shade at once to enjoy the fruits of his discovery.

The driver was very angry when he saw what he was missing, and said, "Please ride upon the donkey. The shadow is mine. I have not hired it to you." So saying, he demanded that the man give it up to him. As the scholar was very tired and wanted to rest in comfort, he refused to leave the shadow, and said to the driver, "I engaged the donkey. It is the donkey's shadow; not yours."

This caused a great dispute, the driver saying he had not hired the shadow, but only the donkey, and demanding that if the man wished to use the shadow, he must pay him twice the amount he had agreed to pay for the donkey. This he argued was but fair, for now he was enjoying two luxuries, whereas he had only paid for one. The tired scholar argued that while he confessed to enjoying a second luxury, that it was not the property of the driver. Pointing to the shadow made by the man, he said, "that is your shadow and not the one I am using. If I should ask you to stand over me to shelter me from the hot sun, then I should pay you extra for it, but the donkey's shadow is not your shadow, as you may see if you look by your side, for there is your shadow beside you, and this is



"THEY DRAG ONE ANOTHER AROUND, ALL THE TIME BECOMING MORE ANGRY."

caught sight of the shadow made by the faithful little animal, which never seems to get tired as men do.

Mr. Hong was overjoyed at this new discovery, and laughed aloud to have been so wise as to discover such a comfortable retreat from the

the shadow of the donkey and I hired the donkey."

While the argument seemed to have some justice in it, yet it did not satisfy the driver, but only served to make him angry, because the scholar could place his arguments in better form

than he could. But he pointed to the donkey, and asked, "Is this donkey my animal or is it not? If this donkey is mine, how dare you say that the

When the two men saw the donkey run so fast, they were both troubled. The scholar could not get to his examination if he did not have the



"THE DONKEY WAS SOON OUT OF SIGHT."

shadow it makes is yours, when you have not paid me a tunzar for it? You are a thief. Your mother is a mule; and your father is nothing but a mud-crawling turtle."

The driver was as angry as he could be or he could not have called the man such names, for they are the worst swear-names that one Chinese can call another. The other did not wish to use any such language, for it is not fit to be uttered by one who considers himself a gentleman; but he dares not hear the awful names the man called his ancestors, for that cannot be. His honor is at stake, and the spirits of the departed may rise from their graves and punish him if he does not avenge them for such great insults. He forgets how tired he is, throws aside his rice, and takes hold of the driver. The driver is very angry, and takes hold of the scholar's queue. The man of learning takes the same hold of the driver, and they drag one another around, all the time becoming more angry. When each has pulled out a great deal of the other's hair, they try to get hold of each other's hands that they might bite them; for that is the manner for Chinese to fight, and they must carefully follow the proper way to do things; for they may not depart from rules laid down by their ancestors.

After they had punished each other for some time, they came near the donkey, which had been asleep when they fought at a distance from him; but when they bumped against him, he awakened so suddenly as not to understand what had happened. In his fright, he kicked out both heels, knocking the fighters apart, and began to run away as fast as he could go. Being frightened, not only by being so suddenly awakened but because he had kicked his master, he went faster than a donkey had ever gone, before him.

donkey; and the owner of the animal did not wish to lose it, for he made a living for himself and family by his good donkey. So they both began to run as fast as they could, and to call for the donkey to stop. This only seemed to terrify the little beast the more. He could not tell, in his fright, what could be the matter that he heard such running and shouting behind him, and he only increased his speed to such swiftness that he was soon out of sight of the men.

The men did not stop running after the donkey; and it is said that the scholar never received his degree, nor the owner his donkey, but their fight so maddened them that they are still, to this day, running after the donkey.

And this all happened because they quarreled over the question of which owned a shadow.

Chien Chao Jung, of Tientsin.

THE CARELESS MAN

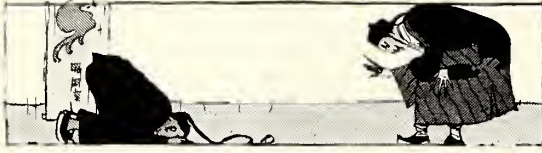
THERE was a man who was careless and unobserving. Once, when he was going abroad, he hastily pulled on his shoes and bound the scarf about his legs, ready to hasten away, when, to his surprise, he found that one of his legs had suddenly become longer than the other.

He was both puzzled and frightened; for he said to himself, "What can be the matter? When I last walked, my legs were the same length. How queer it is! I have met with no accident, nor has any one cut a piece from my foot-palm."

He felt his legs and then his feet to solve the mystery. At last he discovered the mistake to be in his shoes, for he had put on one shoe with a thick sole and one with a thin sole.

"These shoes are odd ones and not a pair," said he. So he called loudly for his servant, and ordered him quickly to change his boots.

The servant went into the room to bring the master's boots, but after a little time came back with a much puzzled expression on his face. His master sternly demanded the boots for which he had sent him; but received for answer, "Dear



master, it is very strange; but there is no use for me to change your boots, for when I examined the pair of boots in the room, I found that they are just like the pair you have on, for one has a thick sole and the other a thin sole."

THREE NEAR-SIGHTED MEN

ONCE upon a time, there were three very near-sighted brothers, who often argued which could see an object at the greatest distance. One day, having heard that the new sign-board was to be hung before the temple, which had just been repaired at a great expense, they made a wager, each promising to pay the other two a certain amount if he did not prove that he could see better than they. They learned the day of the celebration of the completion of the work on the temple, and decided that on that day they would stand at a certain distance, and try to describe the sign-board and read the characters on it.

The oldest brother, wishing to be prepared to beat his brothers, and knowing how near-sighted he really was, went to the carpenter who was making the sign-board and asked him to tell him what was written on the board. He learned that the characters were, "Whatever people seek may be gained." Then he went home and kept silence.

The second brother, not knowing anything of the action of the first, also went to the carpenter and asked what was written on the board. But, in addition to the motto, he also learned the color of the ground and of the letters written on it. So he felt safe, for he had tried to make sure of knowing the board.

Now about the third brother. He said to himself, "If I do not know all about that sign-board, I shall lose my money to my brothers. My eyes

are so bad that I can hardly see a big mountain before me." So he also did as his brothers had done. But he asked, in addition to what his brothers had learned, how the letters were arranged.

When the day came, they took their places; and as agreed, the oldest brother was to be honored with the first trial. When asked what he saw on the sign-board, he said: "The characters are, 'Whatever people seek may be gained.'"

The third brother then asked, "And what color are the letters and the board?"

At this the oldest brother was confused and ashamed that he had not asked this of the carpenter.

"Now I will ask my second brother." He also gave the characters, and in addition, told the color of the field of the board and of the letters.

The third admitted he was right, but then asked him how the letters were arranged on the board. He said they were arranged horizontally; but the youngest brother told him he had lost, because they were arranged in two rows at either end of the board.

Their words of dispute were so loud as to bring out the old priest from the temple. They at once appealed to him, and each was anxious to have him decide the contest. He admitted that they had the meaning of the characters, and that the second brother had properly given the coloring of the ground and letters on the board, and that the third had also been right in describing the arrangement of the letters. "But," says he, "how is it possible for you all to see so well as to tell the characters, and how is it possible for two of you to tell the color of the board and the letters and for the youngest man to tell how the letters are arranged? For the board has not yet been hung, and no one could see these things from where you stand."

The young men were all very much taken down, and each felt the meaner because he had tried to cheat his brother; and they went home, each one more angry at himself than at his brothers, because, in trying to take advantage of them, he had not been able to make them believe he could see any better than they could; and they had the same question to quarrel over, besides the additional one of how each tried to cheat the other.

H. F. Chiang, of Tientsin.



THE BOARDED-UP HOUSE

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

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

CHAPTER XI

THE ROOM THAT WAS LOCKED

BEFORE Cynthia could realize what had happened or was happening, Joyce seized her and began waltzing madly around the library, alternately laughing, sobbing, hugging, and shaking her distractedly.

"Stop, stop, Joyce! *Please!*" she begged breathlessly. "Have you gone crazy? You act so! What is the matter?"

"*Matter!*—You ask me *that?*" panted Joyce. "You great big *stupid!*—Why, we've discovered the way to the locked-up room!—That's what's the matter!" Cynthia looked incredulously.

"Why, certainly!" continued Joyce. "Can't you see? You know that room is right over this. Where else could those stairs lead, then? But come along! We'll settle all doubts in a moment!" She snatched up a candle again and led the way, Cynthia following without more ado.

"Oh, Joyce! It's horribly dirty and stuffy and cobwebby in here! Could n't we wait a few moments till some air gets in?" implored Cynthia in a muffled voice.

"I sha'n't wait a moment, but you may if you wish," called back Joyce. "But I know you won't! Mind your head! These are the tiniest, lowest stairs I've ever seen!" They continued to crawl slowly up, their candles flickering low in the impoverished air of the long-inclosed place.

"What if we can't open the door at the top?" conjectured Cynthia. "What if it's behind some heavy piece of furniture?"

"We'll just *have* to get in somehow!" responded Joyce. "I've gone so far now, that I believe I'd be willing to break things open with a charge of dynamite, if we could n't get in any other way! Here I am, at the top. Now you hold my candle, and we'll see what happens!" She handed her candle to Cynthia, braced herself, and threw her whole weight against the low door, which was knobless like the one below.

Then came the surprise. She had expected resistance, and prepared to cope with it. To her utter amazement, there was a ripping, tearing sound, and she found herself suddenly prone upon the floor of the most mysterious room in the house! The reason for this being that the door

at the top was covered on the inner side with only a layer or two of wall-paper, and no article of furniture happened to stand in front of it. Consequently it had yielded with ease at the tremendous shove Joyce had given it, and she found herself thus forcibly and ignominiously propelled into the apartment.

"My!" she gasped, sitting up and dusting her hands, "but that was sudden! I don't care, though! I'm not a bit hurt, and—we're *in!*" They were indeed "in"! The mysterious, locked room was at last to yield up its secret to them. They experienced a delicious thrill of expectation, as, with their candles raised above their heads, they peered eagerly about.

Now, what they had expected to find within that mysterious room, they could not perhaps have explained with any definiteness. Once they stood within the threshold, however, they became slowly conscious of a vague disappointment. Here was nothing so very strange, after all! The room appeared to be in considerable disorder, and articles of clothing, books, and boyish belongings were tossed about, as in a hurry of packing. But beyond this, there was nothing much out of the ordinary about it.

"Well," breathed Cynthia at length. "Is *this* what we've been making all the fuss about!"

"Wait!" said Joyce. "You can't see everything just at one glance. Let's look about a little. Oh, what a dreadful hole we've made in the wall-paper! Well, it can't be helped now, and it's the only damage we've done." They commenced to tiptoe about the room, glancing curiously at its contents.

It was plainly a boy's room. A pair of fencing-foils hung crossed on one wall, a couple of boxing-gloves on another. College trophies decorated the mantel. On a center-table stood a photograph or daguerreotype in a large oval frame. When Cynthia had wiped away the veil of dust that covered it, with the dust-cloth she had thoughtfully tucked in her belt, the girls bent over it.

"Oh, Cynthia!" cried Joyce. "Here they are—the *Lovely Lady* and her boy. He must have been about twelve then. What funny clothes he wore! But is n't he handsome! And see how proudly she looks at him. Cynthia, how *could* he bear to leave this behind! I should n't have thought he'd ever want to part with it."

"Probably he went in such a hurry that he could n't think of everything, and left this by mistake. Or he may even have had another copy," Cynthia added in a practical afterthought.

Garments of many descriptions, and all of old-time cut, were flung across the bed, and on the floor near it lay an open valise, half packed with books.

"He had to leave that too, you see, or perhaps he intended to send for it later," commented Joyce. "Possibly he did n't realize that his mother was going to shut up the house and leave it forever. Here 's his big, business-like-looking desk, and in pretty good order, too. I suppose he had n't used it much, as he was so little at home. It 's open, though." She began to dust the top, where a row of school-books were arranged, and presently came to the writing-tablet, which she was about to polish off conscientiously. Suddenly she paused, stared, rubbed at something with her duster, and bending close, stared again. In a moment she raised her head and called in a low voice:

"Cynthia, come here!" Cynthia, who had been carefully dusting the college trophies on the mantel, hurried to her side.

"What is it? What have you found?" Joyce only pointed to a large sheet of paper lying on the blotter. It was yellow with age and covered with writing in faded ink,—writing in a big, round, boyish hand. It began,—

"My dearest Mother—" Cynthia drew back with a jerk, scrupulously honorable, as usual. "Ought we read it, Joyce? It 's a letter!"

"I did," whispered Joyce. "I could n't help it, for I did n't realize what it was at first. I don't think it will harm. Oh, Cynthia, *read it!*" And Cynthia, doubting no longer, read aloud:

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—the best and loveliest thing in my life,—I leave this last appeal here, in the hope that you will see it later, read it, and forgive me. We have had bitter words, but I am leaving you with no anger in my heart, and nothing but love. That we shall not see each other again in this life, I feel certain. Therefore I want you to know that, to my last hour, I shall love you truly, devotedly. I am so sure I am right, and I have pledged my word. I cannot take back my promise. I never dreamed that you feel as you do about this cause. My mother, my own mother, forgive me, and God keep you.

Your son,

FAIRFAX.

When Cynthia had ended, there was a big lump in Joyce's throat, and Cynthia herself coughed and flourished a handkerchief about her face with suspicious ostentation. Suddenly she burst out:

"I think that woman must have had a—a heart

of *stone*, to be so unforgiving to her son,—after reading this!"

"*She never saw it!*" announced Joyce, with a positiveness that made Cynthia stare.

"*Well!*—I 'd like to know how you can say a thing like that!" Cynthia demanded at once.

"How do you account for this room being locked?" parried Joyce, answering the question, Yankee fashion, by asking another. Cynthia pondered a moment.

"I *don't* account for it! But—why, of course! The boy locked it after him when he went away, and took the key with him!" Joyce regarded her with scorn.

"That *would* be a sensible thing to do, now, would n't it! He writes a note that he is hoping with all his heart that his mother will see. Then he calmly locks the door and walks off with the key! What for?"

"If he did n't do it, who did?" Cynthia defended herself. "Not the servants. They went before he did, probably. There 's only one person left—his mother!"

"You 've struck it at last. What a good guesser you are!" said Joyce, witheringly. Then she relented. "Yes, she must have done it, Cynthia. She locked the door, and took the key away, or did something with it,—though what on earth *for*, I can't imagine!"

"But what makes you think she did it *before* she read the note?" demanded Cynthia.

"There are just two reasons, Cynthia. She could n't have been *human* if she 'd read that heartrending letter and not gone to work at once and made every effort to reach her son! But there 's one other thing that makes me *sure*. Do you see anything *different* about this room?" Cynthia gazed about critically. Then she replied:

"Why, no. I can't seem to see anything so *different*. Perhaps I don't know what you mean."

"Then I 'll tell you. Look at the windows! Are they like the ones in the rest of the house?"

"Oh, no!" cried Cynthia. "Now I see! The curtains are not drawn, or the shutters closed. It 's just dark because it 's boarded up outside."

"That 's precisely it!" announced Joyce. "You see, she must have gone around closing all the other inside shutters tight. But she never touched them in this room. Therefore she probably never came in here. The desk is right by the window. She could n't have helped seeing the letter if she had come in. No, for some reason we can't guess, she locked the door,—and never knew!"

"And she never, never will know," whispered Cynthia. "That 's the saddest part of it!"

CHAPTER XII

A SLIGHT DISAGREEMENT

THE Friday afternoon meeting of the Sigma Sigma literary society broke up with the usual confused mingling of chatter and laughter. There had been a lively debate, and Joyce and Cynthia, as two of the opponents, had just finished roundly and wordily belaboring each other. They entwined arms now, amiably enough, and strolled away to collect their books and leave for home. Out on the street, Cynthia suddenly began:

"Do you know, we 've never had that illumination in the Boarded-up House that we planned last fall, when we commenced cleaning up there."

"We never had enough money for candles," replied Joyce.

"Yes, I know. But still I 've always wanted to do it. Suppose we buy some and try it soon,—say to-morrow?" Joyce turned to her companion with an astonished stare.

"Why, Cynthia Sprague! You *know* it 's near the end of the month, and I 'm down to fifteen cents again, and I guess you are n't much better off! What nonsense!"

"I have two dollars and a half. I 've been saving it up ever so long—not for that specially—but I 'm perfectly willing to use it for that."

"Well, you are the queerest one!" exclaimed Joyce. "Who would have thought you 'd care so much about it! Of course, I 'm willing to go in for it, but I can't give my share till after the first of the month. Why do you want to do it so soon?"

"Oh, I don't know—just because I *do!*" replied Cynthia, a little confused in manner. "Come! Let 's buy the candles right off. And suppose we do a little dusting and cleaning up in the morning, and fix the candles in the candelabrum, and in the afternoon light them up and have the fun of watching them?" Joyce agreed to this heartily, and they turned into a store to purchase the candles. Much to Joyce's amazement, Cynthia insisted on investing in the best *wax* ones she could obtain, though they cost nearly five cents apiece.

"Tallow ones will do!" whispered Joyce, aghast at such extravagance. But Cynthia shook her head, and came away with more than fifty.

"I wanted them *good!*" she said, and Joyce could not budge her from this position. Then, to change the subject, which was plainly becoming embarrassing to her, Cynthia abruptly remarked:

"Don't forget, Joyce, that you are coming over to my house to dinner, and this evening we 'll do our studying, so that to-morrow we can have the whole day free. And bring your music over, too.

Perhaps we 'll have time to practise that duet afterward."

"I will," agreed Joyce, and she turned in at her own gate.

Joyce came over that evening, bringing her books and music. As Mr. and Mrs. Sprague were occupying the sitting-room, the two girls decided to work in the dining-room, and accordingly spread out their books and papers all over the big round table. Cynthia settled down methodically and studiously, as was her wont. But Joyce happened to be in one of her "fly-away humors" (so Cynthia always called them), when she found it quite impossible to concentrate her thoughts or give her serious attention to anything. These moods were always particularly irritating to Cynthia, who rarely indulged in causeless hilarity, especially at study periods. Prudently, however, she made no remarks.

"Let 's commence with geometry," she suggested, opening the text-book. "Here we are, at Proposition XVI."

"All right," assented Joyce, with deceptive sweetness. "Give me a pencil and paper, please." Cynthia handed them to her and began:

"Angle A equals angle B."

"*Angel* A equals *angel* B," murmured Joyce after her.

"Joyce, I wish you would *not* say that!" interrupted Cynthia, sharply.

"Why not?" inquired Joyce with pretended surprise, at the same time decorating the corners of her diagram with cherubic heads and wings.

"Because it confuses me so I can't think!" said Cynthia. "Please call things by their right names."

"But it makes no difference with the proof, what you call things in geometry," argued Joyce, "whether it 's angles or angels or caterpillars or coal-scuttles,—it 's all the same in the end!" Cynthia ignored this, swallowed her rising wrath, and doggedly began anew:

"Angle A equals angle B!" But Joyce, who was a born tease, could no more resist the temptation of baiting Cynthia, than she could have refused a chocolate ice-cream soda, so she continued to make foolish and irrelevant comments on every geometrical statement, until, in sheer exasperation, Cynthia threw the book aside.

"It 's no use!" she groaned. "You 're not in a studying frame of mind, Joyce—certainly not for geometry. I 'll go over that myself Monday morning; but what *you 're* going to do about it, I don't know—and I don't much care! But we 've got to get through somehow. Let 's try the algebra. You always like that. Do you think you could put your mind on it?"

"I'll try," grinned Joyce, in feigned contrition. "I'll make the greatest effort. But you don't seem to realize that I'm actually working *very* hard to-night!" Cynthia opened her algebra, picked out the problem, and read:

"A farmer sold 300 acres—" when Joyce suddenly interrupted:

"Do you know, Cynthia. I heard the most interesting problem the other day. I wonder if you could solve it."

"What is it?" asked Cynthia, thankful for any awakening symptom of interest in her difficult friend.

"Why, this," repeated Joyce with great gravity. "If it takes an elephant ten minutes to put on a white vest, how many pancakes will it take to shingle a freight-car?" Cynthia's indignation was rapidly waxing hotter, but she made one more tremendous effort to control it.

"Joyce, I told you that I was serious about this studying."

"But so am I!" insisted the wicked Joyce. "Now let's try to work that out. Let x equal the number of pancakes—" The end of Cynthia's patience had come, however. She pushed the books aside.

"Joyce Kenway, you are—*abominable!* I wish you would go home!"

"Well, I won't!" retorted Joyce, giggling inwardly, "but I'll leave you to your own devices, if you like!" And she rose from the table, walked with great dignity to a distant rocking-chair, seated herself in it, and pretended to read the daily paper which she had removed from its seat. From time to time she glanced covertly in Cynthia's direction. But there was no sign of relenting in that young lady. She was, indeed, too deeply indignant, and, moreover, had immersed herself in her work. Presently Joyce gave up trying to attract her attention, and began to read the paper in real earnest,—a thing which she seldom had the time or the interest to do.

There was a long silence in the room, broken only by the scratch of Cynthia's pencil or the rustling of a turned page. Suddenly Joyce looked up.

"Cynthia!" she began. Her voice sounded dif-



"THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO BUT SIT AND ENJOY THE SPECTACLE."
(SEE PAGE 693.)

ferent now. It had lost its teasing tone and seemed a little muffled. But Cynthia was obdurate.

"I don't want to talk to you!" she reiterated. "I wish you'd go home!"

"Very well, Cynthia, I will!" answered Joyce, quietly. And she gathered up her books and belongings, giving her friend a queer look as she left the room without another word.

Later, Cynthia put away her work, yawned, and rose from the table. She was beginning to feel just a trifle sorry that she had been so short with her beloved friend.

"But Joyce was simply impossible, to-night!" she mused. "I never knew her to be quite so foolish. Hope she is n't really offended. But she 'll have forgotten all about it by to-morrow morning. . . . I wonder where to-day's paper is? Joyce was reading it—or pretending to! I want to see the weather report for to-morrow. I hope it 's going to be fair. . . . Pshaw! I can't find it. She must have gathered it up with her things and taken it with her. That was mighty careless—but just like Joyce! I 'm going to bed!"

CHAPTER XIII

THE GREAT ILLUMINATION

THE next morning the two girls met, as though absolutely nothing unpleasant had happened. These little differences were, as a fact, of frequent occurrence, and neither of them ever cherished the least grudge toward the other when they were over. Not a word was said in reference to it by either, but Cynthia noticed Joyce looking at her rather curiously several times. Finally she asked:

"What are you staring at me so for, Joyce?"

"Oh, nothing! I was n't staring," Joyce replied, and began to talk of something else.

"By the way, Cyn, why would n't it be a good idea to wait till next week before we have our illumination? Perhaps we could get more candles by that time, too. I vote for next Saturday instead of to-day."

"I can't see why you want to wait," replied Cynthia. "To-day is just as good a time as any. In fact, I think it 's better. Something might happen that would entirely prevent it next week. No, let 's have it to-day. My heart is set on it."

"Very well then," assented Joyce. "But, do you know, I believe, if this time is a success, we might have it again next Saturday, too."

"Well, you can have it if you like, and if you can raise the money for candles," laughed Cynthia; "but you must n't depend on me. I 'll be 'cleaned out' by that time!"

That morning they carefully dusted the drawing-room and library of the Boarded-up House.

"We 'll put the candles in the drawing-room, in the big candelabrum. That will take about forty—and we 'll have enough for the library too," said Cynthia, planning the campaign. "And the rest of the candles we 'll put in the 'locked-up room.' Let 's go right up there now and dust it!"

"Oh, what do you want to light *that* room for!"

cried Joyce. "Don't let 's go in there. It makes me blue—even to think of it!" But Cynthia was obdurate.

"I want it lit up!" she announced. "If you don't feel like going up, I 'll go myself. I don't mind. But I want candles there!"

"Oh, if you insist, of course I 'll go! But really, Cynthia, I don't quite understand you to-day. You want to do such queer things!"

"I don't see anything *queer* about that!" retorted Cynthia, blushing hotly. "It just seemed—somehow—appropriate!"

But Joyce, in spite of her protests, accompanied Cynthia up the tiny, cramped stairway, the entrance to which they had not blocked by restoring the book-shelves.

"What a strange thing it is,—this secret stairway!" she marveled aloud. "I 'm sure it *is* a secret stairway, and that it was long unused, even before Mrs. Collingwood left here. I even feel pretty certain that she never knew it was here."

"How do you figure that out?" questioned Cynthia.

"Well, in several ways. For one thing, because it was all closed up and papered over. That could have been done before she came here, and you know she only lived in this house eighteen years. But mainly because there would n't have been much sense in her locking up the room (if she *did* lock it) had she known there was another easy way of getting into it. No, I somehow don't think she knew!"

They did their dusting in the locked-up room, and tried to make it look as ship-shape as possible, carefully avoiding, however, the vicinity of the desk. Cynthia arranged six candles in holders, ready to light, and they went down stairs again to arrange the others,—a task that was accomplished with some difficulty, as the candelabrum was rather high, and they were obliged to stand on chairs. At last all was ready and they hurried home to luncheon, agreeing to meet at two for the "great illumination"!

When they returned that afternoon, Cynthia had smuggled over the gas-lighter, which they found a boon indeed in lighting so many candles at such a height. When every tongue of flame was sparkling softly, the girls stepped back to admire the result.

"Is n't it the prettiest thing you ever saw?" cried Joyce in an ecstasy of admiration. "It beats a Christmas-tree all hollow! I 've always heard that candle-light was the loveliest of all artificial illumination, and now I believe it. Just see how this room is positively transformed! We never *saw* those pictures properly before."

"Now it looks as it did fifty years ago," said Cynthia, softly. "Of course, houses *were* lighted by gas then, but only city ones or those near the city. I know, because I've been asking about it. Other people had to use horrid oil-lamps. But there were *some* who kept on having candles because they preferred that kind of light—especially in country-houses. And evidently this was one of them."

Joyce eyed her curiously.

"You've certainly been interested in the question of illumination, half a century ago,—but *why*, Cynthia? I never knew you to go so deeply into anything of this kind before!" Cynthia started, and blushed again.

"Do you think so?" she stammered. "Oh, well!—it's only because this—this house has taken hold of me—somehow. I can't get it out of my mind, day or night!"

"Yes," cried Joyce, "and I remember the day when I could hardly induce you to enter it! I just had to *pull* you in, and you disputed every inch of the way!"

"That's the way with me," returned Cynthia. "I'm not quick about going into things, but once I'm *in*, you can't get me out! And nothing I ever knew of has made me feel as this house has. Now I'm going to light the candles in the locked-up room."

"That's the one thing I can't understand!" protested Joyce, as they climbed the tiny stairs once more. "You seem perfectly crazy about that room, and it makes me so—so *depressed* that I hate to go near it! I like the library and the picture of the Lovely Lady best."

Cynthia did not reply to this but lit the candles and gave a last look about. Then they returned to the drawing-room. As there was nothing further to do but sit and enjoy the spectacle, the two girls cuddled down on a roomy old couch or sofa, and watched with all the fascination that one watches the soft illumination of a Christmas-tree. Sometimes they talked in low voices, commenting on the scene, then they would be silent for a long period, simply drinking it in and trying to photograph it forever on their memories. Joyce frankly and openly enjoyed it all, but Cynthia seemed nervous and restless. She began at length to wriggle about, got up twice and walked around restlessly, and looked at her watch again and again.

"I wonder how long these candles will last?" questioned Joyce, glancing at her own timepiece. "They are n't a third gone yet. Oh, I could sit here and look at this for hours! It's all so different from anything we've ever seen."

"*What's that!*" exclaimed Cynthia, suddenly and Joyce straightened up to listen more intently.

"I don't hear anything. What is the matter with you to-day, Cynthia Sprague?"

"I don't know. I'm nervous, I guess!"

"There!—I *did* hear something!" It was Joyce who spoke. "The queerest *click!* Good gracious, Cynthia! Just suppose somebody should take it into his head to get in here to-day! Of *all* times! And find this going on!" But Cynthia was not listening to Joyce. She was straining her ears in another direction.

"There it is again! Somebody is at that front door!" cried Joyce. "I believe they must have seen these lights through some chink in the boarding and are breaking in to find out what's the matter! Perhaps they think—"

Cr-r-r-r-rack!—Something gave with a long, resounding noise, and the two girls clasped each other in an agony of terror. It came from the front door, there was no shadow of doubt, and somebody had just succeeded in opening the little door in the boarding. There was still the big main door to pass.

"Come!—quick!—quick!" whispered Joyce. "It will *never* do for us to be found here. We might be arrested for trespassing! Let's slip down cellar and out through the window, and perhaps we can get away without being seen. Never mind the candles! They'll never know who put them there!—Hurry!" She clutched at Cynthia, expecting instant acquiescence. But, to her amazement, Cynthia stood firm, and boldly declared:

"No, Joyce, I'm not going to run away! Even if we got out without being seen, they'd be sure to discover us sooner or later. We've left enough of our things around for that. I'm going to meet whoever it is, and tell them we have n't done any real harm,—and so must you!"

All during this speech they could hear the rattle of some one working at the lock of the main door. And a second after Cynthia finished, it yielded with another loud crack. Next, footsteps were heard in the hall. By this time, Joyce was so paralyzed with fright that she could scarcely move a limb, and speech had entirely deserted her. They were caught as in a trap! There was no escape now. It was a horrible position. Cynthia, however, pulled her to her feet.

"Come!" she ordered. "We'd better meet them and face it out!" Joyce could only marvel at her astonishing coolness, who had always been the most timid and terror-ridden of mortals.

At this instant, the drawing-room door was pushed open!

Percy and Billy Prim and Bunce



BY MRS. JOHN T. VAN SANT



"My name is Percy Algernon,—
I'd rather it was Bill.
To tack a name like that upon
A kid against his will
Is mean! And I've got curly hair,—
I'd rather it was straight.
And velvet suits I cannot bear,
And Windsor ties I hate!

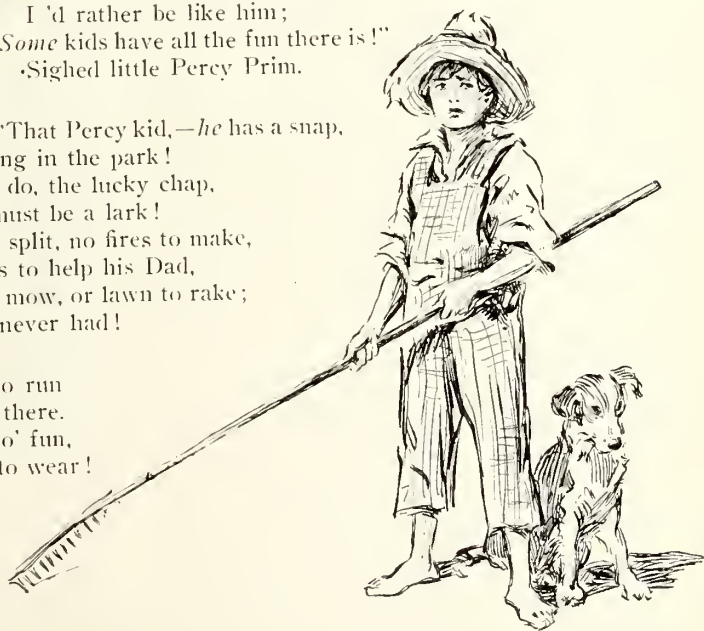
I wish I might go barefoot once,
And tumble in the dirt;
I wish that I were Billy Bunce
And had a gingham shirt!

I'd like to trade my suit for his,
I'd rather be like him;
Some kids have all the fun there is!"
Sighed little Percy Prim.

Said Billy: "That Percy kid,—*he* has a snap,
Just playing in the park!
No work to do, the lucky chap,
His life must be a lark!
No wood to split, no fires to make,
No chores to help his Dad,
No grass to mow, or lawn to rake;
I wish *I* never had!

I bet *he* does n't have to run
On errands here and there.
He sure must have a lot o' fun,
And such fine clothes to wear!

I'd like to swap my duds for his;
I'd like to be him once.
Some guys have all the luck there is!"
Sighed little Billy Bunce.





START OF A MODEL AEROPLANE RACE. (FROM A MOVING-PICTURE FILM.)

MODEL AEROPLANES

BY FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS

Author of "The Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes," "The Wireless Man," etc.

THE most enthusiastic friends of the model aeroplane have been unprepared for its marvelous development. At the early indoor meets, model-flights of 200 feet were considered very creditable, and it was pointed out with pride that in a year the record had been increased from sixty feet. To-day the American record stands at 2803 feet—more than half a mile—and even this flight is likely to be surpassed in the near future.

The model aeroplanes built by American boys compare very favorably with those of their English cousins, both as regards workmanship and the distances flown. In the early days of the sport, it may be remembered, the English records far outdistanced the best American flights, but at present the best models on either side of the Atlantic seem to be well matched and the rivalry is very keen.

As the model aeroplanes have increased in distance-qualities, they have gained as well in general stability, and can negotiate air-currents which would have proved disastrous in the past. Even a high wind has little effect upon the flights. In the recent outdoor tournaments a flight of less

than one quarter of a mile has not been considered in competition. Those who admired the hundred-foot flights in the early days of model-flying have difficulty in finding suitable adjectives to describe the recent long-distance competitions. The model aeroplane is without doubt the most fascinating toy in the world.

The marvelous flights of these little machines is not the result of a happy accident. They follow as the result of an immense amount of hard work and patience on the part of the model-builders. An examination of the most successful long-distance models, illustrated herewith, shows that the designers are gradually simplifying their aeroplanes and doing away with all unnecessary parts. As the models have grown simpler and lighter, their motors have been made more powerful, the propellers more efficient, and their long-distance qualities have increased accordingly.

All the newer models are monoplanes. In every case, it will be noticed, the models are supported by two planes, the smaller plane being carried forward. The propellers in every instance are placed at the rear, in contrast to the

passenger-carrying air-craft. The models are somewhat larger this season than heretofore, the average length being about four feet. An immense amount of ingenuity has been displayed in lightening the various parts and improving the general workmanship. The best of the recent models, when equipped with motors ready for flight, weigh from six to seven ounces. The early models, while often considerably smaller, were much heavier.

The secret of the amazingly long flights is to be found in the new propellers. The first propellers seem very crude affairs in the light of recent experience. The propellers now in use are of much higher pitch, while their lines are much more scientific. The most successful models are driven by twin propellers measuring about twelve inches in diameter, which is fully twice the size of the early designs. The pitch of these propellers is often as high as thirty-four inches. In other words, the model-aeroplane thus equipped is driven forward, theoretically, nearly one yard with each revolution. Since the propellers have a speed of about 500 revolutions per minute, the

made with about ten strands of one-eighth-inch flat rubber.

No part of the model aeroplane perhaps shows



AN EFFICIENT 1915 MODEL.



LESTER NESS, WITH HIS 1915 MODEL.

speed of the little air-craft is often surprising. The motive power is still supplied by bands of twisted rubber. The most efficient motors are

more ingenuity than the construction of the planes or wings. In the early models the planes were constructed with rather stout sticks covered with cloth, and were decidedly awkward and heavy. The designs were quickly improved as new and lighter materials were discovered. As the result of several years of study the planes now employed are marvels of lightness and strength weighing less than half as much as the earlier forms. At one stage of the development of the model aeroplane, the size of the planes was greatly reduced, and it was believed that future models would be flown with even less supporting surface. A reaction seems to have set in, however, and the planes, instead of being further reduced, have been somewhat increased in size.

The planes of the most successful long-distance models are made of very light wood, oftener of bamboo. Every part has been fined away as far as possible. A study of the accompanying pictures will show the general plans of wing-con-



HARRY HERZOG, WITH HIS MODEL THAT FLEW 2803 FEET.

struction. The frames are covered with a very thin Japanese silk or bamboo paper. The fibrous nature of the paper renders it especially dura-

ble, and, in case of a tear or puncture, the paper-covered wings may be easily repaired. The planes, when covered, are usually painted with a special varnish, which on drying contracts the surface, making it as taut as a drumhead. In the early days of model-flying, the planes were frequently damaged on landing, although their construction was comparatively durable. Nowadays, however, the stability of the models is so well controlled that the models on landing flutter to the ground practically on an even keel, and little or no damage is done even to the lightest planes.

It will be noticed that among the model aeroplanes here illustrated no two are exactly alike. Every model-builder seems to have ideas of his own as to the most efficient form of the wings or planes. Some of the models are supported by planes cut away to a knife-like blade, others are borne on wings of two or three times their area. In some cases the planes are almost perfect ellipses, while others are sharply rectangular in form. Several models are equipped with comparatively broad planes with their ends carried well back in irregular-shaped ailerons. Still other wings are diamond-shaped, while one particularly successful model has wings in the form of narrow rectangles with the ends bent sharply upward. There seems to be no hard and fast rule for designing the planes, and each designer follows his own inclination.

Still another surprise will be found in the modeling of the newer and most efficient planes. Many of the builders, after several years of experimenting, have returned to the early designs.



CHARLES V. OBST, PRESIDENT OF THE AÉRO SCIENCE CLUB OF AMERICA, WITH HIS ENGLISH MODEL.

The early models, it may be remembered, were equipped with perfectly flat planes. Later, a great deal of attention was paid to the camber, or curve, of the wings. It was considered of vital importance that the wings be curved scientific-

ally, with their highest point just back of the front, or entering, edge, as in the case of the man-carrying machines. Some of the model-builders continue to make their planes with great accuracy, while other machines, supported by practically flat surfaces, fly for amazing distances.



THE MEASURING DEVICE EQUIPPED WITH A CYCLOMETER.

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The planes of the earlier models were usually constructed with double surfaces. An ingenious frame was constructed and completely covered with cloth, leaving an air-space within. It was thought that, by keeping both the upper and under surface of the wings as smooth as possible, the resistance offered to the air would be reduced and the increased weight of this construction more than compensated for. The recent models are equipped with single surface planes. In contrast to some of the early forms of planes, which measured perhaps half an inch in thickness, the best of the newer planes have been reduced to the thinness of heavy paper.

A great improvement is to be found in the construction of the frame, or chassis, of the model aeroplane. In the early days of the sport the frames were often very cumbersome. A

powerful motor, and which at the same time will add but an ounce or two of weight. While scarcely two of the frames employed are identical, the general form is much the same.

The frame almost invariably consists of a triangle with a base of about one foot and a length of four feet or thereabout. The longer sides of the triangle are built of strips of bamboo, or some light tough wood, perhaps less than one quarter of an inch square. It is made rigid by ingenious systems of bracing with strips of wood or piano wire, or both. Some builders still retain the single stick form. The metal bearings used in mounting the propellers have also been greatly improved in the recent models.

In the early days of model aeroplane flying, the energy was stored in the rubber motors by the simple method of turning the propeller with the finger until the rubber strands were tightly twisted. The method involved considerable labor, even when the flights were very short; and with the increase in distance qualities, it became impracticable. To turn each of the twin propellers 1000 or more times for each flight would leave little time for anything else. An ingenious

device is now used which makes it possible to wind up both motors in opposite directions at the same time. It is designed after the plan of a drill, or an egg-beater, so that a single turn of the handle will add several twists to the rubber strands. In winding up the motor, the strands are first stretched to a considerable distance, which makes it possible to give them a greater number of turns. The winding is done from the front of the motor and not, as formerly, from the propeller end.

An ingenious measuring device has further served to save much of the labor of the early flying days. It is obviously a very slow process

to measure the distance of a flight with a tape, even when the flights are very short. When the model aeroplane soars for upward of half a mile before coming to earth, the old-fashioned system is practically out of the question. The new measuring device, designed by Mr. Edward Durant, consists of a wheel, with a circumference of just two feet, mounted at the end of a long stick and equipped with a cyclometer. As the wheel is pushed along the ground, the distance in feet is thus recorded automatically. As soon as the model aeroplane is aloft the official measurer pursues it on the run, and the distance of the flight may be announced the moment it lands.

A HOME-MADE SWIMMING-POOL

BY MARY BIDDLE FILTER

"A SPRINKLER may be all right, I suppose, Mother, but we want something to get into—we want to swim!" complained the eldest of our four, aged ten, looking longingly at the river on a particularly hot day in early June.

"I know it 's hard, dear, with the river right before you, but you know how unhealthy Dr. Hills said it was," mother explained. "Might as well let them bathe in a sewer," he had remarked bluntly, when she had consulted him on the subject.

"Oh, if we only had somepin, just somepin we could get in and swim in!" mourned the second, two years younger, adopting his older brother's words.

It was this conversation, repeated to the family that evening, that brought forth the "idea." The small boy's moan, "just somepin to get in," had set mother pondering. Believing in making home as attractive as possible, so as to draw other children there and keep her own about her, she strove as nearly as lay in her power to surround them with all possible, harmless amusements. And what does a boy love in warm weather like swimming!

"I wish I could give them something," she said, when telling the family. "We are n't going away this summer, and we are n't allowing them any fire-crackers or fireworks. After Nathaniel's narrow escape from blindness from those sparklers last year, it will be a sane Fourth for us forevermore, but we are saving money by it, and, if I could only devise some plan, I should love to give them 'just somepin to get in and swim.' Of

course, we have n't room for a real swimming-pool nor the money to make it but—"

"I have it!" interrupted Uncle Mac, the carpenter-born member of the family, and therefore—such is the irony of fate—a wool-merchant by inheritance. Thereupon, with great excitement he proceeded to propound his scheme.

"Would it be practical, do you think?" asked mother, doubtfully. "And would n't it be very expensive?"

"I think it would," said Uncle Mac to the first part of the question; "and I think it would n't," to the second.

"May I try it?" asked mother of father.

"I don't believe it 's feasible; but if you 'll attend to it, try away!" said busy father.

Next morning bright and early, mother had the carpenter down and explained her—or rather Uncle Mac's—"idea." He listened most intelligently.

"Can you give me a rough estimate of the cost?" she asked eagerly.

He did some calculating with pencil and pad.

"About ninety-seven dollars," he announced after a moment.

Mother's face fell.

"Ninety-seven dollars!" she gasped. "Why, we did n't expect it would be over fifty! We can't do it."

"But, Madam, that 's a large floor space, and, when you tongue and groove boards—"

"Tongue and groove!" interrupted mother blankly. "Mac did n't mention anything about tongues and grooves. What are they?"

The carpenter patiently went into a long explanation.

"I don't think we need tongues and grooves," still persisted mother. "But Mac did speak of calking; what 's that?"

"But, Madam, that 's what one does to a boat to keep it from leaking. I 'm not a boat-builder!" he deprecated.

Mother looked discouraged.

"I have it!" she exclaimed, brightening after a moment's thought. "I 'll call up Mr. Mac, and you can talk to him. I feel sure there should n't be tongues and grooves."

Uncle Mac laughed when he heard mother's trouble.

"Send him to the 'phone," he said, "and I 'll tell him."

So Uncle Mac, the carpenter-born, from his wool-merchant's office explained to the carpenter by trade, just how and what to do. And this was what he told him.

Take six, twenty-foot yellow-pine planks, fourteen inches wide, two inches thick. Cut two in half for the ends. Order enough one inch plank-

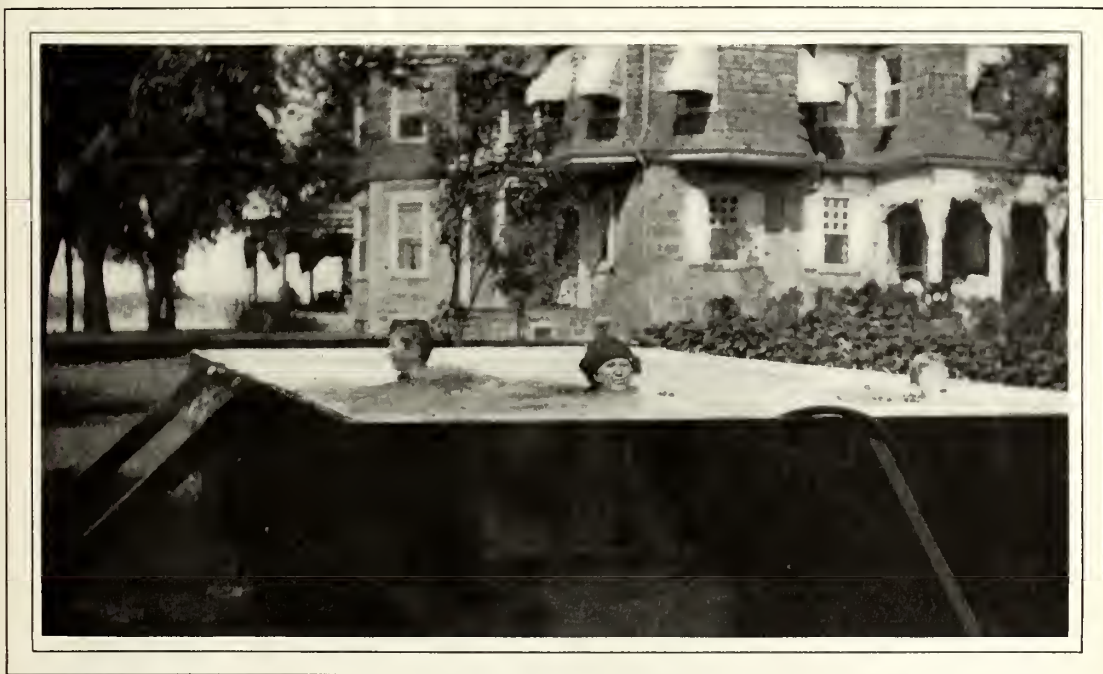
sides like a boat; put a few strips along the bottom to raise it slightly off the ground; then, when finished, turn over.

The turning-over process required as many men as a twenty foot sail-boat. When right side up, the inside was painted white, and the outside green to match the grass. A plug about the diameter of an orange was put in one corner, and then the hose was turned in. About three hours later the boys were swimming in the nicest little swimming-pool imaginable.

White and pure, the pool shone crystal bright and the cold spring water, sparklingly clear, made a mirror of shimmering beauty to reflect the glorious blue of the sky above.

The week after it was completed, the boys could swim, dive, go the length of it under water, and do nearly everything that would have been accomplished in the river. They even put the canoe in it, and one day it upset, spilling two boys out on the grass and two into the pool.

All through the long hot summer, mother's boys and all their friends played in and around that box. They sailed their boats, paddled the



SOLID COMFORT ON A HOT DAY.

ing *not tongued and grooved*, to plank the bottom. Then make a box, twenty feet long, ten feet wide, and twenty-eight inches deep. Get five pounds of cotton for calking and a calking-iron. Then, before turning over, calk the bottom and

canoe, and went in swimming. A small tent beside it made a splendid bath-house and they had all the pleasures of the shore.

"How does it drain?" asked an inquiring admirer.



"WATCH ME!"

"Pull out the plug at night," explained mother. "A couple of hours later the water has gone, sunk right into the earth. Then we sweep the pool out,

turn on the hose, and before bedtime it is filled. And we don't use as much water as we used to with our sprinkler."



DIVING FROM THE CORNERS.



A CANOE PARTY.

Mother's greatest triumph came when, one hot afternoon after business hours, father, the skeptical, quietly put on his bathing-suit and joined

the boys. Finding it so refreshing, the next day he repeated it, and the next. Now it's a daily occurrence.



LARKING IN THE SWIMMING-POOL.

THE LOST PRINCE

BY

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "The Secret Garden," "T. Tembarom," etc.

CHAPTER XXI

"HELP!"

"DID it take you long to find it?" asked the lovely person with the smile. "Of course I knew you would find it in the end. But we had to give ourselves time. How long did it take?"

Marco removed himself from beneath the touch of her hand. It was quietly done, but there was a disdain in his young face which made her wince though she pretended to shrug her shoulders amusedly.

"You refuse to answer?" she laughed.

"I refuse."

At that very moment he saw at the curve of the corridor the Chancellor and his daughter approaching slowly. The two young officers were talking gaily to the girl. They were on their way back to their box. Was he going to lose them? Was he?

The delicate hand was laid on his shoulder again, but this time he felt that it grasped him firmly.

"Naughty boy!" the soft voice said. "I am going to take you home with me. If you struggle I shall tell these people that you are my bad boy who is here without permission. What will you answer? My escort is coming down the staircase and will help me. Do you see?" And in fact there appeared in the crowd at the head of the staircase the figure of the man he remembered.

He did see. A dampness broke out on the palms of his hands. If she did this bold thing, what could he say to those she told her lie to? How could he bring proof or explain who he was—and what story dare he tell? His protestations and struggles would merely amuse the lookers-on, who would see in them only the impotent rage of an insubordinate youngster.

There swept over him a wave of remembrance which brought back, as if he were living through it again, the moment when he had stood in the darkness of the wine cellar with his back against the door and had heard the man walk away and leave him alone. He felt again as he had done then—but now he was in another land and far away from his father. He could do nothing to help himself unless Something showed him a way.

He made no sound, and the woman who held

him saw only a flame leap under his dense black lashes.

But something within him called out. It was as if he heard it. It was that strong self—the self that was Marco, and it called—it called as if it shouted.

"Help!" it called—to that Unknown Stranger Thing which had made worlds and which he and his father so often talked of and in whose power they so believed. "Help!"

The Chancellor was drawing nearer. Perhaps? Should he—?

"You are too proud to kick and shout," the voice went on. "And people would only laugh. Do you see?"

The stairs were crowded and the man who was at the head of them could only move slowly. But he had seen the boy.

Marco turned so that he could face his captor squarely as if he were going to say something in answer to her. But he was not. Even as he made the movement of turning, the help he had called for came and he knew what he should do. And he could do two things at once—save himself and give his Sign—because, the Sign once given, the Chancellor would understand.

"He will be here in a moment. He has recognized you," the woman said.

As she glanced up the stairs, the delicate grip of her hand unconsciously slackened.

Marco whirled away from her. The bell rang which was to warn the audience that they must return to their seats and he saw the Chancellor hasten his pace.

A moment later, the old aristocrat found himself amazedly looking down at the pale face of a breathless lad who spoke to him in German and in such a manner that he could not but pause and listen.

"Sir," he was saying, "the woman in violet at the foot of the stairs is a spy. She trapped me once and she threatens to do it again. Sir, may I beg you to protect me?"

He said it low and fast. No one else could hear his words.

"What! What!" the Chancellor exclaimed.

And then, drawing a step nearer and quite as low and rapidly but with perfect distinctness, Marco uttered four words.

The Help cry had been answered instantly. Marco saw it at once in the old man's eyes, notwithstanding that he turned to look at the woman at the foot of the staircase as if she only concerned him.

"What! What!" he said, and made a move-

She was a slim flexible creature and never was a disappearance more wonderful in its rapidity. Between stout matrons and their thin or stout escorts and families she made her way and lost herself—but always making toward the exit. In two minutes there was no sight of her violet draperies to be seen. She was gone and so, evidently, was her male companion.

It was plain to Marco that to follow the profession of a spy was not by any means a safe thing. The Chancellor had recognized her—she had recognized the Chancellor who turned looking ferociously angry and spoke to one of the young officers.

"She and the man with her are two of the most dangerous spies in Europe. She is a Rumanian and he is a Russian. What they wanted of this innocent lad I don't pretend to know. What did she threaten?" to Marco.

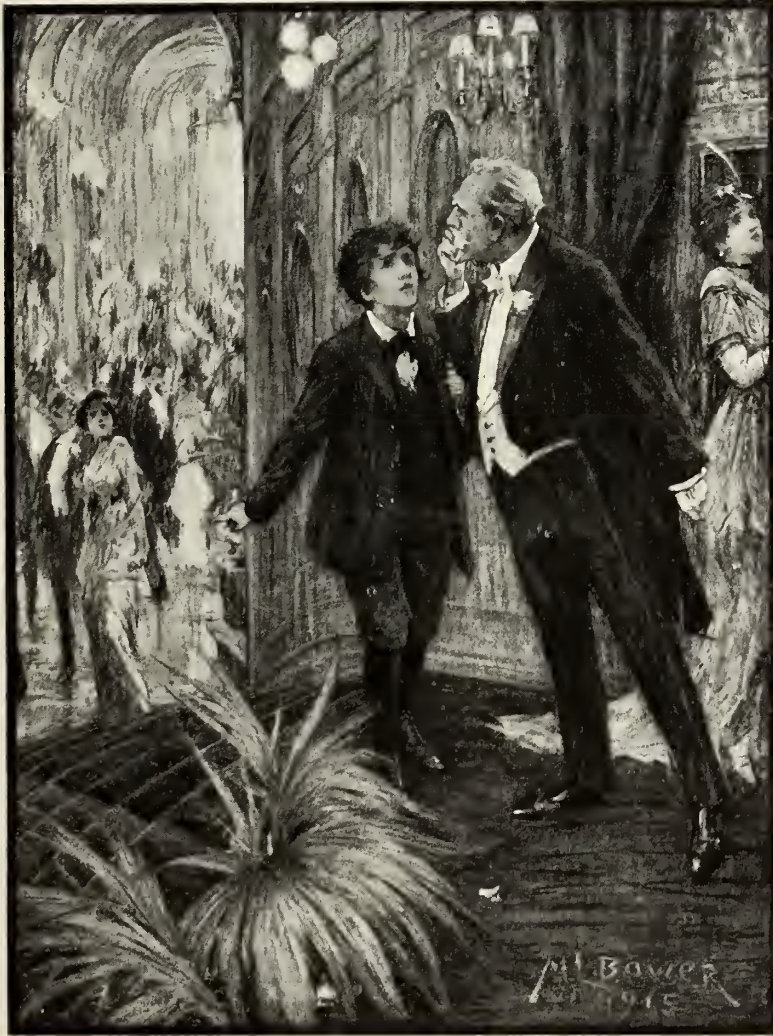
Marco was feeling rather cold and sick and had lost his healthy color for the moment.

"She said she meant to take me home with her and would pretend I was her son who had come here without permission," he answered. "She believes I know something I do not." He made a hesitating but grateful bow. "The third act, Sir—I must—not—keep you. Thank you! Thank you!"

The Chancellor moved toward the entrance door of the balcony seats, but he did it with his hand on Marco's shoulder.

"See that he gets home safely," he said to the younger of the two officers. "Send a messenger with him. He's young to be attacked by creatures of that kind."

Polite young officers naturally obey the commands of Chancellors and such dignitaries. This one found without trouble a young private who marched with Marco through the deserted streets to his lodgings. He was a stolid young Bavarian peasant and seemed to have no curiosity or even any interest in the reason for the command given



"'WILF! WHAT!' THE CHANCELLOR EXCLAIMED."

ment toward her, pulling his large moustache with a fierce hand.

Then Marco recognized that a curious thing happened. The Lovely Person saw the movement and the gray moustache, and that instant her smile died away and she turned quite white—so white, that under the brilliant electric light she was almost green and scarcely looked lovely at all. She made a sign to the man on the staircase and slipped through the crowd like an eel.

him. He was in fact thinking of his sweetheart who lived near Königsee and who had skated with him on the frozen lake last winter. He scarcely gave a glance to the school-boy he was to escort, he neither knew nor wondered why.

The Rat had fallen asleep over his papers and lay with his head on his folded arms on the table. But he was awakened by Marco's coming into the room and sat up blinking his eyes in the effort to get them open.

"Did you see him? Did you get near enough?" he drowsed.

"Yes," Marco answered. "I got near enough."

The Rat sat upright suddenly.

"It's not been easy," he exclaimed. "I'm sure something happened—something went wrong."

"Something nearly wrong—*very* nearly," answered Marco. But as he spoke he took the sketch of the Chancellor out of the slit in his sleeve and tore it and burned it with a match. "But I did get near enough. And that's *two*."

THEY talked long, before they went to sleep that night. The Rat grew pale as he listened to the story of the woman in violet.

"I ought to have gone with you!" he said. "I see now. An Aide-de-Camp must always be in attendance. It would have been harder for her to manage two than one. I must always be near to watch, even if I am not close by you. If you had not come back—if you had not come back!" He struck his clenched hands together fiercely. "What should I have done!"

When Marco turned toward him from the table near which he was standing, he looked like his father.

He wore what The Rat called his "tall" look. It was a wonderful, vivid expression, which made him look almost unnaturally wise, because it was so much older than his years.

"You would have gone on with the Game just as far as you could," he said. "You could not leave it. You remember the places, and the faces, and the Sign. There is some money; and when it was all gone, you could have begged, as we used to pretend we should. We have not had to do it yet, and it was best to save it for country places and villages. But you could have done it if you were obliged to. The Game would have to go on."

The Rat caught at his thin chest as if he had been struck breathless.

"Without you?" he gasped. "Without you?"

"Yes," said Marco. "And we must think of it, and plan in case anything like that should happen."

He stopped himself quite suddenly, and sat

down looking straight before him, as if at some far away thing he saw.

"Nothing will happen," he said. "Nothing can."

"What are you thinking of?" The Rat gulped, because his breath had not quite come back. "Why will nothing happen?"

"Because—" the boy spoke in an almost matter of fact tone—in quite an unexalted tone at all events, "you see I can always make a strong call, as I did to-night."

"Did you shout?" The Rat asked. "I did n't know you shouted."

"I did n't. I said nothing aloud. But I—the myself that is in me," Marco touched himself on his breast, "called out, 'Help! Help!' with all its strength. And help came."

The Rat regarded him dubiously.

"What did it call to?" he asked.

"To the Power—to the Strength-place—to the Thought that does things. The Buddhist hermit, who told my father about it, called it 'The Thought that thought the World.'"

A reluctant suspicion betrayed itself in The Rat's eyes.

"Do you mean you prayed?" he inquired, with a slight touch of disfavor.

Marco's eyes remained fixed upon him in vague thoughtfulness for a moment or so of pause.

"I don't know," he said at last. "Perhaps it's the same thing—when you need something so much that you cry out loud for it. But it's not words, it's a strong thing without a name. I called like that when I was shut in the wine-cellar. I remembered some of the things the old Buddhist told my father."

The Rat moved restlessly.

"The help came that time," he admitted. "How did it come to-night?"

"In that thought which flashed into my mind almost the next second. It came like lightning. All at once I knew that if I ran to the Chancellor and said the woman was a spy, it would startle him into listening to me; and that then I could give him the Sign; and that when I gave him the Sign, he would know I was speaking the truth and would protect me."

"It was a splendid thought!" The Rat said, biting his nails. "And it was quick. But it was you who thought it."

"All thinking is part of the Big Thought," said Marco slowly. "It *knows*—It *knows*—It *knows*. And the outside part of us somehow broke the chain that linked us to It. And we are always trying to mend the chain, without knowing how. That is what our thinking is—trying to mend the chain. But we shall find out how to

do it sometime. The old Buddhist told my father so—just as the sun was rising from behind a high peak of the Himalayas." Then he added hastily, "I am only telling you what my father told me, and he only told me what the old hermit told him."

"Does your father believe what he told him?" The Rat's bewilderment had become an eager and restless thing.

"Yes, he believes it. He always thought something like it, himself. That is why he is so calm and knows so well how to wait."

"Is *that* it!" breathed The Rat. "Is that why? Has—has he mended the chain?" And there was awe in his voice, because of this one man to whom he felt any achievement was possible.

"I believe he has," said Marco. "Don't you think so yourself?"

"He has done something," The Rat said.

He seemed to be thinking things over before he spoke again—and then even more slowly than Marco.

"If he could mend the chain," he said almost in a whisper, "he could find out where the descendant of the Lost Prince is. He would know what to do for Samavia!"

He ended the words with a start, and his whole face glowed with a new, amazed light.

"Perhaps he does know!" he cried. "If the help comes like thoughts—as yours did—perhaps his thought of letting us give the Sign was part of it. We—just we two every-day boys—are part of it!"

"The old Buddhist said—" began Marco.

"Look here!" broke in The Rat. "Tell me the whole story. I want to hear it."

It was because Loristan had heard it, and listened, and believed, that The Rat had taken fire. His imagination seized upon the idea, as it would have seized on some theory of necromancy proved true and workable.

With his elbows on the table and his hands in his hair, he leaned forward, twisting a lock with restless fingers. His breath quickened.

"Tell it," he said, "I want to hear it all!"

"I shall have to tell it in my own words," Marco said. "And it won't be as wonderful as it was when my father told it to me. This is what I remember:

"My father had gone through much pain and trouble. A great load was upon him, and he had been told he was going to die before his work was done. He had gone to India, because a man he was obliged to speak to had gone there to hunt, and no one knew when he would return. My father followed him for months from one wild place to another, and, when he found him,

the man would not hear or believe what he had come so far to say. Then he had jungle-fever and almost died. Once the natives left him for dead in a bungalow in the forest, and he heard the jackals howling round him all the night. Through all the hours he was only alive enough to be conscious of two things—all the rest of him seemed gone from his body: his thought knew that his work was unfinished—and his body heard the jackals howl."

"Was the work for Samavia?" The Rat put in quickly. "If he had died that night, the descendant of the Lost Prince never would have been found—never!" The Rat bit his lip so hard that a drop of blood started from it.

"When he was slowly coming alive again, a native, who had gone back and stayed to wait upon him, told him that near the summit of a mountain, about fifty miles away, there was a ledge which jutted out into space and hung over the valley, which was thousands of feet below. On the ledge there was a hut in which there lived an ancient Buddhist, who was a holy man, as they called him, and who had been there during time which had not been measured. They said that their grandparents and great-grandparents had known of him, though very few persons had ever seen him. It was told that the most savage beast was tame before him. They said that a man-eating tiger would stop to salute him, and that a thirsty lioness would bring her whelps to drink at the spring near his hut."

"That was a lie," said The Rat promptly.

Marco neither laughed nor frowned.

"How do we *know*?" he said. "It was a native's story, and it might be anything. My father neither said it was true nor false. He listened to all that was told him by natives. They said that the holy man was the brother of the stars. He knew all things past and to come, and could heal the sick. But most people, especially those who had sinful thoughts, were afraid to go near him."

"I 'd like to have seen—" The Rat pondered aloud, but he did not finish.

"Before my father was well, he had made up his mind to travel to the ledge if he could. He felt as if he must go. He thought that if he were going to die, the hermit might tell him some wise thing to do for Samavia."

"He might have given him a message to leave to the Secret Ones," said The Rat.

"He was so weak when he set out on his journey that he wondered if he would reach the end of it. Part of the way he traveled by bullock-cart, and part, he was carried by natives. But at last the bearers came to a place more than half-way up the mountain, and would go no further.

Then they went back and left him to climb the rest of the way himself. They had traveled slowly and he had got more strength, but he was weak yet. The forest was more wonderful than anything he had ever seen. There were tropical trees with foliage like lace, and some with huge leaves, and some of them seemed to reach the sky. Sometimes he could hardly see gleams of blue through them. And vines swung down from their high branches, and caught each other, and matted together; and there were hot scents, and strange flowers, and dazzling birds darting about, and thick moss, and little cascades bursting out. The path grew narrower and steeper, and the flower scents and the sultriness made it like walking in a hothouse. He heard rustlings in the undergrowth, which might have been made by any kind of wild animal; once he stepped across a deadly snake without seeing it. But it was asleep and did not hurt him. He knew the natives had been convinced that he would not reach the ledge; but for some strange reason he believed he should. He stopped and rested many times, and he drank some milk he had brought in a canteen. The higher he climbed, the more wonderful everything was, and a strange feeling began to fill him. He said his body stopped being tired and began to feel very light. And his load lifted itself from his heart, as if it were not his load any more but belonged to something stronger. Even Samavia seemed to be safe. As he went higher and higher, and looked down the abyss at the world below, it appeared as if it were not real but only a dream he had wakened from—only a dream."

The Rat moved restlessly.

"Perhaps he was light-headed with the fever," he suggested.

"The fever had left him, and the weakness had left him," Marco answered. "It seemed as if he had never really been ill at all—as if no one could be ill, because things like that were only dreams, just as the world was."

"I wish I'd been with him! Perhaps I could have thrown these away—down into the abyss!" And The Rat shook his crutches which rested against the table. "I feel as if I was climbing, too. Go on."

Marco had become more absorbed than The Rat. He had lost himself in the memory of the story.

"I felt that I was climbing, when he told me," he said. "I felt as if I were breathing in the hot flower-scents and pushing aside the big leaves and giant ferns. There had been a rain, and they were wet and shining with big drops, like jewels, that showered over him as he thrust his

way through and under them. And the stillness and the height—the stillness and the height! I can't make it real to you as he made it to me! I can't! I was there. He took me. And it was so high—and so still—and so beautiful that I could scarcely bear it."

But the truth was, that with some vivid boy-touch he had carried his hearer far. The Rat was deadly quiet. Even his eyes had not moved. He spoke almost as if he were in a sort of trance.

"It's real," he said. "I'm there now. As high as you—go on—go on. I want to climb higher."

And Marco, understanding, went on.

"The day was over and the stars were out when he reached the place where the ledge was. He said he thought that during the last part of the climb he never looked on the earth at all. The stars were so immense that he could not look away from them. They seemed to be drawing him up. And all overhead was like violet velvet, and they hung there like great lamps of radiance. Can you see them? You must see them. My father saw them all night long. They were part of the wonder."

"I see them," The Rat answered, still in his trance-like voice and without stirring, and Marco knew he did.

"And there, with the huge stars watching it, was the hut on the ledge. And there was no one there. The door was open. And outside it was a low bench and table of stone. And on the table was a meal of dates and rice, waiting. Not far from the hut was a deep spring, which ran away in a clear brook. My father drank and bathed his face there. Then he went out on the ledge, and sat down and waited, with his face turned up to the stars. He did not lie down, and he thought he saw the stars all the time he waited. He was sure he did not sleep. He did not know how long he sat there alone. But at last he drew his eyes from the stars, as if he had been commanded to do it. And he was not alone any more. A yard or so away from him sat the holy man. He knew it was the hermit because his eyes were different from any human eyes he had ever beheld. They were as still as the night was, and as deep as the shadows covering the world thousands of feet below, and they had a far, far look, and a strange light was in them."

"What did he say?" asked The Rat hoarsely.

"He only said, 'Rise, my son. I awaited thee. Go and eat the food I prepared for thee, and then we will speak together.' He did n't move or speak again until my father had eaten the meal. He only sat on the moss and let his eyes rest on the shadows over the abyss. When my father



"THEY HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO WANDER ABOUT THE MARVELOUS LITTLE OLD CITY." (SEE PAGE 712.)

went back, he made a gesture which meant that he should sit near him.

"Then he sat still for several minutes, and let his eyes rest on my father, until he felt as if the light in them were set in the midst of his own body and his soul. Then he said, 'I cannot tell thee all thou wouldst know. That I may not do.' He had a wonderful gentle voice, like a deep soft bell. 'But the work will be done. Thy life and thy son's life will set it on its way.'

"They sat through the whole night together. And the stars hung quite near, as if they listened. And there were sounds in the bushes of stealthy, padding feet which wandered about as if the owners of them listened too. And the wonderful, low, peaceful voice of the holy man went on and on, telling of wonders which seemed like miracles but which were to him only the 'working of the Law.'"

"What is the Law?" The Rat broke in.

"There were two my father wrote down, and I

learned them. The first was the law of The One. I'll try to say that," and he covered his eyes and waited through a moment of silence.

It seemed to The Rat as if the room held an extraordinary stillness.

"Listen!" came next. "This is it:

"'There are a myriad worlds. There is but One Thought out of which they grew. Its Law is Order which cannot swerve. Its creatures are free to choose. Only they can create Disorder, which in itself is Pain and Woe and Hate and Fear. These they alone can bring forth. The Great One cannot. It is a Golden Light. It is not remote but near. Hold thyself within its glow, and thou wilt behold all things clearly. First, with all thy breathing being, know one thing! That thine own thought—when so thou standest—is one with That which thought the Worlds!'"

"What?" gasped The Rat. "My thought—the things I think!"

"Your thoughts—boys' thoughts—anybody's thoughts."

"You're giving me the jim-jams!"

"He said it," answered Marco. "And it was then he spoke about the broken Link—and about the greatest books in the world—that in all their different ways, they were only saying over and over again one thing thousands of times. Just this thing—'Hate not, Fear not, Love.' And he said that was Order. And when it was disturbed, suffering came—poverty and misery and catastrophe and wars."

"Wars!" The Rat said sharply. "The World could n't do without war—and armies and defences! What about Samavia?"

"My father asked him that. And this is what he answered. I learned that too. Let me think again," and he waited as he had waited before. Then he lifted his head. "Listen! This is it:

"'Out of the blackness of Disorder and its outpouring of human misery, there will arise the Order which is Peace. When Man learns that he is one with the Thought which itself creates all beauty, all power, all splendor, and all repose, he will not fear that his brother can rob him of his heart's desire. He will stand in the Light and draw to himself his own.'"

"Draw to himself?" The Rat said. "Draw what he wants? I don't believe it!"

"Nobody does," said Marco. "We don't know. He said we stood in the dark of the night—without stars—and did not know that the broken chain swung just above us."

"I don't believe it!" said The Rat. "It's too big!"

Marco did not say whether he believed it or not. He only went on speaking.

"My father listened until he felt as if he had stopped breathing. Just at the stillest of the stillness the Buddhist stopped speaking. And there was a rustling of the undergrowth a few yards away, as if something big was pushing its way through—and there was the soft pad of feet. The Buddhist turned his head and my father heard him say softly: 'Come forth, Sister.'"

"And a huge leopardess with two cubs walked out on to the ledge and came to him and threw herself down with a heavy lunge near his feet."

"Your father saw that!" cried out The Rat. "You mean the old fellow knew something that made wild beasts afraid to touch him or any one near him?"

"Not afraid. They knew he was their brother, and that he was one with the Law. He had lived so long with the Great Thought that all darkness and fear had left him forever. He had mended the Chain."

The Rat had reached deep waters. He leaned forward—his hands burrowing in his hair, his face scowling and twisted, his eyes boring into space. He had climbed to the ledge at the mountain top; he had seen the luminous immensity of the stars, and he had looked down into the shadows filling the world thousands of feet below. Was there some remote deep in him from whose darkness a slow light was rising? All that Loristan had said he knew must be true. But the rest of it—?

Marco got up and came over to him. He looked like his father again.

"If the descendant of the Lost Prince is brought back to rule Samavia, he will teach his people the Law of the One. It was for that the holy man taught my father until the dawn came."

"Who will—who will teach the Lost Prince—the new King—when he is found?" The Rat cried. "Who will teach him?"

"The hermit said my father would. He said he would also teach his son—and that son would teach his son—and he would teach his. And through such as they were, the whole world would come to know the Order and the Law."

Never had The Rat looked so strange and fierce a thing. A whole world at peace! No tactics—no battles—no slaughtered heroes—no clash of arms, and fame! It made him feel sick. And yet—something set his chest heaving.

"And your father would teach him that—when he was found! So that he could teach his sons. Your father *believes* in it?"

"Yes," Marco answered. He said nothing but "Yes."

The Rat threw himself forward on the table, face downward.

"Then," he said, "he must make me believe it. He must teach me—if he can."

They heard a clumping step upon the staircase, and, when it reached the landing, it stopped at their door. Then there was a solid knock.

When Marco opened the door, the young soldier who had escorted him from the Hof Theater was standing outside. He looked as uninterested and stolid as before, as he handed in a small flat package.

"You must have dropped it near your seat at the Opera," he said. "I was to give it into your own hands. It is your purse."

After he had clumped down the staircase again, Marco and The Rat drew a quick breath at one and the same time.

"I had no seat and I had no purse," Marco said. "Let us open it."

There was a flat limp leather note-holder inside. In it was a paper, at the head of which

were photographs of the Lovely Person and her companion. Beneath were a few lines which stated that they were the well known spies, Eugenia Karovna and Paul Varel, and that the bearer must be protected against them. It was signed by the Chief of the Police. On a separate sheet was written the command: "Carry this with you as protection."

"That is help," The Rat said. "It would protect us, even in another country. The Chancellor sent it—but you made the strong call—and it's here!"

There was no street lamp to shine into their windows when they went at last to bed. When the blind was drawn up, they were nearer the sky than they had been in the Marylebone Road. The last thing each of them saw, as he went to sleep, was the stars—and in their dreams, they saw them grow larger and larger, and hang like lamps of radiance against the violet-velvet sky above a ledge of a Himalayan Mountain, where they listened to the sound of a low voice going on and on and on.

CHAPTER XXII

A NIGHT VIGIL

ON a hill in the midst of a great Austrian plain, around which high Alps wait watching through the ages, stands a venerable fortress, almost more beautiful than anything one has ever seen. Perhaps, if it were not for the great plain flowing broadly about it with its wide-spread beauties of meadow-land, and wood, and dim-toned buildings gathered about farms, and its dream of a small ancient city at its feet, it might—though it is to be doubted—seem something less a marvel of medieval picturesqueness. But out of the plain rises the low hill, and surrounding it at a stately distance stands guard the giant Majesty of Alps, with shoulders in the clouds and god-like heads above them, looking on—always looking on—sometimes themselves ethereal clouds of snow-whiteness, sometimes' monster bare crags which pierce the blue, and whose unchanging silence seems to know the secret of the everlasting. And on the hill which this august circle holds in its embrace, as though it enclosed a treasure, stands the old, old, towered fortress built as a citadel for the Prince Archbishops, who were kings in their domain in the long past centuries when the splendor and power of ecclesiastical princes was among the greatest upon earth.

And as you approach the town—and as you leave it—and as you walk through its streets, the broad calm empty-looking ones, or the narrow thoroughfares whose houses seem so near to each other, whether you climb or descend—or cross

bridges, or gaze at churches, or step out on your balcony at night to look at the mountains and the moon—always it seems that from some point you can see it gazing down at you—the citadel of Hohen-Salzburg.

It was to Salzburg they went next, because at Salzburg was to be found the man who looked like a hair-dresser and who worked in a barber's shop. Strange as it might seem, to him also must be carried the Sign.

"There may be people who come to him to be shaved—soldiers, or men who know things," The Rat worked it out, "and he can speak to them when he is standing close to them. It will be easy to get near him. You can go and have your hair cut."

The journey from Munich was not a long one, and during the latter part of it they had the wooden-seated third-class carriage to themselves. Even the drowsy old peasant who nodded and slept in one corner got out with his bundles at last. To Marco the mountains were long-known wonders which could never grow old. They had always and always been so old! Surely they had been the first of the world! Surely they had been standing there waiting when it was said "Let there be Light." The Light had known it would find them there. They were so silent, and yet it seemed as if they said some amazing thing—something which would take your breath from you if you could hear it. And they never changed. The clouds changed, they wreathed them, and hid them, and trailed down them, and poured out storm torrents on them, and thundered against them, and darted forked lightnings round them. But the mountains stood there afterwards as if such things had not been and were not in the world. Winds roared and tore at them, centuries passed over them—centuries of millions of lives, of changing of kingdoms and empires, of battles and world-wide fame which grew and died and passed away; and temples crumbled, and king's tombs were forgotten, and cities were buried and others built over them after hundreds of years—and perhaps a few stones fell from a mountain side, or a fissure was worn, which the people below could not even see. And that was all. There they stood, and perhaps their secret was that they had been there for ever and ever and ever. That was what the mountains said to Marco, which was why he did not want to talk much, but sat and gazed out of the carriage window.

The Rat had been very silent all the morning. He had been silent when they got up, and he had scarcely spoken when they made their way to the station at Munich and sat waiting for their train. It seemed to Marco that he was thinking so hard

that he was like a person who was far away from the place he stood in. His brows were drawn together and his eyes did not seem to see the people who passed by. Usually he saw everything and made shrewd remarks on almost all he saw. But to-day he was somehow otherwise absorbed. He sat in the train with his forehead against the window and stared out. He moved and gasped when he found himself staring at the Alps, but afterwards he was even strangely still. It was not until after the sleepy old peasant had gathered his bundles and got out at a station that he spoke, and he did it without turning his head.

"You only told me one of the two laws," he said. "What was the other one?"

Marco brought himself back from his dream of reaching the highest mountain-top and seeing clouds float beneath his feet in the sun. He had to come back a long way.

"Are you thinking of that? I wondered what you had been thinking of all the morning," he said.

"I could n't stop thinking of it. What was the second one?" said The Rat, but he did not turn his head.

"It was called the Law of Earthly Living. It was for every day," said Marco. "It was for the ordering of common things—the small things we think don't matter, as well as the big ones. I always remember that one without any trouble. This was it:

"Let pass through thy mind, my son, only the image thou wouldst desire to see become a truth. Meditate only upon the wish of thy heart—seeing first that it is such as can wrong no man and is not ignoble. Then will it take earthly form and draw near to thee.

"This is the Law of That which Creates."

Then The Rat turned round. He had a shrewdly reasoning mind.

"That sounds as if you could get anything you wanted, if you think about it long enough and in the right way," he said. "But perhaps it only means that, if you do it, you'll be happy after you're dead. My father used to shout with laughing when he was drunk and talked about things like that and looked at his rags."

He hugged his knees for a few minutes. He was remembering the rags, and the fog-darkened room in the slums, and the loud, hideous laughter.

"What if you want something that will harm somebody else?" he said next. "What if you hate some one and wish you could kill him?"

"That was one of the questions my father asked that night on the ledge. The holy man said people always asked it," Marco answered. "This was the answer:

"Let him who stretcheth forth his hand to draw the lightning to his brother recall that through his own soul and body will pass the bolt."

"Wonder if there's anything in it?" The Rat pondered. "It'd make a chap careful if he believed it! Revenging yourself on a man would be like holding him against a live wire to kill him and getting all the volts through yourself."

A sudden anxiety revealed itself in his face.

"Does your father believe it?" he asked. "Does he?"

"He knows it is true," Marco said.

"I'll own up," The Rat decided after further reflection—"I'll own up I'm glad that there is n't any one left that I've a grudge against. There is n't any one—now."

Then he fell again into silence and did not speak until their journey was at an end. As they arrived early in the day, they had plenty of time to wander about the marvelous little old city. But through the wide streets and through the narrow ones, under the archways into the market gardens, across the bridge and into the square where the "glockenspiel" played its old tinkling tune, everywhere the Citadel looked down and always The Rat walked on in his dream.

They found the hair-dresser's shop in one of the narrow streets. There were no grand shops there, and this particular shop was a modest one. They walked past it once, and then went back. It was a shop so humble that there was nothing remarkable in two common boys going into it to have their hair cut. An old man came forward to receive them. He was evidently glad of their modest patronage. He undertook to attend to The Rat himself, but, having arranged him in a chair, he turned about and called to some one in the back room.

"Heinrich," he said.

In the slit in Marco's sleeve was the sketch of the man with smooth curled hair, who looked like a hair-dresser. They had found a corner in which to take their final look at it before they turned back to come in. Heinrich, who came forth from the small back room, had smooth curled hair. He looked extremely like a hair-dresser. He had features like those in the sketch—his nose and mouth and chin and figure were like what Marco had drawn and committed to memory. But—

He gave Marco a chair and tied the professional white covering around his neck. Marco leaned back and closed his eyes a moment.

"That is *not* the man!" he was saying to himself. "He is *not* the man."

How he knew he was not, he could not have

explained, but he felt sure. It was a strong conviction. But for the sudden feeling, nothing would have been easier than to give the Sign. And if he could not give it now, where was the one to whom it must be spoken, and what would be the result if that one could not be found? And if there were two who were so much alike, how could he be sure?

Each owner of each of the pictured faces was a link in a powerful secret chain; and if a link were missed, the chain would be broken. Each time Heinrich came within the line of his vision, he recorded every feature afresh and compared it with the remembered sketch. Each time the resemblance became more close, but each time some persistent inner conviction repeated, "No; the Sign is not for him!"

It was disturbing, also, to find that The Rat was all at once as restless as he had previously been silent and preoccupied. He moved in his chair, to the great discomfort of the old hair-dresser. He kept turning his head to talk. He asked Marco to translate divers questions he wished him to ask the two men. They were questions about the Citadel—about the Mönchsberg—the Residenz—the Glockenspiel—the mountains. He added one query to another and could not sit still.

"The young gentleman will get an ear snipped," said the old man to Marco. "And it will not be my fault."

"What shall I do?" Marco was thinking. "He is not the man."

He did not give the Sign. He must go away and think it out, though where his thoughts would lead him he did not know. This was a more difficult problem than he had ever dreamed of facing. There was no one to ask advice of. Only himself and The Rat, who was nervously wriggling and twisting in his chair.

"You must sit still," he said to him. "The hair-dresser is afraid you will make him cut you by accident."

"But I want to know who lives at the Residenz?" said The Rat. "These men can tell us things if you ask them."

"It is done now," said the old hair-dresser with a relieved air. "Perhaps the cutting of his hair makes the young gentleman nervous. It is sometimes so."

The Rat stood close to Marco's chair and asked questions until Heinrich also had done his work. Marco could not understand his companion's change of mood. He realized that, if he had wished to give the Sign, he had been allowed no opportunity. He could not have given it. The restless questioning had so directed the older

man's attention to his son and Marco that nothing could have been said to Heinrich without his observing it.

"I could not have spoken if he had been the man," Marco said to himself.

Their very exit from the shop seemed a little hurried. When they were fairly in the street, The Rat made a clutch at Marco's arm.

"You did n't give it?" he whispered breathlessly. "I kept talking and talking to prevent you."

Marco tried not to feel breathless, and he tried to speak in a low and level voice with no hint of exclamation in it.

"Why did you say that?" he asked.

The Rat drew closer to him.

"That was not the man!" he whispered. "It does n't matter how much he looks like him, he is n't the right one."

He was pale and swinging along swiftly as if he were in a hurry.

"Let 's get into a quiet place," he said. "Those queer things you 've been telling me have got hold of me. How did I know? How could I know—unless it 's because I 've been trying to work that second law? I 've been saying to myself that we should be told the right things to do—for the Game and for your father—and so that I could be the right sort of Aide-de-Camp. I 've been working at it, and, when he came out, I knew he was not the man in spite of his looks. And I could n't be sure you knew, and I thought, if I kept on talking and interrupting you with silly questions, you could be prevented from speaking."

"There 's a place not far away where we can get a look at the mountains. Let 's go there and sit down," said Marco. "I knew it was not the right one, too. It 's the Help over again."

"Yes, it 's the Help—it 's the Help—it must be," muttered The Rat, walking fast and with a pale, set face. "It could not be anything else."

They got away from the streets and the people and reached the quiet place where they could see the mountains. There they sat down by the way-side. The Rat took off his cap and wiped his forehead, but it was not only the quick walking which had made it damp.

"The queerness of it gave me a kind of fright," he said. "When he came out and he was near enough for me to see him, a sudden strong feeling came over me. It seemed as if I knew he was n't the man. Then I said to myself—'but he looks like him'—and I began to get nervous. And then I was sure again—and then I wanted to try to stop you from giving him the Sign. And then it all seemed foolishness—and the next second

all the things you had told me rushed back to me at once—and I remembered what I had been thinking ever since—and I said—'Perhaps it 's the Law beginning to work,' and the palms of my hands got moist."

Marco was very quiet. He was looking at the farthest and highest peaks and wondering about many things.

"It was the expression of his face that was different," he said. "And his eyes. They are rather smaller than the right man's are. The light in the shop was poor, and it was not until the last time he bent over me that I found out what I had not seen before. His eyes are gray—the other ones are brown."

"Did you see that!" The Rat exclaimed. "Then we 're sure! We 're safe!"

"We 're not safe till we 've found the right man," Marco said. "Where is he? Where is he? Where is he?"

He said the words dreamily and quietly as if he were lost in thought—but also rather as if he expected an answer. And he still looked at the far-off peaks. The Rat, after watching him a moment or so, began to look at them also. They were like a loadstone to him too. There was something stilling about them, and when your eyes had rested upon them a few moments they did not want to move away.

"There must be a ledge up there somewhere," he said at last. "Let 's go up and look for it and sit there and think and think—about finding the right man."

There seemed nothing fantastic in this to Marco. To go into some quiet place and sit and think about the thing he wanted to remember or to find out was an old way of his. To be quiet was always the best thing, his father had taught him. It was like listening to something which could speak without words.

"There is a little train which goes up the Gaisberg," he said. "When you are at the top, a world of mountains speak around you. Lazarus went once and told me. And we can lie out on the grass all night. Let us go, Aide-de-Camp."

So they went, each one thinking the same thought, and each boy-mind holding its own vision. Marco was the calmer of the two, because his belief that there was always help to be found was an accustomed one and had ceased to seem to partake of the supernatural. He believed quite simply that it was the working of a law, not the breaking of one, which gave answer and led him in his quests. The Rat, who had known nothing of laws other than those administered by police-courts, was at once awed and fascinated by the suggestion of crossing some borderland of

the Unknown. The Law of the One had baffled and overthrown him, with its sweeping away of the enmities of passions which created wars and called for armies. But the Law of Earthly Living seemed to offer practical benefits if you could hold on to yourself enough to work it.

"You would n't get everything for nothing, as far as I can make out," he had said to Marco. "You 'd have to sweep all the rubbish out of your mind—sweep it as if you did it with a broom—and then keep on thinking straight and believing you were going to get things—and working for them—and they 'd come."

Then he had laughed a short ugly laugh because he recalled something.

"There was something in the Bible that my father used to jeer about—something about a man getting what he prayed for if he believed it," he said.

"Oh; yes, it 's there," said Marco. "That if a man pray believing he shall receive what he asks it shall be given him. All the books say something like it. It 's been said so often it makes you believe it."

"He did n't believe it, and I did n't," said The Rat.

"Nobody does—really," answered Marco, as he had done once before. "It 's because we don't know."

They went up the Gaisberg in the little train, which pushed and dragged and panted slowly upward with them. It took them with it stubbornly and gradually higher and higher until it had left Salzburg and the Citadel below and had reached the world of mountains which rose and spread and lifted great heads behind each other and beside each other and beyond each other until there seemed no other land on earth but that on mountain sides and backs and shoulders and crowns. And also one felt the absurdity of living upon flat ground, where life must be an insignificant thing.

There were only a few sight-seers in the small carriages, and they were going to look at the view from the summit. They were not in search of a ledge.

The Rat and Marco were. When the little train stopped at the top, they got out with the rest. They wandered about with them over the short grass on the treeless summit and looked out from this viewpoint and the other. The Rat grew more and more silent, and his silence was not merely a matter of speechlessness but of expression. He *looked* silent and as if he was no longer aware of the earth. They left the sight-seers at last and wandered away by themselves. They found a ledge where they could sit or lie and where even the world of mountains seemed below

them. They had brought some simple food with them, and they laid it behind a jutting bit of rock. When the sight-seers boarded the laboring little train again and were dragged back down the mountain, their night of vigil would begin.

That was what it was to be. A night of stillness on the heights, where they could wait and watch and hold themselves ready to hear any thought which spoke to them.

The Rat was so thrilled that he would not have been surprised if he had heard a voice from the place of the stars. But Marco only believed that in this great stillness and beauty, if he held his boy-soul quiet enough, he should find himself at last thinking of something that would lead him to the place which held what it was best that he should find. The people returned to the train and it set out upon its way down the steepness.

They heard it laboring on its way, as though it was forced to make as much effort to hold itself back as it had made to drag itself upward.

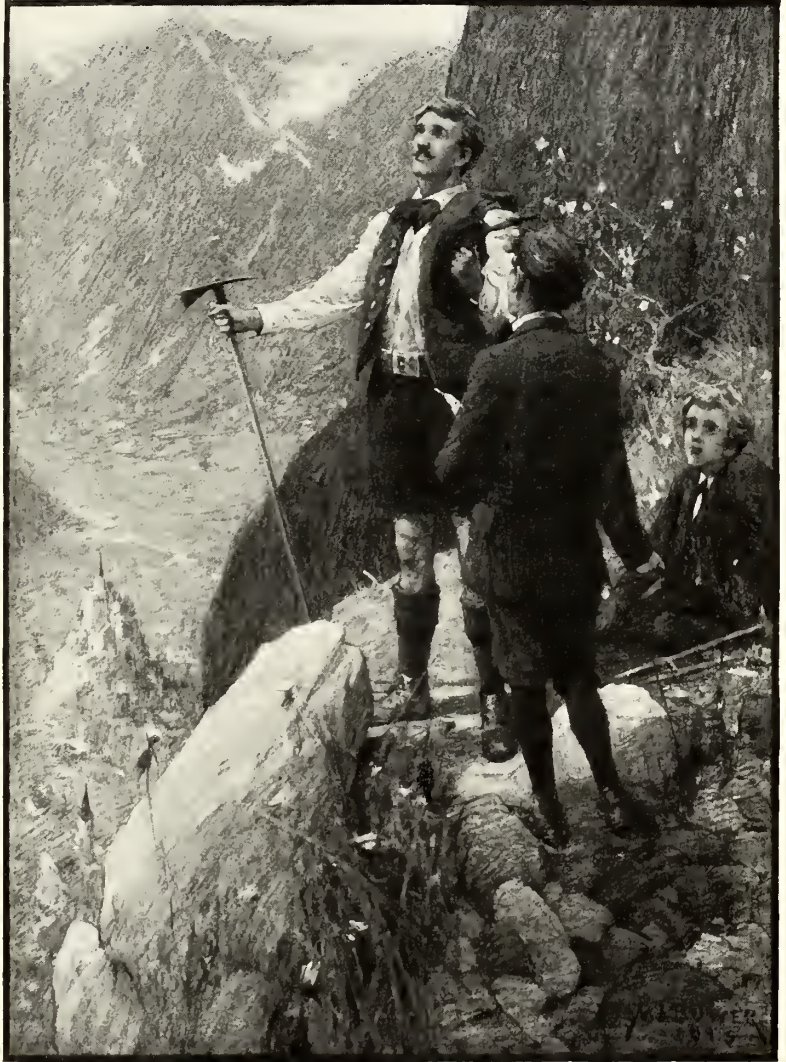
Then they were alone, and it was a liveness such as an eagle might feel when it held itself poised high in the curve of blue. And they sat and watched. They saw the sun go down and, shade by shade, deepen and make radiant and then draw away with it the last touches of color—rose-gold, rose-purple, and rose-gray. One mountain top after another held its blush a few moments and lost it. It took long to gather them all but at length they were gone and the marvel of night fell.

The breath of the forests below was sweet about them, and a soundlessness enclosed them which was of unearthly peace. The stars began to show themselves, and presently the two who waited found their faces turned upward to the sky and they both were speaking in whispers.

"The stars look large here," The Rat said.

"Yes," answered Marco. "We are not as high as the Buddhist was, but it seems like the top of the world."

"There is a light on the side of the mountain yonder which is not a star," The Rat whispered.



"HE TOOK OFF HIS HAT AND BARED HIS HEAD." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"It is a light in a hut where the guides take the climbers to rest and to spend the night," answered Marco.

"It is so still," The Rat whispered again after a silence, and Marco whispered back:

"It is so still."

They had eaten their meal of black bread and cheese after the setting of the sun, and now they lay down on their backs and looked up until the first few stars had multiplied themselves into

myriads. They began a little low talk, but the soundlessness was stronger than themselves.

"How am I going to hold on to that second law?" The Rat said restlessly. "'Let pass through thy mind only the image thou wouldst see become a truth.' The things that are passing through my mind are not the things I want to come true. What if we don't find him—don't find the right one, I mean!"

"Lie still—still—and look up at the stars," whispered Marco. "They give you a *sure* feeling."

There was something in the curious serenity of him which calmed even his Aide-de-Camp. The Rat lay still and looked—and looked—and thought. And what he thought of was the desire of his heart. The soundlessness enwrapped him and there was no world left. That there was a spark of light in the mountain-climbers' rest-hut was a thing forgotten.

They were only two boys, and they had begun their journey on the earliest train and had been walking about all day and thinking of great and anxious things.

"It is so still," The Rat whispered again at last.

"It is so still," whispered Marco.

And the mountains rising behind each other and beside each other and beyond each other in the night, and also the myriads of stars which had so multiplied themselves, looking down knew that they were asleep—as sleep the human things which do not watch forever.

"SOME one is smoking," Marco found himself saying in a dream. After which he awakened and found that the smoke was not part of a dream at all. It came from the pipe of a young man who had an alpenstock and who looked as if he had climbed to see the sun rise. He wore the clothes of a climber and a green hat with a tuft at the back. He looked down at the two boys, surprised.

"Good day," he said. "Did you sleep here so that you could see the sun get up?"

"Yes," answered Marco.

"Were you cold?"

"We slept too soundly to know. And we brought our thick coats."

"I slept half-way down the mountain," said the smoker. "I am a guide in these days, but I have not been one long enough to miss a sunrise it is no work to reach. My father and brother think I am mad about such things. They would rather stay in their beds. Oh! he is awake, is he?" turning toward The Rat, who had risen on one elbow and was staring at him. "What is the matter? You look as if you were afraid of me."

Marco did not wait for The Rat to recover his breath and speak.

"I know why he looks at you so," he answered for him. "He is startled. Yesterday we went to a hair-dresser's shop down below there, and we saw a man who was almost exactly like you—only—" he added, looking up, "his eyes were gray and yours are brown."

"He was my twin brother," said the guide, puffing at his pipe cheerfully. "My father thought he could make hair-dressers of us both, and I tried it for four years. But I always wanted to be climbing the mountains and there were not holidays enough. So I cut my hair, and washed the pomade out of it, and broke away. I don't look like a hair-dresser now, do I?"

He did not. Not at all. But Marco knew him. He was the man. There was no one on the mountain top but themselves, and the sun was just showing a rim of gold above the farthest and highest giants' shoulders. One need not be afraid to do anything, since there was no one to see or hear. Marco slipped the sketch out of the slit in his sleeve. He looked at it and he looked at the guide, and then he showed it to him.

"That is not your brother. It is you!" he said.

The man's face changed a little—more than any other face had changed when its owner had been spoken to. On a mountain top as the sun rises one is not afraid.

"The Lamp is lighted," said Marco. "The Lamp is lighted."

"God be thanked!" burst forth the man. And he took off his hat and bared his head. Then the rim behind the mountain's shoulder leaped forth into a golden torrent of splendor.

And The Rat stood up, resting his weight on his crutches in utter silence, and stared and stared.

"That is three!" said Marco.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF A DIMPLE

BY EDITH VAUGHAN MICHAUX

A DEAR little girl named Dorothy Simple,
Possessed, when she smiled, the cunningest dimple;

A dimple that danced near her wee rosebud mouth,
Refreshing and sweet like a breeze from the south;

And none could resist so infectious a sight
As it twinkled and it winked, like a star in the night.

So Dorothy walked down a smile-bordered way,
Wimpling and dimpling, magnetic and gay.

Why, even rheumatic and cross Mr. Brown
Met Dorothy's smile with much less of a frown.

So is n't it strange that this Dorothy Simple,
Possessing so perfect and charming a dimple,

Could really allow it to fade out of sight
Whenever her problems "just *would* n't come right"?



Or when she forgot whether knob took
a K,
Or whether Geneva was spelled with a J?

And when it began to get easy to pout,
That dear little dimple just died—and
went out.

Alas and alack, were this rhyme here to
end!
But Habit is difficult even to mend;

So it worked in a way that was perfectly
simple,
And Dottie just *had* to live up to that
dimple!

For people *would* smile as she went on
her way,
And up popped the dimple, magnetic and
gay.

And so, even rheumatic and cross Mr.
Brown
Met Dorothy's dimple with never a
frown!



TOMMY AND THE WISHING-STONE

HOW HE LEARNED TO ADMIRE THUNDERER THE RUFFED GROUSE

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

Author of "Old Mother West Wind," "Bedtime Story-Books," etc.

FROM over in the Green Forest where the silver beeches grow, came a sound which made Tommy stop to listen. For a minute or two all was still. Then it came again, a deep, throbbing sound that began slowly and then grew faster and faster until it ended in a long rumble like distant thunder. Tommy knew it could n't be that, for there was n't a cloud in the sky; and anyway it was n't the season of thunder-storms. Again he heard that deep hollow throbbing grow fast and faster until there was no time between the beats and it became a thunderous rumble; and for some reason which he could not have explained, Tommy felt his pulse beat faster in unison, and a strange sense of joyous exhilaration.

Drum—drum—drum—drum—drum, drum, drum, dr-r-r-r-r-r-r-um! The sound beat out from beyond the hemlocks and rolled away through the woods.

"It 's an old cock-partridge drummin'." Tommy had a way of talking to himself when he was alone. "He 's down on that old beech log at the head of the gully. Gee, I 'd like to see him! Bet it 's the same one that was there last year. Dad says that old log is a reg'lar drummin'-log and he 's seen partridges drum there lots of times. And yet he does n't really know how they make all that noise. Says some folks say they beat the log with their wings, and, because it 's holler, it makes that sound. Don't believe it, though. They 'd bu'st their wings doing that. Besides, that old log ain't much holler anyway, and I never can make it sound up much hammering it with a stick; so how could a partridge do it with nothin' but his wings?"

"Some other folks say they do it by hitting their wings together over their backs; but I don't see any sense in that, 'cause their wings are all feathers. And some say they beat their sides to make the noise; but if they do that, I should think they 'd knock all the wind out of themselves and be too sore to move. Bet if I could ever catch ol' Thunderer drummin', I 'd find out how he does it! I know what I 'll do! I 'll go over to the old wishing-stone. Wonder why I did n't think of it before. Bet I 'll find out a lot."

He thrust his hands into his pockets and trudged up the Crooked Little Path, out of the Green Forest, and over to the great gray stone on the edge of the Green Meadows where so many wishes had come true, or had seemed to come true, anyway, and where he had learned so much about the lives of his little wild neighbors. As he tramped, his thoughts were all of Thunderer the Ruffed Grouse, whom he called a partridge, and some other people call a pheasant, but who is neither. Many times had Tommy been startled by having the handsome bird spring into the air from almost under his feet, with a noise of wings that was enough to scare anybody. It was because of this and the noise of his drumming that Tommy called him Thunderer.

With a long sigh of satisfaction, for he was tired, Tommy sat down on the wishing-stone, planted his elbows on his knees, dropped his chin in his hands, looked over to the Green Forest through half-closed eyes, and wished.

"I wish," said he, slowly and earnestly, "I could be a partridge." He meant, of course, that he could be a grouse.

Just as always had happened when he had expressed such a wish on the old wishing-stone, the very instant the words were out of his mouth, he ceased to be a boy. He was a tiny little bird, like nothing so much as a teeny, weeny chicken, a soft little ball of brown and yellow, one of a dozen, who all looked alike as they scurried after their little brown mother in answer to her anxious cluck. Behind them, on the ground, cunningly hidden back of a fallen tree, was an empty nest with only some bits of shell as a reminder that, just a few hours before, it had contained twelve buff eggs. Now Tommy and his brothers and sisters did n't give the old nest so much as a thought. They had left it as soon as they were strong enough to run. They were starting out for their first lesson in the school of the Great World.

Perhaps Tommy thought his mother fussy and altogether a great deal too nervous; but if he did, he did n't say so. There was one thing that seemed to have been born in him, something that as a boy he had to learn, and that was the habit

of instant obedience. It was instinct which, so naturalists say, is habit confirmed and handed down through many generations. Tommy did n't know why he obeyed. He just did, that was all. It did n't occur to him that there was anything else to do. The idea of disobeying never entered his funny, pretty little head. And it was just so with all the others. Mother Grouse had only to speak and they did just exactly what she told them to.

This habit of obedience on their part took a great load from the mind of Mother Grouse. They had n't been in the Great World long enough to know it, but she knew that there were dangers on every side; and to watch out for and protect them from these she needed all her senses, and she could n't afford to dull any of them by useless worrying. So it was a great relief to her to know that, when she had bidden them hide and keep perfectly still until she called them, they would do exactly as she said. This made it possible for her to leave them long enough to lead an enemy astray, and be sure that when she re-

rying along with the others as fast as his small legs could take him when his mother gave a sharp but low call to hide. There was a dried



"BUGS WERE TO BE FOUND UNDER OLD LOGS."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)



"MOTHER GROUSE KNEW THERE WERE DANGERS ON EVERY SIDE."

turned she would find them just where she had left them.

She had to do this twice on their very first journey into the Great World. Tommy was hur-

leaf on the ground close to Tommy. Instantly he crept under it and flattened his small self to the ground, closed his eyes tight, and listened with all his might. He heard the whirr of strong wings as Mother Grouse took flight. If he had peeped out, he would have seen that she flew only a very little way, and that, when she came to earth again, there appeared to be something the matter with her, so that she flopped along instead of running or flying. But he did n't see this, because he was under that dead leaf and his eyes were tightly closed

Presently, the ground vibrated under the steps of heavy feet that all but trod on the leaf under which Tommy lay and frightened him terribly. But he did not move and he made no sound. Again, had he peeped out, he would have seen Mother Grouse fluttering along the ground just ahead of an eager boy who thought to catch her and tried and tried until he had been led far from the place where her babies were. Then all was still, so still that surely there could be no danger near. Surely it was safe to come out now. But Tommy did n't move, nor did any of his brothers and sisters. They had been told not

to until they were called, and it never once entered their little heads to disobey. Mother knew best.

At last there came a gentle cluck. Instantly Tommy popped out from under his leaf to see his brothers and sisters popping out from the most unexpected places all about him. It seemed almost as if they had popped out of the very ground itself. And there was Mother Grouse, very proud and very fussy, as she made sure that all her babies were there. Later that same day the same thing happened, only this time there was no heavy footstep, but the lightest kind of patter as cushioned feet eagerly hurried past, and Reddy Fox sprang forward, sure that Mother Grouse was to make him the dinner he liked best, and thus was led away to a safe distance, there to realize how completely he had been fooled.

It was a wonderful day, that first day. There was a great ant-hill which Mother Grouse



"REDDY FOX DINED ON ONE."

scratched open with her stout claws and exposed ever and ever so many white things, which were the eggs of the big black ants, and which were delicious eating, as Tommy soon found out. It was great fun to scramble for them, and eat and eat until not another one could be swallowed. And when the shadows began to creep through

the Green Forest, they nestled close under Mother Grouse in one of her favorite secret hiding-places and straightway went to sleep as healthy children should, sure that no harm could befall them, nor once guessed how lightly their mother slept and more than once shivered with fear, not for herself but for them, as some prowler of the night passed their retreat.

So the days passed and Tommy grew and learned, and it was a question which he did the faster. The down with which he had been covered gave way to real feathers and he grew real wings, so that he was little over a week old when he could fly in case of need. And in that same length of time, short as it was, he had filled his little head with knowledge. He had learned that a big sandy dome in a sunny spot in the woods usually meant an ants' castle, where he could eat to his heart's content if only it was torn open for him. He had learned that luscious fat worms and bugs were to be found under rotting pieces of bark and the litter of decaying old logs and stumps. He had learned that wild strawberries and some other berries afforded a welcome variety to his bill of fare. He had learned that a daily bath in fine dust was necessary for cleanliness as well as being vastly comforting. He had learned that danger lurked in the air as well as on the ground, for a swooping hawk had caught one of his brothers who had not instantly heeded his mother's warning. But most important of all, he had learned the value of that first lesson in obedience, and to trust wholly to the wisdom of Mother Grouse and never to question her commands.

A big handsome grouse had joined them now. It was old Thunderer, and sometimes when he would throw back his head, spread his beautiful tail until it was like a fan, raise the crest on his head and the glossy ruff on his neck, and proudly strut ahead of them, Tommy thought him the most beautiful sight in all the world and wondered if ever he would grow to be half as handsome. While he did little work in the care of the brood, Thunderer was of real help to Mother Grouse in guarding the little family from ever-lurking dangers. There was no eye or ear more keen than his, and none more skilful than he in confusing and baffling a hungry enemy who had chanced to discover the presence of the little family. Tommy watched him every minute he could spare from the ever important business of filling his crop, and stored up for future need the things he learned.

Once he ventured to ask Thunderer what was the greatest danger for which a grouse must watch out, and he never forgot the answer.

"There is no greatest danger while you are young," replied Thunderer, shaking out his feathers. "Every danger is greatest while it exists. Never forget that. Never treat any danger lightly. Skunks and foxes and weasels and minks and coons and hawks and owls are equally dangerous to youngsters like you, and one is as much to be feared as another. It is only when you have become full-grown, like me, and then only in the fall of the year, that you will know the greatest danger."

"And what is that?" asked Tommy timidly.

"A man with a gun," replied Thunderer.

"And what is that?" asked Tommy again, eager for knowledge.

"A great creature who walks on two legs and points a stick which spits fire and smoke, and makes a great noise, and kills while it is yet a long distance off."

"Oh!" gasped Tommy.

"How is one ever to learn to avoid such a dreadful danger as that?"

"I'll teach you when the time comes," replied Thunderer. "Now run along and take your dust-bath. You must first learn to avoid other dangers before you will be fitted to meet the greatest danger."

All that long bright summer Tommy thought of that greatest danger, and, by learning how to meet other dangers, tried to prepare himself for it. Sometimes he wondered if there really could be any greater danger than those about him every day. It seemed sometimes as if all the world sought to kill him, who was so harmless himself. Not only were there dangers from hungry animals, and robbers of the air, but also from the very creatures that furnished him much of his living—the tribe of insects. An ugly-looking insect, called a tick, with wicked blood-sucking jaws, killed one of the brood while they were yet small, and an equally ugly worm called a bot-worm caused the death of another. Shadow the Weasel surprised one foolish bird who insisted on sleeping on the ground when he was big enough to know better, and Reddy Fox dined on another whose curiosity led him to move when he had been warned to lie perfectly still, and who paid for his disobedience with his life. Tommy, not three feet away, saw it all and profited by the lesson.

He was big enough now to act for himself and no longer depended wholly for safety on the wisdom of Mother Grouse and Thunderer. But while he trusted to his own senses and judgment, he was ever heedful of their example and still ready to learn. Especially did he take pains to keep near Thunderer and study him and his ways,



"TOMMY KNEW NO HOUR OF PEACE AND SECURITY."

for he was wise and cunning with the cunning of experience and knowledge. Tommy was filled with great admiration for him and tried to copy him in everything. Thus it was that he learned that there were two ways of flying, one without noise and the other with the thunder of whirring wings. Also he learned that there was a time for each. When he knew himself to be alone and suddenly detected the approach of an enemy, he often would launch himself into the air on silent wings before his presence had been discovered. But when others of his family were near, he would burst into the air with all the noise he could make as a warning to others. Also, it sometimes startled and confused the enemy.

Thunderer had taught him the trick one day when a fox had stolen, unseen by Tommy, almost within jumping distance. Thunderer had seen him, and purposely had waited until the fox was just gathering himself to spring on the unsuspecting Tommy. Then with a splendid roar of his stout wings Thunderer had risen just to one side of the fox, so startling him and distracting his attention that Tommy had had ample time to whirr up in his turn, to the discomfiture of Reynard.

So, when the fall came, Tommy was big from good living, and filled with the knowledge that makes for long life among grouse. He knew the

best scratching-grounds, the choicest feeding-places according to the month, every bramble-tangle and every brush-pile, the place for the warmest sun-bath, and the trees which afforded the safest and most comfortable roosting places at night. He knew the ways and the favorite hunting-grounds of every fox, and weasel, and skunk, and coon of the neighborhood, and how to avoid them. He knew when it was safest to lie low and trust to the protective coloring of his feathers, and when it was best to roar away on thundering wings.

The days grew crisp and shorter. The maples turned red and yellow, and soon the woods were filled with fluttering leaves and the trees began to grow bare. It was then that old Thunderer warned Tommy that the season of greatest danger was at hand. Somehow, in the confidence of his strength and the joy of the splendid tide of life surging through him, he did not fear this unknown danger as he had when as a little fellow he had first heard of it. Then one day, quite unexpectedly, he faced it.

He and Thunderer had been resting quietly in a bramble-tangle on the very edge of the Green Forest, when suddenly there was the rustle of padded feet among the leaves just outside the brambles. Looking out, Tommy saw what at first he took to be a strange and very large kind of fox, and he prepared to fly.

"Not yet! Not yet!" warned Thunderer. "That is a dog and he will not harm us. But to fly now might be to go straight into that greatest danger, of which I have told you. That is the mistake young grouse often make, flying before they know just where the danger is. Watch until you see the two-legged creature with the fire-stick, then follow me and do just as I do."

The dog was very near now. In fact, he had his nose in the brambles and was standing as still as if turned to stone, one of his fore feet lifted and pointing straight at them. No one moved. Presently Tommy heard heavy steps, and, looking through the brambles, saw the great two-legged creature of whom Thunderer had told him.

"Now!" cried Thunderer. "Do as I do!" With a great roar of wings he burst out of the tangle on the opposite side from where the hunter was, and flying low, so as to keep the brambles between himself and the hunter, swerved sharply to the left to put a tree between them, and then flew like a bullet straight into the Green Forest where the trees were thickest, skilfully dodging the great trunks, and at last at a safe distance sailing up over the tops to take to the ground on the other side of a hill and there run swiftly for a way. Tommy followed closely,

doing exactly as Thunderer did. Even as he swerved behind the first tree, he heard a terrible double roar behind him and the sharp whistle of things which cut through the leaves around him and struck the tree behind him. One even nipped a brown feather from his back. He was terribly frightened, but he was unhurt as he joined Thunderer behind the hill.

"Now you know what the greatest danger is," said Thunderer. "Never fly until you know just where the hunter is, and then fly back of a bush or a tree, the bigger the better, or drop over the edge of a bank if there is one. Make as much noise as you can when you get up. It may startle the hunter so that he cannot point his fire-stick straight. If he has no dog, it is sometimes best to lie still until he has passed and then fly silently. If there is no tree or other cover near enough when you first see the dog, run swiftly until you reach a place where it will be safe to take wing."

For the next few weeks it seemed as if from daylight to dark the woods were filled with dogs and hunters, and Tommy knew no hour of peace and security until the coming of night. Many a dreadful tragedy did Tommy see when companions, less cunning than old Thunderer, were stricken in mid-air and fell lifeless to the ground. But he, learning quickly and, doing as Thunderer did, escaped unharmed.

At last the law, of which Tommy knew nothing, put an end to the murder of the innocents, and for another year the greatest danger was over. But now came a new danger. It was the month of madness. Tommy and all his companions were seized with an irresistible desire to fly aimlessly, blindly, sometimes in the darkness of night, they knew not where. And in this mad flight some met death, breaking their necks against buildings and against telegraph wires. Where he went or what he did during this period of madness, Tommy never knew; but when it left him as abruptly as it had come, he found himself in the street of a village.

With swift strong wings he shot into the air and headed straight back for the dear Green Forest, now no longer green save where the hemlocks and pines grew. Once back there, he took up the old life and was happy, for he felt himself a match for any foe. The days grew shorter and the cold increased. There were still seeds and acorns and some berries, but with the coming of the snow these became more and more scarce and Tommy was obliged to resort to catkins and buds on the trees. Between his toes there grew little horny projections, which were his snowshoes and enabled him to get about on the snow without sinking in. He learned to dive

into the deep soft snow for warmth and safety. Once he was nearly trapped there. A hard crust formed in the night and, when morning came, Tommy had hard work to break out.

So the long winter wore away and spring came with all its gladness. Tommy was fully as big as old Thunderer now and just as handsome, and he began to take pride in his appearance and to strut. One day he came to an old log, and, jumping up on it, strutted back and forth proudly with his fan-like tail spread its fullest and his broad ruff raised. Then he heard the long rolling thunder of another grouse drumming. Instantly he began to beat his wings against the air, not as in flying, but with a more downward motion, and to his great delight there rolled from under them that same thunder. Slowly he beat at first and then faster and faster, until he was forced to stop for breath. He was drumming! Then he listened for a reply.

Drum—drum—drum—drum—drum, drum, drum, dr-r-r-r-r-r-rum. Tommy's eyes flew open. He

was sitting on the old wishing-stone on the edge of the Green Meadows. For a minute he blinked in confusion. Then, from over in the Green Forest, came that sound like distant thunder, *drum—drum—drum—drum—drum, drum, drum, dr-r-r-r-r-r-rum.*

"It 's ol' Thunderer again on that beech log!" cried Tommy. "And now I know how he does it. He just beats the air. I know, because I 've done it myself. Geewhilkens, I 'm glad I 'm not really a partridge! Bet I 'll never hunt one after this, or let anybody else if I can help it. Ain't this old wishing-stone the dandy place to learn things, though! I guess the only way of really knowing how the critters live and feel is by being one of 'em. Somehow it makes things look all different. Just listen to ol' Thunderer drum! I know now just how fine he feels. I 'm going to get Father to put up a sign and stop all shooting in our part of the Green Forest next fall, and then there won't be any greatest danger there."

And Tommy, whistling merrily, started for home.

(To be continued.)



WATCHFUL WAITING.—DRAWN BY MABEL BETSY HILL.

PEG O' THE RING

A MAID OF DENEWOOD

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," etc.

CHAPTER XVII

"STOP T'IEF"

THERE was a perfect Bedlam of noises behind us as we turned out of the gate. I was inclined to be alarmed, but M. Victor was in the gayest of moods.

"We have wake' more than one dog, Mademoiselle!" he cried, "and all bark."

"Would it not have been better to take another horse for me?" I asked, seeing that, if we were pursued, our beast, carrying double, would be at a disadvantage.

"I thought of that," he answered, "but I like' not to make free with the horse' of strangers. Already they cry 'thief.' But do not fear, Mademoiselle. We shall win to the Germantown."

He spoke so confidently that I caught the infection of his high spirits.

"I would I could see Jasper Pilgrim's face in the morning," I laughed.

"Ah, do not speak of it, Mademoiselle!" M. Victor burst out wrathfully.

"Nay, be not so serious," I replied. "I am done with him now. I do not think he will have the hardihood to come to Denewood for me."

"But I am not done with him," said the young Frenchman, rather grimly, and I could not help but wonder how it came about that so courteous a gentleman should be associated with the scoundrelly Pilgrim. But though I was sufficiently curious, I could not, in decency, ask him.

Hearing naught of a pursuit, M. de Soulange slackened the horse's pace and we moved along more cautiously. You may be sure I was ready enough to gallop all the way, but I realized the wisdom of going more slowly. Though the moon would soon be rising to give us a good light, it was still too dark to see the road clearly. A stumble might ruin our chances, and, to curb my impatience, I thought of the saying upon that piece of paper that had been left behind: "Overhaste churns bad butter."

We had made fair progress, and M. Victor seemed so certain of his way that I had ceased to worry, when quite suddenly he checked his horse. "Listen!" he said in a whisper; and I held my breath.

At first I heard naught, though I strained my ears; then, quite unmistakably, the dull sound of hoof-beats at a distance came to me.

"The horse hear' it first," declared M. Victor, "I see him prick up his ear' and wonder what it means. Are they behin' us?"

I listened again.

"No, I think they are on our right hand," I answered.

"I think so, too," he agreed; "but they approach?"

"Yes," I replied, for the sounds were growing more distinct each moment.

"Is there a short cut?" asked M. Victor, speaking as if to himself. "Ah, that mus' be it! They hope to intercep' us." Then, clapping his hand to his belt, he gave an exclamation of dismay. "Foolish that I am," he muttered, "to have forget my pistol!"

Evidently he anticipated danger of some sort, and at once I became anxious.

"Who do you think it can be?" I questioned.

"What care we, Mademoiselle?" he answered gaily. "Though I have not my pistol' I still have a sword. There is no danger."

He spurred his horse, setting it at a gallop, and I guessed that he hoped to pass the road, down which the approaching horsemen were coming, ere they reached the junction.

"Hol' tight, Mademoiselle," M. Victor murmured, half turning his head, while with his free hand he drew his sword. Then leaning forward on his beast's neck, he urged it faster.

We could not tell from the sounds how near the riders were, nor whether we were to be intercepted; but it was plain that, if we were to meet our pursuers, the spot was not far off.

"Monsieur," I said, "if they stop us, I shall get down and run into the woods and then on to Denewood"; and as I spoke, I loosened the cloak from about my shoulders and laid it across my arm, so that I could drop it, lest it hinder me when I took to running.

"Nay, Mademoiselle, we shall not be easily stopp'," he replied; and even as he spoke, there was a shout a little ahead of us, and we saw the dim outline of a horse as it was reined across our path.

"Let me get down!" I cried.

"Nay, not yet," he insisted, and spurred his horse the faster toward the unknown man who blocked the way.

The rider ahead, seeing us approaching, shouted something in German which I could not understand, but by the language I knew it was a man from the Schneider farm.

And now we were almost upon him.

"Stop!" cried the man. "Stop! Stop!" He repeated the word again and again; but it had no effect upon M. Victor, who was riding as if to run him down, which perchance he might have done had not another horseman appeared, taking up his position beside his companion, and so closing our road completely.

At that, M. Victor drew in our horse and brought it to a stand within touching distance of the two.

"Out of my way!" he shouted to them, raising his sword. "Seek not to stay a lady on an urgent errand. Out of the way, I say!" and he threatened.

"T'ief! T'ief!" they called together in broken English, and one ventured to lay a hand on our horse's bridle.

"You dare!" cried M. Victor, and down came the flat of the sword on the man's arm, with such a right good will that he drew back with a cry of pain, pulling his horse out of our path.

On the instant, M. Victor plunged spurs into our beast, which sprang forward with a jump, but the other German was as prompt and started off beside us.

"Stop!" he ordered. "Stop, or I shoot!" and I saw the gleam of a pistol-barrel pointed at M. Victor's head, scarce a foot away from it.

Instinctively I flung out my arm to brush it aside, and, sensing rather than seeing the cloak that hung over it, with a mighty effort I managed to throw it about the man's head, disturbing his aim as his pistol went off with a smothered report which caused his horse to shy into the ditch beside the road.

"Go on, Monsieur, we're past them!" I told him, and I looked back to see the man struggling to loose his head, while his horse plunged wildly, high unseating him.

But we were not to get off without a run for it, though we now had a start and the horse under us was a strong one.

"They would never have catch us save for that short cut," said M. Victor, "and they will not again." And patting his horse's neck, he leaned over and spoke to it encouragingly, and it flew along with great strides as if it understood. Indeed, the pursuit now was but half-hearted, and

presently we heard them no more and concluded that they had given up the chase.

Soon we turned into the Wissahickon road and from there I knew my way. Also the moon had risen, and, though it was past the full, it yet gave us plenty of light. We now struck off to the left, and 't was scarce ten o'clock when we entered the long drive at Denewood.

"We are in plenty of time," I said, with a sigh of relief. "How can I ever thank you, Monsieur de Soulange?"

"Do not talk of that, Mademoiselle," he replied. "'T is that I have enjoy' the pleasure. My doctor say it is good for my health that I take the ride' by moonlight. Beside, you have save' my life, Mademoiselle."

"What mean you?" I asked, for I did not think he knew that his cloak was some miles back upon the road we had come.

"What have you done with my cloak, Mademoiselle?" he inquired meaningly.

"I've lost it, Monsieur," I replied. "And your hat also," I added, for in the race that had dropped off, though I scarce knew it at the time.

"'T is better to have lose that than the head," he laughed back; and then, seriously, "I shall always be your debtor, Mademoiselle."

"Nay, Monsieur, did you not save me?" I replied. "Let us cry quits."

"*Mais non!*" he exclaimed. "Not quits. That means the end of things. I hope Mademoiselle does not mean an end to our—our—may I say—friendship?"

"Oh no, indeed!" I replied quickly, and then suddenly we fell silent.

We soon came in sight of the house, but instead of the bright lights I had expected to see burning in the windows, everything was dark as though the place were deserted. It had a strange look, for Denewood was an open house, always ready to welcome a guest, night or day, with the best that could be provided.

Monsieur de Soulange pulled up before the step.

"Wait, Monsieur," I said, slipping down quickly, "I will have some one take your horse"; and I ran to the front door.

But though I plied the knocker with a will and heard the sounds of it echoing through the halls, no response came, and for a moment I stood appalled. What could have happened?

I ran down the steps of the portico and so around the house to the back, while M. Victor followed, leading his horse. But here, too, the doors were locked, the windows shuttered and barred, and from no crack nor cranny was there a ray of light to show that any were within.

"Has Captain Blundell been here already?" I murmured, looking helplessly at M. Victor. "What can it mean?"

"I should say there was no one at home, Mademoiselle," he answered.

"But that is impossible!" I protested. "Even if Bee and Cousin John are away, where are all the servants? And Mummer the steward, and Mrs. Mummer and—" I might have named a dozen that should have been there, but what was the use? No one came in answer to my summons, and I must e'en take my own measures to gain an entrance.

"I know a way in, Monsieur," I explained. "Tie your horse to the post and let us hurry."

"Nay, he will stand quite still, Mademoiselle," he assured me, leading the good beast to the side of the driveway and speaking a word to it. "I am at your service," he ended taking his place beside me.

"It is through a secret passage I must lead you," I explained. "You will get your feet wet, Monsieur, but I dare not go alone, for fear of meeting this Captain Blundell."

"I think, Mademoiselle, my doctor have not forbid it that I wet my feet," he answered lightly. "I shall be honor' to accompany you."

"Have ready your sword," I cautioned him, not knowing what to expect.

We crossed the brick-paved court beside the kitchens, dark under the shade of the great maples surrounding the mansion, and came in sight of the spring-house showing plainly in the moonlight.

"There is the place we are going," I said, pointing.

"Then I lead," M. Victor remarked under his breath, and stepped ahead carrying his naked sword in his hand.

But we had scarce started ere he halted, holding out his arm to stay me.

"There is a man there!" he whispered; and as he spoke, I saw a crouching form move swiftly toward the door of the spring-house and disappear inside.

"It is Blundell!" I cried. "Quick, Monsieur, we must stop him before he takes the boy!" And without a thought of myself I ran across the intervening space.

"Nay, Mademoiselle!" protested M. Victor, seizing my arm. "This is man's work. Let me go first."

He waited not for my assent, but thrust me behind him and hurried forward.

At the door of the spring-house he paused a moment; but I was sure Blundell would have gone on through the passage.

"He 's not in there, Monsieur," I exclaimed, making no effort to lower my voice; and at the words, there was an outcry of fear from within, and a black shape darted out like a frightened rabbit.

In an instant M. Victor was after it, but he had scarce laid hands upon the fleeing figure when the man tumbled to the ground with a scream of terror.

"Don't kill me, Sperry!" he whined in anguish, and the twisted face of Jasper Pilgrim showed plain in the moonlight as he knelt before M. Victor, his hands lifted in supplication.

"'T is the Quaker!" exclaimed the Frenchman, while I was so surprised that I could only stare, trying to guess what it all meant.

Our captive was the first to recover himself; for seeing that it was the French gentleman and not Blundell, as he too had evidently expected, his courage suddenly returned and he rose quickly to his feet.

"So thee is in the plot to rob me, is thee?" he cried out in a rage. "Thee 's brought the girl with thee, I see."

"What were you doing in the spring-house?" I demanded, for I thought he also must be aware of the secret passage.

"What does thee think I was doing?" he answered insolently. "Sampling the butter?"

"Answer Mademoiselle Travers, at once," M. Victor commanded, grasping the Quaker by the collar and raising his sword threateningly.

With a whine the man's manner changed, for there was that in Monsieur's tone that brooked no trifling.

"I did but go in to see what was Sperry's business there this morning," he replied sullenly.

"This morning?" I echoed in astonishment.

"Aye; and I doubt not you knew it when you sent me on that fool's errand," Pilgrim went on. "I caught sight of him then, sneaking in. Where is he now?" he ended, with a glance about as if he expected to see the one of whom he spoke.

Our encounter with the Quaker had carried us a short distance past the spring-house, and, as he asked this question, I looked instinctively toward it. I was just in time to see a dark shape enveloped in a long cloak appear on the threshold. In the moonlight the face showed white and distinct. This time I was not mistaken. The man was Captain Blundell!

CHAPTER XVIII

A STOLEN HORSE

FOR a moment Blundell stood looking at me, evidently much surprised that I should be there; but

the fear of what might be concealed beneath the folds of the dark cloak he wore brought me quickly to my senses.

"Monsieur, here is the man!" I cried, starting forward.

"This way, Monsieur," I cried at the top of my voice, instinctively following the fleeing man, and Monsieur Victor's answering shout of caution assured me that he too was pursuing quickly, while the next instant he passed me on the run.



"IT IS BLUNDELL!" I CRIED.
"QUICK, MONSIEUR!"

But Blundell was quick to recover himself and darted out of the spring-house, turning sharply away from it and rounding the corner toward the dark shadow of the woods in the rear.

"Do not move, Mademoiselle," called M. Victor, and I saw him run back of the house to intercept the fugitive, while the mock Quaker sneaked off the moment he was released.

But of him I thought little. My whole interest was centered in the capture of the other man; and, fearing that my feeble help might prove only an embarrassment to the young Frenchman, I stood my ground, awaiting the outcome with a fast-beating heart.

A minute later I heard a half-smothered exclamation of anger from Blundell and the voice of M. Victor commanding him to halt. Thus I knew that they had met, but almost at the same moment the British captain came out into the moonlight running toward the maple grove.

All the advantage was with Blundell, for so dark was it under the trees that one could not see a yard ahead; and although M. Victor reached the shadows but a few paces behind the other, he was unable to tell in which direction to go and paused an instant, giving me time to come up with him.

Then as we looked eagerly about, hoping that a movement or a sound would serve to guide us, we heard a mocking laugh and the clatter of hoofs on the driveway.

"Ah, he has take' my horse, the rascal!" cried M. Victor, rushing into the darkness, but he was too late. Ere he reached the place where he had left the beast, Blundell had galloped away and we were helpless to stop him.

"Has he taken the boy?" I cried, still thinking of what might lie concealed beneath that long cloak he wore; but I waited not for the answer I knew M. Victor could not give.

"Go to the front door, Monsieur," I went on; "I will open it presently." And without another word I ran back to the spring-house.

I was certain then that we had been too late. The dark, silent house seemed to make this conclusion the only possible one, and I was fearful of what awaited me inside.

I groped my way in the darkness until I found the secret entrance, plunged into the shallow water, scarce heeding its coldness, and made my way under ground as rapidly as I could till I came to the narrow rough stair. Up this I staggered, tripping over the uneven steps as I hurried on, conscious only of a heavy weight of anxiety.

At last I reached the top and, bending down, slipped past the great stone which masked the upper opening, and so on through the fireplace into the day-nursery. There was a tiny candle burning in the room, and I looked about me half expecting to see something amiss, but all seemed as usual, and I tiptoed across to the open door leading into the children's sleeping-chamber.

Almost certain that I should find it empty, I peeped into Jacky's little white bed—and there he lay, safe and sound!

So great was my thankfulness and joy that I felt myself grow weak, and had to clutch at the door jamb to keep my balance. Whatever else had happened, all the children were safe, for Marjory was in her crib, and through the door beyond I saw the baby's nurse sleeping soundly and knew Allan must be there too.

But why was Denewood so shut up? And why was the door not open to me? This was what was in my mind when a low murmur of voices reached me and I passed quietly into the upper gallery.

A small light burned in the lower hall as I hurried to the banister and looked down. Mummer and his wife stood there talking together in low tones.

"'T is easy to buy more beer than you can drink," Mummer was saying doggedly. "Dick Shoemaker maketh ill bread. Jack Baker maketh poor shoon. I am a man of peace and no fighter, therefore I will not open the door to any one who rattleth at midnight."

"Midnight!" exclaimed Mrs. Mummer, scornfully. "It has scarce struck ten yet—" but ere she finished I was down the stairs, and she was staring at me as if she saw a ghost.

"Have you no welcome for me?" I asked, halting at the lower landing.

They looked at me in astonishment, as well they might, seeing that they could have no notion how I got there, but Mrs. Mummer recovered herself and ran to me with outstretched arms.

"Oh, Peggy! My little Peggy! Have you come back to us?" she cried, with tears welling into her eyes.

"Yes, yes, I 'm here," I said, as well as I could, for she nigh smothered me in her embrace.

Mrs. Mummer drew away and looked at me, vowing she scarce was sure I was flesh and blood, and would have begun on the thousand questions she had ready; but ere the first was out, a thundering knock on the front door echoed through the hall.

"'T is the third time to-night," Mummer whispered, looking uneasily at his wife.

"The third time?" I repeated. "I knocked but once."

"Not twenty minutes ago there was a summons," Mrs. Mummer explained, "while we were up-stairs. 'T was that brought us down."

I was about to comment upon this, guessing that Blundell or Pilgrim must be at the bottom of it, when the knocker sounded once more, this time so persistently that I bethought myself.

"Why do you not open the door, Mummer?" I demanded. "What are you waiting for?" But he shook his head gloomily.

"I am a man of peace," he began, but I cut him short.

"Fiddlesticks!" I exclaimed, exasperated at the man's timidity. "I 'll go do it, then," and without further words I took down the chain and turned the lock with the great key.

An instant later the door was wide, and M. Victor stood before us, his face flushed with anxiety and his naked sword still in his hand. Of a sudden I realized that I had clean forgot him.

"Ah, Mademoiselle," he cried, evidently relieved to see me, "I began to fear that—"

"Your pardon, Monsieur," I begged. "I was so glad to find my little cousin safe that for the moment I remembered naught else."

"I am rejoicé," he answered, putting up his sword and stepping across the threshold. "The house was so silent that I fear' something might have happen' to you."

I made him known to Mrs. Mummer, explaining the service he had done me, and oh, how she beamed upon him! But now that she had me safe back again and in no way harmed, she at once took thought of my health.

"Miss Peggy!" she exclaimed, looking down, "to see you in such case! Come at once and change your shoes and stockings. They are wringing wet."

"Nay, do you stay and get M. de Soulange something to eat. I 'll be but a minute," I added, and hurried to my room, where I had an oppor-

tunity to rid myself of my ragged dress, albeit I made but a hasty toilet.

When I returned, Mrs. Mummer had set out some cold meats and wine for M. Victor, and I knew from the few words I heard that she had learned from him all he could tell of my adventures. Also, that she liked the young Frenchman

"How did she know he was about?" I questioned.

"Did he not chase her on the road?" exclaimed Mrs. Mummer.

"Oh, to be sure!" I answered, remembering. "That was why Bee rode off in such a hurry. That explains it, of course!"

"Aye, that was it," Mrs. Mummer went on. "Mr. Mark, he stopped the man and brought Miss Bee and the boy home safe enough; but when the thimble came—"

"What thimble?" I interrupted.

"No other than your own silver thimble that Miss Bee gave you when you were a wee thing," Mrs. Mummer explained. "When they had looked the country over for you and for this Blundell as well, hearing naught of either, they were fair desperate about ye. Ah, dearie, 't was a sad time at Dene-wood!"

"Tell me about the thimble," I begged, for she was ready to cry at the mere recollection of my absence.

"It came with a note, scrawled on a bit of paper," she continued. "Miss Bee misdoubted it was your writing; but it said you were being carried south into Delaware and would be given up if certain provisions were agreed to, and that the thimble was to show good faith. I never believed in it for a minute."

"Blundell managed to get hold of that thimble somehow," I said. "I missed it when I was at the Schneider farm, but I might have lost it at the inn."

"Aye, they guessed it was Blundell who was at the bottom of it," Mrs. Mummer went on, "and that made it all the worse. Miss Bee could n't rest for thinking they were after that ring, bad luck to it!"

"Oh!" I exclaimed, remembering. "Is my ring gone?" and I jumped to my feet.

"Nay, 't is in your powdering-box, where Mr Powell left it," Mrs. Mummer assured me. "I looked, after that old wretch got away from us."



"HAVE YOU NO WELCOME FOR ME?" I ASKED.

at first sight was plain to me, who knew how to read her kindly face.

I found that I too was hungry, and sat down to the table ready to sup and talk with a light heart, for my worst fears had been put to rest, and now that I knew Jacky was safe, my past experiences troubled me not at all.

"Tell me what took Bee and Cousin John to Delaware after me?" I asked, when Mrs. Mummer's curiosity had been partially satisfied.

"'T was the thimble did it," she answered with a shake of her head. "I put no faith in it, but Miss Bee was mortal afeard of that Blundell."

"But why did n't you give it to him as my note said?" I demanded, for it might have made a vast difference had not M. Victor come to my aid.

"I would never give the old thief the ring," declared Mrs. Mummer stoutly.

"But you had my letter telling you to," I insisted.

"Aye, but you never writ it yourself, dearie," she answered, with a sly look. "'T was in your hand, that I saw, but the words were never yours, and I knew at once that that old wretch was no true Friend, so I meant to hold the deceiver till he led us to you."

"I should like to see this so wonderful ring, Mademoiselle," said M. Victor with something more than curiosity in his voice.

"I 'll get it for you!" I cried, and ran off to fetch it.

I tiptoed into the room for fear of waking the children, and, lighting a candle, looked eagerly into my powdering-box, thinking how glad I should be to see my ring again; but it was not there. Puzzled for a moment, I opened a gold snuffbox, that had been given me by a certain British Colonel Taunton when he was in command at Denewood, and which I used to hold patches, but again I was disappointed. Then like a flash it came to me! Blundell had taken it after all. Evidently, upon his first visit in the morning, when Jasper Pilgrim had seen him, he had found the chance would not serve and had been obliged to return later.

With a pang of regret at the loss, I was still thankful that the ring had been there, for other-

wise the little boy sleeping peacefully in the next room might have been missing now.

"Blundell has the ring!" I announced, on my return to the dining-room.

"'T is not possible!" cried Mrs. Mummer. "'T was there this very afternoon."

"He took it not a half hour gone. But never mind, we have Jacky," I said. "I 'm sorry, Monsieur, not to be able to show it to you. It was a very unusual ring."

"But what can this Captain Blundell want of it?" asked M. Victor. "I suppose he is not just a thief."

"'T is a long story, Monsieur," I began, "but, briefly, it seems that a little boy has been lost and an advertisement for him, offering a reward, has been put into a New York news-sheet. The child is to be identified by a strange ring, which in a curious way came into my possession long ago. That is the part the ring plays, and that is why Blundell wishes to secure it. I overheard him say that any child about the same age would do, if he had but the ring; and I am a little troubled thinking he may substitute another little boy for the right one, in the hope of obtaining this money. If I could but remember the name of the agent in New York I would warn him, but I forget it—and I fear the paper is lost."

"Was it not Andrew M'Sparren in Nassau Street?" M. Victor asked quietly.

"Why, yes!" I cried, remembering perfectly now, and vastly astonished. "That is the name but—Monsieur, how did you know it?"

"It was I, Mademoiselle, who advertise' for that little boy," he returned gravely.

(To be continued.)

MADE STARS

If there is n't any star within your sky,
 Pretend it 's there!
 Why, a make-believe one, swinging white and high,
 Is just as fair!
 If you put it where you 'll see it every night,
 Just where the sky 's particularly bright,
 Your star is sure to guide your steps aright.

If there is n't any sunshine in your day,
 Why, put some in!
 If you 've never tried to make your sun that way,
 Oh, do begin!
 This sunshine-making 's hard, but you won't mind.
 Keep on; and when it 's done, you 're apt to find
 The home-made brand 's the very nicest kind!

Mary Carolyn Davics.



"SCHOOL-DAYS ARE OVER!"

CHAINED LIGHTNING

(A Story of Mexican Adventure)

BY RALPH GRAHAM TABER

CHAPTER III

THE LEVER—WHICH LIFTS OUR FRIENDS OUT OF THEIR HOMES

WHEN Belville stated his determination to stand by his promise, it had a totally different effect upon Larue from what he anticipated. For a moment Larue regarded him in open-eyed astonishment; then he took him by the shoulders and, shaking him, exclaimed with some asperity: "Look here now, your promise can't hold! You are offered a sure advance—a chance that I would have jumped at myself. You 've simply got to stay here."

Belville was more than amused, he was touched by Larue's rough unselfishness and evident sincerity. He already had gained a sufficient insight into Larue's character to realize the folly of attempting to argue with him; so he merely replied to the outburst by saying: "I 'll give it more consideration, if you like; give me a chance by taking a run over to the elevator and getting the agent's grain report for me. While you 're gone, I 'll turn matters over in my mind."

"All right," said Larue good-naturedly; "but remember that I 've decided: you are to stick to our friend J. S. R." Saying which, he picked up his hat and went out.

Upon Larue's return to the depot Belville calmly announced: "Well, Larry, it 's all settled. J. S. R. has mailed me a letter enclosing passes for us to Denver, together with a remittance covering my salary to date. My relief arrives to-night."

Larry's breath was fairly taken away. He managed to stammer, "Well, I 'm—I 'm blowed!" which literally expressed it. Then he assailed Belville with a volley of reproach, argument, protest, and entreaty; but finally wound up by clapping him on the back, calling him the truest and best fellow on earth, and vowing that, come what might, he would stand by him so long as he had legs to stand on.

Belville packed his few belongings, his relief arrived that evening, and the next morning found them ready to start west on number three.

The promised letter, with enclosures, was duly received; and as the engine took in water, Belville bade his friends good-by. There was little sign of emotion on the part of any one, and he

felt half angry with them, and angry with himself also; and he wished that the train would start. Then he felt a sudden tightening of the heart: he had nearly forgotten Elsie. She was Hans Smith's daughter, a little girl of twelve. He looked about for her, and glanced around the corner of the building. There she was, sobbing as if her little heart would break. He lifted her in his arms and kissed her, and for a moment felt tempted to cry himself. Then he put her down hurriedly and pressed a silver dollar into her hand. "To remember me by, little girl," he said, and left her, for the train was moving. They were off at last for Mexico! But somehow for the next couple of hours Mexico seemed further away than before and much less attractive, because of a picture that would not be banished, a picture drawn in dull, gray tones, upon a dreary background; and yet a picture resplendent with light: a child by the depot wall, sobbing.

At Red Prairie, Larue picked up his trunk, and the rest of the day they rolled slowly along over country that gradually flattened into an endless, level plain with nothing to break its monotony but an occasional cross-roads station. The second day was much like the first, the only difference being the change from the plain to a desert, with scattered clumps of sage-brush.

Toward evening they began to climb, though the ascent was so very gradual that it was barely noticeable.

Their first view of the mountains marked an epoch in their lives; though Larry remarked, characteristically, "'T ain't so much what they may look like, as what they may pan out for us, that is most interesting."

At Denver they picked acquaintance with one of the operators, to whom they made known their need of transportation. He took them up-stairs to the trainmen's room, and introduced them to a Conductor Murphy, saying, "They want to get down to Conejos with you; and from there, are bound for the Mexican Central."

"Say no more, Sonny," said Murphy. "I take out number six to-night, and I reckon your friends go through with me."

In accordance with his promise, the boys took passage on Conductor Murphy's train that evening, and, curling themselves up in their seats, were soon in the land of Nod.

As the train drew into Conejos, Murphy called them into the baggage-car and gave them a card to the conductor of the train on the branch road. "It will carry you through to Mexico," he said, "as sure as my name 's Murphy."

As they had three hours to wait at Conejos before the branch-line train started, they walked out to the old Mission. It interested our travelers for the reason that it was the first adobe structure either of them had ever beheld. When they reached it they found the portals closed and the windows barred with wooden shutters. Belville was for returning; but Larue's curiosity prevailed and he gave a resounding blow to the entrance. The echo of it had scarcely died away ere a small panel was slipped aside from within and the opening disclosed framed a brown girl's face that might have served as a model for one of Raphael's Madonnas. The girl's dark eyes gazed expectantly at them, and Larue requested permission to inspect the interior of the Mission. The eyes and lips smiled back at him, and a low, musical voice replied: "*No comprendo, Señores!*" ("I do not understand, Sirs.")

The girl's pretty head vanished and that of a venerable padre appeared, who gravely inquired their wishes and admitted them. They saw no more of the young girl but learned that her name was "Chita."

As they returned to the depot Larry spoke of her and said, "I wonder who she is and how she comes to be there."

"Perhaps we may find out sometime. Who knows?"

"Miracles never happen," sighed Larry, but he afterwards recalled Belville's remark, which, in the light of after events seemed almost prophetic.

It was after dark when they reached Castillo, a small, dirty, Spanish-Indian settlement at the end of the narrow-gauge railway; and as the stage took them away from it at the first peep of dawn next morning, they were not sorry to have seen so little of it.

Since crossing the pass the weather had been mild; but it had turned colder in the night, and the morning air was frosty. It was too chilly to risk going to sleep, and all were too sleepy and uncomfortable to start a conversation; but as the sun rose above the hills Larue broke the silence by whistling a tune, and, somewhat to his surprise, one of their fellow-travelers, evidently an old miner, joined in its chorus.

"That 's good!" he exclaimed at its conclusion. "I ain't heered that tune since I was a lad. Reckon ye got it 'way back east—not that I 'm after pryin'."

"Oh, we 'd just as soon tell where we 're from,"

said Larry. "If you 'd care to know something about us, don't hesitate to ask."

"I 'd be glad to know," said his new acquaintance; "I feared to give offense. It 's a sort o' rule in these diggin's not to ask too many questions."

Larue gratified the miner's curiosity; but remembering the latter's words, refrained from seeking a like confidence.

"I reckon," said the miner, whose name was "Tomson; jest plain Tomson, no handle," "I reckon ye don't know much 'bout gold."

Larue admitted their ignorance.

"Then it 's sart'inly something ye 'll hev to 'arn. Ye don't mind me givin' ye a lesson? No? Then cast yer eyes over that!" While speaking, his hand had been delving in the depths of his capacious pockets, and, as he concluded, he proudly drew forth and exhibited to Larue what appeared to be but a bit of rusty-colored stone, but which, as Tomson informed him in an impressive whisper, was "the stuff, wuth a thousand a ton!"

It was all Greek to Larue, who did not hesitate to display his ignorance by requesting further information. Tomson promptly enlightened him by plunging at once into a lecture on gold, its discovery, its mining, and the men who had made fabulous fortunes by it.

While still listening to these glowing tales, the stage-coach brought them to the top of the divide, and Santa Fé lay before them.

For a mile or more, as they neared the town, they progressed at a snail's pace. Then, as the outskirts of the city were reached, the driver gathered the reins again and swung his long whip and yelled. The mules dashed off madly at the sting of the lash, and the first impression our travelers gained of Santa Fé was a cloud of yellow dust through which they caught shadowy glimpses of wildly-fleeing children, chickens, and dogs, while their ears were deafened with the clatter and din produced by the jingling harness, the creaking coach, and the Babel of screams, howls, and barks, crowned by the Comanche-like shouts of the driver, until, with a jerk and a jolt, the stage-coach stopped before the principal hotel, the Jehu tossed his reins to a groom and leisurely descended, and the journey by stage was over.

The hotel proved clean and inviting, but the meals were served "a la Espagnol," and the dinner-hour was not until five o'clock. As it was now past one, the half-starved travelers partook of bread, cheese, and coffee.

Toward evening, they rode out of Santa Fé in the caboose of a freight-train, whose conductor they had met the night before, and who had

promised to frank them through to Mexico's frontier by means of his acquaintances down the line.

CHAPTER IV

THE SOUNDER—WHICH SOUNDS SEVERAL SORTS OF MEN

It was a perfect summer's day, or so it seemed to our Northerners, when they first saw the Mexican border and descended from the train at El Paso, which was then merely a border town. It has grown to be one of the most important cities in Texas.

From the depot platform the two young men gazed across the far-famed Rio Grande, straining their imaginations to picture what fortune for them might lie beyond. It was the dryest season of the year, and the Rio Grande seemed little more than a moist ditch; but afar to the southwest rose the mountains, scallops of purple against the blue sky; to the southeast was a mass of green foliage—orchards of peaches, apricots, and figs; while just across the river, to the south, the picturesque city of Paso del Norte (now called Juarez) basked in the brilliant sunlight, its old cathedral standing out in bold relief, like some watchful sentinel guarding its slumbering comrades.

This was the gateway that would lead them to the land of their dreams. Across that sluggish river lay the realization of their hopes. It would be like a new birth to them—a new tongue to learn, new friends to make, new customs to acquire, new habits to form, new pleasures to enjoy, new temptations to resist—a totally new atmosphere in which to live and breathe and work.

Leaving their luggage at the depot, they walked up town in search of their dinner. At the end of the one principal street stood the most imposing structure of the place. It bore across its white-washed adobe face the word "Hotel"; and here our boys were served with an excellent meal, the cooking being Spanish throughout. After satisfying their hunger they paid their bill and sauntered back toward the railway-station. There was but one brick building—a trifling earnest of what was to come. Its door stood invitingly open, and, as they glanced within, a young man came out. He surveyed them with cool effrontery for a moment, then inquired of them, "Railroaders?"

"Yep," said Larue.

"Bound south?"

Larue nodded.

"Been there myself. Don't go."

"Why not?" inquired Belville.

"Dog's life—poor pay—Mexican slugs—worse grub—cactus, sage—tough crowd—cowboys, greasers, peons—"

"Where were you located?" Larry asked.

"Jimulco."

"Why, that was where Scott was," said Belville.

"Yep—I 'm Scott," said the stranger.

They made themselves known and shook hands all around; after which Scott continued, in his jerky way: "Show you the town? All right—come on—won't take long to see it. This is the leader—the Fashion,—the nearest we come to a club here—take a look at it first. Everything goes here—place is quiet, though—allows no nonsense.

"See that quiet man over there—dudish-looking fellow? Name 's Smith—Six-shooter Smith. Never carries a gun in sight—carries 'em in his coat-pockets—shoots right through the cloth—buys a new coat every week. Quiet fellow, Smith. Not much to say. Takes his out in action. Runs this town square, he does. He 's U. S. marshal. Nice fellow, Smith—only one fault—might call it a failin'—can't bear to ask a man to drink and have the chap refuse—sort of a mania, I reckon—why, he 's killed—'scuse me—man over there I must see—back in a jif—" and Scott bolted across the street, leaving Belville alone and, it must be confessed, disheartened and thoroughly homesick. Not that he feared the vicious characters among whom fate seemed to have thrust him; but he knew that he could have nothing whatever in common with such men as he saw about him.

Indulging in these unhappy meditations, he became so absorbed in them that a light touch on his shoulder startled him. His confusion increased when he recognized the person who had interrupted his brown study as none other than the redoubtable "Six-shooter Smith"; and he afterwards confessed to Larry that downright fear caused his teeth to chatter audibly, as Smith accosted him with: "Lacking the price for a drink, youngster?"

Belville had never tasted liquor. Years before his father's death he had promised him that he never would, and he had kept the promise religiously. He was a rather determined young man, as may have been gathered; but this was the first time that temptation had assumed such an imperative form. He is scarcely to be blamed if for once he hesitated. He felt his hair lifting under his hat as he stammered an excuse.

"I fail to understand you," said the stranger, with a puzzled expression. "Are you not laboring under some delusion?"

"N-no, M-m-m-ister S-Smith; I—"

He was thankful all his life that the stranger interrupted him, with "Bless me, boy, my name is n't Smith! It 's Hamilton. Despatcher on the Mexican Central. I was right. You had made a mistake. Tell me: what did you think I was?"

"And you 're not the U. S. marshal?"

"Botheration, no! Are you an embezzler?"

Belville burst into an hysterical laugh, in which Mr. Hamilton was forced to join. When he could catch his breath, Belville hastened to make a full explanation, and these two, so oddly met, afterwards became the warmest of friends. But it is certain that to his dying day Belville will remember the terrible fright he experienced at the hands of that fabulous personage of Scott's nimble fancy—"Six-shooter Smith, U. S. Marshal."

As Belville chatted with his new acquaintance, Larue returned and was introduced, and Belville explained what had occurred, much to Larue's amusement.

It required no very great knowledge of character to discern that Mr. Hamilton was a man to rely on. The three left the "Fashion" and walked together to the depot, the boys telling something of themselves on the way.

They all boarded the car, which slowly trundled them out of their native land; and Mr. Hamilton, having satisfied his curiosity about them, became more communicative and gave them some information about the railway and its system.

"I wish I might offer you positions," he said, "but just at present my division is full. I 'll give you a letter to Mr. Bagnell, at Chihuahua, and I have no doubt he will fix you up."

When the car reached the Mexican end of the bridge, it stopped to take on board the customs inspectors, who were both prompt and polite in the performance of their duties.

There was no south-bound train leaving Paso del Norte until the following morning, so Mr. Hamilton invited the boys to be his guests. "My 'trick' does n't start until midnight," he said, "and as we have half the afternoon left, suppose we see something of Paso before going home to dinner."

It was just what the boys were eager for; and though they afterwards visited the most important of the Mexican cities, with which Paso del Norte could in no way compare in points of interest, they never forgot that afternoon ramble about the picturesque "calles" and quaint corners of Paso del Norte, with genial Mr. Hamilton as their guide and interpreter. He led them through lanes where queer little carts with enormous wooden wheels, drawn by oxen or donkeys, were creaking along over the rough cobble pavement,

bearing samples of the strange produce of the country. He took them into the "tiendas," that did not greatly differ from the little shops they had seen in Santa Fé, save that the people were more picturesque. The loungers were mostly peons, in white cotton garments, with bright-colored sashes wound about their slim waists, rude leather sandals strapped to the soles of their bare brown feet, their heads crowned with wide-brimmed, high-peaked, straw sombreros.

At the Plaza they had their first taste of "*tieste*," a sweetish drink made from ground parched-corn, milk, and chocolate, and one of the delicious things to be found in a Mexican menu.

Mr. Hamilton took Belville and Larue home with him and introduced them to a sweet little woman, whom he kissed and called "Mother," and to a tall slight slip of a girl with merry eyes and nut-brown hair, whom he addressed as "Daughter." The two ladies made the boys feel at home at once, and thoroughly comfortable during their short stay.

CHAPTER V

THE BREAK—NOT A BAD ONE

"It 's a queer country, Bell."

Belville grunted an affirmative; he was too busy retaining his seat to make a more dignified answer.

"Yes, it 's a queer country," Larue continued complacently, "where they call corn 'mice,' and where they speak of a jackass as a 'bureau.'"

"But they—spell—it—m-a-i-z-e," replied Belville, between jolts; "and it 's—b-u-r-r-o,—instead of—'bu-r-e-a-u.'"

"Bureau 's a proper nickname, anyhow," replied Larry, with a grimace. "Burros, like bureaus, have four legs without joints; and it takes an equal amount of energy to move 'em."

They were undergoing the novel experience of a ride astride two Mexican donkeys which, in spite of the boys' kicks, doggedly refused to budge until urged by the shouts and prodded by the poles of their peon drivers.

It was the boys' first day in Chihuahua. They had bidden adieu to the Hamiltons and the quaint old city of Paso del Norte, and were again seeking their fortunes. Before they left him, Mr. Hamilton provided them with transportation to Chihuahua and a personal letter to Mr. Bagnell, the despatcher in charge of the Chihuahua office, and who, upon its presentation that morning, promised them positions. They were now waiting for orders; and having nothing else to do, they whiled the afternoon away by roaming about the city. They visited the stately cathedral, a

fine old church whose imposing front is studded with statues of the saints and covered with intricate designs executed in stucco. They tramped about the narrow streets, catching occasional glimpses through open portals of attractive interior courtyards, surrounded by broad verandas, wherein the residents seemed to be spending the better part of their lives in dreamy idleness. More rarely they saw a face at one of the iron-mold and barred windows; it was always a woman's face, and young or old, rich or poor, was never without the attraction of beautiful eyes.

As they returned to the plaza a band in the little elevated stand at the center was rendering that charming air, so peculiarly Mexican in every note that it is small wonder Mexico claims it, the weird and haunting "La Paloma." The boys lounged lazily in their seats, enjoying the strangeness of it all, and sipping "*frescas*" and "*piñas*," sweet drinks made from the fresh native fruits, which they purchased for a tlaco apiece from the bare-footed, brown-skinned vendors.

The boys then walked across the plaza to one of the small shops that faced upon it. Here they received their first lesson in the peculiar financial system in vogue in the State of Chihuahua. There are several kinds of money in circulation and it is puzzling to a stranger to keep track of the various and fluctuating premiums and discounts on foreign and native monies—paper, copper, silver, and gold.

Larry invested in some apricots, tendering an American dollar in payment. The merchant returned to him, as his change, a dollar and eighty cents in Mexican silver. As they munched the fruit, Larry bought a package of "cerillas," or wax matches that when lighted serve as tapers. He handed to the merchant the silver Mexican dollar he had just received, and to his surprise received, as change, three paper bills which possessed a total face value of a dollar and fifty cents.

"*Quiere usted mas?*" ("Do you wish anything more?") asked the merchant, as Larry inspected the "*Carajo*" money he had received for the first time.

Larry turned to Belville and said, "There are one or two more things here I might buy, but I won't do it."

"Why not?"

"Because it would n't be square. If I 'd make a few more purchases here this poor, ignorant fellow would be dead broke."

Upon returning to their hotel they found a note from Mr. Bagnell which instructed Belville

to go to Bachimba, to relieve its operator there for a short vacation, and Larue was commissioned to Juanita. Transportation for both boys was enclosed, and they were asked to take that evening's train. They had just time enough to pack up and catch it comfortably, and were soon on their way up the Mexican plateau.

Bachimba was not far from Chihuahua, but Juanita was several hundred miles to the south, and the boys felt more than one pang of regret at their forced separation.

"Never mind," said Larry, putting his arm around Belville; "we can swap experiences with each other every night as of old—unless there should happen to be a relay station between us."

"But we won't use a ground-wire," said Belville, smiling.

Bachimba was reached all too soon. It proved to be but a "jumping-off" place. There was nothing to be seen but the small depot building and a couple of twinkling switch-lights. The operator whom Belville was relieving informed him that the hacienda building of Bachimba Rancho was not far away and that he would find the Terrazas family "great people"; which was somewhat consoling.

"They 'll be over to see you in the morning," he said, "for they know a new Gringo¹ is coming. Here 's your outfit of kettles and pans. You 'll find the closet well stocked with raw grub—What? You can't cook? Well, you 've got to learn then. Better wire for a supply of pills; you 'll need 'em till you get through experimenting. You 'll get used to it, though. You 'll have to. I did. If you can't, I 'll be back in two weeks. And when I do get back, I 'll give you a decent funeral if I find you 're in need of it."

Having thus cheerfully installed him, the operator boarded the train for Jimenez; and Belville bade Larue farewell. Then he stood alone on the platform watching the lights of the train that was bearing his chum away. They faded into the distance, and far off on the prairie a coyote howled. No other sound broke the silence; and as Belville returned into the little unpainted shack that was to be his first Mexican home, he experienced the loneliest moment of all his young existence.

CHAPTER VI

THE DUPLEX—ONE THAT OBJECTED TO CARRYING DOUBLE

"*Buenas dias, Señor!*"

Belville straightened himself with a start and

¹ "Gringo" is a term bestowed by Spanish-Americans on English-speaking folk, some of whom retaliate by calling the Mexicans "Greasers."

turned toward the door of his office; then he blushed to the roots of his wavy brown hair, and a ripple of merry laughter from the little group of visitors peering in through the doorway did not tend to lessen his confusion. With a towel tied about his waist, he had been struggling to concoct a breakfast out of the raw materials that he had found stowed away in the closet. The top of the small coal-stove was red hot; the coffee-pot was boiling over; and the atmosphere was permeated with the odor of charred provisions.

Under such circumstances, small wonder Belville felt embarrassed, when, upon hearing the Spanish salute, he turned to find himself confronted by three smiling faces, and two of them belonging to the prettiest señoritas that he had seen since his arrival in Mexico!

"The señor does not well with the cooking, Luis," said the elder girl to her brother, a handsome, dark-skinned youth of perhaps fifteen years. "Perhaps," striving to subdue a laugh, and half to him, half to Belville, "perhaps he will let us to help him."

Belville recovered the use of his tongue, and, making the best of his predicament, stammered "Good-morning," and bade his visitors enter. He then explained to them that this was his first attempt to prepare a meal, and that he had not yet breakfasted.

"Pobrecito!" (Poor chap!) exclaimed the younger girl, when Luis had translated Belville's explanation into Spanish for her.

"Sit you down with our brother," said the elder, "and let us to do it for you. This is Luis; this Anita; and I, señor, am Mercedes. We are come to invite you to dine with our father, the Don Luis Terrazas, at Bachimba Rancho."

Belville expressed his acknowledgments of their kindness, and, after introducing himself, proceeded to make himself somewhat more pre-

sentable. Meanwhile, the two girls were not idle. A new pot of coffee was placed on the stove and a pan of batter quickly prepared, that, as if by magic it seemed to Belville, was converted into nicely-browned cakes; after which they all did



"THREE TIMES THAT GENTLE MUSTANG BUCKED." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

him the honor to breakfast with him, and a happy, merry group they made.

Belville found that Luis was not nearly so familiar with English as was Mercedes. He was most anxious to learn, however, and offered to instruct Belville in his own musical tongue in exchange for lessons in English. Anita spoke but a few words of English, but Mercedes informed Belville that she had studied English at school in

Chihuahua, and had greatly improved her knowledge of the language through her acquaintance with his predecessor.

"Our father can speak," said Mercedes, "but he does not like—only when there is more need—so he helps us not with our English. Come, Luis; should we not to go?"

The mustangs, that Luis had tethered back of the station, were brought and the girls were helped into their saddles. After the departure of his guests Belville put the office to rights and made his report to the despatcher, which consisted merely of "G. M."

As the day was Sunday, there would be no trains until late that night; and there was no reason why he should not have gone to the rancho with his new acquaintances, as they had urged that he should do; but it was his first day's service and he wished to familiarize himself with his new surroundings.

He examined the office records and quickly mastered the method of keeping them; then he listened attentively for an hour or more to what was passing over the wire, and noted, with some misgivings, that all of the commercial telegrams were in the Spanish language. He tried very hard to copy these, but almost every sentence contained a puzzling symbol or two with which he was unfamiliar. He waited until the wire became idle, and then called up the despatcher, who explained that these were Spanish characters which the English alphabet did not contain.

So much accomplished, Belville began to regret that he had not gone to the rancho in company with his visitors. He gazed through the window wistfully across the yellow valley to the distant hills that marked the western horizon; and he could not help thinking that Plainfield was a metropolis compared to this desert wilderness.

Had he formed some acquaintance along the line with whom he might have chatted, he would have felt less lonely, but there was no one. It was with unmixed pleasure, therefore, that presently he spied a horseman making toward the station. It proved to be young Luis, returning in search of a lesson.

Luis's bright eyes soon discerned that the young "gringo" was homesick, and he resolved to cure him of it. It had been planned, he explained, for a mozo to bring over an extra horse later on, for

Belville to ride, but they would not wait for the servant. The place was but a league away, and the mustang Luis had with him was one that his sisters frequently rode. It was big, and strong, and well-broken, and it certainly would carry double.

Belville eyed the gaunt beast with some distrust, but Luis urged that it was perfectly gentle; Belville should take the saddle and Luis, who was lighter, would ride behind.

Belville had been told some tall stories about bucking bronchos and he was rather suspicious; but Luis was so confident that finally he was persuaded.

He asked for leave from the despatcher, and this obtained, proceeded somewhat gingerly to climb into the saddle. The big mustang seemed as quiet as a cow, and he was mentally labeling as fiction the tales he had been told, when Luis vaulted up behind him. Then the fun began—for the horse. He planted his four feet, dropped his back, and Belville did n't know what more he did for he himself shot toward the zenith, with Luis clinging desperately to him. As they came down, the horse bucked again, and Belville afterward declared that he would rather be struck by a moving train than to have the thing repeated.

Three times that gentle mustang bucked, and Belville felt that his ears were bursting. Then Luis plunged his spurs in deep and the mustang started. There was no stopping him then. Belville clung to his mane, and Luis clung to Belville, and they both held their breath as the mustang skimmed over ditches, cactus, and sage, making a bee-line for the hacienda building. The mustang never swerved until he dashed through the main portal to his home and into the courtyard of the hacienda. In the center of the broad patio he stopped, as if suddenly turned to stone; but the two boys kept on going.

When Belville had wiped the dirt from his eyes, there on the wide veranda, convulsed with laughter, sat the entire Terrazas family.

Old Don Luis said never a word but stalked out into the courtyard and, picking up his fifteen-year-old son, shook him vigorously. Belville gathered himself up and looked on aghast.

"There!" said Don Luis, freeing his son, "that will teach you to fall off a horse! Welcome, Don Roberto Belville!"

(To be continued.)

THE EDUCATED ANGLEWORM

BY WINIFRED ARNOLD

"WHY, here 's Uncle Jim!" cried Mary, running into the library and jumping on Uncle Jim's knee. "Nobody told us that you were here, did they, Paul?"

Paul shook his head and climbed nimbly to the other knee. "How long have you been here?"

But before Uncle Jim could answer, Mary had another question ready. "But what makes you look so—so grown up this morning, Uncle Jim? You are n't angry at us, are you—or sorry about anything?"

Uncle Jim laughed his usual merry "ha, ha, ha!" "Not that I know of, you young chatterbox," he answered gaily. "What have you two been up to that would—" Then he stopped impressively. "But yes—I see I can't conceal it. That secret sorrow of mine will out in spite of me. Had n't you heard, Mistress Mary, that the Educated Angleworm is dead?"

"The what?" exclaimed Paul and Mary.

"The Educated Angleworm," said Uncle Jim, still more impressively. "Late of Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts, my own Alma Mater—and I never even saw him. And now it 's too late! Do you wonder that I look grown up—and angry—and sorry this minute?"

Mary giggled, as she always did at funny Uncle Jim, but Paul remembered that there was usually some meaning even to Uncle Jim's jokes.

"Tell us all about it, please," he said. "Where did he come from and how did they educate him?"

"He came," answered Uncle Jim, "from a barnyard—but as Mary said about somebody's picture once, 'it is a boy, but whose boy I don't know.' The same way about that barnyard—whose barnyard I don't know. Maybe it belonged to a Harvard professor who was digging worms in it. Anyway, he saw this angleworm and decided he looked intelligent enough to have a college education.

"So he took him up to his laboratory and made him a nice little home shaped like a letter T. As long as he stayed in the long part of the T he was all right. There was n't any strain on his mind at all—and neither did he get any education. But when he got to the top of the T, he had to decide which way to go. And at one end of the top there was a nice bed of soft wet blotting-paper for him to lie on—while at the other end there was a lot of sandpaper."

"O-oh!" cried Mary with a little wriggle. "What a mean man! *Poor* little angleworm!"

"Well," smiled Uncle Jim, "you see he did n't have to go to the sandpaper end unless he wanted to. He could always stop and choose. And the wonderful thing about it was, that after a little practice he always chose right! Once he was gone a month; and when he came back, he stopped a minute and then turned and went the right way!"

"Is that *all*?" inquired Mary disappointedly, as Uncle Jim paused. "I thought maybe he learned to read or write or something."

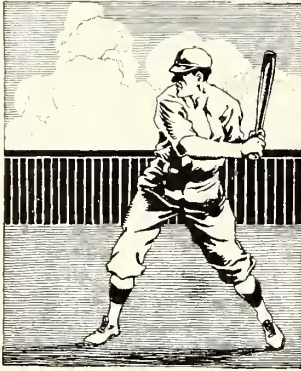
"Or play games," added Paul. "I don't see anything so wonderful about him, Uncle Jim. He just learned to choose the way that had a nice comfortable end—not the one that hurt him."

Uncle Jim smiled quizzically. "Don't you?" he said slowly. "Well, now do you know, I thought that was pretty good for an angleworm. I 've known little girls and boys who were supposed to have plenty of brains and good memories, too, and they kept right on turning to the sandpaper end of their T's. Several times, for instance, they 've found out that eating green apples, or too much pudding or candy was bound to make them sick. I can't believe they like to be sick, and yet, every once in a while, they shut their eyes and turn down that end of their T's. And they really ought to know by this time that when they disobey Mother or Father, they are pretty sure to find the results very sandpappy in more ways than one. But I have n't heard that they always choose to obey, even yet. And when they don't learn their lessons, or go out without their rubbers—"

But by this time, Mary had climbed to her knees, and was planting a great big kiss right in the middle of the sentence. "Oh, Uncle Jim!" she cried, shaking her finger at him, "you are making a little sermon at Paul and me with that wise little angleworm, are n't you, you old tease? Well, you won't have to again. I can remember just as well as an angleworm, *so!* Paul, let 's say sandpaper to each other next time we get in a T."

Paul nodded, his cheeks crimson. "Yes, siree!" he answered, with great vigor. "I 'm not going to have my Uncle Jim or anybody else think that any old angleworm has got more sense than I have, especially now I can read and write."

"In that case," laughed Uncle Jim, "I shall stop looking sorry and grown up and angry because that angleworm is dead. I 'd rather look at a really well-educated boy and girl than an Educated Angleworm, any day."

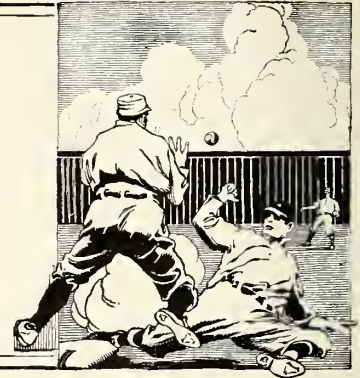


THE ART OF BATTING

BY

BILLY EVANS

Umpire in the American League



"PAYNE is now batting for Cobb!"

Such was the announcement made to the fans by the umpire, near the close of a game between Chicago and Detroit five or six years ago. No doubt you wonder what happened to make it necessary that a substitute batter be used in Cobb's place. You feel sure that Cobb suffered an injury of some kind. Nothing of the sort. The only thing wrong with Tyrus, on that memorable afternoon, was the fact that on his four trips to the plate he had struck out as many times. Not once did he even hit a long foul. Left-handers, as a rule, have the edge on a left-handed batsman. White, one of the craftiest pitchers in the business, was doing the twirling for the "White Sox." Throughout the game, he had outguessed the famous batsman of the "Tigers." At that time, Cobb was not the finished performer he is to-day. A half dozen years of experience have perfected him in many of the fine points of the game that he lacked at that time. And Payne was almost as helpless before White, as Cobb had been.

The following day, I talked with Cobb for a few minutes before the start of the game. The fact that he had been struck out four times in one game was not to his liking. He did n't intend to stand for such treatment very often. No doubt his weakness at the bat that afternoon had caused him to do a lot of thinking in the evening. Before I had a chance to say anything about White's great pitching, Cobb brought up the subject.

"I must have looked like the worst hitter in the world yesterday," remarked Tyrus. "Never has a pitcher made me look as foolish as did White, and I don't believe any pitcher will ever turn such a trick again. I feel sure I can hit White. It did n't look that way yesterday; but I am positive White is n't going to trouble me in the future. He 's a great pitcher, and he certainly had me outguessed at every turn; but two can work at that game. The next time I face White, I may

get a little revenge for those four strike-outs he handed me. When I was looking for the curve, I got the slow one, and when I would get set for a fast one, he would come through with a curve. When I figured on a slow ball, he would buzz a fast one by my head. Perhaps the next time, I may do the correct guessing, and if such happens to be the case, the score is liable to show a few doubles and triples instead of a big bunch of strike-outs."

Cobb discovered that afternoon that White was less effective if the batter shifted around in the box. He made a close study of the best positions to assume to connect with White's various styles. First, he would be up in front of the batter's box, then back at the rear of it, while the next minute he would be closely hugging the plate. Never again, during the remainder of White's career as a pitcher in the American League, was he as troublesome for Cobb as on the afternoon he caused the "Georgia Peach" to whiff four times. In fact, Cobb was more troublesome, as a rule, to White than White ever was to Cobb. Many a time did Tyrus come through with a wallop at White's expense that decided the game in favor of the "Tigers."

Cobb is a wonderful batsman. His record as an American Leaguer is proof positive of that fact. He joined the Detroit club late in the season of 1905. During the remainder of the season, he took part in 41 games, hitting .240, which was the only time during his major-league career that his batting missed the .300 mark. In his second year as a big-leaguer, Cobb finished sixth, with an average of .320. In 1907, he came into his own as a batter, piling up a record of .350 for the season, and carrying off the batting honors of the league. That started Cobb on a mad batting career which still continues. The close of every season since 1907 found him leading the American League hitters, usually with a comfortable

margin to spare. Cobb's record, since joining the American League, is as follows:

Year	Games	At Bat	Runs	Hits	Percentage
1905	41	150	9	36	.240
1906	97	350	44	112	.320
1907	150	605	97	212	.350
1908	150	581	88	188	.324
1909	156	573	116	216	.377
1910	140	509	106	196	.385
1911	146	591	147	248	.420
1912	140	553	119	227	.410
1913	122	420	70	167	.390
1914	97	345	69	127	.368

A glance at the above figures is perhaps the best possible proof of Cobb's ability as a batsman. For the last nine years, he has hit well above .300, a batting mark at which all great players aim. In two of these nine years, he has batted over .400, while in three others he has been dangerously close to the mark. It is not generally known, but Cobb suffers from a perpendicular astigmatism in one of his eyes. He rights the vision of this eye by cocking the head a trifle, which you will notice if you carefully watch his pose at the bat the next time you see him in action. American League pitchers insist they are extremely glad there is something wrong with one of his eyes. They can't imagine what his batting average would be, if both optics were in tiptop shape!

"A great hitter must have the natural ability. It is possible to perfect a man's style in the field, thus greatly improving his fielding game, but not nearly as much can be done to aid the weak hitter," remarked Cobb recently, when discussing the subject of batting with me. "It must come naturally. Mighty few hitters have benefited their averages by changing their style at the plate. Hans Wagner is a great hitter; Nap Lajoie is a wonderful batter; Sherwood Magee can clout the ball; while Sam Crawford and Tris Speaker

are feared by every pitcher with an ounce of brains. These five fellows are all great batters; yet no two of them have the same style at the plate. It would be impossible for any one in the world to copy Wagner's slouchy attitude, and achieve greatness at the bat. No one but Lajoie could assume the indifference that characterizes Larry's stand at the plate, and be able to wallop the ball as the big Frenchman does. Then there is Sam Crawford, who is grace personified when he steps into the batter's box. Every move that Sam makes in the box is graceful. He is the direct opposite of Wagner, yet both are master batsmen. Nature gave Crawford and Wagner each his particular style. Each hit at the ball in just the same way on the day he made his big league debut, as he does to-day.

"After natural ability comes confidence. A be-



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JACKSON, COBB, AND SPEAKER.

A very unusual picture of the greatest hitting outfield of modern times, Jackson of Cleveland, Cobb of Detroit, and Speaker of Boston. This photograph was made possible because of a benefit game played at Cleveland, several years ago, for the widow and children of the late Addie Joss, who ranked among the greatest pitchers the game has known. The popularity of Joss was proven by the fact that the fans contributed more than \$15,000 to his family.

It will be noticed that Cobb appears here in a Cleveland uniform. This is the explanation: Cobb and Speaker played on an "All Star Team" against the Cleveland Club. Not having his Detroit uniform with him, Cobb wore a Cleveland suit. These three players are leaders in every department of the game. Strangely enough, all three are left-handed batters.

lief on the part of the batter that he can hit any kind of pitching, is the greatest boost in the world

to natural ability. I have always regarded confidence as half the battle. After White had struck me out four times in that one game I was disgusted, but not discouraged. I simply could n't figure where he had any license to make me look

dented the air. White always smiled his sweetest at batters in that frame of mind. I decided that when facing White, I would smile as broadly as did he; that I would n't try to knock any balls out of the lot; that I would n't hit at any bad



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BAKER.

BARRY.

COLLINS.

DAVIS.

MACK'S GREAT INFIELD OF FOUR YEARS AGO.

Base-ball idols are shattered quickly. Four years ago, Connie Mack had what was regarded as a stone-wall infield, yet to-day many of his critics think his infield is the weak spot in the Club. "Home-Run" Baker, noted for his remarkable hitting, has retired, because of some grievance. The great Eddie Collins has been sold to Chicago, while age has forced the retirement of Davis from active service. Only Barry and McInnis remain of Mack's five stars of a few years ago.

as helpless as all that. I decided that I could hit White; that I would hit him, and that I would get revenge for those four straight strike-outs. I guess even 'Doc' White himself will admit that I have made good on that point. White made trouble for me because he was brainy, and had plenty of confidence. South-paws with more speed and a better curve had been easy for me, yet White with his brains and confidence, plus a slow ball and a dinky curve, had made me look foolish. I realized that I would have to combat him with brains and confidence. To go up to the plate in a rage, determined to knock the ball out of the lot, is just the pose and frame of mind White liked all batters to be in. A fellow who took healthy lunges at White's teasers generally

ones for the sake of hitting, and that I would force 'Doc' to get the ball over the plate. I have always followed that custom when hitting against White, and have been very successful.

"A majority of the batters are overawed by the average pitcher when they go to bat. They figure the pitcher has the edge on them—that he has a little bit more to offer as a pitcher than they have as batsmen. If they happen to face a star, the feeling of not being able to hit is all the greater. I always make an effort to feel that I am a little bit better batter than the pitcher is a pitcher. I try not to be worried when I get two strikes, as I always figure that I still have a good chance. The only strike I hate to hear the umpire call is the third one, for then I know I am through. A lot

of critics say I am more dangerous with two strikes on me than at any other time. I suppose a lot of pitchers feel the same way about it. I hope they will always regard me in that light. I honestly believe that I do my best hitting when men are on bases. I like to see the runs going across the plate, and I really believe that I put more fire in my work, when a couple of men are on bases, than when the sacks are empty. I know the pitcher is under a strain. I always try to believe that he is the fellow who should be worried.

"A batter can never hope to be a great hitter, if he has a tendency to pull away from the plate. Batters who back away are the easiest victims for the brainy pitcher. Backing away from the plate is due to fear, a lack of confidence. The wise pitcher soon notices this defect, and is quick to take advantage of it. Such action is a tip to the pitcher that you fear being hit. Taking this as a cue, he throws a fast ball as close to your head as he can, without hitting you. This has a tendency to increase the fear, and perhaps drive you still further away from the plate. This, of course, was the end desired by the pitcher, and having accomplished it, he proceeds to take advantage of your position in the batter's box, by using a curve ball on the outside of the plate, which it is well-nigh impossible to hit, yet is good enough to be called a strike by the umpire. If you watch

carefully, the good hitters are the ones who hold their ground; who refuse to be driven back. In a big majority of cases, it is the easiest thing in the world to get out of the way of the average wild pitch.

"Speed is, of course, a great asset to the batter. It is of more advantage than most batters think, for often hits are lost, simply because the batter does n't think he has a chance, and fails to run out his hit. That is one feature of the game

to which every player should adhere; yet every now and then I find myself jogging down to a base, instead of going at top speed, simply be-



Copyright by L. Van Oeyen.
LAJOIE AND HIS \$1000 HORSESHOE.

This unique picture shows the great Larry Lajoie, one of the idols of base-ball enthusiasts, standing back of a ten-foot-high floral horseshoe. Each round white piece in the horseshoe is a brand-new silver dollar; and there were just one thousand of them. The fans of Cleveland thus honored Lajoie, on the tenth anniversary of his joining the Cleveland Club.

cause I believe the infielder will throw me out, or the outfielder will surely catch my easy fly. A batter should never consider himself out, until he has actually been retired. Whenever he hits the ball, he should run his hardest, regardless of where or how the ball has been hit. It is really surprising the number of hits that are lost in this way every year. Running out a hit is a practice every manager should insist upon his players' obeying to the letter."

In connection with what Cobb had to say about batters often being overawed when facing some great pitcher, I vividly recall the experience of two recruits when pitted against Walter Johnson. It so happened that both these youngsters were unfortunate enough to make their major league debut against the Washington club when Johnson was doing the pitching. One of the youngsters struck out three times, and on the fourth trial went out on a pop fly to the first baseman. I felt sorry for the youngster, because I knew he was a better batter than this showed him to be. The next day, before the game, I happened to sit down next to him on the bench. I thought a little encouragement might make him feel better.

"You must n't worry because Johnson fanned you three times yesterday," I remarked. "I've seen him fan a lot of the veteran players quite as often."

The youngster did n't reply for a minute or two, and then his answer caused me to lessen my faith in his chances to make good.

"That was a fine spot to try me out!" said the youngster. "You would think the manager would have used better sense. The fans in this town can certainly roast a fellow. I can see what is coming to me, unless I deliver the goods. I suppose I'll get a chance the next time Johnson pitches. I've been sitting on the bench for a month waiting to break in, but now I wish I had n't been selected to play."

It is perhaps needless for me to add that the player I refer to did n't make good. He is not even in the minors, but has dropped out of baseball entirely.

The other player who had his debut against Johnson fared even worse. He struck out every time he stepped to the plate—to be exact, four times. I don't believe he even made so much as a foul. I shall never forget the youngster's look every time he took a swing at the ball.

"That boy certainly has something," was his remark, and a smile always accompanied it. Of the twelve strikes called on him, he swung at ten—and missed! The following day, when I came out on the field prior to the start of the game, the veteran members of the team were having a great laugh, listening to the youngster's explanation of how he managed to keep Johnson from hitting his bat! He also expressed a hope that a photographer would be present if he achieved a foul off Johnson's delivery, so that he could have an enlarged picture made of the affair. The manager sat on the bench in silence. Not until he left the bench to bat to the infield in practice, did the recruit say anything to him. Then this was his remark:

"Don't forget, manager, that if you need a pinch hitter any time Johnson is working, I am at your service!"

"I may take you at your word," replied the manager, with a smile, for he was pleased with the spirit of the youngster. As fate would have it, a week or so later the youngster got another chance, and it was as a pinch hitter with Johnson pitching. He hit for two bases, and won the game! He is a big league star to-day. He did n't worry because Johnson struck him out four times on his major league debut. He had confidence in his ability, and he owes his present high position in base-ball to that feature of his make-up.

Than Larry Lajoie no greater hitter ever lived. He is one of those fellows who appear to be able to hit any kind of pitching. When spit-ball pitchers first came into the limelight and put a big crimp in the batting averages of many stars, Larry continued to hit the ball as hard as ever. Once, when asked how he managed to hit the moist ball so easily, Larry replied simply: "I hit it before it breaks. I stay up in front of the box, and when I connect it is little more than a fast ball." It was n't long before other batters were adopting similar tactics with a great deal of success.

Larry, like all other great players, no doubt has his theories on the art of batting, but he seldom expresses them. I have several times heard him remark that the best way to get the ball safe was to hit it at a spot where no one happened to be playing—"to hit 'em where they ain't," as the saying goes. Like Cobb, Lajoie insists that aside from natural ability, confidence is the batter's next best asset.

"I have always imagined that I could hit almost any kind of pitching," said Larry; "and I have succeeded fairly well. A good many pitchers have labored under the belief that there was n't any use trying to fool me. I believe all of this has played a big part in my batting ability, a superabundance of confidence on my part, and a lack of it on the part of the pitcher. It gave me the edge.

"I am often asked which is the easiest ball for a batter to hit. A good many people believe that certain styles and kinds of deliveries are much easier to hit than others. The easiest kind of a ball to hit varies with the batters. Certain players like best to swing at a fast ball at the knee, others waist high, some at the shoulders, while every now and then you find some batter whom pitchers always refer to as a 'wild pitch hitter.' By that they mean the batter is most dangerous when thrown a very bad ball, at which the average batter would not think of offering. Some

players hit a curve ball hard; others are almost helpless before that kind of an offering. 'Batting becomes a duel of wits between the batter and the 'battery men,' by which I mean the pitcher and catcher. If the batter has a weakness, the pitcher naturally tries to take advantage of that fact, while the batter often waits patiently for



HANS WAGNER, THE PITTSBURGH STAR.

One of the most marvelous players the game has produced. Opposing pitchers claim the only way to keep him from hitting safely is to give him a base on balls. For 17 consecutive years, he batted better than .300, in the National League.

the pitcher to serve the style of ball which is easiest for him to hit.

"Pitchers have always been kind enough to say that I did not have a weakness at the bat. They have always contended, however, that I invariably hit bad balls harder than balls right through the heart of the plate. I have to agree with them on that point. I have always liked a ball just on the outside or inside, or a ball a trifle above the shoulder, better than a fast ball through the middle, waist high. It has always seemed to me that I have been able to get more power in my swing, when hitting at the bad balls. A batter should always study the style of ball he likes best, and should never fail to try for such a ball, when delivered by the pitcher. Often he may have to look three or four pitches over before he gets one to his liking. The pitcher will naturally try to make the batter hit directly opposite to what he wants. If the batter is wise enough to wait out

the pitcher, it is almost certain the pitcher will be forced to give the batter something approaching what he likes. If the batter waits him out, he gets the pitcher into the hole, for trying to work him on bad balls. This makes it necessary for the pitcher to get the ball over, or walk the batter, and every wise pitcher prefers to make the batsman earn his right to first base. That is perhaps one failing I have always had. I never waited out the pitcher as much as I should. Possibly I can explain this failure by the fact that pitchers have always regarded my weakness as a ball right through the heart of the plate, while the average batter has a bad ball weakness. Naturally a batter can only take three balls through the center of the plate, and then go back to the bench and get a drink of water, if he lets them all go by.

"In conclusion I would say the successful batter is the one with the natural ability, who has confidence in himself. He is the fellow who knows his strength as well as his weakness at the bat. In the game he is constantly trying to take advantage of his strength, while in practice he is always attempting to bolster up his weakness. If it happens that you are weakest on a curve, insist on crowding the plate as closely as possible, without leaving the lines of your position. Don't allow the pitcher to drive you back by coming through with a fast ball on the inside. If he tries such a ball, he is simply trying to intimidate you, to get you away from the plate, and then come back with a curve. It is not possible to do much with the curve, unless you stand close to the plate; all the more so, if it happens to be your weakness. Unless you happen to have a decided weakness, it is best not to set yourself for a particular style of delivery. A batter assumes different positions when striking at different styles of delivery. It is evident that if he sets himself for the fast ball, he is at a disadvantage should the pitcher toss up a slow one. He can do very little with it. If you have no definite weakness, it is best to assume an ordinary position, then shift your feet to meet the style of delivery that you believe he is about to pitch."

I have discussed batting with all the great hitters, and few of them believe it is possible to develop a weak batter into a great one. They all insist that hitting is a gift of nature. They do admit it is possible to improve, but not to the extent of making a great batter out of a poor one. They will admit that, all things being equal, the fellow with the confidence, "the fight," is by far the most valuable man. Many a great minor league hitter fails in the big show, not because of lack of ability, but because of lack of confidence.

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS



THE BEAUTIFUL PAPER-NAUTILUS IS A DOCILE AND FRIENDLY CREATURE.

TAMING THE ARGONAUT

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER

Author of "Life of Louis Agassiz," "The Game Fishes of the World," "Along the Florida Reef," etc.

No animal so appealed to the imagination of the ancients as the argonaut, which they pictured as a fairylike galley propelled over the sea by myriads of scintillating oars. Some naturalists of half a century ago believed that the argonaut of the Mediterranean Sea held up its large-tipped arms and sailed the ocean, confusing it, perhaps, with the radiantly beautiful *Physalia*, which raises its sail and becomes virtually a ship, sailing in fleets over the tropical seas. Again, the argonaut is named from the *Argo*, the famed ship of Jason, that, according to Hellenic myth, sailed the Euxine Sea to Colchis in search of the Golden Fleece.

The argonaut is one of the rarest and most beautiful of the shells, being a near kinsman of

the devil-fish or octopus, and the cuttlefish or sepia. It dwells in semi-tropic seas, as the Mediterranean, and is well known in the cerulean depths of the Black Current or Gulf Stream of Japan—the Kuroshio—where it flows among the summer isles along the coast of Southern California.

The argonaut is a first cousin to the eight-armed octopus or devil-fish that in Alaskan waters has a radial spread of twenty feet or more, a cast of one of this size being hung in the Yale Museum. But the male argonaut is about one inch in length, while the female has a radial spread of six, eight, or more, inches. Not one person in a million has ever seen a male argonaut, and not one in a quarter of a million, the world over, has seen the living female with its shell, though the argonaut is found in many semi-tropic seas in colder water than its kinsman, the chambered nautilus of many arms.

Unlike the chambered nautilus, the argonaut can leave its shell and return to it, really using it only as a sort of capsule to protect its eggs. In appearance the shell is like a beautiful fluted cup, and is formed by secretions from two of the tentacles which are enlarged at their tips into membranes so rubber-like that they can be expanded to cover the shell completely, each forming and protecting one half.

The great mountain island, Santa Catalina, off Los Angeles, is for some reason a favorite locality for this interesting and timid creature. It doubtless lives on the slopes of this marine mountain that, rising from a mile under water, extends half a mile above it, and is twenty-two miles in length. In February after storms, and often in the spring, the argonaut appears, and men and women make the rounds of the beaches in early morning, hoping to find the fragile shell before the waves break it, as it is nearly as delicate as the foam of the sea. At one time twenty beautiful shells were found in a single cove, and were sold at from ten to one hundred dollars each.

It so happened that I was at the island one summer when several living argonauts were taken. One particularly large specimen was brought to me by a man who held the shell at seventy-five dollars, but who gave me the animal. I placed the latter in a tank, borrowed a large shell from a friend, and had the satisfaction of seeing the beautiful argonaut, paper-nautilus, call it what you will, enter the borrowed home, and, what was still more interesting, I had a series of photographs taken, the first ever secured of the rare and interesting animal.



FIG. 1. THE NAUTILUS OUT OF ITS SHELL.

For several days and nights I had this wonderful creature under observation. The first surprise was its tameness. It is supposed to be one

of the most timid of all animals, and doubtless is, in its native haunts; but ten minutes after I had placed it in the tank and offered it a new shell,



FIG. 2. COVERING ITS SHELL WITH ITS BROAD TENTACLES.

it ate some fish which I offered it and permitted me to handle it.

If the reader has never seen an octopus or devil-fish, it is difficult to compare it to anything. Imagine an elongated bag the size of a turkey's egg, perhaps a little larger or smaller. One end is round, like the end of an egg; the other is separated into eight fingers or tentacles, each provided with two rows of suckers. (See Fig. 1.) The tentacles are its arms or feet, by which it crawls, or seizes its prey, and they branch from the head, in the center of which are the small parrot-like teeth and mouth. Below the mouth is the siphon, or swimming apparatus, as the argonaut takes water in at its gills and shoots it out with considerable force through the siphon.

In examining the beautiful animal as it poises, palpitating, changing color, flashing and paling, you note that six of its tentacles, which are six or eight inches in length, are pointed and finger-like, while two spread out into the oar-like shell-making organs already described. All this is fascinating, but to me the most attractive and remarkable feature in the argonaut was its colors, which are all shades and variants of blue, red, and silver. Its emotions were doubtless expressed by blushing, which it did continuously; then a deep splendid blue ran out along its arms and melted into a suggestion of vermilion. All the time its weird eye would be looking at me.

When I discovered that the rare and timid paper-*nautilus* received my friendly advances, I called in a clever photographer and succeeded in securing a really remarkable series of photographs showing the animal resting on my hand and submitting to various kindly familiarities, not the least of which was lifting it above water, when it would eject a stream of water from its siphon to the distance of a foot or more. In Fig. 2 the animal is shown as it habitually rests in the shell. The two wide-tipped arms are thrown backward and encompass the entire shell, to protect it, doubtless, and hold it securely. At this time the pointed arms are concealed inside. Curiously enough, the argonaut will assume almost this identical position when deprived of its shell; that is, the tentacles are all thrown back, quivering with color, the beautiful eye gleaming at you from among them.

My argonaut was far from bearing out its reputation for timidity. As I watched it, it would come out of its shell, a dazzling symphony of blue and silver, throw its graceful arms about, fasten the broad oar-like ones to the glass, so I could examine the surface and see the very radiations which produced those on the shell. Suddenly it would assume the attitude of an octopus and creep along the bottom stealthily, like a cat,



FIG. 3. THE NAUTILUS DRAWING IN ITS TENTACLES WHEN DISTURBED.

all the time trembling flashes of color passing over it, giving the impression of heat-lightning. Abruptly it would stop, contract, and so nearly assume the colors of the bottom that it appeared

to fairly melt into its surroundings and disappear, as though touched by the wand of some invisible harlequin. Then it would suddenly pale,



FIG. 4. NAUTILUS OUT OF ITS SHELL.

become active, and dash through the water like a torpedo by forcing water from its siphon.

When resting, the argonaut invariably sought its shell, and, when cleverly packed away within it, its eye shining through the shell, it presented an interesting appearance. When I inserted my hand into the tank and lifted the shell (Fig. 3) it would frequently come out, as though to see what was the trouble, and in a very friendly manner coil its arms about my fingers.

It would assume all sorts of positions and weird shapes by extending its arms in every direction, as though yawning or stretching, but rarely displaying fear. In one photograph taken (Fig. 4), it came out of its shell and, while standing on two legs, threw aloft its big shell-secreting arms, then laid one of them confidently in my hand. What the point of view of the paper-*nautilus* was I do not pretend to say. It seemed to be shaking hands when the picture was developed; but if the mind of the animal could be penetrated, it would be found that what appeared on the surface to be intelligence was a mild form of curiosity. The argonaut stands at the top of the list among the shells or mollusks, but this does not imply any particular intelligence.

When I fed the animal, it would reach up, seize the bit of fish from my hand, and press it upon its mouth, which held two parrot-like beaks, that nipped away the flesh morsel by morsel. The contrast between this docile and friendly creature and its cousin, an octopus in a tank

near by, was more than remarkable. The latter crouched in the corner, a fury, a gelatinous tigerish horror, rolling its Medusa-like arms over and over. When I extended my hand, it flung itself at it, wound its snaky arms about it, pressing its web-like figure down over it, just as it does when smothering its prey—the crabs of the rocks along-shore. The devil-fish was a fiend; the paper-nautilus, which looked very like it, a dove.

It has always been a mystery how this nautilus produces its shell, and I had the borrowed shell taken from my specimen to see if it would not make another. This it attempted to do at night. It held to the side of the tank by several of its tentacles, raised the larger ones, and pressed them together. In this position, and when fully expanded, each broad end had the exact shape of half of the shell; and after a while it was noticed that the glands on the tips were producing a filmy substance which resembled glue. This took the shape of a filmy ethereal shell, translucent, and so soft that the slightest movement of the water bent it.

It was secreted more or less rapidly. I mean by this that the entire shell would be completed in a night, the two pads being forms, as it were, in which the shell was molded, for on the face of the broad tentacles could be seen the exact shape and convolutions of the shell. The latter, when complete in all its details, is one of the most exquisite and graceful forms in the realm of nature or art.

When first completed, the nest or shell is very soft, but it gradually hardens, until we find it extremely hard, but always so translucent that the weird eye of the argonaut can be seen through it.

HYACINTHS BLOCK NAVIGATION IN ST. JOHN'S RIVER

In the battle which has been waged against the beautiful water-hyacinths, which choke up many of the rivers of the southern part of the United States, the problem has been complicated to a serious degree by the fondness which cattle exhibit for the plants. It is almost without food value, but there is a certain relish about it which attracts the animals, and they have been known to be drowned in efforts to obtain it.

Only one method has been discovered for entirely eradicating this formidable hindrance to navigation, which grows and spreads like wild-fire, and this is by the use of powerful acids, which, when sprayed upon the plants, are very effective. This treatment, however, has been discontinued by an act of Congress.

In the past few years, investigations have been conducted by army engineers in an effort to discover some means of making this application in such a manner as to remove the danger to cattle, but without success; for the cattle could not be prevented from eating the sprayed plants.

The army engineers have concluded that the most feasible way to eradicate the hyacinths is by means of mechanical destroyers. A boat is employed to cut out the obstructive jam of hyacinths as soon as it forms, and the tangled mass is pushed into the current to insure its floating away. On the St. John's River, Florida, a hyacinth elevator, consisting of a catamaran scow, equipped with an inclined conveyor driven by a gasoline engine, is in service. With this equipment it was possible last year to keep the channel of the river quite free from the plants. Experiments are also being made with a parasitic fungus



STEAMERS ON THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER, FLORIDA, BLOCKED BY HYACINTHS.

which attacks the hyacinth leaves from beneath, forming concentric circles, and in time completely killing them.

The water-hyacinths increase with great rapidity during the summer season, and propagate themselves not only by seed, but by the development of new plants from the root-stems or portions of the roots. It made its appearance in the waters of southern Louisiana about 1884, and spread with such rapidity that it soon infested all of the streams where sufficient current did not exist to carry it to salt water. In Florida it was first introduced as an ornamental plant; now it is a pest. One Louisiana statesman, some years ago, introduced a measure in Congress to import hippopotami from Africa to feed on the hyacinths, and thus help navigation and reduce the cost of beef at one blow. Last year, army engineers spent nearly \$25,000 in their efforts to keep the navigable streams clear of this river weed.

ROBERT H. MOULTON.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF THE CHIMNEY-SWIFT

MUCH has been learned about bird migration, but much yet remains to be learned; and the following is one of the most curious and interesting of

the unsolved problems. The chimney-swift is one of the most abundant and best-known birds of the eastern United States. With troops of fledglings, catching their winged prey as they go, and lodging by night in tall chimneys, the flocks drift slowly south joining with other bands, until on the northern coast of the Gulf of Mexico they become an innumerable host. Then they disappear. Did they drop into the water or hibernate in the mud, as was believed of old, their obliteration could not be more complete. In the last week in March a joyful twittering far overhead announces their return to the Gulf coast, but their hiding-place during the intervening five months is still the swift's secret.

BULLETIN U. S. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE.

NO MORE HARD WORK FOR BICYCLISTS

THE ordinary bicycle can be converted into a motor-cycle inside of ten minutes by means of a clever invention known as the motor-wheel, which is bolted to the frame of the machine, and can be removed at will. The motor-wheel carries a small gas-engine similar to those used on motor-cycles,—a one-cylinder, four-cycle engine with high tension magneto and carburetor. A gasoline tank is set above this third wheel, carrying



THE MOTOR-WHEEL—THE NEW ATTACHMENT FOR BICYCLES.



AN EASY SPIN THROUGH THE PARK.

sufficient fuel for a 100 mile journey. A lever attached to the handle-bar allows for convenient control of the mechanism.

This novel device is much less expensive than a motor-cycle, and for ordinary purposes is quite as effective. The owners of old style wheels which are not used as frequently as they should be, on account of the labor of propelling them, will welcome this convenient attachment.

C. L. EDHOLM.

SKILLED MASONRY BY INSECTS

WHEN a young naturalist lies face downward at the bank of a brook, and with shaded eyes watches the busy life there, he is often astonished to see little masses, or tubes, of fine stones moving about, as if they were alive. If he catches one of these little masses of stones, he will find that it is the home of an insect. This is known as a caddis-fly larva. There are many varieties of these flies, and the larvæ make all sorts of homes from various materials. Some fasten together small parts of straws in log-cabin style,

The accompanying illustration shows an unusually good specimen where all the tiny particles are well put together. In the tube at the left, considerable ingenuity is manifested in fitting the longer pieces in with the others. No one knows exactly how the insect is able to arrange these particles and fasten them together. The insect spins a kind of silky material from its mouth much as do caterpillars. But how remarkable it is that they can fasten this silk to the wet

stones or other material, and get all the particles well arranged and snugly together! These little



SMALL PEBBLES FASTENED TOGETHER BY THE CADDIS.

stone- or stick-homes serve to protect the caddis-fly larvæ from hungry fish. The dweller in this curious home also extends from it a silken net,

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"WHAT I LOVE BEST." BY ROBERT MARTIN, AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER.)

AND now once more comes June, the Beautiful—acclaimed with joyous welcome from girls and boys all over the land—the month when school closes and vacation begins and nature is at her loveliest! And the League members offer her a right royal greeting, too—with verses of such beauty that they might well have been written for graduation day; and photographs and drawings of outdoor scenes that might, every one, have been made in the June sunshine (including a very clever and dainty "Heading for June"); and stories of "Lost Pocket-books" and "After School—What?" that display clever wits, a genuine inventive faculty, and, in several cases, a delightful sense of humor. If in some of the stories by our youngest competitors the humor is quite unconscious, that only makes their offerings the more quaint and charming. We are all proud of our "Honor Members" and "Silver-badge

winners" of ten and twelve,—bless their hearts!—and let no one imagine that their triumphs are not fairly won! In every department, the work of the League this month is highly creditable, and its seeming "timeliness" as a whole is the more remarkable because St. NICHOLAS has to keep far ahead of the calendar, and the drawings, and prose and verse contributions were composed, not in the balmy month of roses, but while March winds still were raging. However, we shall not hesitate to prophesy that those produced under the very shadow of examinations will prove of equal merit—so easily do obstacles vanish before the indomitable interest and energies of our League young folk.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 184

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badges, **Glory M. Dwyer** (age 11), New York; **Page Williams** (age 14), Massachusetts. Silver badges, **Vail Motter** (age 13), District of Columbia; **Evalene Higbie** (age 13), California; **May Charlton** (age 16), Illinois; **Marguerite Weisbrod** (age 16), New York.

VERSE. Gold badges, **Evadne Scott** (age 14), Indiana; **Helen D. Hill** (age 15), Illinois. Silver badges, **Adelaide Wilson** (age 15), Illinois; **Janet Boyle** (age 14), New Jersey; **Wellesley P. Davis** (age 9), New York.

DRAWINGS. Gold badge, **Dorothy Walter** (age 15), California. Silver badges, **Reta Wolf** (age 14), New York; **Bernada F. McCormick** (age 15), Pennsylvania.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, **Horton Honsaker** (age 17), California. Silver badges, **Margaret Griffith** (age 17), California; **Irene Walber** (age 12), New York; **Dorothy Edwards** (age 14), Pennsylvania; **Sybil H. Bemis** (age 12), Rhode Island; **Alice Lippincott Walter** (age 12), Pennsylvania; **Reba Simmons** (age 15), Florida.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badge, **Bernard Candip** (age 15), New York. Silver badge, **Carl Fichandler** (age 12), New York.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver badges, **Elizabeth Palms Lewis** (age 12), Michigan; **Frances W. Bronson** (age 14), Pennsylvania.



BY ELIZABETH D. TERRY, AGE 15



BY C. EVERETT RHODES, AGE 14.

"COMING ACROSS."

THE EVENING BREEZE

BY ELEANOR HINMAN (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

Out of the west I silent creep,
 (Sleep, little town, lie still),
 All of the world is drenched with sleep,
 Over the town it gathers deep,
 Under the shadowy hill.

Olive and bronze are the sunset bars,
 Far in the dreamy west,
 Slow from their fire I light the stars,—
 Swift sparks scatter, called meteors,
 Shining against my breast.

Out of my hair the dusk is made,
 Haunt of the whippoorwill,
 Into it dreams are woven and laid;—
 It is my breath that stirs the shade
 Over the darkening hill.

Sleep, little town, I bring you dreams,
 Caught from the deepening sky;
 Sleep, for I sob by the gate of gleams,
 Waiting to pass, at the moon's first beams,
 Into the west—to die.

THE LOST POCKET-BOOK

BY GLORY M. DWYER (AGE 11)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won March, 1915)

It was a cold winter's night. On a seat in Madison Square little Jimmy, the newsboy, lay asleep. He was an orphan without a home. About midnight the little boy awoke. There had been a shower while Jimmy had slept and the pavement glittered. But way out there in the little pool of darkness there was something that had not been there when he closed his eyes. It was like a small black island in the little pavement-lake.

Jimmy tried to rouse himself to see what it was, but he was too tired and weak. At last, with a great effort he pulled himself together and walked over to it. The little object was a leather pocket-book!



"COMING ACROSS (THE LINE)." BY MARGARET GRIFFITH, AGE 17.
 (SILVER BADGE.)

Jimmy stood underneath the lamp-post and opened it. There was a large roll of bills inside it, and with the bills was a card bearing an address. It read:

R. J. COURTENAY,
 600 West 150th Street,
 New York City.

"Well," thought Jimmy, "if I start right now, I'll be up there at seven, and I don't suppose they are up much before that."

At a little before seven that morning Jimmy arrived at 600 West 150th Street, and, upon questioning the hall-boy, he found that Mrs. Courtenay lived in apartment 21. The newsboy was ushered in, and a nice, sweet-faced lady received him.

"Say, ma'am," said Jimmy; "did you cross Madison Square last night?"

"Yes," said the lady.

"Well, I found your pocket-book. I would have returned it sooner, only I had to walk all the way up town."

"Why, there was money in my pocket-book!" cried Mrs. Courtenay.



"COMING ACROSS." BY IRENE WALBER, AGE 12.
 (SILVER BADGE.)

"Yes, but it was n't my money," said Jimmy, "it was yours."

Jimmy, the newsboy, received a large reward and a position in Mr. Courtenay's office, where he is now earning twenty-five dollars a week as a clerk. You see, honesty is the best policy after all.

League members are reminded that the silver badge must be won before the gold badge can be awarded.

THE LOST POCKET-BOOK

BY VAIL MOTTER (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

On her tenth birthday, Barbara became the proud owner of a purse containing a crisp new bill. It was her especial pleasure to carry the purse with her when she went riding in her goat-cart with her brother.

One day, when ready to start on one of these trips, Barbara remembered that she was without a handkerchief. So, leaving the pocket-book with her brother Henry, she went back for it.

As was to be expected, Henry grew tired of his responsibility, and left the purse on the porch steps, while he ran after a beautiful butterfly that caught his attention.

Alas! While he was gone, Methuselah, the goat, seized his opportunity, and, having a lusty appetite, also seized the pocket-book and consumed it in one luscious bite.

When Barbara returned, the purse was gone! Henry, upon her questioning, showed his astonishment at the disappearance. The search following failed to find the lost pocket-book, while Methuselah stood innocently by.

Barbara is now many times ten years old, but she has not forgotten her sorrow at the loss of her purse. The mystery remains yet unsolved, and will forever; for Methuselah has not disclosed his secret.

THE EVENING WIND

BY EVADNE SCOTT (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won March, 1913)

The evening wind in summer
Blows softly from the west,
Comes lightly through the blossoms
And sings the birds to rest.



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY DOROTHY WALTER, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.
SILVER BADGE WON SEPTEMBER, 1913.)

It stirs the tall, thick grasses
Down where the waters flow,
It murmurs o'er the meadows
Where fireflies gleam and glow.

The evening wind in winter
Blows cold and fierce and strong;
Around the big brick chimney
It sings a sad, weird song.

It bends the barren branches
Of the gnarled old orchard trees,
And whirls the brown leaves fiercely
Along the dusky leas.

In summer or in winter,
In springtime or in fall,
The evening winds are welcome
For the memories they recall.

Sweet memories of loved ones,
And homestead hearths so bright,
That come with evening breezes
And shadows of the night.

THE LOST POCKET-BOOK

BY PAGE WILLIAMS (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won March, 1915)

Two boys walked slowly down the village street. One chattered gaily about baseball, "gym," and various incidents of school life. The other, however, was silent and kicked viciously at the stones beneath his feet.

"Anything the matter, Jim?" asked Tom putting his arm affectionately around his chum's shoulders.

"Nothing much," was the answer in a low voice.

"Come on, Jim, what is it? Tell me—maybe I can help you out."

"Well, it 's just this. To-morrow is my sister's birthday. I wrote father asking him for some money to buy her present, but we 're dreadfully hard up this year and father wrote saying he could n't afford it. Sis is only a little thing, and I 'm afraid she 'll be awfully disappointed."

In spite of himself, Jimmie's voice trembled, and he turned his face away so that his friend might not see the tears in his eyes.

Tom Grey's eyes opened wide. His father always gave him plenty of money for his sister's birthday present, and even then Tom only took a half-way interest in buying it. To think that a fellow cared so much for his sister!

"I 'm sorry, Jim," he said as he entered his own gate.

"So 'm I," sighed Jim, "but I don't s'pose it can be helped."

Tom went upstairs to his room, opened a chiffonier drawer, took a small black pocket-book with one end of the flap cut off, and examined its contents.

"Five dollars—I guess that 's enough."

He dropped it in his pocket and walked slowly down the road towards the woods, a half smile on his face.

LATE that afternoon, as he was walking home through the woods, Jimmie perceived a black pocket-book among the green leaves. He picked it up and examined it closely. It was small and worn and the corner of the flap was entirely torn off.

"I wonder if there 's anything in it." He opened it. "Five dollars, hurray! If I don't find the owner, it means a present for Sis!"

He did n't find the owner; his sister was made very happy on her birthday, and the mystery of the lost—or found—pocket-book was never never cleared up.

THE EVENING WIND

BY ADELAIDE WILSON (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

It is evening, the sun is set,
The day's cheerless work is over,
The green grass with the dew is wet,
And the bee has left the clover.

Now the wind, so fresh and sweet,
Fans the garden flowers;
It drives away the day's fierce heat,
And cools the long night hours.

Oh, wind of the evening, blow.—
Blow till dawn is here!
Then cease your singing and go
But return when night is near.

P.S. My name is Adelaide Wilson. My address is, School for the Blind, Jacksonville, Ill. I am fifteen years old and I composed this poem myself.



BY WALTER P. YARNALL, AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER.)



BY DOROTHY EDWARDS, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY CHRISTINA COLLINS, AGE 16.



BY CORNELIUS B. BOOCHOCK, AGE 16.



BY GRACE A. MOORE, AGE 16.



BY SYBIL H. BEMIS, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY ALICE PRATT, AGE 15.



BY ALICE L. WALTER, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY JOSEPHINE ROOT, AGE 17.



BY REGINALD R. BARNARD, AGE 14

"COMING ACROSS."

THE EVENING WIND

BY NELL ADAMS (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

Twilight and starlight, breezes softly sighing,
Fragrant flowers wet with dew in their petals lying.
Softly speak, softly tread, for the day is dying.

Let us linger, heart o' mine, where the rose is glowing
Scarlet thro' the deepening dusk, all her splendor
showing.

Deeper still the shadows grow, for the day is going.

Heart o' mine, the nights are sweet in this summer
weather,
Soft and warm the breeze's touch, like a fairy-feather.
Let us watch the twilight fade, you and I together.



"COMING ACROSS." BY REBA SIMMONS, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE LOST POCKET-BOOK

BY EVALENE HIGHIE (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

Mrs. White stepped from her limousine, ordered her chauffeur to return for her at five o'clock, then ran up the steps to the home of her most intimate friend. In her haste she had not noticed that she had dropped her little leather pocket-book on the sidewalk.

In a few minutes a little golden-haired girl came skipping along the street. She noticed the purse, stooped and picked it up, then skipped on again. "Oh, maybe it's got some money in it,—maybe enough to pay for a new subscription to St. Nicholas Magazine!" At that happy thought she laughed gleefully, then skipped on.

As she turned the corner she met a group of little children playing, so, laying down the purse, she joined them.

Just then an evil-looking person passed, and, seeing the purse, he grabbed it and started to run. But a policeman saw him and gave hot pursuit. The thief tried to dodge his pursuer by turning corners; but, seeing he could not do this, he dropped the purse, not wishing to be caught with stolen goods upon him.

After a little while a stately gentleman came down the street. He noticed the small pocket-book, and, picking it up, he looked inside.

"Well of all things!" he ejaculated. "My own wife's pocket-book,—and with forty dollars in it at that," he continued, as he turned the corner, slipping the purse into his pocket at the same time.

But in a few minutes, when Mr. White happened to stoop, the luckless purse fell from his pocket, landing in almost precisely the same place where it had lain in the first place.

"I must have lost it on the street, for I remember having it when I got out of my limousine." Mrs. White's voice was full of anxiety as she and her hostess came down to the street.

"Oh, there it is!" she called, laughing happily. "What a miracle no one noticed it!"

And no one but the pocket-book ever knew that it had traveled around the block.

AFTER SCHOOL—WHAT?

BY MAY CHARLTON (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

He sat among them all, the beautiful children with the fair white skins and delicate features. The least of them, beside him, seemed an angel child; and he knew it—ah, yes! he knew it; and they knew it, too, and scorned him. "God made the niggers, made 'em in the night, made 'em in such a hurry, forgot to paint 'em white."

Poor little Pete! How often, oh, how often did he regret this taste upon the part of his Creator! Each day he sat in school like a little black stray kitten, who, through some trick of fortune, finds himself among white Angoras. The Angoras did not take kindly to the little stray; they had claws and they knew how to use them.

Little Pete's school life was one of continual torture; but after school, the moment the hateful doors had clanged behind him, Pete sped straight for home. Freedom lent wings to his feet, and, as soon as he reached the little cottage that held his happiness, and shut its garden gate fast, he felt secure from the jeers of the "angel children."

What a warm welcome the love-lined nest held for him! What a world of comfort lay in Mammy's "Never min' honey, don' you care what dey says."

After school, the despised one was a king, a king in the "beautiful realm called home," and how happy he was, oh, how happy he was! The little black face actually shone, the clouds were lifted from the heavy little heart, and the little voice was raised in glad childish laughter.

The "angel children" forgot all about him after school, they never knew of the magical change that came over the little pickaninny, the wonderful miracle that love and kindness daily worked for him after school.

THE EVENING WIND

BY JANET BOYLE (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

In the golden sky,
As the pale lights die,
A song floats up from the sea.
Through the silver spray
Where the rainbows play—
A song of a joy set free.

It whispers soft
To the gulls aloft,
Then it slips from the foaming waves;
And it laughs with glee—
The wind set free,
As it dances through sandy caves.

As the world grows still,
And from the hill
The ripple of joy laughs on,
The evening sighs,
As it slowly dies—
And the merry wind is gone.

EVENING WIND ON THE DESERT

BY HELEN D. HILL (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won September, 1913)

THE wind that sobs about the buttes,
And sweeps across the sandy plain,
Commingles all the desert's sounds
Within its wild refrain.

When that vast, boundless plain and I
Are leagues and dreary leagues apart,
The eastern wind, which moans at eve,
Brings longings to my heart.

Only at night can I return,
And ride amid the sage-brush sea,
And live the things the wind suggests
By plaintive melody.

THE LOST POCKET-BOOK

BY MARGARET E. SCOTT (AGE 13)

(Honor Member)

THE great ocean liner was just steaming out of the dock, and last farewells were being waved, when suddenly a wail of despair came from an elderly lady on the deck. "Oh, I've gone and lost my pocket-book! What shall I do! What shall I do!"

"Tell the captain," suggested a sympathetic passenger. "Maybe he can help you."

She rushed into the cabin and grasped the captain's hand. "Oh, captain!" she cried, "my pocket-book is gone! I must have dropped it on the pier. It was imitation black seal, with a strap across the back. Can't you stop the boat?"

"Madam," said the captain soothingly, "I can't do that, but I'll send a wireless back to port, asking if such a purse has been found. If it has, I'll have a tug sent after us with it."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" said the old lady.

The captain hurried out and soon returned, beaming though breathless. "It's been found, Madam," he panted, "and the tug has started!"

Ten minutes later the tug came chugging to the side of the vessel. A man climbed over the rail and handed the pocket-book to the lady.

"Well I *am* thankful," sighed she, "and so relieved."
"Was all your money in it?" asked the sympathetic passenger.

"No money was in it," said the old lady calmly, "I keep all that in my bag. But I value the purse so much! I bought it at a bargain-sale, when I was shopping with cousin Mehitabel. Now she's gone out west to live, and I may never see her again. The purse was

so cheap, too. Only thirty-nine cents! I should have hated to lose it!"

The captain rubbed the perspiration off his forehead, and stood for some minutes gazing steadily out to sea.

THE LOST POCKET-BOOK

BY MARGUERITE WEISBROD (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

IT was small, green, and quite fat. Bobs eyed it wistfully. Would it be wise to pick it up? Oh, he knew it was n't All Fools' day, but still there were boys who'd play those tricks any time. And if—Bobs's eyes grew big at the thought—if it *did* have something in it, he could give it to Mums! Mums needed money; she had said so only yesterday.

Slyly Bobs poked it. No half-expected jerk labeled it as a joke. A sudden stoop—and Bobs was half-way up the block.

A small plaintive "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" stopped him in his rapid-transit. A little, thin old lady tripped anxiously down the street, reminding Bobs of a little old hen. Just then, catching sight of him she piped out, "Little boy, have you seen a small green purse?"

Bobs's heart sank. He must give it up. He remembered Mums saying that a found thing never belonged to the finder. He gave a groan, a little silent groan, and dutifully handed it over to its rightful owner.

"Thank you, little boy, thank you over so much," was about all he heard as he turned away. Oh! well, maybe he'd find another some day, but he guessed Mums would have to wait quite a while, as lost pocket-books are n't found every day of the year.



"COMING ACROSS." BY HORTON HONSAKER, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE, SILVER BADGE WON APRIL, 1913.)



"WHAT I LOVE BEST." BY WILLIAM H. SAVIN, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE EVENING WIND

BY WELLESLEY P. DAVIS (AGE 9)

(Silver Badge)

THE evening wind
Blows cool and clear
To me it is so dear!
I love to sit in a quiet nook
By the brook,
And hear the water flowing by,
And hear the hoot-owl's lonely cry.

The evening wind
On a winter's night
Blows with all its powerful might,
Whirling the snow from off the ground,
And twisting the pine boughs round and round,
And the cold bleak stars stare down from the sky,
Lighting the way of the passer-by.

THE EVENING WIND

BY MILDRED E. HUDSON (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

THE sun sinks low behind the western hills,
Bright streamers flame across the dark'ning sky,
The soft gray twilight follows; sweetly clear
I hear the whippoorwill's and killdeer's cry.
And now the evening wind comes o'er the fields,
And passes through the tree-tops with a sigh.

O wind that greets me like a wand'ring child,
Returning from a trip beyond the sea,
Have you in Bagdad's gardens ever played,
Or roamed among the flocks by Galilee,
Or listened to the shepherds of the South,
And thus brought tales of wonder home to me?

Perhaps you've lingered over Egypt's towers,
And whispered to the guardian of the sands,
Received the benediction of the Nile,
Then sped away o'er other foreign lands.
And maybe, as your pace grew tired and slow,
You marked where Inca's ruined city stands.

Now, laden with the fragrance of the East,
A scent of lotus blooms and orchards fair,
You come to waken subtle memories
Of rambles in the summer evening air.
Dear comrade of my youth, thou evening wind,
Accept my blessing for thy friendship rare.



"WHAT I LOVE BEST." BY RITA WOLF, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

AFTER SCHOOL—WHAT?

BY ABEL GREENSTEIN (AGE 14)

"Don't forget! Be on the field at three o'clock sharp!"
"All right, Cap! I'll be there."

This was the day of the Haywood-Hunter baseball game, and Captain Houston was telling his team to be on the diamond as soon as school was over.

An air of restlessness pervaded the atmosphere of the recitation rooms the whole day, but the teachers were inclined to be lenient. That is, every teacher was lenient except "Snooper" Royston, the Latin instructor.

Dave Alton, the star catcher, had been "flunking" his recitations right and left that morning and early afternoon, but his instructors knew that Dave was busy studying baseball signals, not the Greek or "math," so they let him rest in peace.

But his Nemesis came in the shape of Mr. Royston, the Latin teacher. Dave was not especially in love with Latin, and at his best he got a B; so just imagine poor

Dave, thinking of baseball, going into the "Snooper's" class to be slaughtered.

After failing miserably whenever called upon, poor Dave was so distracted that once, when he was asked to read a certain passage, he showed three fingers, which was the signal for the out-drop.

"Mr. Alton, I will detain you for about an hour after school, and we shall go over to-morrow's lesson together," said Mr. Royston benignly.

"After school—what? We play Hunter to-day, Mr. Royston. I'll come in to-night."

"Business before pleasure," was the reply. And thus it remained; for, should Dave refuse to obey, he would surely be suspended if not expelled. As a result of the back-stop's absence, Haywood lost by a 9-3 score that afternoon.

THE EVENING WIND

BY FELICE JARECKY (AGE 14)

EVENING wind, evening wind, blowing so gently,
Carry me off from this city so cold,
Bear me away to my own beloved country,
Land overflowing with sunshine of gold.

Evening wind, evening wind, blowing so gently,
Sing to me songs of the loved ones I left,
Hush with soft words the yearning that rises,
Sadness and ache of a heart that's bereft.

Evening wind, evening wind, blowing so gently,
Though far and alone I may wander and roam,
Ever be nigh to cheer and to comfort me.
Dear link that binds a poor exile with home!

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Marion Richardson	Gladys I. Duffy	Helen Knubel
Helen Nichols	Virginia H. Hill	Robert Athearn
Marshall Meyer	Lillian Stark	Elizabeth Roberts
Norma R. Gullett	Amy Lewis	George M. Buxton
Beatrice M. Byram	Sarah F. Borock	Edith Buck
Leighton Rollins	Dorotbea Lay	Hannah Ratisher
Lois Rogers	James S. Valentine, Jr	Joseph Steber
Arthur Krom	Dorothy Donlan	Gaylord W. Anderson
Paul Eldridge	Mary W. Aber, Jr.	Helen A. Morgan
Elizabeth Dickson	Jean P. Robertson	Dorothy Metzler
Katharine Van R. Holste	Gladys Heidelberg	James T. Russell
Joyce McCurdy	Rebecca Rubin	Margaret Warren
Agatha Ryan	Elizabeth Nason	Sidney E. Walton
Mary Appel	May L. Robinson	Myrna Davidson
Carolyn Dean	Norman Johnson	Evelyn G. Pullen
Martha L. Bartlett	Phyllis H. Campau	Fannie M. Bouton
Lucia P. Barber	Rita Fuguet	Mary Jenks
Helen K. Bartlett	Katherine Brammer	Eleanor Goodwin
Elizabeth Sullivan	Gladys Taggart	Helen Little
Marcella H. Foster	Dorothy Long	Duncan Candler
Virginia M. Alcock	Mona Miller	Beatrice H. Wilson
Eleanor C. Lowrey	Eleanor P. Allen	Samuel Maidman
Patrina M. Colis	Margaret C. Pland	Hobart Tucker
Marian Frankendorf	Barbara Frost	Laurence Ellis
Ellen N. Mason	F. C. Cheney	Dorothy H. Thompson
Louise A. Child	Alice Schmelzer	Beatrice Pollock
Agatha McCaffery	Elizabeth Gray	Margaret S. Lane
Miriam McQuaid	Leonora Kennedy	Elizabeth Helmer
Aletha Deitrick	L. Minerva Turnbull	Ruth Millard
Joe Williams	Ethel J. Earle	Herbert Challenge
Gwenfred Allen	Pauline Peirson	Evelyn Howard
Leo Hirschdorfer	Martha Green	Ethan Brent
Florence E. Meier	Isabel Armstrong	Gertrude Stewart
Claire Gilstrap	Hazel Wilcox	Constance E. Hartt
Florence H. N. Grand	Kathryn Le B. Drury	Dorothy Detrick
Sarah Rollins	Mildred McKinley	Christine E. Williams
Eleanor Schermerhorn	Edith T. Harris	Henrietta P. Clunet
Richard Frost	Wilhelmine Mead	Martha Hodgson
Naomi Archibald	C. Whitney Davison	Frances Johnson
Margaret Hollenberg	Dorothy H. Wingert	
Ruth K. Gaylord	Max E. Konecky	
Joe Williams	Isabel Lounsbury	
	Ruth Tubby	
	Eleanor Torrey	
	Hannah Davidson	

VERSE, 1

Charlotte Vanderlip
Norman Cabot
Olive E. Northup

Florence M. Treat
Dorothy Levy
May E. Wishart
Frederick M.
Davenport, Jr.
Frances B. Brooks
Katharine Beard
Peggy Norris
Mary A. White
Sidney Homer, Jr.
Jane Furlong
Emma Jacobs
Karlene Armstrong
Kenneth Crowe

Miriam Eisenberg
Dorothy V. Taylor
Overton G. Ellis, Jr.
Adele Noyes
Margaret J. Harper
Clarence S. Fisher
Naomi Brackett
Alta I. Davis
Howard R.
Sherman, Jr.
Adolf K. Hartdegen
Helen Kingman
Cornell M.
Trowbridge, Jr.

Anna Neare
Clark D. Tilden
Elizabeth Swor^{2s}
Winifred Maltby
Rose F. Keefe
A. Burroughs
Robert Barnes
Emily Ross
Ruth Thomson
Silvia Saunders
Elizabeth W. Graves
George Nichols, Jr.
Duncan Clapp
Virginia Thompson

Louis Osias
Elinor S. Pedley
Anna Marie Vogel
Fred Floyd, Jr.
Minnie Rubin
Margaret Louise Speare
John W. Sanborn
Julia Hemenway
Ottilie Morris

Rosamond Stewardson
Elizabeth Card
Frank Myers
Hannah Jasner
Kenneth Burdick
Avis R. Phillips
Loretta Person
Irving Johnson
Anna Schimausk
Barbara Jarrell
Donald Weaver
Margaret Blake
Anna Maher
Elizabeth B. Hay
Baldwin S. Maul
Alice M. Carden
Beth Tuttle
James D. Bronson, Jr.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 188

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 188 will close **June 24** (for foreign members **June 30**) Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **October**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "A Song of Summer."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Vacation Story," or "A Halloween Story"

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Where I Live" (may be the house, the town, the city, or a landscape scene)

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Dressed Up!" or a Heading for **October**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a *few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.



"WHAT I LOVE BEST." BY LAVERNE SIDNAM, AGE 14.

Grace Holcomb
Miriam Hussey
Julia C. Abbe
Katherine Boyle
Mary E. Verner
Lillian Glenn
Alice Card
Elsa S. Ebeling
Marie Welch
Winifred F. Gray
Phoebe Wilson
Valera Fisher
Mary Lockett
Ada H. Haeseler
Pauline Lyles
Maude Dickinson
Frances Sutter
Clifford A. Furst
Marguerite A. Wing
Sibyl Esterly
Lucy M. Hodge
Mira Bowles
Barbara Prosser
Elizabeth R. Child
Henry S. Redmond
Thais Plaisted
Isabelle B. Greason
Sydney R. McLean
Louis Olson
Aletha H. Stiles
Jessie M. Thompson
Vida Williams
Mildred Frank
Grace H. Witte
Mabel Updegraff
Anne Garber
Wesley A. De Laney
Ruth P. Crawford
Dorothy A. Williams
Mary S. Benson
Elizabeth Kieffer
Sterling North
Verna Peacock
Eleanor Pearsall
Eleanor Johnson
Harriet S. Bailey
Marjorie G. Lowe
Louise Pott
Bruce Sjöström
Stuart A. Chertock
Ruth Jeffrey
Annetta B. Stainton
Edward Bello
Marie Mirvis
Elizabeth Doyle
Magdalene Le Feure
Dorothy Belda
Dorothy Cullen
Celestine Morgan
Ethel Karotkin
Marion E. Moore
Dorothy Broomall
Josephine E. Mack
Eli T. Conner

DRAWINGS, 1

Walter Jensen
Beatrice Wineland
Katharine E. Smith
Emma Stuyvesant

H. Martyn Kneeder, Jr.
Mary Linehan
Walter H. Bange
Marjorie B. Clarke
Edwin M. Gill
Esther Rice
Edith C. Walker
Lucie C. Holt
Helen C. Jaeger
Helen L. Cram
Arolina A. Beecher
Helen F. Sanford
H. Irene Smith
Henrietta H. Henning
August Smith
Frank Bisinger
Margaret Mills
Ralph Schubert
Helen G. Bernard
Gretchen Herz
Otto Tennigkeit
Vernita C. Haynes
Mary I. Fry
Margaret Lantz

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

John J. Miller
Mietta M. Brugnot
Eleanor Pease
Frances Ellis
Donald R. Whittaker
Ruth Munroe
Amy H. Medary
Margaret Southam
Irene E. Cooper
Rachel D. Hamilton
Kathryn Rohnert
Quincy S. Cabot
Rachel Reaney
Geisse Fuguet
Esther B. White
Katherine A. Adams
Alice E. Hanscom
Katherine Browne
Arthur R. Sharp, Jr.
W. Coburn Seward
Williamina C. Campbell
Annabel Armstrong
Anita Tenton
Evelyn Weit
Perry B. Jenkins
Robert Burgher
Elwyn B. White
Parker B. Newell
Henry A. Willard
Mary Curry
Jean Southam
Louise S. May
Ruth MacIntosh
John P. Vose
Alden J. Macfarlane
Marion Quackenbush
Elizabeth H. Thompson
Margaret C. Pechin
Marion Hendrickson
Peggy Gantt
Clement P. Cobb
Henry G. T. Langdon
Richard Lowenstein

Janet E. Brown
Beatrice Quackenbush
Elizabeth Cope
Gertrude Hoffman
Nora Birmingham
Dorothy Daly
Elizabeth T. Brooks
Gertrude T. Sears
Henry N. Pierce
Gerald H. Loomis

PUZZLES, 1

Bernard Candip
Carl Fichandler
Hubert Barentzen
Lewis Todiss
Margaret S. Anderson
Esther Gurbarg
Anne C. Coburn
Saul Borock
Joe Earnest
Geraldine Mallette
Edith Pierpont Stickney
Gene Sandler
Mary K. Cunningham
Lois Bancroft Long
Ethel Hage
Helen Ziegler
Ethel Forbes
Marguerite A. Harris
Angela Loftus
Jean F. Black
Margaret Glickman

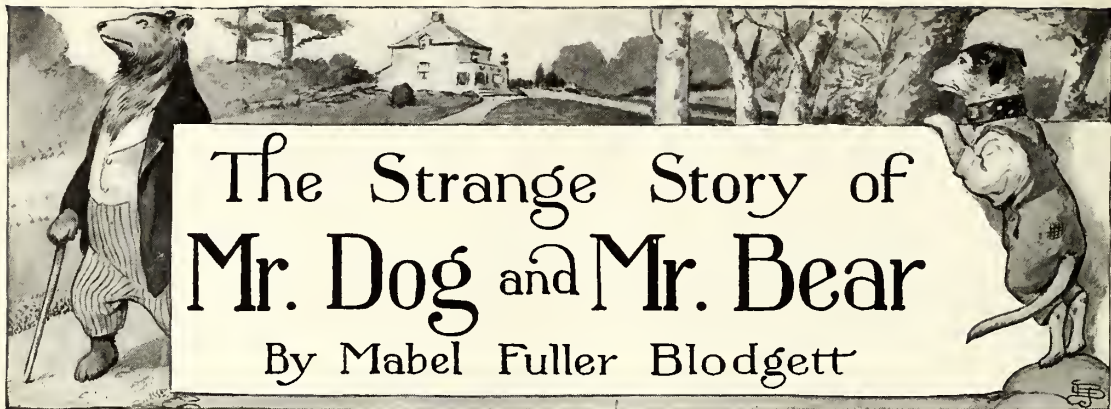


"WHAT I LOVE BEST."
BY BERNADA F. MC-CORMICK, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

David Clark
Helen Stucklen

PUZZLES, 2

Isadore Solkoff
Myrtle Winter
Blemy Shapiro
Edward Whorhis



The Strange Story of Mr. Dog and Mr. Bear

By Mabel Fuller Blodgett

(FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK)

II. MR. BEAR'S SURPRISE PARTY

AFTER Mr. Bear and Mr. Dog had arranged together about the housework in the way I have already told you, everything went along very pleasantly.

But Mr. Bear's conscience troubled him a little whenever he saw Mr. Dog cheerfully doing a lot of extras, such as preserving and so on, which was more than Mr. Dog had promised. You see, in the beginning Mr. Bear had certainly worked Mr. Dog pretty hard. Now they were such good friends that he wished he had n't, and when Mr. Dog's birthday drew near, Mr. Bear made up his mind to give Mr. Dog a grand surprise party. Of course a surprise party has got to be a surprise; but Mr. Dog was so quick at guessing and Mr. Bear was so slow at planning, that it made things difficult.

Mr. Bear had already bought Mr. Dog the most beautiful red morocco collar with the name and address engraved on it on the solid brass plate attached to it, which was as good as a visiting-card any day, and more convenient. But now poor Mr. Bear was at his wits' end to hide the gift from Mr. Dog until the birthday came. Every night he changed the place when he thought Mr. Dog was asleep. Mr. Dog, as a matter of fact, generally slept with one eye open, so he could n't help wondering why Mr. Bear did so much walking about and poking into strange corners after nightfall, but he had so much politeness, which is another name for tact, that he only snored a little louder and pretended he had seen nothing at all.

The last place Mr. Bear had put the collar was in the wood pile, and it made him very nervous every time Mr. Dog went out to the shed to get

a stick of wood. He kept thinking of reasons why they should eat only cold things until Mr. Dog was more puzzled than ever.

And now the birthday came nearer and nearer, till it got to be the very day, and Mr. Bear had n't sent out a single invitation to the party, or even cooked anything for the occasion, or said one word to Mr. Dog about it. It was plainly time to get Mr. Dog away from the house, but Mr. Dog was lying in the hammock with his cap over his eyes, and looked as though nothing could induce him to move for the next six hours.

However, Mr. Bear thought and thought, and scratched his head, and by and by he came to the door and coughed. "Ahem!" said Mr. Bear loudly, "ahem! Mr. Dog, er—I say, Mr. Dog—"

"Yes, Mr. Bear," said Mr. Dog, snapping lazily at a fly and turning over to get into a more comfortable position.

"I say, Mr. Dog, would n't you please just go over to the blueberry patch and pick about ten quarts of blueberries?"

Mr. Dog was so astonished that he opened both eyes wide and nearly, but not quite, fell out of the hammock.

"Blueberries! ten quarts!" he repeated.

"Yes," said Mr. Bear, smiling very pleasantly. "It would be so nice for blueberry pies and sauce next winter."

"Could n't think of it," said Mr. Dog, decidedly. "My dear fellow, it must be one hundred in the shade this minute in the blueberry patch, and we won't need anything of the kind for ever so long. Wait a while till it 's cooler. And ten quarts! Why, my dear Mr. Bear, it would take me all day!"

"I hope so," Mr. Bear started to say, and then changed it into a sneeze just in time.

Mr. Dog sank back into the hammock and Mr. Bear had to go back into the house. He felt so dreadfully because he could n't think of another excuse to get Mr. Dog away, so that he might freeze ice-cream, and make cakes and candy for the party, and give his invitations, that he groaned aloud.

Now Mr. Dog was very kind-hearted, and he was a little worried too about the queer way Mr. Bear was acting. So when he heard the groan, he jumped up and ran in.

"Oh, Mr. Bear, are you sick?" he said. "And shall I go for the doctor?"

Mr. Bear stopped groaning and sprang up, looking very happy. Then he remembered himself and sat down again, and began to groan louder than ever.

"That 's it, that 's it," he said. "Run for the doctor, dear Mr. Dog; run for the doctor, do!"

"Where is your pain?" said Mr. Dog, anxiously.

"My pain?" asked Mr. Bear much surprised. "Oh, yes, my pain—well it 's kind of all-overish I think."

"What 's it like?" said Mr. Dog, getting more worried every minute.

"Well," said Mr. Bear, scratching his head, "it kind of jumps. Yes, Mr. Dog, that 's it; it jumps," and Mr. Bear looked very pleased with himself indeed.

"Oh!" said Mr. Dog, "that must be dreadful. I 'll go right away. Which doctor shall I get?"

"The farthest off," said Mr. Bear before he thought; but he added hastily, "he 's the best. I must have the best, you know," and he gave a louder groan than ever and turned a complete summersault; and Mr. Dog began to run down the road as though a whole pack of wolves were after him.

Mr. Bear lay still a minute, then he got cautiously up and peeked out the window, but all he saw on the winding road was a puff of dust slowly settling after Mr. Dog's paws had stirred it up.

Then, well, then he did get busy. First, he got one of Mr. Dog's checkered gingham aprons because all his own were in the wash, and as the strings would n't quite meet round his waist he had to hunt ever so long for a safety pin with which to fasten it together. At last he got out all the dishes and spoons, and the salt and pepper, and sugar, and spices, and flour, and butter, and nuts, and raisins, and cinnamon, and nutmeg, and candied lemon peel, that he wanted, and the real work began. He cooked, and he cooked, and he cooked: and when he got through there were the most beautiful tarts, and pies, and doughnuts, and cookies, and ginger-bread, and, best of all, the

loveliest birthday cake with pink and white frosting, and "Happy Birthday to Mr. Dog" on it in wonderful curly letters.

Mr. Bear put all this away in the pantry and locked the door, and then he began on the ice-cream. He froze, and he froze, and he froze; and when he was through there were gallons and gallons of the loveliest ice-cream, strawberry and vanilla and chocolate. And this he locked up in the ice-chest.

Then he got some lemons, a lot of them, and he squeezed, and he squeezed, and he squeezed, till he had quarts and quarts of the most beautiful



"MR. DOG WAS LYING IN THE HAMMOCK WITH HIS CAP OVER HIS EYES."

lemonade. And this he locked up in the cupboard. And then he was very tired, but he could n't stop for that. So he put on his linen cap and dust coat and started off to give his invitations. Fortunately, most of his friends and Mr. Dog's lived near, and a kind crow promised to send word to the far-off people.

Mr. Bear wasted no time. He dashed into Mr. Pig's house and told him to be sure to come at eight o'clock promptly that night to Mr. Bear's house, and help give Mr. Dog the surprise of his life. Mr. Pig was very polite and an ornament to any party, and he accepted at once with pleasure, and began right away to fix up generally for the grand doings of the evening. By this time Mr. Bear had got to the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe. Mr. Bear told his errand, and she said she would come.

"I 'm inviting Mr. Owl also," Mr. Bear remarked; "for you know he settled so wisely that one dispute Mr. Dog and I ever had about who was to do the housework."

Then, after Mr. Bear had seen Gray Goose and Peter Rabbit, and they had accepted, he was able to go home again, feeling very happy indeed.

Meanwhile, Mr. Dog had got back to the cot-

tage first, and you may believe he was astonished to find the house empty. The doctor had promised to come that evening at eight. It was Dr. Racoon, who was the very best to be had, but who was too busy to come before. Mr. Dog could have got Mr. Red Fox to come at once; he sometimes acted as doctor in hurry cases, but, somehow, he never quite trusted him, and Mr. Red Fox never seemed either altogether easy in Mr. Dog's company. And now Mr. Bear was away.

Mr. Dog felt very much worried. He tried the pantry door; it was locked. He tried the ice-chest door; it was locked. He tried the cupboard door; it was locked! "Good gracious!" said Mr. Dog, very much excited. And I don't know what would have happened, only just then Mr. Dog caught sight of a piece of paper pinned to a napkin that covered a dish of cold scraps, and on it was written in Mr. Bear's big handwriting:

"Gone. Be back in half an hour."

"Well, did you ever," said the amazed Mr. Dog, when he had slowly spelled out this mes-



"WHERE IS YOUR PAIN?" SAID MR. DOG, ANXIOUSLY."

sage; but he was not, however, too surprised to do full justice to the luncheon left for him.

Having eaten, Mr. Dog decided to make a more thorough search of the whole premises, because his nose kept telling him that somewhere near there was something very good to eat. So he looked through the cupboard keyhole, and he

looked through the ice-chest door keyhole, and he looked through the pantry keyhole, and he saw nothing at all in the first and second because it was pitch dark, but the pantry had a window and he saw—well, what did n't he see? Half a whole pie, and a lot of little round things that looked like cookies, and a gingerbread man, and what do you think? A big cake! A big frosted cake! A big birthday frosted cake, with "Hap" on it and "day," for that was all the frosted letters Mr. Dog could read through the keyhole. But that was enough. Mr. Dog barked just once, he was so taken back. And then he began to think quickly. He looked out the kitchen window with the tail of his eye, and there he saw Mr. Bear come wearily up the road.

Now Mr. Dog could think ever so much quicker than Mr. Bear, and in a flash it came to him how disappointed Mr. Bear would be, if he knew his secret was discovered. And Mr. Dog felt so happy that Mr. Bear was n't really ill, and that all these strange happenings were not so strange after all, and that dear old Mr. Bear was being exceedingly kind, that he made up his mind Mr. Bear should never, never know that the surprise was n't just as he planned it.

Mr. Bear came in, looking quite confused, but Mr. Dog appeared not to notice anything unusual. He said he was very glad Mr. Bear felt able to take a little exercise, that exercise was fine for illness, and that now Mr. Bear had better rest, and that the doctor would come in the evening, and that he, Mr. Dog, was going to take a cat-nap himself (though just how he could do that is beyond me).

Mr. Bear was very glad Mr. Dog felt all these ways, and soon nothing could be heard in the cottage but the gentle snores of Mr. Dog and the great rumbling snores of Mr. Bear; for, indeed, both of them were tired out with their day's labors. By six o'clock, however, they both awakened much refreshed, and now Mr. Dog behaved in such a considerate and gentlemanly manner that it is a pleasure to write about it.

First he told Mr. Bear that he felt he must go up to his room, and finish an exciting novel he was reading, and that he should stay at least an hour, and then he never let Mr. Bear see him looking out the window while Mr. Bear gathered all the flowers he could carry from the garden, and began to decorate the parlor. By and by Mr. Bear came and knocked on Mr. Dog's door.

"Ahem!", he said. "Mr. Dog, excuse me, but would you mind brushing up a little? You see, they—well, you see, the doctor's coming."

"Why certainly, Mr. Bear," said Mr. Dog. "I was just putting some perfumery on my handker-

chief and washing up as you came in. I always feel like making myself look well for Dr. Racoon, he is so very neat himself."

"True, true," said Mr. Bear, rubbing his paws together in great glee, and chuckling to himself.

Just then they both heard the sound of approaching footsteps, while loud cheers resounded from the forest and calls for Mr. Bear and Mr. Dog.

"There," said Mr. Bear "I'm going down to meet the doctor, and you come, Mr. Dog, in just five minutes, will you?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Dog, and he began to whistle as loudly as he could so as to drown the sounds of joy beneath him. Pretty soon Mr. Bear's big voice came up the stairway.

"Please come down, Mr. Dog," he said, and down came Mr. Dog, amid such sounds as "Sh-sh-sh, he's coming." "Not a sound," "Please stop crowding, here he is!" "Now all together," "One, two, three, hurrah for Mr. Dog! Happy birthday, old fellow, hurrah! hurrah!"

Mr. Dog certainly did act finely. He put his paw to his head and fell back. "What's all this?" he muttered. "What's all this?"

"It's your birthday; many of them," said Mr. Bear in high feather, stepping forward. "And here are a few old friends come to wish you joy, and here,"—and he handed over the red morocco collar—"is a little gift from your true comrade, Ursa Major Bear, Esq."

Well, Mr. Dog was pleased, I can tell you. He had the new collar on in a jiffy, and it was greatly admired.

And then the fun began. They played games, "Stage Coach" and "Follow My Leader"—Mr. Owl won that, sly old bird, by flying up on the chandelier, where nobody could follow. Dr. Racoon was as full of fun as the rest, and Mr. Dog was the life of the party. About ten o'clock they

all sat down to supper, and by ten-thirty every bit was eaten up.

At last they all went home, after drinking Mr. Bear's and Mr. Dog's health in lemonade for the tenth and last time; and after their merry voices



"WHAT'S ALL THIS?" MR. DOG MUTTERED. "WHAT'S ALL THIS?"

had died away, Mr. Dog and Mr. Bear began to lock up and put out the lights.

"Thank you a thousand times, Mr. Bear, for all your kindness," said Mr. Dog, nightcap on head and candle in hand as he stood at his chamber door.

"Not at all, Mr. Dog," answered Mr. Bear politely; "but it was a good party, was n't it? And oh! Mr. Dog, the best of it all is, I never saw anybody so surprised as you were in all my life."

(To be continued.)

THE LETTER-BOX

LOS TEQUES, VENEZUELA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have received you for more than a year and like you very much.

We are four girls and I am the eldest.

I have been twice to New York and the other children once. The last time we lived in Brooklyn and spent almost two years there. It is now a year since we came back. I was in France, too, but like New York best.

We are now in the country (otherwise we live in the city of Caracas) and have much fun. We have made long expeditions and mean to do more, particularly to a cave up in a mountain where it is said that the Indian chief, Guaicaipuro, hid from the Spanish.

It is very different here from New York. We have no winter and the houses are quite different, being half garden, half house.

We have a tiny Shetland pony. They are very rare here. In Caracas there are three or four, but ours is the smallest.

Your loving reader,

EMILIA MARTURET (age 14).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I noticed in a January number a letter from a girl of thirteen, telling how she gave the play "Everygirl." I helped give one, too.

Our teacher wanted a play and I offered yours. She said it was very nice, and we practised for weeks. I am *Knowledge*, and stand near the center in the inclosed



picture. The principal—and we all love him—said the play was the best entertainment given so far.

I wish to thank you for the praise and good marks we all received on account of it. We like you the best of all the magazines we take. We—my brother, sister, and I—like Ralph Henry Barbour's stories very much, as well as the serials and the League.

Your loving reader,

MARGARET H. LAIDLAW (age 13).

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell you about the puzzle I made up. You can imagine what a time I had with it, as it took me a week to do it, but if it had been all right the first time, it would only have taken a few hours.

The first thing that happened was that my uncle said that Buren would have to come out, as the president's name was *Van Buren*. When I went over the diagram, I found I had put one r to Harrison. Then my father threw away the paper that had the presidents and their numbers. As I could only get one half the paper I could find no mistake. But I found I had made a mistake on the other half. Then I lost the diagram, and had to make another one. As I was going over this a queer thing happened. I thought New York was Georgia. I had Geo written when I remembered it was New York, and I had to change it back again. I hope that the puzzle will appear in St. NICHOLAS after I had so much trouble with it.

Your interested reader,

LEONARD L. ERNST (age 9).

ALBANY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have scarlet fever at present and cannot write this letter to you with my own hand. It has to be read to Mother through the *sealed* door of my room, and she writes it down and reads it over the telephone to my father's office, to his secretary.

You may be interested to know that this is the second time I have had scarlet fever at Christmas time. Last year like this year I was in quarantine, and Father carried my gifts in a bag like a *Santa Claus*, and came up a ladder to the roof under my window; and all the family came, too, except the cook, who was afraid to climb the ladder. Several of our neighbors came too, to see me and my presents. I got many beautiful things, but I think I like you as well as any of them.

I think that the "Boarded-up House" will be fine. I wonder if *Cynthia* and *Joyce* get to the upper story in the next number. "Peg o' the Ring" promises to be very thrilling, but of all of the stories in St. NICHOLAS, "The Lost Prince" is my favorite. I have liked all of Mrs. Burnett's stories ever since I first read "Little Lord Fauntleroy." You keep me very happy until I have read you all through. I always gobble you up at my very first chance.

Your interested reader,

LOUISE VAN LOON (age 10).

WESTERLY, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to tell you how much I love dear old St. NICHOLAS. I have only had it since Christmas but I love it as much as if I had always taken it.

I am spending the summer at our summer place, three miles from Westerly, R. I. I have been going there every summer since I was born except once when I went to Europe.

My cousin and I climb trees together, and we also cook on a little stove in my playhouse. We also go in swimming a lot and we can go sailing, rowing, and canoeing, which we love. It has been raining all week and I am sure that I would have been very lonely had it not been for you to keep me company.

Your very interested reader,

ANNE W. WILLIAMS (age 11).

CENTREVILLE, ALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl ten years old, and live about a mile from town. There is a cotton-field in front of our house. It looks very pretty when its soft snowy cotton peeps out, and then hangs down.

My little sister, Connie, does not go to school, so she must have some one to play with while I'm at school. A little negro girl on our farm, named Lou, is her playmate. Connie can't talk plain, and says "You" for Lou. So Connie nicknamed Lou "Dooley Bug." Sometimes "Dooley Bug" comes and spends the night with us. This delights Connie, and she makes her a pallet on the floor near her own bed.

We have about three hundred pecan-trees which Daddy planted. Daddy took St. NICHOLAS when he was a little boy.

Mama raises a great many chickens.

Your stories are all so interesting, I hardly know my favorite.

With best wishes,

Your interested little friend,

RHODA COLEMAN ELLISON.

LINCOLN, NEB.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the March issue of ST. NICHOLAS there is an article on "Sailing on Wheels in New York City" which reminds me of the time I made a "wind-wagon." I procured an old buggy, took off the body from the running-gear, and mounted a plank down the middle as a backbone. The steering was done by means of pulleys and rope, and the guiding was accomplished by means of the hind wheels, giving greater stability to the vehicle. The sail was made out of an



THE WIND-WAGON.

old automobile cover, and mounted somewhat forward of the front axle, which aided in keeping the vehicle in the road,—that is, it lessened the chances of having the end swung around when tacking.

In operating the "wind-wagon," the helmsman sat just behind the mast; and, ordinarily, ballast was needed in form of another person, who sat over the rear axle and controlled the sail, when not engaged in maintaining

his position astride the plank, which, by the way, it was not easy to do in a good wind. Instead of sailing directly with the wind, we would sail across, thus there was no necessity for pushing the wagon by hand.



THE WIND-WAGON UNDER FULL SAIL.

The accompanying photographs show two views of the "wind-wagon," one in motion, and one a closer view while not in motion.

Yours truly,

GEO. E. HARRIS.

VIENNA, AUSTRIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter from Vienna in the Letter-box, and I do not know of any other little girl here who takes you, but I am sure not one of all the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls loves you better than we do. My mother used to read you when she was a little girl, and sometimes she tells us stories out of the old bound volumes.

In Vienna, every one thinks only about the war. We saw the soldiers going away every day at the beginning, and the trains from the Tyrol were all decorated with flowers from the high Alps; the Tyrolean songs were chalked on the outside of the trains, and the soldiers sang as they passed.

One Sunday, when we were going for a visit to Rekvinkel, my Grandmama's summer home, we met some troops resting after marching forty miles! The regimental cook was stirring their dinner in a big kettle which looked like a giant's kettle. We had to show our passes, then my Papa gave them some cigarettes; and, when our automobile went on, they called, "Heil, Heil," after us, which means "greeting."

My two uncles are officers in the Austrian army; one is with General von Kirchbach's staff, and the other one is on the fighting line in Russia. I go with my mother to the hospitals sometimes, to take things to the wounded soldiers. They look very happy, not at all as if they had been shot. All the wounded ones want to get well in a hurry to go back again. I am going soon to see Rosa, the "heroine of Rawa-Ruska," who was

wounded carrying water to the soldiers on the battlefield. Was n't she splendid? Kaiser Franz Josef gave her a gold medal set in diamonds.

I was born in Paris, but I was in America for three years. Then we came to Vienna, which was my Papa's boyhood home. We live quite near Schönbrunn Palace, where the Emperor lives, and we go through the Imperial gardens almost every day. I love the story you printed of Marie Antoinette being here with her Mother, because I play in those same spots; the "Gloriette" where they sat together is quite near our house.

Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS. My brother Waldemar and I send you a poem I wrote, and our love and greetings to all the other ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls.

Your loving reader,

MARGARET JUERS (age 10).

THE FLAG

BY MARGARET JUERS

The gloomy clouds of battle smoke
Hide the Star of Peace.
The thunder of the storm of war
Does every day increase.
Over fair and fruitful lands
The bullets dash like hail;
Over the hearts of thousands
Is draped a mourning veil.

The crimson flag of England
And France's colors three
And Russia's eagles, fiercely
Lead troops across the sea.
Germany's fearless banner,
Austria's black and gold,
Turkey's star and crescent—
Their battles are untold!

But our star-spangled banner
Still waves in light of peace;
Looks sadly on the turmoil
And begs that it may cease.
Oh, let us hope our glorious flag
May fill its splendid aim;
And filling it, may add still more
To its progressive fame!

Here is a little story by an eight-year-old author, printed exactly as he wrote it.

THE FROG AND THE BALL

BY BRANDON WENTWORTH (AGED 8)

Once upon a time there was a frog, and he had a little pond out in front of his house. One day he was sitting out on his porch, and all of a sudden he saw a ball rush into his pond. He was so surprised that he did not know what to do. He hopped into the pond to see what kind of a ball it was. It looked like a hard base ball to him. He thought he would say how do you do to the ball, so he did, and the ball answered him very much out of breath.

The frog said to him that he would like to hear his story, and the ball said to the frog that he would tell it. "but first I want you to come into my house and get cooled off", so the frog led him into his house.

"If you do not mind I think I would like a cup of tea", said the ball.

"You may have it", said the frog, "if you will wait just a minute

so while the ball was waiting he looked at some books which were very interesting

In a few minutes the frog came in with the tea "Mr. Ball", said the frog, "could you tell me your story now?"

"Yes", I think I could, "begin then", said the frog.

Well first I think I was in a store then some men came and bought me.

One day I was taken out into a big field and was put down on the ground and all at once I was hit with a stick and then I was hit with another and another and another and today when you saw me run into your pond I was hit with a stick". Come and stay with me and I won't treat you like that I hope", said the frog and while I was getting hit with sticks lots of horses tramped on me and over me.

"I hope those men do not get you again said the frog. and besides the horses made so much dust that I could not see where I was going

"by the way said the frog I wanted to ask you what kind of a ball you are

"I am a polo ball", said the ball.

Oh, "listen said the frog, "I hear something

"That sounds like the horses", said the ball.

I think you better hide me

"I will", said the frog.

go hide in the ice-chest because here they come".

The men knocked at the door. "Come in" said the frog

have you seen a polo ball said the men

Yes I have but you can't have him said the frog

You give him to us said the men.

I will not you thief" cried the frog, "he 's my friend and you go right out of this house immediately and the frog shut the door in their faces.

Then the men said they were going to buy a better ball that would not run away like that.

Then the frog called the ball to come out of the ice-chest

In came the ball with a smile on his face and said "are the men gone" yes they are" said the frog "are not you glad" yes said the ball.

"Let us go to bed" said the frog "it is time" so the frog and the ball went to bed.

In the morning they got up and had a bath in the pond.

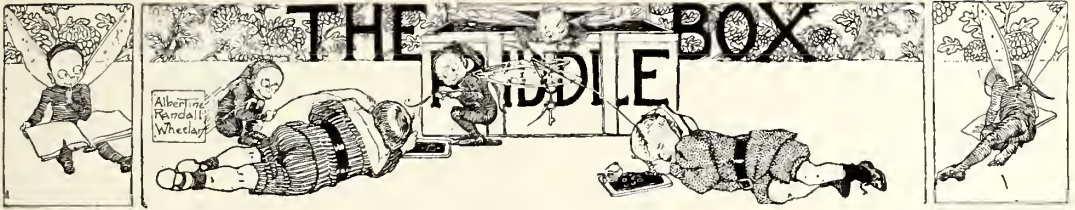
It was great fun splashing around in the nice cool water.

Then they got out and had a sun bath, and played all day in the sun light and at night they went to bed happy and sleepy and they lived like two brothers and the polo men never found the ball and so they lived happily ever after.

PERPETUATING A NAME

NEARLY a century and a quarter ago, a man died in England whose name is every day on many lips. The lady who gives an afternoon tea uses it, so does the school-boy who eats his luncheon. This man was so fond of playing games that he did n't like to stop even to go to dinner. He would call his servant to bring him slices of bread and meat. Not liking to have the meat soil his hands, it was placed between the slices of bread, and he took the whole in his fingers. He was the Earl of Sandwich, and all the sandwiches take their name from him. They are eaten as he ate his—no one ever uses a knife and fork on a sandwich. It is rather an odd way to win fame, however.

C. R. SMITH.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May. From "New Year's Eve."

TRANPOSITIONS. Woodrow Wilson. 1. ware, Wear. 2. soil, Oils. 3. Nome, Omen. 4. mode, Dome. 5. sore, Rose. 6. rove, Over. 7. flow, Wolf. 8. draw, Ward. 9. Cain, Inca. 10. palm, Lamp. 11. vase, Save. 12. does, Odes. 13. mane, Name.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials, Queen Victoria; fourth row, Duchess of Kent. Cross-words: 1. Quiddle. 2. Unfurls. 3. Educate. 4. Eschews. 5. Nosegay. 6. Vessels. 7. Irsome. 8. Colossi. 9. Trifles. 10. Osakans. 11. Revenge. 12. Inanity. 13. Agitate.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE. Lewis was nine; his father, forty-nine.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMAS. I. Ohio. II. China.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received before March 24 from Elizabeth Palms Lewis—Frances W. Bronson—Harry C. Bailey—Mary Cleveland Bostwick—"Chums"—Evelyn Hillman—Elizabeth L. Young.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received before March 24 from Bruce W. Chapman, 9—Elizabeth Rodgers, 9—Betty Lowe, 9—Helen A. Moulton, 9—Geraldine H. Mallette, 9—Eleanor W. Bowker, 9—"Allil and Adi," 9—Claire A. Hepner, 9—Mary Elizabeth Steinmetz, 9—Elise Ludlam, 9—Margaret S. Anderson, 9—Phyllis Young, 8—Ruth V. A. Spicer, 8—Pauline Nelson, 8—Adelaide Morgan, 8—Carrol Winrod, 8—Alice N. Farrar, 7—Janet B. Fine, 7—Margaret B. Lott, 7—Elizabeth B. Clark, 7—Frances D. Wilder, 7—Hubert Barentzen, 7—Florence Noble, 6—Allen D. Raymond, Jr., 6—Arthur Poulin, Jr., 6—Dorothy P. Wright, 5—Miriam Hardy, 5—Helen Tougas, 5—Helen McGee, 4—Helene M. Kahn, 4—Elizabeth Card, 4—Helen A. Vance, 4—Maurice B. Blumenthal, Jr., 4—Renwick Bole, 3—Helen F. Eddy, 3—Estelle I. Cohen, 2—Evelyn Brownell, 2—Sewell Woodward, 2—Madeleine Strauss, 2—Irene Morrow, 2—F. Lee Whittlesey, 2—Marion Frauenthal, 2—Clifford M. Haste, 2—M. S. Seabury, 1—L. B. Church, 1—A. Carter, 1—F. McIntyre, 1—D. L. Tait, 1—E. S. Klatte, 1—E. B. Hay, 1—M. Burger, 1—A. L. Warren, 1—M. W. Rustin, 1—E. Wells, 1—S. Ingalls, 1—M. Campbell, 1—M. Keeling, 1—J. M. Brooke, 1—A. R. Phillips, 1—C. Hatch, 1—F. Barnes, 1—No name, Newburgh, 1—A. Maher, 1—C. L. Bates, 1—A. S. Marshall, 1—A. Rice, 1—D. V. Maitland, 1—A. Richards, 1—C. Kessler, 1—R. Boyd, 1—S. H. Taylor, 1—V. Herbert, 1—B. Pinkerton, 1—R. McMaster, 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, in the order here given, the diagonal, from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter, will spell the surname of an English author. He was born in June, almost a hundred years ago.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An Australian animal. 2. To set free. 3. To stigmatize. 4. A part broken off. 5. Frightful. 6. A musical instrument. 7. To spend lavishly. 8. An inn.

CARL FICHANDLER (age 12).

RIDDLE

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won November, 1913)

JOIN two to five; but three 't will prove,
Yet they 're a mighty three,
For nought "the world can evcr move"
Except there hidden be
In it this wondrous three.

Did I say three? How things can mix!
While three, a thousand 't is, and six!

BERNARD CANDIP (age 15).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of fifty-four letters, and form a quotation from Proverbs.

My 39-21-31 is to vibrate. My 12-54-22 is to essay. My 2-9-50-15 is a very graceful bird. My 45-27-6-20 is to melt. My 42-47-33-35-16 is to push forward. My 49-24-36-40-4 is the trial impression of a photograph. My 11-3-29-52-10 is a cosmetic for giving color to the cheeks. My 23-19-44-18-53-8 is cleanses. My 28-1-14-32-34-7 is unfruitful. My 41-37-38-43-46-

ILLUSTRATED PREFIX PUZZLE. Prefix, horse. 1. Fly. 2. Hair. 3. Chestnut. 4. Radish. 5. Back. 6. Man. 7. Block. 8. Shoe. 9. Whip. 10. Car.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS. I. L, sap, Latin, pin, n; n, rod, noses, deg(ree), s; l, lap, laden, per, n; n, nod, notes, dew, s. II. S, one, snore, err, e; e, ant, enter, tea, r; s, Ate, stare, era, e, e, rat, eater, ten, r. III. S, sea, seals, ale, s; s, cod, solar, day, r; s, spa, spars, arc, s; s, end, sucer, Dey, r. IV. R, nul(l), rules, led, s; s, ope, spurs, ere, s; r, sol, roses, Leo, s; s, doe, sores, eel, s.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE. 1. Me. 2. Mass. 3. Conn. 4. Pa. 5. Del. 6. Md. 7. Mo. 8. Miss. 9. Tenn. 10. Ill. 11. Ark. 12. Ore. 13. Wash. 14. La. 15. R. I. 16. Neb. 17. Kan. 18. Ga.

25-51 is an inhabitant of a certain great country. My 17-48-30 and 5-13-26 form two little words of warning.

JULIAN L. ROSS (age 11), League Member.

FINAL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the final letters will spell the name of a famous naval officer who was killed in a duel.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Frightened. 2. An Austrian river. 3. A madman. 4. A city in the Philippines. 5. Noisy sport. 6. An article of furniture. 7. A vocalist.

JACOB KAUFMAN (age 12), League Member.

DIAMOND

1. In nobility. 2. A masculine nickname. 3. A frame for holding a picture. 4. Bertram. 5. An inhabitant of an Eastern city. 6. Part of the name of a Swiss pass. 7. A Scottish title. 8. Insane. 9. In nobility.

MOLLIE BRENNER (age 16), League Member.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the first and third rows of letters will, when read in connection, form a quotation from Tennyson.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. That which strengthens. 2. Belonging to man. 3. To decree. 4. An aromatic plant. 5. A favorite pursuit. 6. Stagers. 7. To attach. 8. Ghastly pale. 9. An old name for a doctor. 10. Perfect. 11. A water-nymph. 12. A coin. 13. A frame to hold a picture. 14. A geometrical figure. 15. A relish. 16. Glances at furtively.

ELIZA WOOD (age 16), League Member.



“Roughing It” Can’t Hurt Holeproofs

Mothers, why darn when you may buy long-wearing Holeproofs for the children? Three pairs are guaranteed to wear three months without holes. If any of the three pairs need darning within that time we will replace them with new hose free. Six pairs are guaranteed to wear six months.

You’ve heard of these children’s guaranteed Holeproofs—how they

are knit from the best Egyptian and Sea Island cotton yarns, made from long-fibre cotton, which is spun into softer, stronger, finer strands. They are stylish, comfortable, and last twice as long as common stockings.

Save yourself darning troubles by giving the boys and girls smart-looking Holeproofs. Once you try them, you’ll always buy them.

Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

The genuine Holeproofs are sold in your town. Ask for dealers’ names. We ship direct where no dealer is near, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance. Write for free book that tells all about these hose.

At the Price of Ordinary Hose

Men’s, 25c per pair and up.
Women’s, 35c per pair and up.
Children’s, 35c per pair.



HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.
Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Canada

Holeproof Hosiery Co., 10 Church Alley, Liverpool, Eng.

The New Elastic Ribbed Top Stocking for Women

One of the newest features in Holeproof for women is a cotton or silk stocking with elastic ribbed cotton top—a top that stretches wide but always returns to shape—ideally comfortable

for both stout and slender women. See this new Holeproof before you buy new stockings. Judge its quality and style. If your dealer hasn’t it, write us and we’ll see that you get it. (666)



Their Day Depends on the Breakfast

Remember that—you who decide the breakfast.

Those are human machines you are feeding. Their efficiency depends on the food.

There's an energy food, which is one of Nature's marvels. Its vim-producing power is proverbial. To-day, as for ages, the oat stands supreme as a source of vitality, as a food for growth. There's a thousand calories of energy in a fair-sized dish.

Our plea is to win folks to plentiful use of oats by serving

Quaker Oats

The Energizing Dainty at Its Best

Two-thirds of the oats as they come to us are discarded in Quaker Oats. We use just the big, plump, richly-flavored grains.

The result is large and luscious flakes, delicious in taste and aroma.

Quaker Cooker

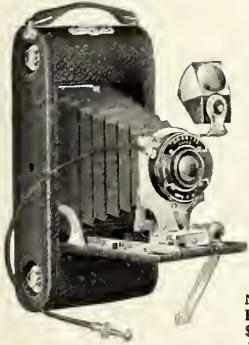
We have made to our order—from pure Aluminum—a perfect Double Boiler. It is extra large and heavy. We supply it to users of Quaker Oats, for cooking these flakes in the ideal way. It insures the fullness of food value and flavor. See our offer in each package.

Quaker Oats is always of this super-quality. It has been so for 25 years. Lovers of oats from all the world over send here to get it on that account.

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PICTURE-TAKING with an AnSCO is a delightful sport, unrestricted to any season or clime; *more* delightful because, by following directions, *any* amateur of *any* age can get professional results with the unbeatable combination of AnSCO Camera, AnSCO Film—the court-decreed *original* film—and Cyko, the prize-winning paper.

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Guaranteed for one full season—or repaired or replaced free of charge. Oilproof; effectively anti-skid on slick pavements.

The sturdy, sinewy, extra-service casings that easily handle the most punishing road requirements—

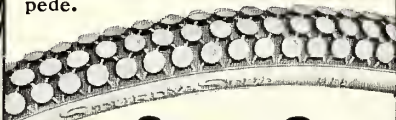
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Guaranteed for 5,000 miles

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—the leader of the line. Superb quality at a surprisingly easy price.



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—and remarkable value. Designed and built for great wear resistance.



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Price is low; but of abundant quality.

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Just size up these tires at your dealers—take our word for it, they're every bit as good as they look. Built for severest service and
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and in the same way admire the clear, girlish skin that so many women now possess —not artificial, but the result of intelligent care. You will find upon inquiry that

Hinds HONEY AND ALMOND *Cream*

is used by a very large number of families throughout the country,—each member appreciates its value summer and winter. If applied before going out and on returning, also morning and night, it will prevent injury from exposure to sun and wind; will keep the skin soft, smooth, clear and more youthful, *always*. Hinds Cream cannot harm any complexion, is not greasy or sticky. It is guaranteed to contain all its advertised ingredients.

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Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c; Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c.

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You should try HINDS Honey and Almond Cream SOAP. Highly refined, delightfully fragrant and beneficial. 25c postpaid. No soap samples.





Keep a

KODAK BABY BOOK

THE first journey downstairs for exhibition to that secondary consideration—father. The toddling nursery days! That all important epoch when *the* baby first trudges off to school. In all these great events are limitless opportunities for the Kodak.

And with the school days come pictures *by*, as well as pictures *of* the children. Pictures they take of each other, free from constraint or conscious posing. Spontaneous pictures that reflect simplicity and weave into the Kodak Book the touch of naturalness.

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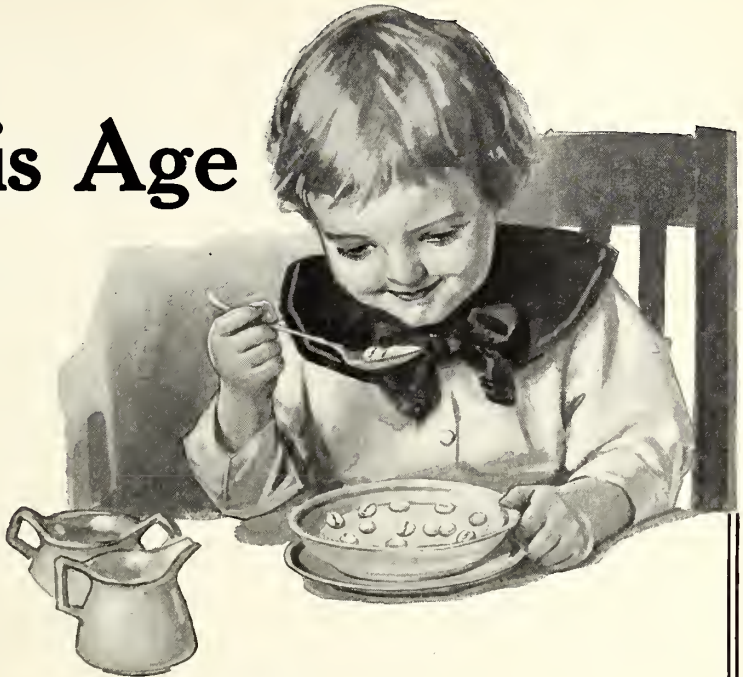
Ask your dealer or write us for free illustrated booklet, "At Home with the Kodak."

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

At This Age

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are confections. And the young child, to make them more like sweetmeats, likes plenty of sugar and cream.

At this age Puffed Grains are ideal. They are whole grains with every granule exploded. The tenderest stomach cannot be taxed by them. And the taste is like toasted nuts.



At This Age

Hungry boys like Puffed Grains in their bowls of milk. And they carry pocketfuls with them, like peanuts, when at play.

They want foods that are all-foods, and want them delightful. These bubbles of grain delight the taste, and every atom feeds. They are perfect between-meal foods.

At This Age

Men like to mix Puffed Grains with berries. And they scatter them on ice cream. Men like blended flavors and modified zests. And these flaky, nut-like, toasted grains form a much-liked combination. Still folks of all ages like what other ages like in these steam-exploded grains.



Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in Extreme West

CORN
PUFFS
15¢

At any hour, in any way, Puffed Grains meet requirements. Food must be inviting, and these are more. They are fascinating. Foods must feed, and here every granule does.

And foods should be fitted for easy digestion. Here Puffed Wheat and Rice are unique. Here

for the first time—by Prof. Anderson's process—every food cell is blasted. No other process of cooking, baking or toasting ever cooked cereals like this.

Morning, noon and night this summer will bring uses for Puffed Grains. Keep them on the shelf

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

POLLY and PETER-PONDS

(A Continued Story)

You will find one part of this story in last month's *St. Nicholas* and another next month



ALL of you who have n't read "Alice in Wonderland," please hold up your right hands. What! Only one? Well, we'll just *have* to tell you about it. You see, there is Alice and the Mad Hatter and the White Rabbit and the Duchess and the Queen (the Chess one) and the Jabberwock, only none of the girls quite dared be a Jabberwock—oh, yes, we are getting ahead of the story.

The girls at Polly's school, as we told you last month, planned to give Polly a surprise masquerade party. It was a really, truly secret. They spent hours making their costumes, and had lots and lots of fun. The Mad Hatter was the easiest. Emily Tyler spoke very sweetly to Mike, the janitor, and he lent her his best shoes and the plug hat he always wore on Saint

Patrick's Day, and she even talked him into lending Molly his Sunday-go-to-meeting coat and white vest. She was the White Rabbit, you know, and had a terrible time making the ears out of an old felt hat.

Annie Ferguson was the Queen, because she is so pink and white and pretty, and Susie, being fat, was the Duchess.

Well, the night of the party everybody got nicely arranged on the stairs in the big hall, and Margaret Allen, who was Alice, was sent to get Polly, because her dress was sort of natural and Polly would n't suspect anything. Margaret was gone quite a while, and everybody began to get a little worried for fear Polly would make some excuse and not come down. Then there was some giggling on the landing, and *what* do you think appeared?

Polly, dressed up as a bottle of

POND'S EXTRACT

If you don't believe it, look at the picture. We don't know how she made that costume—but she is very clever, and *perhaps* the drawing teacher helped with the pasteboard and the lettering.

Then there *was* a commotion, and everybody gave the Pond's Society yell for Polly—this way, you know:

"Ponds! Ponds! Polly-go-wally-go-wally-



go-whack—Extract!!” Try it yourself—it’s a lively yell.

“Girls,” said Polly, with a very demure bow, “thank you *so* much! I heard—” (that secret, you know, was a *really* secret)—“I heard that there was some magic going on here to-night, and I could n’t think of any better magic than Pond’s Extract, so I am *it*.”

Well, they had lots of fun until half an hour before bedtime, when the society went into executive session.

“Fellow-members,” said Polly, who made a funny-looking president on account of her not having any arms, “I can’t think of any business to come before this meeting. Can any one?” Molly rose. “Miss Pond’s Extract—I mean Miss President—I have thought of something. All the grown-ups I know have sent things and money to the poor wounded soldiers in Europe. Now I think this society ought to send something too, and I move that we buy as many complete outfits of what the Pond’s Extract Company makes as we can, and send them to the children who are having such a hard time over there.”

The motion was carried unanimously, and a committee, with Molly as chairman, was named by the president to carry it out.

Oh, we nearly forgot to tell you that Peter, after the last track meet, was elected Captain of the track team for the next year. It would have been a tie between Peter and Bill, but somebody put in a vote for Pond’s Extract, and they counted it for Peter, Bill consenting *gracefully*, which is quite a new adjective to apply to any of Bill’s doings. We believe Bill has found out that it does n’t pay to be surly and inconsiderate. We shall learn more about that as the story develops.

As soon as Peter’s friends heard of the Pond’s Society, they decided to organize one, and next month we shall be able to tell you about the commencement party they have been planning for several weeks. It promises to be quite exciting.

(Continued in the July ST. NICHOLAS)

POND’S EXTRACT COMPANY’S Vanishing Cream—
Cold Cream—Toilet Soap—Pond’s Extract

POND’S EXTRACT COMPANY

131 Hudson Street

New York



Betty's Lessons

(In which she finds that some lessons can be very interesting indeed)

IV. HISTORY



SOME boys and girls think History is just a matter of tiresome dates, dull battles, and tedious people. But Betty knows better. She just crosses out the first

two letters of HISTORY, and has a story left. So this is the story of Dr. Lyon as told to Betty:

Many years ago, when your grandmother was a little girl, there was a great dentist named I. W. Lyon. After studying many books and more people he discovered a very interesting thing—and this was that people with good teeth were more healthy and lived longer than people with bad teeth. Like all truly great dentists, he wanted to make people happier and healthier.

He finally decided to make a preparation that would thoroughly clean people's teeth so that they would n't decay. You know in those days few people used any dentifrice at all; and of course they had tooth-ache. How Dr. Lyon worked and experimented and tried and tried and finally *succeeded* in making just the right dentifrice is too long a story to tell you this month. But he *did* succeed and that is why you and all other boys and girls today have the opportunity to experiment for a week with your very own sample of either

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder OR Dental Cream



Send 2c. to-day

for a trial package of either DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER or DENTAL CREAM. There's enough to last for nearly two weeks. See what fun it really is to brush your teeth with dentifrice that you like—that tastes as good as it looks.



I. W. LYON & SONS
533 W. 27th St. New York



THE BOOK MAN

ONE of the most interesting letters The Book Man has received in a long time brings up the question of reading several books at a time. "My brother and I," the writer says, "usually have three or four books going at once—one which our parents read out loud to us, one which we read to each other, and an amusing book and an instructive book. For instance, Mother or Father reads to us in the evening 'The Child's History of England' nowadays, or if they have not time to spare we read to each other from 'Children of the New Forest' (which, by the way, we are re-reading). I am reading Shakespeare's plays as my instructive books and have just finished 'The New Chronicles of Rebecca' (my amusing book). George is reading Hornaday's Nature Library as his instructive and 'Swiss Family Robinson' as his amusing book"

Don't you think this is a good idea? You know how disappointed you are when you have been counting on your Father or your Mother's going on with that book and then find one day that they have n't the time. But if you have something else to turn to, something you have already become interested in, you scarcely miss it at all. But there is one thing I advise you not to do, and that is to choose books that are too much of the same kind. If you do you are apt to get all mixed up. If you choose books from entirely different fields, one from fiction, one from history, one from travel, and one from poetry, or adventure, or biography, you can read as many as four all at once without losing the thread of any of them. Have n't you found it so?

Did it ever occur to you that you could make your own bookshelves? Of course you saw Louise Brigham's article on "Making Furniture from Boxes" in the February ST. NICHOLAS. There is a great deal more about it in a book called "Box Furniture" by the same author. It's not only perfectly possible for any boy or girl who is willing to take a little

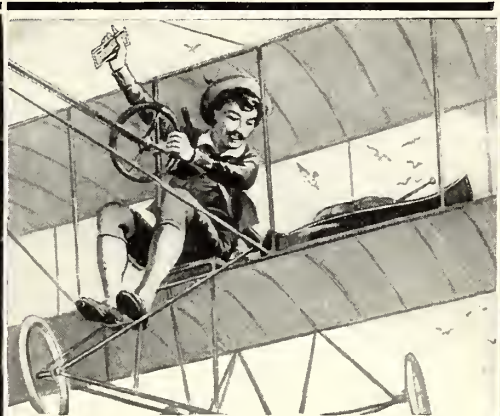
THE BOOKMAN—Continued

pains, but great fun as well. And then think what a convenience! You know how often it happens, when you want a bookcase or something of this sort for your room, that you are given something that's "left over," something that falls to you because it won't fit in any other room. And it usually is n't what you want at all. Perhaps the paint has dropped off, perhaps the lower shelf is n't high enough to hold the big picture-books standing upright, perhaps it does n't fit into the corner where you want it. Why not make your own? Then you could have it exactly to suit you. And it really is n't too difficult or too complicated. The book I have just spoken of not only tells you all about it, but gives all sorts of ingenious suggestions you would probably never think of yourself—unless you have a natural gift for carpentry.

You have all heard the expression "See America first." This is a year when ever so many people are really going to do so, people who would have gone abroad had it not been for the war. If you are going to the Exposition you will certainly want to know something about the States and cities you are passing through, and every one knows how much deeper and more lasting your impressions are when you have formed a background for them in your reading. If you are not going you are sure to have friends who are, and you don't want to be left behind in both senses! So I advise you to read this summer some good book about America. There are ever so many of them. But among the best are the great John Muir's books about the California mountains. You know he spent most of his life there as a mountaineer and scientist; and he had besides a gift of writing that few out-of-door writers have equaled.

I have a letter from a girl in Massachusetts who says the lists of books we have been having lately are too old for her. She wants me to make a list of books for a girl about eleven years old. Won't you help me with suggestions? Books for boys of eleven too. If you are about that age yourself or have a brother or sister about that age, won't you send me a post card telling me the best books you know? And if you are older you might think back and try to remember what you specially liked when you were eleven. In a month or two I'll print the list I think is best. But I'd like to have a little advice from you first.

The Book Man



PETER ALPINE THE GIANT

After Peter Alpine's drenching in the wet South Seas, which we read about last month, one might suppose he would have pneumonia or tonsillitis or at least a cold. But no, he is in fine health.

Something did happen to some of his friends, though. Two boys had gone on a canoeing and camping trip. Paddling down through a beautiful country, they became so absorbed in the glowing sunset that they neglected to make camp until it was almost dark.

They had some Peter's Milk Chocolate among their supplies, and a cake apiece kept off their hunger very well. Perhaps you know that Peter's Chocolate has great food value, and everybody knows how good it is.

Anyway, when the boys finally landed on a little island they were so tired that they pitched their tent hastily and went quickly to sleep without taking the trouble to unpack their supplies from the canoe, which they had dragged up on the bank.

Next morning they awoke with the sun, and immediately discovered that the canoe was gone! It had floated away, and they were miles from the mainland. My! but they were hungry!

The boys became bluer and bluer, when suddenly they heard a whirring sound in the air and away off in the sky saw an immense aeroplane. In five minutes it was volplaning to their island.

And Peter Alpine stepped out!


When he handed them his big cake of nourishing Peter's Chocolate they were so glad they could have hugged him. Only he was so big they could n't do that. Instead, they shouted their thanks and fell to devouring the Peter's Chocolate.

Then Peter went flying away, found the drifting canoe, swooped down, lifted it up on the wing of his aeroplane, and came back. Handing them the canoe with one hand, and a new big cake of Peter's Chocolate with the other, he sped away.

"Good old Peter!" one boy exclaimed.

"Good old Peter's, too!" said the other.





**"Say—
but I'm having a good time!"**

—"and I don't care whether I win a prize or not!" writes one of the Boys who entered the ST. NICHOLAS fishing competition. He might win one. In fishing you never can count your fish until they are caught. His letter shows he has won the real prize of all fishermen—and that is the joy and fun of it.

Fishing is more fun than anything else, we think, and that is why we like our work. Our work is making "BRISTOL" Steel Fishing Rods, which are so good that they make fishing successful when handled with even a little skill. And learning the skill of fishing is half the fun. Why don't you enter the competition now and try to win one of the prizes shown in ST. NICHOLAS for April? Just send us your name and address and read the rules, and fish—and perhaps become a famous fisherman.

THE HORTON MFG. CO.
167 Horton Street Bristol, Conn.



**3 IN ONE
CONQUERS
DUST**

Hundreds of City Hospitals and Public Schools discarded feather dusters because they scatter dust and germs. Why should you not dust the easy, sanitary, right way, too—the dustless 3-in-One way?

Put a little 3-in-One on a piece of cheese cloth. Then wipe your mantel, buffet, piano, dining table, any varnished or veneered surface. Every single atom of dust collects on the cheese cloth. None can fly around.


3-in-One is absolutely free from grease or acid. Positively will not leave any residue on furniture to rub off and injure the most delicate dress fabric. Will not discolor or stain the finest wood work.

3-in-One is the all-around Household oil. Lubricates perfectly locks, clocks, sewing machines, and everything that needs oiling. Cleans and polishes furniture and fixtures in the most satisfactory way. Prevents rust on all metal surfaces, indoors and out.

Free Oil For You. Write today for a generous free bottle and the free dictionary that is so helpful to housekeepers. Get both now!

Sold at all good stores in 3 size bottles—10c—25c—and new size ½ pint for ½ dollar. Also in patent Handy Oil Cans, 3½ ozs. 25c.

3-IN-ONE OIL CO.
42 QH. Broadway NEW YORK




IT EASES THE STING

A day on the beach would not be followed by the tortures of sunburn if boys and girls would use

Vaseline
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
**Camphorated
Cream**

It cools and soothes the skin. It keeps it clear and smooth.

Sold in convenient tin tubes at drug and department stores everywhere.



Write for booklet.

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
(Consolidated)
38 State Street New York

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP,
MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.,
REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF
AUGUST 24, 1912**

of ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE
published monthly at New York, N. Y.
For April 1, 1915

Name of—	Post-Office Address
Editor, WILLIAM FAYAL CLARKE	353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Managing Editor, NONE.	
Business Managers, NONE	
Publisher, THE CENTURY CO.	353 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Owners: THE CENTURY CO., " " " " " "	

Stockholders: William W. Ellsworth, 353 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Ira H. Brainerd, 92 William St., New York, N. Y.; George Inness, Jr., 353 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Robert Underwood Johnson, 327 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; Donald Scott, 9 East 6th St., New York, N. Y.; C. C. Buel, Ridgefield, Conn.; A. W. Drake, 17 East 8th St., New York, N. Y.; W. F. Clarke, 353 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.; George H. Hazen, 381 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Gardner Hazen, Tribune Building, Chicago, Ill.; Marie Louise Chichester, 501 West 120th St., New York, N. Y.; James Mapes Dodge, Germantown, Pa.; Beatrix Buel, Ridgefield, Conn.; Estate of Roswell Smith, 92 William St., New York, N. Y.; Estate of Annie G. Smith, 92 William St., New York, N. Y.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

THE CENTURY CO.
(Signed) GEO. L. WHELLOCK,
Treasurer

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of March, 1915

[SEAL] FRANCES W. MARSHALL,
Notary Public, New York County.

(My commission expires March 30th, 1917.)



EVINRUDE

DETACHABLE ROWBOAT & CANOE MOTORS

enable you to instantly convert any kind of craft—rowboat, sailboat, houseboat or canoe—into a power boat. The Evinrude drives an ordinary rowboat 7 to 8 miles an hour—a canoe 10 to 12 miles—and runs four hours on less than a gallon of gasoline.



So light that it can be carried with you anywhere. So strong that it is practically unbreakable. So simple that women and children find no difficulty in operating it the first time they try.

Write today for booklet describing the 1915 model—the last word in portable marine motors.

Evinrude Motor Company
101 Evinrude Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis., U.S.A.

Distributing Branches:

- 69 Cortlandt St., New York, N. Y.
- 218 State St., Boston, Mass.
- 436 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.
- 182 Morrison St., Portland, Ore.

38437-41201



This ad. is worth 25c, in cash in purchasing an "IDEAL" Three Foot Racer. Take it to your dealer or send it to us and get a \$2.50 flyer for \$2.25.

BOYS! Get Your Names in the RECORD BOOK of FLIGHTS

Every boy who owns an "Ideal" flyer can have his name and the records of his flights published in The RECORD BOOK OF FLIGHTS by using the record card packed with each "Ideal" aeroplane. This book will be distributed all over the country. Portraits of twenty boys making best flights will also be published.

"IDEAL" 1915 Model THREE-FOOT RACER

Can be put together in a few minutes and will fly 500 feet or more **\$2.50**

Use the coupon in this ad. and save 25 cents.

This flyer has new patented spring plane fasteners, a patented friction winder and is practically unbreakable.

Other lower priced "Ideal" Flyers ready for instant flights:

- BLUE BIRD Racing AEROPLANE, \$1.25
- "IDEAL" SPEED-O-FLYER, 1.75
- "IDEAL" SPEED-O-PLANE,65
- "IDEAL" LOOP THE LOOP GLIDER, .25

"IDEAL" SCALE DRAWINGS are accurate and will enable you to build EASILY exact 3 foot duplicates of man-carrying machines. Clearest plans for class rooms, exhibitions and aeronautic students, etc. Price includes building and flying instructions for 3 ft. Scale Models as follows:

- Curtiss Flying Boat 25c. | Wright Biplane 25c.
- Nieuport Monoplane 25c. | Curtiss Hydroaeroplane 35c.
- Bleriot Monoplane 15c. | Cecil Peoli Racer 25c.

Complete set of six, \$1.25 postpaid

"IDEAL" MODELS AND FLYERS CAN BE HAD FROM ANY TOY, DEPARTMENT, OR SPORTING GOODS STORE, OR OF US DIRECT.

Price List of Toys and Models FREE.

Complete 48 pp. Catalog of "Ideal" Model Aeroplanes and Supplies, 5 cents

IDEAL MODEL AEROPLANE SUPPLY CO.
84-86 West Broadway, New York

Some "Ideal" dealers:

- Schmelzer Arms Co. KANSAS CITY, Mo.
- Spelger & Hurlbut, Inc. SEATTLE, Wash.
- Jordan Marsh Co. BOSTON, Mass.
- John Wanamaker PHILADELPHIA, Pa.
- S. Kann Sons & Co. WASHINGTON, D.C.

ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 162

JIMMY DUNCE and MARY BRIGHT go to the same school and are very good friends, in spite of the fact that Jimmy is usually at the foot of the class and Mary usually at the head.

Jimmy is not so much of a dunce as his name would indicate. In fact, he is not at all stupid, but simply careless. The trouble with Jimmy is that he thinks too much about baseball and too little about thinking.

One night recently Mary and Jimmy were going over the advertising pages of the May ST. NICHOLAS together and trying to ask each other unanswerable questions.

The questions they asked are shown here. See how many of them you can answer. Jimmy could not answer the first, seventh, or ninth—while Mary could not answer the first:

1. What product is it that should be used twice daily, the second name of which is the name of the third city of France?
2. What natural product is it which comes in a container that has a head with a cap on it?
3. What product is it of which the value has been demonstrated so many times you can hardly count them?
4. What product is it whose advertisement tells about pressing a push button?
5. What product is it which is made by a company that mentions two states in its address, but which has no state as a part of its address?
6. What product is it whose name when applied to its products contains eight letters and something else?
7. What product is it the sample bottle of which weighs one-eighth as much as the full-sized bottle?
8. What product is it whose advertisement suggests that you write to Department 61 at a certain address?
9. What product is advertised in the advertisement which contains about fifty words, four of which suggest good times?

Perhaps you think this is a hard competition, but you can have your father, mother, or any of your relatives or friends help you if you want to.

When you send in your answer tell us who helped you and in the same letter tell us what school you attend, how long you have been attending it, whether you like it or not, and why.

In awarding the prizes, should more than one equally correct solution to the competition be received, those who write the most interesting letters telling us all about their schools will be favored.

Here are the RULES and REGULATIONS. Be sure to comply with all of these conditions if you want to win a prize

1. Send in a list numbering and showing the names of the nine advertised products, all of which will be found in the May ST. NICHOLAS.
2. Write us a short letter answering the four questions about your school, and telling us who helped you in solving the competition.
3. The prizes will go to those who send in

the correct or most nearly correct list accompanied by the most interesting letter.

4. In the upper left-hand corner of your answer paper give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (162).

5. Submit answers by June 19, 1915.

6. Do not use a lead pencil.

7. Address answers:

ADVERTISING COMPETITION No 162,
ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE,
353 Fourth Avenue,
New York City.

There will be sixteen prizes awarded: One First Prize of \$5.00; Two Second Prizes of \$3.00 each; Three Third Prizes of \$2.00 each, and Ten Fourth Prizes of \$1.00 each.

Note—Prize-winners who are not subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS are given special subscription rates upon immediate application.

This Competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS in order to compete for the prizes offered.



See the World on a Bicycle

Any Boy or Girl with a Bicycle Can Travel!

You can actually go to the big cities you have read about, see the scenic wonders that are pictured in books. Why not, this summer, study geography on a bicycle?

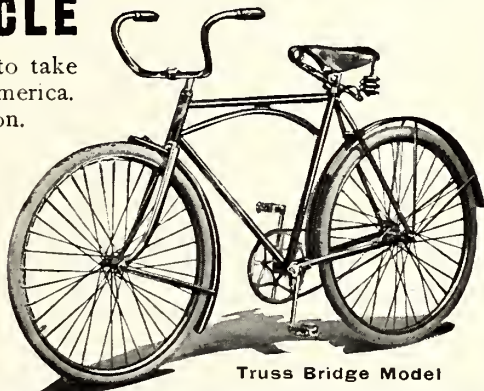
IVER JOHNSON BICYCLE

Form a Travel Club. Get an older fellow to take command. Plan a 1000-mile tour. See America. The best bicycle, of course, is the Iver Johnson.

It is so sturdily made, its bearings are so wear-proof, its equipment is so excellent, that it will stand the hardest trip without giving trouble. It is the finest bicycle that money will buy. Prices, \$20 to \$55.

Send for 84-page book on *Bicycles, Motorcycles, Revolvers and Shotguns*

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
New York, 99 Chambers St. 358 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.



Truss Bridge Model



Making Camp

EVERY real boy goes camping, and every boy wants a practical light to use nights around the camp—in the woods—out canoeing—coming home late. Shoot a quick, powerful beam of electric light from your hand anywhere you want it—anytime.

EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS

Nomatches—nooil—noboother;—the power plant is a famous EVEREADY Tungsten Battery. Seventy-five styles, from dandy little vest pocket lights to big hand search lights and lanterns.



No. 1901

Style illustrated No. 1991. Coat pocket size. Price, \$1.25.

Free, Illustrated Catalogue No. 53.

Absolutely guaranteed by the "largest manufacturers of flashlights in the world." 40,000 dealers. If yours can't supply you—write us.

AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS
of National Carbon Co.

Long Island City

New York

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter



"**F**ISHING'S fun if the lunch's good."

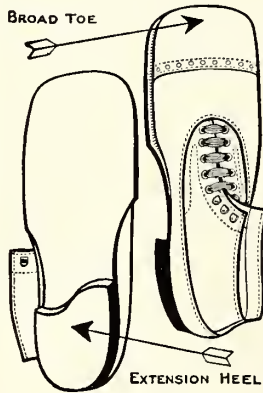
And what can a fellow get finer than sandwiches spread thick with Beech-Nut Peanut Butter!

Every boy knows what to tell mother to put in the lunch—Beech-Nut Peanut Butter sandwiches—good nourishing food.

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO., Canajoharie, N. Y.

The Coward Shoe

"REG. U. S. PAT. OFF."



You Can Play Better

when you wear Coward Shoes. They do not hurt your feet and they support your ankles so that you can run and jump better. They make you "sure footed" too, and you can walk faster and farther than you do now.

The next time you need a pair of shoes tell mother or father to send for our pretty illustrated catalog and select just the shoes you want from it. You will be very much pleased with them, and so will mother, because Coward Shoes wear longer than the ordinary kind and save money.

Sold Nowhere Else

JAMES S. COWARD

264-274 Greenwich St., New York
(Near Warren)

Mail Orders Filled — Send for Catalog

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 160

The April Fool Competition was surely a popular one, and the April Foolish statements regarding the products which are advertised in ST. NICHOLAS were straightened out in short order by our wide-awake young folks. One bright lad said that he got off at the station just before he reached Blunderland; he took plenty of paint and fixed up the signs in Blunderland, so people would not be misled. What do you suppose he called the station at which he got off? "ST. NICHOLASBURG."

Some one has told us that the advertising pages of ST. NICHOLAS are almost as interesting as the regular stories which appear each month, and we know from the many splendid answers which were received that you are all finding the advertisements instructive as well as interesting.

The following names have been selected as prize-winners:

One First Prize, \$5.00

Merrill Buffington, Minnesota.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each

Isabel Dietrich, Idaho.

Joseph V. K. Wells, 4th, New York.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each

William S. Biddle, Oregon.

Louise McMartin, Idaho.

Margaret Harms, Illinois.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each

Grace E. Lustig, Rhode Island.

Julian L. Ross, Pennsylvania.

Franklin McDuffie, New Hampshire.

Mildred E. Roberts, Maine.

Katharine L. Henning, New York.

Claude P. DeVèze, New York.

Caroline LeConte Gibbes, South Carolina.

Grace Grosvenor, North Dakota.

Yolette Finstewald, Michigan.

Barton Williams, Ohio.

Special \$4⁷⁵

Liberal Offer to Boys!

7 x 7 Feet—8 oz. Duck, Full Weight **Wall Tent**



Name
Address

Bargains—This genuine, full weight, regular size duck wall tent, complete with poles, ropes and pins; rock bottom price before summer rush of business begins. Stands the hardest kind of usage. Health building, strength giving. Direct from the manufacturers. No middleman's profits; away below dealers' price. We guarantee our goods of highest class. Don't miss this big bargain.

Write for Free Camp Guide

Our new 1915 Edition catalog and Camp Guide is ready. Send for it. It tells all about camp life. A valuable asset to man or boy living outdoor life. **Send the coupon today and we will mail it prepaid.** (If Canadian inclose 10 cents.)

Camp Guide Coupon!

H. CHANNON & CO.
150 No. Market Street
Dept. A137 Chicago

Please send me the new 1915 Camp Guide and full details of your tent and camp outfit offers.

Send the Coupon Now!

H.Channon Company 150 North Market Street, Dept. A137, Chicago, Illinois

AYVAD'S WATER-WINGS

Learn to Swim by One Trial For Sale Everywhere

Plain, 25c.
Fancy, 35c.



AYVAD MAN'G CO., Hoboken, N. J.

RIDE a RANGER

1915 Model bicycle and know you have the best. Buy a machine you can **prove before accepting.** DELIVERED FREE ON APPROVAL and 30 days' trial. No expense to you if you do not wish to keep it. **LOW FACTORY COST,** great improvements and values never before equalled in our 1915 models. **WRITE TODAY** for our big catalog showing our complete line of 1915 bicycles, TIRES, sundries and parts, and learn the wonderful new offers and terms we will give you. Auto and Motorcycle Supplies at factory to user prices. **Do not buy until you know what we can do for you.** MEAD CYCLE CO. DEPT. B-15, CHICAGO

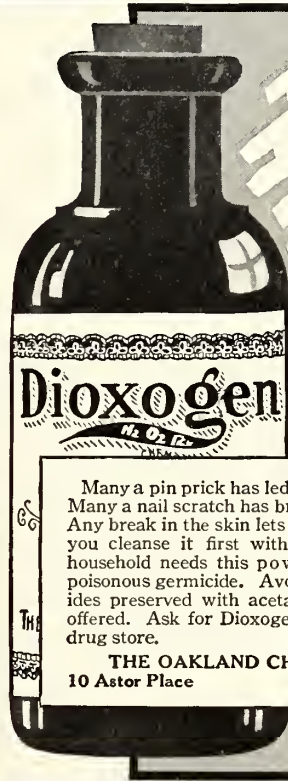


Ralph Henry Barbour's New High School Story The Lucky Seventh



and stories of baseball, football, school life, Indians, scouting, travel, wireless telegraphy and other interesting subjects are all described in our splendid new list of books by the boys favorite authors. Just send us your name and let us tell you more about them.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
35 West 32nd Street, New York



This Size TRIAL BOTTLE Sent Free

Many a pin prick has led to blood poisoning. Many a nail scratch has brought on lock-jaw. Any break in the skin lets infection in—unless you cleanse it first with Dioxogen. Every household needs this powerful, pure, non-poisonous germicide. Avoid the weak peroxides preserved with acetanilid so frequently offered. Ask for Dioxogen by name—at any drug store.

THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO.
10 Astor Place New York

Sold by Mail

Mothers, Develop the health and beauty of Your little "human flowerets" with our

Man-Tailored Wash Suits

(For Children 6 mos. to 8 years at 50c to \$7.00)

Write for our Summer Style Book and learn why the best-dressed boys and girls in all the fashion centres of the world wear

Ford & Allen Suits

See our dainty, distinctive, serviceable Rompers, Norfolk, Middy, and Afternoon suits, and you will understand their vogue.

No stores sell them, no dressmaker can duplicate them. Lovely, harmonious color combinations; comfort-giving lines; washable materials of great durability; tailored finish and truly economical prices. **Samples and delivery free.** Just imagine how sweet your children will look in these suits, and write for the free Style Book.

Ford & Allen, 45 F Federal St., Boston, U. S. A.



Send for FREE Style Book



Samples and Delivery Free

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

BEGIN NOW

ASSOCIATION of ideas is very helpful to memory. Who of us ever forgets that the War of the Revolution, which resulted in the birth of our own country, was closely associated with stamps? And these pre-Revolutionary stamps exist to-day—many a collector boasts a copy of the Boston Tea-party stamp. Every modern war has given philatelists new issues, new series of stamps. Each one of these is associated in the mind of the stamp collector with some event of historical significance. Collecting stamps helps every boy or girl to remember facts important in historical and other ways. Does not every stamp collector know all about the Panama Canal, and the special stamps now in use issued to commemorate the opening of the great waterway? Here in the United States we have special issues commemorating other events of national importance. The Centennial issue of 1876; the issue in 1898, commemorating the Trans-Mississippi development; the Pan-American issue of 1901; the Louisiana Purchase issue of 1904. "Jamestown Exposition," "Alaska-Yukon," and "Hudson-Fulton" issues all have special historical interest.

The present war has already furnished some stamps, and many more will follow. Parents should encourage their children to begin collecting now, to get as many of these "war issues" as possible, to become familiar with the meaning of the stamps so issued. It all will help the children, not only in their study of history and geography, but in many other educational ways. And all the time they are not studying, but having fun.

Stamp Page has from time to time given illustrations and descriptions of nearly all of these new war stamps. One should have a set of the German stamps surcharged for use in Belgium. Then there are the various issues of Red Cross stamps. Of these, Belgium has issued three series, each consisting of three stamps. France has issued two types of a ten-centime stamp. Several of the French colonies, as Morocco and Indo China, have issued a single Red Cross stamp, and Monaco also has a Red Cross issue. The most ornate and beautiful series, of four, has been issued by Russia. These stamps have already been pictured and described in Stamp Page. The set is a beautiful one, and should be in the possession of all collectors. Not only the Allies but their opponents also have issued Red Cross or Charity stamps. Hungary, especially, has an interesting series of them. None of the stamps so far mentioned is expensive, indeed nearly all can be had at very reasonable prices. Other war stamps, like the surcharges on the various German Colonial stamps, are often beyond the purses of most of us.

It would be a good plan for every young collector to subscribe to some paper devoted exclusively to stamp collecting. This should preferably be one whose appearance is sufficiently frequent to keep the interest active; one, too, which chronicles all the new issues, both war stamps and others. There are quite a few stamp publications, all interesting. Most of these are published monthly; for the younger collectors we would recommend a weekly publication.

Next month we hope to illustrate a very interesting series of stamps issued by the Republic of Panama in commemoration of the opening of the world-famous canal. This series depicts some very

interesting views associated with the history of Panama and the canal. Some of the stamps have been surcharged for use within the Canal Zone.

AUSTRIA

THIS is one of those countries whose names do not always appear upon their stamps. Moreover, many of the earlier issues are so common that they reach all grades of collectors, and experience has taught us that they often bother the beginner. The first five illustrations, numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, show the design of the first five issues. On these the value



is expressed in kreuzers (abbreviated to kr.). Stamps of the same design but with value expressed in "centes" or "soldi" (sld.) are also Austrian. The later issues of Austria bear the name Oesterreichische (Oesterr.), and have the value in either kreuzers or heller.

The newspaper stamps, numbered 6, 7, 8, 9, are especially puzzling. As will be seen by the cuts, three of these have no value given, while on number 8 there is neither lettering nor value. There is also a later issue of these newspaper stamps, very similar to number 9 but with the head turned to the right. The last picture, number 10, shows the "postage due" stamp, which also has little on its face to guide the young collector. Another similar due-stamp has the word "PORTO" above and "PIASTRE" below.

If you bear in mind the value kreuzer, the words Kerpost Stempel (or K. K. Stempel), together with the double eagle and the general types shown here, the stamp of Austria will no longer puzzle you.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

100 STAMPS—EACH FROM A DIFFERENT COUNTRY

Includes Bolivia, Crete, Hawaii, Transvaal, Venezuela, etc. Price only 50c. Send for big 80-page price list of sets, packets, albums, and supplies; also copy of monthly stamp paper free. We send out the finest approval selections at 50% discount. Write for a selection to-day.

SCOTT STAMP & COIN Co.,
127 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK CITY



STAMP ALBUM with 538 Genuine Stamps, incl. Old Mexico, Malay (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc. **10c.** 100 diff. Jap., N. Zld., etc., **5c.** Big List, Coupons, etc., **FREE!** 1000 Fine Mixed **20c.** 1000 Hinges **5c.** Agents Wanted, **50%.** WE BUY STAMPS.
HUSSMAN STAMP CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

DANDY PACKET STAMPS free for name, address 2 collectors, 2c. postage. Send to-day. U.T.K. STAMP CO., UTICA, N.Y.

PREMIUM given applicants for Stamps on approval at 1/2c., 1c., 2c. each.
WALTER S. GRAY, 443 LINCOLN AVE., PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

19th and 20th Century stamps on approval at 50% discount. HUB POSTAGE STAMP CO., 345A WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.



104 different STAMPS, including U. S. 1861 Civil War, Japan, Argentina, etc., large Fridelist and sample New England Stamp Monthly only **5c.** Finest approval sheets. 50% discount.
NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO.
43 WASHINGTON BLDG., BOSTON, MASS.

BELGIUM, FRANCE, ENGLAND and all other stamps on approval at 50% discount.
MILTON P. LYONS, JR., 1631 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

BARGAINS EACH SET 5 CENTS.
10 Luxembourg; 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 15 Russia; 8 Costa Rica; 12 Porto Rico; 8 Dutch Indies; 5 Hayti. Lists of 7000 low-priced stamps free.
CHAMBERS STAMP CO., 111 G NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

STAMPS that will never be again. Russian Levant 5, 10, 15, 20 para for 1c. JOHN G. BASSLER, MADISON, WIS.



Set of 8 Mexican Rebel Stamps Free with 10 weeks' new subscription to *Nickel's Stamp Weekly*, 708 Kast, Boston, Mass. Kemit 10c. If preferred, 101 U. S. or 201 foreign all different. Largest and best stamp paper in the world.

6 mos. 25c. and Choice of these Premiums

Asiatic packet, 50 all diff.	101 all diff. U. S.
Animal packet, 20 all diff.	Antioquia 1899, 1/2c.-50c.
New Zealand, 20 all diff.	Roumania 1907, 3, 5, 10, 15b.
Canada, 25 all diff.	Sweden, 50 all diff.
Persia set, 20 all diff.	50 Norway-Denmark, diff.
Japan 1905, 5 yen green.	1000 Peelable Hinges
Costa Rica 89, 1c. to 1p. cat. .27	Mexico 1884, 50c. 1p. 2 pesos
205 all diff. foreign	Venezuela, 25 diff., cat. \$1.11

10 wks. 10c. and Choice of these Premiums

Packet of 101 diff. foreign	Packet of 50 diff. U. S.
Leaflet describing U. S. env.	Philippines, 5 Aguinaldos

Sample copy of paper and 50 diff. foreign for 2c. stamp.

RARE Stamps Free. 15 all different, Canadians, and 10 India with Catalogue Free. Postage 2cents. If possible send names and addresses of two stamp collectors. Special offers, all different, contain no two alike. 50 Spain, 11c.; 40 Japan, 5c.; 100 U. S., 20c.; 10 Paraguay, 7c.; 17 Mexico, 10c.; 20 Turkey, 7c.; 10 Persia, 7c.; 3 Sudan, 5c.; 10 Chile, 3c.; 50 Italy, 19c.; 200 Foreign, 10c.; 10 Egypt, 7c.; 50 Africa, 2c.; 3 Crete, 3c.; 20 Denmark, 5c.; 20 Portugal, 6c.; 17 Siam, 15c.; 10 Brazil, 5c.; 7 Malay, 10c.; 10 Finland, 5c.; 50 Persia, 89c.; 50 Cuba, 60c.; 6 China, 4c.; 8 Bosnia, 7c. Remit in Stamps or Money-Order. Fine approval sheets 50% Discount, 50 Page List Free. MARKS STAMP COMPANY, DEPT. N, TORONTO, CANADA.



Stamps! War Packet Special! Educational, interesting. Stamps from Servia, Belgium, France, Russia, Germany, Turkey, England, etc., 107 vars, for only **7c.** 1000 fine mixed only **20c.** New 32-p. List and special offers free. Agts. wtd. 50%. **I Buy Stamps.** L. B. DOVER, ST. LOUIS, MO.

50 Different Stamps, 15c.; 100 Different, 25c. Approval sheets 50% off Scott's catalog.
GRAHAM STAMP CO., 1210 E. HARRISON ST., SEATTLE, WASH.

Stamps 108 all diff., Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cuba, Mexico, Trinidad, Java, etc., and **Album, 10c.** 1000 **Finely Mixed, 20c.** 65 diff. U. S., **25c.** 1000 hinges, **8c.** Agts. wtd. 50%. **List Free.** I buy stamps.
C. STEGMAN, 5941 Cote Brillante Ave., St. Louis, Mo.



WAR PACKET from Bosnia, Montenegro, Servia, etc., only 10c. STERLING SUPPLY CO., TORONTO, CANADA.

Packets 500 nice stamps, all different, \$1.00; 1000, all different, \$2.45; 1000 Hinges, 10c.; 10 different Hawaii, 40c.; 10 different Canada, 10c. C. F. RICHARDS, BOX 77, GRAND CENTRAL P. O., NEW YORK.

STAMPS 100 VARIETIES FOREIGN, FREE. Postage 2c. Mention St. Nicholas. QUAKER STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.

FOREIGN STAMPS FREE 52 different foreign, including China and Venezuela, to all who apply for our high grade approval selections. Send two cent stamp for return postage.
THE EDGEWOOD STAMP CO., DEPT. S, MILFORD, CONN.

STAMPS FREE, 100 ALL DIFFERENT
For the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 20 different foreign coins, 25c. TOLEDO STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO, U.S.A.

Stamps on Approval. Fine selections: 1/2, 1 & 2c. ea. Satisfactory ref. required. A. H. BRYANT, ANGEL ISLAND, CAL.

Do not measure the size or quality of my European selections by the size of this advertisement. Try a selection.
H. W. PROTZMANN, 1031 28th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

STAMPS 105 China, Egypt, etc., stamp dictionary and list 3000 bargains 2c. Agts., 50%. BULLARD & CO., STA. A, BOSTON.

1000 Mixed for 12c. This is our regular 25c. mixture containing about 200 varieties. Sold only to those applying for our 50% discount approval sheets. FAR WEST STAMP CO., TACOMA, WASH.

70 Different Foreign Stamps from including Bolivia, Gold Coast, Guatemala, Hong Kong, Mauritius, Monaco, Persia, Réunion, Tunis, Trinidad, Uruguay, etc., **For Only 15 Cents—A Genuine Bargain.** With each order we send our pamphlet, which tells all about "How to Make a Collection of Stamps Properly."
Queen City Stamp & Coin Co., Rm. 32, 604 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

The
Prophy-lactic
Tooth Brush

Brush your
Teeth this
Way

Not
This
Way

Helpful Suggestions

ON this page are suggestions where most ideal pets may be found. Dolls can't play with you, games sometimes grow tiresome, and toys wear out, but a loving little pet will bring a new companionship and happiness into the home, growing stronger with passing years, oftentimes aiding in health and character building and frequently proving a staunch protector and friend. We are always ready to assist in the selection of a pet and like to help when possible. We try to carry only the most reliable advertisements and believe you can count on courteous and reliable service from the dealers shown below. ST. NICHOLAS PET DEPARTMENT

The Birds Will Come!

May and June are good months to win the birds to your garden. Plenty of time yet for nesting.



Villa double Wren House of pleasing design; durable and attractive.



Colonial Bath Pedestal of simple classic design. A beautiful ornament for any garden. Birds flock to it.

This drinking and bathing pedestal will give you great pleasure all summer. All kinds of birds will come and enjoy it, especially in the hot dry months.

The artistic and practical designs of **UNIQUE bird houses and baths** give a much desired touch of interest and quaintness to the garden.

Send for **The Garden Unique Catalog** showing the full line of exclusive and beautiful styles.

THE GARDEN UNIQUE
3159 Ivison Ave., Berwyn, Ill.



Shetland and Welsh Ponies

Gentle little ponies, thoroughly broken to saddle and harness. Ideal pets for children. Illustrated catalogue.

MIDLOCH PONY FARM
Trevilians, Va.

The best for all breeds

SPRATT'S Dog Cakes and Puppy Biscuits

Send 2c. stamp for "Dog Culture."

SPRATT'S PATENT LTD., NEWARK, N. J.



Shetland Pony

Health and Pleasure for the child.

Send for **FREE Pony Book**

WOODLAND FARM
Sterling, Ill.

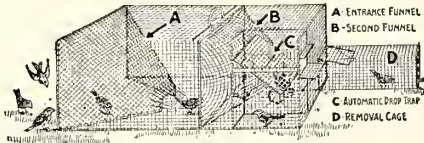
"Perfect little Ladies and Gentlemen"

In cat language that is what their father and mother say of their little family of beautiful

SILVER PERSIAN KITTENS

And they really are, too, because both parents are registered, very highly bred, their mother a holder of eleven first and championship prizes, and they were born and brought up on a gentleman's country place. Playful and gentle, they make ideal birthday or graduation gifts. Write at once for prices.

H. V. OGDEN, MICHIGAN CITY, INDIANA



The Improved Dodson SPARROW TRAP

Help us get rid of sparrows and native song birds will return to our gardens. U. S. Dept. of Agriculture Bulletin advocates destruction of English Sparrows.

Thousands of sparrows now being caught by this new improved Dodson Sparrow Trap. It works automatically, all the time. Has a double funnel trap on left, an automatic drop trap on right; catches sparrows at both ends. *No other trap like this.* Dodson trap is made of strong, electrically welded wire; lasts a life-time. Price, \$6, f. o. b. Chicago.

To attract song birds get genuine Dodson Bird Houses. There are 20 styles.

Beautiful illustrated booklet tells *How to Win Native Birds*—it is free—write for it. Mr. Dodson, a Director of the Illinois Audubon Society, has been building Bird Houses for 20 years. Dodson Houses are proven successes in thousands of gardens. If you love birds get a sparrow trap and also one or several Dodson Bird Houses. Write for the free booklet today.

JOSEPH H. DODSON, 707 Security Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



Playmates of Royalty

In ancient China, this little fellow's ancestors played with princes and princesses. Perhaps that is why these beautiful wee

PEKINGESE

make such brave, lovable little pets. All my dogs are champion bred. There are over 50 to choose from of every color. Prices, \$25 on up. I will be glad to tell you more about them, if you write to

Mrs. H. A. Baxter, Telephone 418,
Great Neck, L. I., or 489 Fifth
Ave., New York City (Tel.)



America's
Pioneer
Dog Remedies

Book on Dog Diseases And How to Feed

Mailed free to any address by the Author.
H. CLAY GLOVER, V. S.
118 West 31st Street New York

St. Nicholas Pet Department—Continued



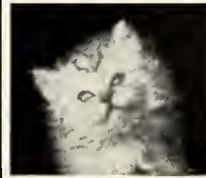
If someone chopped a big hole around your front door you'd want a stone house, would n't you?

To prevent English sparrows driving wrens away by pecking away entrance holes in wooden boxes, we have made the

LITTLE GRAY CEMENT WREN BOX.

It has a removable lid, protects the wrens and has a very pleasing appearance. Price \$1.50 and express charges. Send for one at once and watch the wrens raise their

baby birds. **THE BIRD BOX, WEST CHESTER, P.A.**



EQUAL PARTNERS

is the relationship existing between the child and his pet. They share each day's joys and sorrows on an equal basis, and the welfare of one is the welfare of the other. Put your child in partnership with the ideal pet—one of our Persian Kittens.

Black Short-Haired Cattery Kennels—Hasbrouck Heights, N.J.

Address all communications to
N. Y. Office 112E Carnegie Hall
Telephone, 3691 Columbus



What makes Molly so happy? I'm sure you don't have to be told, for those two collie puppies answer the question. They came from

SUNNYBRAE COLLIE KENNELS
Bloomington, Ill.

Why don't you write to Sunnybrae? They have fine collie puppies like these at reasonable prices. Buy a collie and you will be sure that you are getting the best kind of a playmate.

Mr. F. R. Clarke, owner of the kennels, has written a book on Dog Training, which he will send to you for 25c. He would be glad to receive a letter from you.



Write for catalog of Belle Meade Ponies. Bred from blue ribbon winners. Shows photos of pet ponies, describes them with pedigree and gives prices from \$75 up.

BELLE MEADE FARM
Box 9, Markham, Virginia

Blaisdell Paper Pencils

Want fine colored pencils? Get Blaisdell! All colors at your stationer's or write for free color chart. Philadelphia.

BOYS AND GIRLS

can make lots of money just by showing our catalogue to their friends. Write a penny post-card for full particulars. M. S. LOCKWOOD, 134 West 29th Street, New York City.

Rider Agents Wanted

1915 Model

in each town to ride and show a new 1915 model "RANGER" bicycle. Write for our liberal terms. DELIVERED FREE on approval and 30 days' trial. Send for big free catalog and particulars of most marvelous offer ever made on a bicycle. You will be astonished at our low prices and remarkable terms. **FACTORY CLEARING SALE**—a limited number of old models of various makes, \$7 to \$12. A few good second-hand wheels \$3 to \$8. Write if you want a bargain. Tires, lamps, wheels, sundries, parts, motorcycle supplies of all kinds at half usual prices. Write us before buying. **MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. B-15, CHICAGO**



Everybody Happy

Everybody who holds Baby—and most of us do occasionally—is happier when Baby wears

Kleinert's

Waterproof
BABY PANTS



Single Texture, 25c.



Double Texture, 50c.

Look On Page Eleven

You will find it up in the front of your magazine. That page tells about some very, very excellent schools which ST. NICHOLAS has found to be the right kind for its boys and girls. If your parents would like more information ask them to write to the schools or to the School Service Department, The Century Co., 353 Fourth Ave., New York.

"Old Town Canoes"

Vacation Time is Canoe Time

You can own an "Old Town Canoe" at small cost and enjoy all kinds of water sports—camping, fishing and exploring. Our free catalog tells the interesting story of canoes, from the Indian's swift, strong, safe "Old Town Canoe"—send for it, 3000 canoes ready. Dealers everywhere. Write today. **OLD TOWN CANOE COMPANY**
436 Fourth St., Old Town, Maine



Start Your Collection POSTER STAMPS

THIS beautiful, artistic membership button, enameled in full colors, given to every new member of the Art Stamp League. Start your collection now—become a member to-day.

Poster Stamps are the latest and most fascinating of all collection pastimes. It's easy to get the stamps—wonderful varieties of artistic stamps gotten together by the Art Stamp League—founded to help collectors. Large assortments now ready. To become a member simply send twenty-five cents (in stamps or coin) for the attractive button, member's special stamp, and a special assortment of stamps. From time to time each member of the Art Stamp League will receive absolutely free special assortments of new stamps. You will not be able to buy them. Join now. Send us your name and address, with twenty-five cents for membership stamp and the button and assortment of stamps.

THE ART STAMP LEAGUE OF AMERICA, INC.
SUCCESSOR TO POSTER STAMP BUREAU
80 Maiden Lane New York



"The Little Church Around the Corner"

and twenty-three other things in New York that everybody wants pictures of, are pictured—in seven brilliant colors—in a new series of poster stamps, each one as big as the one you see here. They are all from paintings by Franklin Bittner, who is a very noted designer of posters.

You can have all 24 if you send 25 cents to the

POSTER STAMP CLUB
17 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK

NEWEST ART POSTER STAMPS

"Owl Sayings," 16 mottoes, 10c.; 60 different advertising stamps, 25c.; 96 Nations' Coats of Arms, colors and bronzed, 50c.
Special: 11 complete packets, 182 different stamps, European and American Travel; Foreign Advertising; U. S. Battleships; Panama Exposition, etc. Regular price \$1.10; now \$1.00. National Poster Stamp Co., 643 Exchange Building, Denver, Colorado.



Have you sent for your St. NICHOLAS album? It is several times as big as the little picture of it shown here. On the cover is the St. NICHOLAS stamp, which is printed in several colors. If you will write to Advertising Stamp Department, St. NICHOLAS, care of Century Co., 353 Fourth Ave., New York, and send 10 cents in postage stamps, both the album and the stamp will be sent you rightaway.

Please be sure to send a 2c. postage stamp whenever you write to an advertiser for poster stamps. They are quite expensive of themselves and when one has to send out hundreds of sets the postage costs a good deal. So always send the advertiser a 2c. stamp.

Always be sure to write down your name and address very plainly. Oftentimes letters are received with the writer's address omitted. So be very careful to write *completely* as well as *plainly*.



Dear **ST. NICHOLAS** Boys and Girls:

Now we have a surprise for you. We have been telling you for four months in **ST. NICHOLAS** about how you can get many very valuable things without money.

All you need do, you remember, is "Save United Coupons! Ask Father! Ask Mother! Ask Cook!"

Now, many boys and girls like you have started to collect these "United Coupons," so as to exchange them later for things like those shown here and last month and the months before that.

They are finding it is not work, but fun! Some of them are such good collectors that we decided to appoint them "SPECIAL COLLECTORS!"

Think of being a "SPECIAL COLLECTOR!" The Official definition of a Special Collector is this: "Any boy or girl who honestly and perseveringly collects United Profit-Sharing Coupons may be a Special Collector and wear the Official Badge."

Then, you yourself may be a "SPECIAL COLLECTOR." Down at the right is the Official Badge, which only Special Collectors are permitted to wear.

If, after reading the definition, you think you deserve to be a Special Collector, just fill out the little blank attached to this page, mail to us, and we will send you the badge and tell you all about collecting, if you don't already know about that.

Remember the watchword of SPECIAL COLLECTORS: "Save United Coupons! Ask Father! Ask Mother! Ask Cook!"

Will you be the first one in your neighborhood?

Sincerely yours,

The **UNITED PROFIT-SHARING CORPORATION**



UNITED PROFIT-SHARING CORPORATION
Dept. 11, 44 W. 18th St., New York City

Dear U. P. S. C.:—I want to become a **SPECIAL COLLECTOR**.
I promise to try to collect United Coupons faithfully or return the official badge to you. In exchange for the coupons I will get valuable things.



This is the official badge that we give you if you send us this blank asking to become a "Special Collector."

Name..... Street Address.....
City (or town)..... State.....

Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.



THE LOW-BACK CAR OR IRISH JAUNTING CAR

celebrated in song and story, is picturesque but awfully "jolty."

To those who are content with traveling at a slow jog-trot, the sensation is not unbearable, although it is tiring, but what do you think would happen if the Irish Jaunting Car were equipped with a motor and ran as fast as an automobile?

How long would it be before the passengers were thrown out, the chauffeur's hands joggled loose from the steering-wheel, and the machine itself actually rattled to pieces?

Suppose shock absorbers were not placed on fast running machines to-day. How long would any of these machines last?

In the old days, when we were content to travel slowly, springless carts with iron tires, and hard leather heels, while uncomfortable, were still possible. As the speed of civilization increased, however, we substituted motors for wagons and speed for sloth, and consequently have to reduce to a minimum useless shocks and disturbing vibrations.

That is why O'Sullivan's Heels are good for man, woman and child. Whether we will or not, the strain of modern civilization is great, and we must keep our bodies in trim just as the motorist has to keep his car in good condition by putting on rubber tires and shock absorbers.

Ask for O'Sullivan's Heels of New LIVE Rubber, 50 cents attached at your cobbler's. Demand O'Sullivan's and avoid disappointment. Remember that they are the original and are made of the real stuff.



“Two fairs for one fare”

San Francisco and San Diego
Expositions are open



On your Santa Fe Way
to California visit the
Colorado Rockies, the
old-new city of Santa
Fé, the Indian pueblos,
Grand Canyon of Arizona

Los Angeles, Yosemite,
and Big Trees

Daily Excursions until
November 30th 1915
about one fare round trip

Four daily transcontinental trains, including Cali-
fornia Limited Exclusively first-class

Ask for picture folders of both Expositions and Grand Canyon

W. J. BLACK, Pass. Traff. Mgr.
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, 1072 Railway Exchange
Chicago, Ill.



You know this trade-mark through National Periodical Advertising

HOW do you recognize people?

“Why, by their appearance, of course,” you answer.

Yes, by their faces and their clothes.

Did you ever stop and think that you recognize advertised things by *their* faces and clothes?

Their “faces” are their trade-marks, or names.

Their “clothes” are their wrappers, or packages.

Suppose a man named Jones should dress up like another man named Smith and make his face up to look like him, the way an actor imitates different characters.

Then suppose Mr. Jones went to your father and said, “I am Mr. Smith. I have come to do the work which you agreed to pay me for.” That wouldn’t be very fair, would it?

Well, it is the same way with the things you buy. When any article has served you faithfully, and your mother likes it and your father says, “Say, that’s great! Get it again,” why of course you want to make sure you get exactly the same thing next time.

That is just why trade-marks were invented. The manufacturer writes to the Government in Washington and says, “Please register this trade-mark,” and they paste it in a big book and won’t allow anyone except that particular manufacturer to use it on his packages or wrappers.

Every trade-mark and package is different, but there are so many that some are very much alike. One purpose of the advertising you read in ST. NICHOLAS is to impress particular trade-marks and wrappers on your mind, so that you can always recognize them and make certain that you are securing the very thing you want.

This is one way by which advertising protects you.

ST. NICHOLAS

MEMBER OF THE QUOIN CLUB

THE NATIONAL PERIODICAL ASSOCIATION



Invite
Welch Junior to
the Junior's Party

The youngsters who know Welch Junior say their parties are not complete without him. He fits in so nicely with most any sort of an occasion. He never attended a party yet but what he was invited to come again.

Welch Junior is the name its friends have given to the smallest of the four sizes in which Welch's is offered for sale. This sturdy four-ounce bottle is a just-enough-for-one-edition of

Welch's

"The National Drink"

Welch parties are safe for even the youngest toddlers, for Welch's contains nothing but the pure unfermented juice of choicest Concord, quickly pressed and bottled, pasteurized and hermetically sealed in glass. Nature makes it.

Welch Junior may be found at druggists, grocers and confectioners, and at quality fountains, served with a straw, or send 10 cents and we will send you one for a try.

The Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y.

Write today for a book of children's games, a handsome little booklet of playtime stunts which will provide innocent enjoyment for months to come. It's free to those who ask.

The Fairy Feast

For little children, whose thoughts are of fairies and candyfields, nothing is more deliciously good than

Necco Wafers

Glazed Paper Wrapper

Hub Wafers

Transparent Paper Wrapper

A package of these delightful tidbits contains an assortment of nine old-fashioned flavors—just the sort that will satisfy the kiddies' "sweet tooth." Necco and Hub Wafers are *guaranteed pure.*



At Your Dealer's

you'll find these tasty sweets, also Necco Tablets in glass jars and tins. All are

Necco Sweets

and that means the best of ingredients, cleanliness in manufacture and protection in final packing. Always ask for Necco Sweets—over 500 varieties.

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO., Boston, Mass.

COPYRIGHT
THE J. HUNGERFORD SMITH
GRAPE JUICE COMPANY



ROYAL PURPLE GRAPE JUICE

Everybody's Happy!

If you want "everybody happy" at *your* party, of course you'll need the right games and the right "stunts."

But you know those are only a *part*. Ask yourself, when *you* go to parties, don't you look forward to the "big eats and drinks" as much as anything else?

Well, your party guests feel the same way.

So be ready for them.

Have the cakes and candies — um-m — have the ice cream or sherbet — um-m — and have, *sure*, Royal Purple Grape Juice — ah-h!

Just ask Mother to get Royal Purple, and to write for our recipe book, which will help her plan the arrangements, and make your party a big success, too.

Mother knows you can all drink as much as you like of Royal Purple because of its purity. And — secret — once she tries it, you'll have it 'round the house all the time.

If Mother says she doesn't know where to buy it, we'll send her a case of 12 pint bottles for \$3.00, and pay the freight, too.

J. HUNGERFORD SMITH CO
• ROCHESTER NEW YORK •
MANUFACTURERS OF
True Fruit Flavors
Served at the Best
Fountains to make
the Best Sodas



This Recipe Book
and Trial Bottle
of Royal Purple
Grape Juice
Sent to
You for
10¢

J. Hungerford Smith Co. 43
Rochester, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c for my
Trial Bottle of Royal Purple and
free Recipe Book.
(If space for name, etc., is not sufficient,
continue on margin).

Name.....

Address.....

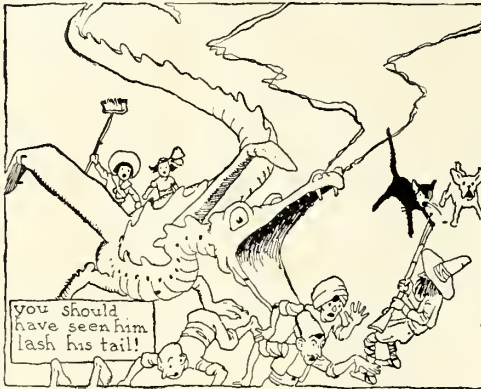
Please write your dealer's name in margin.

MORE ADVENTURES of IVORY SHIP

VICTORY over the Robbers.

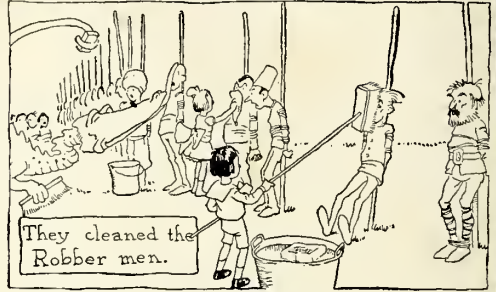
YOU should have seen the angry flames spurt from old dragon's nose! You should have seen him lash his tail and spread his fearsome toes! He pounced upon the robber men and captured almost twenty, then promptly burned their coat tails off and spanked them all a plenty.

And as for Snip and Pussy Cat, wherever they could find them, they *nipped* those naughty robber men and chased around behind them. Meanwhile, those rescued little tots set up a lusty shout. They screamed into the robbers' ears and



capered all about. Then while the robbers cowered low, as scared as anything, young Bob and Bet and Gnif, the gnome, just tied them up with string. They lashed each robber to a pole and stood them in a row; the muddy tear tracks down their cheeks made them a sorry show.

With brushes, mops, and IVORY SOAP, and sudsy, scratchy scrubs our heroes cleansed those robber men with energetic rubs. And, when at last the robbers blinked the soap-suds from their eyes, they gazed upon our heroes bold with looks of glad surprise. For dirt is

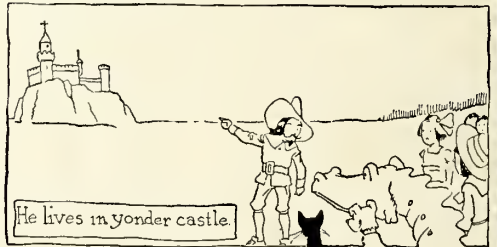


next to naughtiness and casts an evil spell, but *now* these men were *spotless-clean*, their hearts were changed as well.

Meanwhile the joyous children had been throwing IVORY cakes into the pool—you know the suds that IVORY always makes. This soap had made the water clean, and every dress and tie was spotless white as Betty hung the *clean* things up to dry. Then spake a former robber man, (but now quite brave and true),

"Kind friends, you've done a noble deed but you have *more* to do. We are but humble henchmen of a Baron, black and bold. He lives in yonder castle that is very grim and old. He is a cruel master and he's mussy, fierce and grim, so you must take your IVORY SOAP and also conquer him."

"We're off!" cried Gnif. "No rest for us while underneath the sun there still remains a *cleansing* task that should be finely done."



*How IVORY SOAP cleans mussy lords will be the thrilling text
Of an adventurous chapter which will be the very next.*

THIS PAGE IS
REPRODUCED BY
SPECIAL PERMIS-
SION OF "JOHN
MARTIN'S BOOK"
(A MAGAZINE FOR
LITTLECHILDREN)

IVORY SOAP IT FLOATS

Let Us Cook Your Meats this Summer



Libby's Luncheon Meats



Consider the wonderful white tiled Libby Kitchens as your own—the famous Libby force of chefs and food specialists as your servants—and your summer meat problem will be solved.



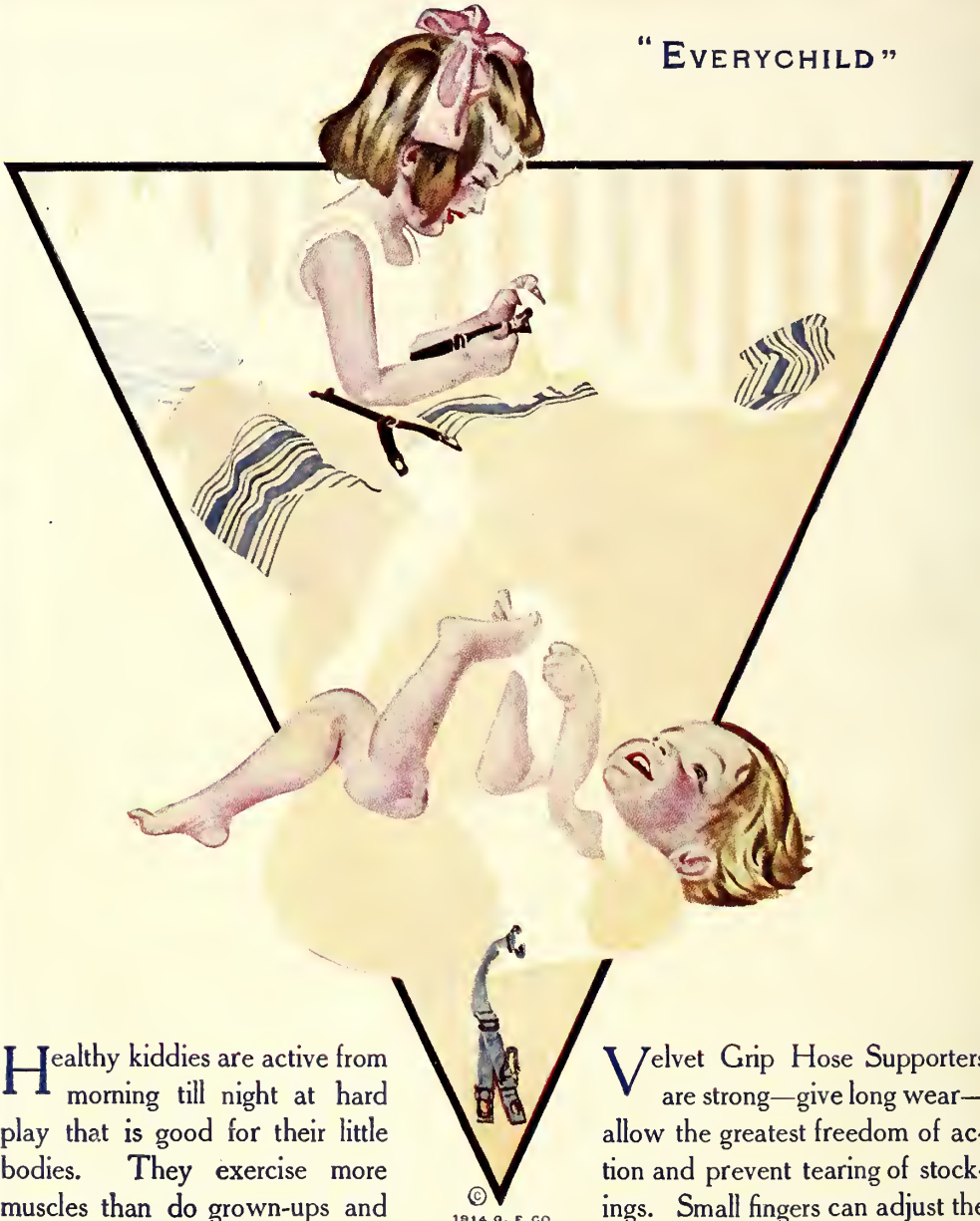
The discerning housewife will appreciate the convenience and economy of buying meats ready cooked—the whole family will testify to the distinctive excellence of each Libby product.



Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago

See our display in the Food Products Palace at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco.

"EVERYCHILD"



Healthy kiddies are active from morning till night at hard play that is good for their little bodies. They exercise more muscles than do grown-ups and the things they wear must stand great strain and rough service.

© 1914 G. F. CO.

Velvet Grip Hose Supporters are strong—give long wear—allow the greatest freedom of action and prevent tearing of stockings. Small fingers can adjust the Velvet Grip rubber button clasp so that it stays fastened all day.

Velvet Grip

SOLD EVERYWHERE
Child's sample pair post-
paid, 16c. (give age.)

OBLONG RUBBER BUTTON
HOSE SUPPORTER

GEORGE FROST CO.
MAKERS, BOSTON

SAVES ANNOYANCE—SAVES TIME—SAVES STOCKINGS

WHAT EVERYONE SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THE AEROPLANE

VOL. XLII, NO. 9

JULY, 1915

PRICE, 25 CENTS

ST. NICHOLAS



THE CENTURY CO. 353 FOURTH AVE. NEW YORK



5¢

FAIRY SOAP

Fairy Soap is carefully made by expert soap-makers who produce a true soap from the choicest materials. Each cake is wrapped in tissue and placed in an individual box, so that it is kept as clean and pure as we make it. The price is only five cents.

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

“Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?”

COLUMBIA



RECORDS-65¢

Double-Disc

Columbia Double-Disc Records bring first aid to the game-time, the dance-time, and *all* time.

And the whole family get pleasure *plus* (show this to your mother) plus a familiarity with "all the music of all the world and most of the fun of it, too."

65 cents is the standard price of Columbia Double-Disc Records, with many hundreds at that price. Your dealer will give you the big Columbia Record Catalog.

Of course they play on any standard disc machine.

This Columbia Grafonola "Favorite" illustrated is a fine birthday present for someone.

Columbia Graphophone Company

Box G237, Woolworth Bldg., New York

TORONTO, 365-367 Sorauren Ave. Prices in Canada plus duty. Creators of the Talking Machine Industry. Pioneers and Leaders in the Talking Machine Art. Owners of the Fundamental Patents. Dealers and Prospective dealers, write for a confidential letter and a free copy of our book "Music Money"



Grafonola "Favorite," \$50.
Easy terms

"We are advertised by our loving friends"

*The Knipers Twins
Edwin and Katherine
Gilman, Ill*



Mellin's Food Babies

The Mellin's Food babies themselves
are the proof we offer that the
Mellin's Food Method
of Milk Modification
is a good, sensible diet for the baby.

*Let us send you
a free trial bottle.*

Mellin's Food Company,

Boston, Mass.

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ST. NICHOLAS NEWS NOTES

THE AUGUST NUMBER



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“THE SURF-RIDERS OF HAWAII”

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(ST. N -7)

“PITCHERS AND PITCHING”

To the August number Billy Evans contributes a third article in his baseball series, this time on the art of pitching. On getting control, on studying the batsman, on sizing-up the situation, are a few of the vital points discussed, and Christy Mathewson, Ed Walsh, and Eddie Plank, a star trio of twirlers, express their views.

“A SATISFACTORY INVESTMENT”

Another story by the popular author of the “Rose Alba” stories, telling how a little girl spent a five-dollar bill that was all her own. The reader will have no trouble in deciding whether her choice was wise or foolish.

“FOR THE CORINTHIAN CUP”

A thrilling short story by an experienced yachtsman telling how four boys entered a famous cup race, how cleverly they sailed their sloop, and what happened. It will be illustrated with a picture by Varian, and with photographs and diagrams by the author, which will help one to appreciate more keenly the fine points of the young skippers' strategy.

“AEROPLANES”

A short supplementary article by Montague Palmer, following his paper in the July number. This tells how a simple toy aeroplane may be constructed. A little ingenuity and a small investment will produce this toy, and a great deal of pleasure can be had with it.

“Nature and Science” will contain, among other interesting items, a delightful article by that most delightful of nature writers, Dallas Lore Sharp, on “Animals at Play.”

“THE LOST PRINCE.” The August instalment tells the result of the boys' visit to Vienna and the wonderful things that happened to them there. They resume their travels and the instalment closes with a surprising incident.

“THE BOARDED-UP HOUSE.” The last instalment of this popular story, in which are solved all the mysteries that have kept our young folks on the qui vive, waiting for the next month's ST. NICHOLAS

“PEG O' THE RING.” The hunt for the ring begins, but whether it is successful or not you must read the August number to discover.

“CHAINED LIGHTNING.” The two boys begin their great adventure, and see interesting phases of Mexican life by the way, among them the hunting-lodge of the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian.

“TOMMY AND THE WISHING-STONE.” In the August story Tommy samples the life of a raccoon—the little animal that Uncle Remus has made so familiar to us all.

The adventures of “MR. DOG AND MR. BEAR” are continued for Very Little Folk. The August story has Mr. Red Fox for one of the leading characters.



ST. NICHOLAS

PENNANT NEWS

The ST. NICHOLAS pennant continues to be a great success, so great a success that another supply has been used up and we are ordering still more, made in the colors of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Pennsylvania and Dartmouth. Surely you who are reading this have a favorite among the big universities, and certainly you want one of these pennants! They are thirty inches long, and the scene on the January cover-page of ST. NICHOLAS is carved into the felt with sharp knives. Each is in two colors, the colors of one of the universities named above. If you send in your own name or that of someone else as a subscriber, please use the coupon on the corner of the opposite page; if you wish to have the whole story of the ST. NICHOLAS pennants, use the coupon on the corner of this page. Why not write to-day? You have nothing to lose, something to gain.

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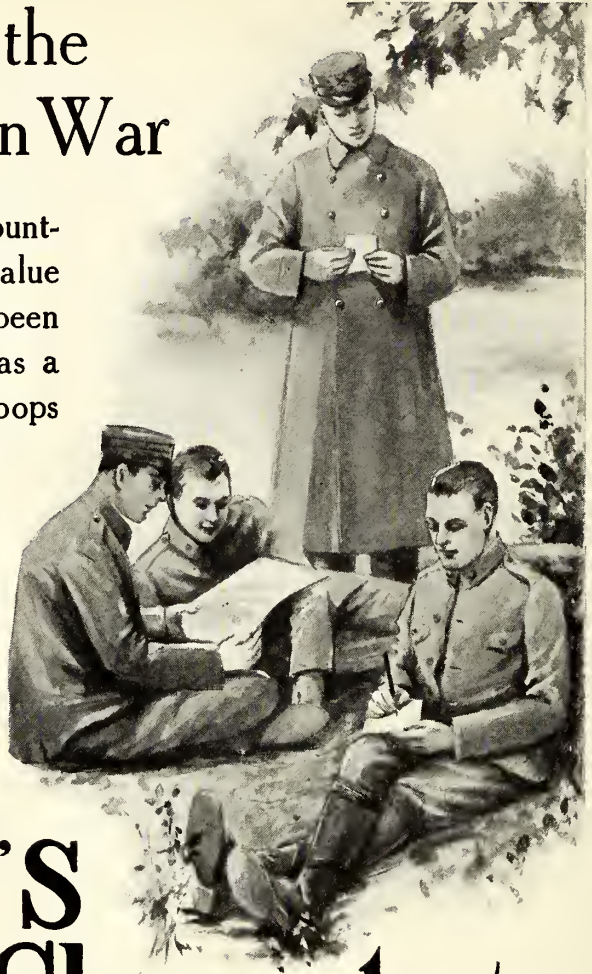
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ST. NICHOLAS

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THE RE-CHRISTENING OF PHŒBE

BY SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

PHŒBE, whose real name was James William Francis Field, 3rd, was a "grind," which, in Yale parlance, signifies one who regards marks more than muscle and sometimes even more than manliness. In appearance the third James William was slim, tall, rosy-cheeked, wore eye-glasses, and had a prim and precise way of talking, all of which personal characteristics were to his appreciative classmates crystallized into the name of "Phœbe." Everywhere he was met by that hated title. Even late-at-night collegians returning homeward at unseemly hours and noting the light of the midnight oil shining from his window, scrupled not to shout in unison, "O! Phœbe Field, stick your head out!"

If so be that James weakly complied with this simple request, they would immediately roar in delighted chorus—

"Stick it in again—Phœbe dear!"

The crisis finally came at the Junior Prom when big careless Billy Reeves, in a voice that carried clear across the armory, introduced him to a chaperone and three girls as, "Mr. Field, commonly known as 'Phœbe.'"

From that moment James solemnly resolved to win for himself a worthier title than that mocking, mincing girl-name; and since in the college world all things are possible to an athlete, an athlete he decided to become, despite his lanky figure and lack of training. As a near-sighted novice, who weighs but one hundred and thirty-

five pounds in his clothes, cannot reasonably hope to win a place on the crew, the eleven, or the nine, Phœbe was compelled to turn to the athletic team as a last resource. The next question, as to which one of the thirteen events he should look to for name and fame, was decided for him by a chance remark of the Professor of Hygiene and Anthropometrics.

This personage was a compulsory institution prescribed by an all-wise Faculty to measure each student at stated intervals and record all muscular increase; and as Phœbe never had any muscular increases to record, the unoffending Professor had become his pet aversion. Accordingly, when one evening in February James William was forced shiveringly to undergo certain Junior physical measurements, he was not in a mood especially receptive for advice. The talented specialist in anthropometrics hopped gayly around his unclothed victim, armed with a pencil and an abnormally cold steel-tape, chirping out uncalled-for observations the while.

"Legs too long and too small," he observed, to Phœbe's unbounded disgust, noting mystic hieroglyphics the while on a chart that was criss-crossed everywhere with red and black lines.

"If you should ever take up running," he continued patronizingly, wrapping the icy tape around James's shrinking shoulders, "try the distances. The quarter-mile or the dashes require more muscle than you 'll ever have."

From that moment the quarter-mile was Phœbe's chosen event, and the very next day the leader of the short-distance candidates was electrified, when he gathered his squad together in the gymnasium, to find among them James William Francis Field, 3rd, clothed in a new running-suit, white tennis-shoes and an air of unswerving resolve.

"It was a frightful shock to one so highly strung as my fair young self," he explained to his appreciative classmates at his eating-club that night, "to find good old Phœbe Field in my squad to-day, all togged out in new jeans, gold-rimmed goggles, and handsome legs about the size of matches."

"'Doctor prescribe exercise?' says I. 'No,' says he, 'I 'm going to try for the team.'"

Here the narrator was cut short by a roar of laughter.

"And he may be a surprise-party yet," continued the first speaker. "He has good brains in that near-sighted noddle of his, and what 's more, for a man that 's never run, he has quite a touch of speed."

As the days passed by, this prophecy bade fair to be realized, for Phœbe trained for the quarter-mile with the same dogged perseverance that had made him noted as a scholar, until gradually the narrow chest broadened and the pipe-stem legs began to acquire strength and speed.

Finally there came an evening when the quarter-mile candidates were weeded out by a series of time-trials on the indoor track in the gymnasium. A group of Phœbe's classmates were present, and, when his trial came, they greeted him with shouts of unrestrained joy.

"Hurroo for Phœbe Field the flyer!" they observed loudly. But their scoffs were silenced when the pistol cracked and Phœbe flashed off around the canvas-covered track, negotiating the "turns" and speeding the straightaways like a veteran. Lap after lap he covered unflaggingly, and gamely ran himself to a standstill on the last one, and when his time was announced as second best of all the new candidates, his athletic aspirations ceased from that moment to be a joke.

"He 's the deceivenest thing on the squad," Mike, the grizzled old trainer, confided to sundry of the athletic alumni who dropped in at Easter-time to take a look at the candidates. "To look at him, you would n't think he could run fast enough to keep warm, but he 's a goer for fair, and he uses his head in racing more than any man I 've got."

When the squad finally began work on the cinder-path, Phœbe improved wonderfully. In the spring games he finished second to the university

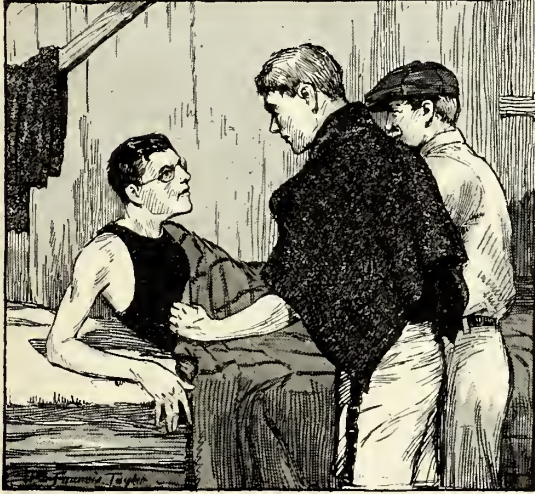
champion. Three weeks later, at the Yale-Harvard meet, he lost a desperate race to the Harvard record-holder at the very tape, and became Yale's main hope in the quarter-mile at the Intercollegiate Games that were looming up a short fortnight away. Never had an intercollegiate meeting meant so much to Yale. Ten years before, alumni from all the colleges of the Intercollegiate Association, had donated a huge silver challenge-cup, to be competed for annually and to become the permanent property of the college winning it the greatest number of times during the decade. Three times had Yale and Harvard held the coveted trophy, and three times other colleges had wrested it away from them, so that one more victory for either the crimson or the blue sent the cup to Cambridge or New Haven permanently.

At daybreak on the morning of the intercollegiate meeting, Phœbe awoke suddenly in one of the great New York hotels, to which the team had been sent the evening before, with a sense as of an impending doom hanging over him. All that morning was one of feverish waiting for the fray, around the corridors of the hotel, confabs with the worried captain, advice from sundry old grads, who came back annually to follow the fortunes of the team, and above all a constant stream of characteristic encouragement, exhortation, and warning from old Mike. The morning passed some way or other, and at two o'clock Phœbe found himself standing in the training-house at the Oval while a brawny rubber slapped great handfuls of cold alcohol all over his wiry frame. The fight was on, with the preliminary heats in the quarter-mile race the third event.

The green field, encircled by grand stands, was thronged with spectators, thrilled with college cheers, and afloat with flags of all colors. The deep-throated Harvard slogan held its own against the shattering Greek cheer of Yale, while the pyrotechnic and alphabetical cries of the other colleges roared back and forth from section to section, until they all blended into one vast many-keyed tumult that made the blood of the competitors pound at their temples.

Before Phœbe could realize his surroundings, he found himself out on the cinder-path with a score or so of other runners, answering to the clerk of the course as that dignitary read off the list of competitors drawn for the first heat. A moment later he was on his marks with every muscle tense for the pistol. When the signal at last came, he found himself in a maddened huddle of runners at the first corner, where every one seemed to be fighting for the pole, and, as he swerved out to clear the crowd, there was a sud-

den tearing pain in his left leg. Glancing down, he saw a thin red line, along which blood-drops were oozing, extending fully six inches athwart the calf. The gash was little more than skin-deep, however, and stung him to a speed which brought him nearer to the flying leaders with every stride, and by the time the van reached the home-stretch, Phœbe had the heat well in hand, and, running well within himself, crossed the line second of the four men who were privileged to



"'PHŒBE,' HE SAID, 'THE WHOLE THING TURNS ON YOUR EVENT.'"

run in the final heat. Mike was waiting for him at the Yale quarters with a big fuzzy blanket.

"Good work, me boy!" he shouted, wrapping him up like a chrysalis in the blanket. "Spiked you, too, the clumsy ice-wagons!" he exclaimed wrathfully as the long gash caught his eye. Phœbe was then rubbed down again and the gash on his leg washed out with raw alcohol to keep it from stiffening, during which operation he smiled pleasantly, in accordance with training-house etiquette.

"Now you lie there and sleep until you 're called!" was Mike's parting injunction, as he hurried off to attend to the Yale entries in the next event.

For awhile Phœbe lay watching the deft-handed rubbers and listening to the confused shouts and cheers outside. Then things began to waver before his eyes and of a sudden he knew nothing more. It seemed to him as if he had only closed his eyes for a moment, though in reality it had been nearly two hours, when he felt some one shaking his arm and looked up sleepily to see the captain of the team and Mike standing by him, both with the drawn look on their faces that comes from a long-continued

strain. The captain, a brawny hammer-thrower, with the sweat of a hard-earned victory in his event still wet on his satiny skin, spoke first.

"Phœbe," he said hoarsely, "Yale and Harvard lead. Harvard has 31 points and we have 29½. The whole thing turns on your event. Now, old man, don't go back on us—if you win, you can have anything you want!"

Phœbe was on his feet in a moment and began lacing on his spiked shoes with hands that trembled in spite of himself. Mike said not a word, but laid a huge arm across the slim back and looked into the runner's face with eyes that fairly glowed.

"I 'll do it, Mike, if it 's in me," he muttered. And as Phœbe started for the door, he turned to the hammer-thrower, "Cap'n, if I win, there 'll be something that I want."

"Anything, Phœbe, anything—*only win this race!*" howled the latter excitedly. "Now boys, all sing!"

From every side of the training-house the athletes flocked. Some were white and sick from hard-run races, a few had won, many had lost, some were dressed, others still dripping with alcohol as they left the hands of the rubbers,—but they all sang, while the captain led them, using a sixteen-pound hammer and the top of a rubbing table to punctuate the specially emphatic passages, and the chorus "Here 's to good old Yale!" rang out even to the grand-stands, and was greeted by the Yale sections with roars of renewed cheering. At the end of the verse there was a tremendous cheer for "Phœbe Field!" and the echoes had scarcely died away before an official with a flowing badge thrust his head into the open door, shouting,

"Last call for the quarter-mile!"

With his hated nickname still sounding in his ears, Phœbe took his place among the twelve runners who had won places in the finals, and who represented the best quarter-milers among the American colleges.

Fate was kinder to him than in the preliminary heat, and he drew a position second from the pole. The coveted inside position went to a Princeton crack, while three places away were two men with the slanting crimson bar, the emblem of Harvard, across their jersey-fronts, and next to them a University of California runner, who was rated high on the Pacific Coast. The rest of the entries were either second-rate performers, or novices of whose ability but little was known.

As the competitors took their places, the audience, maddened by the neck-and-neck fight throughout between Harvard and Yale, dropped

all personal preferences and ten thousand voices shouted mightily for one university or the other, until Phœbe's tense nerves quivered like violin strings. He looked sidelong down the line at his Harvard opponents standing side by side, and, as he noted that they were both chewing gum and gazing at the audience with ostentatious unconcern, an unreasoning rage possessed his mind



"PHŒBE'S OUTSTRETCHED ARMS BROKE THE TAPE."

at the sight of this irritating complacency, and he inwardly vowed to ruffle their Harvard calm on the home-stretch.

"On your marks!" shouted the starter through the din of cheers, and Phœbe set his teeth and resolved to run that race with every bit of brain and muscle and nerve that he possessed.

"Get set!" and the whole line crouched to spring.

A sudden silence fell upon the great audience, broken sharply by the report of the pistol. Phœbe broke off his marks with the flash, and, sprinting, snatched the pole away from the startled Princeton runner, and going at full speed held his lead handily around the dangerous first corner and swung into the back-stretch a good two yards ahead of the field. Here the Californian, who had evidently planned to cut out the pace the entire distance, passed him and spurted on ahead at a gait which Phœbe's critical eye told him was too fast to last long. Somewhere in the four hundred and forty yards of a quarter mile the best of runners must slacken a little, for three hundred yards is about the limit of distance that can be covered at a sprinting pace.

Accordingly, in the next hundred yards, Phœbe slowed his gait until, as the field approached the second corner, he was back in the ruck, with Harvard, Princeton, and California all ahead. At the corner the tremendous pace began to tell on the representative of the Pacific Coast and he staggered slightly and ran wide. Instantly one of the Harvard men flashed in between him and the pole and rounded into the home-stretch with no one beside him.

On the moment the whole grand stand seemed aflame with crimson banners. "Harvard!" "Harvard!" "Harvard!" the roar ran up and down the field. Ten yards away, still on the curve, came Phœbe, traveling close and easily so as not to cover any unnecessary distance. California was in trouble and ran lurchingly, while, five yards back of the leader, Princeton and the other Harvard entry were side by side, with the latter drawing away slightly. A scant seventy-five yards from the leader was the group of grave-faced judges and time-keepers, and the thin red finish-line breast-high across the track. Riotous Harvard alumni rushed out on the field from the grand stands, and threw up their hats, and patted each other on the back in paroxysms of delirious joy, for their University seemed sure of first, and probably second, place.

Suddenly there came a fierce yell from the Yale side, and a thousand drooping blue banners waved frantically. As he turned into the home-stretch, Phœbe had seen on the instant that it was impossible to keep near the pole and pass the three leaders in time, and immediately crossed to the outside of the track and was now coming like a whirlwind. With head back and eyes flashing behind his spectacles, he ran like a demon, drawing on all the speed he had saved for the finish.

Then, in a moment he dashed into second place, passing the astonished pair before they had even

suspected his nearness. The leader heard the rapid pat, pat, of his flying feet and struggled desperately to make one final spurt, but his legs tottered as he tried to lengthen his stride, yet the goal was less than ten yards away and the Yale runner still a yard or two back. Clutching his corks until the veins of his wrists stood out in ridges, Phœbe made a final effort and drew up to the leader's shoulder. Scarcely a stride from the tape, the latter glanced back. The movement, trifling as it seemed, slowed his stride by ever so tiny a fraction of a second, and, in that pin-point of time, Phœbe threw himself forward like a diver and, even while his opponent's foot was in mid-air on the last stride, the outstretched arms of the Yale runner broke the tape and he fell headlong on the sharp cinders, breathless and exhausted, but—a winner!

That night the Yale team and every available Yale man that could be found, professors, undergraduates, alumni, and sub-freshmen, sat down to a love feast in one of New York's largest dining-rooms with the hardly won cup in the centre of the table. When the last course was reached and scores of enthusiasts, their voices reduced to husky whispers by reason of much cheering, had shaken Phœbe's hand, the Captain arose solemnly.

"Gentlemen," he began, "just before the hero of this, the grandest day that America has ever seen" (loud cheers) "went out to cover himself with glory, he remarked to me that if he won, he would have a request to make, and in the name of the University I promised him anything he could ask, from the right hand of fellowship to an honorary degree. Now, in behalf of Yale, I call on him to name his wish—and we'll do the rest."

For fully ten minutes, the feelings inspired by this oratorical effort were expressed in assorted cheers, at the end of which time Phœbe was borne around the room on the shoulders of as many as could get to him and finally deposited on the banquet table. There, with one foot dan-



PHŒBE NAMES HIS WISH.

gerously close to a platter of chicken salad, he paused a moment, and then, regarding the jubilant crowd benignly through his spectacles, remarked simply,

"I'd like to have you fellows call me Jim."

And, with a prodigious, phenomenal, and altogether unsurpassable "Rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! rah! *Jim Field!*" "Phœbe" passed away forever.



Owned by The Metropolitan Museum, New York.

"LOUISE."—PAINTED BY ALPHONSE JONGERS.

ON THE EDGE OF THE AMAZON

BY DEWEY AUSTIN COBB

FOR the third time in half an hour, José Dean looked at his watch, then across the little bayou, on the farther side of which a winding channel led to the broad Amazon river.

"Surely they ought to be here by this time, Aunt Margarita!" he exclaimed, turning to the handsome, middle-aged woman beside him. Then, as he noted that her smiling gaze was fixed absently upon himself, he glanced hastily down at the spotless white duck which clothed his sturdy figure. José was almost fifteen, and large for his age.

"Anything wrong?" he demanded in mock anxiety; "wrinkles, spiders, mud?" Señora Valdez laughed softly, and patted his shoulder with motherly pride.

"Nothing, José *mió*," she said softly, in Portuguese; "I was only thinking what a fine young man you have become, since you came to us. Not quite three years, yet now it seems as though you had always been our own son."

"You and Uncle Manuel have been so good to me!" he replied impulsively, in the same tongue; then, boylike, he sheered away from sentiment, and added in English, "What a funny, fat little greenhorn I must have been, and what a lot of scrapes I managed to get into!" José's earlier childhood had been spent in Massachusetts, the home of his father, who had married the sister of Señor Valdez. The death of both parents had brought the boy to Brazil, to live with his mother's family.

"I do wonder what Carol Harvey will be like," he speculated, looking again across the bayou. "You know our mothers were such close friends, Aunt Margarita, and we youngsters used to play a lot together, and Carol was just a class or two below me at school when we were neighbors near Boston. Spunky little red-haired thing Carol was then—would n't take a dare, and all that. We used to have some jolly times; but, judging by the Brazilian girls of fourteen, I suppose she has grown up into a regular young lady," he ended regretfully.

"Not quite, perhaps; in the north the young folk do not grow old so quickly," his aunt replied with a grave twinkle of appreciation, for after all she was in no haste to have her boy grown up, and as yet, José was refreshingly free from precocious ambitions, in spite of his manly appearance.

"Well, it will seem good to see them all again!

I remember that, when I was a little shaver, Mr. Harvey used to say that he must look up South American lumber some day; he used to ask Mother all about Brazil, when they came to see us. Of course I 'm not glad that Mrs. Harvey's health made them take this southern trip just now, though if it makes her well, we 'll be thankful—here they come!" he interrupted himself joyfully, as the little launch swung around a curve, and puffed fussily up to the landing.

In a few moments the passengers were on shore; Señor Valdez, tall, fine looking, a model of Brazilian courtesy and hospitality, and then his guests, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey. Last of all, came their daughter Carol, a blonde, curly-haired lass, whose piquant face was alive with interest in her new surroundings. Señora Valdez welcomed the new-comers warmly, and the party started up the path which wound across the sloping lawn to the great brick mansion beyond. Carol and José exchanged greetings half cordial, half shy, and at first neither could think of much to say beyond "how you 've grown!" But the boy noted with satisfaction that his old playmate had no oppressive, "young ladyfied" ways; and after he began to ask questions about his old acquaintances, they got on finely, as fun-loving young people always do.

The next day, Mrs. Harvey was content to rest upon the shaded veranda with her hostess, and Señor Valdez took Mr. Harvey to inspect the workings of a typical Brazilian sawmill, in which the northern lumber-merchant was deeply interested. Carol had José for her special guide about the house and grounds, and was introduced to a host of unfamiliar things in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, besides listening to many strange adventures, which José was eager to relate. At last they arrived at the little wharf on the bayou, and Carol gazed thoughtfully across it to the opening of the channel.

"We can't see the river itself from here," she commented, with a trace of disappointment.

"No; the channel winds through the sedge and jungle for nearly half a mile," José answered. "It does n't take long to reach the river though, for the mill-stream current flows out through that opening, and helps the boat. We don't always come up that way in the launch, from Santarem, you know: Uncle Manuel sometimes uses the *igarupé*, for it saves a little time."

"What 's a 'garupay?" Carol demanded.

José spelled it for her, and explained that it was a narrow stream or canoe-path, running parallel with the river.

"Well," she remarked, "I think I 'd like the river best; I loved it, all the way up from Para! But is n't it big! Why, when you read at school that it 's fifty miles wide in some places, you simply don't begin to imagine what it means. The natives don't seem to mind its size though; they go paddling calmly around in those funny little dugout canoes, that look like my great-grandmother's soft-soap trough. What did you say they were called?"

"*Montradas*," said José, as they surveyed the oddly-shaped canoes moored in the basin.

"What chunky, awkward things they are!" Carol exclaimed. "But aside from their weight, they must be lots easier to manage than our Indian birch-bark canoes—not nearly so tippy and dangerous."

"That 's where you 're mightily mistaken!" asserted José, with boyish bluntness. "Why, it takes a lot of practice to handle a *montrada*. A beginner simply can't do a *thing*; you 'd have the surprise of your young life if you tried to paddle one!"

That was not the way to talk to a girl who had carried off the junior canoeing prize for two years in succession at Camp Bide-a-Wee; and though modesty forbade Carol to proclaim her record, she was properly indignant.

"Pooh! I know I could do it, and not half try, José Dean! Perhaps you think I 've never paddled canoes. Why, we almost live in them in our summer camp at the lake. Just you pull in that little one, nearest the landing-stairs, and I 'll soon show you!"

But José, usually so kind and accommodating, shut his smiling mouth firmly, and his twinkling gray eyes grew serious.

"Truly, Carol," he insisted, "I would n't dare to let you try, for it would hardly be safe. Uncle Manuel told me to take good care of you, and he would n't like it, especially as I have n't been here long enough myself to be an expert. Some day before you go, if your father 's willing, I 'll get Juan, our Indian hunter, to give you a lesson."

Carol looked at him with all the scorn at the command of a face with a combination of tip-tilted nose, dimples, and eyes used to laughter; owing to these drawbacks, the result was not very impressive, but José gathered that he had offended her.

"If I have to be taken care of to that extent, suppose we go back to the house," she suggested cuttingly. "I think I 've seen enough for to-day

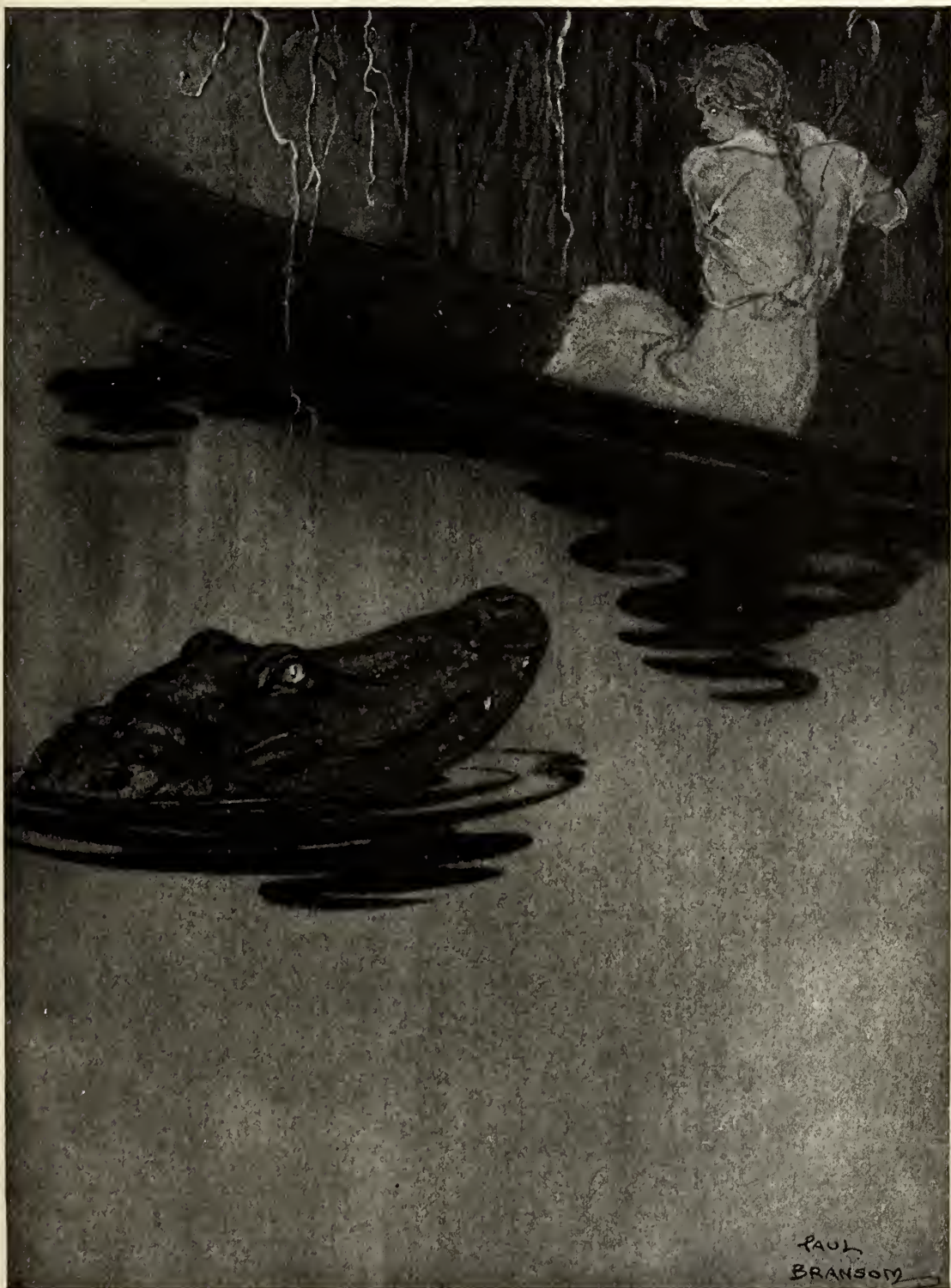
—and I don't want to tire you all out with such heavy responsibilities."

"*Si, Señorita!*" he answered, in his best Brazilian manner, with a sweeping bow, which threatened to upset Miss Harvey's dignity, as she preceded him haughtily up the path. But it was not in Carol's sunny nature to "stay mad," and, through the days that followed, she and José were very busy, investigating the strange, bright insects, birds, and flowers of the plantation, and enjoying the hunting stories told by the master of the house. Each night, they listened from the porch to the grand forest "concert," which began at sunset with the precision of a great orchestra. The distance softened the weird cries of the inhabitants of the jungle, so that they were more amusing than terrifying, and the guests rather enjoyed the experience. Even José could now identify the voices of the chief soloists, from those of the known specimens of zoölogy to the despairing wails which the superstitious Indians ascribed to that mythical beast, the *curupira*, or as Carol persisted in calling it, the "poora-queera."

Late one afternoon, about a week after the arrival of the Harveys, José had been sent by his uncle to do an errand at the mill, at some distance from the house, and Carol was left to her own devices. At first, it was pleasant to sit on the cool porch and write glowing descriptions of the tropics to her girl friends at home; but after a while she was lonesome. Her mother and Señora Valdez were taking naps, the two men were visiting a distant part of the plantation, and Carol decided to take a stroll about the lawn, with its beautiful flower-beds and fruit trees. Stopping now and then to gather strange blossoms, she stood at last on the wharf, and the fascinating little canoes at their moorings seemed to bob a friendly welcome. A look of rebellion appeared on her bright face as she looked.

"The idea of those simple things being hard to paddle!" she thought scornfully. "Just see how easily the Indians glide about in them! José was a perfect tyrant about letting me try; probably he never had any experience with birch-barks, before he came down here. I 've a good mind to practice a little now, while he 's away, and then I 'll show him how well I can do it. When he sees me gliding across the bayou, he 'll wish he had n't acted so superior!"

Now a Brazilian canoe is much the shape of a crescent moon, both ends alike and out of water, with no keel and no rudder. It is propelled by a single paddle, some four feet long, used on one side only, but with a stroke so peculiar that the craft follows any course desired. Carol untied the painter of the small boat used to bring in the



"AS THOUGH STARTLED BY HER CRY, THE IMMENSE CREATURE SANK
OUT OF SIGHT AGAIN." (SEE PAGE 781.)

larger ones, took the odd little paddle in her hand, and stepped in. As she put her weight on the thwartless craft, the skittish thing, as if just awakened, gave a vicious lurch, and Carol sat down solidly and unexpectedly: in her surprise, the paddle went overboard, but she managed to catch it before it drifted away. Unnoticed, the slow but steady current had taken her a boat's length from the landing stage before she could try to use the paddle, and, when she did so, the result was amazing. Instead of moving forward, as a boat with keel and rudder would have done, it just stood still and spun on its round bottom, and it was merely a matter of chance which way it would be headed when it came to rest. A second and third stroke only made the canoe spin round faster and faster. Then she changed the stroke to the other side of the boat. It was left-handed, but worth trying. The first stroke checked the whirling, but at the second, the boat spun around in the opposite direction.

"You idiotic thing!" scolded Carol, between her teeth. She had seen these canoes go ahead, like sane boats; but how was it done? She determined to find out, and tried to recall just what movements she had seen the native paddlers make; but her experiments brought only fresh surprises, and she stopped a moment to drift and rest.

"I am moving forward, though!" she thought jubilantly, as she looked around her; for it seemed at first as though her progress was due to her own efforts. Then she remembered that the mill-stream flowed through the basin, and that doubtless she was moving with its current. She noted suddenly that the channel was very near; what would become of her if the sullen, relentless current bore her on to the great river? Her heart gave a quick flutter of fear, and in desperation she resumed her efforts to paddle, but only succeeded in spinning around as before, while the canoe crept steadily toward the outlet. Her pride forgotten in the sense of a real danger, she shouted loudly for José, and then for her father; but landing, lawn, and distant mansion were silent and deserted.

The bank in front of the house had been cleared of its border of sedge and arums, but near the outlet an impenetrable growth of these great aquatic plants extended into the water, so that not a foot of solid ground was visible from a boat. Just as a turn in the current took her into the narrow outlet, a thick wall of jungle growth shut out the sight of the house and lawn, and Carol, looking at the mass of giant leaves and stalks, higher than her head, was almost overcome by her discouragement. And then, by

chance, she suddenly discovered that by reaching her paddle well under the canoe, she could make a little headway, taking her stroke just when the canoe, in its gyrations, pointed in the direction she wanted to go. She had not skill enough to utilize the discovery to much advantage; but it gave her hope that even if she could not go back against the current, she could at least coax her willful craft near enough to the shore to enable her to grasp something, and wait for rescue.

"For," she reasoned, "they 'll be sure to miss me at supper-time, if not before, and, if they find the canoe gone, that will give them a clue." She still called at intervals, though she feared that she was too far from the house to be heard; and in fact she was so close to the edge of the river by this time that the steady trade-wind carried her voice away.

Onward danced her impish, irresponsible canoe, while Carol caught desperately at the sedge growth whenever it came within reach. At last she was fortunate enough to grasp the tough stalk of some water-plant and to stay her progress, though it took so much strength that her arms soon ached. She dropped the paddle during the struggle, and this time it escaped, and went bobbing down the stream by itself. Still, Carol drew a long breath of relief, and then took note of her surroundings. Nothing in sight but sedge and arums, and beyond these the tops of the great trees, with their trailing, tangled vines; all silent, and beautiful—and cruel. Involuntarily, she began to recall the tales she had heard about the denizens of these wilds. There were the deadly water moccasins; did they ever crawl up the stems of water plants, she wondered, and bite people's hands? Then there was a kind of spider, big enough to eat birds—the very thought made her shudder, aside from its poisonous bite; why had she not been more attentive when José had described the favorite haunts of this monster? The jaguars; did n't they drop on their prey from trees? But luckily there were no trees directly overhead, now. Boa constrictors, too! They liked marshy places, and she remembered a story of one hanging by its tail from a branch above the water; and after that, every trailing liana in sight suggested unpleasant possibilities.

And now she faced a new menace, for the sun was setting and the swift twilight began to blot out everything except the giant plants nearest her. Suddenly, as the light faded, a frightful clamor of beast noises arose all around her, and she remembered the sunset chorus. Only those who have heard can realize what a vast population of screaming, hooting, and whistling creatures break into call in the marshes and savannas

of the tropics at sunset. How different the noises had sounded, away up on the safe veranda, with José and the rest to laugh at them with her! The lonely bit of a girl in the midst of the weird pandemonium swallowed hard and wondered how much longer she could hold on, for the canoe pulled in the strong current, and her overstrained arms were getting numb. A series of horrid yells close by sent a shiver up her spine. Doubtless some dreadful battle was going on in the big, dark forest, only a rod away; it sounded like a description she had read of a mortal combat between a pack of dogs and a wild boar, for she did not know the terrifying repertoire of the howling monkey. There were staccato shrieks, wailing cries, hoarse grunts and groans, and at last came a bull-like bellow and a great splash, close to the boat. To add to her terror, a dark object reared itself over the edge of the canoe, and she could see dimly through the gathering gloom two great bulging, bleary eyes peering at her. It was the head of an enormous alligator! But as though startled by her cry, the immense creature sank out of sight again. The din seemed to grow more and more frightful, and worst of all, the canoe gave a sudden pull, the stalk slipped from Carol's benumbed, trembling hands, and she was once more on her way to the vast river. Would they miss her in time to overtake her?

Even while the despairing thought gripped her, she seemed to hear through the bewildering

nightmare noises, a call which had a human quality. She called back with all the strength of her vigorous lungs, and this time she was sure the sound came nearer. Again, and yet again she sent back an answering hail; and then came José's voice plainly shouting hail, and in another moment José himself, with Juan the hunter, came paddling swiftly around the bend in one of the larger canoes. Carol indulged in a little sob of weakness and relief, all to herself, just before they overtook her; but in answer to José's anxious inquiries, she was able to assure him that she was safe.

"But—I 'm glad you came!" she laughed shakily. "A runaway *montrada* is n't just the thing for exploring the Amazon at night, is it?" Then, with a spark of her old independence, she added, "All the same, José, before my arms and my—my nerve gave out, I was really beginning to get hold of that stroke!"

José did not speak for a moment, as he helped her into the larger boat, with big-brotherly care: he had been under a pretty severe strain himself for the last hour or so, and he did not feel talkative. But, as they started homeward, with the little *montrada* trailing meekly behind, and the subdued little champion huddled meekly beside him, his spirits rebounded, and the teasing boy-spirit asserted itself.

"Oh, you canoedler!" he mocked; and, in spite of her discomfiture, Carol laughed too.



A HASTY TRIP THROUGH THE SUBWAY.

THE LOST PRINCE

BY

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "The Secret Garden," "T. Tembarom," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE SILVER HORN

DURING the next week, which they spent in journeying towards Vienna, they gave the Sign to three different persons at places which were on the way. In a village across the frontier in Bavaria they found a giant of an old man sitting on a bench under a tree before his mountain "Gasthaus" or inn; and when the four words were uttered, he stood up and bared his head as the guide had done. When Marco gave the Sign in some quiet place to a man who was alone, he noticed that they all did this and said their "God be thanked" devoutly, as if it were part of some religious ceremony. In a small town a few miles away he had to search some hours before he found a stalwart young shoemaker with bright red hair and a horseshoe-shaped scar on his forehead. He was not in his workshop when the boys first passed it, because, as they found out later, he had been climbing a mountain the day before, and had been detained in the descent because his companion had hurt himself.

When Marco went in and asked him to measure him for a pair of shoes, he was quite friendly and told them all about it.

"There are some good fellows who should not climb," he said. "When they find themselves standing on a bit of rock jutting out over emptiness, their heads begin to whirl round—and then, if they don't turn head over heels a few thousand feet, it is because some comrade is near enough to drag them back. There can be no ceremony then and they sometimes get hurt—as my friend did yesterday."

"Did you never get hurt yourself?" The Rat asked.

"When I was eight years old I did that," said the young shoemaker, touching the scar on his forehead. "But it was not much. My father was a guide and took me with him. He wanted me to begin early. There is nothing like it—climbing. I shall be at it again. This won't do for me. I tried shoemaking because I was in love with a girl who wanted me to stay at home. She married another man. I am glad of it. Once a guide, always a guide." He knelt to measure Marco's foot, and Marco bent a little forward.

"The Lamp is lighted," he said.

There was no one in the shop, but the door was open and people were passing in the narrow street; so the shoemaker did not lift his red head. He went on measuring.

"God be thanked!" he said, in a low voice. "Do you want these shoes really, or did you only want me to take your measure?"

"I cannot wait until they are made," Marco answered. "I must go on."

"Yes, you must go on," answered the shoemaker. "But I 'll tell you what I 'll do—I 'll make them and keep them. Some great day might come when I shall show them to people and swagger about them." He glanced round cautiously, and then ended, still bending over his measuring: "They will be called the shoes of the Bearer of the Sign. And I shall say, 'He was only a lad. This was the size of his foot.'" Then he stood up with a great smile.

"There 'll be climbing enough to be done now," he said, "and I look to see you again somewhere."

When the boys went away, they talked it over.

"The hair-dresser did n't want to be a hair-dresser, and the shoemaker did n't want to make shoes," said The Rat. "They both wanted to be mountain-climbers. There are mountains in Samavia and mountains on the way to it. You showed them to me on the map."

"Yes; and secret messengers who can climb anywhere, and cross dangerous places, and reconnoiter from points no one else can reach, can find out things and give signals other men cannot," said Marco.

"That 's what I thought out," The Rat answered. "That was what he meant when he said, 'There will be climbing enough to be done now.'"

Strange were the places they went to and curiously unlike each other were the people to whom they carried their message. The most singular of all was an old, old woman who lived in so remote a place that the road which wound round and round the mountain, wound round it for miles and miles. It was not a bad road and it was an amazing one to travel, dragged in a small cart by a mule, when one could be dragged, and clambering slowly with rests between when one could not; the tree-covered precipices one looked down,

the tossing whiteness of waterfalls, or the green foaming of rushing streams, and the immensity of farm- and village-scattered plains spreading themselves to the feet of other mountains shutting them in, breath-taking beauties to look down on, as the road mounted and wound round and round and higher and higher.

"How can any one live higher than this?" said The Rat as they sat on the thick moss by the wayside after the mule and cart had left them. "Look at the bare crags looming up above there. Let us look at her again. Her picture looked as if she were a hundred years old."

Marco took out his hidden sketch. It seemed surely one of the strangest things in the world that a creature as old as this one seemed could reach such a place, or, having reached it, could ever descend to the world again to give aid to any person or thing.

Her old face was crossed and recrossed with a thousand wrinkles. Her profile was splendid yet and she had been a beauty in her day. Her eyes were like an eagle's—and not an old eagle's. And she had a long neck which held her old head high.

"How could she get here?" exclaimed The Rat.

"Those who sent us know, though we don't," said Marco. "Will you sit here and rest while I go on further?"

"No!" The Rat answered stubbornly. "I didn't train myself to stay behind. But we shall come to bare-rock climbing soon and then I shall be obliged to stop," and he said the last bitterly. He knew that, if Marco had come alone, he would have ridden in no cart but would have trudged upward and onward sturdily to the end of his journey.

But they did not reach the crags, as they had thought must be inevitable. Suddenly, half-way to the sky, as it seemed, they came to a bend in the road and found themselves mounting into a new green world—an astonishing marvel of a world, with green velvet slopes and soft meadows and thick woodland, and cows feeding in velvet pastures, and—as if it had been snowed down from the huge bare mountain crags which still soared above into heaven—a mysterious, ancient, huddled village which, being thus snowed down, might have caught among the rocks and rested there through all time.

There it stood. There it huddled itself. And the monsters in the blue above it themselves looked down upon it as if it were an incredible thing—this ancient, steep-roofed, hanging-balconied, crumbling cluster of human nests, which seemed a thousand miles from the world. Marco and The Rat stood and stared at it. Then they sat down and stared at it.

"How did it get here?" The Rat cried.

Marco shook his head. He certainly could see no explanation of its being there. Perhaps some of the oldest villagers could tell stories of how its first chalets had gathered themselves together.

An old peasant driving a cow came down a steep path. He looked with a dull curiosity at The Rat and his crutches; but when Marco advanced and spoke to him in German, he did not seem to understand, but shook his head saying something in a sort of dialect Marco did not know.

"If they all speak like that, we shall have to make signs when we want to ask anything," The Rat said. "What will she speak?"

"She will know the German for the Sign or we should not have been sent here," answered Marco. "Come on."

They made their way to the village, which huddled itself together evidently with the object of keeping itself warm when through the winter months the snows strove to bury it and the winds roared down from the huge mountain crags and tried to tear it from among its rocks. The doors and windows were few and small, and glimpses of the inside of the houses showed earthen floors and dark rooms. It was plain that it was counted a more comfortable thing to live without light than to let in the cold.

It was easy enough to reconnoiter. The few people they saw were evidently not surprised that strangers who discovered their unexpected existence should be curious and want to look at them and their houses.

The boys wandered about as if they were casual explorers, who having reached the place by chance were interested in all they saw. They went into the little Gasthaus and got some black bread and sausage and some milk. The mountain-eer owner was a brawny fellow who understood some German. He told them that few strangers knew of the village but that bold hunters and climbers came for sport. In the forests on the mountain-sides were bears and, in the high places, chamois. Now and again, some great gentlemen came with parties of the daring kind—very great gentlemen indeed, he said, shaking his head with pride. There was one who had castles in other mountains, but he liked best to come here.

Marco began to wonder if several strange things might not be true if great gentlemen sometimes climbed to the mysterious place. But he had not been sent to give the Sign to a great gentleman. He had been sent to give it to an old woman with eyes like an eagle which was young.

He had a sketch in his sleeve, with that of her face, of her steep-roofed, black-beamed, balconied house. If they walked about a little, they

would be sure to come upon it in this tiny place. Then he could go in and ask her for a drink of water.

They roamed about for an hour after they left the Gasthaus. They went into the little church and looked at the graveyard and wondered if it was not buried out of all sight in the winter. After they had done this, they sauntered out and walked through the huddled clusters of houses, examining each one as they drew near it and passed.

"I see it!" The Rat exclaimed at last. "It is that very old-looking one standing a little way from the rest. It is not as tumbled down as most of them. And there are some red flowers on the balcony."

"Yes! That 's it!" said Marco.

They walked up to the low black door and, as he stopped on the threshold, Marco took off his cap. He did this because, sitting in the doorway on a low wooden chair, the old, old woman with the eagle eyes was thoughtfully knitting.

There was no one else in the room and no one anywhere within sight. When the old, old woman looked up at him with her young eagle's eyes, holding her head high on her long neck, Marco knew he need not ask for water or for anything else.

"The Lamp is lighted," he said, in his low but strong and clear young voice.

She dropped her knitting upon her knees and gazed at him a moment in silence. She knew German it was clear, for it was in German she answered him.

"God be thanked!" she said. "Come in, young Bearer of the Sign, and bring your friend in with you. I live alone and not a soul is within hearing."

She was a wonderful old woman. Neither Marco nor The Rat would live long enough to forget the hours they spent in her strange dark house. She kept them and made them spend the night with her.

"It is quite safe," she said. "I live alone since my man fell into the crevasse and was killed because his rope broke when he was trying to save his comrade. So I have two rooms to spare and sometimes climbers are glad to sleep in them. Mine is a good warm house and I am well known in the village. You are very young," she added shaking her head. "You are very young. You must have good blood in your veins to be trusted with this."

"I have my father's blood," answered Marco.

"You are like some one I once saw," the old woman said, and her eagle eyes set themselves hard upon him. "Tell me your name."

There was no reason why he should not tell it to her.

"It is Marco Loristan," he said.

"What! It is that!" she cried out, not loud but low.

To Marco's amazement she got up from her chair and stood before him, showing what a tall old woman she really was. There was a startled, even an agitated, look in her face. And suddenly she actually made a sort of curtsy to him—bending her knee as peasants do when they pass a shrine.

"Is it that!" she said again. "And yet they dare let you go on a journey like this! That speaks for your courage and for theirs."

But Marco did not know what she meant. Her strange obeisance made him feel awkward. He stood up because his training had told him that when a woman stands a man also rises.

"The name speaks for the courage," he said, "because it is my father's."

She watched him almost anxiously.

"You do not even know!" she breathed—and it was an exclamation and not a question.

"I know what I have been told to do," he answered. "I do not ask anything else."

"Who is that?" she asked, pointing to The Rat.

"He is the friend my father sent with me," said Marco smiling. "He called him my Aide-de-Camp. It was a sort of joke because we had played soldiers together."

It seemed as if she were obliged to collect her thoughts. She stood with her hand at her mouth, looking down at the earth floor.

"God guard you!" she said at last. "You are very—very young!"

"But all his years," The Rat broke in, "he has been in training for just this thing. He did not know it was training, but it was. A soldier who had been trained for thirteen years would know his work."

He was so eager that he forgot she could not understand English. Marco translated what he said into German and added: "What he says is true."

She nodded her head, still with questioning and anxious eyes.

"Yes. Yes," she muttered. "But you are very young." Then she asked, in a hesitating way, "Will you not sit down until I do?"

"No," answered Marco. "I would not sit while my mother or grandmother stood."

"Then I must sit—and forget," she said.

She passed her hand over her face as though she were sweeping away the sudden puzzled trouble in her expression. Then she sat down, as if

she had obliged herself to become again the old peasant she had been when they entered.

"All the way up the mountain you wondered why an old woman should be given the Sign," she said. "You asked each other how she could be of use."

Neither Marco nor The Rat said anything.

"When I was young and fresh," she went on. "I went to a castle over the frontier to be foster-mother to a child who was born a great noble—one who was near the throne. He loved me and I loved him. He was a strong child and he grew up a great hunter and climber. When he was not ten years old, my man taught him to climb. He always loved these mountains better than his own. He comes to see me as if he were only a young mountaineer. He sleeps in the room there," with a gesture over her shoulder into the darkness. "He has great power and, if he chooses to do a thing, he will do it—just as he will attack the biggest bear or climb the most dangerous peak. He is one who can bring things about. It is very safe to talk in this room."

Then all was quite clear. Marco and The Rat understood.

No more was said about the Sign. It had been given and that was enough. The old woman told them that they must sleep in one of her bedrooms. The next morning one of her neighbors was going down to the valley with a cart and he would help them on their way. The Rat knew that she was thinking of his crutches and he became restless.

"Tell her," he said to Marco, "how I have trained myself until I can do what any one else can. And tell her I am growing stronger every day. Tell her I'll show her what I can do. Your father would n't have let me come as your Aide if I had n't proved to him that I was n't a cripple. Tell her all these things. She thinks I'm no use."

Marco explained and the old woman listened

attentively. When The Rat got up and swung himself about up and down the steep path near her house, she seemed relieved. His extraordinary dexterity and firm swiftness evidently



"AS HE STOPPED ON THE THRESHOLD MARCO TOOK OFF HIS CAP."

amazed her and gave her a confidence she had not felt at first.

"If he has taught himself to be like that just for love of your father, he will go to the end," she said. "It is more than one could believe, that a pair of crutches could do such things."

The Rat was pacified and could afterwards give himself up to watching her as closely as he wished to. He was soon "working out" certain things in his mind. What he watched was her way of watching Marco. It was as if she were fascinated and could not keep her eyes from him. She told them stories about the mountains and the strangers who came to climb with guides or

to hunt. She told them about the storms, which sometimes seemed about to put an end to the little world among the crags. She described the winter when all the snow buried them and the strong ones were forced to dig out the weak and some lived for days under the masses of soft whiteness, glad to keep their cows or goats in their rooms that they might share the warmth of their bodies. The villagers were forced to be good neighbors to each other, for the man who was not ready to dig out a hidden chimney or buried door to-day might be left to freeze and starve in his snow tomb next week. Through the worst part of the winter no creature from the world below could make way to them to find out whether they were all dead or alive.

While she talked, she watched Marco as if she were always asking herself some question about him. The Rat was sure that she liked him and greatly admired his strong body and good looks. It was not necessary for him to carry himself slouchingly in her presence and he looked glowing and noble. There was a sort of reverence in her manner when she spoke to him. She reminded him of Lazarus more than once. When she gave them their evening meal, she insisted on waiting on him with a certain respectful ceremony. She would not sit at table with him, and The Rat began to realize that she felt that he himself should be standing to serve him.

"She thinks I ought to stand behind your chair as Lazarus stands behind your father's," he said to Marco. "Perhaps an Aide ought to do it. Shall I? I believe it would please her."

"A Bearer of the Sign is not a royal person," answered Marco. "My father would not like it—and I should not. We are only two boys."

It was very wonderful when, after their supper was over, they all three sat together before the fire.

The red glow of the bed of wood-coal and the orange yellow of the flame from the big logs filled the room with warm light, which made a mellow background for the figure of the old woman as she sat in her low chair and told them more and more entrancing stories.

Her eagle eyes glowed and her long neck held her head splendidly high as she described great feats of courage and endurance or almost super-human daring in aiding those in awesome peril, and, when she glowed most in the telling, they always knew that the hero of the adventure had been her foster-child who was the baby born a great noble and near the throne. To her, he was the most splendid and adorable of human beings. Almost an emperor, but so warm and tender of heart that he never forgot the long-past days

when she had held him on her knee and told him tales of chamois- and bear-hunting, and of the mountain-tops in mid-winter. He was her sun-god.

"Yes! Yes!" she said. "Good Mother," he calls me. "And I bake him a cake on the hearth, as I did when he was ten years old and my man was teaching him to climb. And when he chooses that a thing shall be done—done it is! He is a great lord."

The flames had died down and only the big bed of red coal made the room glow, and they were thinking of going to bed when the old woman started very suddenly, turning her head as if to listen.

Marco and The Rat heard nothing, but they saw that she did and they sat so still that each held his breath. So there was utter stillness for a few moments. Utter stillness.

Then they did hear something—a clear silver sound, piercing the pure mountain air.

The old woman sprang upright with the fire of delight in her eyes.

"It is his silver horn!" she cried out, striking her hands together. "It is his own call to me when he is coming. He has been hunting somewhere and wants to sleep in his good bed there. Help me to put on more faggots," to The Rat, "so that he will see the flame of them through the open door as he comes."

"Shall we be in the way?" said Marco. "We can go at once."

She was going towards the door to open it and she stopped a moment and turned.

"No, no!" she said. "He must see your face. He will want to see it. I want him to see—how young you are."

She threw the door wide open and they heard the silver horn send out its gay call again. The brushwood and faggots The Rat had thrown on the coals crackled and sparkled and roared into fine flames, which cast their light into the road and threw out in fine relief the old figure which stood on the threshold and looked so tall.

And in but a few minutes her great lord came to her. And in his green hunting-suit with its green hat and eagle's feather he was as splendid as she had said he was. He was big and royal-looking and laughing and he bent and kissed her as if he had been her own son.

"Yes, good Mother," they heard him say. "I want my warm bed and one of your good suppers. I sent the others to the Gasthaus"

He came into the redly-glowing room and his head almost touched the blackened rafters. Then he saw the two boys.

"Who are these, good Mother?" he asked.

She lifted his hand and kissed it.

"They are the Bearers of the Sign," she said rather softly. "The Lamp is lighted."

Then his whole look changed. His laughing face became quite grave and for a moment looked even anxious. Marco knew it was because he was startled to find them only boys. He made a step forward to look at them more closely.

"The Lamp is lighted! And you two bear the Sign!" he exclaimed. Marco stood out in the fire glow that he might see him well.

"My name is Marco Loristan, Highness," he said. "And my father sent me."

The change which came upon his face then was even greater than at first. For a second, Marco even felt that there was a flash of alarm in it. But almost at once that passed.

"Loristan is a great man and a great patriot," he said. "If he sent you, it is because he knows you are the one safe messenger. He has worked too long for Samavia not to know what he does."

Marco saluted again. He knew what it was right to say next.

"If we have your Highness's permission to retire," he said, "we will leave you and go to bed. We go down the mountain at sunrise."

"Where next?" asked the hunter, looking at him with curious intentness.

"To Vienna, Highness," Marco answered.

His questioner held out his hand, still with the intent interest in his eyes.

"Good night, fine lad," he said. "Samavia has need to vaunt itself on its Sign-bearer. God go with you."

He stood and watched him as he went toward the room in which he and his Aide-de-Camp were to sleep. The Rat followed him closely. At the little black door the old old woman stood, having opened it for them. As Marco passed and bade her good night, he saw that she again made the strange obeisance, bending the knee as he went by.

CHAPTER XXIV

"HOW SHALL WE FIND HIM?"

IN VIENNA they came upon a pageant. In celebration of a century-past victory the Emperor drove in state and ceremony to attend at the great cathedral and to do honor to the ancient banners and laurel-wreathed statue of a long-dead soldier-prince. The broad pavements of the huge chief thoroughfare were crowded with a cheering populace watching the martial pomp and splendor as it passed by with marching feet, prancing horses, and glitter of scabbard and chain, which all seemed somehow part of the music in its triumphant bursts.

The Rat was enormously thrilled by the magnificence of the imperial place. Its immense spaces, the squares and gardens reigned over by statues of emperors, and warriors, and queens made him feel that all things on earth were possible. The palaces and stately piles of architecture, whose surmounting equestrian bronzes ramped high in the air clear cut and beautiful against the sky, seemed to sweep out of his world all atmosphere but that of splendid cities down whose broad avenues emperors rode with waving banners, tramping, jangling soldiery before and behind, and golden trumpets blaring forth. It seemed as if it must always be like this—that lances and cavalry and emperors would never cease to ride by. "I should like to stay here a long time," he said, almost as if he were in a dream. "I should like to see it all."

He leaned on his crutches in the crowd and watched the glitter of the passing pageant. Now and then he glanced at Marco, who watched also with a steady eye which, The Rat saw, nothing would escape: How absorbed he always was in the Game! How impossible it was for him to forget it or to remember it only as a boy would! Often it seemed that he was not a boy at all. And the Game, The Rat knew in these days, was a game no more but a thing of deep and deadly earnest—a thing which touched kings and thrones, and concerned the ruling and swaying of great countries. And they—two lads pushed about by the crowd as they stood and stared at the soldiers—carried with them that which was even now lighting the Lamp. The blood in The Rat's veins ran quickly and made him feel hot as he remembered certain thoughts which had forced themselves into his mind during the past weeks. As his brain had the trick of "working things out," it had, during the last fortnight at least, been following a wonderful even if rather fantastic and feverish fancy. A mere trifle had set it at work, but, its labor once begun, things which might have once seemed to be trifles appeared so no longer. When Marco was asleep, The Rat lay awake through thrilled and sometimes almost breathless midnight hours, looking backward and recalling every detail of their lives since they had known each other. Sometimes it seemed to him that almost everything he remembered—the game from first to last above all—had pointed to but one thing. And then again he would all at once feel that he was a fool and had better keep his head steady. Marco, he knew, had no wild fancies. He had learned too much and his mind was too well balanced. He did not try to "work out things." He only thought of what he was under orders to do.

"But," said The Rat more than once in these midnight hours, "if it ever comes to a draw whether he is to be saved or I am, he is the one that must come to no harm. Killing can't take long—and his father sent me with him."

This thought passed through his mind as the tramping feet went by. As a sudden splendid burst of approaching music broke upon his ear, a queer look twisted his face. He realized the contrast between this day and that first morning behind the churchyard, when he had sat on his platform among the Squad and looked up and saw Marco in the arch at the end of the passage. And because he had been good looking and had held himself so well, he had thrown a stone at him. Yes—blind gutter-bred fool that he'd been:—his first greeting to Marco had been a stone, just because he was what he was. As they stood here in the crowd in this far-off foreign city, it did not seem as if it could be true that it was he who had done it.

He managed to work himself closer to Marco's side. "Is n't it splendid?" he said, "I wish I was an emperor myself. I'd have these fellows out like this every day." He said it only because he wanted to say something, to speak, as a reason for getting closer to him. He wanted to be near enough to touch him and feel that they were really together and that the whole thing was not a sort of magnificent dream from which he might awaken to find himself lying on his heap of rags in his corner of the room in Bone Court.

The crowd swayed forward in its eagerness to see the principal feature of the pageant—the Emperor in his carriage. The Rat swayed forward with the rest to look as it passed.

A handsome white-haired and mustached personage in splendid uniform decorated with jeweled orders and with a cascade of emerald-green plumes nodding in his military hat gravely saluted the shouting people on either side. By him sat a man uniformed, decorated, and emerald-plumed also, but many years younger.

Marco's arm touched The Rat's almost at the same moment that his touched Marco. For, under the nodding plumes each saw the rather tired and cynical pale face, a sketch of which was hidden in the slit in Marco's sleeve.

"Is the one who sits with the Emperor an Archduke?" Marco asked the man nearest to him in the crowd. The man answered amiably enough. No, he was not, but he was a certain Prince, a descendant of the one who was the hero of the day. He was a great favorite of the Emperor's and was also a great personage, whose palace contained pictures celebrated throughout Europe.

"He pretends it is only pictures he cares for,"

he went on, shrugging his shoulders and speaking to his wife, who had begun to listen, "but he is a clever one, who amuses himself with things he professes not to concern himself about—big things. It's his way to look bored, and interested in nothing, but it's said he's a wizard for knowing dangerous secrets."

"Does he live at the Hofburg with the Emperor?" asked the woman, craning her neck to look after the imperial carriage.

"No, but he's often there. The Emperor is lonely and bored too, no doubt, and this one has ways of making him forget his troubles. It's been told me that now and then the two dress themselves roughly, like common men, and go out into the city to see what it's like to rub shoulders with the rest of the world. I daresay it's true. I should like to try it myself, once in a while, if I had to sit on a throne and wear a crown."

The two boys followed the celebration to its end. They managed to get near enough to see the entrance to the church where the service was held and to get a view of the ceremonies at the banner-draped and laurel-wreathed statue. They saw the man with the pale face several times, but he was always so enclosed that it was not possible to get within yards of him. It happened once, however, that he looked through a temporary break in the crowding people and saw a dark, strong-featured, and remarkably intent boy's face, whose vivid scrutiny of him caught his eye. There was something in the fixedness of its attention which caused him to look at it curiously for a few seconds, and Marco met his gaze squarely.

"Look at me! Look at me!" the boy was saying to him mentally. "I have a message for you. A message!"

The tired eyes in the pale face rested on him with a certain growing light of interest and curiosity, but the crowding people moved and the temporary break closed up, so that the two could see each other no more. Marco and The Rat were pushed backward by those taller and stronger than themselves until they were on the outskirts of the crowd.

"Let us go to the Hofburg," said Marco. "They will come back there, and we shall see him again even if we can't get near."

To the Hofburg they made their way through the less crowded streets, and there they waited as near to the great palace as they could get. They were there when, the ceremonies at an end, the imperial carriages returned, but, though they saw their man again, they were at some distance from him and he did not see them. Then followed four singular days. They were singular



"UNDER THE NODDING PLUMES EACH SAW THE FACE, A SKETCH OF WHICH WAS HIDDEN IN THE SLIT IN MARCO'S SLEEVE."

days because they were full of tantalizing incidents. Nothing seemed easier than to hear talk of, and see the Emperor's favorite, but nothing was more impossible than to get near to him. He seemed rather a favorite with the populace, and the common people of the shopkeeping or laboring classes were given to talking freely of him—of where he was going and what he was doing. To-night he would be sure to be at this great house or that, at this ball or that banquet. There was no difficulty in discovering that he would be sure to go to the opera, or the theatre, or to drive to Schönbrunn with his imperial master. Marco and The Rat heard casual speech of him again and again, and from one part of the city to the other they followed and waited for him. But it was like chasing a will-o'-the-wisp. He was evidently too brilliant and important a person to be allowed to move about alone. There were always people with him who seemed absorbed in his languid cynical talk. Marco thought that he never seemed to care much for his companions, though they on their part always seemed highly enter-

tained by what he was saying. It was noticeable that they laughed a great deal, though he himself scarcely even smiled.

"He 's one of those chaps with the trick of saying witty things as if he did n't see the fun in them himself," The Rat summed him up. "Chaps like that are always cleverer than the other kind."

"He 's too high in favor and too rich not to be followed about," they heard a man in a shop say one day, "but he gets tired of it. Sometimes, when he 's too bored to stand it any longer, he gives it out that he 's gone into the mountains somewhere, and all the time he 's shut up alone with his pictures in his own palace."

That very night The Rat came in to their attic looking pale and disappointed. He had been out to buy some food after a long and arduous day in which they had covered much ground, had seen their man three times, and each time under circumstances which made him more inaccessible than ever. They had come back to their poor quarters both tired and ravenously hungry.

The Rat threw his purchase on to the table and himself into a chair.

"He 's gone to Budapest," he said. "Now how shall we find him?"

Marco was rather pale also, and for a moment he looked paler. The day had been a hard one, and in their haste to reach palaces at a long distance from each other they had forgotten their need of food.

They sat silent for a few moments because there seemed to be nothing to say. "We are too tired and hungry to be able to think well," Marco said at last. "Let us eat our supper and then go to sleep. Until we 've had a rest, we must 'let go.'"

"Yes. There 's no good in talking when you 're tired," The Rat answered a trifle gloomily. "You don't reason straight. We must 'let go.'"

Their meal was simple but they ate well and without words. Even when they had finished and undressed for the night, they said very little.

"Where do our thoughts go when we are asleep," The Rat inquired casually after he was stretched out in the darkness. "They must go somewhere. Let 's send them to find out what to do next."

"It 's not as still as it was on the Gaisberg. You can hear the city roaring," said Marco drowsily from his dark corner. "We must make a ledge—for ourselves."

Sleep made it for them—deep, restful, healthy sleep. If they had been more resentful of their ill luck and lost labor, it would have come less easily and have been less natural. In their talks of strange things they had learned that one great secret of strength and unflagging courage is to know how to "let go"—to cease thinking over an anxiety until the right moment comes. It was their habit to let go for hours sometimes, and wander about looking at places and things—galleries, museums, palaces, giving themselves up with boyish pleasure and eagerness to all they saw. Marco was too intimate with the things worth seeing, and The Rat too curious and feverishly wide-awake to allow of their missing much. The Rat's image of the world had grown until it seemed to know no boundaries which could hold its wealth of wonders. He wanted to go on and on and see them all.

When Marco opened his eyes in the morning, he found The Rat lying looking at him. Then they both sat up in bed at the same time.

"I believe we are both thinking the same thing," Marco said.

They frequently discovered that they were thinking the same things.

"So do I," answered The Rat. "It shows how tired we were that we did n't think of it last night."

"Yes, we are thinking the same thing," said Marco. "We have both remembered what we heard about his shutting himself up alone with his pictures and making people believe he had gone away."

"He 's in his palace now," The Rat announced.

"Do you feel sure of that, too?" asked Marco. "Did you wake up and feel sure of it the first thing?"

"Yes," answered The Rat. "As sure as if I 'd heard him say it himself."

"So did I," said Marco.

"That 's what our thoughts brought back to us," said The Rat, "when we 'let go' and sent them off last night." He sat up hugging his knees and looking straight before him for some time after this, and Marco did not interrupt his meditations.

The day was a brilliant one, and, though their attic had only one window, the sun shone in through it as they ate their breakfast. After it, they leaned on the window's ledge and talked about the Prince's garden. They talked about it because it was a place open to the public and they had walked round it more than once. The palace, which was not a large one, stood in the midst of it. The Prince was good-natured enough to allow quiet and well-behaved people to saunter through. It was not a fashionable promenade but a pleasant retreat for people who sometimes took their work or books and sat on the seats placed here and there among the shrubs and flowers.

"When we were there the first time, I noticed two things," Marco said. "There is a stone balcony which juts out from the side of the palace which looks on the Fountain Garden. That day there were chairs on it as if the Prince and his visitors sometimes sat there. Near it, there was a very large evergreen shrub and I saw that there was a hollow place inside it. If some one wanted to stay in the gardens all night to watch the windows when they were lighted and see if any one came out alone upon the balcony, he could hide himself in the hollow place and stay there until the morning."

"Is there room for two inside the shrub?" The Rat asked.

"No. I must go alone," said Marco.

(To be continued.)

THE ATHLETIC AUTHOR OF THE "DECLARATION"

BY JAMES FREDERICK ROGERS, M.D.

INTELLECTUAL brilliance and boldness are usually associated with, and are always heightened by, bodily health and vigor; and the author of the Declaration of Independence exhibited all the physical perfection that one might expect in a man of such mental force and moral courage.

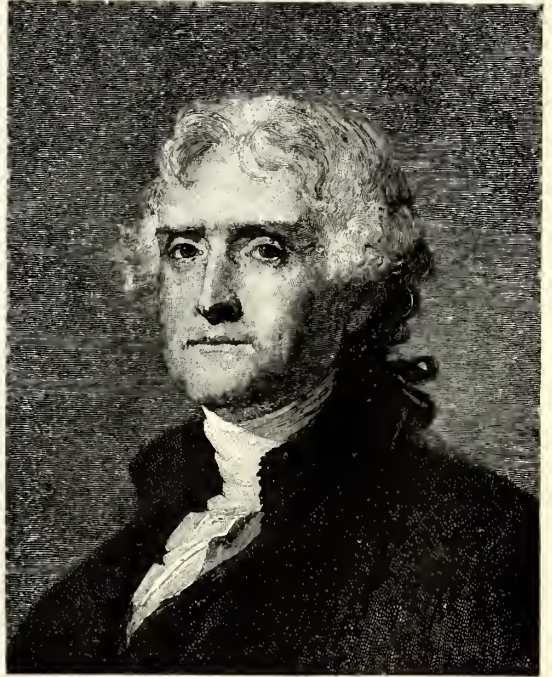
Thomas Jefferson's father knew the value of health and strength, and it was his frequent remark that "it is the strong in body who are both free and strong in mind." Peter Jefferson was, himself, a man of gigantic stature and of extraordinary power and endurance. One of his feats of strength was to stand between the ends of two hogsheads of tobacco, each weighing nearly a thousand pounds, and to set both of them on end at once. This feat is equivalent to lifting somewhere in the neighborhood of eight hundred pounds, and the position and unwieldiness of the objects lifted added difficulty to the task. In his work as surveyor of the Blue Ridge wilderness he endured prolonged hardships which were too much for his associates and which no ordinary man could have survived.

Thomas Jefferson inherited to a large degree his father's bodily traits; and since the latter was so conscious of their value, it is not surprising that he took especial pains with the physical unfolding of his son. Before his death (when Thomas was fourteen) he had already taught the boy to ride fearlessly, to use a gun accurately, and to swim the Rivanna, even when it was swollen from bank to bank with the spring floods.

In his school-days Thomas spent his hours of recreation in hunting on the adjacent mountains, "and he thus fixed into a habit that love of walking, which never after deserted him." Like Washington, he became very fond of dancing, but after his first year in college he was so engrossed in study that he let nothing interfere, more than was absolutely necessary for health, with his mental application. He studied fifteen hours a day, and often rose at dawn and continued his work until two in the morning. In these times of hard brain-work his only recreation was a brisk run at twilight to a certain stone a mile away in the country, and return. A less robust constitution might have suffered from such prolonged mental work, and not every one could benefit by muscular exercise in such concentrated form. The lesson of the value of bodily fitness

had been well learned. He knew his physical resources, and these were not, then nor afterward, abused.

At the age of twenty, Jefferson was described as six feet two inches tall, slender, erect, elastic



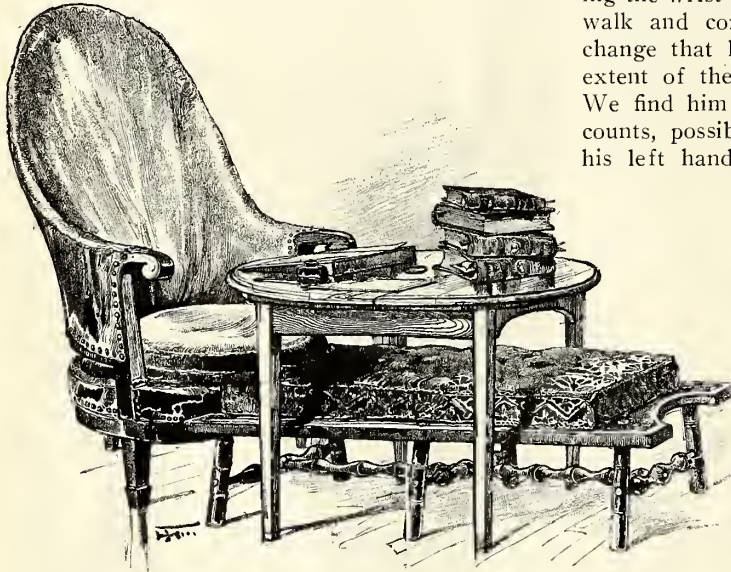
From the painting by Gilbert Stuart.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

and vigorous in his movements. Like the Greeks, he cultivated music with his athletics, and he had become an expert performer on the violin. He often played duets with his afterward famous friend, Patrick Henry. He was a good dancer, a dashing horseman, and "there was no manly exercise in which he could not play well his part." His biographer adds significantly that "his mouth was unpolluted by oaths or tobacco."

After his school days his favorite recreations, aside from looking after his farm, were walking and riding. He often walked fourteen miles at a stretch, and to within a few days of his death it was his habit "no matter what his occupation or what office he held, to spend the hours between one and three in the afternoon on horseback."

He was miserly with time. He rose always with the sun, read or wrote until early breakfast, dined at three or four, and went to bed usually between ten and eleven. We are told by those who noted his daily doings, that he ate heartily and mostly of vegetables, of which he cultivated an amazing variety for his table. He preferred French cooking, because it made the meats more tender. He was temperate in all things. A friend and admirer who had named his son



JEFFERSON'S CHAIR AND WRITING-TABLE.

Thomas Jefferson Smith, requested the great man to write his namesake a letter of advice, and this carefully worded note, written in Jefferson's eighty-first year, contained as "No. 6" among "A Decalogue of Canons for Observation in Practical Life," this sentence: "We never repent of having eaten too little."

Though living in an age when every one used alcoholic drinks, he never drank liquors or strong wines, and he was so averse to their use that in his last illness his physician could not induce him to take brandy undiluted.

He was, with good reason, suspicious of the medical practice of the time, preferring, like Washington and Napoleon, the unaided healing power of Nature to the too often crude interference of the profession; but when he felt in real need of the services of a doctor "he was the most attentive and respectful of patients." He had the utmost faith in his physician, Dr. Dunglison; and when in his last sickness he was entreated to send to Philadelphia for the celebrated Dr. Physic, he replied, "I have a Doctor

Physic of my own—in whom I have entire confidence."

It is almost needless to say that in 1776 the author of *The Declaration* was in superb health, and, fortunately for his country, he remained so until beyond threescore and ten. He met, however, with an unfortunate accident. In 1786, while on one of his afternoon walks, and while he was four or five miles from his lodging, he tripped and fell, breaking his right wrist. "Grasping the wrist with the left hand, he continued his walk and conversation with so little apparent change that his companion had no idea of the extent of the injury until they reached home." We find him keeping his careful record of accounts, possibly written on the same day, with his left hand. The injury resulted in an impaired use of the hand which was always kept so busy by his voluminous correspondence.

Fortunately we have, as the result of this correspondence, his own intimate pen-picture of himself, drawn as clearly as only Jefferson could do it. In his seventy-third year he wrote, "I retain good health, and am rather feeble to walk much, but ride with ease, passing two or three hours a day on horseback. My eyes need the aid of glasses by night, and, with small print, in the day. My hearing is not so sensible as it used to be, but

no tooth is shaking yet."

At the age of seventy-six in reply to the letter of Doctor Vine Utley, who was curious as to the physical history of the illustrious man, he said, "I have lived temperately, eating little animal food, and that not as an aliment so much as a condiment for the vegetables which constitute my principal diet. Ardent wines I cannot drink, nor do I use ardent spirits in any form. . . . I have been blest with organs of digestion which accept and concoct, without ever murmuring, whatever the palate chooses to consign to them, and I have never yet lost a tooth by age. . . . I was a hard student until I entered on the business of life, the duties of which leave no idle time to those disposed to fulfill them; and now, retired at the age of seventy-six, I am again a hard student. . . . I devote five to eight hours to sleep, according as my company or the book I am reading interests me. . . . I have been . . . fortunate in the article of health. So far from catarrhs [colds], that I have not had one (in the breast I mean) on an average of eight or ten



MONTICELLO, THE VIRGINIA HOME OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

years through life. I ascribe this exemption partly to the habit of bathing my feet in cold water every morning for sixty years past. A fever of more than 24 hours I have not had above two or three times in my life. A periodical headache has afflicted me occasionally, once, perhaps, in six or eight years, for two or three weeks at a time, which seems now to have left me. I am too feeble to walk much, but ride without fatigue six or eight miles a day and sometimes thirty or forty."

The superb bodily machine had begun, because of hereditary limitation rather than from any

other cause, to deteriorate. An uncontrollable intestinal disturbance marked the beginning of disharmony among aging organs, but it was not until his eighty-third year that Jefferson failed greatly, and it was not until within three weeks of the end that he did not mount his favorite horse for his daily exercise.

His end came peacefully on the day, which, just fifty years before, had been so stormy for our nation, standing on the threshold of its independent existence, and which Jefferson's pen had done so much to make famous in the yearly calendar—The Fourth of July.



THE DESK ON WHICH THE "DECLARATION" WAS WRITTEN.

(After a drawing by Thomas Jefferson.)

THE BOARDED-UP HOUSE

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

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

CHAPTER XIV

THE MEDDLING OF CYNTHIA

To Joyce, the moment that the drawing-room door was pushed open will always seem, with perhaps one exception, the most intense of all her life. She fully expected to see a man stride in—more likely half a dozen!—and demand the meaning of the unwarrantable intrusion and illumination. Instead of that, the slight figure of a woman dressed all in black, and with a long heavy dark veil over her face, stepped into the room!

For a moment she paused, surprised, uncertain, almost trembling. Then, with a firm movement, she threw back her veil, and, in the soft light of the candles, stood revealed. Joyce gave a tiny gasp. In all her life she had never seen so beautiful an old lady. Masses of soft wavy white hair framed a face of singular charm, despite its age, and the biggest, saddest brown eyes in all the world, looked out inquiringly on the two girls. There was complete silence. The three could hear each other breathe. Then the newcomer spoke:

"Which of you two friends was it, may I ask, who sent me the letter?" Her voice was sweet and low and soft, and as sad as her eyes. Joyce gave a start and opened her lips to speak, but Cynthia was before her.

"*I did!*" she announced calmly. The lady turned to her.

"That was very lovely of you,—and very thoughtful. I began planning to come soon after I received it, and tried to arrive at about the time you mentioned. But I do not quite understand all—all this!" She glanced toward the burning candles. "And I 'm afraid I do not understand how you—how you came to be in here!"

"Oh," began Cynthia, stumbingly, "I—I could n't quite explain it all in a letter—and I did n't even know you 'd pay any attention to what I wrote, anyway. But we 'll tell you all about it right now, if you care to hear." A light was beginning to dawn on the bewildered Joyce. Suddenly she sprang forward and seized the lady's hand.

"Tell me—oh, please tell me," she cried, "*are* you Mrs. Collingwood?"

"Yes, my dear!" said the lady.

And to the amazement of every one Joyce broke down and began to sob hysterically, exclaiming, "Oh, I 'm so glad—so glad!" between every other sob.

"I think I 'll sit down," said Mrs. Collingwood, when Joyce had regained control of herself. "I 'm very tired—and very very—bewildered!" She sat down on the sofa, and drew each of the girls down beside her.

"Now tell me," she said to Cynthia. "Explain it all, and then show me what you think will interest me so. You see, I have traveled many weary miles to hear this strange story."

So Cynthia began at the beginning and told how they had first found their way in, and had then become interested in unraveling the mystery of the old house. Mrs. Collingwood listened with deep attention; but when Cynthia reached the tale of the hidden stairway, she started in surprise.

"Why, I never dreamed there was such a thing in the house!" she exclaimed. "The rooms were re-papered once, but I was away when it was done. None of us knew!"

"No, we thought you did n't," continued Cynthia. "And so we went into the locked-up room. And there we found something,—oh!—Mrs. Collingwood! We felt sure you had never seen it, and that you *ought* to! You see, we knew all the rest of the—the story, from Joyce's great-aunt, Lucia Kenway. And we felt you *ought* to see it,—at least *I* felt that way, and so I wrote you the letter. I did n't even tell Joyce I 'd done it, because—because I was afraid she 'd think I was *meddling* in what did n't concern me! But I could n't help it. I could n't sleep nights till I 'd sent that letter, because it all haunted me so! I just sent it to Chesterton, South Carolina, because that was all the address I knew. I did n't even feel sure it would ever reach you.

"And I set a special date for you to get here, on purpose, because—well, because I thought we ought to be here to receive you, and have the place look sort of—homelike. It would be terrible, seems to me, to come back to a dark, deserted house that you 'd left so long ago, and nobody here to—welcome you. Well, that 's all, I guess. But Mrs. Collingwood, I 'm so afraid we have n't done right,—that we 've meddled in what was no business of ours, and trespassed in a

house we should never have entered! I only hope you can forgive us!" Thus ended Cynthia, brokenly, and Mrs. Collingwood put out her hands to take a hand of each girl in her clasp.

"You dear little meddlers!" she exclaimed. "This is all so astonishing to me; but I feel sure, nevertheless, that you have done nothing but good! And now will you—will you show me what you spoke of?"

Cynthia rose, handed her a lighted candle, and led her to the opening of the little stairway in the library. "It 's up these stairs, in the room above—on the desk," she said. "You will find it all lit up there. And I think that—you would rather go—alone!" Mrs. Collingwood took the candle, and Cynthia helped her into the opening at the foot of the stairs. Then she went back to Joyce.

When they were alone, the two girls stood staring at one another and Cynthia's cheeks grew fiery red.

"I don't know what—what you must think of me, Joyce!" she stammered. "I ought never to have done this, I suppose, without telling you."

"Why did n't you tell me?" demanded Joyce.

"Why, I was so afraid you 'd think me silly and—and meddling, and you might n't approve of it. I was unhappy,—I—somehow felt as though I 'd committed a crime, and the only way to right it was this!"

"How long ago did you send your letter?" asked Joyce, presently.

Cynthia considered. "I think I posted it a week ago Thursday."

"And you knew all the time, last night, that this was going to happen to-day?" asked Joyce, incredulously.

"Well, I sort of expected it,—that is, I really did n't know whether she 'd come or not. It made me dreadfully nervous, and that 's the reason I was so cross to you, Joyce, I suppose. Will you forgive me, now that you know?"

"Why, of course!" said Joyce. Then, suddenly, "But, oh!—I *wish* I 'd known this all at the time!"

"What for? What difference would it have made?" demanded Cynthia.

But Joyce only replied: "Hush! Is that Mrs. Collingwood coming down?"

CHAPTER XV

THE STRANGER AT THE DOOR

MRS. COLLINGWOOD remained a long time upstairs,—so long, indeed, that the girls began to be rather uneasy, fearing that she had fainted, or was ill, or overcome—they knew not what.

"Do you think we ought to go up?" asked Cynthia, anxiously. "Perhaps she needs help."

"No, I think she just wants to be by herself. It was fine of you, Cynthia, to send her up alone! I really don't believe I 'd have thought of it."

At length they heard her coming slowly down, and presently she reëntered the drawing-room. They could see that she was much moved, and had evidently been crying. She did not speak to them at once, but went and stood by the mantel, looking up long and earnestly at the portrait of the twins.

"My babies!" they heard her murmur unconsciously, aloud. At last, however, she came to them, and sat down once more between them on the sofa. They wondered nervously what she was going to say.

"My little girls—" she began, "forgive me!—you seem little and young to me, though I suppose you consider yourselves almost young ladies; but you see, I am an old woman!—I was going to tell you a little about my life, but I suppose you already know most of the important things, thanks to great-aunt Lucia!" She patted Joyce's hand.

"There are some things, however, that perhaps you do not know, and, after what you have done for me, you deserve to. I was married when I was a very young girl—only seventeen. I was a Southerner, but my husband came from the North, and brought me up North here to live. I always hated it—this Northern life—and, though I loved my husband dearly, I hated his devotion to it. We never agreed about those questions. When my twin babies were born, I secretly determined that they should be Southerners, in spirit, and *only* Southerners. I planned that when they were both old enough, they should marry in the South and live there—and my husband and I with them.

"But, in this life, things seldom turn out as we plan. My little girl died before she was three; and I had scarcely become reconciled to this grief when my husband was also taken from me. So I centered all my hopes on my son—on Fairfax. As he grew older, however, and as the Civil War came nearer, I noticed that he talked more and more in sympathy with the North, and this distressed me terribly. However, I thought it best not to say much about it to him, for he was a headstrong boy, and had always resented opposition. And I felt sure that he would see things differently when he was older.

"I wished to send him to a Southern college, but he begged me to send him to Harvard. As his heart was so set on it, I could n't deny him thinking that even this would make little differ-

ence in the end. Then came the crisis in the country's affairs, and the Confederacy was declared. I had already begun to correspond with Southern authorities, to arrange about raising a company for Fairfax. I never doubted that he would comply with my wishes. But I little knew him!

"I hardly need tell you of the awful day that he came home. You are already acquainted with the history of it. That afternoon, shortly after he arrived, we had our interview. I have always possessed the most violent temper a mortal ever had to struggle with. And in those earlier years, when I got into a rage, it blinded me to everything else, to every other earthly consideration. And during that interview, well,—need I say it?—Fairfax was simply immovable,—gentle and loving always,—but I could no more impress him with my wishes than I could have moved the Rock of Gibraltar. The galling part to me was—that he kept insisting he was only doing what was *right*! Right?—How *could* he be right when it was all directly contrary—But never mind that now! I have learned differently, with the passing, sorrowful years.

"But, to go back,—I stood it as long as I could, and then,—I turned from him, disowned him, bade him leave the house at once and never see my face again, and informed him that I myself would abandon the place on the morrow, and return to the South. He left me, without another word, and went to his room. I immediately summoned the servants and dismissed them on the spot, giving them only time to get their things together and go. Then I locked myself in my room till—he was gone. He came several times, knocked at my door, and begged me to see him, but I would not. Heaven forgive me!—I would not! So he must have left me—that note!" She covered her eyes with her hand a moment. Then she went on:

"I never saw or knew of it till this day. If I had—" Just at this point, they were all startled by a loud knock, coming from the direction of the front door. So unexpected was the sound that they could only stare at each other inquiringly without stirring. In a moment it came again,—a thumping of the old knocker on the front inner door.

"I guess I 'd better go," said Joyce. "Some one may have seen the little boarded-up door open—*Did* you leave it open?" she asked, turning to Mrs. Collingwood.

"I think I did. I was too hurried and nervous, when I came in, to think of it."

"That 's it, then. Some one has seen it open, and has stopped to inquire if everything is all

right." She hurried away to the front door, and, after an effort, succeeded in pulling it open. A man—a complete stranger to her—stood outside. They regarded each other for a moment with mutual surprise.

"Pardon me!" he said. "But perhaps you can inform me—is any one living in this house at present?"

"Why, no!" replied Joyce, rather confusedly. "That is—no, the house is empty, except just—just to-day!"

"Oh! er—I see! The fact is," the stranger went on, "I was passing here and noticed this outer door open, which seemed a little queer. I used to know the people who lived here—very well indeed—and I have been wondering whether the house was still in their possession. It seemed to be—untenanted."

At his hesitating admission of knowing the family, Joyce looked him over with considerably more interest. He was tall, straight and robust, though rather verging on the elderly. His iron-gray hair was crisply curly, and his dark eyes twinkled out from under bushy gray brows. His smile was captivating. Joyce decided at once that she liked him.

"Oh! did you know the family, the—the—"

"Collingwoods!" he supplemented, with his twinkling smile. "Yes, I knew them—quite intimately. Might I, perhaps, if it would not be intruding, come in just a moment to look once more at the old place? That is," he added hastily, seeing her hesitate, "only if it would be entirely convenient! I do not know, of course, why the house is open. Perhaps people are—are about to purchase it."

Joyce was, for a moment, tongue-tied with perplexity. She hated to refuse the simple wish of this pleasant stranger, yet how was she to comply with it, considering the presence of Mrs. Collingwood, and the almost unexplainable position of herself and Cynthia? What would he think of it all! While she was hesitating, an idea came to her.

"There is one of the family here to-day on—on business," she said, at last. "If you will give me your name, I will ask if—that person would like to see you."

"Oh, that is hardly worth while!" he said, hastily. "My name is Calthorpe,—but I 'm sure they would n't remember me after all this time, and I do not wish to trouble them." But Joyce had excused herself and turned away, as soon as she heard the name, leaving him standing there. Mrs. Collingwood, however, shook her head when Joyce announced who was outside.

"I do not remember any one named Calthorpe,

and I scarcely feel that I can see a stranger now. But we must not be inhospitable. Miss Cynthia and I will go and sit in the library, and you can bring him into the drawing-room a few moments. There is no other part of the house that can very well be shown." She took Cynthia's arm, walked into the library, and partly closed the door, while Joyce went out to admit the stranger.

"If you care to look around the drawing-room, you will be most welcome," she announced politely. He accepted the invitation gratefully, and entered with her. At the first glance, however, he started back slightly, as with a shock of surprise.

"Why, how strange—how very singular!" he murmured. "These candles—everything—everything just the same as though it were yesterday!"

"Did you often come here?" inquired Joyce. "You must be very well acquainted with the house!"

"Yes, I came often. I was almost like an inmate." He began to wander slowly about the room, examining the pictures. In front of the baby twins he paused a long time.

"Then you must have known young Mr. Fairfax very well," suggested Joyce. "That 's he, on the right in the picture." The stranger eyed her curiously.

"Why, yes, I knew him well. But you, little lady, seem quite intimate with the Collingwood family history. Tell me, are you a—a relative?" This question confused Joyce anew.

"Oh, no! Just a—just a friend!" she explained. "But I have been told a good deal about them."

"An unhappy family!" was his only comment, and he continued his tour around the room. In front of the old, square, open piano he paused again, and fingered the silk scarf that had, at some long ago date, been thrown carelessly upon it. Then he ran his fingers lightly over the yellow keys. The tones were unbelievably jangling and

discordant, yet Joyce thought she caught the notes of a little tune. And in another moment he broke into the air, singing softly the opening line:—

"There never was a sweetheart like this mother fair of mine!—"



"SHE SAT DOWN BETWEEN THEM ON THE SOFA."

He had sung no more when the face of Mrs. Collingwood appeared in the doorway. Her eyes were wide and staring, her features almost gray in color.

"Who—who *are* you?" she demanded, in a voice scarcely louder than a whisper. The stranger gazed at her with a fixed look.

"Arthur—Arthur Calthorpe!" he faltered.

"No—you are not!"

They drew toward each other unconsciously, as though moving in a dream.

"No one—no one ever knew that song but—" Mrs. Collingwood came closer, and uttered a sudden, low cry:

"My son!"

"Mother!"

The two girls, who had been watching this scene with amazement unutterable, saw the strange pair gaze, for one long moment, into each other's eyes. Then, with a beautiful gesture, the man held out his arms. And the woman, with a little gasp of happiness, walked into them!

CHAPTER XVI

JOYCE EXPLAINS

"JOYCE, will you just oblige me by pinching me—real hard! I'm perfectly certain I'm not awake!"

Joyce pinched, obligingly, and with vigor, thereby eliciting from her companion a muffled squeak. The two girls were sitting on the lower step of the staircase in the dark hallway. They had been sitting there for a long long while.

It was Joyce who had pulled Cynthia away from staring, wide-eyed, at the spectacle of that marvelous reunion. And they had slipped out into the hall unobserved, in order that the two in the drawing-room might have this wonderful moment to themselves. Neither of them had yet sufficiently recovered from her amazement to be quite coherent.

"I can't make anything out of it!" began Cynthia, slowly, at last. "*He's dead!*"

"Evidently he is n't," replied Joyce, "or he would n't be here! But oh!—it's true, then! I hardly dared to hope it would be so! I'm so glad I did it!" Cynthia turned on her.

"Joyce Kenway! *What* are you talking about? It sounds as though you were going crazy!"

"Oh, of course you don't understand!" retorted Joyce. "And it's your own fault too. I'd have been glad enough to explain, and talk it over with you, only you were so hateful that I just went home instead, and thought it out myself."

"Well, I may be stupid," remarked Cynthia, "but for the life of me I can't make any sense out of what you're saying!"

"Listen, then," said Joyce, "and I'll explain it all. You remember last night how I sat reading the newspaper,—first, just to tease you, and afterward I really got interested in it? Well, I happened to be glancing over the news about people who had just landed here from abroad, when a little paragraph caught my eye. I can't remember the exact words, but it was something like this,—that among the passengers just arrived in

New York on the *Campania* was Mr. *Fairfax Collingwood*, who was interested in Western and Australian gold mines. He had not been here in the East for nearly forty years, and it said how astounded he was at the remarkable changes that had taken place during his long absence. Then it went on to say that he was staying at the Waldorf-Astoria for only a few days, as he was just here on some important business, and was then going to cross the continent, on his way back to Australia.

"Well, you'd better believe that I nearly jumped out of my skin at the name—Fairfax Collingwood. It's an unusual one, and it did n't seem possible that more than one person could have it, though of course it might be a distant connection of the same family. And then, too, *our* Fairfax Collingwood was dead. I did n't know what to think! I tried to get your attention, but you were still as mad as you could be, so I made up my mind I'd go home and puzzle over it by myself, and I took the paper with me.

"After I got home, I sat and thought and *thought!* And all of a sudden it occurred to me that perhaps he was n't killed in the war after all,—that there'd been some mistake. I've read that such things did happen; but if it were so, I could n't imagine why he did n't go and make it up with his mother afterward. It seemed very strange. And then this explanation dawned on me,—he had left that note for his mother, and perhaps thought that if she really intended to forgive him, she'd have made some effort to get word to him in the year that elapsed before he was reported killed. Then, as she never did, he may have concluded that it was all useless and hopeless, and he'd better let the report stand, and he disappear and never come back. You see that article said he had n't been East here for forty years.

"And when I'd thought this out, an idea popped into my head. If what I'd imagined was true, it did n't seem *right* to let him go on thinking that, when I knew that his mother never saw that letter, and I decided I'd let him know it. So I sat right down and wrote a note that went something like this:

"MR. FAIRFAX COLLINGWOOD:

"If you are the same Mr. Fairfax Collingwood who, in 1861, parted from your mother after a disagreement, leaving a note for her which you hoped she would read, I want to tell you that she never saw that note.

"JOYCE KENWAY.

"I signed my name right out, because Father has always said that to write an anonymous letter was the most despicable thing any one could do. And if he ever discovered who I was, I would

n't be ashamed to tell him what we had done, anyway. Of course, I ran the chance of his not being the right person, but I thought if that were so, he simply would n't pay any attention to the note, and the whole thing would end there. I addressed the letter to his hotel, and decided that it must be mailed that very night, for he might suddenly leave there and I'd never know where else to find him. It was then nearly ten o'clock, and so I teased Anne into running out to the post-office with me. He must have received it this morning."

Cynthia had listened to this long explanation in astonished silence. "Is n't it the most remarkable thing," she exclaimed when Joyce had finished, "that each of us should write, I to the mother and you to the son, and neither of us even guess what the other was doing! And that they should meet here, just this afternoon! But there are a whole lot of things I can't understand at all. Why, for instance, did he give the name of Arthur Calthorpe when he came in, and pretend he was some one else?"

"That 's been puzzling me too," replied Joyce, "and I can't think of any reason."

"But the thing that confuses me most of all," added Cynthia, "is this. Why, if you had written that note, and had an idea that he was alive, were you so tremendously astonished when he and his mother recognized each other? I should have thought you'd guess right away, when you saw him at the door, who he was!"

"That 's just the queer part of it!" said Joyce. "In the first place, I never expected him to come out here at all,—at least, not right away. I never put the name of this town in the letter, nor mentioned this house. I supposed, of course, that

he'd go piling right down to South Carolina to find his mother, or see whether she was alive. Then, later, when they'd made it all up, (provided she was alive, which even I did n't know then) I thought they might come back here and open the house. That was one reason I wanted to have our illumination next week, on the chance of their arriving.

"So you see I was quite unprepared to see him rushing out here at once; and when he gave another name, that completely deceived me. And then, there 's one thing more. Somehow, I had in my mind a picture of Fairfax Collingwood that was as different as could be from—well, from what he is! You see, I'd always thought of him as the *boy* whom great-aunt Lucia described having seen. I pictured him as slim and young looking, smooth-faced, with golden curly hair, and big brown eyes. His eyes are the same but,—well, I somehow never counted on the change that all those forty years would make! You can't think how different my idea of him was, and naturally that helped all the more to throw me off the track."

"But why—" began Cynthia afresh.

"Oh, don't let 's try to puzzle over it any more just now!" interrupted Joyce. "My head is simply in a whirl. I can't even *think* straight! I never had so many surprises all at once in my life. I think he will explain everything we don't understand. Let 's just wait!"

There were faint sounds from the drawing-room, but they were indistinguishable,—low murmurings and half-hushed sobs. The two reunited ones within were bridging the gulf of forty years. And so the girls continued to wait outside, in the silence and in the dark.

(To be concluded.)

TWO RIDDLES

BY HELEN COALE CREW

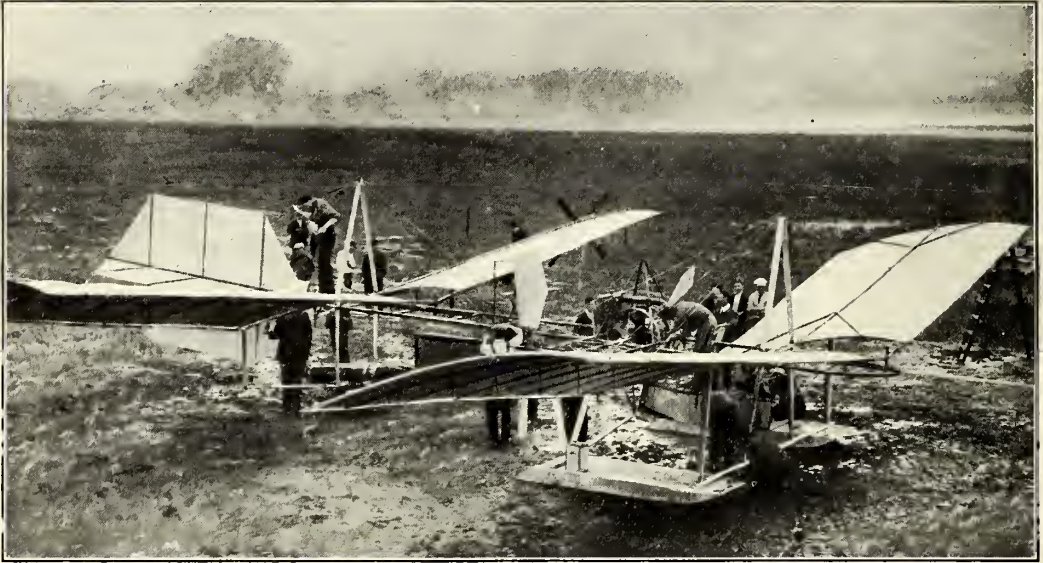
SOME one comes in our front door—
 Makes things awful glad!
 Stamps his feet upon the floor,
 Gives a bear hug and a roar.
 'T is n't Santa, yet he brings
 Pockets full of pleasant things.
 Guess!

Sounds exactly like our Dad!
 Yes!

There is something very bright
 Lights up every place;
 Makes you not afraid at night;
 Makes you always feel just right.
 Not the moon, and not the sun;
 Not the lamps when day is done.
 Guess!

Can't fool me—that 's Mother's face!
 Yes!

PRACTICAL MECHANICS FOR BOYS



THE LANGLEY AËRODROME, WITH PONTOONS ADDED, BEFORE ITS FLIGHT AT LAKE KEUKA.

WHAT EVERY ONE SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THE AËROPLANE

BY MONTAGUE PALMER, E.E.

To the youth of this century is reserved the great privilege of witnessing the development of a remarkable era in rapid locomotion. Automobiles, locomotives, steamers, and motor-boats are daily increasing in power and swiftness, but the king of them all, the aëroplane, is destined soon to revolutionize our present conception of speed. Already 125 miles per hour has been achieved by machines that may be considered only crude forms compared to those that will eventually astonish us; and while going at this tremendous speed, the aëroplane is at all times under perfect control.

Consider, for a moment, what a vast and wonderful field of usefulness is already open to the aëroplane, and you will readily perceive the great rôle it is destined to play in the civilized world:

It will be the future mail-carrier.

It will be part of the equipment of every exploring party.

It will be the over-water "Bus" of the future.

It will be increasingly used by armies for scouting and reconnoitering, and for dropping bombs and for other forms of aërial attack.

It will be used in patrol work, and for the inspection of transmission lines, railroads, large engineering works, etc.

It is now used in hunting game and in taking panoramic kinetoscope pictures.

It furnishes a most valuable means of studying meteorological conditions, altitudes of over 20,000 feet having been attained.

Last, but not least, is its usefulness in bringing the physician with rapid First Aid, in cases of accident in the country.

HOW IT FLIES

ALTHOUGH it does seem like lifting yourself by your own boot straps, to raise and propel a machine weighing from 1000 to 2000 pounds, with

the power carried in the machine, yet the principle underlying the raising of an aëroplane is precisely that which is involved in raising a kite.

When a boy wishes to raise a kite, he has but to run with it, and, when he runs rapidly enough, the kite will, if well balanced, soar upward. Being thus drawn through the air at an incline, there develops an air pressure on the under surface of the kite, that is equal to, or greater than, its weight, and the kite consequently stays at the same level or rises still higher, as the case may be.

With the aëroplane, which is in a sense a huge kite with its surfaces much more efficiently arranged, the same principle applies,—with this important difference, however, that instead of being drawn through the air by a cord, it is propelled through the air by its own power.

To make this great kite into a practical man-carrying aëroplane, two important requirements had to be met.

The first was a method of controlling it and keeping it on a level keel both longitudinally and transversely.

The second was a proper method of propelling or drawing it through space.

These were real difficulties; but they finally gave way before the tireless effort of American genius.

HOW THE DIFFICULTIES WERE MASTERED

THE first difficulty was soon overcome by the use of small auxiliary surfaces, hinged at the extremities, which could be raised or lowered to bring the aëroplane back to a level keel, should it tend to upset. Those used for lateral control are called *ailerons*, and those for longitudinal control, *elevators*.

The second difficulty was the greater, and only after much experiment was any success attained.

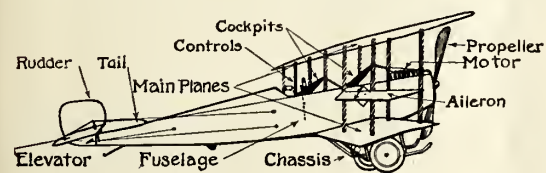


DIAGRAM OF BIPLANE, SHOWING PRINCIPAL PARTS.

Naturally enough, the use of flapping planes, imitating the bird, was first attempted but met with little success, owing largely to the heavy and complicated mechanism required. These machines are called ornithopters or "bird-winged," and although they still have many advocates, are now regarded merely as curiosities. But just as land vehicles use wheels instead of feet and as boats use propellers instead of pad-

dles, so the aëroplane, by the use of the aërial screw-propeller, has succeeded in navigating the air. The aërial screw cuts its way through the air, just as a propeller cuts its way through the



EARLY WRIGHT MACHINE IN FLIGHT AT FORT MYER, VIRGINIA.

water or as the radial cutting-edges of a twist-drill cut their way through a piece of wood.

When the screw pulls the aëroplane from the front, it should be called a tractor-screw, and when it pushes from the rear, it should be called a propeller-screw; but the name "propeller" is now generally used irrespective of its location, and the terms "tractor" and "pusher" are now generally applied to the aëroplane itself, according to whether it is drawn or pushed.

Unlike the boat propeller, the aërial propeller is of large diameter and very slender, as is necessary for the medium in which it operates.

The motor—the heart of the aëroplane—presented a most difficult problem, and future developments in aëronautics await its further improvement. Owing to the enormous weight, in proportion to the power delivered, the steam-engine and boiler were entirely out of the question, and it was the same weight question that barred the electric motor and its storage batteries. It was primarily due to the development of the gasolene engine for automobiles, and the perfection of light forms of it for motor-cycles, that the way was paved for the present marvelous aëroplane engine, which weighs but 3 lbs. per horsepower.

ITS HISTORY

LET us now examine the aëroplane at close range, —prefacing our examination with a short story of its growth on the human side.

At a time, and not so long ago either, when serious believers in air-craft (balloons of course excepted) were considered weak-minded, Professor S. P. Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, was patiently conducting experiments dealing



A WRIGHT BIPLANE (PUSHER) IN FLIGHT.

with the effect of air pressure upon plane surfaces. He built models of the large machines that he desired ultimately to make, and flew them for distances that then seemed remarkable. His man-carrying machine was finally constructed but was damaged in launching in 1903. His attempt met, therefore, with much skepticism and ridicule. The name, "aërodrome," which Langley applied to his machine, has been supplanted by "aëroplane."

A thorough vindication of this great pioneer's work was accomplished, however, when Mr. Glenn Curtiss flew the selfsame machine, repaired of course, over Lake Keuka eleven years later.

Octave Chanute, a Franco-American civil engineer, being inspired by the gliding experiments of Professor Otto Lilienthal in Germany, constructed "gliders" and made many flights in them. These crude aëroplanes, without engines, had either to be towed along with ropes, like large kites, or were propelled by their own weight,—the aviator running with the glider, against the wind down a hill, and, when sufficient velocity was attained, jumping up, and clinging to it, and thus "flying" to the foot of the hill.

Orville and Wilbur Wright, of Dayton, Ohio, became interested in flying, in their boyhood days, by observing the action of some flying toys, and later, in 1899, coöperated with Octave Chanute in the construction of a series of biplane gliders, by means of which flights of considerable distance were made.

Finally, in 1903, the Wright brothers, having procured a light gasolene engine, mounted it in conjunction with a pair of propellers on the glider, and on December 17 human flight at last became a reality.

After the first public flight, Wilbur Wright took his machine to France, where Bleriot, Farman, Dumont and others had built aëroplanes and made creditable flights. Wright electrified all Europe by his wonderful and perfectly controlled navigation of the air.

In England, Sir Hiram Maxim made a very large machine, which was wrecked before it did any practical flying.

Glenn Curtiss, maker of the now famous Curtiss aëroplanes, together with Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, Lieutenant Thomas E. Selfridge, and others, built several biplanes, and on July 4, 1908, finally succeeded in making a splendid flight by which he won the "Scientific American" trophy. In September of the same year Orville Wright was making flights before the Army officials at Fort Myer, and it was during the last one that Lieutenant Selfridge, who was carried as a passenger, lost his life, owing to a mishap to the machine,—the first fatality in an aëroplane accident.



LINCOLN BEACHEY, IN A CURTISS BIPLANE (PUSHER), MAKING A DESCENT.

Mechanical flight was now an accomplished fact, and the world fairly bristled with aëronautic activities. Meets, exhibitions, and contests were soon held in the United States, in Europe, and in the Orient.

Records for speed, distance, duration of flight, and altitude,—with a single aviator, and with an aviator and one passenger or more—were made and broken in rapid succession. Motors were increased in power and refinements in construction followed.

Many deaths resulted, owing principally to faulty construction, or to the aviators' ignorance or reckless daring. But it is a significant fact that those who have contributed most largely to the development of the aéroplane,—for example, Orville Wright, Curtiss, Baldwin, Burgess, Ble-riot, Farman, Etrich, Dunne, and others—are still with us, and are still continuing their constructive work.

THE PARTS OF THE AÉROPLANE

Now that aéroplanes are approaching more nearly to a similarity in their general construction, the principal parts of the machine may be classified as follows:

The Fuselage

The fuselage is the name applied to the body of the aéroplane. It generally contains the motor and the seat for the pilot; and at its extreme rear, which tapers to a small section, are fixed the tail-plane, elevators, and rudder.

In the flying boat, the hull takes the place of the fuselage; and in the pusher type of biplane there is no fuselage,—the motor and pilot-seat being fixed rigidly between the planes.

The Chassis

The chassis of the aéroplane is a rigid framework that carries the fuselage. To it, the wheels or pontoons are attached. In the monoplane, and in newer forms of the biplane, it is fastened rigidly to the under portion of the fuselage; whereas, in the pusher type biplane, it is attached directly to the lower plane. In any case it must be high enough to give the propeller ample clearance of the ground.

The Main Planes

The main planes are fastened to the forward end of the fuselage, in about the same position as the wings of a bird.

Where there is a single pair of planes, one on each side of the fuselage, the aéroplane is called a monoplane.

Where an additional plane spreads over the pair of main planes and is braced thereto with uprights and cross wiring, the aéroplane is called a biplane.

The Ailerons

These are two small auxiliary planes, or wing-tips, one at each end of the main planes. In some of the machines, notably the Curtiss, these ailerons are located midway between the upper and



THE DUNNE BIPLANE.

lower planes, and are hinged at their front edge to the rear-end uprights. In many of the other makes they are hinged to the rear edge of the upper plane, and in a recess cut out for them. These ailerons are so connected with the controls that when one is raised the other is depressed. In the Wright machine, and in most monoplanes, the same effect is obtained by warping the ends of the main planes, which are made flexible for that purpose.



MILITARY TRACTOR BIPLANE.

The Tail-plane

The tail-plane is the plane attached to the rear of the fuselage, and to which is hinged the elevator. Some machines have no tail-planes, and the elevator in such cases is hinged directly to the framework that supports it.

The Elevator

The elevator, which is virtually a horizontal rudder, is generally composed of two similar flaps hinged to the rear edge of the tail-plane. These act in unison, being separated simply to permit the vertical rudder to swing between them. In cases where the rudder is divided or is entirely above the elevator, the latter is formed of a single plane.

The Rudder

The rudder is a vertical plane, hinged to the rear of the fuselage, and operating just like the rudder of a boat.

flying-boats, it is mounted directly on the planes and is driven by a chain-drive.



NIEUPORT MONOPLANE IN FLIGHT.



WRIGHT MILITARY BIPLANE IN FLIGHT.

TYPES

DURING the growth of the industry, the various kinds of aëroplanes have been known either by the name of their designer, as Wright, Curtiss, Bleriot, etc., or by some adopted name as Annette, Demoiselle, Taube, etc.

In the early days, the various machines differed not only in form but also in important details, and it was a comparatively simple matter to distinguish one from the other.

To-day, however, the differences, with few exceptions, are not so great, and a careful study of details is essential, especially since the various builders are making types which are similar in general appearance, and which retain their respective peculiarities in minor details.

The following arrangement of types is not

The Motor and Propeller

In the monoplane and in tractor biplanes, the motor is now generally housed in the forward part of the fuselage, just in front of the pilot's seat, and directly behind the radiator, as in automobiles. With rotary motors which are air-cooled, the radiator is of course omitted. In the pusher biplane, the motor is generally mounted between the planes and behind the pilot. A 20- to 40-gallon gasolene tank is conveniently located, and the gasolene is pumped from it to a small service-tank above the motor, whence it feeds to the carbureter by gravity.

The propeller is connected with the motor-shaft, either directly, or through gears. In a few cases, notably the Wright, Cody, and some

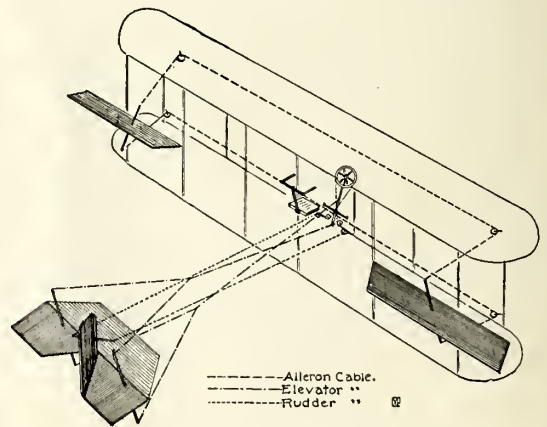


DIAGRAM SHOWING BIPLANE CONTROL CABLES.

necessarily a generally accepted one; but it is given to offer to the reader a simple basis for aëroplane classification, and incidentally to ac-

quaint him with those aéroplanes that have lately stood out, or which now stand out, most prominently.

(1) **THE PUSHER BIPLANE.** This type comprises various forms which were at one time types in themselves.

The Wright Biplane has a long rectangular framework extending from the rear of the planes, in the end of which swing the tall, narrow double rudder, and also the elevator, which is in this case a single plane. This is virtually the only biplane that warps the ends of its main planes, instead of using ailerons. Hence, the planes with their curved ends present a neat and uniform appearance. From the front of the chassis of the Wright machine extend two long skids, which are braced to the forward edge of the upper plane.



Two small triangular surfaces at the junction of each skid and brace, called blinders, are common only to this type of machine. It is also the only machine of note, except the Cody aéroplane in England, to use low-speed propellers.

The new Wright military machine is especially interesting, in that it has the appearance of a tractor biplane; the motor is placed at the front, but the propellers are still at the rear, being turned by a long shaft and chain-drives.

The Curtiss machine has smaller planes than the Wright, and can be easily distinguished from the latter by its triangular framework extending from the rear of the main planes, which framework supports the tail-plane, elevator, and the vertical rudder,—the tail and elevator bearing a striking resemblance to a butterfly. The use of ailerons midway between the planes, and the rectangular shape of the latter make the distinction more marked.

The Cody machine bears some resemblance to the Wright, but is larger. The Farman, a prominent French machine, is also of this type.

(2) **THE DUNNE MACHINE.** The striking peculiarities of the Dunne aéroplane still keep it a type in itself. Its main planes point obliquely backward; it has no tail; and in the standard sense no rudder or elevator,—the function of these being performed by the ailerons hinged to the upper plane. It is driven by a propeller at the rear directly connected to the motor. Though of



TWO VIEWS OF BLERIOT TYPE MONOPLANE.

English design, it is now a standard American make, and is known as the Burgess Dunne.

(3) **THE TRACTOR BIPLANE.** This type is of the same general design as the modern monoplane with the addition of the upper plane. The lower pair of planes is mounted quite low on the fuselage, and in some cases is joined below it. This type is commonly known here as the "military tractor biplane."

The principal makes are, the Curtiss, Thomas, Benoist, Christofferson, Heinrich, Sloane, Gaudet, and Martin in America; the Breguet, Goupy, Paulhan, Zodiac, and Astra in France; the Albatross, Mars, and Aviatik in Germany; and the Bristol, Avro, Grahame-White, Short, and Sopwith, in England.

This type, because of its superior weight-carrying qualities, is growing in favor for military service.

(4) **THE MONOPLANE.** The various monoplane types are now fairly well standardized, and have developed considerably in France and in Germany, those made in America, as the Heinrich, Sloane, and Schmitt, having been principally patterned after European makes. The Bleriot, Nieuport, Morane, and Deperdussin being the most



THE DEPERDUSSIN RACING MONOPLANE. IT HAS AVERAGED 125 MILES AN HOUR.

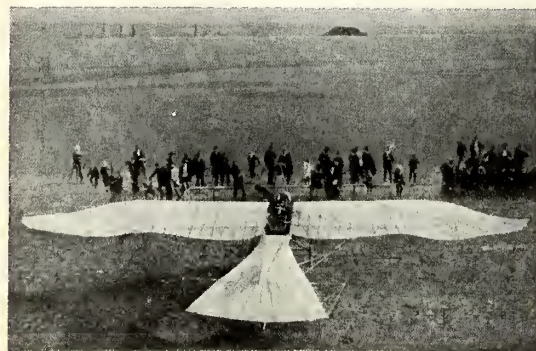
prominent of the French machines, and the Taube, Rumpler, and Mars, the best known of the German makes.

Monoplanes have ever been a popular type with exhibition flyers, owing to their light weight, high speed and sensitiveness. It was a Deperdussin which recently made over 125 miles per hour.

The planes are of various shapes, are well braced by special cables to the fuselage and chassis, so that they can be quickly attached or detached, and hence easily transported.

The propeller and motor are directly connected and are mounted at the front of the machine, the pilot sitting immediately behind.

The European makes referred to are so similar



TAUBE MONOPLANE AT REST.

in their general construction that the scope of this article would not permit a discussion of their differences. The German monoplanes, however, are distinctive, as they are generally of the Taube

type, which, with its backward sweeping planes and its long triangular tail, bears a striking resemblance to the dove, or pigeon, although it was originally patterned after the gliding seed-leaf of the *Zanonia* palm. Even the Taube is being largely superseded by newer designs approaching more nearly the common monoplane type.

(5) THE HYDROAÉROPLANE. The Hydroaéroplane is simply an aéroplane in which the wheels are replaced by pontoons or floats, especially designed to leave the surface of the water with little drag. Any type of aéroplane can readily be converted into a hydroaéroplane.



TAUBE MONOPLANE IN FLIGHT.

(6) THE FLYING BOAT. The Flying Boat, a Curtiss invention, is a hydroaéroplane with an enlarged pontoon or boat. This boat is a substantially made, waterproofed fuselage, and is constructed of fine grained boards over a rigid framework.

The forward portion is either flat-bottomed or shows a slight keel. It has no chassis, and the propeller is universally mounted behind the main planes.

The cockpit is generally made so broad that two people can sit in it abreast.

Flying boats are now made by many aéroplane manufacturers; are being furnished to the nations now at war; and it is a machine of this type that will be used in the attempt to cross the Atlantic.

MATERIALS

THE principal materials used in the construction of the modern aéroplane are the light and strong woods, such as spruce, ash, oak, etc., steel alloys,

aluminum, etc. The planes are built up of beams of wood joined to a series of parallel curved ribs of light construction. The resulting framework is well braced internally with wire, and is covered tightly with a durable fabric which receives a final finish.

In the biplane, the uprights between the planes are made of wood, or steel tubing, and have an elliptical cross-section. These fit into sockets attached to the planes, and the whole cell is braced with wire, drawn tight with turnbuckles.

The auxiliary control-planes have a wood framework, and are connected to the control-wheel with double cable, to insure against possible breakage.

The fuselage is generally a wood frame covered with a suitable fabric. In a speedy Deperdussin it was made of wood veneer, formed over a core which was removed after the binding material had set and after the fuselage had been highly polished.

The chassis is usually made of wood, braced with wire. It is commonly built with forwardly-projecting, upturned skids, to prevent upsetting when landing.

The propellers are made of laminated wood and are highly polished. They are from 7 to 9½ feet in diameter, and have a pitch of about five to seven feet. The pitch is the distance, theoretically, that the propeller would pull or push the machine while it makes one complete revolution. In view of the fact that their rotative speed is generally 1200 revolutions per minute, they must be substantially constructed.

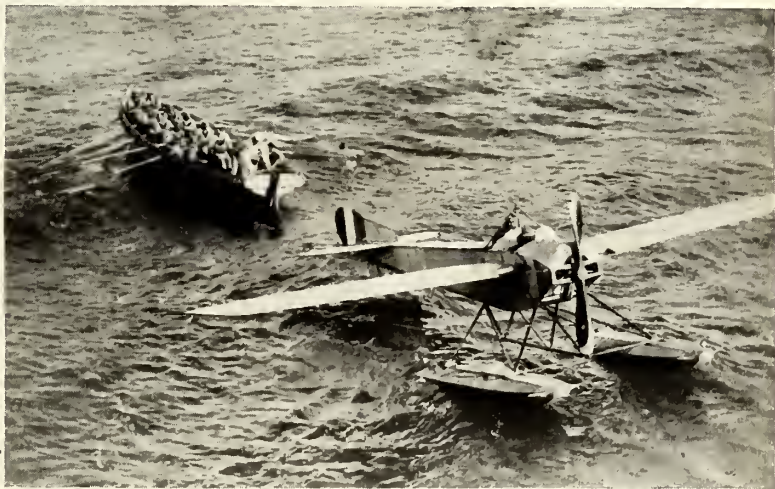


A BIPLANE HYDROAÉROPLANE ABOUT TO RISE.

The motor, in many respects the most remarkable part of the aeroplane, is a high achievement of modern machine builders. All parts have to be light without any sacrifice in strength; and

when it is realized that these motors must run continuously for hours at their full speed and output, the wonder is that they can be made at all. Aluminum and special alloys of steel are principally used. The finest workmanship is necessary. When a motor, delivering 50 horse-power, can be carried—or at least lifted—by one man, enough is said.

These motors, which now are generally about 100 H.P., consume about 10 gallons of gasoline per hour. There are two leading types of these



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

A MONOPLANE HYDROAÉROPLANE IN TOW IN THE DARDANELLES.

motors in vogue, the stationary motor, similar to that used on automobiles, in which the crankshaft only revolves, and the rotary motor, in which the cylinders revolve.

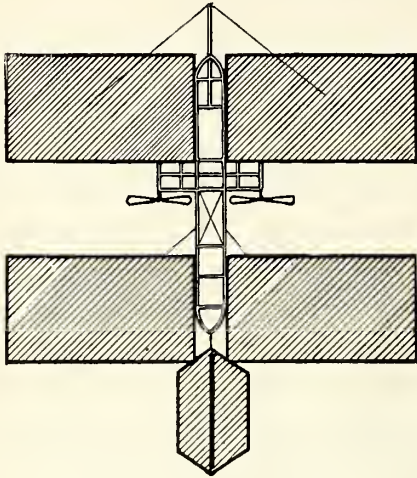
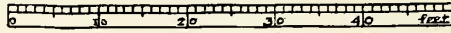
Motors of 200 H.P. are now being made for some of the newer aeroplanes.

CONTROL

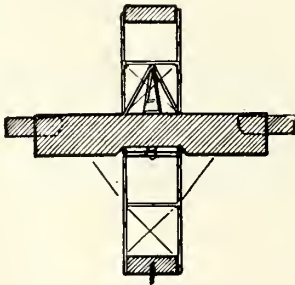
THE aeroplane has to be controlled in two directions:—

If one end of the main planes dips and the other end rises, it is necessary to raise the low end and lower the high end. To do this, the pilot has but to move his control in such a way that the aileron on the low side, which is hinged at its front, is inclined downward and thus acts as a lifting surface, and the aileron on the high side is inclined upward and thus acts as a depressing force. This is called lateral control and is very important, especially in steering.

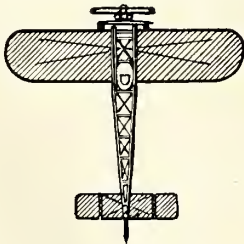
In most monoplanes, and in the Wright biplane, the end sections of the main plane are warped down on the low side and up on the high side, and thus produce the same effect.



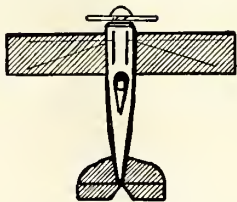
Langley Aërodrome, 1903. (A)



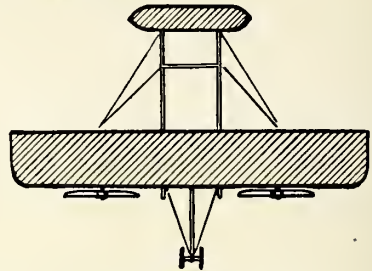
Curtiss Biplane, 1909. (A)



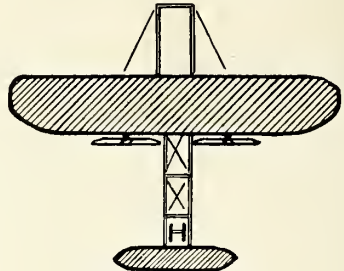
Bleriot Monoplane, 1909 (A)



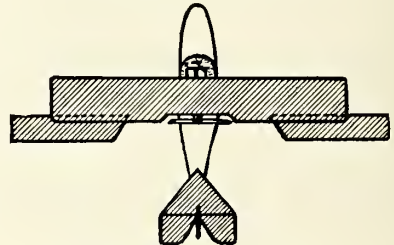
Deperdussin Monoplane, 1912. (A)



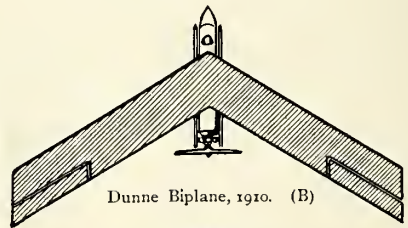
Wright Biplane, 1908. (B)



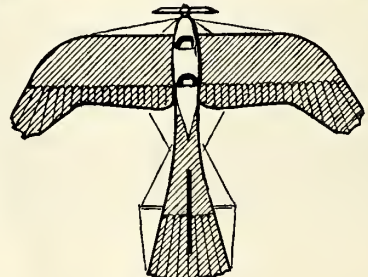
Wright Biplane, 1911. (B)



Curtiss Flying Boat, 1912. (B)



Dunne Biplane, 1910. (B)



Taube Monoplane, 1910. (B)

PLAN CHART OF NOTABLE AÉROPLANES—DRAWN TO SCALE.

“A”—Built to carry 1 person.

“B”—Built to carry 2 persons.



CURTISS FLYING BOAT RISING, AND IN FLIGHT.

Copyright, 1913, by H. M. Benner.

If the aëroplane in flight tends to dive, it is only necessary to incline the elevator upward; this will throw the tail down and right the machine. If the aëroplane rises too rapidly, the reverse motion is performed.

The rudder acts just as does a boat rudder, though it is interesting to note that, in steering, the end of the main planes on the inner side of the turn will drop, because it will be going at a lower speed than the outer side, and this must be corrected by the lateral control.

Various methods are used to manipulate the controls—the wheel is becoming popular in this country to operate the rudder, as in a motor-boat, although many machines use pedals.

The bar supporting the wheel is so pivoted that it can be moved forward or backward, and, by virtue of its connection to the elevator, causes the aëroplane to descend or ascend.

The lateral or sidewise control is attained in many machines by attaching the cables from the aileron to the back of the aviator's chair, which back is so hinged that by moving the body he can operate them. As the aviator will instinctively lean over to the high side of the planes and thereby pull the ailerons to their correcting positions, this control becomes semi-automatic.

In monoplane practice, the cables are attached to the wheel-bar instead of to the seat-back,—the bar being so pivoted that it can also be moved sidewise.

FLYING

BEFORE flight, the mechanic examines every part of the aëroplane to see that all tie wires are tight, that the control cables are in good order, and that everything else is sound. The tank is

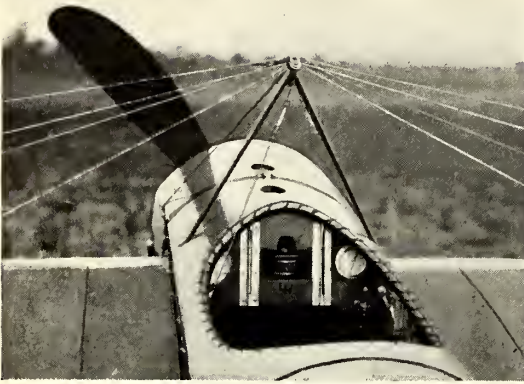
inspected to see that it is well-filled with gasoline, and the propeller is given a turn to start the engine. When all is found to be in perfect trim, the aviator takes his seat and the passenger his, and the motor is started once more. As the aëroplane moves along, the tail lifts up; and when sufficient velocity has been attained, the elevator is turned up and the tail is forced down. This inclines the



FRONT OF MONOPLANE, SHOWING PROPELLER AND ROTARY ENGINE.

main planes upward so that they present a greater angle to the air,—and up she goes!

Once up, and clear of all earthly troubles, it is



COCKPIT OF A MONOPLANE.

simply a matter of control. Aërial disturbances will be met with constantly, and at times, a sudden drop or as sudden a rise will test somewhat the nerve of the beginner.

With a staunch and well-designed machine, flying is safe, just as long as the man at the wheel has his full senses. Should the motor stop, he has but to steer downward, and the 1000 lbs. or more will glide to earth as gracefully as any bird.

It is the landing that is most difficult, but, like all other accomplishments, it comes with practice.

THE FUTURE

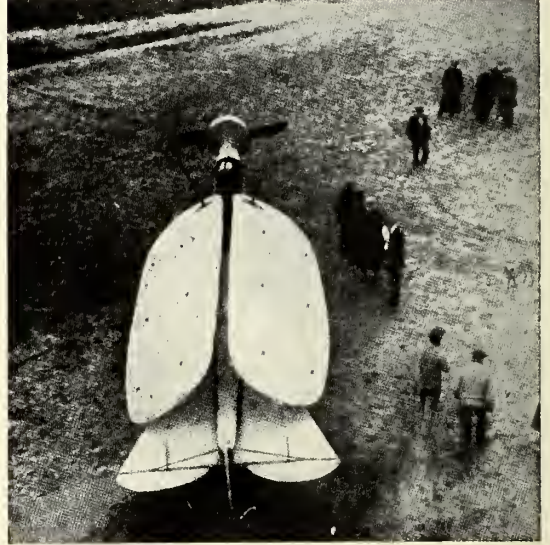
FROM this brief review of the art, one can readily perceive what a vast field for future endeavor lies before us. The aëroplane of ten years from now probably will bear but a superficial resemblance to the present finished product. It will be stronger and more durable, and doubtless will be seen running along our city streets with folded wings, like some strange automobile.

Before the young men who devote themselves to this art with the one idea of developing it, lie rich rewards. A careful study of the entire sub-

ject will reveal many matters that require improvement, and a proper direction and concentration of effort cannot fail to result favorably.

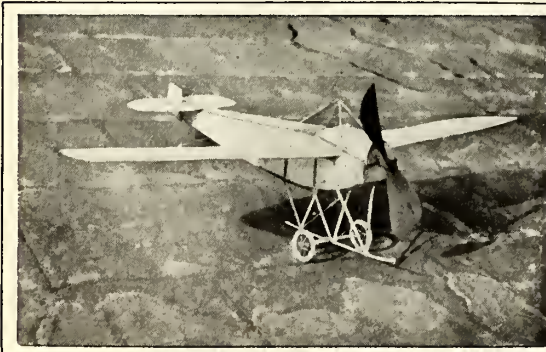
Inexpensive miniature aëroplanes, similar to those described in ST. NICHOLAS last month, can be made and flown by boys and girls with much real pleasure. Here is a sport that will do much to start you studying out problems of the air.

Models of standard machines can also be built, which, though they will fly but short distances, go a great way to familiarize you with actual aëroplane construction, for you have to



A FOLDING-WING TYPE.

study the plans of large machines carefully before you can make your model reasonably to scale. Slight changes will have to be made owing to the limited power at your disposal, and also because the weight of the rubber strands is distributed in some cases along the entire length of the model instead of being concentrated at the front as in the case of the large aëroplane.



MODEL, TO SCALE, OF A NIEUPORT MONOPLANE AND A CURTISS MILITARY TRACTOR.



"THE MOTH AND THE FLAME"—AN AVIATOR'S DREAM.

THE PORTABLE MOTOR CLIMBS ABOARD

(“UNDER THE BLUE SKY” SERIES)

BY E. T. KEYSER

“Now, what on earth can be keeping those fellows?” said “Freckles” to himself, as he cast one more impatient glance up the lane that led to the boat house.

His canoe, fully rigged and with outfit nicely stowed, lay tied to the float with the dandy hoisted, to keep her off. But there was no sign of the crew of the other craft, which still reposed in her rack, just as if this were not the first Saturday of the camping season and the wind from a quarter which promised a flat calm by noon.

“Well, if that pair of procrastinators want to paddle, I suppose they might as well do it. For my part, I ’m going to hoist sail while there ’s enough wind to fill it,” exclaimed Freckles, at last.

Half way to camp, the breeze dropped, just as the young skipper had feared, and down came the sails and out came the paddles.

“It serves me right for wasting an hour waiting for them. I would have been at camp by this time, if I had started right out. Well, never mind; they will have to paddle the whole distance. I wonder where they are now.”

Swinging around in his seat, he gave a glance astern. A mile away, was the other canoe, coming along at a wonderfully good rate of speed.

“They certainly are hustling,” soliloquized Freckles. “By Jove, that ’s odd!” for it suddenly dawned upon him that, for paddlers who were making record time, the boys themselves were strangely motionless.

Out came his marine glasses, which were soon focussed upon the approaching canoe. There was a white comber, curling away from her bow; but the pair of occupants were luxuriously reposing on the floor, with arms folded. And just then came to his ears a faint throb, as from the exhaust of a power-boat.

Freckles sat up, and began to take a deep interest in the proceedings. “The heathen!” he observed; “they ’ve left their sails behind and borrowed their cousin’s motor!”

Then he bent to his paddles and made for camp. But it was too late; the other canoe was overhauling him as if he had been anchored. Freckles was a good paddler, but anyone who can push a loaded canoe along at four miles an hour

is accomplishing something, while the little motor was giving about twice that speed to Fred’s craft.

“Want a tow?” Fred inquired with a grin, as they came alongside, and his motor stopped.

“Go ’way!” growled Freckles. “Fine canoeists you are! Here you have a splendid morning, and wait around until the breeze dies out; then along you come with a benzine plant tied to the tail of your boat. You ’re a disgrace to the canoeing fraternity, and a pair of shirkers as well!”

“That ’s all right,” answered Harry, sweetly, “but it ’s a lovely four-mile paddle, from here to camp, and it ’s getting warmer every minute! Will you paddle that sporting-goods store of yours, or take a tow-line and join the procession of progress?”

Freckles capitulated, as gracefully as possible. Of course, it was not the correct thing, he told himself, and decidedly beneath the dignity of a loyal canoeist. But four miles were four miles; and if those power-equipped pirates reached the fishing grounds first, there was no telling how few fish would be left for his string.

So he cast his painter to Fred, the motor was started, and the procession flew along, at a speed which neither canoe had ever before experienced, and which, in a small craft, appears twice as fast as it actually is.

Thirty minutes later, the contingent were unloading the canoes upon the beach, and making ready their tackle for a fishing expedition which was to furnish the main part of their dinner.

When Fred’s canoe was unloaded, Freckles pushed her off and climbed aboard to examine the motor, which he was almost ready to acknowledge was not such a bad idea after all when the wind failed.

“How do you start it?” he inquired.

“Turn the handle,” explained Fred, “and be ready to steer her at once, or you ’ll be aground before you know it.”

“And, by the way,” he continued, “don’t try to hold onto the handle after she starts, or you ’ll probably get a bath!”

Freckles approached the motor with considerable respect.

“What ’s this little stop cock?”

“That ’s the gasolene supply. Better turn it on,” laughed Fred.

Freckles obeyed, and then gave the crank a vigorous turn. The motor started instantly, but before Freckles had any opportunity to congratulate himself upon his success, he noticed with much uneasiness that the canoe was progressing stern first, with gradually increasing speed.

"Go it, old fellow!" shouted Harry as the circle was completed once more.

Freckles made a wild grab for every promising-looking lever in sight and finally, on the sixth lap, located the switch and the motor stopped.

"What 's the matter?" was Harry's unfeeling comment, as Freckles paddled ashore with his



"HURRAH FOR THE TAIL-END RACE!" SHOUTED FRED.

First it headed for some rocks, from which Freckles managed to divert its attention; and then, just in time to prevent rushing up on the beach, he swung the tiller so as to keep the canoe moving in a circle.

"Hurrah for the tail-end race!" shouted Fred. "Keep it up, Freckles!"

"How do I stop her?" queried Freckles, as his second lap brought him within conversational distance of his companions.

"Turn the switch," advised Fred.

Freckles made an effort to locate the switch, but seized the carbureter lever instead, and the speed was materially increased.

"How long will it take to run down?" was his next question, as he made lap number two.

"About three hours, as the tank is not really full," was the reassuring information.

hands. "You were going along beautifully, after you got warmed up to it!"

"If you fellows would drop nonsense and explain what makes the affair go, and also what will stop her within fifteen minutes after a man gets enough excitement, you would be doing a really useful act," and Freckles proceeded to remove a few gallons of surplus moisture from the bottom of the craft.

"Perhaps you fail to realize that a circular tail-end cruise ships considerable water, and that if I had not accidentally skinned my knuckles on that switch lever, I would have been submarining in about two more laps. Is this the way that she usually behaves, when wound up, or was it because I was not introduced to her properly?"

"You did not retard the spark," explained Harry, who was now able to maintain a fairly

grave face. "Come and look over the motor with me, and I'll show you how easy it all is. There's no mystery about it when you understand it, and it's well to be up-to-date with these contraptions.

"This is the spark lever," he continued. "When starting, we put it back here; that keeps the motor from back-firing when we start. It must be advanced to here, after starting, to get up speed.

"This is the throttle lever. Set it half way to start, and push it over to get more speed. It is all very simple. The throttle governs the quantity of the fuel charge, and the difference in that quantity makes the difference in speed, while the spark must be retarded when starting and gradually advanced as the speed picks up, so that the charge will explode in the cylinder at just the right time.

"The steering is easy, you found that out for yourself—when you were describing those pretty circles, a while ago!"

"How do you go backwards *intentionally*?" asked Freckles. If motor canoeing was going to be part of the summer campaign, he was bound to learn how to enjoy it.

"With this motor," explained Fred, "we throw off the switch and retard the spark at just the right time to reverse the motor; but it is difficult, and the newer models are so arranged that they may be reversed much more easily. This is an older model that our cousin lent us. For a canoe, it is fairly satisfactory, and it costs considerably less than the later arrangements with reversing attachments. One does not often need to back up in a canoe, you know."

"I should have been a great deal happier a while ago, if I had been able to do a little reversing," was Freckles' answer.

"WHY are you piling up so much luggage in the bow?" asked Freckles, casting a critical eye at Fred's canoe, a few hours later. "You will be way down by the head, you know."

They were packing up for the homeward trip, and the arrangement of the other boat had excited Freckles' curiosity.

"Well, you see there is a fifty-pound motor hanging over the stern, and we must allow for that in the trim."

"I had n't thought of that," admitted Freckles. "But fifty pounds is not much extra weight to carry, after all."

"Not when it paddles more than eighty pounds of boy," said Harry; and then, "All ready, Professor!" he shouted, as the tow line of Freckles'

canoe was made fast, and the craft were pointed away from land.

Fred gave the crank a turn—a vigorous one. Nothing happened.

"The motor's cold. A second twist will fetch her," he said.

But it did not, nor the third, nor the fourth, nor several others, of which they lost count.

"Tickle the carbureter," advised Harry.

Fred "tickled" the carbureter. But the motor refused to smile.

"Perhaps the spark plug is dirty," said Fred. So they removed it, and gave it a thorough cleaning. But the motor was still obstinate and unresponsive to their efforts.

"Examine the wiring," advised Harry. But an examination failed to reveal any trouble in that quarter.

"Before I leave you fellows to wait until the motor is feeling quite rested," said Freckles, "I would humbly ask if this particular specimen is expected to run without fuel?"

"Of course not!" snapped the now perspiring Fred. "What makes you ask such a foolish question?"

"Then why don't you turn the gasoline cock?" asked Freckles, with a grin.

"Why did n't you say so before!" Harry exclaimed gruffly.

"Well," said Freckles, "you had so much innocent amusement out of my 'tail-end race' this morning, that it occurred to me that I was entitled to a little fun this afternoon! Now, if you will promise to say nothing about what happened when I was waiting for the motor to run down, I will forget that *you* could not get it started. Is it a bargain?"

There was nothing else for Fred and Harry to do, and the funny yarn, with which they had hoped to edify an amused audience that evening, was doomed to the region of untold tales.

"It's not such a bad proposition, after all," admitted Freckles, as he helped to clean up the motor. "We can always depend on the engine to push us along, and we cannot always be sure of a breeze—especially when we are in a hurry."

"Right you are!" said Fred. "We can always take the sails, and you, being alone in your canoe, can carry the motor."

"How long do you fancy that longsuffering cousin of yours will trust us with the power plant?" Freckles asked.

With a contented smile, Fred answered:

"We sha'n't have to return it for some time. Cousin bought a motor-boat last week."

TOMMY AND THE WISHING-STONE

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN TOMMY BECAME A MINK

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

Author of "Old Mother West Wind," "Bedtime Story-Books," etc.

It was not often that Tommy caught so much as a glimpse of Billy Mink; and every time he did, he had the feeling that he had been smart, very smart indeed. The funny thing is that this feeling annoyed Tommy. Yes, it did. It annoyed him because it seemed so very foolish to think that there was anything smart in just *seeing* Billy Mink. And yet every time he did see him, he had the feeling that he had really done something out of the usual.

Little by little, he realized that it was because Billy Mink himself is so smart, and manages to keep out of sight so much of the time, that just seeing him once in a while gave him the feeling of being smarter than Billy. At the same time, he was never quite sure that Billy did n't intend to be seen. Somehow that little brown-coated scamp always seemed to be playing with him. He would appear so suddenly that Tommy never could tell just where he came from. And he would disappear quite as quickly. Tommy never could tell where he went. He just vanished, that was all. It was this that made Tommy feel that he had been smart to see him at all.

Now Tommy had been acquainted with Billy Mink for a long time. That is to say, he had known Billy by sight. More than that, he had tried to trap Billy, and in trying to trap him he had learned some of Billy's ways. In fact, Tommy had spent a great deal of time trying to catch Billy. You see, he wanted that little brown fur coat of Billy's because he could sell it. But it was very clear that Billy wanted that little fur coat himself to wear, and also that he knew all about traps. So Billy still wore his coat, and Tommy had taken up his traps and put them away with a sigh for the money which he had hoped that that coat would bring him, and with a determination that, when cold weather should come again, he would get it. You see it was summer now, and the little fur coat was of no value then save to Billy himself.

In truth, Tommy would have forgotten all about it until autumn came again had not Billy suddenly popped out in front of him that very morning, while Tommy was trying to catch a trout in a certain quiet pool in the Laughing Brook deep in the Green Forest. Tommy had

been sitting perfectly still, like the good fisherman that he was, not making the tiniest sound, when he just seemed to feel two eyes fixed on him. Very, very slowly Tommy turned his head. He did it so slowly that it almost seemed as if he did n't move it at all. But careful as he was, he had no more than a bare glimpse of a little brown animal, who disappeared as by magic.

"It 's that mink," thought Tommy, and continued to stare at the spot where he had last seen Billy. The rustle of a leaf almost behind him caused him to forget and to turn quickly. Again he had just a glimpse of something brown. Then it was gone. Where, he had n't the least idea. It was gone, that was all.

Tommy forgot all about trout. It was more fun to try to get a good look at Billy Mink and to see what he was doing and where he was going. Tommy remembered all that he had been taught or had read about how to act when trying to watch his little wild neighbors and he did the best he could, but all he got was a fleeting glimpse now and then which was most tantalizing. At last he gave up and reeled in his fish-line. Then he started for home. All the way he kept thinking of Billy Mink. He could n't get Billy out of his head.

Little by little he realized how, when all was said and done, he did n't know anything about Billy. That is, he did n't really know—he just guessed at things.

"And here he is one of my neighbors," thought Tommy. "I know a great deal about Peter Rabbit, and Chatterer the Red Squirrel, and Reddy Fox, and a lot of others, but I don't know anything about Billy Mink, and he 's too smart to let me find out. Huh! he need n't be so secret about everything. I ain't going to hurt him."

Then into Tommy's head crept a guilty remembrance of those traps. A little flush crept into Tommy's face. "Anyway, I ain't going to hurt him *now*," he added.

By this time he had reached the great gray stone on the edge of the Green Meadows, the wishing-stone. Just as a matter of course he sat down on the edge of it. He never could get by without sitting down on it. It was a very beautiful scene that stretched out before Tommy,

but, though he seemed to be gazing out at it, he did n't see it at all. He was looking through unseeing eyes. The fact is, he was too busy thinking, and his thoughts were all of Billy Mink. It must be great fun to be able to go and come any hour of the day or night, and to be so nimble and smart.

"I wish I were a mink," said Tommy, slowly and very earnestly.

Of course you know what happened then. The same thing happened that had happened so many times before on the old wishing-stone. Tommy was the very thing he had wished to be. He was a mink. Yes, sir, Tommy was a tiny furry little fellow, with brothers and sisters and the nicest little home, in a hollow log hidden among bulrushes, close by the Laughing Brook and with a big pile of brush near it. Indeed, one end of the old log was under the brush-pile. That made the very safest kind of a playground for the little minks. It was there that Mother Mink gave



"OUT POPPED THE BROWN HEAD OF MRS. MINK AND IN HER TEETH WAS A FAT TROUT."

them their first lessons in a game called "Now-you-see-me-now-you-don't." They thought they were just playing, but all the time they were learning something that would be most important and useful to them when they were older.

Tommy was very quick to learn and just as

quick in his movements, so that it was n't long before he could out-run, out-dodge, and out-hide any of his companions, and Mother Mink began to pay spécial attention to his education. She was proud of him, and because she was proud of him she intended to teach him all the mink lore which she knew. So Tommy was the first of the family to be taken fishing. Ever since he and his brothers and sisters had been big enough to eat solid food, they had had fish as a part of their bill of fare, and there was nothing that Tommy liked better. Where they came from, he had never bothered to ask. All he cared about was the eating of them. But now he was actually going to catch some, and he felt very important as he glided along behind his mother.

Presently they came to a dark deep pool in the Laughing Brook. Mrs. Mink peered into its depths. There was the glint of something silvery down there in the brown water. In a flash Mrs. Mink had disappeared in the pool, entering the water so smoothly as to hardly make a splash. For a moment Tommy saw her dark form moving swiftly, then he lost it. His little eyes blazed with eagerness and excitement as he watched. Ha! What was that? There was something moving under water on the other side of the pool. Then out popped the brown head of Mrs. Mink and in her teeth was a fat trout. Tommy's mouth watered at the sight. What a feast he would have!

But instead of bringing the fish to him, Mrs. Mink climbed out on the opposite bank and disappeared in the brush there. Tommy swallowed hard with disappointment. Could it be that he was n't to have any of it after all? In a few minutes Mrs. Mink was back again, but there was no sign of the fish. Then Tommy knew that she had hidden it, and for just a minute a wicked thought popped into his head. He would swim across and hunt for it. But Mother Mink did n't give him a chance. Though Tommy did n't see it, there was a twinkle in her eyes as she said,

"Now you have seen how easy it is to catch a fish, I shall expect you to catch all you eat hereafter. Come along with me to the next pool and show me how well you have learned your lesson."

She led the way down the Laughing Brook, and presently they came to another little brown pool. Eagerly Tommy peered into it. At first he saw nothing. Then, almost under him, he discovered a fat trout lazily watching for a good meal to come along. With a great splash Tommy dived into the pool. For just a second he closed his eyes as he struck the water. When he opened them, the trout was nowhere to be seen. Tommy

looked very crestfallen and foolish as he crawled up on the bank, where Mother Mink was laughing at him.

"How do you expect to catch fish when you splash like that?" she asked. Tommy did n't know, so he said nothing. "Now you come with me and practice on little fish first," she continued, and led him to a shallow pool in which a school of minnows were at play. Now Tommy was particularly fond of trout, as all Mink are, and he was inclined to turn up his nose at minnows. But he wisely held his tongue and prepared to show that he had learned his lesson. This time he slipped into the water quietly and then made a swift dash at the nearest minnow. He missed it quite as Mother Mink had expected he would, but now his dander was up. He would catch one of those minnows if it took him all the rest of the day! Three times he tried and missed, but the fourth time his sharp little teeth closed on a finny victim and he proudly swam ashore with the fish.

"Things you catch yourself always taste best," said Mother Mink. "Now we 'll go over on the meadows and catch some mice."

Tommy scowled. "I want to catch some more fish," said he.

"Not the least bit of use for you to try," retorted Mother Mink. "Don't you see that you have frightened those minnows so that they have left the pool? Besides, it is time that you learned to hunt as well as fish, and you 'll find it is just as much fun."

Tommy doubted it, but he obediently trotted along at the heels of Mother Mink out onto the Green Meadows. Presently they came to a tiny little path through the meadow grasses. Mother Mink sniffed in it and Tommy did the same. There was the odor of meadow-mouse, and once more Tommy's mouth watered. He quite forgot about the fish. Mother Mink darted ahead and presently Tommy heard a faint squeak. He hurried forward to find Mother Mink with a fat meadow-mouse. Tommy smacked his lips, but she took no notice. Instead, she calmly ate the meadow-mouse herself.

Tommy did n't need to be told that if he wanted meadow-mouse he would have to catch one for himself. With a little angry toss of his head he trotted off along the little path. Presently he came to another. His nose told him a meadow-mouse had been along that way very recently. With his nose to the ground he began to run. Other little paths branched off from the one he was in. Tommy paid no attention to them until suddenly he realized that he no longer smelled meadow-mouse. He kept on a little farther hop-

ing that he would find that entrancing smell again. But he did n't, so he stopped to consider. Then he turned and ran back, keeping his nose to the ground. So he came to one of those little branch paths and there he caught the smell of meadow-mouse again. He turned into the little branch path and the smell grew stronger. He ran faster. Then his quick ears caught the sound



"THE MOUSE TURNED TO FIGHT."

of scurrying feet ahead of him. He darted along, and there, running for his life, was a fat meadow-mouse. Half a dozen bounds brought Tommy up with him, whereupon the mouse turned to fight. Now the mouse was big and a veteran, and Tommy was only a youngster. It was his first fight. For just a second he paused at the sight of the sharp little teeth confronting him. Then he sprang into his first fight. The fierce lust of battle filled him. His eyes blazed red. There was a short sharp struggle and then the mouse went limp and lifeless. Very proudly Tommy dragged it out to where Mother Mink was waiting. She would have picked it up and carried it easily, but Tommy was n't big enough for that.

After that Tommy went hunting or fishing every day. Sometimes the whole family went, and such fun as they would have! One day they would hunt frogs around the edge of the Smiling

Pool. Again they would visit a swamp and dig out worms and insects. But best of all they liked to hunt the meadow-mice. So the long summer wore away and the family kept together. But as the cool weather of the fall came, Tommy grew more and more restless. He wanted to see the Great World. Sometimes he would go off and be gone two or three days at a time. Then one day he bade the old home good-by forever, though he did n't know it at the time. He simply started off following the Laughing Brook to the Great River, in search of adventure, and in the

catch him or a fierce hawk would swoop at him, but Tommy would only dodge like a flash, and laugh as he ducked into some hole or other hiding-place. He had learned that quickness of movement often is more than a match for mere size and strength. So he was not afraid of any of his neighbors, for those he was not strong enough to fight he was clever enough to elude.

He could run swiftly, climb like a squirrel, and swim like a fish. Because he was so slim, he could slip into all kinds of interesting holes and dark corners, and explore stone and brush piles. In fact he could go almost anywhere he pleased. His nose was as keen as that of a dog. He was always testing the air or sniffing at the ground for the odor of other little people who had passed that way. When he was hungry and ran across the trail of some one he fancied, he would follow it just as Bowser the Hound follows the trail of Reddy Fox. Sometimes he would follow the trail of Reddy himself, just to see what he was doing.

For the most part he kept near water. He dearly loved to explore a brook, running along beside it, swimming the pools, investigating every hole in the banks and the piles of drift stuff. When he was feeling lazy and there were no fish handy, he would catch a frog or two, or a couple of pollywogs, or a crayfish. Occasionally he would leave the low land and the water for the high land and hunt rabbits and grouse. Sometimes he surprised other ground birds. Once he visited a farmyard and, slipping into the hen-house at night, killed three fat hens. Of course he could not eat the whole of even one.

Tommy asked no favors of any one. His was a happy, care-free life. To be sure he had few friends save among his own kind, but he did n't mind this. He rather enjoyed the fact that all who were smaller, and some who were larger, than he feared him. He was lithe and strong and wonderfully quick. Fighting was a joy. It was this as much as anything that led him into a fight with a big muskrat, much bigger than himself. The muskrat was stout, and his great teeth looked dangerous. But he was slow and clumsy in his movements compared with Tommy, and, though he was full of courage and fought hard, the battle was not long. After that Tommy hunted muskrats whenever the notion seized him.

Winter came, but Tommy minded it not at all. His thick fur coat kept him warm, and the air was like tonic in his veins. It was good to be alive. He hunted rabbits in the snow. He caught fish at spring-holes in the ice. He traveled long distances under the ice, running along the edge of the water where it had fallen away from the



"WHEN HE WAS FEELING LAZY, HE WOULD CATCH A FROG."

joy of exploring new fields he forgot all about home

He was a fine big fellow by this time and very smart in the ways of the Mink world. Life was just a grand holiday. He hunted or fished when he was hungry, and when he was tired he curled up in the nearest hiding-place and slept. Sometimes it was in a hollow log or stump. Again it was in an old rock-pile or under a heap of brush. When he had slept enough, he was off again on his travels, and it made no difference to him whether it was night or day. He just ate when he pleased, slept when he pleased, and wandered on where and when he pleased. He was afraid of no one. Once in a while a fox would try to



"HE HID NEAR BY AND WATCHED, AND SAW A GREAT TWO-LEGGED CREATURE COME."

frozen crust, swimming when he had to, investigating muskrat holes, and now and then surprising the tenant. Unlike his small cousin, Shadow the Weasel, he seldom hunted and killed just for the fun of killing. Sometimes, when fishing was especially good and he caught more than he could use, he would hide them away against a day of need. In killing, the mink is simply obeying the law of Old Mother Nature, for she has given him flesh-eating teeth, and without meat he could not live. In this respect he is no worse than man, for man kills to live.

For the most of the time, Tommy was just a happy-go-lucky traveler, who delighted in exploring new places and who saw more of the Great World than most of his neighbors. The weather never bothered him. He liked the sun, but he would just as soon travel in the rain. When a fierce snow-storm raged, he traveled under the ice along the bed of the nearest brook or river. It was just the life he had dreamed of as a boy. He was an adventurer, a freebooter, and all the world was his. He had no work. He had no fear, for as yet he had not encountered man. Hooty the Owl by night and certain of the big hawks by day were all he had to watch out for, and these he did not really fear, for he felt himself too smart for them.

But at last he did learn fear. It came to him

when he discovered another Mink fast in a trap. He did n't understand those strange jaws which bit into the flesh and held and yet were not alive. He hid near by and watched, and he saw a great two-legged creature come and take the mink away. Then, cautiously, Tommy investigated. He caught the odor of the man scent, and a little chill of fear ran down his backbone.

But in spite of all his care there came a fateful day. He was running along a brook in shallow water when snap! from the bottom of the brook itself the dreadful jaws sprang up and caught him by a leg. There had been no smell of man to give him warning, for the running water had carried it away. Tommy gave a little shriek as he felt the dreadful thing, and then—he was just Tommy, sitting on the wishing-stone.

He stared thoughtfully over at the Green Forest. Then he shuddered. You see he remembered just how he had felt when that trap had snapped on his leg. "I don't want your fur coat, Billy Mink," said he, just as if Billy could hear him. "If it was n't for traps, you surely would enjoy life. Just the same I would n't trade places with you, not even if I do have to hoe corn just when I want to go swimming!"

And with this, Tommy started for home and the hoe, and somehow the task did n't look so very dreadful after all.

(To be continued)



Fancy's World

Fancy builds a little world
That's different from ours,
And fills it full of curious forms,
And magic halls, and towers.



A SUCCESSFUL SLIDE AT THE HOME BASE.

Gardner of the Boston "Red Sox" with a head first slide, eludes Nunamaker of New York, who fails to touch him. Gardner slid *around* the catcher in such a way that the back stop missed him.

SPEED AND THE BASE-RUNNER

BY BILLY EVANS

Umpire in the American League

Tyrus Cobb, Base-Runner Extraordinary, comments on This Important Feature of the Game

"HE is the luckiest fellow that ever broke into the big league!"

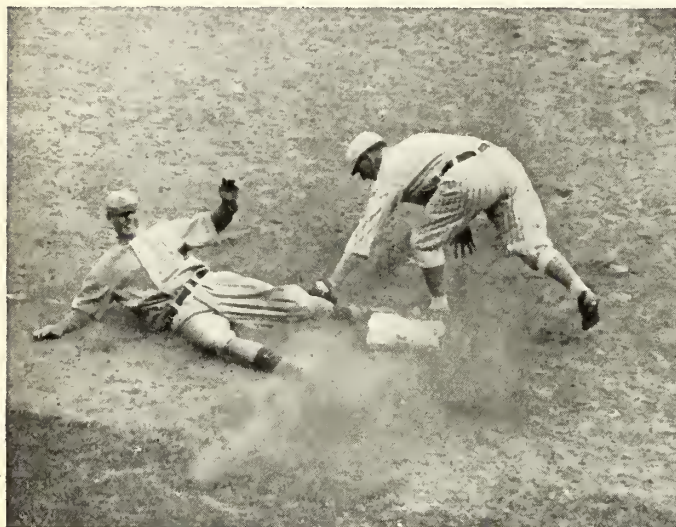
That was what major league players in general thought about Ty Cobb, after he had been in the American League for a few years. Little credit was given Cobb for his daring feats on the bases. He was simply classed as lucky. Cobb is now, and has been for years, one of the real sensations of base-ball. Those who insisted, at the start of his career, that he was simply lucky are now willing to admit that brains and speed, not luck, made possible many of the tricks Cobb turned on the bases.

"Keep a tight hold on that glove of yours, or he will be stealing it before you get out of the park!" It was Connie Mack, famous manager of the Philadelphia Athletics, who was speaking. He addressed the remark to one of his veteran catchers. It was near the close of a game at the old Detroit grounds, five or six years ago. Cobb had reached first by beating out a slow hit down the third base-line. On the very first ball pitched, he dashed for second. The catcher made a perfect throw, and it seemed certain that Cobb would

be retired. There was a cloud of dust; and when it had cleared away, the umpire was standing over the play, with palms stretched downward, indicating that the runner was safe. Cobb had eluded the touch of the infielder, through the medium of the famous fall-away slide, which gives the man with the ball little more than the spikes of sliding shoes to touch. No one was out at the time; and the batter in an attempt to move Cobb to third on a sacrifice, sent up a little pop fly to the catcher, and was out. There has always been a certain amount of animosity between Cobb and the Athletics. Naturally, when playing against the Athletics, Cobb always tries to go at high speed. On the first ball pitched to the next batter, Cobb raced to third. Once more the catcher made a good throw. It was a decidedly close play at third, and there was considerable speculation as to just what ruling the umpire might make. But the third base-man helped the umpire out of a tight hole by dropping the ball; and Cobb was safe. A fly to the outfield meant a run, if it was any kind of a drive, for it is mighty hard to throw Cobb out at the plate on a fly

ball that travels any distance. The batter failed in the pinch by striking out. The next batter was Claude Rossman, who was always really dangerous with the bat. Rossman sent a long foul to left, then looked one over, which the um-

man gave him a life at that station, and they insisted that a poor decision by the umpire helped him out at the plate. The visiting players were agreed that no one but Cobb would have gotten away with such wild work on the bases. On that



A CLOSE PLAY AT THIRD BASE.

Showing the fall-away slide, which gives the infielder only one leg or foot to touch, as the player slides in. Often the infielder has the ball in time, and yet misses the runner because of the deceptiveness of the slide.

pire called a strike, making it two strikes and nothing, and putting Rossman in the hole. Cobb was standing passively about fifteen feet from third base. From his actions, one would have thought he did not have the slightest intention to attempt to steal home. As the pitcher started his wind-up, Cobb set out for the plate at full speed. With a left-hander at the bat, it is far more difficult for the runner to steal home, than with a right-hander up. The left-handed batter gives the catcher a clear view of the play, while he is slightly obscured by batters who hit from the right side of the plate. Base-runners, as a rule, seldom attempt such a feat with a left-hander, because of that very reason. A right-handed batter is often able to render some assistance in giving the catcher trouble, without creating an interference that would be penalized by the umpire. The pitch to Rossman was very low, and on the inside. It almost struck the ground, pulling the catcher away out of position. The back-stop made a desperate effort to touch Cobb out, and thought he had succeeded in doing so; but the runner received the benefit of the doubt from the umpire and was declared safe.

"More Cobb luck!" was the way the Athletics put it, as they went to the bench when the side was retired. They figured he should have been retired at second, third, and home base. Failure of the infielder to touch him saved him at second, the dropping of the ball by the third base-



point they were right, not because Cobb was simply lucky, but because the dashing Southerner took chances that few, if any, others in base-ball would have attempted. It was a wonderful exhibition of base-running of the most advanced style. The average runner would have been content to play it safe, and await a base-hit, as the means to send his run across the plate.

In a game against St. Louis, I saw Cobb hit a short single to center field. He ran to first at about half-speed, turned the bag in a leisurely fashion, and the next instant was racing to second like mad! Cobb had planned his campaign on the way to first. He felt sure that his slow manner of getting down to the initial sack would lead the outfielder to believe that he had no intention of trying for second. As he rounded the bag, his glance in the direction of the outfield told him his plan had worked. Charley Hemphill was playing center field for St. Louis in that

game, and he was seldom a careless fielder. Picking up the ball, he simply lobbed it in to second base. Cobb felt sure he could beat the throw, which, aside from being a slow one, was six or eight feet wide of the bag. Nearing second, always keeping his eye on the ball which was in front of him, he realized a bad bounce had caused it to get away from the second baseman. Never for a moment slackening his speed, he continued on to third! The throw to get him at that base was high, getting away from the third sacker. Amid the wild shouts of the crowd, Cobb dashed for the plate and reached it in safety! It was another typical exhibition of Cobb's base-running.

The average player is more than satisfied if he gets away with a steal of home every now and then during the regular playing season. In a short series of seven games, which is the length of base-ball's classic, the World's Series, stealing home is seldom given the slightest consideration by the players. In fact, as a rule less chances are taken, because every move is liable to prove very costly owing to the shortness of the series. If a player tries to achieve something, fails, and the next batter follows with a double or triple, the fans at once start figuring what probably *would* have happened had the ambitious player

Cobb is a wonderful player, with great speed and a quick-thinking brain. In the second game of the 1909 series between Detroit and Pittsburgh, Cobb gave a crowd of over thirty thousand fans the thrill of a lifetime, for a steal home in a World's Series game is an extremely rare performance. Pittsburgh got away to a two-run lead in the first inning. The Tigers came back in the second, sending two runs over the plate and making things even. In the third inning, with the score a tie and the bases filled, Delehanty came through with a single that scored two runs, and moved Cobb, who was on first at the time, to third. At this stage of the game, Manager Clarke took out pitcher Camnitz, and sent the veteran Willis to the rescue. The fact that Cobb performed his feat with a veteran pitcher in the box, a pitcher reputed a crafty boxman, made the performance all the more noteworthy. The Pittsburg team appeared a bit in the air, as a result of the batting rally on the part of the Tigers. Cobb probably decided that a successful steal of home would tend to throw them even further off their stride. He noticed that pitcher Willis was taking a rather long wind-up. On the third ball Willis pitched, Cobb made a dash for the plate. Because of his good lead and clever slide, Cobb managed to evade the touch



A FALL-AWAY SLIDE TOWARD THE INFIELD.

This photograph shows how the runner can slide in a direction directly opposite to that of the other play at third. In that picture, the runner has thrown his body toward the outfield: in this, toward the infield. As he does not know just how the runner intends sliding, the fall-away slide always has the infielder "in the air," more or less.

"played it safe," instead of "taking a wild chance," as they usually term it when the player is thrown out, even by a very close decision.

of catcher Gibson, who was in a bad position, because Willis hurried the throw, getting the ball wide of the plate. That theft of home

seemed to take a lot of ginger out of the Pittsburgh team, and Detroit won in easy fashion by the score of 7 to 2, notwithstanding that the Pirates had won a two-run lead in the opening inning.

Ability to run bases as he does, in addition to his skill as a batter, is what makes Cobb so extraordinary a player. There are any number of players who can hit almost as well; there are any number of players who have as much speed; quite a few are even more fleet of foot, yet there are few modern players who compare with Cobb on the bases. He seems able to get a bigger lead than the average player; he seems to be able to guess accurately when the pitcher is going to deliver the ball, or when he means to throw to first; he seems to be able to squirm safely into a base, whether the ball is there ahead of him or not, unless the fielder blocks him off.

Base-ball managers are crying for more players of the Cobb type. They want men who are fast, and also willing to take a chance with their speed. A player with only fair hitting ability, and plenty of speed on the bases, is often given a greater chance to display his worth, than a far better hitter who happens to be slow on foot. It is no wonder then that base-running plays such an important part in base-ball.

Because of the high premium placed upon the good base-runner, it would seem that more attention would be paid to this part of the game. Much time and attention are given to all the minor details of other features of the game—yet but little time is spent in learning the fine points of the base-running art.

Hundreds of times during the season, runners are thrown out by a half step. Ability to get away from the plate or first base a fraction of a second sooner, would have enabled the player to reach his goal in safety. Despite this fact, few batters pay any attention to the manner in which they get away from the plate. Little effort is made to hasten their start. Sprinters will tell you that many a race is won at the crack of the gun. It would seem that many a base-hit is lost at the crack of the bat, because of the way the average batter gets away from the plate.

George Moriarty, of the Detroit club, could hardly be classed as a "speed merchant," yet Moriarty is one of the best base-runners in the business. He is almost at top speed when taking his third step, and from third base is away the moment a pitcher starts his wind-up. The fact that Moriarty stole home something like a dozen times during one season, is proof of his ability to run the bases. Here are some of the views Moriarty offers on the art of base-running:

"Picking the proper instant to run is of great aid to the base-runner," said he. "Very often a close study of the pitcher and catcher greatly aids the runner in this. The runner must get his cue from one or the other member of the opposing battery. If the pitcher is a fellow noted for his ability to hold runners close to the bases, then special attention must be paid to him. I have made a close study of every pitcher I have batted against. After you have played against a pitcher for a season or two, you get to know any peculiarities he may have, provided you make a study of his pitching movements. The pitchers who have what players call a half-balk motion, invariably make some particular move when they intend throwing to first base. When it is their intention to pitch, this little movement is always eliminated from their wind-up. It is for the absence of this motion when throwing to first, that I am constantly watching. Other conditions being satisfactory, I make it a point to dash for the next base on that pitch. No two pitchers go through exactly the same motions preparatory to pitching or throwing to first base. In all my experience in the American League, Ed Walsh is the only fellow I never could figure out. Walsh has undoubtedly developed the most deceptive motion I have ever seen. You never know when he is going to pitch. He usually outguesses the base-runner, and if you insist on taking the average lead off a base, Walsh is liable to catch you flat-footed, and make you look decidedly foolish.

"If, on the other hand, the catcher happens to be the foxy member of the battery, one's attention must be confined to his movements. When you reach first under such conditions, running the bases becomes a test of wits between catcher and base-runner. The catcher is, of course, going to try to figure on what ball you are going to try to steal. He is going to make it a point to waste that ball. By 'wasting the ball' is meant that the pitcher shall throw it such a distance from the plate, that the batter will be unable to hit it. This pitch is to be delivered with as little motion as possible on the part of the pitcher. The idea always is to get the waste ball to the catcher as quickly as possible, so as to further increase his chances of throwing out the runner. A long wind-up on the part of the pitcher would be of great aid to the runner, consequently pitchers have two styles of deliveries. With the bases empty, the pitcher takes as long a wind-up as he desires. Many pitchers insist that they can get more speed on the ball with the long wind-up. That is why some pitchers are said to be less effective when runners are on the bases. It is necessary to cut down the pitching motion with

runners on the bases, to keep them from 'running wild' at the expense of the catcher; and this, of course, decreases the speed of the pitcher, and makes his pitching easier for the batsman.

"Realizing that the catcher is keeping his eye constantly on the base-runner, it becomes the duty of that runner to pay as much attention to the catcher. I often made trouble for catchers by using what is called a 'false start.' Being able to get a big lead, I give the catcher the im-



CLYDE MILAN, THE FLEET OUTFIELDER OF THE "SENATORS."

One of the best runners in the game. He holds the American League record for stolen bases during a season—with 88 to his credit.

pression that I am ready to go down on any ball. Often I have made catchers shift at the last moment, because they get the impression that I am going to steal, on account of the false starts I persist in making. Very often it is possible to get the pitcher in the hole by such methods. That makes the situation all the better for you. It is almost a certainty that, if the first two deliveries are called balls, because the catcher is mistaken in believing you are going to steal, the pitcher is going to try his best to get the next ball over. That enables you to shift your style of play if desired, and utilize the hit-and-run, for the batsman has the advantage in being almost certain that the next ball is going to be over, if the pitcher's control does not fail him.

"Speed is a great asset to a base-runner, but a deceptive slide is almost as essential. A fast runner with a straight slide very often is not nearly as successful in stealing bases, as a fair runner with a fall-away slide. The runner with a straight-away slide simply goes directly into the base. Such runners are easy to touch, for the fielder with the ball realizes they are sure to make a direct line for the base. On the other hand, the runner with the fall-away has the fielder constantly in the air. Wonderfully fast men, like Cobb, Lobert, Bescher, Milan and others, can hook into the smallest portion of the base, and a greater part of the time manage to keep from oversliding, after having gained the base in safety. Such runners can shift their slide according to the direction of the throw. On a certain kind of a throw, they will hook the body in on the infield; on another throw, they will throw the body in the direction of the outfield, always making it a point to get the foot in on some part of the bag."

I doubt if there is a man in base-ball who is harder to touch than Ty Cobb. Time after time Cobb is declared safe, when the ball beats him to the bag by several feet. Often it looks as if the umpire has rendered a bad decision, but it is usually the same old story, the base-man failed to touch him. Cobb's slide is wonderfully deceptive. Recently I asked Cobb how he figures situations in advance. Here is what he had to say on the subject of sliding:

"As I near a base, I make it a point to study carefully the position assumed by the man about to take the throw. From the position of this fielder, it is possible to get a pretty good line on what kind of a throw has been made. If the fielder is in front of the bag, it becomes the duty of the runner to slide behind him,—that is, to throw in the foot as you near the bag, but twist the body in the direction of the outfield. This gives him only the foot to touch. If the fielder is taking the throw standing in the rear of the bag, it is a wise policy to slide in front of the bag, hooking the foot in and throwing the body in the direction of the infield. The quicker the slide, the more difficult the touch. I make it a point to run almost on top of the base-man before hitting the dirt, and giving the body a twist to drive me away from the base-man.

The player must not forget, too, that there is a difference between base-running and mere stealing of bases. Conditions of the game must always be considered, and good base-running often makes it imperative that the hit-and-run be used, when the theft of a base might make the player's record look better."

PEG O' THE RING

A MAID OF DENEWOOD

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," etc.

CHAPTER XIX

CLARINDA RUNS AWAY

I LOOKED at the young Frenchman in amazement for a moment after his announcement that he was the one who had advertised for the lost little boy; then it flashed through my mind that here was the explanation of his having been in the company of Jasper Pilgrim.

"It was the search for the ring that brought you to the Schneider farm!" I exclaimed.

"Indeed, yes," he answered, "and it was because of it that you were kept a prisoner. It is most curious, though 't is scarce believable that you should have the right ring."

"It must be the right one," I said positively, then stopped to wonder if, after all, I was correct. Perhaps Blundell and Pilgrim were mistaken. "And yet, Monsieur," I went on, hesitatingly, "I am not so sure, now that I think about it. I wish I had the ring to show you."

"Tell me about it," he begged. "There are not two like the one I search for in all the world."

"It is a very massy ring of the bigness of my thumb," I began. "Around it are five triangular diamonds, and the great bezel holds a sapphire stone which hath on it, deeply cut, the figure of a youth with a bow. This seal I took to be an Indian, when I was a child, but now I know 't is Cupid, the god of love. But there is no reason, whatever that is."

"It is none the less the ring I am in search of, Mademoiselle," M. Victor cried, scarce waiting till I had finished. "How came it into your possession?"

But ere I could answer, Mrs. Mummer put a stop to our talk.

"Nay, dearie, you must save that for the morn'," she insisted. "'T is late, sir," she went on, appealing to M. Victor, "and I 'm sure you both need rest. Miss Peg is quite wore out."

"You are right, Meesis Mummer," he agreed; and though I was willing enough to tell the story of Bee's wedding-cake, I had to content myself to wait till the morrow and was led away to bed, while Mummer looked after the young Frenchman's comfort.

Mrs. Mummer did not wake me the next morn-

ing and, as a consequence, it was late when I came down stairs, to find that M. Victor had eaten his breakfast and was off with Mummer looking over the estate.

"He is a most mannerly gentleman for a Frenchman," Mrs. Mummer confided to me; and to admit this much showed that she had taken a great liking to him.

"If it had not been for him, I should not be here to-day," I told her; at which she took me in her arms and hugged me, vowing I should ne'er go out of her sight again.

"I 'm so glad to be home!" I exclaimed, sitting down to my breakfast. "I only wish Bee and Cousin John were back. 'T will be a comfort to have the family together again. I saw the little ones as they went out with Sally just now,—but where is Jacky?" I asked.

"He 's off with Clarinda," Mrs. Mummer answered impatiently. "I warned her not to go too far from the house. She 's a silly wench, and, had I my way, one of the men should be sent with the boy. But Miss Bee will have it that Clarinda can be trusted, and 't is not to be denied that she fair worships the lad."

Just as I had finished eating, M. Victor came in looking very handsome, I thought, which made me glad I could appear before him in something better than rumpled rags.

"I have news, Mademoiselle," he said with a gay little laugh. "You would scarce believe how polite your British captain can be," and he handed me an open letter, which read as follows:

To Monsieur de Soulange, Squire of Dames:

Honored Sir: Having pressing business at some distance from Germantown, I found myself obliged to avail myself of the loan of your fine horse somewhat hurriedly last night. I regret that I cannot return it to you in person, but eventually I shall leave it with your agent, Andrew M'Sparren. It rejoices me to inform you that your search is at an end, one evidence of which closes this communication. Permit me, Sir, to subscribe myself,

Your most obedient, humble and grateful servant,

GEORGE BLUNDELL,

Late Captain, His Majesty's Horse

I read the note through twice before I quite made it out, for the writing was crabbed, and, even when I knew the words, I still was puzzled.

"What does it mean, Monsieur?" I asked. "What is the 'evidence' which 'closes the communication'?"

"That you will see on the back of the letter, Mademoiselle," he answered; and upon turning it over, I found a wax seal stamped with a print from the missing ring.

"He has it!" I exclaimed. "He took it last night, as I thought."

"Nay, do not be distress'," said M. Victor, evidently seeing that I was far from pleased to lose my treasure. "He will sell it to M'Sparren, and in due time it will be return' to you."

"Ah, but it is not mine!" I hastened to reply. "Has he the little boy somewhere, do you think?"

"That I know not, Mademoiselle," M. Victor answered. "I hope so, I am sure."

"I heard them plotting to substitute a child as soon as they had the ring," I explained, knowing that I had mentioned this before, but wishing to impress it on him.

"Nay, that is impossible. They may try it, but they cannot succeed," M. Victor assured me. "But," he went on with a laugh, "you do not know yet the good joke on Blundell. The gallant late Captain of his Majesty's Horse have gone with my beast, but he knows not what he will fin' at the end of his journey. My servants, Mademoiselle, are in New York—and Louis, my equerry, is not a patient man. When he see' Blundell ride up to M'Sparren's office on that horse, which he know like his own son, he will seize both the horse and the rider, thinking I have been rob' or worse. Oh, it will be merry for us—but I would not be in Blundell's shoes!" He ended with a peal of laughter, in which, in spite of my perplexity, I could not help joining.

"And now, Mademoiselle, please tell me how the ring came into your possession," he went on, checking his gayety and becoming serious on the instant. "I was patient last night, for you were tire', but 't is not idle curiosity that make' me ask."

So I told him all about the wedding-cake, hoping he would have some explanation of how the ring came to be in it, but at the end he shook his head.

"It is most mysterious, Mademoiselle," he said thoughtfully. "Shall I tell you why I am in America and what I know of the adventures of the ring?"

"I should love to hear!" I exclaimed.

"'T is the strange story of a woman's foolishness," he began. "My father have a cousin in France. A very rich man with very great possession'. He is call' the Marquis de Soulange-Caderousse. For many years my father have

been look upon as his heir, but, to every one's surprise, he marry. His wife may have been a very wise lady," M. Victor shrugged his shoulders, "I do not know. But she is not his equal in birth—that is certain. Well, one day in the hunting-field this cousin is kill' by an accident, an' my father is made the guardian of his only son;— for the dead man he love' my father and trust' him in everything."

The young man paused a moment and lifted his head proudly.

"The woman," he went on, "my cousin's wife that is, she did not know the honor of our family, and she had some bad adviser', who tol' her that my father would never let a baby to live that stand between him and a so great inheritance. Then she, too, die'; an' her family, with a great foolishness, send the little marquis out of the country to Canada in the care of her brother."

"And this is the child you are looking for?" I interrupted excitedly. "And he is a marquis?"

"Aye, truly," replied M. Victor. "He is now the Marquis de Soulange-Caderousse."

"But why did they send the child to Canada?" I asked.

"Ah, because they were a very foolish people!" he replied. "They take him away because, as they said publicly, they fear my father will destroy him for the sake of the money. A slur upon my father's honor which he cannot suffer, Mademoiselle. So, when he first learn of it, he sen' a man to America to bring back the little boy. But this man, though he was a trusted servant, bungle' the business, and all he succeed' in doing is to drive the uncle of the little boy deeper into the wilderness, until it is impossible to fin' them."

"Aye, 't would be like looking for a needle in a haystack," I murmured, unconsciously quoting Mummer.

"It seem' impossible," M. Victor went on, "but my father could not res' satisfied, and sen' again after that first man come back to report failure. But just then the uncle of the boy return from Canada without the child."

"What had he done with him?" I broke in.

Again M. Victor shrugged.

"He insis' that the child have been steal from him," he said with something of an effort. "And, to make it worse, he accuse' my father's agents of employing the Indians to do it."

The young Frenchman drew in his breath sharply and looked straight out of the window for a moment or two.

"That was an outrage," I murmured sympathetically, for I saw that the young man felt the matter keenly, but he went on again after a moment.

"My father he blame' himself for that he have not undertake' the search in person, but he grow ill and cannot travel. He is now an invalid for almost a year, and I am come in his place to clear the family name and take back the child; for I am sure that not until the boy is found, will my father grow well. It is so with us. The honor of our family is very dear to the Soulanges."

"And have you any news of the boy?" I asked after a moment's silence.

"Yes, and no," M. Victor replied. "I have found trace' of the man in Canada after he fall into the hands of the Indians, who take the boy from him—"

"Indians!" I interrupted, thinking at once of Tiscoquam and also of the remark I had heard Pilgrim make. "Did they keep the ring?"

"No, the man manage' to conceal that," M. Victor replied, "and he escape', leaving the child to the mercies of the savages, and make his way south as best he could through the forests. When at las' he comes to towns and villages, many times he is without food and hungry, and he was tempt' to sell the ring, but always he keep it, thinking to make more in another way."

"In another way?" I broke in, not understanding.

"Ah, yes, he was a rascal!" M. Victor exclaimed. "He think to find those in France who would pay a high, good price for news that the child was dead, and the ring would seem to prove his words."

"But he must have parted with it finally," I remarked.

"He los' it, Mademoiselle," M. Victor continued. "So he tol' me, though at the time I do not believe. Now perhaps it is true after all. He recount' that he follow' an old Indian trail that lead him into Pennsylvania not far from Philadelphia; and being, as he said, nigh starving, he stop at a fine mansion. There he tell something of his tale, and brag of being uncle to the heir of finer estates than that, even while he beg' food among the servants of the house at the back door. These laugh at the story of a lost marquis; and in anger, and to prove his boast, he show' the ring. But remember, 't is his story, Mademoiselle.

"While he hol' the ring in his hand, some one, in their rough play, strike his arm, and out of his hand fly the ring. That is all! It is gone."

"Did they not search for it?" I asked in wonder. "Perchance it fell in the grass if they were out of doors."

"They were in a paved court, Mademoiselle,—or so the man insis'," M. Victor explained, "yet no one hear' the ring fall. Nor could they fin' it,

though it should have been plain to see. It soun' most curious and I did not believe his tale."

"And the ring was never found, then?" I questioned incredulously.

"Not by him," said M. Victor with a smile. "This man and the servants about the estate hunt diligently, though naught come' of it. Indeed, after a time, the other' insis' that each be search' and still no ring could they fin'. But the man, angered at his loss, continue' to accuse them of thievery, demanding to see the master of the house. This bring on a quarrel, in the midst of which a woman come to the door of the kitchens and drive them away."

"The kitchens?" I gasped. "Monsieur, there is a paved court beside the Denewood kitchens. You remember we passed that way last night on going to the spring-house. Could it be there the quarrel happened? I must ask Mrs. Mummer."

I called in the old housekeeper, and, after telling her something of the story, inquired if she remembered any such circumstance.

"Nay now, dearie, how could I, and it nigh six years gone?" she replied. "A quarrel among the black boys is not so unusual that I would keep it in mind."

"But how could the ring have gotten into the cake, even if the man lost it here?" I demanded.

Mrs. Mummer wrinkled her forehead, trying to recall past happenings.

"There was so much going on just before the wedding," she said, turning to M. Victor, as if in apology for not being able to explain the matter forthwith. "But hold a minute!" she continued a little excitedly. "Now I mind 't was Indian summer and the window was open beside the table where I was mixing the cake. Could the ring have flown in that way when my back was turned, and I never know it?"

"That must have been it," declared M. Victor, positively, "an' the man tol' the truth after all! It seemed to me like Fate have take' a hand to bring the ring to you, Mademoiselle."

Whether or not this was the true explanation of the ring's finding its way into Bee's wedding-cake, no other has ever been forthcoming; but to this day I cannot give over thinking how strange it was that a man should carry the ring safe for miles, through a wilderness of forest, straight to Denewood, and there, by a curious misfortune, lose it as he did. It seemed, as M. Victor suggested, something more than accident.

"And now, Monsieur, I have lost it too!" I exclaimed a little sadly.

"The ring will be recover', Mademoiselle," he said with assurance. "We know where it is now, and I shall soon be after the man who has it.

But the little boy, my cousin,—I wish I were more sanguine of finding him."

"We must find him—" I exclaimed. "We *must* find him!"

"You make me hopeful," he replied with a smile, "if you will assis'."

But what could I do? I had spoken out of the fullness of my heart, being sorry for the young Frenchman's anxieties; yet what aid could a maid give when so diligent a search had been going on for years without result?

"I fear I shall be of little help, Monsieur," I said despondently.

"At least you give me courage to continue the search," he answered.

"There may be more than that in it," said Mrs. Mummer, shaking her head solemnly. "There 's some meaning to it, though what it is I never could make out. But something more is bound to come of it. Mark my words!"

We might have talked on this subject for hours, but we were suddenly silenced by the sound of some one calling, and a moment later Clarinda burst into the room, panting from running and with a face nigh ashen with fear.

"Oh, Mis' Mummer, ma'am!" she sobbed, falling on the floor at the old housekeeper's feet, "he 's done took! He 's done took!"

"What are you talking about, Clarinda?" demanded Mrs. Mummer sharply.

"He 's done took!" the girl repeated wildly.

"Who is taken?" I exclaimed, grasping her shoulder.

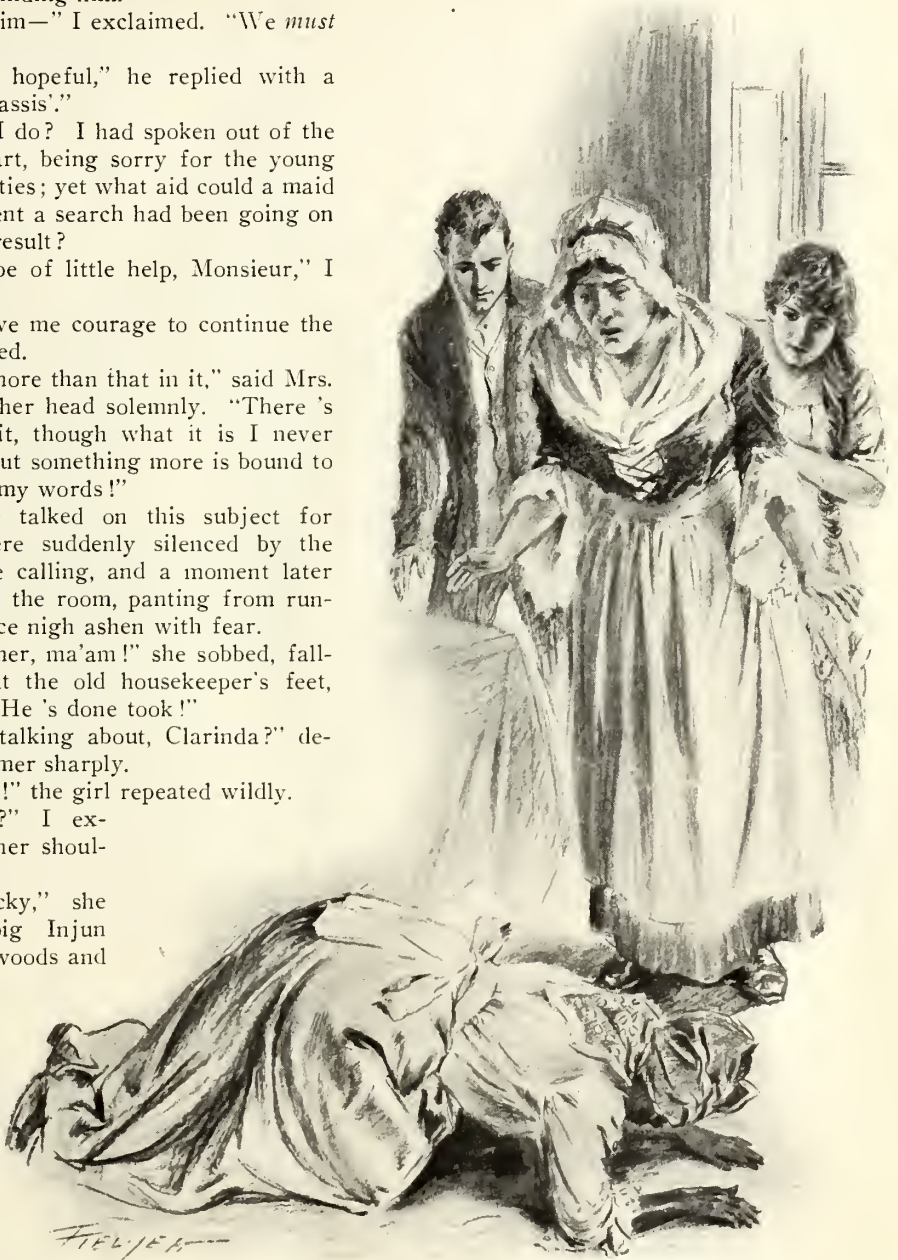
"Li'l Mars Jacky," she blubbered. "A big Injun come along in the woods and done took him!"

Would that we had then known what was to be proved an hour or so later, namely, that Clarinda was too frightened to realize exactly what had happened; but at that time we could not help but believe what she said and fear the worst.

CHAPTER XX

AN UNEXPECTED RETURN

IT was not without considerable difficulty that we calmed Clarinda sufficiently for her to tell her



"OH, MIS' MUMMER, MA'AM!" SHE SOBBED, FALLING AT THE OLD HOUSEKEEPER'S FEET.

story. Only severe threats from Mrs. Mummer brought her to her senses, for she was so wrought up by fear and distress at the loss of Jacky that she could scarce control herself.

"'Deed, Mis' Mummer, ma'am," she sobbed, "I were n't gwin' far nohow. We was jus' playin'

by the big spring over in the west woods, an' Mars Jacky he was the fust to see the red Injun. All painted up he was, with feathers in his hair, and a necklace, and that frightful I could 'a' dropped, 'case I never was partial to them savages, nohow—"

"Tell us what happened!" Mrs. Mummer broke in, shaking the girl to emphasize her words. "Did the Indian take the boy?"

"Yes 'm, that 's what he done," Clarinda blubbed. "Leastways, I called Mars Jacky to make haste, but he would n't, ma'am, and the Injun he come up and took little Mars' by the hand, saying somethin' about a-huntin' deer, an'—an' when I looked back, they was nowhere to be seen."

"Then you ran away!" I cried.

"Yes 'm, Miss Peggy. I jus' run to get help, 'ca'se I knew I could n't do nothin', an' I runned all the way never stoppin' an instant, and that 's the truf, Mis' Mummer, ma'am, 'deed 't is."

"Where are the other children?" demanded Mrs. Mummer, starting toward the door.

"They 's down to the summer-house, ma'am, with Easter and the white nurse," replied Clarinda.

"We must have them in at once," Mrs. Mummer declared, and would have gone forthwith to summon them had I not stopped her.

"Nay, there 's no danger in that quarter," I told her, feeling certain I knew what had happened. "Marjory and Allan are perfectly safe. 'T is only Jacky the Indian wants. Send for Bill Schmuck. We must waste no time. Get up, Clarinda," I went on to the girl, who was still on the floor, sobbing as if her heart would break; "you must take Mr. Bill to wherc you saw the boy last."

Mrs. Mummer went immediately to find Bill, and Clarinda, after some further urging, rose to her feet.

"You-all don't want me to go back to them woods, does you?" she whimpered.

"Of course I do!" I insisted; "it will save a lot of time, so don't be silly. There are no Indians about here that will hurt you."

She looked up, and, as she did so, I saw her eyes widen, her mouth drop open in frightened amazement. With a trembling finger, she pointed out of the window behind me.

"Look, Missy Peg, there 's the Injun now!" and with a shriek she collapsed again at my feet.

I turned, and on the lawn I saw a savage, wrapped in his blanket, stalking toward the house. As he came nearer, I recognized him at once. It was Tiscoquam.

"Come, Monsieur!" I cried, "here is the Indian who has taken the boy," and I led the way

through the front door and out on to the lawn, full of eagerness to meet my old enemy.

He stopped in his tracks as he saw us coming, and waited till we reached him, making, as he stood there, a strange picture and one that was not devoid of a certain dignity.

"Where is the boy, Tiscoquam?" I demanded as I faced him.

"He is safe," replied the Indian, passively.

"You must give him to me," I began, and would have continued, but he held up his hand as a signal for silence.

"Make the magic sign," he said, pointing to his wrist where the blurred mark of the seal was still visible on the white band around his arm. "Show it to Tiscoquam, and he will give you the boy."

At this my heart sank, for I had not the ring and knew not when I should be able to obtain it.

"But, Tiscoquam," I began hesitatingly, "I have it not."

"It is well," he answered indifferently, with a gesture that seemed to dismiss the subject, and took a step back as if to go away.

"Wait!" I cried, "let us talk more of these things. Perchance I can find the sign for you."

He halted obediently, and I turned to M. Victor.

"He seeks the ring," I explained, "that is the sign of which he speaks."

"Alas, we have it not," said M. Victor regretfully. "But we have the seal, Mademoiselle!" he exclaimed hopefully. "Might not that serve with the savage?"

"Oh, let me have it," I begged, overjoyed at the suggestion, and he handed me the missive he had received that morning from Blundell.

"See, Tiscoquam," I went on, turning to the Indian and holding the paper with the wax impression before him. "Will you give me the boy in exchange for this?"

Stolidly he took it from me and looked at it closely, passing his finger over the raised figure with a show of astonishment, but at length he handed it back to me.

"Let the pale-face maiden make the sign," he grunted, and once more he held out his wrist with its wide band of white.

Alas! the wax seal would not serve for this, and I shook my head disconsolately.

"I cannot make it now," I acknowledged, at which the brave turned from me, evincing considerable satisfaction.

"False magic," he muttered. "Think not to trick Tiscoquam. He knows the true sign when he sees it and will be content with no other."

"I had not thought to trick you, Tiscoquam," I told him. "This is not false magic, though I can-

not make you understand. And what is in your heart? Is it to exchange the magic sign for the boy?"

But he was unwilling or unable to explain himself, and seemed impatient to be off.

"Assure him we shall get the ring," suggested M. Victor.

"You must come again, Tiscoquam," I said.



"SEE, TISCOQUAM, WILL YOU GIVE ME THE BOY IN EXCHANGE FOR THIS?"

"Then I will make the mark for you, and you will give me the boy."

"Tiscoquam returns to his brothers in the North," he answered, showing no disposition to yield to my request.

"You must not take the boy with you!" I protested.

"No magic sign—he goes with Tiscoquam," the Indian replied imperturbably.

"But you must give us time," I besought him. "I knew not that you would want the sign."

"That is true talk," he admitted grudgingly; then, after a moment's thought, "In three suns Tiscoquam comes again."

At least I had gained that much grace and was ready to let the savage go, but by this time Bill Schmuck and Mrs. Mummer had appeared.

"Nay, Miss Peg, you 'll never leave the child with that savage for three days!" that worthy woman burst out indignantly. "Think of him in the woods, with never a dry change nor a fresh pair of shoes—and not so much as a nighty. Give up the child, ye heathen!" she ended, glaring at Tiscoquam.

"'T is no use to call names, Mrs. Mummer," I cautioned, knowing well that the Indian's intentions toward Jacky were not unfriendly, and seeing that our best means of getting the boy back was through the ring. "We may lose all if we are too impatient. 'Overhaste churns bad butter,' as Mummer says," I ended, the saying popping into my head.

"Miss Peg's quite right," agreed Bill Schmuck in an undertone. "Anger him not, lest he spirit the boy away into the forest where it would take us days to find him."

"Well, at least ask the creature how the child fares," groaned Mrs. Mummer.

"Is the Eaglet well, Tiscoquam?" I inquired, to pacify her, though she had seen him scarce an hour before.

"All is well with the Eaglet," the Indian answered with dignity.

"In his heart there is still love for his red brother of the forest. He is with his own people."

"Then in three days you will come again?" I said, seeing little use in detaining him further.

"In three suns Tiscoquam comes once more," he answered, and without another word he turned and stalked away.

"You will not let him go?" cried M. Victor, starting forward as if he, too, would restrain the Indian.

"Aye, let him go, sir," said Bill Schmuck. "'T would do no good to hold him. He 'd ne'er say a word. E'en torture will not drag aught from one of these savages. I 'll follow him; and if once I find his camp, we 'll have the boy back if it takes a regiment!" and he moved away, ready

to take up the trail as soon as Tiscoquam was far enough in the woods not to know he was being tracked.

"Three mortal days ere we have the little man back," mourned Mrs. Mummer. "'T is a blessing Miss Bee 's from home."

"'T is the only thing to be glad of," I assented, "and we must have Jacky here when she comes. Think you, you can find the ring, Monsieur?" I added, appealing to the young Frenchman.

"If you will let me have a horse, Mademoiselle, I shall start at once for New York," he answered. "I have no doubt the man is now en route to my agent, expecting in some way to secure the reward."

We hurried back to the house, sending word to the stables to have a horse saddled for M. Victor, and Mrs. Mummer went off to the kitchens to put up a lunch against the journey; but she had scarce left the room when she was back again with a long face.

"Oh, Miss Peg!" she moaned; "it never rains but it pours. 'Troubles never come singly,' as Mummer says. They 'll be back this afternoon."

"Back! Who?" I demanded.

"Master John and Miss Bee," she answered. "They were in Philadelphia last night, and sent word ahead of their coming. Mummer has just had a message. And the boy gone! What shall we do?"

Of a sudden all my courage left me; and had Mrs. Mummer and I been alone, I doubt not we should have wept then and there; but M. Victor's presence kept our eyes dry, though our hearts were heavy indeed.

"'T will be a sad home-coming for Bee," I sighed.

"Aye, there you 're right!" answered Mrs. Mummer, gloomily. "I never thought to see the day when I would hear with sorrow that the Master and Mistress of Denewood were on their way back to us."

(To be continued.)

IN CAMP

BY FRANK WALCOTT HUTT

'T WAS only yesterday we spent
 The last long hour at school;
 To-night we 're camping in a tent
 On pine-boughs, sweet and cool.
 How far away the city seems!
 How still its noises are!
 How near through our tent-curtain gleams
 A white and friendly star!
 Its light is answered by a glow
 Of embers on the shore,

Whose warm red blaze an hour ago
 We sang and talked before.
 Close by, our brook, that runs along
 And tumbles in the lake,
 Is crooning such a dreamy song,
 It 's hard to keep awake;
 And overhead, a passing breeze
 Through branches dark and deep,
 Is making music in the trees
 That lulls us soon to sleep.



CHAINED LIGHTNING

(A Story of Mexican Adventure)

BY RALPH GRAHAM TABER

CHAPTER VII

THE POLE—BELVILLE CLIMBS ONE AND EXPERIMENTS WITH A LIVE CIRCUIT

DON LUIS TERRAZAS, though stern and dignified, was the soul of hospitality. After seeing that Belville's clothing was relieved of its accumulation of dust (not, however, in the manner in which he had dusted his son's), he proceeded to show his guest about the premises.

He led him through a grove of sweetly fragrant fig-trees and down to the shore of an artificial lake, the cool, clear waters of which were brought from the mountains many miles distant by skillfully constructed *acequias*, or canals. They skirted the margin of the lake, passed through an orchard of apricots, and came out back of the northern wall of the hacienda building, at the portion which contained the stables. Adjoining the stables, in the western angle, were the servants' quarters, extending to the kitchens. The latter led on to the dining-rooms; then followed the family's apartments; the whole being under one continuous brown tile roof. The building also contained store-rooms of many kinds, and included a dark room whose walls were heavily reinforced. This was used as a jail for offenders.

"Here, Don Roberto," explained Don Luis, "I am judge and jury. Am I not the *alcalde*? And these whom I judge are my *peons*. What has a peon with juries?"

"What constitutes a peon, Don Luis?"

"A peon is a debtor servant."

"For how long is he bound to serve?"

"Till he pays his debt. That is never."

"How is that?"

"His debt increases year by year. These *peons* of ours are lazy. They never earn what they consume. When a peon dies, he leaves his debt a legacy to his children."

"Do you mean that they are bound by his debt?"

"Surely! Why not?"

"How if they refuse to recognize their father's debt to you, and refuse to serve you?"

"Disobedience? Mutiny?" Don Luis gave a significant shrug.

"Are none of them ever freed, then?"

"Sometimes they steal away to the hills. If such are caught, they are punished. Usually they are caught. Those that are not, become bandits."

"Are there not many that run away?"

"Not from Bachimba Rancho. They do not care to leave me, for I aim to be kind, as well as just; to my *peons* I am as a father. There are *alcaldes* who are not kind and such have much of trouble. They would not be questioned, as I am by you. You see I am more frank, Don Roberto." And Don Luis smiled peculiarly.

Belville blushed and replied apologetically, "You have been more than patient with me, Don Luis. I should be grateful if you would tell me more of it."

"What you wish. I have naught to conceal. It is the law."

"These bandits—"

"We may call them so between ourselves; but you must not call them so in conversation with others. It is wiser to call them as they call themselves: 'Mountain-men' or '*Caballeros*.'"

"These mountain-men, then; where may they be found?"

"Make any trip over the mountains; you will be lucky if you fail to find them. They live in the wild places, from which conveniently they may raid the mountain passes. The government punishes when it can; oftener it cannot. They are wise in whom they attack; it is always the stranger, and they know, usually, what that stranger is. They have friends—paid spies—in all cities, who give them advance information. They never molest the *ranchos*, and at many of these, therefore, they are treated as welcome visitors."

"Surely no rancho would welcome one of its runaway *peons*?"

"The runaway goes many leagues, if he can. Should there be one from here, we will say, he would pause not this side of Durango."

"Do they ever visit Bachimba?"

"Sometimes. Not often. There are but few in this part of the country. Most are far to the south, or to the west. But come! Go we in to the *comida* (dinner)."

They passed around to the main portal and rejoined the ladies and young Luis, who had forgotten his chastisement and recovered his cheerfulness.

The meal was ready for serving; and Don Luis's motherly Señora ushered Belville into the corridor and seated him at table beside her. That dinner was a revelation to Belville. From his

experience at Mexican hotels, he had taken a dislike to the Mexican style of cooking. Now he discovered that Mexican hotels were no sure guide. The fig soup was so appetizing that he longed for a second serving; the chicken tamales and fried plantains; the *mezclada* (mixture) of vegetables, *chile-con-carne* (pepper with meat), brown frijoles; and the *dulce* (sweetmeat) of prickly-pears which, with black coffee and cigarettes, concluded the meal—all were so delicious and so tastefully served that, at its close, he was ready to declare no feast could be more enjoyable.

After dinner they adjourned to the veranda, where Don Luis smoked more cigarettes, while the others sipped *frescas*. Then the young people brought their guitars, and all walked to the lake. Here they treated Belville to Mexican songs in the Mexican moonlight, while Don Luis and his señora, seated in the shadow of a great mango tree, listened to the voices of their children, both of them recalling the days when they, too, had been young, and their parents had sat beneath this same tree with them.¹

WHEN the time came for Belville to bid good night to his new friends at the rancho and to thank them for one of the pleasantest days it had ever been his good fortune to enjoy, a peon brought out three mustangs, one for Belville and the others for Don Luis and his son, who insisted upon escorting him back to the railway station.

The three miles were all too quickly traversed. When Belville dismounted at the depot, Don Luis expressed their regret that the young man was not to remain permanently, and gave him a hearty invitation to dine at the hacienda as often as he might choose to honor them with his company. Then they wished him "*dulce suenos* (sweet sleep)," and cantered away in the moonlight.

As he watched the darkness swallow them up,

¹ The elder Don Luis Terrazas is living to-day. The young Don Luis of this narrative is now a man of middle age, and until recently the greatest cattle-owner in the world.

Our newspapers, some months ago, published accounts of how young Don Luis had sought refuge in the British Consulate at Chihuahua, hoping thus to escape the Mexican rebels, but was taken from there by force and imprisoned. It is said that the rebels held him for a ransom of a quarter of a million dollars.

It is the ardent hope of the writer that Don Luis Terrazas and his, at present, unfortunate son may both live to read these words of acknowledgment of the friendly courtesies which they and their hospitable family extended to an unknown "telegrafista" at Bachimba in the days of which I am telling.

The Terrazas are not unique by any means. They do but represent a type of what is best in Mexico. If the world might better understand this, it would have more sympathy for our unfortunate neighbor.—R. G. T.

Belville felt a pang of regret at the thought that he was to be there but two short weeks. He wondered if he was really the same youth who had been so thoroughly lonely and wretched but twenty-four short hours before.

He turned to enter his office. In doing so, he glanced down the track, and started guiltily. There was nothing in sight that should have served as cause for alarm, yet his feeling of guilt quickly changed to one of fear. The switch-lamps were burning brightly and showed the switches properly set; but they had been lighted by other hands than his, for Belville had not been there to light them!

He had taken the switch-lamps in and had trimmed them in the morning. Who had set them out again—and why?

Whoever had done it must have entered his office to obtain them; yet he had locked the door securely and had the key in his pocket. He took out the key and was about to thrust it into the lock; but he thought better of it, and, passing around to the window, peered cautiously in. All was as he had left it, apparently,—no, not quite. Was that not one of the office wires dangling against the window-pane? With a thrill of terror, he realized that someone had tampered with the circuit!

Belville held his breath and listened. All was still; but the very silence seemed ominous. He ought to enter, repair the break, and report these things to the despatcher. Should he?

He was again on the point of unlocking the door, when a slight sound caused him to change his mind. It sounded like a smothered sneeze. Was some one in the office, waiting there in the dark to seize him when he might enter? If this was so, it was not for the purpose of robbing an operator. They would not cut the wires—they would not set the switch-lamps—just to rob an operator. They might do both these things if their object were to wreck the midnight train!

Bachimba was a flag-station for the express. The train would not stop unless signaled—or unless—

Suppose the switch had been broken and the signal-bar twisted to show the green light? Belville's heart throbbed violently. What should he do? Something must be done soon, if at all. There remained but a scant half-hour ere the train would be due to leave Chihuahua.

Paralleling the railway tracks, and at a distance of about a hundred yards from them, was a little swale, into which the ground fell away suddenly. Could he but reach this, he would be hidden from the eyes of any one who might be on watch at the office. The yards seemed miles ere

he traversed them; but the protecting swale was reached at length, and for the moment he was safe—or felt so. It would be an easy matter now to slip away to the rancho, which would ensure his own safety; but it might prove to be at the cost of a score of lives on the south-bound express. Besides, it was more than possible that Don Luis would not be willing to interfere. His conversation had shown plainly enough that none of the residents cared to incur the enmity of the mountain-men. Perhaps the bandits might be counting on this, and, though suspecting his flight to the rancho, would not let that alarm them.

Bending low, that he might not be discovered, he ran along the swale toward the north as fast as his legs could carry him. As he ran, the darkness deepened, for the moon was setting; and though his way became more difficult, and he stumbled and fell more than once over clumps of thorny cactus, he did not heed their poisonous pricks but rejoiced at the deepening darkness that ensured him against discovery in the attempt which he had decided to make.

Resolutely he ran the length of the little swale and then crawled cautiously back to the tracks. Here he listened attentively. All was still at the station, but there was a noise somewhere off to the west as of horses pawing with impatience.

With a beating heart Belville made his way to the switch. It was as it should be. Evidently, if his suspicions were right, it was the other switch that had been broken. From the switch he made his way cautiously up the track, till he felt that there was no more time to spare, when he made for the nearest telegraph pole.

To climb a pole was no easy matter; but with the present incentive it did not take Belville long to reach the cross-arm. With the file of his pocket-knife he tackled the wire, first wrapping his handkerchief tightly around the insulator fastenings to muffle the sound, lest the noise of the filing travel to the office. The slightest unusual occurrence might put those who were in hiding there on their guard.

It seemed an interminable task with so small a file, but the wire finally gave way. Belville slid back down the pole to the ground, searched for and found the end of the broken wire, and was able to breathe more freely.

To serve as a ground, a short piece of the wire was quickly detached and thrust deep down in the sandy earth; and Belville hoped that he had secured the power to open and close the circuit.

It was a wild experiment, upon the success or failure of which a great deal of property and many human lives might depend; but if the line and the batteries along it were all right, he had

hope that a message would carry. He first made the order-signal "9." This he repeated, with the call for the despatcher, "C," until he felt that his signals must have attracted attention. Then, carefully forming each dot and dash upon which so much might be depending, he sent an account of what had occurred.

Belville had used some old letters to insulate the wires where his hands came in contact with them; but as he finished the message, he chanced to drop them, and felt a slight electric shock. It acted as an inspiration. Insulating the wires again, he sent: "Spell very slowly. Let me know if you heard. I may be able to read it."

Moistening his fingers, he clutched his ground-wire firmly, and, placing the end of the main wire between his teeth, he waited anxiously for a repetition of the shock. He did not have long to wait. With the first click of the despatcher's key he nearly dropped the wire, for the shock was much stronger than he had anticipated; but he held on to it heroically. He found it almost impossible to distinguish between dots and dashes; but it was not a complete failure. His relief can better be imagined than described as he half guessed, half deciphered, the following: "-- y --- res ---- r - i ---- rri ---- speci ---- or ---- a ----- o ---- r ---- wait ---- ry ---- cap ----- c."

With nervous fingers he wired back: "Caught enough to think you are warned and that you are planning something. Shall I wait here till train arrives? If so, reply with the word 'yes'; send very, very slowly."

Belville had found that he could read the dots fairly well, and in "yes" there were no dashes. Slowly the shocks came: two; a space; two more; another space, followed by one dot, the "e"; quite a long space; then three shocks in even succession. The experiment had succeeded.

As Belville gave the "OK," a light appeared in his office, and, dropping the wires, he took to his heels and plunged into the sage-brush.

CHAPTER VIII

THE TOLL—OF A MISSPENT LIFE

BELVILLE had but a short time to wait, but it seemed an age to him before he heard the distant rumble that told of the approach of a train. The light still burned in his office, as he could see from his hiding-place.

As the train drew near, Belville could hear the tread of heavy feet hurriedly traversing the depot platform; then the noise of the train drowned all other sounds, the head-light of the engine flashed past him, and the train came to a sudden stop directly in front of his office. There was a volley

of rifle-shots; oaths and hoarse screams; a wild stampede toward the horses; more shots; more shouts; the tramp of hoofs galloping wildly away across the plain; and Belville rose from his hiding and flew down the track to the depot, where the conductor and brakemen were gathered with Mr. Bagnell, the despatcher.

They congratulated Belville warmly for having saved the train, and listened attentively to his story, at the close of which they could not sufficiently praise his quick wit and courage. In the midst of it, the soldiers who had pursued the fleeing bandits returned.

The train was not the midnight express, but a special sent out ahead. It was shifted to the siding, the lower switch of which was found to have been broken and the bar twisted to show the green light, exactly as Belville had suspected.

"Would n't you like a guard left with you, Belville?" asked Mr. Bagnell, kindly.

"No. Unless you think one is needed."

"I do not think it at all likely that any of them would return here, even if they cared to do so, which is improbable. I thought, though, that you might feel nervous at being left alone."

Belville smiled faintly. "To tell the truth," he said, "now that the thing is over, I feel an arrant coward. The shivers are chasing up and down my backbone at the rate of sixty a second. I feel I must either laugh or cry—when you've gone, I'll do both, most likely."

Mr. Bagnell looked at him keenly. "You're a gritty youngster," he said. "Here: take my gun, and good luck to you." With the words, Mr. Bagnell unbuckled his belt, which held a large Colt revolver and a score or more of cartridges (for Belville had said that he had no arms), laid it on the table, and bolted out of the door just in time to catch the rear steps of the last car.

The place where Belville had tapped the wire had been repaired by the lineman whom Mr. Bagnell had brought on the special, and the breaks in the office wires had been spliced; so the sounder was ticking away merrily, and served as a sort of company. But no sooner had the special pulled out, leaving him alone, than Belville regretted that he had refused Mr. Bagnell's offer to leave a guard.

He rose impulsively and put out the light, as the thought came to him that it might expose him to a possible watcher. But the dark was still more dreadful. Nervously feeling for Mr. Bagnell's revolver, he overturned the inkstand, and this trifling accident robbed him of his last spark of courage. Without stopping to find his weapon, he frantically rushed out of the office, crossed the track, and ran as if pursued by the Furies.

He covered the hundred yards to the swale with the speed of a race-horse, and, plunging over the little incline, stumbled over something soft and pitched headlong into the sand below, where he lay without power to move a muscle. For the thing he had stumbled over had groaned, and he knew that it must be one of the wounded bandits.

The groan was followed by an agonized appeal: "*Agua! Por el amor de Dios—Agua!*"

Belville understood enough Spanish to know that the man was begging for water, and he realized that, as he had not been attacked, the fellow must be seriously wounded.

"I'll come back in a moment," he muttered as he clambered up the bank of the swale. He returned to the office, and relighted the office lamp, and buckled Mr. Bagnell's belt around his waist; then he dipped up a pitcher of water from the barrel that stood in the corner, lighted his lantern, and, with these in hand, resolutely returned to the swale.

The wounded man was moaning feebly, and Belville had to raise his head and hold the pitcher to his lips. He drank greedily, and sank back exhausted, with the one word, "Thanks."

"You speak English?" asked Belville, in surprise.

The wounded man whispered an affirmative.

"It will not do for you to lie here. Can I help you to reach my office?"

"I'm—done;—unless you—carry—" There were painful pauses between each word.

Belville, by the light of the lantern, endeavored to ascertain the nature of his wound, but, while he was trying to decide what to do, he found that the man had fainted. Alarmed at this, Belville lifted him up as tenderly as possible and staggered to the depot with his burden. He got the man into his office and stretched him on his cot; then he cut open the man's shirt and staunched the ugly wound in his breast, which was still bleeding freely. When he had succeeded in stopping the flow, he covered his patient with a blanket and bathed his face with cold water, under which treatment the man presently revived for a moment but immediately passed into a troubled sleep or stupor.

All night Belville sat by the wounded man. Strange as it afterwards seemed to him, he could not recall a moment of fear from the time when, in the swale, he had resolved to act the good Samaritan.

As the sun rose above the horizon, the wounded man regained his senses. He beckoned Belville to come closer. "I'm done for," he said, in a voice that, though scarcely above a whisper, was yet without a tremble. "You have—been kind to

—me. I want to—” a spasm of pain convulsed him, and he gasped feebly, “Water!”

Belville supported him as he drank, and asked with real solicitude: “Is there nothing that I can do for you?”

“Not now. It will soon be over.”

Belville started in amazement: “Are you Chita’s father?”

“Chita? You mean—”

“I mean the young girl, Chita, who is there with Padre José.”

For a time the bandit lay silent, breathing hard in short, quick gasps, between set teeth. Then again he spoke: “You—you are—honest? Swear to me—you—”

“As I hope for Heaven,” Belville replied solemnly. “I will do what I can to serve you.”

“In coat lining—quick—chart. Left side—quick!”

Belville felt of the coat; there was something sewed in the lining. Ripping the cloth with his pocket-knife, he soon had it in his possession. It was a folded paper.

“There,” gasped the dying man, “ten leagues—west—Chilpancingo—chart—gold—pure, for you—one third for—Chita—my daughter—promise—” He choked, but his eyes looked up appealingly.

Belville, half beside himself, whispered hoarsely, “I do—I promise!” Chita’s father’s face lighted with an expression of gratitude; then the light slowly faded from his eyes. There was a convulsive movement or two; and the hard-fought battle was over.

CHAPTER IX

THE ARMATURE—PLANS FOR ITS ADJUSTMENT

BELVILLE was sitting on the edge of the platform. Twenty-four hours had passed.

It was Tuesday morning. The whole thing seemed like a dream to him now: but the bandit’s chart in Belville’s pocket vouched for the awful reality.

Don Luis had done what he could. He had taken Belville home with him to the rancho and had insisted that every night of the young man’s stay at Bachimba should be passed under his



“‘THERE,’ HE GASPED, ‘TEN LEAGUES—WEST—CHILPANCINGO—CHART—GOLD.’”

“Have you no message you would like to leave?”

“Perhaps—one. I—have an—an uncle. He will be—glad—to know I am—dead. He—is a good man—the Padre.”

“Who and where is he?”

“Padre José—Conejós—the Mission. My daughter—”

hospitable roof. For this kindness Belville was grateful. But he loathed the Bachimba office and longed for the day when he would be relieved and transferred to some other station.

"It is Chico—the White Wolf!" Don Luis had exclaimed when he saw the dead bandit.

"Then you knew him?" Belville had asked.

"Knew him? Who in the country did not? Most have had cause to know him; and of those who knew him many were his friends—but all who were not so, feared him. It is well for every one the White Wolf is dead."

It seemed almost beyond belief that Chita, that innocent child, could have had such a man for her father. But there was little room for doubt; and Belville had made a promise. The question was, how could he ever perform it? Chilpancingo was far to the south. Railroads extended most of the way; but there would be nearly three hundred miles by horse or afoot over the wildest mountains in Mexico; and after that, undoubtedly a long search before locating the treasure.

And of what could that treasure consist? "Gold," Chico had said; and he had used one other word that had stuck in Belville's memory: what had he meant by "pure"?

The journey would cost a large sum of money. He could not think of going without Larry. Neither of them had enough left to carry them half the distance. They must save up a "stake," before they might start. That would mean a year of waiting.

Belville spread out the chart before him to study it more carefully. He had resolved to confide in no one until he had time to think it over and decide on some course of action. The chart was crude and conveyed but little meaning at first glance. Through its center was an irregular, curving black line, somewhat like a distorted letter "S," with lighter lines running into its lower bend, and the letters "Rio n," probably indicating a river running north. The lighter lines might indicate small rivulets. Near its upper left-hand corner was something resembling a childish drawing of a bird, with the letters "AG" below it. An inch lower down was something that might have been intended to designate a tree. A straight line was drawn through these two objects, and extended diagonally across the parchment, passing through the nose of a human profile, touching a curious zigzag line that began and ended nowhere in particular, crossing the base of the "S"-like river, and ending just under the latter at a small circle which had spokes, like a wheel without a rim, and which capped a heavy black column. The rest of the chart was filled with what evidently represented hills. Along the river line

were small crosses, which Belville concluded were intended to represent trees. In addition to the man's profile, there were four lines, beginning and ending nowhere in particular, that seemed to indicate something important, but what it might be Belville could not even hazard a guess. What "AG" might indicate was also a problem. Of one thing Belville felt certain: the black column must indicate the spot where the treasure lay, and might also be meant to show a cavern in the side of a mountain.

There was no scale to determine distances, nor were any figures given. Belville had nothing to go by but this imperfect chart and the scant words of the dying man: "Ten leagues—west—Chilpancingo." With such slight data it might take a year of searching to locate it. More likely, they might never be able to find it.

Clearly the best thing for him to do just then was to write about it fully to Larry.

Securing a pad of paper from the office, Belville returned to his seat in the sunshine. First making a careful copy of the chart, he wrote a full account of all that had occurred, and ended his letter by saying:

You know, old fellow, what is mine is yours. If anything ever comes of this, we shall be equal partners in it. I would start at once if we had sufficient funds. It will require a large expenditure. I doubt if five hundred dollars would be sufficient, though if we could total up anywhere near that sum I would say to undertake it at once. In any event, you must go with me, when the time comes. Let me know what you think of it. Write me a good, long letter, for I am lonely without you.

He had barely finished the letter when the north-bound train arrived. Greatly to his delight, for he had not hoped to hear so soon, it brought him the following from Larry:

Dear Bell:

If I had a home anywhere in the world, I'd say I was thoroughly homesick. As I have n't, I guess it's only indigestion.

You know I have reached Juanita, for I wired you my arrival. Do you recall the beautiful picture the conductor drew for us of the place when coming out of Chihuahua? Grand alamedas and plazas, palaces by a beautiful lake, fountains, orange groves, and all the rest—"Music of sweet lutes," *a la* Prince of Como? My compliments to that conductor. The construction train that brought me from Lerdo dumped me off at midnight in the middle of a vast desert; not a thing to be seen for miles and miles but sand, cactus, and sage, and an occasional coyote. And my office! I wish you might see it: a box-souder tacked to a telegraph pole. No joking; that's all there is to it. They've promised to bring me a box-car to-morrow and set me up housekeeping in style—but they promised that same the night I came; this is sure the land of "mañana [to-morrow]."

The principal creatures that animate these vast solitudes are centipedes and tarantulas, and I'm half scared to death by the varmints.

I ascertained before reaching here that Juanita was the end of the wire; but I did n't know, till I got here, that it was the tag-end of creation. The rails are laid some thirty miles beyond this, and I 'm told I 'm to be a sort of "movable feast," making a jump each week or two, as additional wire is harnessed up, but that I cannot hope to catch up with the construction crew at any time.

The tracks are being laid both ways, and the two crews are now not far apart. They are my nearest neighbors.

While you are rolling in the comforts of civilization, think of me wrapped in my overcoat and a borrowed Mexican blanket, shivering under a sage-bush at night and feeding a camp-fire to scare off the coyotes that serenade me from dark to dawn—think of me, I say, as much as you like; but on no account wish to be here with

Your cruelly buncoed,

LARRY.

Evidently Larry would not regret a chance to leave Juanita; though the thought had not entered Belville's mind that Larry could hesitate to join him in his quest for the treasure. Yes; they would try it together; would share their fortunes come what might. And when they had found the treasure—

Larry's reply came sooner than Belville had expected. Two days later, the following Thursday morning, he received this message:

BELVILLE, Opr. BA:

You 're a brick. Saw wood. See you Saturday.

LARRY.

Had Larry gone crazy? "Saw wood" meant, of course, to keep still and say nothing; but how Larry could see him Saturday, unless he had resigned from Juanita; and what his coming could possibly effect, save to weaken their joint resources, were questions that Belville puzzled over with much dissatisfaction. Finally he put them from him, in vexation of spirit, and resolved to worry no more about it until Larry should arrive and supply an explanation.

BELVILLE awaited the arrival of Saturday's train from the south with considerable anxiety; but when Larue descended from it, his delight at seeing his chum again was so great that he forgot, for the moment, the worries he had been indulging in, and only thought of how good it was to have Larry back.

The train had no sooner pulled out than Larry walked him into the office and made him repeat the whole story, questioning him like a lawyer until he had rehearsed the minutest details. When there was nothing left to relate, Larue opened the key, called the Chihuahua office, and sent the following message:

R. B.

C.

Please relieve me to-night if possible. Must visit El Paso immediately on matter extreme importance.

OPR. BA.

"What on earth!" exclaimed Belville.

"It 's all right," said Larry cheerfully. "I have it all planned out; just you trust your Uncle Larry."

"But tell me what you mean, Larry."

"Just this: we won't plod along to get enough cash to take us to Chilpancingo and strand us there at the mercy of a lot of Greasers. We 'll go back to Paso and tell our story to the honest man we know there. If Mr. Hamilton can't afford to take an interest with us and put up for the expense, he may know of some good man who will. That will save a long delay; for we must have at least a thousand dollars. More than that, it will gain us his advice, which, coming from a man who knows the land, will be worth a whole lot, I reckon, to a couple of greenhorns like ourselves, who intend to tackle such a harum-scarum adventure."

In view of the service Belville had rendered, it was not surprising that his request, as sent by Larry, was granted at once. On the following Tuesday the two youths were again in Paso del Norte.

That the story of the outlaw's treasure interested Mr. Hamilton, there was no doubt whatever; but in reply to Larry's request that he finance the undertaking, he answered evasively. "I 'll promise to think of it, boys. Stay here at Paso with me for a few days; speak to no one about it; and by the end of the week I 'll give you a definite answer."

Belville agreed to this readily enough, but Larue chafed at the delay. It seemed unavoidable, however, and he finally settled down to make the best of it.

On the fourth day of their visit Mr. Hamilton suggested a walk across the river to El Paso; and so it happened that the boys, guided by their host, once more found themselves inside the doors of the "Fashion."

Mr. Hamilton led the boys toward the back of the hall, glancing keenly at each man he passed, as if in search of some one. Sound asleep in a chair tipped back against the wall was a man whose face was nearly concealed by his hat, but whose figure seemed strangely familiar. Mr. Hamilton walked up to him and touched his arm, and Belville and Larue were surprised to recognize in the worn, hungry-looking tramp—their old stage-coach acquaintance, Tomson!

(To be continued.)

POLLY'S SKY-ROCKETS

BY HARRIET STREET DOWNES

"OH, Tom!—You *horrid* boy!" exclaimed Polly Perkins, scrambling to her feet and shaking out a spider-crab from her curls. Tom, rolling on the sand, laughed uproariously.

"Fraid-cat!" he shouted. "Long-legged spiders are a sign you 'll have a new frock."

"That 's what you said when you threw the Granddaddy-long-legs," shuddered Polly; "but I 'm going to have a frock anyway when Mother comes home to-night.—She is n't going to bring us any fireworks, though, because *you 're* such a tease!"

"And *you 're* such a fraidy!" echoed Tom. "Nobody would think, to hear *you*, that Father is lighthouse keeper.—*He* can't be afraid of little things."

"I know it," sighed Polly. "Being the only girl on a lonesome island like this ought to make one brave; but if I live here forever and *ever*, I 'll be *just* as much afraid of spiders and fire-crackers!"

"All right, Polly," agreed Tom. "Did you fix that lock when you left the tower-room?"

"Oh! I forgot it, and it snapped when I came out!" cried Polly. "Father has the key.—You should n't have chased me up there with that wriggly water-snake,—Mother does n't like you to do such things."

Tom looked remorseful. "Never mind, Polly, I won't do it again. I wish Aunt Nellie would get well so Mother could come home and *stay*."

"So do I," said Polly. "Here comes the launch!—I wonder if Sandy has any mail for us."

With a *chug, chug, chug*, a noisy naphthalaunch neared the landing. Captain Sandy tossed Tom a long package that made him caper like an "Indian in war-paint," as Polly remarked.

"Hurrah for the glorious Fourth and Uncle Ned!" cried Tom. "It 's sky-rockets! Won't they show up great over the water Friday night? Guess Uncle Ned knew how tough it would be for a fellow to spend a safe and sane Fourth all by his lonesome on a desert island like this,—half are yours, Polly, but of course you 'll want me to set them all off."

Polly, meanwhile, was reading a letter Sandy had brought. "It 's from Mother," she said, soberly folding it, "and she says that she can't come home to-night unless we need her very much; she writes that Aunt Nellie 's worse and she ought to stay; but she 'll watch for the light to-night, and Father can signal 'All right.'"

"That I will!" cried Father, who had come up

quietly. "My Polly-Dolly makes a fine little housekeeper, Sandy; she can't be beat anywhere along shore."

Polly turned to him with grateful eyes; she liked to have him call her Polly-Dolly in that proud, pleased way.

"Can I go with Sandy this trip?" begged Tom, who had sprung upon the launch. "He 's going over to Indian Island and says he 'll be back before dark."

"All right, Son!" called Father, and added, with a twinkle in his eye, "Polly will look after the sky-rockets."

"No danger of *her* touching them," laughed Tom. "Good-by!"

Father had intended to work about the fog-horns, but he fancied there was a mournful droop to Polly's pretty mouth, so he said, "Shall we take a trip to 'Lookout,' Pollykins?" Of course Polly said "Yes." With her hand in her father's she went skipping merrily beside him, over the rocks, until they reached their favorite seat on the highest point of the island. Here the rocks sloped steeply to the water's edge. They climbed down a little way and collected starfishes that had been left by the tide in small pools of water. Polly liked to arrange them in piles and watch their innumerable tiny feet reach out and creep until the tall heaps tottered over. While she built these living towers, Father told her sea stories that were as fascinating as fairy tales. Sea-gulls flashed below them, dipping up and down, fishing in the blue waters. Sunset came all too soon. "Time to light the big lamp," said Father, rising to go, and then,—nobody will ever know exactly how it happened,—a strange dizziness came over him, a stone slipped and rolled, and with it fell the lighthouse keeper, clutching, stumbling, but falling still, until he reached the shore far below.

Very quickly Polly scrambled down beside him. He lay uncomfortably doubled up on the narrow beach. "Father!—Father!" cried Polly. "He tried to raise himself.

"Queer how I came to fall! Bruised my head," he said, "and I can't stand; my leg is twisted. The light, Polly,—tell Tom—" then he lay back with a groan, and his lips grew white.

"What shall I do?—Oh, what *shall* I do?" cried Polly. Father motioned toward the tower.

"Yes!" cried Polly, "I 'll light it, and Oh, Father!—I 'll come back right away! The tide will not be in for a long time yet. I 'll hurry!"

Over and over she repeated the words as she climbed and ran. It seemed an endless time before she reached the tower. There was no sign of Tom and Sandy. She alone must climb the dizzy stairway to the lamp. At the top of the first ladder was a closed door,—she shook it with all her might, but it would not open. Then the remembrance came of how she had sprung the lock that afternoon when she had run from Tom. She must go back all that long way to Father for the key, and before help could come the rising tide might reach him.

She half sobbed a prayer for help. Suddenly, as if in answer, she remembered the package of sky-rockets. Surely they would be a signal to some one—would call attention to the unlighted lamp!

The sunset's afterglow had faded when Polly once more climbed that slender ladder. It was almost dark within the tower, and a black shape came flitting and flapping towards her through the gloom. "Oh!" wailed Polly, as a bat circled around her head. A moment more, and it had vanished through the narrow window.

A very weak-kneed Polly climbed to the landing beside this window to fire her rockets. "I might not be able to send them high enough if I stood on the ground," she reasoned, "but oh—what if one should go off wrong, somehow,—or burst, and burn me, here—all alone—in the dark tower!" And Polly shuddered as her trembling fingers applied the first match.

"S-i-z-z-z!" went the rocket, a crooked stream of light that zigzagged downward and finished with an inglorious hiss in the water below.

"I must do better than that!" cried Polly, nerving herself to the work, and the next rocket shot upward, straight toward the evening star. Another followed quickly, and another. Their bright balls burst high and fell downward in showers of colored lights.

"Does the lighthouse keeper think this is the Fourth of July?" questioned a fisherman.

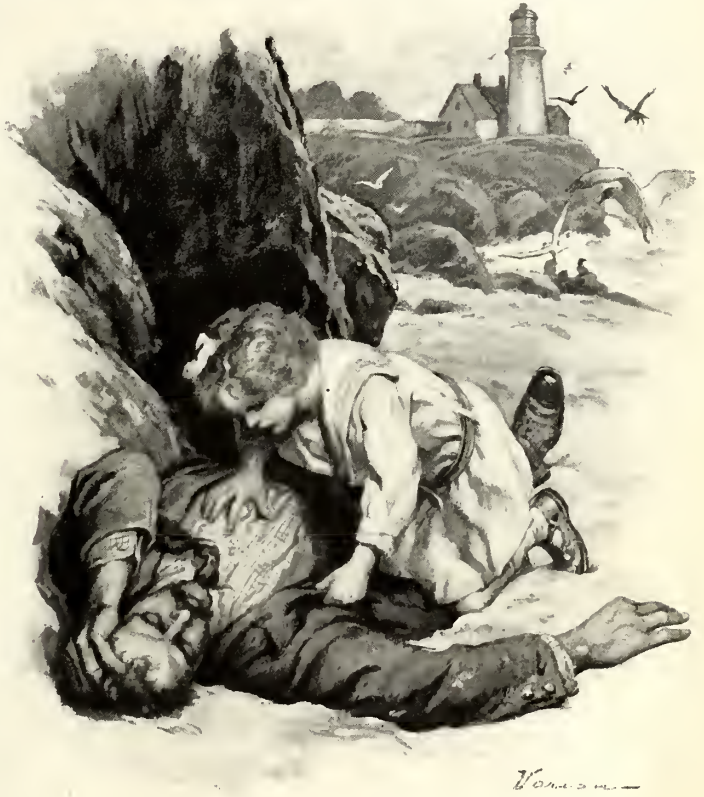
"Hullo! The light 's not going!" said another; "we must move over and see what 's wrong."

"Lamp won't work!" exclaimed Sandy; and with Tom's help, rushed the launch at full speed.

Far away, in a little village on the coast, Mother watched anxiously. "No light!" she

cried,—“and those rockets!—Some one must take me home!”

Thus it was that Father, some hours later, found himself in bed, and Mother watching by his side. Tom was there, and Polly, and a doctor who said, in accents of relief, "He 'll be all right now,—we 'll make him over as good as new!"



"OH, WHAT SHALL I DO?" CRIED POLLY."

"Who signaled?" whispered Father. Before losing consciousness he had seen the rockets, reflected in a rising tide.

"It was Polly!" cried Tom, eagerly, "she did it alone,—she 's a brick!"

"Hush," said Mother gently, with a warning finger raised; but Father smiled as he whispered: "Dear little daughter."

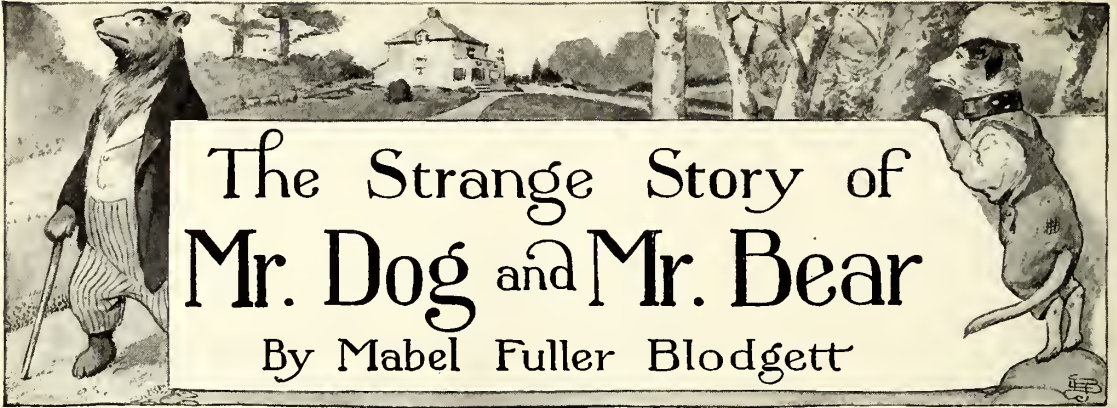
Mother drew Polly closer, "My dear, *brave* daughter," she murmured, with a proud light in her eyes.

"She 's the right kind of stuff!" nodded Sandy, approvingly, from the doorway.

"But I was n't brave at all!" cried Polly. "I was scared as I could be!"

"I guess it 's the *doing* things, even when you are scared, that really counts," said Tom.

"That," said Sandy, "is as true as preaching!"



(FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK)

III. MR. DOG BECOMES AN INVENTOR

AFTER the famous surprise party, Mr. Dog and Mr. Bear passed a quiet but happy time together, and things would have probably gone on in just that fashion had not Mr. Dog begun to grow rather conceited. The beginning was that he thought himself very clever to have found out about the birthday celebration before it happened, and then he went on to say to himself—and this was a pity—that he, Mr. Dog, was a very smart fellow, and Mr. Bear quite slow and stupid, even if kind-hearted. The truth is, Mr. Bear *was* slow, but he was n't stupid. He had more common sense than Mr. Dog, and this story will show it. By and by Mr. Dog began to fret, because he felt his talents were being wasted just living along doing housework; and the next thing that happened was that he took a trip to town and sold his every-day collar, so that he had to wear his very best red morocco one, Mr. Bear's birthday gift, every day as well as Sundays. Mr. Bear wondered very much what Mr. Dog did with the money, but Mr. Dog would n't say. He went about looking very important, and began to spend long hours alone, locked up in the woodshed. He also started to take trips to the village, and to come back with something queer and round tied up in a cloth bag he carried.

Mr. Bear began to feel hurt. He spoke once or twice to Mr. Dog about these secret errands and the work going on in the woodshed, which after all was *his* woodshed, but Mr. Dog only looked important and said, "My dear fellow, don't bother me. You could n't understand if I told you." I think Mr. Dog, for all his airs, was sorry when Mr. Bear stopped asking questions. Anyway, one day he began to hint and hint about the

wonderful things he was doing; and when Mr. Bear only looked out of the window and took no notice whatever, Mr. Dog at last spoke out.

"Perhaps you did n't know it, Mr. Bear," he began, "but I am an inventor."

"Are you?" said Mr. Bear, slowly.

"Yes, I am," said Mr. Dog, plainly taken back by Mr. Bear's indifference and lack of interest. "And it 's a great invention, Mr. Bear—one of the greatest, if I may say so. In fact, I expect to



"THERE! LOOK AT THAT, WILL YOU?"

make my fortune with it. Come right into the woodshed, Mr. Bear, this minute, and I 'll show the whole thing to you," he said, seizing Mr. Bear by the arm as he spoke.

"Will you?" said Mr. Bear, slowly; and then he asked, "Won't to-morrow do?"

Mr. Dog almost turned inside out. "To-morrow!" he shouted; "to-morrow! It's the wonder of the age. I guess you don't know what you're missing, Mr. Bear."

"Don't I?" said Mr. Bear; but he got up, for really and truly he was dying to know what was in the woodshed, only he wanted first to punish Mr. Dog a little for his conceited airs.

Well, Mr. Dog led the way and Mr. Bear fol-

"Yes, it *will* fly," he snapped; and then he began to talk very fast and loud, in his excitement.

"It's all fixed up with Mr. Red Fox, Mr. Bear," he said; "he'll be gate-keeper: let the people in and all that. Yes, I know you don't like him, but he is n't a bad fellow, and he's smart; he saw right away how very clever I am. Did you ever hear of a balloon *as-cen-sion*? It goes up in the air, you know. Well, to-morrow all our friends are coming, and I'm going up in this airship. Tickets, of course; one penny apiece. I'll see



"AFTER MR. DOG CAME EIGHT JACK RABBITS, WHO PULLED THE GREAT INVENTION."

lowed; and when they got there, with a great flourish Mr. Dog pulled off the sheet that was covering the invention, and this is what they saw: A long flat board with sides to it, piled with stones, and a seat across one end big enough for Mr. Dog to sit on, and on each side a row of balloons, red and blue, that bobbed back and forth gaily in the draft that came when the door was opened.

"There!" said Mr. Dog. "There! Look at that, will you?"

"What is it?" asked Mr. Bear, much puzzled.

"It's an airship," said Mr. Dog, proudly.

"What for?" said Mr. Bear.

"To fly in, of course," answered Mr. Dog, with dignity.

"Who'll fly in it?" asked Mr. Bear.

"Why, I will," said Mr. Dog.

"What's the good of that?" said Mr. Bear.

"You'll only go and get yourself killed, you know; but—" he added hopefully—"perhaps it won't fly after all."

Mr. Dog was very angry.

something of the world, and make money doing it. How's that for an idea, Mr. Bear?" And Mr. Dog, quite out of breath, stopped and clapped his friend on the shoulder.

Mr. Bear sat down on the saw-horse. He felt very badly, and he did n't know just what to say. So he did n't say anything for a few moments, and Mr. Dog was delighted. He thought he had made a great impression, and so he had, but not in the way he expected.

"She's the thing," said Mr. Dog; "she'll take me up all right, eh?"

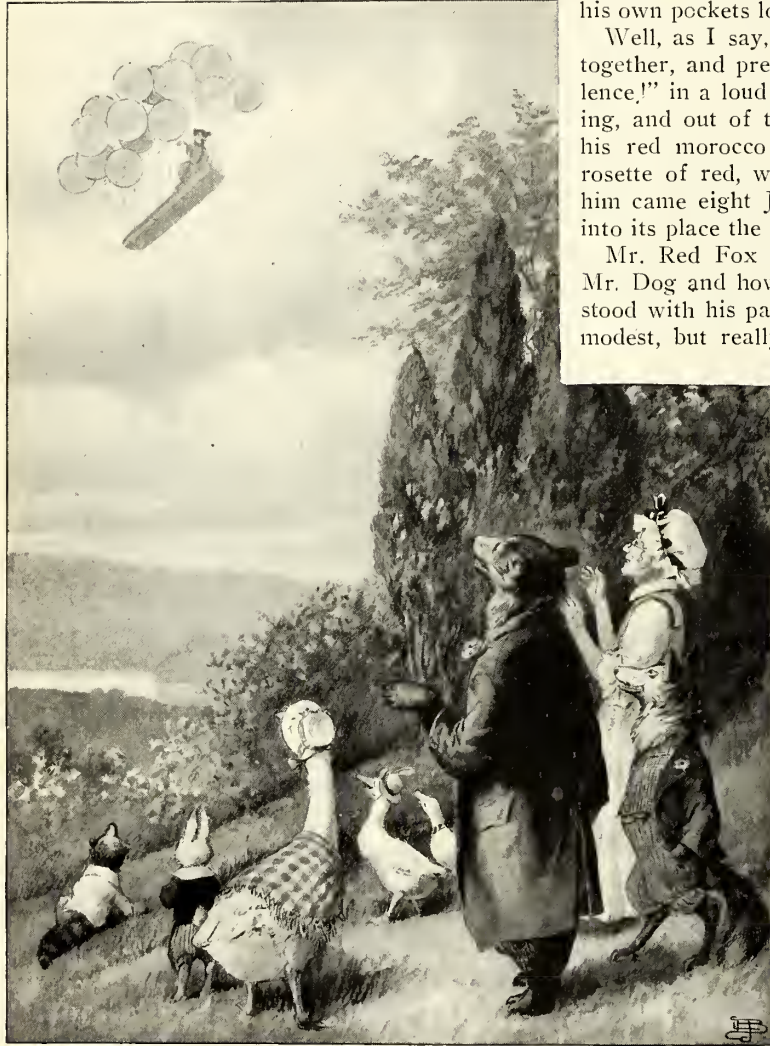
"Yes," agreed Mr. Bear, "but—but how about coming down?"

"Oh!" said Mr. Dog, readily, though he had n't really thought about that part. "That's easy. Anybody can come down. It's going up that's the hard part."

"You'll be killed," said Mr. Bear, in a voice at once weak and gruff. Only a bear could have talked that way. "Oh, dear Mr. Dog, don't do it; I beg you, don't do it."

"I shall, too," said Mr. Dog, quite upset at Mr.

Bear's protest; and the silly thought came into his head that Mr. Bear was jealous. Mr. Bear began to get angry at Mr. Dog's foolishness, so he just turned and walked straight out of the woodshed, and he only looked over his shoulder once.



"THE BALLOONS SWAYED IN THE BREEZE, AND UP HE WENT!"

"Mark my words, Mr. Dog," he said slowly, "if you trust that Mr. Red Fox, you 'll be mighty sorry"; and Mr. Bear went into the kitchen and shut the door firmly behind him.

Well, the next day was clear and pleasant; and by ten o'clock in the morning the grass plot in front of Mr. Bear's house was thick with the forest and farm-yard people. Everybody was there except Mr. Bear, who had shut himself in his room, and Mr. Dog, who was in the wood-

shed with his invention, waiting to make a great entrance

Mr. Red Fox was in fine spirits, and his money bag grew heavier and heavier. He was to have every twentieth penny himself for his trouble, and I fear that he did not count quite honestly,—his own pockets looked too full.

Well, as I say, this great crowd was gathered together, and presently Mr. Red Fox cried, "Silence!" in a loud voice, though nobody was talking, and out of the woodshed stepped Mr. Dog, his red morocco collar ornamented with a big rosette of red, white and blue ribbon, and after him came eight Jack Rabbits, who slowly pulled into its place the great invention.

Mr. Red Fox then made a speech; all about Mr. Dog and how smart he was, while Mr. Dog stood with his paw on his heart trying to appear modest, but really looking very conceited. And then, with much ceremony, Mr. Red Fox attached the money bag to Mr. Dog's collar. Everybody gave three cheers, though Miss White Goose was heard to say that flying was n't so much after all. The eight Jack Rabbits with a will pushed off the stones that held the airship down, Mr. Dog made a bow, the balloons swayed in the breeze, and up he went!

Everybody watched till the airship was only a little speck in the distance, and then all went home—that is, all except cunning Mr. Red Fox who had watched longest of all, had noticed how the wind blew, and was now loping along toward the river, chuckling as he went in a very disagreeable manner.

Meanwhile, what of Mr. Dog? He was a very different animal by that time, I can promise you. In fact he was

about scared to death, and all, or nearly all, his conceit was gone.

In the very beginning it had been quite fun. It was so new, the feeling of flying up, up, up in the air, and watching the trees getting as small as bushes, and then becoming little green blots on the brown earth, which was racing along so strangely beneath him. But pretty soon the wind rose, and Mr. Dog's nerves were a good deal jarred, for it gave the balloon ship a gay little

toss, and Mr. Dog went head over heels. And then it broke off one bright red balloon, and then it snapped the string of another, a blue one this time, and then another and another. The airship began to sink, and Mr. Dog looked anxiously over the side. It sank faster and faster; it tipped up first one way and then another, and at last came one great final tip,—and off slid poor Mr. Dog, his claws scratching the planks, as he tried to hold on. And then—Splash! Off sailed the airship, and down came Mr. Dog into the very middle of the river! Down, down he went, and came up choking and splashing, and began to swim feebly toward shore. And on the banks of the river, who should be sitting as large as life but Mr. Red Fox! And he was laughing!

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Mr. Dog," he called out, as soon as he was able to speak, "you do look silly!"

"Help, Mr. Red Fox! Help!" called back poor Mr. Dog barely able to keep up his desperate paddling toward land and safety.



"HA! HA! HA! MR. DOG, HE CALLED OUT."

"It serves you right!" went on Mr. Red Fox without moving an inch. "A great inventor you are! I knew when I first saw your fool airship that you'd surely come to grief."

Luckily, the river was all this time getting more and more shallow; and Mr. Dog finally struck a mud flat and began slowly to make his way to firmer land. But near shore he stuck fast and began to sink again. Lower and lower

he went and at last with shaking voice he begged Mr. Red Fox once more for help.

"Well," said Mr. Red Fox, picking his way daintily through the shallow water to where poor Mr. Dog was stranded; "I suppose I must help you this once. You're too heavy, Mr. Dog, that's the trouble. I'll just take your collar off and your money bag. They'll both come in handy for me, and then you'll be lighter." And, so saying, wicked Mr. Red Fox coolly did as he had suggested. And the worst of it was, Mr. Dog could n't help it.

"Stop, thief, stop!" cried Mr. Dog, but Mr. Red Fox only turned his back and making for the forest was soon lost to sight.

In one way this dreadful behavior was a good thing for Mr. Dog, for he got so angry his strength came back, and he reached the river's bank. Safe and sound at last; but my! was n't he a sight! All covered with mud, and torn with briars from scrambling through a thorn-patch.

And oh! how far off Mr. Bear's beautiful house seemed! But there was nothing for it but to set out, and weary and footsore he was I can tell you before he reached it.

Meanwhile, good Mr. Bear, who was very anxious about Mr. Dog and very lonely, had just got ready for bed, when poor, tired, muddy, sad Mr. Dog came in sight. Mr. Bear was so glad he almost cried.

"Welcome home! welcome home!" he called out as Mr. Dog limped slowly up the path.

Now Mr. Dog had been foolish, and he had been vain, and he had been selfish, and he had been rude; but he was truly sorry for it all and now he did a really fine thing. For he was willing to own up he had been in the wrong. He hung his head but he spoke up bravely.

"Please forgive me, Mr. Bear," he said, "for all my foolishness. I won't come in till you do. And as for my silly airship—"

"Nonsense," interrupted Mr. Bear in his kindest, gruffest voice, "come right along, Mr. Dog; I'll get some hot supper ready in a jiffy, and I'm sure it was a very nice airship indeed. But it's nicer still to have you home again safe and sound!" and so saying, Mr. Bear led the way into the house, and Mr. Dog followed.



"HELP! HELP!"

(To be continued.)

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS



Courtesy of Patné Frères.

A LONDON SCENE FROM "THE WAIF," HAVING THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT FOR ITS BACKGROUND.

WHAT MOTION-PICTURES ARE TELLING THE BOYS AND GIRLS

BY JANE STANNARD JOHNSON

WHAT boy or girl of my readers does not love a story? You all do, every one; and long after you get to be "really grown up," memory will linger fondly over the wonderful fairy tales heard or read in the days of childhood.

Now, however, there is a magical new method of telling stories—and such wonderful stories!—about many subjects and lands and peoples—film stories that no one knew about when the old-fashioned story-books were written.

These stories are told in motion-pictures, and in a most delightful manner. There are serious stories, and funny stories, and fairy stories, and work stories, and oh, ever and ever so many kinds of stories! So many, that they never could all be written down here. But we can tell you about some of them.

Very beautiful stories have been put into motion-pictures; for instance: "Cinderella," "Fanchon the Cricket," "Bootles' Baby," "Rags," "Little Pal," and others of like character. These stories are charmingly told on the film especially for boys and girls.

One glorious story now being told on the screen is the story of peace. Doubtless if you were asked what you seriously thought was the one thing of greatest importance to the entire world at this time, you would say "Peace." The motion-picture is an agent of immeasurable influence in bringing about a feeling of peace and good-will toward all people in every quarter of the civilized globe. The only thing in the world that can ever bring peace is a mental attitude, on the part of each individual, of peace and good-will toward every other person and nation.

We may have entertained a feeling of prejudice against people whom we never have seen and know little about,—the motion-picture shows

us these people in their native land, following their daily occupations, and as we view them in scene after scene, we become interested, are soon led to admire them or sympathize with them, and ere long forget our own feeling of ill-will. Pictures taken in all countries of the globe are being exhibited daily throughout the land so that this silent agency is ever at work cultivating a condition of peace.

Boys and girls can do much to help the peace movement. Peace is an individual matter; and if each boy and girl would make it a rule to eliminate every hateful or unkind thought and feeling from his or her own mind, toward every person and every thing, there could be no "war" among the young folk of the world.

When our own American boys and girls think of the numberless boys and girls in Europe whose fathers go out to battle and never return,—that is surely an incentive for every one of you to strive to the utmost to cultivate and maintain a peaceful mind toward all. It is something worth trying for.

Another story being told on the screen is the story of prohibition. Every right thinking boy and girl would be glad to see prohibition become

the motion-picture is telling a convincing story, often sad, but not half so sad as real life. One of the strongest temperance sermons ever preached by the film is "John Barleycorn," taken



Courtesy of Pathé Frères.

A VILLAGE SCENE FROM "THE WAIF."

from the widely-read novel by Jack London, and said to be the story of his own life. Another is "Rule G," a thrilling recital of how *John Barleycorn* was put out of the railroads. Still another is "Prohibition" a strong plea for the prohibition cause.

More money is spent by the American nation for liquors than for any other single article of consumption—far more than for any foodstuff. The sum total is enormous. Were this money devoted to feeding and clothing and educating the children, whose fathers pay the liquor bill, immeasurable good would result to our nation. American young folk can do much to assist prohibition.

There are other subjects which will appeal vitally to boys and girls as they grow older. Even now they are thinking about what they would like to be, and what they will do when they begin to act for themselves; and, naturally, every one of them will be interested in the subjects most prominent in public thought, and in the activities and causes that are enlisting progressive people everywhere.

For example: there is woman suffrage. As everyone knows, a number of the States in our Union are now legally included in the suffrage ranks, and in these States the women may vote equally with the men. That many desirable con-



Courtesy of Pathé Frères.

A "CURRENT EVENTS" PICTURE: AUSTRALIAN TROOPS IN EGYPT.

national, because of the untold suffering resulting from the use of intoxicating liquors. Here again



Courtesy of Paramount Pictures Corporation.

THE MOVING PICTURE AÉROPLANE ABOVE
PALM BEACH, FLORIDA.

ditions have been forwarded by reason of woman suffrage, there is no doubt. Better conditions for women working in factories and shops, shorter hours of labor, better buildings and better wages have been brought about in many cases, through the work done by women who advocate suffrage. One motion-picture devoted especially to the cause of woman suffrage was recently produced by Mrs. Medill McCormick, well-known as one of the wealthiest women in the United States, who is deeply interested in the woman suffrage movement.

Other pictures are showing the dire results of child labor. Probably few of the boys and girls who read this story know that, according to the Bulletin issued by the Department of Commerce and Labor at Washington, there are in our country nearly two million boys and girls, from ten to fifteen years of age, who are toiling many hours a day in factories. These children have no opportunity for recreation or education, but must wear out their young lives toiling painfully to earn the pittance which is paid them for their work.

Through the efforts of interested organizations and individuals, better conditions for the child laborers have been brought about in some in-

stances; but there is still an opportunity for vast improvement in this field of human betterment.

As a matter of fact, these young children never should labor, but they are forced into factories through the conditions existing in their own families. The parents of these children, in a very large majority of cases, are foreigners who have recently come to this country; but many thousands of American-born children are among those who have to work hard for a living.

Another motion-picture film, which is interesting as well as instructive, shows the operations of the Fire Department. One benefit of such pictures is that the public and American young folk may gain from them definite information as to the manner in which the fire call is registered, and the rapidity with which the Fire Department



Courtesy of Paramount Pictures Corporation.

VIEW OF PALM BEACH FROM THE MOVING
PICTURE AÉROPLANE.

responds. The pictures show the engines leaving the engine-house, their arrival at the fire, and the

use of the hose and other equipment in preparing to fight the flames. Screen exhibitions of this nature also impress upon the observer the necessity for caution, both at home and on the streets, that each may do his part in eliminating the possibility of the disastrous fires which quite frequently occur in large cities. Many tragic conflagrations, in which large numbers of lives have been lost, have been occasioned through some bit of carelessness by individuals.

Boys and girls who exercise care and caution never grow up to be careless men and women, and each boy and girl really has a part to do in maintaining the safety and order of the community.

Still other stories the young people will greatly enjoy and may see with profit, are the travel stories now

his hunting trip, and watch him capture the seal or walrus which is to provide his only food and clothing.

Then there are wonderful pictures taken in different parts of the world by famous travelers and hunters, who have spent two or three years at a time in securing motion-pictures of wild animals in their native haunts. It would be a very



Courtesy of Famous Players Film Co.

TWO SCENES FROM "FANCHON THE CRICKET."

startling experience to be almost under the tree in which a lion or tiger was crouching, or barely escape a big bear that had just turned in pursuit; yet you may see all of these happenings and many, many more, equally thrilling and wonderful, at your local picture-house, and for a very small sum of money—from ten

being told in pictures, in many theatres of the United States.

These pictures take the beholders through strange lands, showing the cities and harbors, the industries and peoples, their occupations and domestic life. You may see almost any land or nation in films, from the Negro of the tropics, in scanty attire, picking cocoanuts or bananas, to the Eskimo in his snow-house, snugly dressed in (to us) priceless sealskins. You may see the colored boys diving and swimming and splashing in the limpid waters of the middle zones, or you may follow our brother of the frozen north on

to twenty cents, perhaps. But it cost many thousands of dollars to get the pictures for you.

This is also true of some wonderful stories told in pictures taken in foreign lands. Many boys and girls have been to see the play "The Sign of the Cross" and this has, within the past six months, been made into motion-pictures, and is now being exhibited. You will all remember with pity the sufferings of those early Christians who loved their religion better than their lives. Even those who have read the accounts in their histories have never been so impressed by it, as when they see it acted out silently on the screen.

Another story that tells you much about Italy and Rome, and shows wonderful views of that ancient city, and of the Coliseum where the



Courtesy of Prohibition Film Co.

A PLEA FOR TEMPERANCE.

cruelties upon the Christians were perpetrated by the Roman Emperors, is "The Eternal City." Such a series of pictures is an aid to the student who desires to see Rome in its actuality—its buildings, famed throughout the world, and its marvelously beautiful arches and squares.

Besides the stories told in long films which occupy the larger part of the theatre program, there are also what are called "Current Event"

would seem to the observer that the entire globe must be within range of the lens of the motion-picture camera. The astonishing thing is the rapidity with which this particular kind of a story is made ready for screen exhibition. For example, it seems hardly possible that when the recent array of war-ships formed in line one morning, and proceeded up the Hudson River to their anchorages, a moving-picture of their parade was shown at a New York theatre the same evening. These "current event" films illustrate, on the screen, almost anything that you might read about in the current events of the newspaper. A great fire, or a disaster of any kind, the launching of a ship, the laying of the corner-stone of a big building, great parades, public meetings (showing prominent men speaking or participating); all these and many other similar events are faithfully pictured by the camera and made into a film almost as soon as the actual occurrences themselves are concluded.

The motion-picture is the latest great development in the progress of the world. It is one of



Courtesy of Pathé-Frères.

A "CURRENT EVENTS" PICTURE: DISTRIBUTING BREAD AMONG LITTLE FRENCH ORPHANS.



Courtesy of Paramount Pictures Corporation.

HARPOONING THE STING-RAY OFF THE FLORIDA COAST.

pictures. These tell of immediate happenings in all parts of the world. In watching these films, it

the greatest—if not the greatest—of the educational influences of the day. More people attend the motion-picture theatre daily than are found attending libraries, schools, colleges, and other institutions of learning, combined. Every picture shown is making some impression—leaving some imprint—upon the mind of the observer. This impression is for good or the reverse, depending upon the story told. Hence the film does not always give a desirable kind of education. Nevertheless this new and silent power is daily telling its message to many millions—a message of love, and peace, and hope, and achievement, and good for the race,—and this is the type of film that will eventually dominate the business of making and exhibiting motion-pictures.

DEEP-SEA THRILLERS FOR THE "MOVIES"

BY ROBERT H. MOULTON

DEEP-SEA life has been shown in the "movies" as a result of some unusual photographic work done in the Bahamas by J. Ernest and George M. Williamson, of New York. There is also a prospect that a new era is about to open in submarine exploration.

For hours at a time these men sat in comfort within six inches of the bottom of the sea and fifty or sixty feet beneath the surface, shut into a small, globe-shaped room with a great glass window through which they could see all that went on in the water in front of it. There they worked and talked and breathed as naturally as though they were upon the shore. And they looked with ever widening eyes at the wonders and beauties of subaqueous forests, studied with never ceasing amazement the countless thousands of brightly colored tropical fishes, watched with increasing admiration the panorama afforded by the lace-like length of a coral reef, with hosts of brilliant-hued fish swimming in and out of its pearly caverns, and observed with wonder and awe the skeletons of once stately ships, with backbones and ribs exposed, as they rested where they struck and disappeared from human ken generations ago.



SHARKS BEFORE THE CAMERA.

What these men saw beneath the sea they photographed, and some of the wonderful pic-

tures they secured are reproduced with this article.

For the first time photographs were taken of a deep-sea diver working on a wreck. Near Nassau, there is the hulk of an old blockade-runner that came to grief while seeking safety during the civil war. She lies at a depth of fifty feet, and



THIRTY FEET UNDER WATER IN NASSAU HARBOR.

scattered on the bottom near her are some rust-encrusted cannon and many cannon-balls. George Williamson volunteered to be a diver, and a suit was borrowed from the Colonial Government. Although he had never been beneath the surface in this sort of garb before, Mr. Williamson gamely went down and strolled about the wreck, picking up cannon-balls and sending them aloft in a wire basket attached to a line. While he was so engaged, the photographer, safe and dry in the metal chamber, was photographing him through the clear glass window.

As in all tropical waters, the sea around the Bahamas abounds in sharks, and a film, that has no counterpart in the annals of photography, was secured of a battle between two of these monsters. Specimens eighteen feet and twenty feet long are common, and a very large bait that would last long enough for the purpose of photographing them had to be anchored near the apparatus. The sharks soon gathered and swam around and around the bait several at a time, and swallowed eagerly huge chunks of meat which were thrown overboard from the barge.

The crew caught half a dozen of these monsters

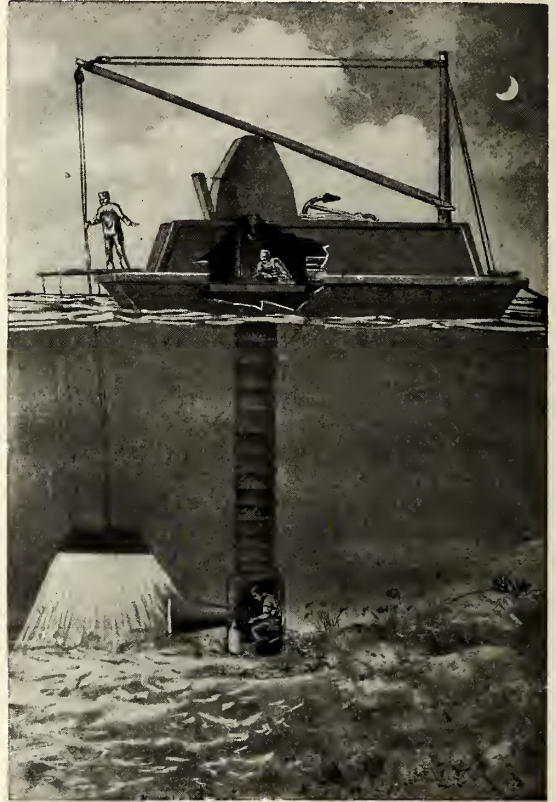
with large hooks attached to chains, though they lost several hooks which were secured with heavy woyen-wire, that snapped between the sharks' serrated teeth like pack-threads. One of the largest of these hooked monsters was photographed close to the chamber. A portion of the hunch of meat which he had captured protruded from his mouth, and suddenly another huge shark swam in view and wrested it from his jaws. He swallowed it at one gulp and the other shark became infuriated. Fearing for the safety of the man in the chamber, for had one of the sharks struck the glass at full tilt it would certainly have been broken and the operator drowned, the men on deck slackened the line and the two sharks engaged in battle royal, each plunging toward the other with wide-opened mouth until finally one beat off the other.

All of this is faithfully recorded in the film up to the last moment when the vanquished shark swam away. There have been many fish films taken in tanks at aquariums and from the surface, but the tank has never been built that could stage the spectacle made by those sharks.

Many stories have been written of hand-to-hand conflicts with man-eating sharks, but when one finds a native diver who will actually go down armed with nothing but a short knife and engage in a single-handed combat with one of these creatures, truth becomes more thrilling than fiction. Motion-pictures were made of such a diver meeting one of these kings of the deep in his own element. The shark darted toward the

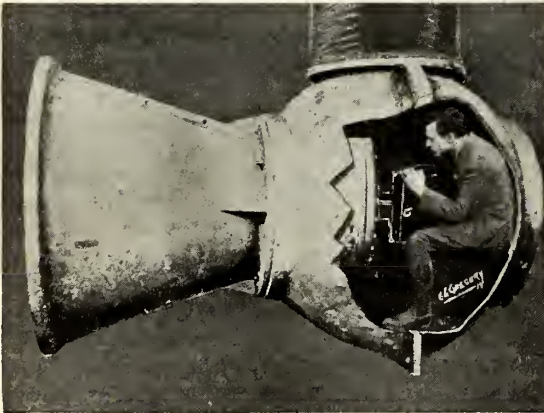
his knife landed a death-stroke in the monster's vitals.

The ingenious apparatus by means of which



Courtesy of "Scientific American."

THE SUBMARINE LAMP AIDING THE WORK OF THE CAMERA.



Courtesy of "Scientific American."

THE UNDER-WATER PHOTOGRAPHER AT WORK.

man with open mouth. The diver escaped the yawning jaws by a quick movement, as a matador dodges a bull, and then with one swift thrust of

these marvelous photographs were secured was devised by the father of the young photographers. It consists of a water-tight and flexible metallic tube extending downward from the bottom of a barge-like vessel. The tube ends in a globular photographing chamber opening out at one side into a funnel-shaped continuation, which is closed by a single plate of very clear and heavy glass. By the aid of powerful submarine lamps, suspended in front of this glass window, and which illuminate the undersea world within the field of the camera, pictures can be made even at night. The boat moves slowly along on the surface, carrying with it the apparatus suspended over the ocean depths. If it is found necessary to travel rapidly, however, the tube can be drawn up into the boat, section by section.



THE DIVER AND THE OLD BLOCKADE-RUNNER.



NATIVE DIVER ATTACKING A SHARK.



A DIVE TO THE SHIP'S ANCHOR.



DIVING FOR COINS.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE. ·JULY· 1915·



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY BERYL H. MARGETSON, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JUNE, 1908.)

SPECIAL NOTICE

MANY League members do not seem to understand that badges are not actually sent to prize-winners until three weeks—or sometimes even a month—after the announcement of the award in the magazine. This was found advisable for several reasons. When the League began, the badges were forwarded to the prize-winners each month immediately after the issue of the number containing the announcement of their names. But before long, it happened that several badges were lost or went astray in transit.

ST. NICHOLAS, as most readers know, has to be made up far in advance of the day of publication, and sometimes twelve weeks or more elapse between the date when the subjects of the competition are published in the magazine and the date when the award-announcement informs the young competitors of the names of the successful contestants. It transpired, therefore, that during that long interval two or three of the prize-winners in a single competition had changed their addresses—sometimes merely from a winter to a summer home, or from the country back to town, sometimes by a complete change of residence from one city to another. So the loss of the badges was not to be wondered at; and we found it necessary—or, at all events, much the safer

course—to defer sending them out until a sufficient time had passed to allow any prize-winner, even among our most far-away subscribers, to inform us of his or her change of address, thus safe-guarding the receipt of the coveted badge and avoiding the vexations of its going astray or being delayed in the mails.

Another matter that seems to have puzzled or disappointed some of our members is the fact that our Roll of Honor does not—cannot, in fact,—contain every month the names of all those whose work, while just failing a prize, deserves, nevertheless, special mention or hearty commendation. We try to make the list include all these names, but it happens now and then, as in the present issue, that the pressure on the space in the body of the magazine compels the Editor to reduce the number of pages allotted to the entire League, and then the Roll of Honor has to suffer, along with all the other League pages, and the list must be abridged.

Please remember, therefore: (1) Badges are not sent to prize-winners until three weeks after the award is announced in the magazine; and (2) It sometimes happens that the Roll of Honor cannot contain the names of ALL the contestants whose work deserves high commendation or special approval.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 185

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Aletha Deitrich** (age 14), Virginia. Silver badges, **Joan Hale** (age 13), Kansas; **Margery Metheny** (age 14), **Katharine A. Fleming** (age 12), Pennsylvania; **Eleanor Williams** (age 10), Washington.

VERSE. Gold badges, **Sarah F. Borock** (age 14), New York; **G. Huanayra Cowle** (age 13), England. Silver badges, **Barbara Gold Frost** (age 11), New York; **William E. Chace** (age 12), New York.

DRAWINGS. Gold badge, **Beryl H. Margetson** (age 16), England.

Silver badges, **Sarah T. Parker** (age 16), South Carolina; **Fannie C. Barnhart** (age 15), Missouri; **Alta Isabelle Davis** (age 15), Nebraska; **David Ryerson Hull** (age 11), Pennsylvania.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, **Allen Gray** (age 14), New York.

Silver badges, **William Prentiss Howe, Jr.** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Mildred Hughes** (age 14), Connecticut; **Irene Walber** (age 12), New York; **Mary L. Lytle** (age 11), Michigan; **Adelaide White** (age 14), New York; **Mary Hollister** (age 14), South Dakota.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **Myrtle Winter** (age 15), New Jersey; **Hubert Barentzen** (age 15), Porto Rico.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badges, **Henrietta M. Archer** (age 16), New York; **Geraldine Mallette** (age 14), Connecticut; **Eloise M. Peckham** (age 12), Rhode Island.

THE FLAG

BY SARAH F. BOROCK (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won September, 1914)

THE cooling wind caressed the flag whose colors,
flaunting high,
Were outlined clear in bold relief against the dark'ning
sky,
The sinking sun suffused the clouds, and faintly came
the bell,
As gently in the summer breeze the bright folds rose
and fell.
See how the striped hues sail in pride in yon sun's
fading light!
And now the streaming bunting tells its story to the
night:

"E'er since the Quaker seamstress starred that field of
mine with white
Which cheered the fiery minute-men to struggle for
the right,
I fan the flame of liberty in every loyal breast;
I represent a haven to the weary and oppressed;
I give my hopeful message, e'er, far over land and
sea—
I am the silken symbol of the goddess Liberty!"

The bright hues softly rose and fell beneath the moon's
pale light,
And told its famous story to the guardians of the night.

THE FIRST FOURTH OF JULY

BY ALETHA DEITRICH (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won March, 1915)

PHILADELPHIA, on the Fourth of July, 1776, woke early.
People talked excitedly in groups, and, although the day
was young, a crowd had gathered around the old State
House. But at the joyful peals of the Liberty Bell,
more and more people gathered, until there was a much
larger crowd than had ever before been seen at Phila-
delphia.

It seemed to the men, women, and children that the



"A POPULAR SUBJECT." BY WILLIAM F. HOWE, JR., AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)

bell rang "Liberty! Liberty! Liberty!" instead of
"Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong." They cheered and
cheered each great statesman; but, when the Declara-
tion of Independence was read aloud and then signed,
first by John Hancock, and then by all the other famous
statesmen, the air was rent with cheers, and the Liberty
Bell rang till it nearly cracked with the joyous peal.

This, the birthday of our great country, was a won-
derful day to all, but especially to the children. The
girls were allowed to play in the park and sing songs,
and the boys, fished in the best fishing-holes. These
were great treats for the prim little boys and girls, and
I think they were happier with these simple privileges
than many children are nowadays with firecrackers,
Roman-candles, pop-guns, and all the elaborate amuse-
ments which are provided for them.



"A POPULAR SUBJECT." BY MILDRED HUGHES, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

MY HAPPIEST FOURTH

BY JOAN HALE (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

PERHAPS some of the ST. NICHOLAS readers who have
been in Nice, France, remember a quaint by-street in
the old part of the city. It is well known, and many
tourists buy their gifts there to take to their friends at
home.

It was Friday afternoon, the Fourth of July, that
Barbara and I walked down this street, and we were
mighty homesick. We stopped at several shops to see
if, by any chance, they had something *American* for
the dinner-table that evening, but our efforts were all in
vain. In one place, a little Frenchman begged us to
buy some French souvenir flags, and talked so rapidly
that I had to appeal to Barbara to translate it.

It was half past four when we vowed not to enter
another shop, after having ransacked not less than eight
of them, when suddenly Barbara touched my arm and
calmly pointed across the street.

It was the most glorious sight that I may ever wish
to see. Fastened in the doorway of a shop, was a small
American flag. We stood and looked at it for about a
minute with respectful awe, and then we made a dash
for the entrance.

As we opened the door, a tiny bell tinkled in the back
of the shop, and an old man came into the room. He
was fairly bent with age, and he had a long white beard.
His voice tinkled almost like the bell as he spoke to us.

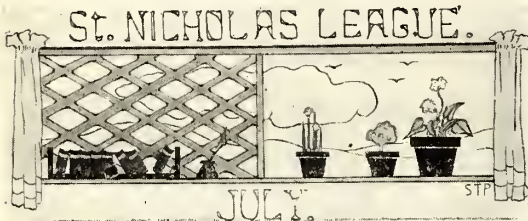
I could n't say a word, but Barbara asked excitedly,
"Oh, have you any more flags?"

He shook his head, and then, seeing our disappoint-
ment, hesitated a moment.

"I have no more, but as you 're Americans, too, I 'll
gladly give you that one," and reaching up, he un-

fastened the flag and handed it to us, refusing to take any money for it.

We were the happiest girls in France that day, as we walked back to the hotel, and I'm sure that it was the happiest Fourth of July that I have ever had.



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY SARAH T. PARKER, AGE 16.
(SILVER BADGE.)

THE FLAG

BY G. HUANAYRA COWLE (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won January, 1915)

A BANNER waving in the sunny air;
So high the staff is reared, the flag's not touched
By all the dusty turmoil down below.
The banner is a symbol of that part
Of the great nation which is nearest God.
In many lands, the flag is that which draws
All men together; making rich and poor
Be yoke-mates, toiling for their nation's good.
The colors on a flag oft symbolize
Those virtues which a nation loves the most.
When glancing at the rippling folds, we hear
The patriots' silver trumpet call, that bids
The followers of the flag to stir themselves
And gain those virtues for their country's sake.

A FOURTH OF JULY STORY

BY MARGERY METHENY (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

No, Sandy was not patriotic. At least he did not believe in celebrating the Fourth of July.



"A POPULAR SUBJECT." BY ELIZABETH B. BEATON, AGE 14.

To begin with, he was awakened early in the morning by a fearful noise right under his little nose. One thing Sandy disliked was to be awakened when he was in the midst of an enjoyable snooze, as on the present occasion. If this happened, he was usually cross the remainder of the day.

Then all during the day there were little red things

which gave an aggravating little bark and then disappeared. Sandy caught one in his mouth, and, when it went off, he followed its example—with his tail between his legs.

He greatly disliked the bombs. It was one of these which awakened him, and he bore a special grudge against them.

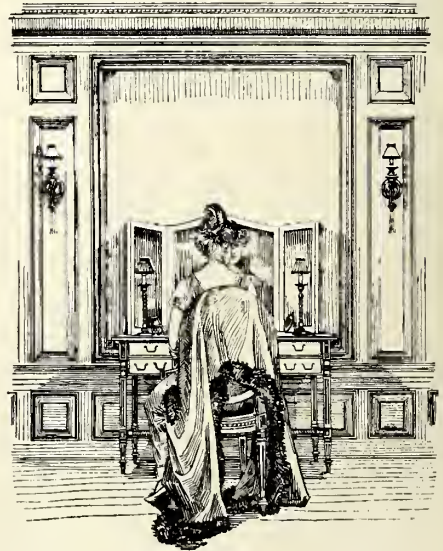
About the only fun he had that day was when his master put the flags out. There was a brisk breeze blowing, and Sandy could not resist those flapping things. So he had a grand frolic with one, but was cuffed for doing so.

He was tired after all this exertion, and when he tried to get a little rest, he sat down on the lighted end of a piece of punk. You can imagine the way he howled!

In the evening there were fire-works. There were peculiar animals which growled threateningly and then shot up into the air. These were sky-rockets, though Sandy did not know their name.

The pin-wheels and "sparklers" mystified him, and in trying to catch the sparks, he burned his mouth.

At last it was bed-time, and Sandy was very glad of it. You can hardly blame his dislike of the glorious (?) Fourth, for he was only a collie puppy—and Scotch at that!



"GETTING READY." BY ROBERT MARTIN, AGE 14.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

THE FLAG

BY FLORENCE WHITE (AGE 11)

WHATEVER the country or nation,
Whatever the symbol or hue,
Whatever the flag or the pennant,
My choice is the red, white, and blue.

Red is for soldiers in battle,
For their bravery, courage, and life;
White is for purity, also for peace
That produces a lull in the strife.

Blue for the truth of the nation,
The truth of its men and laws, too,
This is the worth of our dearly loved flag.
Hurrah, for the red, white, and blue!



BY PHYLLIS COATE, AGE 14.



BY THEODORE A. THOMPSON, AGE 17.



BY ELEANOR K NEWELL, AGE 14



BY IRENE WALBER, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY MARY L. LYTLE, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY MADELAINE RAY BROWN, AGE 16.



BY ADELAIDE WHITE, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY ALLEN GRAY, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JULY, 1914.)



BY MARY HOLLISTER, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

"A POPULAR SUBJECT"

THE FLAG

BY BARBARA GOLD FROST (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

A SKIRT, a kerchief red,
Was all they had;
An army jacket blue
Of some brave lad;
Yet out of this they made
That emblem grand
Destined to wave for aye
O'er our fair land.

The stars were thirteen, then,
But every star that shone
On that great banner, told
A story of its own;
A tale of hope and fear,
A tale of death and woe;
Brave men, who gave their lives
To crush their country's foe.

Now there are forty-eight
But have we ever thought
Of our own liberty—
How dearly it was bought?
We honor those brave men
Who fought o'er wild and crag,
Our hearts are filled with awe,
As we salute our flag.

MY HAPPIEST FOURTH OF JULY

BY AULEEN BORDEAUX (AGE 15)

AN ideal Fourth—hot, sultry air, heavy with the odor of powder; pounds of fire-crackers, torpedoes, caps;—and now and then the booming of a gigantic cannon-cracker. Yet I considered it a terrible day—my aunt being an advocate of a "sane" Fourth, and forbidding all fire-crackers.

"Cheer up, Jack! It is n't going to be so dreadful after all!" exclaimed my uncle's voice. "What do you say to coming along with me when I race in the regatta?"



"GETTING READY." BY FANNIE C. BARNHART, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

I could scarcely grasp his meaning. Finally I gasped, "Go along with you! Do I—well just *don't* I! Do you really mean it?"

"Sure thing! Run along and be ready at 10.30 A.M."

I was too excited to remember what happened afterward. All I know is that when we reached the river, we

had lunch, then I was introduced to some competitors, and about 1.30 went down to the landing. My! how proud I was when I stepped into a little beauty of a boat, white with the word "Neptune" in blue and gold letters. A pistol shot—a whirl of machinery—we leaped forward, sending the spray several feet into the air. On we went, scarcely seeming to touch the water. Around the bend—Ah! there we passed a boat! Another! Shouts of applause. A buoy! one fourth of the race over. Faster, faster we went. An explosion!—The foremost boat stopped directly in our path. I half closed my eyes, awaiting the almost inevitable collision. A sharp turn of the wheel—the boat curved in toward the shore! The danger was over. The third buoy. Only one boat ahead!

"Now for the final spurt!" hissed Uncle. The boat leaped into the air!—Oh! we had passed the *Arrow*! A burst of applause—and the *Neptune* slowed down. As we stepped out, a tall white-haired man shook hands with Uncle, and then presented him with the beautiful Regatta Cup. Congratulations, then home in the auto. After an early supper came a wonderful display of fireworks. A late bedtime. This ended my happiest Fourth.



"A POPULAR SUBJECT" BY JOHN J. MILLER, AGE 11.

THE ROCKET

BY WILLIAM E. CHACE (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

THERE was a little boy,
Who had a little pocket;
In which he kept a sixpence
To buy a little rocket.

Then in the morning early,
He put on his little jacket;
And took out his little rocket
To make a little racket!

THE ROCKET

BY BETTY HUMPHREYS (AGE 14)

(Honor Member)

In the air,	"With envy now
A flashing glare,	The stars may bow,—
A shooting rocket sped;	I'm monarch of the air;
Far below,	From earth below
With steady glow,	How fast I go!
Burned fires green and red.	Crowds collect to stare.

In the night,
Burning bright,
He calls unto the sky:
"Great as a star
That shines afar,
Greater, too, am I!

"Hear them cheer!
The moon I'm near—"
But even as it cries,
With one last flash
And noisy crash,
It falls to earth and—dies.



BY PHILIP M. ALDEN, AGE 15.

BY WINIFRED JELLIFFE, AGE 17.
"A POPULAR SUBJECT."

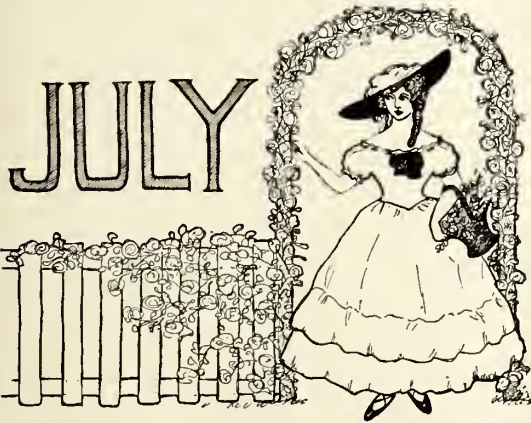
BY MARY LOUISE WEIKERT, AGE 14.

A FOURTH OF JULY STORY

BY KATHARINE A. FLEMING (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

"PAPA!"
 "Huh?"
 "What time is it?"
 "I don't know. Go to sleep."
 Silence a little while.
 "Well, papa, do you know what day this is?"
 "No, go to sleep."
 Silence for about five minutes.
 "Papa, I heard the clock strike five. Let's get up and shoot fire-crackers."
 "Now, Bobby, go to sleep, or I won't let you shoot them at all."
 Bobby was very patriotic on Fourth of July and always started, days before, to save his pennies for fire-crackers.

"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY ALTA ISABELLE DAVIS, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

"Papa, I've been asleep a long time, so let's get up, will you?"
 "No, Bobby."
 "Well, Papa, may I come over in your bed?"
 "Yes, if you will be quiet."
 Bobby, in Papa's bed, whispers:
 "Let's get up!"
 "Well, all right! But I'm glad Fourth of July comes only once a year!"

TWO PATRIOTS—A 4TH OF JULY STORY

BY ELEANOR WILLIAMS (AGE 10)

(Silver Badge)

On the fourth of July, I had a tiny silk American flag. I carried it with me everywhere, for I loved the little flag. One day, while playing, I lost it.

In the spring, when I was climbing one of our tall trees, what do you think I saw? Interwoven in the partly-made nest of a pair of robins was my flag.

I watched the robins finish their nest, and rear their family. They sang all spring and part of the summer, but when August came, they ceased singing, and I then knew they were getting on their new suits for their long journey southward.

The little flag looked very beautiful, and as I looked up at it through the tree-tops, I would think of the two little happy birds that loved their country. I always called them "my two patriots," for it seemed as though they knew our flag ought to be honored, so they wove it into their nest. I think our flag really could n't stand for anything better for us to love and protect than our American song-birds, who add so much to the charm of the fields and woods in summer.

But the autumn is here, and the robins, old and young, have flown away to warmer lands, and the nest is deserted. But the little flag reminds me that they will be back again in the spring, with their cheerful songs of love and freedom.

MY HAPPIEST FOURTH

BY KATHARINE VAN R. HOLSTE (AGE 16)

My happiest Fourth will be when the universal flag is unfurled, the anthem of world-patriotism is sung by all races.

Why need there be war? A State of our Union would not take up arms against a sister State. Why, then, should nations disagree? The United States of the World—not America alone!

Patriotism! Love for one's country! Yet the earth is beautiful everywhere—both in Europe and America. Why prefer one place above another? Why say to a Canadian, "The United States is better than your country"? Canada is also fair.

"Let not a man glory in this, that he loves his country; let him rather glory in this, that he loves his kind." A wise and true saying. If followed, the universal flag will be raised, the universal anthem sung and then all the world shall have its happiest day.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

PROSE, 1

L. Minerva Turnbull
Eloise M. Peckham
Virginia M. Allcock
Margaret Turk
Nell Fremont Hiscox

Doris Elisabeth Padgham
Helena Dolphin
Theresa Schlessinger
Helen Ranney
William Ladd
William W. Howe

Lucile Talmage
Celestine Morgan
John F. A. Davis
Anna McCoy
Marion Baile
Elsie A. Gidlow
Annabel Armstrong
Peggy Norris
Marie Mirvis
Amarion Johnson
Ethel B. Grossman
Eleanor Mishauin
Elizabeth Le Baron
Chase
Ellen R. Barton
Dorothy Cullen
Franklin McDuffee
Tilton Singer
Harriet S. Bailey



"GETTING READY." BY MADELAINE R. JACOBS, AGE 13.

Elizabeth Ferry
Coonley
Winifred Fletcher
Pauline Cozad
Elizabeth Gray
Gertrude Wolf
Margaret George
Margaret Grim
Abel Greenstein
Elizabeth Ritchie
Eileen Hayes
Agnes Nolan
Irene Charnock
Gertrude Goodman
Ruth A. Millard
Vail Motter
Ellen S. Johnson
Mary Loomis Brown
Agatha C. Ryan
Madge Netherclift
Ryan
Marian Frankensfield
Ann C. Phelps
J. Townsend
Russell, Jr.
Muriel Thomas
Catherine Viets
Frances Haughton
Eliza Anne Peterson
Alvin Hattorf
Joe Williams
Eva Tauberman
Evelyn H. Hougén
Emily Davies

Hulda Neumann
Evelyn Clifton
Norman Johnson
Edna Harley
Hobart Tucker
Freda Wolfe
Elizabeth Birch
Winifred Holmes
Annie Weinstein

VERSE, 1

Elizabeth Sheble
Marcella H. Foster
Mildred Ascheim
Farwell Gregg Bemis
William R.
Anderson, Jr.
Elsie L. Lustig
Dorothy Levy
Dorothy Vernon Smith
Edith Brill
Helen Milkén
Sydney Robertson
McLean
Caroline Adams
Francis D. Johnson
Elizabeth Millsbaugh
Mary Robertson Evans
Alice Bever
Stella Woljeka
Margaret Walker
Margaret H. Laidlaw
Wesley Delaney



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY DAVID R. HULL, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

Marshall Meyer
Stanley K. Walton
Helen Marie Reynand
Bertha E. Pinney
Constance E. Hartt
Elinor Rice
Gunther Harms
Page Williams

Mary R. Steichen
Lena Becker
George K. Newell, Jr.
Helena Marsh
Gertrude H. Hardy
Emma G. Jacobs
Jessie Mañilla
Thompson

DRAWINGS, 1

Otto Tennigkeit
Bernarda Frazer
McCormick
Beatrice Bradshaw
Brown
Janet Warren Campbell
Emma Stuyvesant



"GETTING READY." BY JANE T. WEBBER, AGE 13.

Elise Strother
Mary E. McPheeters
Louise S. May
Lucile Kapp
Joe de Ganahl
Katherine L. Thomas
Maurice A. Fester
Clayton B. Seagears
Margaret Harms
Gertrude Narron
Lois C. Myers
Margaret Mills
Katharine E. Smith
Francis S. Watts
Lillian Alexandra
Anderson
Mildred H. Aaron
Edith B. Williams
Elizabeth Siddall
Louise Porter
Emily Halvig
Nadine Alice Oxnard
Margaret Thomson
Margaret Adams
Halstead
Esther Rice
Laurie Maki
Marjorie Bradford
Clarke
George A. Kass
Miriam Eisenberg
Penelope Pope
Hubbard

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Theo. A. Thompson
Mary Cunningham
Winifred H. Clark
Gardner Leonard, Jr.
Rose Parker
Elizabeth Hart
Theodosia Cushing

Gerald H. Loomis
Peggy Gantt
Dorothea Spieth
Flora M. Rowlands
Elliott McAllister, Jr.
Dorothea Setzer
Gwenfread E. Allen
Daniel Seeber
Eleanor F. Bye

Howard R. Sherman, Jr.
Florence Helwig
Elizabeth Covey
Mildred F. Williams
George La Branche
Catharine Bartholomay
Margaret Warren
Marie Puchner

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 189

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 189 will close **July 24** (for foreign members **July 30**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in **ST. NICHOLAS** for **November**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Autumn Hills."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "What Might Have Happened—and What Happened?"

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "All Aboard!"

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Something Round," or a Heading for **November**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of **ST. NICHOLAS**. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a *few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

RULES

ANY reader of **ST. NICHOLAS**, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the *contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the *margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

To our regret, the surname of Mrs. Mary' Biddle Fittler, the author of "A Home-made Swimming Pool," was incorrectly printed "Filter" at the head of that article in the June number of ST. NICHOLAS.

ALL young readers of Mr. Montague Palmer's comprehensive and illuminating article in this issue—"What Every One Should Know About the Aëroplane"—will be interested in an item published in the newspapers just as this number of ST. NICHOLAS is going to press. It tells of a new Italian machine—a "gigantic double aëroplane," or "aëroplane destroyer,"—which, according to the correspondence of the Associated Press, is designed for attacking dirigible airships. The account goes on to say:

"It is an enormous machine, with three separate engines, and with a total energy of over 250 horse-power. The aëroplane combines the tractor and pusher type of machines—that is, those which are drawn along by an air-screw in front, and those which are pushed by an air-screw behind. It consists, in fact, of the bodies of two ordinary tractor biplanes placed side by side and far enough apart to leave room between them for the propeller of a third engine. Each of the two main bodies has its own engine and tractor-screw in front, so that it looks at first like two ordinary tractor biplanes flying hand in hand. On the section of wing which joins the two bodies is placed the body-work of an ordinary pusher biplane, with the engine and propeller behind. In this way the body projects well forward in front of the screws of the other two engines, so that it can carry a gun of considerable size and have a clear field of fire forward, backward, and on both sides, without danger of hitting its own propellers or planes."

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for a year and a half and I don't know what I would do without you.

On the first day of every month when I come in from playing in the afternoon the first thing I say is, "Has ST. NICHOLAS come yet?"

I have four turtles; they are very small and are only about $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch long and $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch wide. I often watch them as they swim, or climb on the rocks. Their names are Todie, and Budge, and Tommy and Johnny.

To-day is Easter and the cook gave me three darling little chickens. I like them very much. Their names are Minnie, that is after the cook; it is the biggest one so I named it after her.

To-morrow I am going to roll eggs with a friend of mine who takes you, too.

My Aunt Daisy sent me a big rabbit and I have eaten his ears off.

My favorite story is "The Boarded-up House," and was "The Lucky Stone." I have a book of "The Lucky Stone."

From your loving reader,

SALLY McADOO (age 11).

ASOLO, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for one year, and hope to take you for many more. I loved "The Run-away," but I like "The Lost Prince" better than anything. I wish Mrs. Burnett would write lots more stories.

You might like to see what Italy is like, I mean the



little village in which we live, so I will enclose a few postal cards because my camera has no more films. We came to Italy when I was five and have been here ever since. Now I am twelve. Once in a while we go home to America. I have crossed the ocean eight times and have been to France and Switzerland, but like Italy best. It is a "lovely town" as Nancy, my little sister, says. I know three languages, English, of course, French, and Italian. I used to think it a lot, but when I heard of one of Father's friends knowing eight languages I felt so ashamed of knowing so little, that now I am learning German. Oh do tell me why months are so long it seems years when you wait for a friend like ST. NICHOLAS.

Lovingly, your keenest reader,

H. A. SULLIVAN.

RIVERSIDE, CALIF.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken ST. NICHOLAS for three years and we love it and hope we may always have it.

We live in an orange grove. We have on our place some loquat trees, some persimmon, some pistachio, pomegranate, date, lime, and avocado trees. I like this fruit, but I would like to see snow, too, for I have never seen snow close to.

My sister and I raise all the chickens, and they are so tame that they come up and eat out of our hands. I have raised eight baby turkeys and they are my own. We have five rabbits. We have two big cats, and three

baby cats, and a Russian wolf-hound. I have a brown horse, and her name is Dolly. My sister has a black horse and his name is Buster. One day Buster grabbed a chicken off a high wall and began tossing the poor chicken up in the air. One day he caught a mouse and ate the poor mouse whole. One day I was walking past his stall and I was eating an orange, and he grabbed the orange right out of my hand and ate it up before I could get it away from him. One day I caught Buster up on the fourth step of the high ladder going up to the loft. If he could get up high enough and saw what was up there, we would have a hard time keeping him down from the loft. The hay is kept up there.

Sometimes Buster stands up on his hind legs and looks over the wall at my horse. My Daddy uses him for a polo horse and Buster loves it.

Your loving reader,

SARA BARBARA BROWN (age 8).

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: (I 'm Elise) At last I 'm able to write to you, because, whenever I have begun to write, my twin sister Ruth has always butted in and bothered me, but now we have compromised on writing together.

(I 'm Ruth) I don't really care about writing letters, but I thought that I ought to write, too, and tell you how much I enjoy you.

(It 's both of us) Two summers ago we were traveling in Mexico, where we had some very amusing experiences. Mama and Papa were with us, as was also a friend of the family, Mr. Francis Arnold, who was arrested as a spy and was condemned to be shot. But his raincoat saved him. It had a London label on it, and one of the Mexicans seeing it said: "Oh, London 's the capital of Paris, and all the people there are Germans, so let him go." He was set free, and though this story sounds rather fishy it is perfectly true. We also brought home a collection of dressed fleas, which are made by the Indians of Mexico.

Last month, as we each tried to get you first, we broke a lamp and the result was that you were kept away from us for two whole weeks. You may be sure that we behaved ourselves very properly after that.

Yours sincerely,

ELISE AND RUTH EVERETT (age 10).

DORSET, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to tell you how much I enjoy your stories. I do think you are the best magazine ever published. There is always a scuffle on the day you come. My brother usually gets you first, and then he calls upstairs, "Anneke, your St. NICHOLAS has come." He won't give it to me till I promise to give it to him the moment I am finished with it.

My mother is reading a story in you, too. She used to take you when she was a little girl, and my big brother, who is now a prisoner of war.

I like "The Lost Prince" best, but Mother and Patsy (that is my brother's name) like "Peg o' the Ring" best. Oh, I am simply longing for the next St. NICHOLAS.

Your interested reader,

ANNEKE MOORE.

BENSONHURST, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the second time I have written to you but I could not help writing to tell you how much I love you.

I am a member of the League but I have never sent anything in yet, but I hope to soon. I am very much interested in the "Riddle Box," though I am not very good at guessing them.

I am so glad that you are having "The Lost Prince," as I have read "The Prince and the Pauper," and I enjoyed it very much. I love to read "The Book Man" and I enjoy reading the "Letter-Box" very much.

First I read you, then my brother, and then all the rest of our family in turn, until you come down to the man who works for us, and who can neither read or write; and so he looks at the pictures, and then I read parts of you to him; and when I have finished, he says: "Wall, that 's the puttyest book you 've read to me in a long time."

I am having you bound this Christmas and I am going to have the advertisements left in as I enjoy the advertisements just as much (almost) as the magazine, and after I read the stories, then I read them.

This is a very long letter but I had so much to tell you. However, I will close now with much love

From your loving reader,

PEGGY FAY (age 12).

ROSE AND PUNCHINELLO

ROSE, said Mrs. Brown, I want you to go to the store for me. Rose was a good girl, and she did not whine when her mother called her. Yes, mother dear, said Rose, what do you want at the store? Her mother gave her 25c. and said, I want a package of jello, that will cost 10c. then I want a quarter pound of butter, and it will cost 10c. and then I want 5c. worth of lemon drops, and you will have to go to the candy store for those, said Mrs. Brown. Rose said good by to her mother, and ran down the street being careful not to lose the money. First she got the jello and the butter, then she went to the candy store and got the candy. She was on her way home, when she saw a funny little man standing right in front of her, and he said, do you want to go to fairyland? Yes, said Rose, but mother will not know where I am, and besides I have to take these things home to her. We will see about that, said the little man. Would you like to know my name? asked the little man. Yes, said Rose politely, but how will mother know where I am? At once the little man waved his hands back and forth, and the things were gone. My name is Punchinello, said the little man, and if you want to go to fairyland come we must go. I think I had better not go, said Rose, mother will worry. All right said Punchinello, and with a streak of lightning he was gone. Then Rose went home thankfully and always had good luck.

MARY LOUISE HOLDEN (age 7).

WAR

ALL the nations are at war!
Oh, the cannon! how they roar.
All day men fight,
Sometimes all night.

If nations would agree,
And Kings only see
How much better is peace;
Then war would surely cease.

ESTHER K. DETTE (age 9).

THE FAIRY

I 'VE a little fairy wand.
See, here in my hand.
I guess I 'll be a fairy,
Then my steps will be airy,
And if I can have my way
A good fairy I will stay.

ANNE S. BRYAN (age 9).

The

RIDDLE-BOX



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER

DIAGONAL. Kingsley. Cross-words: 1. Kangaroo. 2. Liberate. 3. Denounce. 4. Fragment. 5. Growsome. 6. Mandolin. 7. Squander. 8. Hostelry.—**RIDDLE.** V-1-M.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.

FINAL ACROSTIC. Decatur. 1. Scared. 2. Danube. 3. Maniac. 4. Manila. 5. Racket. 6. Bureau. 7. Singer.

DIAMOND. 1. B. 2. Bob. 3. Easel. 4. Bartram. 5. Bostonian. 6. Bernard. 7. Laird. 8. Mad. 9. N.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials, Camp-fire; central letters, Boy Scout. Cross-words: 1. Cabin. 2. Acorn. 3. Mayor. 4. Pasha. 5. Facet. 6. Idols. 7. Route. 8. Entry.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Magenta. 1. Mosquito. 2. Adjutant. 3. Grosbeak. 4. Elephant. 5. November. 6. Tortoise. 7. Antelope.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Battle of Bunker Hill. Cross-words: 1. Beaver. 2. Attack. 3. Tyrant. 4. Turnip. 5. Lament. 6. Energy. 7. Oppose. 8. Famine. 9. Bruise. 10. Unfair. 11. Nation. 12. Kingly. 13. Entire. 14. Rogues. 15. Hamper. 16. Injure. 17. Length. 18. Legion.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received before April 24 from Henrietta M. Archer—Geraldine Mallett—Eloise M. Peckham—Marshall A. Best—Lothrop Bartlett—Isabel Shaw—Helen L. Young—Helen A. Moulton—Gertrude Berrall—Harry C. Bailey—Elizabeth Lee Young—Evelyn Hillman—"Allil and Adi"—Elaine Buck—Claire A. Hepner—"Chums."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received before April 24 from Joseph Kirschner, 10—"Enoch," 10—Marion Ames, 10—Janet B. Fine, 10—Elizabeth P. Lewis, 10—"Midwood," 9—Hubert Barentzen, 9—Arthur Poulin, Jr., 9—Katharine Bliss, 9—Frances K. Marshall, 9—Miriam Hardy, 8—Lawrence A. Wood, 7—Edith Anna Lukens, 7—Lucia Pierce Barber, 6—Evelyn Calvert Richter, 5—Mary Inez Fry, 5—Carrington Hanna, 3—Bessie Wells, 2—Beatrice B. Bishop, 2—F. and F. Knutley, 2—R. Herzberg, 1—J. Hull, 1—K. Clark, 1—G. Potter, 1—C. F. Eddy, 1—E. Blake, 1—E. Turpin, 1—F. Houghton, 1—P. M. Moore, 1—R. Search, 1—A. C. Hart, 1—R. Miller, 1—D. McEvoy, 1—A. L. Gates, 1—M. Frauenth, 1—E. Strong, 1—E. C. Roche, 1—W. S. Walz, 1—R. I. Remieu, 1—D. Heggie, 1—O. Chrystal, 1—J. S. McGraw, 1—M. De Revere, 1—E. Townsend, 1—M. L. Guthrie, 1—A. J. Scott, 1—M. J. Weisberg, 1—W. Gilbert, 1—H. Payne, 1—M. H. Smyth and A. H. Bristow, 1—E. Potter, 1—H. Lowden, 1—B. Traub, 1—A. N. Farrar, 1.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS

1. TRIPLY behead concealed, and leave a lair. 2. Triply behead to be present, and leave the finish. 3. Triply behead a guiding light, and leave to study. 4. Triply behead spoil, and leave conducted. 5. Triply behead to revolve, and leave devoured. 6. Triply behead flowery, and leave to free. 7. Triply behead one who makes a display of learning, and leave an insect. 8. Triply behead foundation, and leave a masculine nickname. 9. Triply behead sarcasm, and leave wrath. 10. Triply behead to consume, and leave a pronoun. 11. Triply behead a short poem, and leave a snare. 12. Triply behead to see, and leave aged. 13. Triply behead a bell-tower, and leave to cook. 14. Triply behead a position, and leave a cold substance. 15. Triply behead to steal a person, and leave a doze. 16. Triply behead mean, and leave performed. 17. Triply behead to become visible, and leave a part of the head. 18. Triply behead to occur, and leave an enclosure. 19. Triply behead to

reiterate, and leave to feed. 20. Triply behead preserved, and leave a masculine nickname. 21. Triply behead various, and leave arid. 22. Triply behead supported, and leave old times. 23. Triply behead a fragrant herb, and leave to pinch. 24. Triply behead to save, and leave a hint. 25. Triply behead a pronoun, and leave a fairy.

The initials of the remaining words will spell the name of a very important document.

FRANCES DUDLEY (age 15), *League Member*.

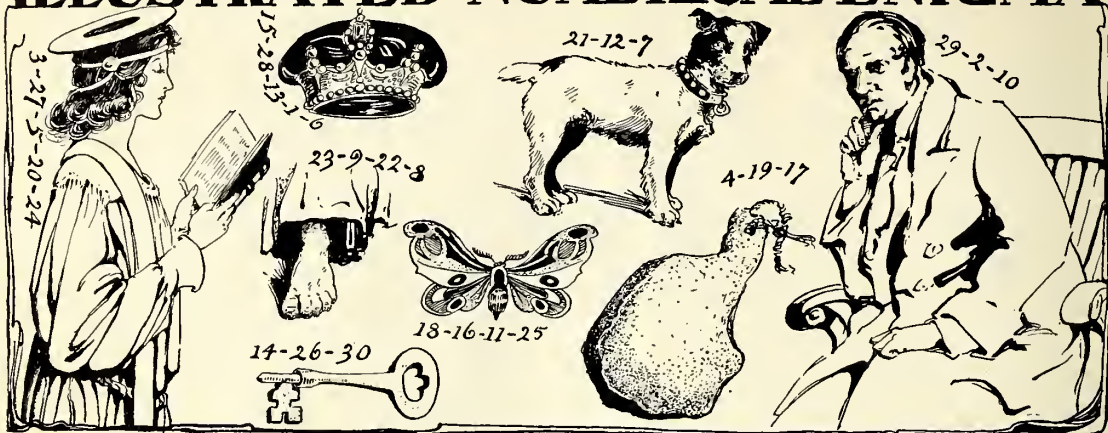
NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of twenty-six letters and form a patriotic exclamation by a patriotic man.

My 12-24-5-19 is mild. My 14-1-16-10 is a monster. My 26-8-25 is to strike. My 3-17-20 is energy. My 11-23-9-21-7 is to revolt. My 22-13-4 is to color. My 15-2-18-6 is to split.

KENNETH H. ZABRISKIE (age 13), *League Member*.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA



THIS differs from the ordinary numerical enigma in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of thirty letters, names a famous event of the Revolutionary War that took place on a certain July third.

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

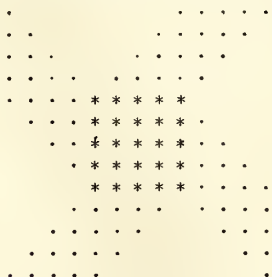
ALL the names required contain the same number of letters. When they are rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter, will spell the name of an island belonging to the United States.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The southern part of Syria. 2. One of the United States. 3. A city on the Ebro River. 4. A city of Pennsylvania. 5. A seaport of British Columbia. 6. A city of the Netherlands. 7. A county of California. 8. The place from which longitudes are measured. 9. A seaport in Venezuela.

HUBERT BARENTZEN (age 15).

PINWHEEL PUZZLE

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)



I. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. To pursue. 2. A shelter. 3. To turn aside. 4. To wait upon. 5. To go in.

II. UPPER, LEFT-HAND RHOMBOID. Reading across: 1. In scarce. 2. The initials of a famous man. 3. Part of the head. 4. A Biblical character. 5. A flower. 6. To abash. 7. An affirmative. 8. A contraction for rupees. 9. In scarce. Downward: 1. To purloin. 2. Raging. 3. Provision for successive relief. 4. A gum-resin. 5. To pursue.

III. UPPER, RIGHT-HAND RHOMBOID. Reading across: 1. Resources. 2. A tree. 3. A masculine nickname. 4.

To worship. 5. To follow. Downward: 1. In scarce. 2. An exclamation. 3. A feminine name. 4. A common abbreviation. 5. An ecclesiastical headdress. 6. A great lake. 7. One. 8. An abbreviation for a certain state. 9. In scarce.

IV. LOWER, LEFT-HAND RHOMBOID. Reading across: 1. To penetrate. 2. A nautical device. 3. Founded on. 4. Swift. 5. To concur. Downward: 1. In scarce. 2. Two letters from "rig." 3. To obstruct. 4. A garment. 5. A feminine name. 6. Want. 7. A masculine nickname. 8. Two letters from "get." 9. In scarce.

V. LOWER, RIGHT-HAND RHOMBOID. Reading across: 1. In scarce. 2. An abbreviation for a certain state. 3. A common word. 4. A direction of the compass. 5. Belonging to Rosa. 6. Identical. 7. An affirmative. 8. A familiar abbreviation. 9. In scarce. Downward: 1. To record. 2. Confusion. 3. Attempt. 4. Subdues. 5. Stations.

MYRTLE WINTER (age 15).

NOVEL ACROSTIC

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, one of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous anniversary.

1. A common beverage. 2. A company of actors. 3. To walk wearily. 4. A place of traffic. 5. One of the planets. 6. Terrified. 7. Gain. 8. A timber in a roof. 9. Degraded. 10. Worthy of confidence. 11. A cord for leading a horse. 12. The South American alligator.

CAROLINE LESLEY CRAVEN (age 16), League Member.

TRANSPOSITIONS

EXAMPLE: Transpose humor into fate. Answer, mood, doom.

1. Transpose little streams of water into a joke. 2. Transpose hastens into classic vessels. 3. Transpose to distribute into a metal. 4. Transpose repose into an island. 5. Transpose implores into employs. 6. Transpose certain vehicles into a cicatrix. 7. Transpose a step into a garment. 8. Transpose to win into to aid. 9. Transpose dry into ages. 10. Transpose accomplices into a blow. 11. Transpose a tiny perforated ball into in bed. 12. Transpose to remove by cutting or shaving off into to gather a harvest.

When the transpositions have been rightly made the initials of the new words will form the name of a great man whose name is associated with the month of July.

SAUL BOROCK (age 12), League Member

Declaration

When in the course of household events it becomes necessary to dissolve the bonds of needless drudgery and care, the problem requires an immediate solution.

Campbell Kid



And here's the solution—

Campbell's delicious, nourishing Tomato Soup which everyone enjoys and thrives on. It adds zest and flavor to any meal; is easily prepared as the best part of a meal in itself; and you can have it ready to serve at any time as quickly and simply as making a cup of tea.

Send for a dozen and declare *your* independence *today*.

21 kinds

10c a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

A Vineyard in every bottle

—the pick of the famous
Chautauqua vineyards
—the first, light crush
from choicest, select
Concords—that is Red
Wing the grape juice
with the better flavor.
Unchanged
Unadulterated
Unfermented



If your dealer is unable to supply you send us his name and address and \$3.00 and we will ship you a trial case of a dozen pints by prepaid express to any point East of the Rockies, or for 10c. we will mail you a sample four-ounce bottle.

Puritan Food Products Co., Inc.
Fredonia, New York
No. 8 Front St. East Toronto, Canada

ANSCO CAMERAS & FILM

HERE'S Box Buster Brown, the dandiest little camera for beginners you ever saw. Made of wood throughout. Takes a picture $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ in. and costs only \$2. There are models making larger-sized pictures at \$3, \$4 and \$5. Really wonderful little picture makers. Always use the combination of AnSCO Camera; AnSCO Film, the court-decreed *original* film; and Cyko, the prize winning paper, for the *best* results. Visit the AnSCO dealer nearest you today. Catalog from him or us, free upon request.

Write us for specimen picture taken with model you contemplate buying.

Millions of dollars were recently awarded in a suit for infringement upon AnSCO patent rights establishing AnSCO Film legally as the original film.



The Sign
of the
AnSCO Dealer



ANSCO COMPANY
BINGHAMTON NEW YORK



St. Nicholas Boys The Royal Purple Page ROYAL PURPLE Lawn



HERE'S a new idea for a jolly lawn party. See if mother does not think it novel and interesting.

It will be just like the old-fashioned lawn "fetes" which the Kings and Queens held in olden times.

You and a friend will be the King and Queen, in costume, and your guests will be the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Court. Then, too, there should be a Page, in purple, just as I am dressed. I would suggest wording the invitations about like that shown below.

As the guests arrive, the King and Queen will receive them together, and give the order to "Make Merry!"

When the fun has reached its height, the Royal Purple Page will pass among the "Courtiers" with refreshments and Royal Purple Grape Juice.

Their Royal Highnesses

[The King and Queen's names]

Command you to be present at their Lawn Party to be held at

[Place and Time]

and to join in making merry with the Ladies and Gentlemen of our Court

[Witness our Seal and Signature]

Master Walter Jones
151 High Street
City.



and Girls! Suggests that You have a GRAPE JUICE Party

Royal Purple is just the pure, unfermented juice of the finest, purple Concord—just the thing for your party.

It may be plain, or served as grape juice lemonade. Then, too, it can be used to make grape juice sherbet, ice cream, etc.

Just ask Mother to send the coupon for the sample bottle of Royal Purple Grape Juice, that she may know for herself how *delicious* it is. And also remind her about the Recipe Book, which will give her many suggestions for desserts and mixed beverages for your parties, and the "grown-ups" affairs, too.

IMPORTANT—Send us a picture of your party or write us about it if you cannot send a picture. If you do so, we will send you a "surprise."

(Please state your age and give full name.)



COPYRIGHT
J. HUNGERFORD SMITH
GRAPE JUICE COMPANY

All good druggists and grocers have Royal Purple. Or if your dealer cannot supply you, send \$3 for a case of a dozen pints, shipped prepaid.

J. HUNGERFORD SMITH CO.
• ROCHESTER NEW YORK •
MANUFACTURERS OF

True Fruit Flavors
Served at the Best
Fountains to make
the Best Sodas



This Recipe Book
and Trial Bottle
of Royal Purple
Grape Juice
Sent to
You for
10¢

J. Hungerford Smith Co. 44
Rochester, N. Y.

I enclose 10c for my Trial Bottle of
Royal Purple and free Recipe Book
(If space for name, etc., is insuffi-
cient, continue on margin.)

Name.....

Address.....

Please write dealer's name in margin.

ANOLA

Little feet tripping over the grass
—you'll soon be flying home.
For hungry-time is coming and
home is where the Anolas are.
Right there, on the lowest pantry
shelf, where you can reach them
easily—mothers always keep
Anolas there.

Anolas keep away the hungry-
ache till dinner time and never
spoil your appetite at all. Little
sweet squares, chocolate flavored
and chocolate filled. Only 10
cents the tin, everywhere.

Festino—Try these some day,
too. They are nut-shaped
shells of fairy-like pastry filled
with almond-flavored cream.

**NATIONAL BISCUIT
COMPANY**





When Your Face and Hands are **SUNBURNED**

the skin is inflamed, sore and painful, and should never be rudely touched, or rubbed— simply moisten a soft handkerchief, or some absorbent cotton with

Hinds HONEY AND ALMOND **Cream**

and gently, *very gently*, apply it to the injured surface; let it remain a few minutes; and repeat at intervals, or, if possible, keep the skin covered for an hour or longer. The effect is refreshing, cooling—usually it heals over night. To *prevent sunburn* apply the cream before and after exposure. It keeps the skin *soft, smooth and clear*. It is guaranteed to contain all its advertised ingredients, and to conform to the required standard of purity and quality.

Selling everywhere, or postpaid by us on receipt of price.
Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c; Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c.

Do not take a substitute; there are dealers in every town who will gladly sell you Hinds Cream without attempting to substitute.

Samples of Cream will be sent for 2c stamp to pay postage.

A. S. HINDS 242 West Street, Portland, Maine

You should try HINDS Honey and Almond Cream SOAP. Highly refined, delightfully fragrant and beneficial. 25c postpaid. No soap samples.



POLLY *and* PETER POND'S



(A Continued Story)

You will find one part of this story in last month's St. Nicholas and another next month



YOU know last month we promised to tell you about the Commencement Party at Peter's school. The picture looks considerably like a savage powwow or some lunatics escaping from their asylum. It was going to be the Commencement Party, but several things interfered. No, it's not a hazing—hazing is n't allowed in this school. Well, we'll just have to explain it.

After the boys heard about the Pond's Society at Polly's school, they made up their minds not to be outdone, and quite a lot of them got together to talk about it.

"Boys," spoke up Bill Conley, "you know in the days of old, when brave men heard about people in distress, they used to put on their armor and go out and help them. I move that we call our society the Knights of Pond's Ex-

tract, with the same purpose. There are lots of people still who don't realize what

POND'S EXTRACT

can do for them when they're hurt."

The motion was unanimously carried, and Peter was chosen Chief Knight, because he first introduced Pond's Extract to the school.

Just about commencement time the boys have more liberty to do as they please, and have feeds and larks of various kinds. So the knights, or the K. P. E., as they soon came to be called, decided that on the night before going home time they would have a grand supper-party near the old observation-tower (that is n't used now), on the edge of the campus. Each boy was to appear in armor and bring something good with him.

The K. P. E., though not a secret society, tried to keep this feed quiet, because if everybody knew about it there would n't be enough "feed" to go 'round.

Well, when the great night came along at last, about nine o'clock the boys began to appear one by one. After about five of them had come, they really had a good look at each other, and all burst out laughing. The ideas of what a knight's armor looked like seemed to be about as many as there were knights. Tom Evans had taken it very seriously. He had a regular helmet made out of a tin pail with holes to see and breathe through, and an old "nightie" for his cloak and a worn-out chopping-bowl for a shield. He had fastened



some boxes to his shoes so that he stood a foot or so higher than the others. He surely was an imposing and terrifying knight. Bill Conley wore his old Indian suit, because, he said, the noble Red Man was as knightly as any of them, and Buck Williams had his little waste-basket upside down for a helmet. (I don't believe he was really serious about that armor.)

Well, they had a lot of fun, jollyng each other, 'til, about the same time, somebody asked, "Where 's our honored President?" and Bill caught sight of a boy hanging around in the dark outside the bonfire. In a wink he was after him, and caught him. It was "Freshie" Jones, who never could keep his nose out of other people's business. Two minutes was time enough to decorate him with a fool's cap with "SPY" on it. (Yes, I know it 's spelled wrong in the picture, but there was n't time for Bud Allen to remember about his spelling, and, anyway, he never could mind his p's and q's.

They threatened "Freshie" with awful punishments if he would n't tell what he knew. He was a regular 'fraid-cat, though, and lost no time in doing it. Of course they would n't really have hurt him, and if he 'd had any sense he would have known it.

"Peter is locked up in the old observatory," he blurted out. "The East Dorm. gang did it! They caught him just as he was coming out from supper. I was n't in it, honest I was n't."

Just then they heard a loud snicker, and looked around. There was Peter, sliding down a rope from the window above them. The

knight were so glad to see him that they forgot all about "Freshie," who scooted home so fast that he forgot to take off his cap, and never heard the last of it.

Peter had to do a lot of explaining. "I scrambled 'round in that old junk-shop for a long time," he said, "before I lit on that rope. It used to be an old bell-rope when they had a fire-alarm here. I sure am banged up about my shins and elbows, but Pond's will fix me up in a jiffy."

"Here you are," shouted all the knights at once, and each produced his little bottle of Pond's Extract. Peter had been caught for once without his bottle, and was glad enough to get one from Bill Conley, who had his out first. In five minutes they had all forgotten their troubles and remembered the feed, which was undoubtedly the most elaborate and satisfying that had ever been held in that school.

It 's a bit odd, but next day several of the East Dorm. gang were observed rubbing various parts of their anatomy with Pond's Extract. I can't imagine why, can you?

(Continued in the August ST. NICHOLAS)

**POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S Vanishing Cream—
Cold Cream—Toilet Soap—Pond's Extract**

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
131 Hudson Street New York



Beech-Nut Peanut Butter



THREE, four or five sandwiches—spread thick with Beech-Nut Peanut Butter. Mother is glad for you to have as many as you want—for she knows Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is pure and wholesome.

Only the whole kernels of the finest Virginia and Spanish Nuts—the acid hearts completely removed—care at every step.

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO., Canajoharie, N. Y.



THE BOOK MAN

LAST month I passed on to you a request which had come to me to recommend some good books for girls and boys of eleven. It was a Massachusetts girl who asked me for the list, and now it is another Massachusetts girl who sends me the fullest answer. But I must confess I am a little disappointed with her suggestions and with others that have come in—not because the books mentioned are all poor books, but because so many other good (and great) books have not been mentioned at all. It really would be a tragic thing if, among the favorite books of boys and girls, there were no longer to be found the great and shining books that boys and girls of other times and other countries have delighted in. And I will tell you at least one reason why. It is because these books bind men and women and boys and girls together and make them all one family, gathered about one fireside. There is nothing more important than this in a world like ours, which is, as you see, so full of misunderstandings.

So instead of making up a list out of those that have been sent to me, I am going to share with you some very interesting discoveries I have made in a pamphlet I have just received from the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh. This pamphlet gives a list of the favorite books of various famous people when they were boys and girls—not famous people who lived and died hundreds of years ago and of whom you have scarcely heard, but men and women who are or should be your own friends on your own book-shelves. And you may be sure that if they liked the books they did as children, the books are books you would like too.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, for example, in the story of his own life, "The Story of a Bad Boy," tells how "the thrill ran into his fingers' ends" over *The Arabian Nights*, "and particularly *Robinson Crusoe*." *Robinson Crusoe* was also a great favorite with Edward Everett Hale (who himself wrote a little book you will want to read, *The Man Without a Country*), as it has been with ever so many million boys and girls for two hundred years



MODEL AEROPLANES

that are
guaranteed to fly

IT'S fun to build an "IDEAL" Bleriot, Nieuport or Curtiss Flying boat—more fun to watch one fly—and these three-foot models are perfect miniatures of the real man-carrying machines.

Your own dealer should have complete knock down parts and plans for sale,—if he has not, write us. At any rate, he's sure to have the



"IDEAL" 1915 model 3-foot RACER

the fastest toy aeroplane made.

Can be put together in a few minutes and will positively fly over 300 feet. Complete, with multiple winder and new unbreakable spring plane holders—\$2.50.

Take this ad. to your dealer or send it to us
and get one for \$2.25

Other lower priced "Ideal" flyers ready for instant flights:

BLUE BIRD Racing AEROPLANE, \$1.25

"IDEAL" SPEED-O-PLANE, .65

"IDEAL" LOOP THE LOOP GLIDER, .25

Complete Illustrated 48 pp. Catalog of "Ideal" Model Aeroplanes and Supplies, 5 cents

IDEAL MODEL AEROPLANE SUPPLY CO.

84-86 West Broadway, New York

THE BOOKMAN—Continued

now. Louisa Alcott (you see, I am choosing authors who have themselves written for boys and girls), Robert Louis Stevenson, and Andrew Lang took, one and all, a passionate delight in Sir Walter Scott's novels, and especially in *Kenilworth*, *Ivanhoe*, and *Quentin Durward*; and of Scott's poems too, swift, active, chivalrous poems, they had a great opinion. Andrew Lang liked a great many books when he was young, just as he wrote a great many afterward; and I am sure if you have read any of his own books you will want to follow his advice, based as it was not only on a taste for good books but for thrilling romance too. Well, some of the books he read with delight were *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Malory's *Morte D'Arthur*, and Thackeray's *The Rose and the Ring* (which is wonderful nonsense). He says too that he read *Jane Eyre*, which he found "creepy" for a boy of nine. Even for *eleven* it seems to me a little grown-up. Longfellow always spoke of Irving's *Sketch-book* (the book that contains "Rip Van Winkle," you remember) as the one great book of his childhood; and Colonel Roosevelt says he could pass an examination to-day in the whole of the Leatherstocking series of Cooper. Helen Keller—you have surely heard of her—speaks with particular delight of Thompson Seton's *Wild Animals I Have Known*, of Mrs. Burnett's *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, and of Kipling's "Jungle Books," and I heartily agree about all these.

And lastly, for I can't go on forever, may I add on my own account just three or four other books, some of which are mentioned by one or more of the well-known people in the pamphlet; *Hans Brinker or the Silver Skates*, for example, *Uncle Remus*, *Huckleberry Finn*, and *Undine*—all very different and all books you will never forget.

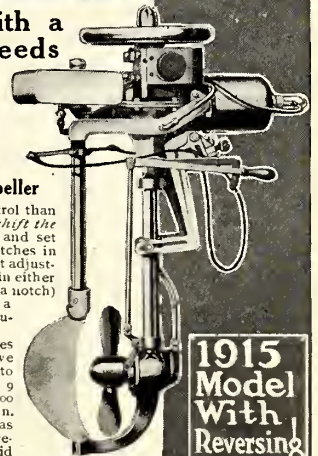
"A regular reader" asks me to recommend a good book relating to the languages of the American Indians. "I am particularly interested," he says, "in the study of the Western tribes." The best book I can find which deals with the Indian languages in general—there are ever so many dealing with separate languages—is Franz Boas' "Handbook of American Indian Languages," published at \$1.25 by the Superintendent of Documents, Union Building, Washington, D. C. But only the first part of this seems to have been published, thus far. So I advise my correspondent to write to this gentleman at Washington for information and advice. I am sure he can tell you everything there is to be told on this subject.

The Bookman

The New Waterman PORTO

An Engine with a Thousand Speeds

Stop your boat in half its length from top speed, at a touch of the control lever. Dock without slowing your engine. Trolly at any speed with any type or size of boat. With the



New Reversing Propeller

you have more perfect control than an automobile. *Simply shift the lever* to the right speed and set the friction. No fixed notches in the quadrant to spoil perfect adjustment, when $1/16$ of an inch in either direction (half the width of a notch) may mean a difference of a mile an hour in your particular boat.

Our 1915 model also carries the essentials which have made the Waterman Porto the leader for more than 9 years and have given 30,000 users unqualified satisfaction. 3 h. p., weighs 65 lbs. Has automobile carburetor; removable bearings; solid bronze skeg; $10\frac{1}{2}$ inch propeller. Steers by rudder from any part of boat. Water cooled exhaust manifold; noiseless under-water exhaust; spun copper water jacket; high tension magnetor; *Aero metal piston and connecting rods*. Guaranteed for life. Demand these essentials or you will not be getting full value for your money.

Write for free Marine Engine Book, containing full information on our complete line of engines.

WATERMAN MOTOR COMPANY
293 Mt. Elliott Avenue Detroit, Michigan

**1915
Model
With
Reversing
Propeller
and
Multiple
Speed
Control**



"Bristol"

Are His Fish as Big as Yours?

If yours are bigger, you are missing a lot of fun if you have not entered our "Bristol" Fishing Contest, which we fully explained in the April St. NICHOLAS. Your entry must be made before Sept. 1, 1915, which is the closing date. You may catch the biggest fish between now and then, and win the first prize. Who knows? Write to us for anything you want to know.

THE HORTON MFG. COMPANY
167 Horton Street BRISTOL, CONN.

Advertising Competition No. 163

YOU have often heard of people with extraordinary memories. Well, this is a story about a boy with a most remarkable "forgettery," if there is such a word. Try as he would, he could never remember the names of things. One day he wrote the following report of a day at his father's camp. You see at once that there are blank spaces every few words. Those are the words he forgot.

Will you help him complete the story by supplying the missing words? All of them are the names of things advertised in the June ST. NICHOLAS, and no name is used twice. There is one dash for each word of the advertised name.

A DAY AT FATHER'S CAMP

At five o'clock Peter and I crawled out of our — — as silently as Indians. We put on our bathing suits, got in one of our — — — and went around the bend for a swim, and there in the water were Polly and June, my cousin and sister. Their — — and — — were floating near by. Their — — — helped the girls to float.

After the girls had laughed merrily because they had beaten us in swimming, we heard a man laugh and there on the bank was father with his — — —. "I've been up for an hour. You young folks will have to stay up all night to beat the old gentleman at early rising," he called to us. In a half hour we all went back to camp.

Amogansett, our colored cook, had something steaming hot. "It's — — —," he said. "Maybe you all nevah had it fo' breakfas', but I can tell you it am mighty appetizin'!"

So we hurriedly used our — — — and our — — — — — and dressed, fastening our — — with — — — —.

At breakfast some of us had some — — and some had — — — —, while some had both; then there was some sizzling — — — —.

After breakfast father announced: "You boys and girls are to go shopping for us today." So Peter and I went down and put the — — — — — on our rowboat and put some — — — — — on it. Polly got her — — — —, and June her — — — —, while Peter and I put some — — — — and — — — — in our pockets, both made by the same company.

It was a terribly warm day and before we reached the town the girls' faces were quite badly sunburned. So the first thing we did was to get some — — — — and some — — — — — at the drug store. We all saw — — — — in the druggist's candy-case at once, and everybody said: "We *must* have some of that!" It is very nourishing, you know. We bought some, and some — — — — and — — — — too, because we all have a sweet tooth. I bought some — — — — because I had cut my hand on a rusty nail at the dock. At the soda-fountain we had some — — — —. I also bought a trial bottle of — — — — —, which I had never tried.

After that we went to the grocer's and ordered for luncheon some — — — — (for sandwiches) and some — — — —.

Peter went to the shoemaker's to get his — — — —, which he had left there, so — — — — — — — — could be attached.

While he was there I went to the Sporting

Goods Store to get my — — — —, which I had left to have treated the same way, only I had two — — — — — — — — — attached. While there I bought an — — — — — — — —, and an — — — —.

When we finally reached home, Peter and I were hot and tired so father suggested that we try a rub-down with — — — —, which we did, and felt fine.

This is the end of my story.

When you have discovered the missing words, do not write out the entire story, but just send us a list of the articles advertised in the June ST. NICHOLAS which belong in the spaces, numbering them from 1 to 37. Write them down in the order in which they come in the story.

Sometimes the name of an article in the advertisement may be "plural," while the story calls for a "singular" noun. Always write it down as it appears in the advertisement.

After making your list, write us a short letter telling us how many times a week you go to see "motion pictures" and which four films you like best of all you have ever seen. Also tell us the names of your four favorite players who act in motion pictures. Put each list down in the order in which you prefer them.

Here are the RULES and REGULATIONS. Be sure to comply with all of these conditions if you want to win a prize.

1. Send in a list numbering and showing the names of the 37 advertised products, all of which will be found in the June ST. NICHOLAS.

2. Write us a short letter telling us about your favorite "motion pictures" and "players," answering the above questions.

3. The prizes will go to those who send in the correct or most nearly correct lists accompanied by the most interesting letters.

4. In the upper left-hand corner of your answer paper give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (163).

5. Submit answers by July 20, 1915.

6. Do not use a lead pencil.

7. Address answers:

ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 163

ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE,

353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

There will be sixteen prizes awarded: One First Prize of \$5.00; Two Second Prizes of \$3.00 each; Three Third Prizes of \$2.00 each; and Ten Fourth Prizes of \$1.00 each.

Note—Prize-winners who are not subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS are given special subscription rates upon immediate application.

This Competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS in order to compete for the prizes offered.



"We'll be all dressed before mama calls us."

Velvet Grip Hose Supporter helps little ones to dress quickly. It is easily adjusted and released by small fingers and holds the stockings securely all day. *Velvet Grip* is the only child's hose supporter with the Oblong Rubber Button which prevents drop stitches.



Velvet Grip
OBLONG RUBBER BUTTON
HOSE SUPPORTER
Sold Everywhere
 Child's sample pair (give age) 15c. postpaid.
 GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON.

ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION

has for 120 years been justly regarded as the effectual remedy (without internal medicines) for

HOOPING-COUGH AND CROUP


It is also efficacious in cases of Lumbago, Bronchitis, and Rheumatism.

W. EDWARDS & SON, 157 Queen Victoria Street, London, Eng. All Druggists, or
 E. FOUGERA & CO., 90 Beekman Street, New York

Hollow Tree Stories

By
 Albert Bigelow Paine

50 cents net each



The popularity which Mr. Paine's stories of the quaint Deep Woods creatures have long enjoyed has led to the publication of these six little volumes in addition to the two older volumes.

Mr. 'Possum's Great Balloon Trip—How Mr. Dog Got Even—Mr. Rabbit's Big Dinner—Making Up With Mr. Dog—When Jack Rabbit Was a Little Boy—How Mr. Rabbit Lost His Tail.

Illustrated by J. M. Conde'

The Hollow-Tree and Deep-Woods Book
Illustrated. \$1.50

The Hollow-Tree and Snowed-In Book
Illustrated. \$1.50

HARPER & BROTHERS



CARRY YOUR OWN ELECTRIC LIGHT WITH YOU

When you go camping or hiking this summer, don't stumble around in the dark. Be up-to-date.

EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS

mighty useful at night about the camp or in the woods; finding your way or finding things. Great for night signalling.

Be sure you get the genuine EVEREADY Flashlight and the famous EVEREADY Tungsten Batteries. Made and guaranteed by the "Largest Manufacturers of Flashlights in the World,"—then you'll be sure of having a light that you can always depend upon.

No. 2630, illustrated, complete with battery. Price, U. S. \$1.25; Canada \$1.40

Write for Catalogue No. 53, showing 75 styles—from 75c to \$7.50.

AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS
 of National Carbon Company
 Long Island City New York



ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

PANAMA

THIS little Republic sends us a commemorative issue of stamps, an issue in which especial interest is taken because four of them—the 1 c., 2 c., 5 c. and 10 c.—have been surcharged for use in the Canal Zone. So pretty and attractive is this set that we illustrate each of the eight varieties, and feel sure that all readers of Stamp Page will soon own both the Panama and Canal Zone sets. The stamps are about the size of our

Domingo," supposed to be the oldest arch in America—a very broad, almost flat arch. Altogether this is one of the most beautiful and interesting sets of stamps recently issued.

HOW TO BEGIN

STAMP PAGE is often asked, how should one begin a collection of stamps? What are the essential needs of a beginner? There is stamp-collecting and stamp-collecting. There is the boy who simply acquires a number of stamps and pastes them in a book. Then there is the boy who tries to know something about every one of the stamps which he owns; who wants to know, first, all he can about the nation which issued the stamp; where the country is located, and how it looks on the map. Then he wants to find out all he can about the design on the little pieces of paper which he loves so much; to know whose portrait appears upon them. And this is the real way to collect; not merely to see how many stamps one can accumulate, but how much one can know about those he has.

Of the utmost importance to all collectors is a priced catalogue. This helps him materially in the identification of his stamps. What is called the "Standard" catalogue, published by the Scott Company, is the cheapest and the most complete issued in the United States. It can be had from any of our advertisers for eighty-five cents (bound in paper covers), post-paid. It prices all stamps and illustrates all of the foreign ones. It is against the law to portray our own stamps. This catalogue is invaluable to novice and advanced collector alike.

The second necessity is a good album in which to place the stamps. For the beginner, a printed album is by far the best. There has recently been published a "Junior" album, which is especially adapted to the needs of the younger collectors. It is issued by the same firm that prints the "Standard" catalogue, and the two books work together very nicely.

Having now a guide to help identify our stamps and a book in which to place them, we need, thirdly, what are called "hinges" to fasten the stamps in the book. These hinges are small die-cut pieces of thin paper, coated on one side with some kind of "stickum." Never paste your stamps in the album, nor affix them by means of their own gum, neither wholly nor by one small corner. Always use these little stamp hinges. Do not try to be economical in the price you pay for them. The best are in the end the cheapest, and at most they cost only a few cents for a thousand hinges. Bear in mind that a valuable stamp may easily be ruined by a poor hinge. So get the best peelable hinge you can. Fold them so as to crease them in unequal parts, the shorter part to be one quarter to one third the length of the hinge. This shorter section is to be applied to the stamp, the longer part to the album.

As one advances in the study of stamps, one will grow to use other appliances—tongs, microscope, water-mark detectors, millimeter gage, etc. But a catalogue, an album, and hinges are the only things absolutely essential to the beginner.



own Columbian issue. All of the eight values are bi-colored, the picture in the centre black, the frame in color. The inscription on the stamps varies. All bear at the top the words "Correos" (postage), and "Republica de Panama, 1915." The words "Exposicion de Panama, 1915" appear upon the ½ c., 2½ c., 3 c. and 20 cent values, while "Canal de Panama, 1915," appears upon the 1 c., 5 c. and 10 c. values. Upon the ½ c., frame in gray-green, is a picture of the Falls of Chorrera; on the 1 c., frame in dark green, a map of the Canal Zone, showing Panama at the left and Colon at the right. The 2 c., frame in carmine, depicts Balboa taking possession of the Pacific; the 2½ c., frame in red orange, portrays the ruins of the Cathedral at Panama; 3 c., frame in purple, the "Palace of Arts"; 5 c., frame in blue, the dam and locks at Gatun. On this stamp is an error in spelling. There is no Spanish word "Exclusas"; it should be "Esclusas." Perhaps this will be changed, making another variety. Upon the 10 c., frame in orange, is Culebra Cut, and on the 20 c., frame in brown, a picture of the old Spanish "Arch of Santo

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

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Includes Bolivia, Crete, Hawaii, Transvaal, Venezuela, etc. Price only 50c. Send for big 80-page price list of sets, packets, albums, and supplies; also copy of monthly stamp paper free. We send out the finest approval selections at 50% discount. Write for a selection to-day.

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STAMP ALBUM with 538 Genuine Stamps, incl. Old Mexico, Malay (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., 10c. 100 diff. Jap., N. Zld., etc., 5c. Big List, Coupons, etc., FREE! 1000 Fine Mixed 20c. 1000 Hinges 5c. Agents Wanted, 50%. WE BUY Stamps. HUSSMAN STAMP Co., ST. LOUIS, MO.

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Learn to Swim by One Trial

Plain, 25c.
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30 Days FREE TRIAL

and freight prepaid on the new 1915 "RANGER" bicycle. Write at once and get our big catalog and special offers before buying.

Marvelous improvements. Extraordinary values in our 1915 price offers. You cannot afford to buy without getting our latest propositions. WRITE TODAY.

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Tires, equipment, sundries and everything in the bicycle line half usual prices. Auto. and Motorcycle Supplies.

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Helpful Suggestions

ON this page are suggestions where most ideal pets may be found. Dolls can't play with you, games sometimes grow tiresome, and toys wear out, but a loving little pet will bring a new companionship and happiness into the home, growing stronger with passing years, oftentimes aiding in health and character building and frequently proving a staunch protector and friend. We are always ready to assist in the selection of a pet and like to help when possible. We try to carry only the most reliable advertisements and believe you can count on courteous and reliable service from the dealers shown below. ST. NICHOLAS PET DEPARTMENT



Trap Sparrows

They keep native song birds away from our gardens. U. S. Dept. of Agriculture Bulletin urges us to destroy English Sparrows. Get the

DODSON SPARROW TRAP

New and Improved
No Other Trap Like This

Works automatically. Double funnel trap on left; drop trap on right. Catches sparrows all the time. Lasts a lifetime. Price, \$6, f. o. b. Chicago.

A New Dodson Invention—A Guard to keep cats, squirrels and other animals away from birds in trees. Made of wire, expands with growth of tree. Easily attached; can't harm trees. Price, 35 cts. per lineal foot, f. o. b. Chicago.

Free Booklet—Tells how to attract native birds. Describes the famous Dodson Bird Houses—20 styles. If you want song birds get genuine Dodson Bird Houses. On any subject connected with American birds write to The Man The Birds Love—

JOSEPH H. DODSON, 707 Security Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



Playmates of Royalty

In ancient China, this little fellow's ancestors played with princes and princesses. Perhaps that is why these beautiful we-

PEKINGESE

make such brave, lovable little pets. All my dogs are champion bred. There are over 50 to choose from of every color. Prices, \$25 on up. I will be glad to tell you more about them, if you write to

Mrs. H. A. Baxter, Telephone 418,
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Bird Homes Bring Lots of Fun

Chickadee House, Price \$1.50

Provide a place for birds to keep house. Many hours of pleasure; interesting and educational watching daily life of birds. Birds feed on plant-destroying bugs and worms, and weed seeds.


This House for Chickadees and Wrens is often occupied throughout the year. Wrens raise two broods each season. Start your bird colony now with this Beautiful Bird House. Write for FREE Illustrated Book of Bird Homes—giving lowest factory prices.

E. E. EDMANSON & CO.
Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Bird Houses in the World.
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Write for catalog of Belle Meade Ponies. Bred from blue ribbon winners. Shows photos of pet ponies, describes them with pedigree and gives prices from \$75 up.

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Book on Dog Diseases
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America's Pioneer Dog Remedies



A RARE opportunity to secure a Beautiful Royal Siamese Cat. The most fascinating and affectionate of pets. Three litters of finest pedigree at moderate prices if taken young. Illustrated booklet upon request.

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You Want a Shetland Pony

Of course you do, and he must be gentle, obedient and strong. Write and tell me just the kind of pony you have always wanted and I'll look over my big herd and pick out the best for you. But write soon — so you can have him for use this summer. Complete illustrated catalogue of Ponies and Goats 10 cts. JOHN H. DUNLAP, Prop. Blue Ribbon Pony Farms, Box 5, Williamsport, Ohio.

The best for all breeds

SPRATT'S
Dog Cakes and Puppy Biscuits

Send 2c. stamp for "Dog Culture."

SPRATT'S PATENT LTD., NEWARK, N. J.



A "SAFE AND SANE" FOURTH
Tom was greatly disappointed when Father decided against the usual box of fireworks. Sister Grace knew who supplied many ST. NICHOLAS readers with collies at reasonable prices, so when Father wrote to Mr. F. R. Clarke, **SUNNYBRAE COLLIE KENNELS**, Bloomington, Ill., and bought a dear little collie pup it made everything right. Tom and Grace decided the best crackers to buy hereafter would be dog-crackers. Are you, too, going to have a safe and happy Fourth? Write Mr. Clarke to-day. His book on dog training can also be bought for 25 cents.

Special \$ 4⁷⁵

Liberal Offer to Boys!

7 x 7 Feet—8 oz. Duck, Full Weight Wall Tent



Name

Address

Camp Guide Coupon!

H. CHANNON & CO.
150 No. Market Street
Dept. B137 Chicago

Please send me the new 1916 Camp Guide and full details of your tent and camp outfit offers.

Send the Coupon Now!

Bargains—This genuine, full weight, regular size duck wall tent, complete with poles, ropes and pins; rock bottom price before summer rush of business begins. Stands the hardest kind of usage. Health building, strength giving. Direct from the manufacturers. No middleman's profits; away below dealers' price. We guarantee our goods of highest class. Don't miss this big bargain.

Write for Free Camp Guide

Our new 1916 Edition catalog and Camp Guide is ready. Send for it. It tells all about camp life. A valuable asset to man or boy living outdoor life. **Send the coupon today** and we will mail it prepaid. (If Canadian inclose 10 cents.)

H. Channon Company 150 North Market Street, Dept. B137, Chicago, Illinois

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Mrs. Marshall's School for Little Girls

BRIARCLIFF MANOR, N. Y.

A Boarding and Day School for Girls under Fifteen

(Tuition \$900)

The *Evening Post* Educational Library says:

"Here little girls are not of secondary importance tucked in a corner, a means of added revenue, but the center of a scheme of work, their interest—mental, moral and physical—conscientiously met."

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Preparatory School for Boys

A uniquely efficient home school where the individual needs of each boy are under the constant care of experienced teachers who join in all student interests.

Modern buildings, gymnasium, swimming pool, athletic fields. Eleven miles from Philadelphia in a residential and college suburb; no saloons or factories.

Remarkable health record for twenty-one years due to careful observance of laws of health in equipment and habits.

Junior House for smaller boys.

For catalogue and information address

A. H. TOMLINSON, Headmaster

SWARTHMORE, PA.

Prepare in Advance

SOME parents make plans for their children's education from kindergarten to college while the children are infants. Very worthy institutions of learning have come into existence and have rendered excellent service since the parents of many ST. NICHOLAS readers burned the midnight oil.

Your parents should know the progress schools are making.

If they are undecided which to choose among the fine schools advertised in these columns, ST. NICHOLAS offers gratis its assistance in solving your school problems. Address

St. Nicholas School Service Department

THE CENTURY CO.

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NEW JERSEY, Summit.

CARLTON ACADEMY

Upper School for older boys gives thorough preparation for all colleges. Individual attention. Commercial Courses. Athletic Sports. Resident Chaplain. Lower School for younger boys, with Housemother to give personal care. Write for booklet.

CHARLES H. SCHULTZ, A.M., Headmaster.

National Park Seminary

For Young Women

Washington, D. C. (Suburbs)

A junior college with preparatory department and two years of collegiate work. All the attractive features of the large and the small school. Prepares young women for useful lives. Full course in Home Economics without extra charge. Music, Painting, Elocution, Floriculture, Arts and Crafts, Secretarial branches, Library methods, Business Law. Modern gymnasium—indoor and open air sports. Bowling, Swimming, Riding. For descriptive volume, address

THE REGISTRAR,
National Park Seminary, Box 178,
Forest Glen, Maryland.



Betty's Lessons

(In which she finds that vacation time is examination time too)

V. EXAMINATIONS



BETTY has an old friend who has been her family's druggist for 40 years or more. She learns some interesting thing every time she goes to his store. The other day this old gentleman said to her: "Betty, they tell me you have just passed

your examinations and been promoted. That is fine, very fine indeed! But did you ever stop to think that the things on my shelves have to pass examinations every day? Take Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder, for example. It has had to pass an examination every morning and every night by three or four people in hundreds of thousands of homes for fifty years. That makes several billion examinations it has passed! Do you see why I tell all my customers to use it? I use it myself, too. It has just the right ingredients to clean the teeth and leave the mouth feeling pleasantly refreshed." "Well, anyway, I like the taste," said Betty, "and that is just what I came to buy."

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder OR Dental Cream



Send 2c. to-day for a trial package of either DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER or DENTAL CREAM. There's enough to last for nearly two weeks. See what fun it really is to brush your teeth with dentifrice that you like—that tastes as good as it looks.



I. W. LYON & SONS
533 W. 27th St. New York

HOW TO GET THE BEST ADVERTISING STAMPS

Here is a long list of advertisers who have fine stamps which they are glad to send to boys and girls who obey the rules of the stamp-collecting game.

Read the rules (at the bottom) very carefully before you write to the advertisers.

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A. S. Hinds, 18 West St., Portland, Me.
Hercules Powder Co., Wilmington, Del.
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National Lead Co., 111 Broadway, New York
New York & Porto Rico S. S. Co., 11 Broadway, New York City
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Postal Life Insurance Co., 35 Nassau St., New York City
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Remington Typewriter Co., 327 Broadway, New York City
Travelers Insurance Co., 76 William St., New York City
Valentine & Company, 456 Fourth Ave., New York City
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Wells Fargo & Co., 51 Broadway, New York City
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Here are the rules: (1) Always enclose a 2c. postage stamp when asking for advertising stamps. (2) Always write plainly. (3) Always give your full name and address. (4) Always state that you are a ST. NICHOLAS reader.

Be sure to obey the rules, and never forget to enclose the 2c. stamp.



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POSTER STAMPS**

THIS beautiful, artistic membership button, enameled in full colors, given to every new member of the Art Stamp League. Start your collection now—become a member to-day.

Poster stamps are the latest and most fascinating of all collection pastimes. It's easy to get the stamps—wonderful varieties of artistic stamps gotten together by the Art Stamp League—founded to help collectors. Large assortments now ready. To become a member simply send twenty-five cents (in stamps or coin) for the attractive button, member's special stamp, and a special assortment of stamps. From time to time each member of the Art Stamp League will receive absolutely free special assortments of new stamps. You will not be able to buy them. Join now. Send us your name and address, with twenty-five cents for membership stamp and the button and assortment of stamps.

THE ART STAMP LEAGUE OF AMERICA, INC.
SUCCESSOR TO POSTER STAMP BUREAU
80 Maiden Lane New York

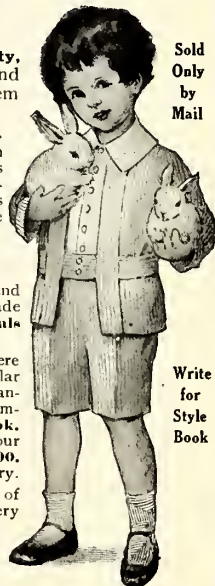
**Man-Tailored
Wash Suits**

For Boys and Girls

6 months to 8 years

Dress your children in our dainty, distinctive, serviceable suits and know that you have given them the best.

We send our beautiful and "character-full" Priscilla and Balmacaan rompers, middy and afternoon suits and exquisite wash silk party costumes as regularly as the seasons change to fashion leaders in all the style centers of the globe.



Sold Only by Mail

Ford & Allen Suits

Man-tailored for children and sold at 50c. to \$7. They are made from the most suitable materials and give wonderful wear.

The "Norfolk Vestee" shown here is of poplin with white pique collar and seven button vestee. This manish little garment is one of 150 charming creations in our **New Style Book**. It is the most generally favored of our suits at the big value price of \$4.00. Postpaid and guaranteed satisfactory.

We want to send our style books of wash suits and sensible shoes to every mother who takes pride in the dress of her children and who appreciates true economy. Let us send it to you.

Write for Style Book

Ford & Allen, Inc.

45E Federal St. Boston, U. S. A.

Wonderful War Poster Stamps

Our Big Special European War Set; 48 scenes from the great conflict, artistic, highly colored; should be in every collection, 40c. 20 fine, European Advertising, 15c. 20 American travel, 10c. New Album, Capacity 1000 stamps, bound silk cloth, loose leaf style, \$1.00. **National Poster Stamp Co., 605 Exchange Bldg., Denver, Colo.**

Poster Stamps

20 Beautiful St. Paul View Stamps, **All for 10 Cents**
20 Assorted Ad. Stamps.
Art Poster Stamp Co., Dept. 2, 152 E. 5th St., St. Paul, Minn.
Advertisers, send us your Stamps for Distribution Free.

IF YOU WISH IDEAS FOR VACATION FUN

at home, write to Miss Lansing, 49 Dana St., Cambridge, Mass., asking for her POSTER STAMP "The Wise Woman."
Home Recreation, Occupation, Education.

For burns, cuts, insect bites, and all irritations of the skin, use -

Vaseline

Reg. U S. Pat. Off.

SPECIALLY VALUABLE IN THE NURSERY

At drug and general stores everywhere. Illustrated booklet describing all the "Vaseline" preparations mailed free on request.

Chesebrough Manufacturing Company
(Consolidated)
38 State Street NEW YORK CITY

This Size TRIAL BOTTLE Sent Free

Dioxogen
1 1/2 Oz. 12c.

When a cut, a scratch or a bruise comes, think first of Dioxogen, the pure peroxide of hydrogen that needs no questionable acetanilid to preserve it. Dioxogen prevents infection. Its use is the best health insurance. Don't take chances with cheap bleaching peroxides. To enable you to judge, we will gladly send you a trial bottle, this size, on request. Write today.

Ask for **DIOXOGEN** by name—at any drug store
The Oakland Chemical Co. 10 Astor Place, New York

BORDEN'S BETTER BABIES

Make your baby a "better baby" by giving him the food that has built three generations of happy boys and girls—

Gail Borden
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED
MILK
THE ORIGINAL

SUMMER-TIME is danger-time for babies. Protect your baby against summer ailments. If you cannot nurse your baby give him nourishing "Eagle Brand." He will grow plump and rosy on it. Pure—safe—easy to prepare. Send today for our helpful book, "Baby's Welfare," which tells how to safeguard your baby against summer troubles.

Borden's Condensed Milk Co.

"Leaders of
Quality"

108 Hudson St.
NEW YORK

EST. 1857



REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 161

"My gracious, did you ever hear of so many interesting young folks in your life?" said one of the Judges after perusing the letters which gave the names and ages of the happy St. NICHOLAS readers and which included brothers, sisters, cousins and many friends.

"Somehow or other people never get too old to read St. NICHOLAS. There is always something interesting in it for every member of the family, from baby to Grandma," replied another Judge.

"And have you noticed that no matter how hard the competition is, those bright St. NICHOLAS boys and girls just solve it as if they had memorized every advertisement in the magazine?" said Judge Number One.

"When you really want to accomplish a thing, 'Keeping Everlastingly at It Brings Success' is the motto to stick to, and that seems to be the motto that the St. NICHOLAS boys and girls have adopted."

"Can't you see how anxious the competitors look? Why don't you tell them who won the prizes?"

"All right, here are the names of the prize-winners in Competition No. 161":

One First Prize, \$5.00

Frederick Cummings, Age 11, Massachusetts.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

M Elizabeth Davis, Age 15, New York.

Willie Collins, Age 14, Illinois.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:

Dorothy Spence, Age 14, Alaska.

Ellen H. French, Age 15, New York.

Doris Minns, Age 14, Tennessee.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Edna D Price, Age 15, Nova Scotia.

Robert B. Burgess, Age 10, Maryland.

Miriam Hardy, Age 15, Massachusetts.

Ruth Bunker, Age 15, New Jersey.

Parker Lloyd-Smith, Age 12, New York.

Dorothy Bogart, Age 13, Wisconsin.

David Phillips Siegley, Age 9, Washington.

Virginia H. Hartwell, Age 16, Michigan.

Margaret Wyer, Age 15, New York.

Harry K. Emmitt, Age 15, New York.



Keep this helpful servant where you can put your hand right on it.

There are many ways in which 3-in-One lessens labor. A little on a cheese cloth (after it has thoroughly permeated the cloth) makes a perfect "dustless duster." A few drops on a cloth wrung out in cold water is an ideal cleaner and polisher for furniture. As a lubricant, nothing excels 3-in-One because it goes at once to the friction spot, and wears long without gumming, never dries out.

3-in-One Oil

prevents rust and tarnish. Bath room fixtures, stoves and ranges, metal fixtures indoors and out, are kept bright and usable by 3-in-One.

3-in-One is sold in drug stores, general stores, hardware and housefurnishing stores: 1 oz. size 10c; 3 oz. 25c; 8 oz. (½ pt.) 50c. Also in Handy Oil Cans, 3½ oz. 25c. If your dealer hasn't these cans we will send one by parcel post, full of good 3-in-One for 30c.



FREE—Write for a generous free sample and the 3-in-One Dictionary.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO. 42 QS. Bdw., N.Y.



DO you know a little house-mother—or a big one—whose appetite is a bit droopy in hot weather?

There's always a refreshing appeal in Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes with ripe fruits or berries—a little cold milk poured in at the side of the dish, and sprinkle the berries with powdered sugar—but *not* the golden flakes. All by themselves they have the coaxingest flavor.

Then too there is the *WAXTITE* package that keeps the fresh, good flavor in—and all other flavors out.

There is a thought here for all of us perhaps—breakfast, luncheon or supper, or before going to bed—better than so much meat these summer days.

And remember, *please*, you don't know corn flakes unless you know *Kellogg's*—the original Toasted Corn Flakes—with the pride of the maker to keep the delicate process *complete*.

W. K. Kellogg

Copyright, 1915, Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co.



W.K. Kellogg

You know this trade-mark through National Periodical Advertising

JUST suppose that nobody had ever thought of putting things to eat in packages, and then putting names on the packages so you could ask for them by name.

One day you would go into a grocery store full of barrels and bins and boxes but no packages—a dull uninteresting place. You would look around at the different things you had to select from. They would all look a good deal alike, but you would finally pick one out because it looks a little better, and say, "I want a bagful of that."

Perhaps "that" would turn out to be very satisfactory.

You would tell the grocer so the next time you went to the store. (You would have to *go*, you know. You could n't telephone or have the boy call at your house for your orders because you would never be able to make them understand what you meant by "that.")

So you would go to the spot where "that" was, the last time you were there, point it out and say, "I want some more of that. The last was very good." And when you had it at home perhaps you would find it was n't good at all. In fact, let us say it would taste very different.

You would complain about it and discover that the boy who sweeps up the store at night had moved all the barrels around so you had n't really pointed out "that," but something so much like it in appearance that you were deceived.

Do you begin to see how useful packages and trade-marks are? They make it easy for you to obtain repeatedly what you had tried and found to be good. If there were no trade-marks, there would n't be any of the interesting advertisements you read in ST. NICHOLAS. And that would be too bad because the advertisements are very educational. Don't you find them so?

—

A page about the "faces" and "clothes" by which advertised goods are recognized was printed in ST. NICHOLAS last month. Did you read it?

Well, that page and this one are signed just alike; like this: "ST. NICHOLAS, Member of the Quoin Club, the National Periodical Association." Of course you know what a "Periodical" is; but do you know what a "Quoin" is? You probably do not. Perhaps not one person in ten whom you ask can tell you what it is. Ask everyone you know and see if this is so. Then next month look in ST. NICHOLAS for another page like this. We will print the true definition of "Quoin" on that page.

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

Paramount Pictures

Take you on a trip through South America



COUPON

For your free copy of *Picture Progress* an interesting motion picture magazine, return this coupon. We will also send our premium offer for securing subscriptions to *Picture Progress* that will enable you to earn money during your summer vacation.

N.

You will call at all prominent points of interest along the route, and at many obscure places rarely visited by travelers.

In the Paramount Travel Pictures you will see many natural wonders and strange scenes of native life in the countries to the south of us. Some of these are: Tarpon and Shark Fishing, Sponge Fishing, Mahogany Lumbering, Coconut Gathering, Panama Canal—and many other interesting scenes.

This is the first time that a complete series of travel pictures of a foreign country is to be shown every week.

Ask your local theatre manager for the Paramount Travel Pictures. He can show them to you regularly.

Paramount Pictures Corporation
WEST 140TH STREET
 NEW YORK, N.Y.



*Would you like to build a
Gypsy House like this?*

AND how would you like to go miles away in your home-made house on wheels, into the wilderness, wherever you pleased, going from place to place in your Camping Caravan? You can build the house on wheels and it will be easy if father helps. To find out just how to do it and for the plans get *The WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION Out-door Number*.

Do you want to know about the girl who swims and what to do when things happen?

Do you want to know what kind of tackle Frank should use for trout and bass, and the knack of sharpening your knife?

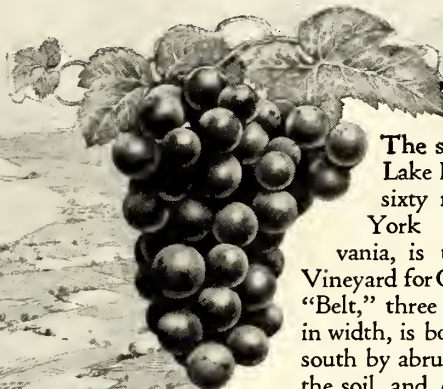
Do you want to know about a honeymoon tramp, and how a girl can be happy and safe camping out miles from a town, and about seaside bungalows and scores of interesting and important outdoor things?

Ask mother for fifteen cents to get

The July

Woman's Home Companion

In the Heart of the Concord Grape Belt



The sunny shore of Lake Erie, extending sixty miles in New York and Pennsylvania, is the Country's Vineyard for Concord. The "Belt," three or four miles in width, is bordered on the south by abrupt hills. Here the soil and climatic conditions unite to bring the Concord to perfect maturity.

Here are 40,000 acres of grapes, yielding under normal conditions 80,000 tons. The finest of all are selected for Welch's. The pure juice is immediately sterilized and sealed in glass, at our model plants at Westfield, N. Y., and North East, Pa.

Canadian demand has made necessary a Welch plant at St. Catharines, Ont.

To taste Welch's is to know that it is the pure, unfermented juice of choicest Concord. The daily use of Welch's will demonstrate its beneficial qualities. Try a small glassful once or twice a day.



If unable to get Welch's of your dealer, we will ship a trial dozen pints for \$3, express prepaid east of Omaha. Sample 4-oz. bottle by mail 10c. Booklet of recipes free.

The **WELCH GRAPE JUICE CO.**
WESTFIELD, N. Y.



2 and 72

At Which Age, Think You, is Quaker Oats Most Important?

Doctors, more than ever now, are advising oat foods for the very young.

For the years of growth and study, everybody knows their importance. But is there any age when vim-food isn't needed? Is there any time when modern folks cease to covet energy?

Quaker Oats is rich in the elements needed to build brain and nerves. It is also a battery stored with vitality. It is for young folks developing, for grown-ups who work, and for old folks who wish to keep young.

It offers to all this spirit-giving food in its most delicious form. It invites plentiful servings. It makes a luscious dainty of what should be the habitual morning dish.

Quaker Oats

Vim-Food in Its Best-Loved Form

In oats as they grow there are big, plump grains mixed with grains that are puny and starved. To get flavor and richness in Quaker Oats we pick out the largest grains. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

We apply dry heat, then steam heat, then roll out these luscious flakes. Their unique taste and aroma have made Quaker Oats the favorite oat food the world over.

The result is this: Folks eat Quaker Oats in abundance.

The liking for it grows. The needed food becomes the wanted food when served in this delicate form.

If you seek that result, the way to attain it is to ask for Quaker Oats. It costs no extra price. You'll find it everywhere. When you get it you are getting the utmost in oat food.

Remember this. When we take so much pains to give you quality flakes it is due to yourself that you get them.

Quaker Cooker

We have made to our order—from pure Aluminum—a perfect Double Boiler. It is extra large and heavy. We supply it to users of Quaker Oats, for cooking these flakes in the ideal way. It insures the fullness of food value and flavor. See our offer in each package. This offer applies in the United States only.

**10c and 25c per Package
Except in Far West and South**



All out-doors invites

your Kodak

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

*Catalog free at your dealer's,
or by mail.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

MORE ADVENTURES OF IVORY SHIP.

High over moat and wall.



OUR little heroes would have had good reason to be proud if they had looked their records up and read them all, aloud. But they had not a moment's time for self congratulation; until their work was finished, they would hold no celebration. They had a brand new cleansing task which they must undertake, to cleanse the realm of Baron Dirt for IVORY cleanness' sake. Gnif Gnome was in a dreadful stew to be off in a minute. Bob said, "A battle must be *planned* if we expect to win it."

And so it was decided that this brave ex-robber band should stay and clean their stronghold up while *one* should take command, and lead our little heroes in their air fleet expedition, lest they, alone, should fail to find the castle's strange position. For that distressful Baron kept a smoky, grimy cloud of dirt and dust to cover up his castle, old and proud.

At last, old Dragon gently rose, the pilot at his head, Gnif with the 'plane came on behind, contented to be led.

Chapter 7. The Gloomy Castle.



Snip first espied that smoky cloud and growled some fearsome growls. Our heroes circled over it with disapproving scowls. High over moat, and wall, and tower, straight to the donjon-keep, the Dragon and the aeroplane came down with graceful sweep. The fearless children swarmed around, all armed with IVORY SOAP, whose whiteness helped them through the gloom and murkiness to grope.



They washed the windows.

At length they found the windows and they washed, all high and wide, some places on the window-panes which let the light inside. Within his cell sat Baron Dirt, a-grumbling at his slaves who daily came before him from their most uncleanly caves. The Baron glowered from his throne, and cast an evil eye upon the windows as he cried,—"Who *dares* my will defy? What ho, ye villains, slay for me the ob-ster-age-ous wight who dares let in my gloomy room that sunny-fying light!"



*Then came a most exciting time, but we will have to wait
Until we take this story up in Chapter Number Eight.*

THIS PAGE IS
REPRODUCED BY
SPECIAL PERMIS-
SION OF "JOHN
MARTIN'S BOOK"
(A MAGAZINE FOR
LITTLECHILDREN)

IVORY SOAP IT FLOATS

"Folks say I'm 'sad;
I'm really glad."
Sad Iron cried with glee,
"Although I'm 'flat,
I'm bright at that,
Old Dutch has polished me."



On written request we will mail—free of charge—a booklet, "The Spickanspan Folks," containing six beautiful colored prints especially designed for young folks. "Old Dutch," Dept. 185, 111 West Monroe St., Chicago



In Childhood

—and All Along Life's Way

Grape-Nuts

and Cream

supplies in splendid balance, those rich, true food elements from whole wheat and malted barley—including the “vital” mineral salts—which build healthy nerves, brains and bodies.

Economical—easily digestible—delicious!

“There's a Reason” for Grape-Nuts

HOW AIR FIGHTS WATER—AND FIRE

Vol. XLII, No. 10

AUGUST, 1915

PRICE, 25 CENTS

ST. NICHOLAS




THE CENTURY CO. 353 FOURTH AVE. NEW YORK

Nothing like savory, mild, flavory "Swift's Premium" Ham or Bacon to satisfy an outdoor appetite.

You can now buy Swift's Premium Bacon in handy cartons — or in glass — even, thin slices ready for the pan — "a streak of fat, a streak of lean, with lots of goodness in between."

Swift & Company, U. S. A.





The Price Has Not Been Advanced

It has not been and will not be
affected by the European War.

*The Unscented costs but 15c a cake and Pears'
Glycerine Soap but 20c a cake, as before.*



PRICE
20 CENTS

Anticipating present conditions, A. & F. Pears, Ltd., made radical changes last Fall in their method of supplying the retailer, so that it is easier for the dealer to supply his customers today than ever before.

The successful merchant—the one who considers the welfare of his customers—is in every locality, ready to sell you Pears' Soap at the old prices. Every merchant should have a fair profit, but nowhere in the United States should anyone pay more for Pears' Soap now than in the past.

Pears' Soap

is the most carefully made of all toilet soaps—the last word in the art of fine soap making. It is most important that you use only Pears these hot scorching days—it is really a necessity for baby's tender skin. Because of its wonderful purity and cleansing quality it completely frees the pores from all impurities, without the slightest irritation, and promotes a *natural* freshness and softness of the skin—not in the least artificial. Cosmetics are not needed where Pears' Soap is in daily use.

Pears is the same delightful, refreshing soap today that it has always been—nothing lacking, nothing altered—not even the price,—the *World's Quality Standard* for more than a century, yet sold at a price so low as to be within the reach of everyone.

If you have difficulty in obtaining from your dealer any of the various PEARS' SOAPS, write us and we shall be pleased to see that you are supplied.


A. & F. PEARS, Ltd.

*The largest manufacturers of high grade toilet
soaps in the world.*

Do this today—Send 4c in stamps (to cover cost of mailing) and a generous trial cake of Pears' Unscented Soap will be sent post-paid. Address WALTER JANVIER, U. S. Agent, 419-O Canal Street, New York City.



PRICE
15 CENTS



FAIRY

FAIRY SOAP

A pleasure for toilet
and bath

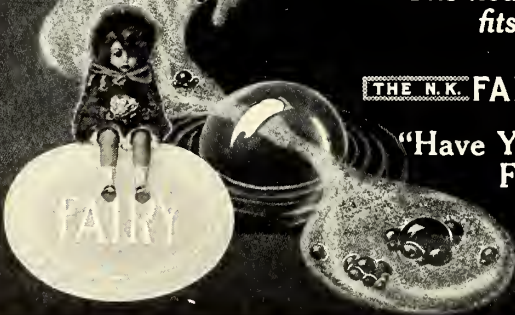
Made by expert soapmakers who
convert choicest materials into a true
soap which is unsurpassed for use on
what is more delicate than the
finest fabric — the human skin.
Yet the price is but five cents.

*The floating oval cake
fits the hand*

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

"Have You a Little
Fairy in Your Home?"

5¢



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The Century Co. and its editors receive manuscripts and art material, submitted for publication, only on the understanding that they shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while in their possession or in transit. Copies of manuscripts should be retained by the authors.

In the United States and Canada, the price of THE ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE is \$3.00 a year in advance, or 25 cents a single copy; the subscription price elsewhere throughout the world is \$3.60 (the regular price of \$3.00 plus the foreign postage, 60 cents). Foreign subscriptions will be received in English money at 14 shillings, 6 pence, in French money 18 francs, in German money 14 marks, 50 pfennigs, covering postage. We request that remittances be by money order, bank check, draft, or registered letter. All subscriptions will be filled from the New York office. The Century Co. reserves the right to suspend any subscription taken contrary to its selling terms, and to refund the unexpired credit.

The half-yearly parts of ST. NICHOLAS end with the October and April numbers respectively, and the red cloth covers are ready with the issue of these numbers; price 50 cents, by mail, postpaid; the two covers for the complete volume, \$1.00. We bind and furnish covers for 75 cents per part, or \$1.50 for the complete volume. (Carriage extra.) In sending the numbers to us, they should be distinctly marked with owner's name. Bound volumes are not exchanged for numbers.

All subscriptions for and all business matters in connection with THE ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE should be addressed to

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ST. NICHOLAS NEWS NOTES

THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER



WHAT EVERY BOY—AND GIRL, TOO—SHOULD KNOW ABOUT MOTOR-CYCLES

This article, by A. Russell Bond, author of "With Men Who Do Things," will be a companion piece to the recent ST. NICHOLAS articles on locomotives and aeroplanes. It will explain in the fullest detail the mechanism, different makes, and the various uses of motor-cycles. As the picture above indicates, energy and ingenuity can and do find many unusual uses for the two-wheeled road-flyer. There will be a number of photographs and diagrams.

THE ST. NICHOLAS WATCH-TOWER

This is to be the name of a new and permanent department of ST. NICHOLAS. It will be conducted by Dr. S. E. Forman. Each month the Watcher in the Tower will report to our readers the really important news of the preceding thirty days. Enough newspapers are printed every twenty-four hours to keep one person busy all his life reading. The Watcher will skim the cream of the news for the large and ever-growing ST. NICHOLAS family, showing them history in the making. In the September number Dr. Forman himself will set forth more fully the plan of the Watch-Tower.

THE RUNAWAY DORY

Alfred Elden has written a thrilling story of the Maine coast. The hero leaves his dory at the water's edge, with the lever pushed to "neutral" but with the engine running. Coming back down the bank he stumbles, falls and involuntarily throws a bag of sand against the lever, which is knocked into the high-speed notch. The dory shoots out to sea. In it is the helpless person he loves perhaps better than anybody else in the world. He must act quickly, intelligently, and bravely; and he does, but with what result the September ST. NICHOLAS must be left to tell.

THE DOUBLE GIFT

There was a time when no one paid any attention to mussels—except occasionally for fish-bait. But now tens of thousands of dollars are annually made by gathering these shellfish and getting out of them the pearls sometimes found in them. "The Double Gift" is a story set in a mussel-fishing neighborhood on the Illinois River; and the story not only unfolds a plot involving two likable girls, it also explains just how the mussels are caught and compelled to give up their prize pearls. Fully illustrated. Remember: in the September ST. NICHOLAS.

LAND AND SEA

A title covering a series of delightful pictures giving the feel of the great out-of-doors, whose charm is so powerful upon everybody these summer days.

PICKING PROPER PLAYS

Another Billy Evans baseball story. It deals with the fascinating strategy of choosing just the right play to make at the right time—when to give a batter a base, when to call the fielders in close, etc. The points are made by reporting dramatic plays in the big leagues.

THE LOST PRINCE

The September ST. NICHOLAS will have the next to the last instalment of Mrs. Burnett's great serial, and all we dare say about it now, for fear of revealing too much of the tightening plot, is that Marco visits the Forgers of the Sword.

PEG O' THE RING

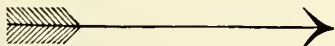
Next month's instalment tells of a visit to the Indian encampment and of the strange things that happened there.

MR. DOG AND MR. BEAR

For very little folks. The September ST. NICHOLAS will tell of how Mr. Dog and Mr. Bear realize that they need, as do also their acquaintances of the wood—Miss Gray Goose, Mrs. Opossum and all the others—a school. Mr. Owl is to teach. The schoolhouse is to be Mr. Bear's wood-shed.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER \$1 FIVE NUMBERS OF ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1

These two pages will be read by many a boy and girl to whom ST. NICHOLAS does not come regularly. Why not have it come to your own house, addressed in your own name, every time it appears? Then you'd never miss an instalment of a story, and you'd have after a while a rich treasury of reading that you could turn back to time and again for entertainment, a treasury of reading that would be a delight to visiting friends. Fill out the coupon, pin a dollar bill on it and send it in.



ST. NICHOLAS
353 Fourth Ave.,
New York City

Gentlemen:

I want to take advantage of your special introductory offer. Please find enclosed \$1.00, for which send ST. NICHOLAS for five months, beginning with the..... number, to

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

(ST. N-8)

Libby's

You know this trade-mark through National Periodical Advertising

DID you ever hear any one called "stuck up"?

It is n't a very nice expression. A much better word is "conceited," only you have to be quite grown up to remember this word.

Everybody knows that conceit is not a very likable quality. It means falsely, or unjustly, proud. Pride is a very admirable trait, you know. When you are proud you want to do good things, and do everything well.

And when you have done something especially well, something you are proud of, you want to put your name on it, don't you? That is why an artist signs his name to his pictures. It is just the same way with manufacturers who advertise in good magazines. They know that what they make is very good. They are proud of their goods. So they put their name on every single piece or package.

Just suppose they had no reason for being proud. Suppose they were just conceited, that is, *falsely* proud. Suppose their goods were not really good. If that were so, they would not have many friends, and would soon have to go out of business. People would try what they make. They would find it poor in quality. And whenever they saw that name again they would say, "Oh! I don't want any of *that*."

So, you see, it would be very foolish

to put a name on anything that would be found unsatisfactory, when tried.

It would be still more foolish to advertise poor goods in magazines that go into hundreds of thousands of homes. Because the more people they told about it, the more enemies they would make!

So, you see, manufacturers who advertise *must* have good products before they begin to tell people about their goods. Whenever you see a trade-mark advertised in good magazines like ST. NICHOLAS you can say to yourself: "There is something I *know* is good because its makers are proud of it and they would n't advertise it unless they knew it would prove satisfactory."

Last month we promised to tell you the meaning of the word "Quoin." Perhaps you are one of those who looked it up in the dictionary. Well, the definition in the wonderful Century Dictionary reads like this (abbreviated):

"Quoin (koin), *n.*
 "In printing, a short blunt wedge used
 "by printers to secure the types in a
 "chase."

Now you know it is pronounced as if spelled K-o-i-n. You know that type would fall all apart when you put it in a printing press unless it were held together tightly. So they put the type for each page inside of an iron border, called a "chase," and then drive these little wedges, or quoins, in all around between the border and the type so it makes everything solid and firm.

Next month we will tell you why there is an organization called the Quoin Club.

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

PLAYS FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

Edited by Anna M. Lütkenhaus, Director of the Dramatic Club, Public School 15, New York City.

Introduction by Margaret Knox, Principal of Public School 15, New York City.

Here is a practical book of plays for children,—just such plays as they want and can easily learn and produce. Every play in the book has been tried and many of them have been played often in Public School 15 of New York City and in other New York schools.

The helpful introduction gives many suggestions as to how to produce the plays, which include dramatizations of "Master Skylark," "Barnaby Lee," "Through the Looking Glass," "The Lady of the Lake," besides many original plays, including a number for special days. Price \$1.25, postage 5 cents.

CHILD TRAINING

By V. M. Hillyer

Head Master of the Calvert School, Baltimore

The American Primary Teacher of Boston describes this book as follows:

"It is a practical hand-book for children, either at home or in school. It is an exposition of a system of educational psychology in words which is attractive and none of the system. Few materials are those that are usually provided or readily obtained by any one of ordinary resourcefulness.



for daily use in bringing up a school, a statement of education intelligible to the layman, and which has the originality and mysticism of the Montessori method for its lessons, and procured about the house, im-

"It seems to avoid faults so common in child training—sentimentality, effeminacy, emotionalism, license under the guise of freedom, exaggeration of the unimportant or trivial, the attaching of imaginary value to the symbolic. It emphasizes drill and the formation of habits, the cultivation of qualities and development of powers by drill. It aims to produce children who will be more observant and attentive, with more originality, more initiative and sharper wits, who will think and act more quickly, be better informed and more accomplished, more ambitious and industrious, more courteous and considerate of others, and, above all, healthier animals."

Richly illustrated. Price \$1.60 net, postage 10c.

"A gospel of encouragement."

—Edwin Markham.

ST. NICHOLAS BOOK OF PLAYS AND OPERETTAS

This is a standard book of plays for young folks, adapted for presentation in schools or anywhere else where plays are apt to be given. The following is a list of its contents: "The Modern and Medieval Ballad of Mary Jane," "Acting Ballads," "The House of Santa Claus," "Mother Goose Operetta," "The Land of Nod," "The Giant Picture-Book," "Shadow-Pantomimes," "The Magic Sword," "The False Sir Santa Claus," "A Sixteenth Century Christmas," "Christmas Eve at Mother Hubbard's," "A Lawn Dance for Little People," "Dicky Dot and Dotty Dick," "An Old English Folk-Song," "Haydn's 'Children's Symphony,'" "A Topsy-turvy Concert," "The Changeling." *Fully illustrated. 12mo, 231 pages. \$1.00.*

THE CENTURY CO.

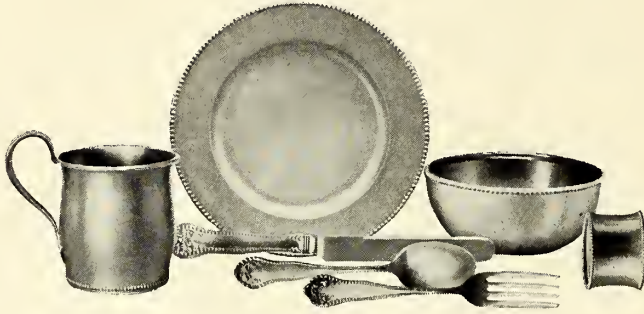
353 Fourth Avenue

at 26th Street

New York



STERLING



GORHAM Silverware for Children

Is made in distinctive and appropriate Gorham patterns, true to Gorham ideals of fidelity of design and integrity of craftsmanship, with service the master-thought at all times.

Gorham Silverware is most fitting as gifts for children as it is a form of remembrance which gives permanency to the sentiment.

This imprint of the Gorham trademark identifies every piece of Gorham Sterling Silverware, and is especially valuable for the benefit and guidance of those who seek the protection and satisfaction it affords.



For sale by leading jewelers everywhere

THE GORHAM COMPANY

Silversmiths and Goldsmiths

NEW YORK

Works: Providence and New York



“UP WITH YOU FORWARD, NOW, AND SHOVE US OFF!” (See page 872)

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLII

AUGUST, 1915

No. 10

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FOR THE CORINTHIAN CUP

HOW RESOURCEFULNESS AND SCIENCE WON THE RACE

BY HERBERT L. STONE

Editor of "Yachting"

"WELL, there 's the first leg on the Cup stowed away in good shape; if we can only get another one as easy, we 'll have a pretty good chance of carrying the 'mug' back to Duxbury with us. Some win, was n't it?"

The satisfaction that comes with a merited, clean-cut victory shone in the face of the speaker, a boy of about sixteen, as he dropped through the companion-way into the snug little cabin of the sloop-yacht *Fearless* after tying the last stop around the hastily furled mainsail.

"Right-o!" answered one of the other occupants of the cabin, who was busily slipping out of his racing togs of swimming shirt and khaki trousers into ducks and "go-ashore" clothes. "Tell you what, Ernie, it must have surprised this Riverhead crew the way we got away from them in that thrash to windward in a lumpy sea. They 'll have more respect for the *Fearless* in the rest of the races, I guess. Maybe we can take all three now. My, won't the boys at the club be cocky if the Corinthian Cup goes to Duxbury!"

"And won't the Riverhead fellows be sore if it does, after the way they 've looked down on us and patronized us since we arrived!" chimed in a third member of the crew, Jack Dunn by name, a boy of about fifteen, who was hard at work tying up light sails with thin cotton thread, or "stops," ready for the following day's race. "They seemed to think before the race that nobody outside of Riverhead knew anything about sailing a boat; but they had plenty of chances to

read the name on our stern to-day, all right, for we led all round the course."

"It was close work there at the outer mark, though," added the first speaker, Ernie Hallowell. "I thought the *Javelin* would catch us there, sure, and slip round inside, only Frank swung the *Fearless* in close and cut the buoy so fine there was no room for her. Wow!—it was exciting, but I think our chances now are the best of the lot."

"Sure they are!" said Russell Hedge, who was now helping Jack stow the spinnaker and balloon jib up forward. "Those other fellows know the waters about here, though; and, if the wind is light to-morrow, they may outguess us."

The fourth occupant of the little cabin had not as yet taken part in the conversation. He was a little older than the others, a tall, slim boy of perhaps seventeen, with a firm, determined mouth, and a coat of tan that told of his summer on the water. The elation of his achievement in winning the race they had just sailed was apparent in his manner, yet he said slowly: "You fellows don't want to be too cock-sure of yourselves just yet; remember that there are two more matches to sail, and there 's an old adage in yacht-racing that 'no race is won till it 's lost.' We did well to-day; it was a good straight race—no luck about it as far as I could see—and you boys all did finely. But we 've only tried them in a strong breeze, and we don't know how well we 'll stack up in light conditions. Besides, we want to remember that we 're up against the best yacht

sailors on the Atlantic coast. Lester, on the *Javelin*, is known all over the country, and they say he can get more out of a boat than any other amateur. If it comes to close work, I think he can make us look foolish."

The speaker was Frank Stilwell, skipper of the *Fearless*, which was owned by his father. He had practically lived on the boat the three preceding summers, and during that time he had learned not only how to handle her, but how to make her go faster than any one else in Duxbury. "Fisherman Jim," a local celebrity, not excepted. Under the tutelage of his father, who had been quite a racing skipper himself in his younger days, he had gone into the game with seriousness, and determination to master its fine points, instead of sailing in the haphazard way of most boys.

The *Fearless* was a handsome sloop, twenty-five feet long on the water, and thirty-eight feet over all, with a "knock-about" sloop rig of jib and mainsail, a snug cabin that would sleep the four boys very comfortably, a tiny galley forward where they could cook their meals, and plenty of locker room for the stowing of clothes.

After the *Fearless* had beaten everything at Duxbury, so that no boats would come out to race against her, Frank obtained permission from his father to cruise up to Riverhead and enter the race for the famous Corinthian Cup, a trophy put up each year by the Colonia Yacht Club to encourage amateur sailing. This event always brought together the fastest boats of the nearby coast, for it meant something to win a Corinthian Cup. Among the past winners of the trophy were several yachtsmen who had later sailed some of the defenders of the famous America's Cup. The terms of the contest called for a series of three races, and every man aboard the competing boats had to be a Corinthian sailor—that is, an amateur, or one who sailed for pleasure as distinct from financial gain. No paid hands were allowed.

When the *Fearless* dropped her "mud-hook" off the Colonia Yacht Club the day before the first race, and Frank and his crew had gotten into shore clothes and pulled over in the "dink" to the club-house, they found the entries for the race posted on the bulletin-board and first learned who their competitors were to be.

"Oh, there 's Jimmy Lester with the *Javelin*!" said Ernie, reading off the names. "Good night! We might as well go home now. I hear she 's been winning everything on the bay. She 's his new boat, designed by Gardner."

Frank looked sober. "I did n't know Lester was going to race for the Corinthian. There 's

the *Crescent*, too, entered by Tom Peare—another good one. We 're up against the real thing. They both come from the same club and will probably hang together. The *Wanderer* is also entered—I 'm not scared of her, though—and the *Fearless*. A small entry list, but choice!"

The boys were not to be kept long in doubt as to the way their chances in the big event were looked upon, for, as they leaned up against the piazza railing, a couple of Colonia Yacht Club members stopped in front of the board to read the entries.

"Who 's this *Fearless*, from Duxbury?" asked one. "Never heard of her."

"Oh, she 's an old Herreshoff crate," answered the other, "owned by Judge Stilwell and sailed by his kid son. They think she 's the whole Atlantic Ocean down Duxbury way, but she 's never been up against the real fast ones before. A good boat, but outbuilt, and young Stilwell 's never had any experience. Lester's name alone 'll scare him to death."

"I guess the Cup 'll stay here, then," said the first speaker, "for there 's nothing else entered to cause any worry. The *Wanderer* 's got no look-in," and the two walked off discussing the all absorbing topic, unconscious of the fact that Frank and his crew had overheard the remarks.

"We don't seem to be rated very high," piped up the irrepressible Jack. "They 're welcome to their opinions before the race, but I bet to-morrow night they 'll be singing a different tune."

"Never mind, young un," soothed Frank. "Don't take it so much to heart. We *have* got a nerve butting in here, but we are n't going to be scared away just by a name. I 'll back you two light-sails men against any in the fleet—that is, if you don't let this kind of talk get on your nerves."

"Don't worry about that. Talk is cheap!"

That night they met the crews of the other boats and talked over conditions for the race and the prospects for the weather on the following day. They were all older than the boyish crew of the *Fearless*, and had had experience in many a hard-fought battle on the water, and knew what it meant to take desperate chances. Lester himself came over and hunted up Frank to say a pleasant word, but it was plain to see that their chances were not considered worth thinking of by the Riverhead sailors.

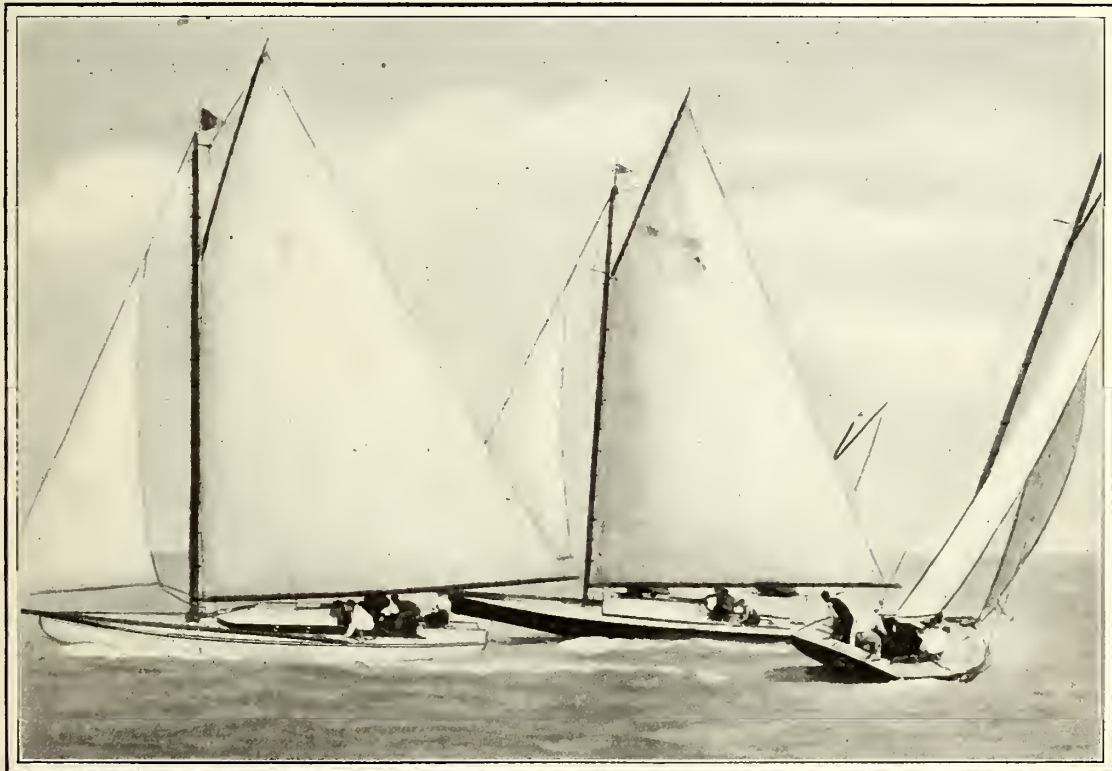
The next day saw the first race sailed in a fresh on-shore wind, the result of which is already known from the conversation of the boys at its conclusion. The only unrecorded incident was that the *Wanderer* carried away her mast just before the starting gun and was thus out of the series, as she could not get another stick.

The series was to be decided on the point system, whereby each boat scored in each race one point for starting and one for each boat that she beat. Thus, as only three boats started, the score, after the first race had been sailed, was *Fearless* 3, *Javelin* 2 and *Crescent* 1.

As has been seen, this race brought some much needed confidence back to the "bantam" crew of

The *Fearless* jibed around the mark first, with the *Javelin* right on her heels, and both boats headed off for the next stake without paying much attention to the *Crescent* until Jack, stretched out on the weather deck, sang out:

"Look at that, will you! Here 's the *Crescent* right up to windward of us. How do you suppose she got there?"



"IT WAS CLOSE WORK AT THE OUTER MARK."

the *Fearless*—more to the boys, perhaps, than to her young skipper, who knew that the battle was in reality but just beginning.

The second race was sailed the following afternoon over a triangular course fifteen miles in length, each leg being five miles.

The start was a close one, but Frank squeezed Lester out of the weather berth by skilful manœuvering, and on the broad reach—that is, with sails well off on one side and everything drawing—it was a fine fight to the first mark. The *Javelin* could not catch the flying *Fearless*, however, as this was one of the latter's best points of sailing, though Lester tried every trick he knew to increase the speed of his boat. The *Crescent* was hopelessly in the ruck, and, as the mark was neared, she was some third of a mile behind the leader.

Frank looked around at the positions of the three boats and took in the situation at a glance as the *Crescent* edged in closer on the *Fearless*'s weather side.

"Why, she has n't rounded the mark at all, but has cut across the corner of the triangle to lay for us here, so as to take our wind! Peare saw he was probably beaten, and to kill us he has thrown away any chance he had, so that the *Javelin* could win. Of all the low-down tricks, that 's the worst! They just don't want to see any outside boat win."

It was as Frank said, for Peare had planted the *Crescent* right where she would shut off the wind from the *Fearless*; and as the leader was thus slowed up, the *Javelin* slipped by to leeward and in five minutes had an apparently safe lead. Then the *Crescent* swung around, headed back toward

the buoy she had cut, rounded it, and came on after the leaders, but some mile and a half behind them.

"Now that he 's done his best to beat us, he 's going back to finish the race so as to earn his point in the series," said Russell, at the main sheet, pale with anger. "Do you suppose the committee 'll stand for such tricks?"

"I never saw it done before," answered Frank, "but I don't believe the rules cover it. It shows that they 're poor sports, though, and mean to win by fair means or foul."

Once in the lead, there was no catching the *Javelin*; she traveled like a witch on the windward leg and won by forty-five seconds. The *Fearless* was second, and ten minutes after her came the *Crescent*, her crew grinning maliciously at the boys on the *Fearless* as they passed her at her mooring, which she had picked up immediately after the race.

Of course, the incident brought forth a hot discussion at the club-house that night when it got out; and while most of the club members condemned Peare's action as poor sportsmanship and unworthy of Corinthian Cup competition, the general opinion seemed to be that there was nothing in the rules to prevent it, or to allow of the *Crescent* being disqualified. Indeed, if she were disqualified, it would not have helped the *Fearless* any, as the damage had already been done. Lester himself disavowed any part in the matter, and said that it was done without his knowledge and was not "team work," even if his boat did profit by it.

This made the score, *Fearless* 5, *Javelin* 5 and *Crescent* 2; so that *Fearless*, in spite of her good showing in both of these races, had to win again the next day in order to take the Cup; while if the *Javelin* won, the prize would fall to her. The *Crescent* had no show of winning unless neither of the other boats finished.

Interest in the last and deciding race was thus at fever-heat, and a big fleet of yachts and launches was on hand the next afternoon to see the three boats fight it out. Through the fleet there were many hopes, freely expressed, that the stranger from Duxbury would win after the shameful treatment of the previous day, though the opinion seemed to be that in the final pinch Lester's experience would prove too much for the young skipper of the *Fearless*.

The breeze was moderate, but with indications of a shift, and the course this time was to windward, seven and a half miles, and return, making the first leg a long, hard beat dead into the wind's eye. As the preparatory gun was fired, the three sleek, well-groomed racers hovered close to the

starting line, each watching the others as a hawk watches a chicken, so as not to let either of them steal an undue advantage.

Five minutes later, a tiny puff of white smoke broke from the bow of the yacht acting as committee boat, followed by the report of the brass cannon.

"There 's the warning gun. You count off the minutes, Russell, while you two boys stand by to flatten down the main sheet as we cross. I 'm going to play for the far end of the line and 'll cross on the starboard tack so as to have the right of way—only we must keep our eyes on Lester," Frank said, with no sign of the tenseness of a racing start having got on his nerves.

No one spoke as the three boats took short tacks just back of the line, each manœvering for the coveted position at the start.

"Four minutes!" sang out Russell.

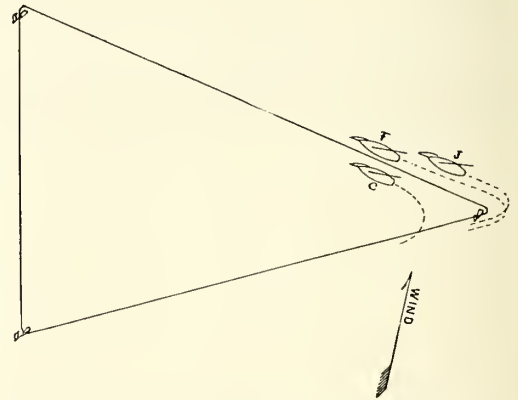
Still no sound.

"Three minutes!—Two!—*One* minute!"

Frank went about sharply to the starboard tack and headed up high for the line.

"Forty seconds!"

The *Javelin*, coming down with sheets eased off and going fast, suddenly pointed up and trimmed sails in flat, poking her nose beyond the *Fearless*'s stern and to windward. This made an overlap, and by the rules the *Fearless* had to allow her room at the stake boat and could not force her outside of it.



HOW *CRESCENT* CUT THE COURSE TO KILL *FEARLESS* AND LET *JAVELIN* WIN. (C=*CRESCENT*, F=*FEARLESS*, J=*JAVELIN*.)

"Trim in mainsail—hard," sang out Frank. "Lace her right down," and he gave the sails a rap-full in an endeavor to pull clear of the *Javelin* before the line was reached.

"Twenty seconds!" counted Russell, his eyes glued on his watch. "Ten!—Five!—Four!—Three!—Two!—"

Bang! the gun went, as the noses of the two boats were not over twenty-five feet from the line. But Lester had called the turn, and the *Javelin* was to windward; for though the *Fear-*

"Let them do the worrying," answered the skipper. "We 're on the starboard tack and have the right of way."

The rule of the road at sea provides, in order



"TRIM IN MAINSAIL HARD!" YELLED FRANK. "LACE HER RIGHT DOWN!"

less was first across, by a hair, Lester had the best position, and Frank was to have his troubles getting out from under the *Javelin's* lee, as the latter boat broke up his wind. The *Crescent* took the other end of the line and was going very fast as she crossed, a full ten seconds after the gun was fired.

As the *Javelin* drew ahead of the *Fearless*, Lester edged in close on the latter's bow and gave her his back wind, so that she fell back rapidly; and when Frank went off on the other tack to get a free wind, Lester tacked too and thus kept up to windward all the time.

The breeze freshened and the three boats settled down for the long zigzag thrash to the outer mark, each skipper nursing his boat to get the most out of her. The *Crescent* had gone off about her business, and no one paid much attention to her until Jack, lying full length on the weather deck forward, looked aft and caught Frank's eye.

"See the *Crescent* coming down on us?" he asked. "We can't cross her bow, Frank—can we?"

that there may be no question of right of way, that all vessels on the port tack, that is, carrying the wind on the port, or left side, must give way to those with the wind on the starboard, or right, side.

The two boats were drawing together rapidly, and yet the *Crescent's* skipper made no move to come about or to give way to the *Fearless*. The crew of the latter began to get nervous.

"Look out, Frank, she is n't comin' about," came the warning cry.

Frank's face was worried, but still he held on. "He 's no right to bother us this way," he muttered. "He can never cross us now and he must see it."

"Hard up!—Put your helm up or you 'll hit him!" yelled Ernie.

Frank threw his weight against the tiller, forcing it up, and the *Fearless* swung off sharply under the *Crescent's* stern and got a kick-back as she crossed the wind broken by Peare's boat.

"Well, of all the rotten—" began outspoken Jack. "Is n't that just like his impudence?"

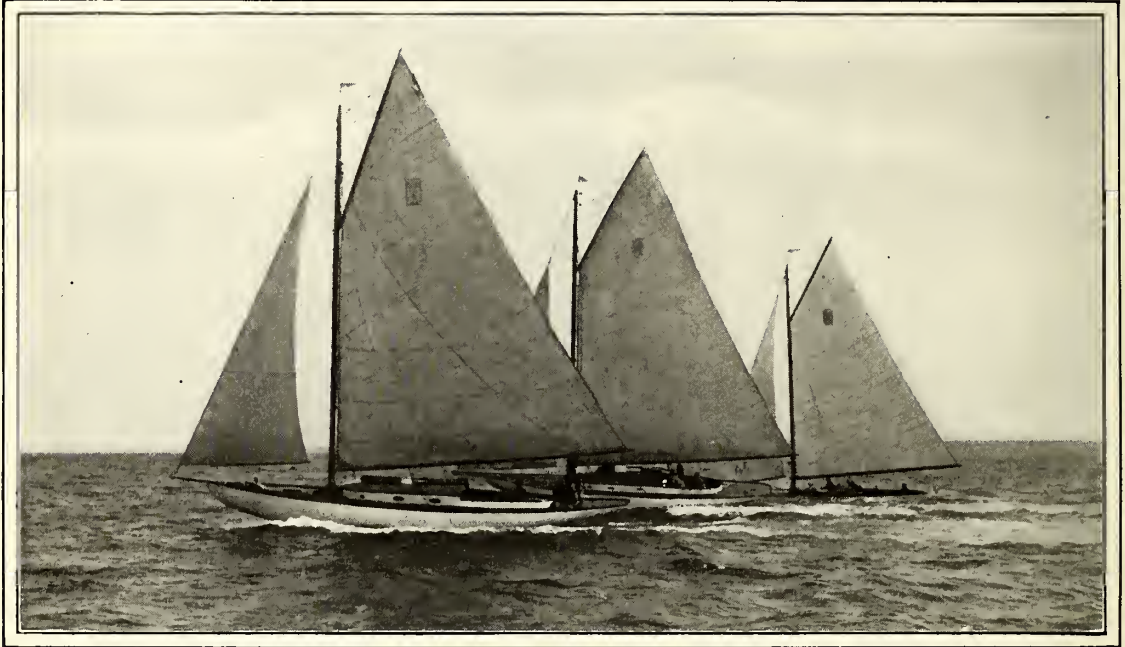
"Bluffed us, all right," said Frank, grimly. "I could have sunk him, though, if I 'd chosen, and the committee would have upheld me."

"Why don't you protest? They 'll throw him out!" put in Russell.

"I 've never protested yet," answered the skipper. "If we can't win without that, why,

"What are you going to do, hit him?" yelled Russell, excitedly.

Jack and Ernie, up on the windward side, tumbled panic-stricken into the cockpit as Frank, never giving an inch, claimed the inalienable right of the sea and sent the sharp bow of the *Fearless* slam-bang into the *Crescent's* side amid-



"THE THREE BOATS SETTLED DOWN FOR THE LONG THRASH TO THE OUTER MARK."

I don't want to win. It 's a put-up game all right, and Peare 's only here to-day to bother us—but he 'd better not try that particular trick again. I know what he 's up to now."

When the boats came together again, the *Crescent* had the starboard tack and she crossed the *Fearless* easily, but did not tack immediately, Peare evidently believing that Frank was beaten. He was soon to find out his error, for the *Fearless*, being the faster in going to windward, made up some of her loss, and, when the two boats once more came together, the *Fearless* was on the starboard tack with the right of way, and it was easily apparent that the *Crescent* could not cross her bow.

"He 's going to try the same trick again," muttered Ernie, as he looked up and saw the crew of the *Crescent* grinning at them as they stuck their heads over the cockpit rail. "Look out, Frank!—They can't get by."

Frank's mouth was set in a firm, hard line, and the brown hand on the tiller never flinched for an instant.

There was a crash of splintering wood, the *Fearless* surged up out of the water as her raking stem rode up over the other boat's rail, and the *Crescent* rolled down until the water poured into her cockpit.

"Up with you forward, now, and shove us off!" Frank sang out to his crew as he jammed the tiller hard down, while the momentum of the two boats swung them around nearly parallel. "Jump right on the *Crescent* and clear us—only hang on when we come apart."

Used to obey without question, the boys did as ordered, jumping to the *Crescent's* deck and shoving the bow of the *Fearless* around as she slid back off of the other boat's rail. Luckily, none of the rigging fouled, and the boys soon had the *Fearless's* nose clear, and pointed out until she filled on the other tack and was manageable.

Then Frank, standing up in the cockpit, called out to Peare, on the *Crescent*, which had righted again, and was not damaged below the rail:

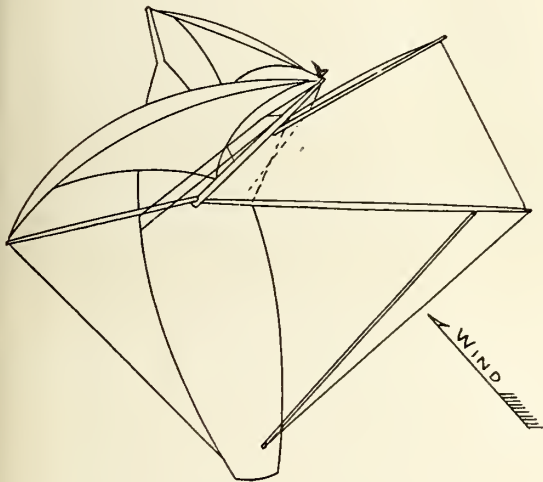
"Is any one hurt on board, or are you damaged so that you cannot sail?"

"No, we 're all right; but what do you mean by breaking up my boat? I 'll protest you for this!"

"All right, protest till doomsday for all we care. But let me tell you, that you want to be careful how you try those tricks in future if you value your yacht." Then, turning to the boys, "Get that jib sheeted down to starboard and let 's go after the *Javelin*."

It was high time that they did so if they were to save the race. The events of the last few minutes had happened so suddenly that but little time had been lost, yet, in that little, the *Javelin* had increased her lead materially and was some distance ahead, with the outer mark just discernible on the horizon.

"She 's got a good bit ahead," muttered Russell, taking in another inch or so on the main sheet. "They 've cooked our chances, all right."



POSITION 1. AS THE WIND HAULED, *FEARLESS* COULD NOT HEAD FOR THE LINE WITHOUT JIBING.

"The race is n't over yet, by a long shot," answered Frank doggedly. "The old *Fearless*'s best point of sailing is down the wind, and we may get 'em on the run home."

"There goes Peare setting a protest flag," announced Jack, as a piece of red bunting fluttered to the *Crescent*'s spreaders.

"Much good it 'll do him! But I must say I admire his nerve, just the same," said Ernie. "I bet they were a scared bunch when they realized we were n't going to be bluffed."

By their own timing, they rounded the bobbing outer mark just two minutes and forty-one seconds after the *Javelin*, represented in distance by about a third of a mile.

"Spinnaker guy and sheet," sang out Frank as

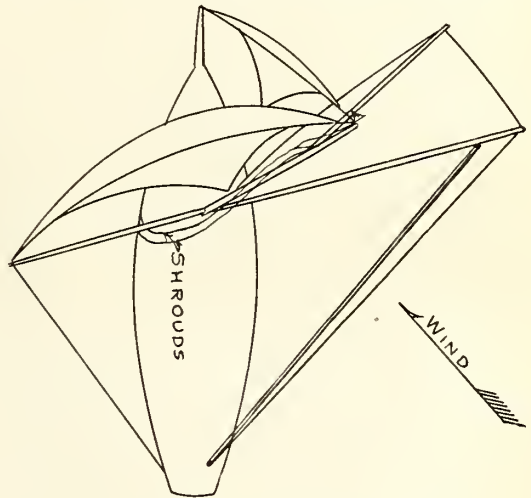
they turned the buoy. "Watch that pole sharp and don't get the sail overboard. Break it out—quick!—That 'll do your guy! Make fast!" and the immense, white, light sail bellied out on the opposite side of the yacht from the mainsail and fairly lifted the *Fearless* along as she ran down before the fair wind.

"A stern chase is a long one," said Frank hopefully, "and we 've got seven and a half miles to catch her in; but, believe me, she 's got some lead."

"Maybe she 'll run into a soft spot in under the land. I don't wish her any hard luck, but I would n't cry if she got it," piped up Jack.

"Lester 's set his spinnaker on the other side," observed the watchful Ernie.

"It was a toss up on which side to set it," answered Frank. "The wind 's dead aft and either side would do. If the wind shifts to the south'ard,



POSITION 2. SHOWING HOW FRANK TRIMMED THE SAILS SO AS TO LAY THE MARK BY LETTING GO THE SHROUDS.

as I expect, we 'll have ours on the right side and he won't."

It was as he said. It appeared to be a skipper's choice as to which side to set the spinnaker, and, as long as the wind held steady, it made no difference; but if it shifted, one of the boats would have to jibe hers over, as the sail could not be trimmed aft on account of the mast side stays, or shrouds, as they are called.

Slowly the *Fearless* crept up on her adversary. Inch by inch the gain was made; though it was hardly apparent, it was a sure gain. Half-way home she had cut the distance between the two boats in half. She still had a chance for the Cup.

Then Lester's superior knowledge of local conditions was to be seen, for the wind began to

shift; and instead of going toward the south, as Frank expected, it backed toward the North. This just suited the way the *Javelin* had her sails set, as she merely had to let her spinnaker go forward a little and trim in on her mainsail. Frank, with his sails reversed, or on the opposite sides, let his mainsail go forward till the boom rested against the shrouds—it could go no further—and got his spinnaker aft as far as it would come.

Still the wind kept shifting, slowly but steadily, and to keep from jibing Frank had to steer off his course somewhat, until he was headed above the finish line. The mark was in sight now, not more than a mile away, and the *Fearless* had crept up almost abreast of her rival. They could see Lester's crew watching them sharply. The *Javelin* even edged over towards them, to keep between the *Fearless* and the finish line, as Frank headed more and more away from it, so as to keep his sails full.

The wind backed another half point, and, while the *Fearless* had now drawn ahead of the *Javelin*, Frank saw that the race was lost, because he could not head for the line and keep his sails full at the same time; and if he jibed over with his spinnaker set, he would lose so much time that the *Javelin* would beat him in.

The line was less than half a mile away now. Frank could see the crowd on the deck of the committee boat waiting for the finish, and the big fleet of launches hovering around the line. It was time for hard thinking.—Was there nothing he could do? To have the race won, after all they'd been through, only to lose it now by a shift of wind, was maddening. Yet he was helpless—but no! not quite helpless!

"Hi, you, Jim and Ernie! Get forward, one on each side,—quick now,—and unscrew those turnbuckles holding the mast shrouds. Take 'em off entirely, *entirely*, you understand," he spoke rapidly now with suppressed excitement. "Then let the main boom go 'way forward to where the spinnaker should be, and haul the spinnaker aft to where the mainsail should be."

The boys jumped, unquestioningly. But the careful Russell put in:

"Do you dare do it, Skipper, and leave no shrouds at all on the mast; will it stand the strain?"

"All the strain 's on the backstay running before the wind, and it won't be touched. When the line is crossed, the race is over, and we can get the sail right off her before we haul up and put any side strain on the mast—otherwise, it could n't be done. We 'll save this race yet!"

It was a daring thing to do, to take the supports from the mast with all that sail on her, but it was a time to take chances. The boys worked like a crew shortening sail off Cape Horn;—the four side stays were let go, the mainsail slacked forward till it was beyond the jibing point, the spinnaker hauled aft until it drew nicely, and with a breath of satisfaction Frank headed the *Fearless* back for the line, now fortunately close at hand.

A look of amazement, which turned to admiration as the full import of what had been done dawned on them, swept over the waiting crowd at the finish line. On the two boats came, but now, instead of every one cheering for the *Javelin*, as they had come out to do, a *din* of whistles and yells for the *Fearless* broke loose as it was seen that the finish was to be close.

Closer and closer came the boats as they converged on the narrow hundred-yard line between the Committee boat and the mark, the crew of each crouched down in the cockpit all ready to spring at the instant order of the skippers. There was hardly one in the waiting crowd who could tell which was ahead until a slender bowsprit and sharp nose, with a gilt "F" on it, poked by the range marks of the regatta committee, and a puff of smoke and the report of a gun announced that the race was over, and that the *Fearless* had won by a scant boat-length from the *Javelin*.

Then, for the honor of Riverhead be it said, pandemonium reigned.

THAT night, in the big lounging-room of the Colonia Yacht Club, after the trophies had been presented, Lester pushed through the crowd and grasped Frank by the hand.

"I want to congratulate you, my boy," said the best sailor on the coast, "and say that I am glad you won the Cup. It is just for such youngsters as you that this trophy is put up, and the more of 'em that are attracted to the sport the better for yacht-racing. Don't worry any about Peare. I saw the whole thing out there to-day, and he 'll never dare make a protest in this club. As for you, you 've sailed the best, the squarest, and the most resourceful race this day that I 've ever seen—bar none. Again I want to congratulate you."

To which Frank replied, hugging the coveted "mug" under his arm: "Thank you, sir, we did the best we could; but the luck was pretty much on our side, I guess."

Of this modest speech his crew approved, though not one of them agreed with him.

----- FINISH LINE -----

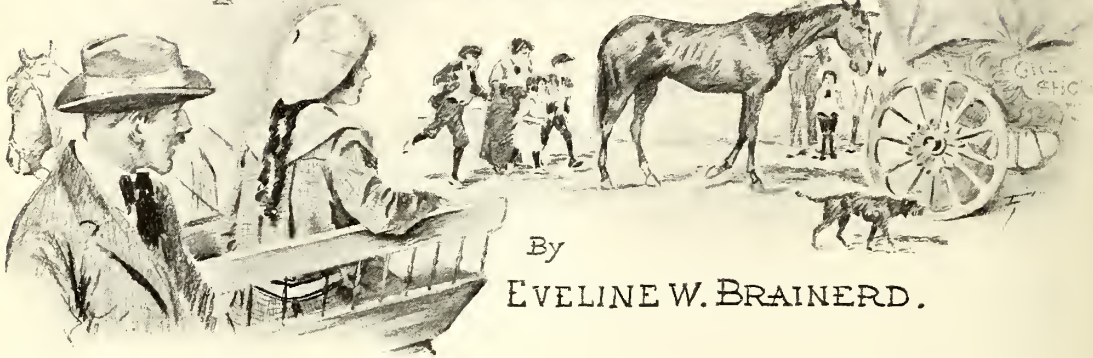
----- FINISH LINE -----



"BEFORE LONG I'LL BE AS TALL AS THAT!"

PAINTED BY J. A. MUENIER.

A SATISFACTORY INVESTMENT



By
EVELINE W. BRAINERD.

PRUDENCE sat in a little runabout before the village store waiting for her father. Buying paint had proved a slow proceeding, and she wished he had fastened the horse so that she might go in and see what there was new in gingham and ribbons. She put her hand in her pocket to be sure that her little purse was safe. She wanted to take it out to assure herself that nothing had happened to the crisp five-dollar bill, but that was too childish for her thirteen years, and she contented herself with pinching the leather now and then and fancying that she felt the paper crackle.

Great-aunt Eunice Spencer, who had just gone, after her annual visit to the farm, had made her grandniece this extraordinary gift the evening before her departure.

"We 'll put it in the bank the next time we go to Deep Water," said Mrs. Kelsey, smiling at her daughter's astonished silence. "You 've never had as much as that to deposit at once, have you, Prudence?"

"No, we won't, Nancy," interfered Aunt Eunice, genially. "Prudence is to spend that money just as she chooses."

The girl's eyes grew round with astonishment. Spend five dollars! She had spent four last year on materials for Christmas gifts for the entire family. These purchases, however, had stretched over six months, as opportunities came for dropping corn, or weeding the cold-frames, or gathering berries. But here was five dollars, all at once, and not destined, a penny of it, for that highly respectable but all-devouring and unresponsive bank.

When she had gone to bed, Aunt Eunice, who was by no means as old as great-aunts are supposed to be, laughed. Her niece, Nancy, not much younger, shook her head.

"It has to be as you say, of course, but spend-thrifts are so common now-a-days that we don't believe in much money for Prudence."

"No more do I," Miss Spencer returned. "I don't recall giving her any before. You 've been training her some years. Now I 'm curious to see what she 'll do when left to herself. I 'm curious five dollars' worth."

So it came about that no one offered advice. No one even inquired how Prudence was planning to use her fortune. She had suddenly achieved independence, and knew how her brother had felt on his twenty-first birthday.

It was, after all, better that her father had not fastened the horse, she reflected as she sat in the runabout. If she should see Mr. Wells's autumn stock, she might be tempted to an unconsidered purchase. Her eyes searched the road for amusement. Just then, around the corner swung an odd procession. Several large covered wagons, each with a driver apparently asleep, came first. Behind were smaller, box-like affairs, with canvas about their sides. These were drawn by eight Shetland ponies, while a hound, as large as they, stalked beside, and an Irish terrier with matted hair trotted near. A huge chariot, whose tarnished gilding showed through the tattered wrappings, followed, and behind stumbled a tall, gaunt, black horse. The whole outfit showed dingy and disheveled in the bright morning. Every driver was lying across his seat, or back on his load, and seemed only awake enough to shout "get up!" now and again to his plodding team. The animals were unkempt and thin, but the black horse was the thinnest of all. Prudence turned in the seat, and, leaning her chin against the back, gazed after him.

"Oh-h!" she said pityingly, as he stumbled.

"Circus?" inquired Mr. Kelsey, as he came out bearing two gallon cans.

"Yes. Is it going to be here?" demanded Prudence with interest.

"Guess not. Going on to Deep Water for tonight. Did you think you 'd take us all with your money?"

Prudence shook her head.

"It did n't look very interesting. Do you suppose there were really wild animals in the small wagons? I saw bars on one where the canvas fell down."

"Oh, they 'd manage to get a second-hand lion or tiger, anyway. It would n't be a circus without a lion."

"I know the horses are hungry. There 's a dear black one just starved."

Mr. Wells, coming with more cans, glanced down the road.

"I hope the cages are strong if they give the tiger as little as they give the dogs," he said. "Must have been a bad season. They all looked as though they 'd forgotten the taste of a square meal."

"There, that 'll do," said Mr. Kelsey, tucking a horse-blanket about his purchases to keep them from rattling. "Now, Prue, if you don't want to do any more trading—" and his pleasant eyes seemed to smile at her.

"No," she replied seriously, "I 'm not going to buy anything now." She barely saved herself from saying "here," which might have hurt Mr. Wells's feelings.

"Start along then." Her father swung himself to the seat beside her, and she started the pretty brown horse on toward the blacksmith's shop. When the errands were done, and, toward noon, they neared Hillside Farm, there in the little locust grove at the bend of the road by their orchard was the circus cavalcade.

"Sure enough, they are thin!" commented Mr. Kelsey. "Careful as you swing in, Prudence. Don't hit a wheel." Prudence steered the glossy, well-fed Moses between the posts and drew up at the carriage-house door.

"Good!" said her father, approvingly. "You drive pretty well, now. Let 's unharness and give the pony his dinner. I have to use him all the afternoon."

Prudence on one side and her father on the other quickly undid the straps, and Moses trotted whinnying into his stall, sure of what awaited him. Then the girl ran down across the field to a clump of quince bushes, whence, while not near them, she had a good view of the circus teams. She hoped the canvases might be off and possibly the lion having his dinner. Nothing so ex-

citing met her eyes, however. The men were stretched lazily on the grass, eating cold food from unappetizing packages and pails. The dogs were sitting near, their tongues lolling, their eyes fixed on the meals whose scraps were coming to them. The ponies, half smothered in nose-bags, were snuffing, and tossing their shaggy heads in determination to let no grain escape them. The horses, turned loose to browse, had wandered into the locust grove above the road, where the grass lay long and less dry than on the sunny stretch below. The thin black horse, however, looked wearily at the slight incline and turned into the road, snuffing hungrily along till he reached the corner of the orchard fence. Here a thrifty patch of meadow-prickers scratched his nose, and he raised his head and looked about in discouraged fashion.

"You poor old thing!" exclaimed Prudence. "You come right in here and take all you want." She slipped from the thicket of quince and swung the gate inward. The tall raw-boned fellow gazed in astonishment at the open space, then shambled through and dropped his head to the cool greenness.

Shortly the men rose. They harnessed the ponies again to the covered cages, and caught the horses, resting comfortably beneath the locusts. The black horse had wandered down the slope, and, by the time the cavalcade was ready to start, was hidden in the tree-shadowed ravine.

"Where 's the old nag?" called one of the men roughly.

"Gone along. If we hurry, p'r'aps we 'll catch up," was the jocular reply.

The first man hesitated. "Did you see him go down the road?" he questioned.

"Lucky if we lose him," advised a fourth. "May die any minute, traveling like this."

"Sure! We can't treat a beast decent," stated the third man again, giving one of his team a little pat as he stood ready to clamber to his high seat. Prudence, flying across the orchard, saw the caress and made for this driver.

"Your black horse?" she cried. "He has lain down in the hollow. He 's too tired to go on. Could n't you leave him to get rested? You could get him on your way back."

The drivers stared at the excited little figure and then across the wide slope to which she pointed.

"Go after him, Tom," ordered the leader. "He 'll get up all right. Anyway, we can't leave him here."

"Oh, he is too tired!" expostulated Prudence.

"Won't do, Sissy, to say we left him to take an afternoon nap. Fetch him up, Tom."

"Ain't wuth bringin' up," sulked Tom, by no means desirous of the race across that sunny field and the task of rousing the exhausted creature.

"What is he worth?" inquired Prudence, suddenly. "I 've got five dollars. I 'll buy him if that 's enough."

"Take it quick!" advised the driver of the gilt coach. "Walk that horse to Deep Water, and you 'll have to pay for a funeral."

The leader hesitated a moment. "All right," he agreed. "Horse is yours, Sissy."

"Oh, I 'm so much obliged!" cried Prudence. The purse was empty, and the girl, who had been carefully trained to put her money in the bank, was half across the field on her way to her new possession before the men could swing themselves into their seats.

Prudence arrived at the dinner-table hot and rather out of breath.

"Father," she began as she bounced into her seat, "I 've borrowed two quarts of oats."

"What for?" and Mr. Kelsey paused midway in carving a slice of lamb for the newcomer.

"For my horse. I don't think I 'll feed him oats much, they 're so high now; but he 's very weak and I thought he 'd better have some to-day."

"I fed Moses. What are you talking about, Daughter?" and the entire family gazed at the youngest member.

"It 's that black circus-horse," she explained. "I let him into the orchard and he was too tired to go on. He had lain down in the hollow, you see. So I bought him with my five dollars."

There was a gasp all round the table.

"I wish Aunt Eunice were here," said Mrs. Kelsey, after a moment of amazed silence. "She 'd know now what you can do when you are left to yourself."

The twenty-one-year-old brother was looking stern disapproval, but his reproof was cut short by Mr. Kelsey's anxious inquiry:

"Did the horse get up again?"

"Oh, yes!" said Prudence, very busy with her dinner. "He liked the oats and followed me to the barn, but I did n't believe he 'd better have any more."

"I 'm glad you bought a live horse," commented Brother Joe. "At first, I was afraid you had made a bad bargain." But satire was lost on Prudence.

"He 's very friendly," she pursued. "I think he understands already that he belongs to me. Would you try him first with a saddle, Father? I 'm afraid it will be some time before he can draw a wagon."

"Should n't wonder," agreed Joe. But Prudence was not to be teased, and the rest of the meal was somewhat silent, the family a little oppressed by the possibilities of this new acquisition, and the owner perfecting plans for the future. After dinner they all followed to the orchard, where stood the new inmate, head down, slouched on three legs, his ribs and the bones about his eyes sharply defined, his coat rough and soiled, his mane and tail tangled.

"He 's a good black," encouraged Mrs. Kelsey.

"How can you tell?" inquired Joe.

"Is n't he?" agreed Prudence. "I 'll wash and curry him to-morrow, but to-day I 'm going to let him rest."

"You 'll need the hose and the step-ladder," advised her brother. "Are you sure you did n't buy the giraffe by mistake?"

Mr. Kelsey had been going over the animal carefully while they talked. Now he came back to the fence.

"I don't see anything the matter but overwork and underfeeding," he said. "If he is n't too tired ever to get rested, he may turn out worth all you paid for him, Prudy. But now he has n't strength to stand up, let alone carry a saddle."

Here the horse lay down and presented a truly awful appearance, with his ungainly legs in their most ungainly position and his long neck and thin head stretched out upon the turf.

"Gracious!" was Mrs. Kelsey's comment as she gazed upon this spectacle. "I wish he could not be seen from the street till he is fed up a little."

"I wonder what tricks he did!" remarked Prudence seriously; whereat Joe cast one look at the heap of unkempt hair and bones beneath the pippin tree, and laughed uproariously.

"He 'll get on now with nothing but pasturage, Daughter. How were you planning to take care of him this winter?" The farmer did not laugh like his heartless son, but there was a twinkle in his eyes as he surveyed the unpromising addition to his live stock.

"Perhaps he won't be good for much before spring," admitted Prudence, in a businesslike tone. "I thought I could earn hay enough for him, and he could just stay out in the pasture and go under the shed when it is very cold. Wild horses stay out all the time you know."

"The fresh-air cure," approved Joe. "Cheap, and nothing can hurt him."

Mr. Kelsey patted his daughter's shoulder.

"That does n't sound bad," he said. "We 'll see how he gets on here for a while, anyway."

"If he 's quite well next summer, I 'm going to let people hire him for drives in the woods.

The summer people are always trying to get the station-man's blind sorrel, and I know Roswell—I've decided to call him Roswell—will be better than that. He's got the right kind of legs to get over the ground fast."

Even Mr. and Mrs. Kelsey had to join in Joe's laughter.

"I had n't considered Roswell as an invest-

through the window opening on the farmyard to whinny a greeting to all comers, quite as though he had always been a part of the friendly Hill-side Farm.

"It's 'most time to try him," announced Prudence, one spring morning. "I must be quite used to him and know all his ways before I let people hire him, and folks will want to drive out and see the boxwoods the first of June."

"You're a sure-enough business woman," encouraged the big brother, who did not care to have it known how many carrots he had stuck through Roswell's window during the course of the winter. "We'll harness him, and you can drive me to the blacksmith's. I want some bolts made, and you can get him shod."

This was a tactful way of arranging that Prudence should not take the horse out alone the first time.

"I have the money," she announced proudly. "I've done sheets and pillow-cases and napkins all winter, and I guess I've got enough to take care of him till he can earn his own living."

It was no small task to fit Roswell out from the old harnesses in the barn. He

watched the process with great interest and curiosity, and, if his suit looked somewhat scrappy, neither he nor his mistress was troubled. He trotted off as though the business of his life had been the drawing of little girls in runabouts.

"He certainly looks better than when he came," admitted Mrs. Kelsey, as she watched them from the steps; "but that harness needs only a bit of twine to make it the worst I've ever seen. Are you sure it's safe?"

"Safe enough. Roswell is as gentle as a kitten. Had all the spirit beaten out of him, probably. But you're right about the looks. I hate to have such a turnout belong here," and Mr. Kelsey looked ruefully after the big horse in the shabby straps.

Miss Spencer came for a few days in May. She said she came for apple blossoms and dogwood, but Prudence felt sure that Roswell was an influential factor in this unexpected visit. Roswell had ambled up and down the village



"YOU POOR OLD THING!" EXCLAIMED PRUDENCE. "COME RIGHT IN HERE."

ment," said the brother, regarding speculatively the animal that certainly looked as though it would never draw a wagon again.

"Don't you think, when he gets well, he can pay for his keep, Father?" demanded Prudence. "Then we would use him besides, and that would be clean profit."

"It's a good plan. I'll lend you the orchard till spring, anyway," promised her father.

So all that season the big black horse was to be seen wandering contentedly about the field. As the days grew colder, now and then he cantered round the fence line, tail up, mane blowing, quite as though he were kin to the wild horses of the pampas, whose pictures in the geography-reader had caught Prudence's imagination. With the coming of winter Joe spent more than one day making weather-proof the old shed behind the barns and opening on the orchard, and, when snow came, Roswell took possession of his quarters, and munched his hay, and stuck his head

streets for nearly a month, now, and every one was used to the sight of the small girl sitting very straight in the old runabout behind the tall black horse. The family pride had dictated Prudence's birthday gift, and with Aunt Eunice from the station had come the new harness. Fortunately the next day was Saturday, and Roswell, combed, and polished, and conscious of his honors, was brought round.

"Aunt Eunice should be pleased," remarked Mr. Kelsey, watching the horse critically as he turned up the hill toward the woods where dogwoods yet lingered. "He 'll never be tough, but for five dollars, a little hay, and an unused pasture, he 's not bad."

"I 'm glad she did n't see him with the old traps," commented Joe, who had spent a good half hour adjusting the new leathers till they fitted to the inch.

"She certainly would n't have liked the other outfit. Aunt Eunice never did enjoy being conspicuous," remarked Mr. Kelsey.

"You are sure it 's quite safe?" inquired his wife, anxiously. "Prudence has never taken a long drive before, and I would n't have Aunt Eunice frightened for anything."

"Oh, Mother, Mother!" laughed Joe. "Prudence has driven all the month and nothing has happened."

"You 're hard to suit, Nancy," and her husband smiled at her. "You were afraid of the other harness because it was too old, and of this because it 's too new."

"Roswell never looked so much like a real horse before," she explained, laughing at her uneasiness. "He has seemed so ancient and subdued that nobody could be afraid of him."

"He 's as tame as any cow within ten miles," scoffed the big brother. "Even Aunt Eunice can't be nervous behind him."

"We 've never taken Roswell out here," Prudence explained as they turned into a narrow wood road. "He 's just the horse for wood driving," she suggested as he paused to nip a branch of tender young oak leaves that hung low over the road.

"He has all the signs of a talent for that calling," agreed Miss Spencer. "How much do you charge? I shall use him often this vacation."

"I thought you would, he 's so gentle. Joe says he 's a real 'lady's horse'!" The great-aunt raised her eyebrows, but Prudence went on serenely, explaining the sort of carriage she should buy from her earnings.

They had followed the winding wood-roads over brooks, and up long hills, and down into glens till at length they came into the turnpike,

some two miles below their starting point. Here Roswell, who had ambled along in placid fashion, pricked up his ears.

"See what a well-shaped head he has," remarked his owner, and the guest, taking her eyes from a pink-blossomed tree in a dooryard, saw the dignified Roswell curvette lightly to the side of the road.

"Does he shy?" she demanded sharply.

"Oh, never!" Prudence reassured her. "He must have seen a toad or some little animal he did n't want to hurt. He 's ever so kind," and she peered back along the wagon-track.

The horse, his ears still in their becoming position, stepped gingerly along the street, now and then waving a fore foot slightly in the air. Prudence watched with great interest.

"What a pretty gait! Of course, it 's rather slow, but it 's very graceful."

"Does he do it often?" inquired the great-aunt, who had stretched out her hand, but, seeing Prudence's undisturbed face and her firm clasp on the reins, had remembered Joe's description of the steed, and suppressed her fears.

"Oh, no. I think he does n't like this muddy road, and it is his way of walking on tiptoe."

This was an ingenious explanation; but at that moment Roswell minced sidewise into the mud, and then took up his promenade near the opposite walk. His neck arched, his head bowed to right and left, while his fore hoofs waved slowly in unison with the movements of the glossy neck.

"I believe he has the blind staggers," said Miss Spencer, utterly puzzled and most uneasy as the wagon jolted irregularly in response to the extraordinary movements. "Certainly the creature is crazy."

They were at the brow of a hill, and there came into view on the road before them the Windham Fife and Drum Corps in all its regalia, with a trail of excited small boys in its wake. On hurried the "lady's horse," and fell into step beside the band, prancing slowly, waving his hoofs, and turning his head coquettishly from side to side. Neighbors, glancing from their windows at the sound of the gay music, called to others to see Prudence Kelsey's horse. Great-aunt Eunice, sadly jolted by the vehicle that responded to every wave of those black feet and every bend of that long neck, was about to call to the leader to stop the music, but a glance at her niece's delighted face made her straighten herself in her unsteady seat and endure the performance.

Down the street trotted Moses, and, recognizing his farmyard acquaintance, whinnied. Then he came on slowly, peering in mystified surprise at



"THE 'LADY'S HORSE' FELL INTO STEP BESIDE THE BAND."

the scene. More astounded even than Moses, Joe drew up at the side of the road as the party came near. Prudence was too absorbed to notice him, but Great-aunt Eunice, as a side step of Roswell's brought their wheels perilously close, warned:

"Don't frighten your Mother with this!"

"Want me to stop it?" he called, for not till they had passed did he recover from his astonishment enough to think of giving aid.

"Certainly not!" she retorted, looking back. "This is a regular 'lady's horse'!" And they waggled on, while other teams drew up by the roadside to watch, and the trail of children grew longer and longer. The fifers and drummers fided and drummed as though they had but just begun their day. It was a mile to the post-office where they were to disperse, and that full distance Roswell, with tossing head and daintily moving feet, sidled along to the rhythm of the march. Miss Spencer drew a breath of relief when the men mounted the post-office porch and waved their hats to the small horsewoman, while Roswell, falling at once into his usual slow trot, went on up the road.

"Was n't that splendid!" sighed Prudence. "I'm so glad you were along!"

"So am I, very!" returned the great-aunt fervently. "It's just as well he had the new harness on," and she reflected uncomfortably on what might have happened with weaker straps.

"Is n't it lucky!" agreed Prudence with enthusiasm. "How handsome he did look!"

"You were n't at all afraid?" suggested Miss

Spencer, allowing herself to sit back comfortably once more.

"Well, you see Roswell is such a reasonable horse. I was sure he must know what he was about, even before I heard the band"

"You are better acquainted with him than I am," Aunt Eunice humbly admitted "But I'm afraid this accomplishment will hurt business"

"Everybody saw him to-day," Prudence explained easily.

"They certainly did!" ejaculated the visitor.

"And they saw he did n't do any harm But I don't mind its hurting business some," she added, turning shining eyes upon her relative. "Of course Roswell was a dear, and I should have bought him anyway, 'cause he had to be taken care of. But I was just the least bit disappointed that he did n't have any tricks. You'd never have guessed he knew anything about circuses. But now he's perfect!"

Nothing could have been less suggestive of the circus-ring than the solemn horse that drew up at the gate to let Miss Spencer alight. She stood with her niece Nancy, watching the little girl as she drove on to the barn. "Are n't you glad she did n't put that money in the bank?" demanded the older lady. Mrs. Kelsey laughed.

"If you had seen Roswell when he came," she said, "you'd admit that his present condition is not due to any foresight on Prudence's part."

"I did n't expect foresight," returned Great-aunt Eunice. "There are qualities even more valuable. I wished to see if she had those and I'm satisfied. She has."



"WHEN SKIES ARE BLUE AND GRASSES GREEN" DRAWN BY BEATRICE STEVENS.

THE LOST PRINCE

BY

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "The Secret Garden," "T. Tembarom," etc.

CHAPTER XXV

A VOICE IN THE NIGHT

LATE that afternoon there wandered about the gardens two quiet, inconspicuous, rather poorly dressed boys. They looked at the palace, the shrubs, and the flower-beds, as strangers usually did, and they sat on the seats and talked as people were accustomed to seeing boys talk together. It was a sunny day and exceptionally warm, and there were more saunterers and sitters than usual, which was perhaps the reason why the *portier* at the entrance gates gave such slight notice to the pair that he did not observe that, though two boys came in, only one went out. He did not, in fact, remember, when he saw The Rat swing by on his crutches at closing-time, that he had entered in company with a dark-haired lad who walked without any aid. It happened that, when The Rat passed out, the *portier* at the entrance was much interested in the aspect of the sky, which was curiously threatening. There had been heavy clouds hanging about all day and now and then blotting out the sunshine entirely. Just now, however, the clouds had piled themselves in thunderous, purplish mountains, and the sun had been forced to set behind them.

"It's been a sort of battle since morning," the *portier* said. "There will be some crashes and cataracts to-night." That was what The Rat had thought when they had sat in the Fountain Garden on a seat which gave them a good view of the balcony and the big evergreen shrub, which they knew had the hollow in the middle, though its circumference was so imposing. "If there should be a big storm, the evergreen will not save you much, though it may keep off the worst," The Rat said. "I wish there was room for two."

He would have wished there was room for two if he had seen Marco marching to the stake. As the gardens emptied, the boys rose and walked round once more, as if on their way out. By the time they had sauntered toward the big evergreen, nobody was near by, and the last loiterers had turned their heads, because they were loitering toward the arched stone entrance.

When they drew near one side of the evergreen, the two were together. When The Rat swung

out on the other side of it, he was alone! No one noticed that anything had happened; no one looked back. So The Rat swung down the walks and round the flower-beds and passed into the street. And the *portier* looked at the sky and spoke about the "crashes" and "cataracts."

As the darkness came on, the hollow in the shrub seemed a very safe place. It was not in the least likely that any one would enter the closed gardens. The hollow was well inclosed with greenery, and there was room to sit down when one was tired of standing.

Marco stood for a long time because, by doing so, he could see the windows opening on the balcony very well if he gently pushed aside some flexible young boughs. He had managed to discover in his first visit to the gardens that the windows overlooking the Fountain Garden were those which belonged to the Prince's own suite of rooms. Those which opened on to the balcony lighted his favorite apartment, which contained his best-loved books and pictures and in which he spent most of his secluded leisure hours.

Marco watched these windows anxiously. If the Prince had not gone to Budapest,—if he were really only in retreat, and hiding from his gay world among his treasures,—he would be living in his favorite rooms and lights would show themselves. And if there were lights, he might pass before a window because, since he was inclosed in his garden, he need not fear being seen. The twilight deepened into darkness and, because of the heavy clouds, it was very dense. Faint gleams showed themselves in the lower part of the palace, but none was lighted in the windows Marco watched. He waited so long that it became evident that none was to be lighted at all. The entrance was closed for the night and there was no getting out of the gardens until they were opened for the next day. He must stay in his hiding-place until the time when people began to come and bring their books and knitting and sit on the seats. Then he could stroll out without attracting attention. But he had the night before him to spend as best he could. That would not matter at all. He could tuck his cap under his head and rest on the ground. He would not go to sleep until it was long past midnight—so long past that there would not be one chance in a

hundred that anything could happen. But the clouds which made the night so dark were giving forth low rumbling growls. At intervals a threatening gleam of light shot across them and a sudden swish of wind rushed through the trees in the gardens. This happened several times, and then Marco began to hear the patter of rain-drops. They were heavy and big drops, but few at first, and then there was a new and more powerful rush of wind, a jagged dart of light in the sky, and a tremendous crash. After that the clouds tore themselves open and poured forth their contents in floods. After the protracted struggle of the day it all seemed to happen at once, as if a horde of huge lions had at one moment been let loose: flame after flame of lightning, roar and crash and sharp reports of thunder, shrieks of hurricane wind, torrents of rain, as if some tidal-wave of the skies had gathered and rushed and burst upon the earth. It was such a storm as people remember for a lifetime and which in few lifetimes is seen at all.

Marco stood still in the midst of the rage and flooding, blinding roar of it. After the first few minutes he knew he could do nothing to shield himself. Down the garden paths he heard cataracts rushing. He held his cap pressed against his eyes because he seemed to stand in the midst of darting flames. The crashes, cannon reports and thunderings, and the jagged streams of light came so close to one another that he seemed deafened as well as blinded. He wondered if he should ever be able to hear human voices again when it was over. That he was drenched to the skin and that the water poured from his clothes as if he were himself a cataract was so small a detail that he was scarcely aware of it. He stood still, bracing his body, and waited. If he had been a Samavian soldier in the trenches and such a storm had broken upon him and his comrades, they could only have braced themselves and waited. This was what he found himself thinking when the tumult and downpour were at their worst. There were men who had waited in the midst of a rain of bullets.

It was not long after this thought had come to him that there occurred the first temporary lull in the storm. Its fury perhaps reached its height and broke at that moment. A yellow flame had torn its jagged way across the heavens, and an earth-rending crash had thundered itself into rumblings which actually died away before breaking forth again. Marco took his cap from his eyes and drew a long breath. He drew two long breaths. It was as he began drawing a third and realizing the strange feeling of the almost stillness about him that he heard a new

kind of sound at the side of the garden nearest his hiding-place. It sounded like the creak of a door opening somewhere in the wall behind the laurel hedge. Some one was coming into the garden by a private entrance. He pushed aside the young boughs again and tried to see, but the darkness was too dense. Yet he could hear, if the thunder would not break again. There was the sound of feet on the wet gravel, the footsteps of more than one person coming toward where he stood, but not as if afraid of being heard; merely as if they were at liberty to come in by what entrance they chose. Marco remained very still. A sudden hope gave him a shock of joy. If the man with the tired face chose to hide himself from his acquaintances, he might choose to go in and out by a private entrance. The footsteps drew near, crushing the wet gravel, passed by, and seemed to pause somewhere near the balcony; and then flame lit up the sky again and the thunder burst forth once more.

But this was its last great peal. The storm was at an end. Only fainter and fainter rumblings and mutterings and paler and paler darts followed. Even they were soon over, and the cataracts in the paths had rushed themselves silent. But the darkness was still deep.

It was deep to blackness in the hollow of the evergreen. Marco stood in it, streaming with rain, but feeling nothing because he was full of thought. He pushed aside his greenery and kept his eyes on the place in the blackness where the windows must be, though he could not see them. It seemed that he waited a long time, though he knew that it was really but short. He began to breathe quickly because he was waiting for something.

Suddenly he saw exactly where the windows were—because they were all lighted!

His feeling of relief was great, but it did not last very long. It was true that something had been gained in the certainty that his man had not left Vienna. But what next? It would not be so easy to follow him if he chose only to go out secretly at night. What next? To spend the rest of the night watching a lighted window was not enough. To-morrow night it might not be lighted. But he kept his gaze fixed upon it. He tried to fix all his will and thought-power on the person inside the room. Perhaps he could reach him and make him listen, even though he would not know that any one was speaking to him. He knew that thoughts were strong things. If angry thoughts in one man's mind will create danger in the mind of another, why should not sane messages cross the line?

"I must speak to you. I must speak to you!"

he found himself saying in a low intense voice. "I am outside here waiting. Listen! I must speak to you!"

He said it many times and kept his eyes fixed upon the window which opened on to the balcony. Once he saw a man's figure cross the room, but he could not be sure who it was. The last distant rumblings of thunder had died away and the clouds were breaking. It was not long before the dark mountainous billows broke apart, and a brilliant full moon showed herself sailing in the rift, suddenly flooding everything with light. Part of the garden were silver white, and the tree shadows were like black velvet. A silvery lance pierced even into the hollow of Marco's evergreen and struck across his face.

Perhaps it was this sudden change which attracted the attention of those inside the balconied room. A man's figure appeared at the long windows. Marco saw now that it was the Prince. He opened the windows and stepped out on to the balcony.

"It is all over," he said quietly. And he stood with his face lifted, looking at the great white sailing moon.

He stood very still and seemed for the moment to forget the world and himself. It was a wonderful, triumphant queen of a moon. But something brought him back to earth. A low, but strong and clear, boy-voice came up to him from the garden path below.

"The Lamp is lighted. The Lamp is lighted," it said, and the words sounded almost as if some one were uttering a prayer. They seemed to call to him, to arrest him, to draw him.

He stood still a few seconds in dead silence. Then he bent over the balustrade. The moonlight had not broken the darkness below.

"That is a boy's voice," he said in a low tone, "but I cannot see who is speaking."

"Yes, it is a boy's voice," it answered, in a way which somehow moved him, because it was so

ardent. "It is the son of Stefan Loristan. The Lamp is lighted."

"Wait. I am coming down to you," the Prince said.

In a few minutes Marco heard a door open



"IT IS THE SON OF STEFAN LORISTAN THE LAMP IS LIGHTED."

gently not far from where he stood. Then the man he had been following so many days appeared at his side.

"How long have you been here?" he asked.

"Before the gates closed. I hid myself in the hollow of a big shrub there, Highness," Marco answered.

"Then you were out in the storm?"

"Yes, Highness"

The Prince put his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"I cannot see you—but it is best to stand in the shadow. You are drenched to the skin."

"I have been able to give your Highness—the Sign," Marco whispered. "A storm is nothing."

There was a silence. Marco knew that his companion was pausing to turn something over in his mind.

"So-o?" he said slowly, at length. "The Lamp is lighted. And *you* are sent to bear the Sign." Something in his voice made Marco feel that he was smiling.

"What a race you are! What a race—you Savavian Loristans!"

He paused as if to think the thing over again.

"I want to see your face," he said next. "Here is a tree with a shaft of moonlight striking through the branches. Let us step aside and stand under it."

Marco did as he was told. The shaft of moonlight fell upon his uplifted face and showed its young strength and darkness, quite splendid for the moment in a triumphant glow of joy in obstacles overcome. Raindrops hung on his hair, but he did not look draggled, only very wet and picturesque. He had reached his man. He had given the Sign.

The Prince looked him over with interested curiosity.

"Yes," he said in his cool, rather dragging voice. "You are the son of Stefan Loristan. Also you must be taken care of. You must come with me. I have trained my household to remain in its own quarters until I require its services. I have attached to my own apartments a good safe little room where I sometimes keep people. You can dry your clothes and sleep there. When the gardens are opened again, the rest will be easy."

But though he stepped out from under the trees and began to move towards the palace in the shadow, Marco noticed that he moved hesitatingly, as if he had not quite decided what he should do. He stopped rather suddenly and turned again to Marco, who was following him.

"There is some one in the room I came out of"—he said, "an old man—whom it might interest to see you. It might also be a good thing for him to feel interest in you. I choose that he shall see you—as you are."

"I am at your command, Highness," Marco answered. He knew his companion was smiling again.

"You have been in training for more centuries than you know," he said; "and your father has prepared you to encounter the unexpected without surprise."

They passed under the balcony and paused at a low stone doorway hidden behind shrubs. The

door was a beautiful one, Marco saw when it was opened, and the corridor disclosed was beautiful also, though it had an air of quiet and aloofness which was not so much secret as private. A perfect though narrow staircase mounted from it to the next floor. After ascending it, the Prince led the way through a short corridor and stopped at the door at the end of it. "We are going in here," he said.

It was a wonderful room—the one which opened on to the balcony. Each piece of furniture in it, the hangings, the tapestries, and pictures on the wall were all such as might well have found themselves adorning a museum. Marco remembered the common report of his escort's favorite amusement of collecting wonders and furnishing his house with the things others exhibited only as marvels of art and handicraft. The place was rich and mellow with exquisitely chosen beauties.

In a massive chair upon the hearth sat a figure with bent head. It was a tall old man with white hair and moustache. His elbow rested upon the arm of his chair and he leaned his forehead on his hand as if he were weary.

Marco's companion crossed the room and stood beside him, speaking in a lowered voice. Marco could not at first hear what he said. He himself stood quite still, waiting. The white-haired man lifted his head and listened. It seemed as though almost at once he was singularly interested. The lowered voice was slightly raised at last and Marco heard the last two sentences:

"The only son of Stefan Loristan. Look at him."

The old man in the chair turned slowly and looked, steadily, and with questioning curiosity touched with grave surprise. He had keen and clear blue eyes.

Then Marco, still erect and silent, waited again. The Prince had merely said to him "an old man whom it might interest to see you." He had plainly intended that, whatever happened, he must make no outward sign of seeing more than he had been told he would see—"an old man." It was for him to show no astonishment or recognition. He had been brought here not to see but to be seen. The power of remaining still under scrutiny, which The Rat had often envied him, stood him now in good stead. Because he had seen the white head and tall form not many days before, surmounted by brilliant emerald plumes, hung with jeweled decorations, in the royal carriage, escorted by banners, and helmets, and following troops whose tramping feet kept time to bursts of military music while the populace bared their heads and cheered

"He is like his father," this personage said to the Prince. "But if any one but Loristan had sent him— His looks please me." Then suddenly to Marco, "You were waiting outside while the storm was going on?"

"Yes, sir," Marco answered.

Then the two exchanged some words in a lowered voice.

"You read the news as you made your journey?" he was asked. "You know how Samavia stands?"

"She does not stand," said Marco. "The Iarovitch and the Maranovitch have fought as hyenas fight, until each has torn the other into fragments—and neither has blood or strength left."

The two glanced at each other.

"A good simile," said the older man. "You are right. If a strong party rose—and a greater power chose not to interfere—the country might see better days."

He looked at him a few moments longer and then waved his hand kindly.

"You are a fine Samavian," he said. "I am glad of that. You may go. Good night."

Marco bowed respectfully and the man with the tired face led him out of the room.

It was just before he left him in a quiet chamber in which he was to sleep that the Prince gave him a final curious glance. "I remember now," he said. "In the room, when you answered the question about Samavia, I was sure that I had seen you before. It was the day of the celebration. There was a break in the crowd and I saw a boy looking at me. It was you."

"Yes," said Marco, "I have followed you each time you have gone out since then, but I could never get near enough to speak. To-night seemed only one chance in a thousand."

"You are doing your work more like a man than a boy," was the next speech, and it was made reflectively. "No man could have behaved more perfectly than you did just now, when discretion and composure were necessary." Then, after a moment's pause, "He was deeply interested and deeply pleased. Good night."

WHEN the gardens had been thrown open the next morning and people were passing in and out again, Marco passed out also. He was obliged to tell himself two or three times that he had not wakened from an amazing dream. He quickened his pace after he had crossed the street, because he wanted to get home to the attic and talk to The Rat. There was a narrow side-street it was necessary for him to pass through if he wished to make a short cut. As he turned into it, he saw a curious figure leaning on crutches against

a wall. It looked damp and forlorn, and he wondered if it could be a beggar. It was not. It was The Rat, who suddenly saw who was approaching and swung forward. His face was pale and haggard and he looked worn and frightened. He dragged off his cap and spoke in a voice which was hoarse as a crow's.

"God be thanked!" he said. "God be thanked!" as people always said it when they received the Sign, alone. But there was a kind of anguish in his voice as well as relief.

"Aide-de-Camp!" Marco cried out—The Rat had begged him to call him so. "What have you been doing? How long have you been here?"

"Ever since I left you last night," said The Rat, clutching tremblingly at his arm as if to make sure he was real. "If there was not room for two in the hollow, there was room for one in the street. Was it my place to go off duty and leave you alone—was it?" fiercely.

"You were out in the storm?"

"Were n't you?" still fiercely. "I huddled against the wall as well as I could. What did I care? Crutches don't prevent a fellow waiting. I would n't have left you if you 'd given me orders. And that would have been mutiny. When you did not come out as soon as the gates opened, I felt as if my head got on fire. How could I know what had happened? I 've not the nerve and backbone you have. I go half mad." For a second or so Marco did not answer. But when he put his hand on the damp sleeve, The Rat actually started, because it seemed as though he were looking into the eyes of Stefan Loristan.

"You look just like your father!" he exclaimed, in spite of himself.

"When you are near me," Marco said, in Loristan's own voice, "when you are near me, I feel—I feel as if I were a royal prince attended by an army. You are my army." And he pulled off his cap with quick boyishness and added, "God be thanked!"

The sun was warm in the attic window when they reached their lodging, and the two leaned on the rough sill as Marco told his story. It took some time to relate; and when he ended, he took an envelop from his pocket and showed it to The Rat. It contained a flat package of money.

"He gave it to me just before he opened the private door," Marco explained. "And he said to me, 'It will not be long now. After Samavia, go back to London as quickly as you can—as quickly as you can!'"

"I wonder—what he meant?" The Rat said, slowly. A tremendous thought had shot through his mind. But it was not a thought he could speak of to Marco

"I cannot tell. I thought that it was for some reason he did not expect me to know," Marco said. "We will do as he told us. As quickly as we can." They looked over the newspapers, as they did every day. All that could be gathered from any of them was that the opposing armies of Samavia seemed each to have reached the culmination of disaster and exhaustion. Which party had the power left to take any final step which could call itself a victory, it was impossible to say. Never had a country been in a more desperate case.

"It is the time!" said The Rat, glowering over his map. "If the Secret Party rises suddenly now, it can take Melzarr almost without a blow. It can sweep through the country and disarm both armies. They 're weakened—they 're half starved—they 're bleeding to death; they want to be disarmed. Only the Iarovitch and the Maranovitch keep on with the struggle because each is fighting for the power to tax the people and make slaves of them. If the Secret Party does not rise, the people will, and they 'll rush on the palaces and kill every Maranovitch and Iarovitch they find. And serve them right!"

"Let us spend the rest of the day in studying the road-map again," said Marco. "To-night we must be on the way to Samavia!"

CHAPTER XXVI

ACROSS THE FRONTIER

THAT one day, a week later, two tired and travel-worn boy-mendicants should drag themselves with slow and weary feet across the frontier line between Jiardasia and Samavia, was not an incident to awaken suspicion or even to attract attention. War and hunger and anguish had left the country stunned and broken. Since the worst had happened, no one was curious as to what would befall them next. If Jiardasia herself had become a foe, instead of a friendly neighbor, and had sent across the border galloping hordes of soldiery, there would only have been more shrieks, and home-burnings, and slaughter which no one dare resist. But, so far, Jiardasia had remained peaceful. The two boys—one of them on crutches—had evidently traveled far on foot. Their poor clothes were dusty and travel-stained, and they stopped and asked for water at the first hut across the line. The one who walked without crutches had some coarse bread in a bag slung over his shoulder, and they sat on the roadside and ate it as if they were hungry. The old grandmother who lived alone in the hut sat and stared at them without any curiosity. She may have vaguely wondered why any one crossed into

Samavia in these days. But she did not care to know their reason. Her big son had lived in a village which belonged to the Maranovitch and he had been called out to fight for his lords. He had not wanted to fight and had not known what the quarrel was about, but he was forced to obey. He had kissed his handsome wife and four sturdy children, blubbing aloud when he left them. His village and his good crops and his house must be left behind. Then the Iarovitch swept through the pretty little cluster of homesteads which belonged to their enemy. They were mad with rage because they had met with great losses in a battle not far away, and, as they swooped through, they burned and killed, and trampled down fields and vineyards. The old woman's son never saw either the burned walls of his house or the bodies of his wife and children, because he had been killed himself in the battle for which the Iarovitch were revenging themselves. Only the old grandmother, who lived in the hut near the frontier line and stared vacantly at the passers-by, remained alive.

When the boys were over the frontier and well on their way along the roads, it was not difficult to keep out of sight if it seemed necessary. The country was mountainous and there were deep and thick forests by the way—forests so far-reaching and with such thick undergrowth that full-grown men could easily have hidden themselves. It was because of this, perhaps, that this part of the country had seen little fighting. There was too great opportunity for secure ambush for a foe. As the two travelers went on, they heard of burned villages and towns destroyed, but they were towns and villages nearer Melzarr and other fortress-defended cities, or they were in the country surrounding the castles and estates of powerful nobles and leaders. It was true, as Marco had said to the white-haired personage, that the Maranovitch and Iarovitch had fought with the savageness of hyenas until at last the forces of each side lay torn and bleeding, their strength, their resources, their supplies exhausted. Each day left them weaker and more desperate. Europe looked on with small interest in either party but with growing desire that the disorder should end and cease to interfere with commerce. All this and much more Marco and The Rat knew, but, as they made their cautious way through byways of the maimed and tortured little country, they learned other things. They learned that the stories told of its beauty and fertility were not romances. Its heaven-reaching mountains, its immense plains of rich verdure on which flocks and herds might have fed by thousands, its splendor of deep forest and broad clear rushing rivers

had a primeval majesty such as the first human creatures might have found on earth in the days of the Garden of Eden. The two boys traveled through forest and woodland when it was possible to leave the road. It was safe to thread a way among huge trees and tall ferns and young saplings. It was not always easy but it was safe. Sometimes they saw a charcoal-burner's hut or a shelter where a shepherd was hiding with the few sheep left to him. Each man they met wore the same look of stony suffering in his face; but, when the boys begged for bread and water, as was their habit, no one refused to share the little he had. It soon became plain to them that they were thought to be two young fugitives whose homes had probably been destroyed and who were wandering about with no thought but that of finding safety until the worst was over. That one of them traveled on crutches added to their apparent helplessness, and that he could not speak the language of the country made him more an object of pity. The peasants did not know what language he spoke—and he spoke but seldom. Sometimes a foreigner came to find work in this small town or that. This poor lad might have come to the country with his father and mother and then have been caught in the whirlpool of war and tossed out on the world parentless. But no one asked questions. Even in their desolation they were a silent and noble people who were too courteous for curiosity.

"In the old days they were simple and stately and kind. All doors were open to travelers. The master of the poorest hut uttered a blessing and a welcome when a stranger crossed his threshold. It was the custom of the country," Marco said. "I read about it in a book of my father's. About most of the doors the welcome was carved in the stone. It was this—'The Blessing of the Son of God, and Rest, within these walls.'"

"They are big and strong," said The Rat. "And they have good faces. They carry themselves as if they had been drilled—both the men and the women."

It was not through the blood-drenched part of the unhappy land their way led them, but they saw hunger and dread in the villages they passed. Crops which should have fed the people had been taken from them for the use of the army; flocks and herds had been driven away, and faces were gaunt and gray. Those who had as yet only lost crops and herds knew that homes and lives might be torn from them at any moment. Only old men and women and children were left to wait for any fate which the chances of war might deal out to them.

When they were given food from some poor

store, Marco would offer a little money in return. He dare not excite suspicion by offering much. He was obliged to let it be imagined that in his flight from his ruined home he had been able to snatch at and secrete some poor hoard which might save him from starvation. Often the women would not take what he offered. Their journey was a hard and hungry one. They must make it all on foot and there was little food to be found. But each of them knew how to live on scant fare. They traveled mostly by night and slept among the ferns and undergrowth through the day. They drank from running brooks and bathed in them. Moss and ferns made soft and sweet-smelling beds, and trees roofed them. Sometimes they lay long and talked while they rested. And at length a day came when they knew they were nearing their journey's end.

"It is nearly over now," Marco said, after they had thrown themselves down in the forest in the early hours of one dewy morning. "He said 'After Samavia, go back to London as quickly as you can—as quickly as you can.' He said it twice. As if—something were going to happen."

"Perhaps it will happen more suddenly than we think—the thing he meant," answered The Rat. Suddenly he sat up on his elbow and leaned towards Marco.

"We are in Samavia!" he said. "We two are in Samavia! And we are near the end!"

Marco rose on his elbow also. He was very thin as a result of hard travel and scant feeding. His thinness made his eyes look immense and black as pits. But they burned and were beautiful with their own fire.

"Yes," he said, breathing quickly. "And though we do not know what the end will be, we have obeyed orders. The Prince was next to the last one. There is only one more. The old priest."

"I have wanted to see him more than I have wanted to see any of the others," The Rat said, eagerly.

"So have I," Marco answered. "His church is built on the side of this mountain. I wonder what he will say to us."

Both had the same reason for wanting to see him. In his youth he had served in the monastery over the frontier—the one which, till it was destroyed in a revolt, had treasured the five-hundred-year-old story of the beautiful royal lad brought to be hidden among the brotherhood by the ancient shepherd. In the monastery the memory of the Lost Prince was as the memory of a saint. It had been told that one of the early brothers, who was a decorator and a painter, had made a picture of him with a faint halo shining about his head. The young acolyte who had

served there must have heard wonderful legends. But the monastery had been burned, and the young acolyte had in later years crossed the frontier and become the priest of a few mountaineers whose little church clung to the mountain-side. He had worked hard and faithfully and was worshipped by his people. Only the secret Forgers of the Sword knew that his most ardent worshippers were those with whom he prayed and to whom he gave blessings in dark caverns under the earth, where arms piled themselves and men with dark strong faces sat together in the dim light and laid plans and wrought schemes.

This Marco and The Rat did not know as they talked of their desire to see him.

"He may not choose to tell us anything," said Marco. "When we have given him the Sign, he may turn away and say nothing as some of the others did. He may have nothing to say which we should hear. Silence may be the order for him, too."

It would not be a long or dangerous climb to the little church on the rock. They could sleep or rest all day and begin it at twilight. So after they had talked of the old priest and had eaten their black bread, they settled themselves to sleep under cover of the thick tall ferns.

It was a long and deep sleep which nothing disturbed. So few human beings ever climbed the hill, except by the little rough path leading to the church, that the little wild creatures had not learned to be afraid of them. Once, during the afternoon, a hare hopping along under the ferns to make a visit stopped by Marco's head, and, after looking at him a few seconds with his lustrous eyes, began to nibble the ends of his hair. He only did it from curiosity and because he wondered if it might be a new kind of grass, but he did not like it and stopped nibbling almost at once, after which he looked at it again, moving the soft sensitive end of his nose rapidly for a second or so, and then hopped away to attend to his own affairs. A very large and handsome green stag-beetle crawled from one end of The Rat's crutches to the other, but, having done it, he went away also. Two or three times a bird, searching for his dinner under the ferns, was surprised to find the two sleeping figures, but, as they lay so quietly, there seemed nothing to be frightened about. A beautiful little field mouse running past discovered that there were crumbs lying about and ate all she could find on the moss. After that she crept into Marco's pocket and found some excellent ones and had quite a feast. But she disturbed nobody and the boys slept on.

It was a bird's evening song which awakened them both. The bird alighted on the branch of

a tree near them and her trill was rippling clear and sweet. The evening air had freshened and was fragrant with hillside scents. When Marco first rolled over and opened his eyes, he thought the most delicious thing on earth was to waken from sleep on a hillside at evening and hear a bird singing. It seemed to make exquisitely real to him the fact that he was in Samavia—that the Lamp was lighted and his work was nearly done. The Rat awakened when he did, and for a few minutes both lay on their backs without speaking. At last Marco said, "The stars are coming out. We can begin to climb, Aide-de-Camp." Then they both got up and looked at each other.

"The last one!" The Rat said. "To-morrow we shall be on our way back to London—Number 7 Philibert Place. After all the places we've been to—what will it look like?"

"It will be like waking out of a dream," said Marco. "It's not beautiful—Philibert Place. But *he* will be there." And it was as if a light lighted itself on his face and shone through the very dark of it.

And The Rat's face lighted in almost exactly the same way. And he pulled off his cap and stood bareheaded. "We've obeyed orders," he said. "We've not forgotten one. No one has noticed us, no one has thought of us. We've blown through the countries as if we had been grains of dust."

Marco's head was bared too and his face was still shining. "God be thanked!" he said. "Let us begin to climb."

They pushed their way through the ferns and wandered in and out through the trees until they found the little path. The hill was thickly clothed with forest and the little path was sometimes dark and steep; but they knew that, if they followed it, they would at last come out to a place where there were scarcely any trees at all, and on a crag they would find the tiny church waiting for them. The priest might not be waiting. They might have to wait for him, but he would be sure to come back for morning mass and for vespers, wheresoever he wandered between times.

There were many stars in the sky when at last a turn of the path showed them the church above them. It was little and built of rough stone. It looked as if the priest himself and his scattered flock might have broken and carried or rolled bits of the hill to put it together. It had the small, round, mosque-like summit the Turks had brought into Europe in centuries past. It would hold but a very small congregation—and close to it was a tiny shed-like house, which was of course the priest's.

The two boys stopped on the path to look at it.

"There is a candle burning in one of the little windows," said Marco.

"There is a well near the door—and some one is beginning to draw water," said The Rat, next. "It is too dark to see who it is. Listen!"



"THEY WANDERED IN AND OUT UNTIL THEY FOUND THE PATH."

They listened and heard the buckets descend on the chains, and splash in the water. Then it was drawn up, and it seemed some one drank long. Then they saw the dim figure move forward and stand. Then they heard a voice begin to pray aloud, as if the owner, being accustomed to utter solitude, did not think of earthly hearers.

"Come," Marco said. And they went forward.

Because the stars were so many and the air so clear, the priest heard their feet on the path, and saw them almost as soon as he heard them. He ended his prayer and watched them coming. A lad on crutches, who moved as lightly and

easily as a bird—and a lad who, even yards away, was noticeable for a bearing of his body which was neither haughty nor proud but set him somehow aloof from every other lad one had ever seen. A magnificent lad—though, as he drew near, the starlight showed his face thin and his eyes hollow as if with fatigue or hunger.

"And who is this one?" the old priest murmured to himself. "*Who?*"

Marco drew up before him and made a respectful reverence. Then he lifted his black head, squared his shoulders and uttered his message for the last time.

"The Lamp is lighted, Father," he said. "The Lamp is lighted."

The old priest stood quite still and gazed into his face. The next moment he bent his head so that he could look at him closely. It seemed almost as if he were frightened and wanted to make sure of something. At the moment it flashed through The Rat's mind that the old, old woman on the mountain-top had looked frightened in something the same way.

"I am an old man," he said. "My eyes are not good. If I had a light"—and he glanced towards the house.

It was The Rat who, with one whirl, swung through the door and seized the candle. He guessed what he wanted. He held it himself so that the flare fell on Marco's face.

The old priest drew nearer and nearer. He gasped for breath. "You are the son of Stefan Loristan!" he cried. "It is *his son* who brings the Sign."

He fell upon his knees and hid his face in his hands. Both the boys heard him sobbing and praying—praying and sobbing at once.

They glanced at each other. The Rat was bursting with excitement, but he felt a little awkward also and wondered what Marco would do. An old fellow on his knees, crying, made a chap feel as if he did n't know what to say. Must you comfort him or must you let him go on?

Marco only stood quite still and looked at him with understanding and gravity.

"Yes, Father," he said. "I am the son of Stefan Loristan, and I have given the Sign to all. You are the last one. The Lamp is lighted. I could weep for gladness, too."

The priest's tears and prayers ended. He rose

to his feet—a rugged-faced old man with long and thick white hair which fell on his shoulders—and smiled at Marco while his eyes were still wet.

"You have passed from one country to another with the message?" he said. "You were under orders to say those four words?"

"Yes, Father," answered Marco.

"That was all. You were to say no more?"

"I know no more. Silence has been the order since I took my oath of allegiance when I was a child. I was not old enough to fight, or serve, or reason about great things. All I could do was to be silent, and to train myself to remember, and be ready when I was called. When my father saw I was ready, he trusted me to go out to give the Sign. He told me the four words. Nothing else."

The old man watched him wonderingly.

"If Stefan Loristan does not know best," he said, "who does?"

"He always knows," answered Marco proudly. "Always." He waved his hand like a young king towards The Rat. He wanted each man they met to understand the value of The Rat. "He chose for me this companion," he added. "I have done nothing alone."

"He let me call myself his Aide-de-Camp!" burst forth The Rat. "I would be cut into inch-long strips for him."

Marco translated.

Then the priest looked at The Rat and slowly nodded his head. "Yes," he said. "He knew best. He always knows best. That I see."

"How did you know I was my father's son?" asked Marco. "You have seen him?"

"No," was the answer; "but I have seen a picture which is said to be his image—and you are the picture's self. It is, indeed, a strange thing that two of God's creatures should be so alike. There is a purpose in it." He led them into his bare small house and made them rest, and drink goat's milk, and eat food. As he moved about the hut-like place, there was a mysterious and exalted look on his face.

"You must be refreshed before we leave here," he said, at last. "I am going to take you to a place hidden in the mountain where there are men whose hearts will leap at the sight of you. To see you will give them new power and courage and new resolve. To-night they meet as they or their ancestors have met for centuries, but now they are nearing the end of their waiting. And I shall bring them the son of Stefan Loristan, who is the Bearer of the Sign!"

They ate the bread and cheese and drank the

goat's milk he gave them, but Marco explained that they did not need rest as they had slept all day. They were prepared to follow him when he was ready.

The last faint hint of twilight had died into night and the stars were at their thickest when they set out together. The white-haired old man took a thick knotted staff in his hand and led the way. He knew it well, though it was a rugged and steep one with no track to mark it. Sometimes they seemed to be walking around the mountain, sometimes they were climbing, sometimes they dragged themselves over rocks or fallen trees, or struggled through almost impassable thickets; more than once they descended into ravines and, almost at the risk of their lives, clambered and drew themselves with the aid of the undergrowth up the other side. The Rat was called upon to use all his prowess, and sometimes Marco and the priest helped him across obstacles with the aid of his crutch.

"Have n't I shown to-night whether I'm a cripple or not?" he said once to Marco. "You can tell *him* about this, can't you? And that the crutches helped instead of being in the way?"

They had been out nearly two hours when they came to a place where the undergrowth was thick and a huge tree had fallen crashing down among it in some storm. Not far from the tree was an outcropping rock. Only the top of it was to be seen above the heavy tangle.

They had pushed their way through the jungle of bushes and young saplings, led by their companion. They did not know where they would be led next and were prepared to push forward further when the priest stopped by the outcropping rock. He stood silent a few minutes—quite motionless—as if he were listening to the forest and the night. But there was utter stillness. There was not even a breeze to stir a leaf, or a half-wakened bird to sleepily chirp.

He struck the rock with his staff—twice, and then twice again.

Marco and The Rat stood with bated breath.

They did not wait long. Presently each of them found himself leaning forward, staring with almost unbelieving eyes, not at the priest or his staff, but at *the rock itself!*

It was moving! Yes, it moved. The priest stepped aside and it slowly turned, as if worked by a lever. As it turned, it gradually revealed a chasm of darkness dimly lighted, and the priest spoke to Marco. "There are hiding-places like this all through Samavia," he said. "Patience and misery have waited long in them. They are the caverns of the Forgers of the Sword. Come!"

(To be continued.)

HER WAY



BY MARGARET JOHNSON



SAID sensible Miss Lucy,
as she creased her double chin:
"Whatever did I tell you now?
Full skirts are coming in!
I never, never try, my dears,
to keep up with the styles;
They 're out again before I 've learned
the half of all their wiles!
I just go on my own sweet way,
regardless, as you see,
And know that all the fashion
yet I 'm simply bound to be,
For sure as fate, if I but wait,
the styles catch up with me!"

THE BOARDED-UP HOUSE

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

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

CHAPTER XVII

IN WHICH ALL MYSTERIES ARE SOLVED

AT last the two on the staircase heard footsteps approaching the door, and a pleasant voice called out:

"Where are you both, little ladies? Will you not come and join us? I think we must have many things to be explained!"

In response to this summons, Cynthia and Joyce came forward, a little timidly, and their latest visitor held out a hand to each.

"You wonderful two!" he exclaimed. "Do you realize that, had it not been for you, this would never have happened? My mother and I owe

you a debt of gratitude beyond all expressing! Come and join us now, and we will solve the riddles which I 'm sure are puzzling us all." He led them over to the sofa, and placed them beside his mother.

Never was a change more remarkable than that which had come upon Mrs. Collingwood. Her face, from being one of the saddest they had ever seen, had grown fairly radiant. She looked younger too. Ten years seemed suddenly to have dropped from her shoulders. Her brown eyes flashed with something of their former fire, and she smiled down at them as only the Lovely Lady of the portrait had ever smiled. There was no difficulty now in identifying her with that picture.

"Oh, please—" began Joyce, breathlessly, "won't you tell us, Mr. Collingwood, how you come to be—*not dead!*—and why you gave another name at the door—and—and—" He laughed.

"I 'll tell you all that," he interrupted, "if you 'll tell *me* who 'Joyce Kenway' is!"

"Why, *I* am Joyce Kenway!" said Joyce in surprise. "Did n't you guess it?"

"How could I?" he answered. "I never supposed it was a *girl* who sent me that note. I did not even feel sure that the name was not assumed to hide an identity. In fact, I did not know what to think. But I 'll come to all that in its proper place. I 'm sure you are all anxious to hear the strange story I have to tell.

"In the first place, as it 's easy to guess, I was n't killed at the battle of Shiloh at all; although my name appeared on the list, I was only badly wounded. As I lay on the field with scores of others, after the battle, a poor fellow near me, who had been terribly hurt, was moaning and tossing. My own wound did not hamper me so much at the time, so I crawled over to him and tried to make him as comfortable as possible till a surgeon should arrive. Presently he began to shiver so, with some sort of a chill, that I took off my coat and wrapped it round him. The coat had some of my personal papers in it, but I did not think of that at the time.

"When the surgeons did arrive, we were removed to different army hospitals, and I never saw the man again. But he probably died very soon after, and evidently, finding my name on him, in the confusion it was reported that *I* was dead. Well, when I saw the notice of my own death in the paper, my first impulse was to deny it at once. But my second thought was to let it pass, after all. I believed that I had broken forever with my home. In the year that had elapsed, I had never ceased to hope that the note I left would soften my mother's feelings toward me, and that at least she would send me word that I was forgiven. But the word had never come, and hope was now quite dead. Perhaps it would be kinder to her to allow her to think I was no more, having died in the cause I thought right. The more I thought it over, the more I became convinced that this was the wisest course. Therefore I let the report stand. I was quite unknown where I was, and I decided, as soon as I was able, to make my way out West, and live out my life far from the scenes of so much unhappiness. My wound disqualified me from further army service and gave me a great deal of trouble, even after I was dismissed from the hospital.

"Nevertheless, I worked my way to the far

West, partly on foot and partly in the slow stage-coaches of that period. Once in California, I became deeply interested in the gold mines, where I was certain, like many another deluded one, that I was shortly going to amass an enormous fortune! But, after several years of fruitless search and fruitless toil, I stood as poor as the day I had first come into the region. In the meantime, the fascination of the life had taken hold of me, and I could relinquish it for no other. I had always, from a small child, been passionately fond of adventure and yearned to see other regions and test my fortune in new and untried ways. I could have done so no more acceptably than in the very course I was now pursuing.

"At the end of those hard but interesting years in California, rumors drifted to me of golden possibilities in upper Canada, and I decided to try my luck in the new field. The region was, at that time, practically a trackless wilderness, and to brave it at all was considered the limit of folly. That, however, far from deterring me, attracted me only the more. I got together an outfit, and bade a long farewell to even the rough civilization of California.

"Those were strange years, marvelous years, that I spent in the mountain fastnesses of upper Canada. For month on month I would see no human being save the half-breed Indian guide who accompanied me, and most of the time *he* seemed to me scarcely human. And all the while the search for gold went on, endlessly—endlessly. And the way led me farther and farther from the haunts of men. Then,—one day,—I found it! Found it in a mass, near the surface, and in such quantities that I actually had little else to do but shovel it out, wash it, and lay the precious nuggets aside, till at length the vein was exhausted. On weighing it up, I found such a quantity that there was really no object in pursuing the search any farther. I had enough. I was wealthy and to spare, and the longing came upon me to return to my own kind again. By this time, fifteen years had passed.

"You must not, however, think that in all these years and these absorbing interests, I had forgotten my mother. On the contrary, especially when I was in the wilderness, she was constantly in my thoughts. Before I left California for Canada (the war was then over some four or five years) I had contemplated writing to her, informing her of the mistake about my death, and begging her once more to forgive me. But, for several reasons, I did not do this. In the first place, I had heard of the exceeding bitterness of the South, increased tenfold by the period of reconstruction through which it was then passing.

Old grudges, they told me, were cherished more deeply than ever, and members of the same family often regarded each other with hatred. Of what use for me then, I thought, to sue for a reconciliation at such a time.

"Beside that, my very pride was another barrier. I had not been successful. I was, in fact, practically penniless. Would it not appear as though I were anxious for a reconciliation because I did not wish to lose the property which would one day have been mine, had not my mother disinherited me? No, I could never allow even the hint of such a suspicion. I would wait.

"But, in the Canadian wilderness, I began to see matters in another light. So far from the haunts of humanity and the clash of human interests, one cannot help but look at all things more sanely. It occurred to me that perhaps my mother, far from cherishing any bitter feeling toward me, now that she thought me dead, might be suffering agonies of grief and remorse because we had not been reconciled before the end. If there was even a possibility of this, I must relieve it. So I sat down one day, and wrote her the most loving, penitent letter, begging anew for forgiveness, and giving her the history of my adventures and my whereabouts. This letter I sent off by my guide, to be mailed at the nearest trading-post.

"It took him a month to make the journey there and back. I waited three months more, in great impatience, then sent him back to the same post, to see if there was a reply. He came back in due time, but bringing nothing for me, and I felt that my appeal had been in vain. Nevertheless, a few months later I wrote again, with no better result. My guide returned empty-handed. And during the last year I was there, I made the third and final trial, and, when again no answer came, I felt that it was beyond all hope to expect forgiveness, since she could ignore three such urgent appeals.

"I have just learned from my mother that these letters were never received by her, which is a great surprise to me, but I think I know the explanation. My guide was not honest (a few of them are n't, alas!), but, strangely enough, I never discovered any dishonesty in him, while he was with me. At that time, the postage on letters from that region was very high, sometimes as much as fifty or sixty cents, or even a dollar. This, of course, I always gave to the guide to use in sending the letter when he got to the trading-post. Now, though the sum seems small to us, it was large to him. And though I never suspected it at the time, I have no doubt that he pocketed the money and simply destroyed the let-

ters. So that explains why my mother never received any of them.

"Well, I returned to California a rich man, able to indulge myself in any form of amusement or adventure that pleased me. I found that I still felt the lure of foreign countries, and the less explored or inhabited, the better. I shipped for a voyage to Japan and China, and spent several more years trying to penetrate the forbidden fastnesses of Tibet. From there, I worked down through India, found my way to the South Sea Islands, and landed at length in Australia with the intention of penetrating farther into that continent than any white man had yet set foot.

"I think by this time, I had pretty well lost all desire ever to return to America, especially to New York. But at intervals I still felt an inexpressible longing to see or hear from my mother. Ten or twelve added years had slipped by, and it did not seem human that she should continue to feel bitterly toward me. I had almost decided to write to her once more, when in Sydney, New South Wales, where I happened to be looking over the files of an old New York paper in the public library, I stumbled on the death-notice of a Mrs. Fairfax Collingwood of Chesterton, South Carolina. The paper was dated seven years before.

"The knowledge was like a knife-wound in my heart. There could be no doubt of the truth. I knew of no other of that name, and the town was the very one in which she lived. My mother now tells me that she knew of this mistake, an error of the New York paper in copying the item from a Southern journal. As a matter of fact, it was a very distant cousin of hers who had died, a Mrs. Fanshawe Collingwood, who also lived in the town. She was my mother's only living relative, and the paper mentioned this circumstance. But when the New York paper copied it, they left out all about the surviving cousin, and merely mentioned the name of the deceased as 'Mrs. Fairfax Collingwood.' My mother had this rectified in a later publication of the paper, but that, of course, I never saw.

"Well, I went into the heart of Australia under the impression that I was now really motherless, and under that impression I have lived ever since. I cannot now detail to you all my wanderings and adventures, I will only say that I became deeply interested in the Australian gold mines, bought up one finally, and have superintended its running ever since. Lately, it became necessary for me to make a business trip to New York in connection with this mine, and I decided to come by way of Europe, since I had never seen that portion of the globe. My business

would not keep me in New York more than a week, and I intended to travel at once back to Australia across the continent, in order to see the changes that had taken place since I left.

"I had absolutely no idea of visiting this old home. Why, indeed, should I? My mother, as I supposed, was dead. Nothing else mattered. I had no interest in the property. For aught I knew it might have changed hands twenty times since we lived there. It might not even be in existence. At any rate, I had no wish to revive the bitterness of that memory. Then came the strange note this morning, which I believe you, Miss Joyce, are responsible for!

"To say that I was completely bewildered by it, would be putting it mildly. It made a statement that was new to me, indeed, and might account for many things. But what was I to do about it? Which way should I turn? No use to hurry down to South Carolina,—my mother being dead. Of whom should I make inquiries? The firm of New York lawyers that I remembered her as formerly retaining, I dreaded to consult, lest they think I had come to make a claim on the property. There seemed to be absolutely no clue.

"And then I happened to look at the envelope and saw that it was postmarked 'Rockridge,' a region which I speedily ascertained was right in the vicinity of my old home. That decided me to come out here at once, this afternoon, hunt up the spot, and try to discover in this way whether there was any use of pursuing investigations further in this direction.

"As I have said, I naturally supposed that the property had changed hands many times before this; and that all its old belongings had long since been sent to my mother or sold by her orders.

"When I arrived in this street and saw the old house still standing, forlorn, unkempt, apparently deserted, and quite unchanged since I knew it, I was still more astonished. But when I noticed the little door in the boarding standing open, I resolved to begin my investigations right there, and I boldly went up and knocked. Then Miss Joyce came out and announced that a member of the Collingwood family was here on business. That, too, seemed incredible, as I remembered no surviving member of the family. Discretion, however, seemed to me the better part of valor, and I decided to give the name that I had borne during my first years in California till I could ascertain more definitely just what the situation was.

"So I came in—as Mr. Arthur Calthorpe—and the mystery deepened tenfold when I saw this

old room all lit up precisely as I had remembered it so many years ago. It so carried me back into my youth that, for a few moments, I quite lost track of the present. And when I came to the old piano, the impulse seized me to play a few bars and hum the lines of a little song I had once composed for my mother. I had at that time rather a gift for music, and this song was a sort of secret of ours—I never sang or played it for any one else. And she remembered it!

"Well, you know the rest!—" And he stopped abruptly. They all drew long breaths of relaxed tension.

"There 's something that has puzzled me all along," began Joyce, at last. "I wonder if Mrs. Collingwood would object to my asking about it?"

"No, indeed, dear child," replied that lady. "Don't hesitate to ask anything you wish."

"It 's this, then. I have often and often wondered why you never came back to this beautiful old home, or at least sent for the books and pictures and lovely things that were going to ruin here. Did you never think of it?"

"I do not wonder you ask that," answered Mrs. Collingwood, "for it must have seemed very strange to an outsider. Of course, for the first few years, my anger had been so great, and my grief was still so terrible, that I felt I could never, never look upon the place or anything in it again. Then, as you have heard, I willed the house itself and the land to the Southern Society, as I had no one to whom I wished to leave it, and my means were sufficient, so that I did not need to sell it. As the years passed on, however, and my feelings altered, I did begin to think it a pity that the place should run to neglect and ruin.

"So strong did this conviction become, that I decided to come North myself, and personally superintend putting the house in order. I could not bear to leave this task to outsiders. I even thought that, if I found I could endure the memories, I would live in it a while, for the sake of the old happy years with my little boy. I even had my trunks packed and my ticket bought, when suddenly I went down with typhoid fever, so severe an attack that it was thought I could not live. That ended all thoughts of my coming North for a long while, as I was miserably weak and helpless for months after, and in fact, have never quite recovered my strength. The years drifted on and with them came old age, and the reluctance to make the long journey and endure the strain of it all. Had it not been for Miss Cynthia's letter, I should never have come.

"But, to change the subject a trifle, my son 's very anxious to know how you two young things have come to be concerned in all this, and I have

not yet had time to tell him—fully. Will you not give him an account of it now? It is very wonderful."

And so they began, first Joyce and then Cynthia,—interrupting and supplementing each other. They were still rather anxious on the subject of meddling and trespassing, but they did not try to excuse themselves, recounting the adventures simply and hiding nothing. The older people listened intently, sometimes amused, sometimes touched, often more deeply moved than they cared to show.

"We began it at first just for fun,—we pretended to be detectives. But as it went on, we got more and more deeply interested, till at last this—this all seemed more important than our own lives," ended Joyce. "Only, I know we did wrong in the beginning ever to come in here at all. We are trespassers and meddlers, and I hope you can forgive us!"

"The dearest little meddlers in the world!" cried Mrs. Collingwood. "Can any forgiveness be necessary?" And she cuddled them both in her arms.

"There 's just one thing I'd like to ask, if you don't mind," said Cynthia, coming suddenly out of a brown study. "It 's the one thing we never could account for. Why was that room upstairs locked, and what has become of the key?" Mrs. Collingwood flushed.

"I locked the door and threw the key down the well—that night!" she answered, slowly "I don't suppose you can quite understand, if you are not afflicted with a passionate temper, as I was. When my son—when Fairfax here—had gone, and I was shutting up the house and came to his room,—I wanted to go in,—oh, you cannot know how I wanted to go in! But I knew that if I once entered and stood among his dear belongings, I should relent—I should rush away to find him and beg him to come back to me. And I—I did not *want* to relent! I stood there five minutes debating it. Then I suddenly locked the

door on the outside, and before giving myself time for a second thought, I rushed downstairs, out of doors, and threw the key into the old well,—where I could never get it again!

"Children, I am an old woman. I shall be



"THEY BEGAN TO STEER THEIR WAY AROUND THE FURNITURE TOWARD THE HALL." (SEE NEXT PAGE)

seventy-five next birthday. Will you heed a lesson I have learned and paid for with the bitterest years of my life? If you are blessed with a calm, even, forgiving nature, thank God for it always. But if you are as I was, pray daily for help to curb that nature, before you have allowed it to work some desperate evil!" She hid her face in her hands.

"There, there, little Mother of mine!" murmured her son. "Let us forget all that now!

What does anything matter so long as we are together again—for always?" He leaned over, pulled her hands from her face, and kissed her tenderly. The moment was an awkward one, and Cynthia wished madly that she had not been prompted to ask that unfortunate question. Suddenly, however, the tension was broken by Mrs. Collingwood exclaiming:

"Mercy me! See that enormous *cat* walking in! Wherever did it come from?" They all turned toward the door.

"Oh, that 's Goliath!" said Joyce, calmly. "He feels very much at home here, for he has come in with us often. He led the way that first day, if you remember. And he 's been *such* a help!—He 's a better detective than any of us!"

"Blessings on Goliath then, say I!" laughed Mr. Fairfax Collingwood, and, approaching the huge feline with coaxing words, he gathered its unresisting form in his arms and deposited the warm, furry purring beast in his mother's lap.

And while they were all laughing over and petting Goliath, a queer thing happened. The candles, which had been burning now for several hours, had, unnoticed by all, been gradually guttering and spluttering out. At length only four or five flames remained, feebly wavering in their pools of melted wax. The occupants of the room had been too absorbed with their own affairs to notice the gradual dimming of the illumination. But now Joyce suddenly looked up and perceived what had happened.

"Why, look at the candles!" she cried. "There are only about three left, and they won't last more than a minute or two!" Even as she spoke, two of them flickered out. The remaining one struggled for another half-minute, and flared up in one last, desperate effort. The next instant, the room was in total darkness. So unexpected was the change, that they all sat very still. The sudden pall of darkness in this strange house of mystery was just a tiny bit awesome.

"Well! This *is* a predicament!" exclaimed Fairfax Collingwood who was first to recover from the surprise. "Fortunately I have a box of matches!"

"Oh, don't worry!" added the practical Cynthia. "There 's an extra candle that I left on the mantel. It will do nicely to light us out." Groping to the chimney-place with the aid of his matches, Mr. Collingwood found the candle and lit it. Then, with one accord, they all rose and began to steer their way around the furniture toward the hall, Goliath following.

As they came out into the hall, Mr. Collingwood stopped, looked at his watch, and exclaimed:

"It is six-thirty! Who would believe it!" The two girls gave a simultaneous gasp of dismay.

"Dinner!—It was ready half an hour ago! What *will* they think?" cried Joyce.

"Never mind *what* they think, just for to-night!" responded Mrs. Collingwood, gaily. "You can tell them when you 're explaining all this, that what you 've done for us two people is beyond the power of words to express. They 'll forgive you!" She bent down and kissed them both with a caress that thrilled them to their finger-tips. Then they all passed out through the great front door to the wide old veranda. Mr. Collingwood, taking the key from his mother, locked the little door in the boarding, after them. And in the warm, waning May afternoon, they filed down the steps. At the gate, Mr. Collingwood turned to the girls:

"I am taking my mother back to New York for a few days. She must rest, and we have much to talk over. I scarcely need tell you that I am *not* returning to Australia!—We shall come back here very soon, open up this old home, put it in order, and probably spend the rest of our lives between here and the South.

"Dear girls, I hardly need say to you that in all the world we shall consider that we have no closer or more devoted friends than yourselves! This house will always be open to you. You must look upon it as a second home. You have given back to us the most priceless blessing,—the one thing we neither hoped nor expected to enjoy again in this world,—*each other!*" He could not go on. He was very much moved. And neither Cynthia nor Joyce could speak.

They remained standing at the gate, watching the two go down the street in the sunset, and waved to them wildly as they turned to look back, just before rounding the corner. And at last the intervening trees shut them from sight.

WHEN they were gone, Cynthia and Joyce turned and looked long and incredulously into each other's eyes. They *might* have made, on this occasion, a number of high-flown and appropriate remarks, the tenor of which would be easy to imagine. Certainly the time for it was ripe, and beyond a doubt they *felt* them! But, as a matter of fact, they indulged in nothing of the sort. Instead, Joyce suddenly broke into a laugh.

"We 'll never have to go in there by the cellar window again!" she remarked.

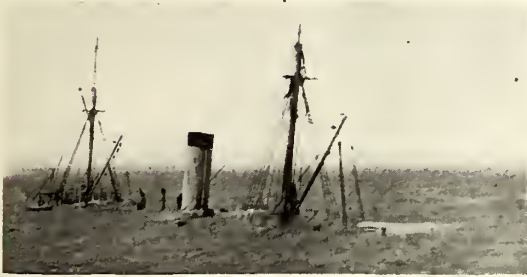
"Sure enough!" agreed Cynthia. "What a relief that 'll be!"

And so ended the adventure of the Boarded-up House!

PRACTICAL MECHANICS FOR BOYS

HOW AIR FIGHTS WATER—AND FIRE

BY ROBERT G. SKERRETT



THE SMOKE-STACK AND MASTS OF THE
SUNKEN *YANKEE*.



AN AIR-LOCK LEADING DOWN INTO THE
SUBMERGED *YANKEE*.

DON'T let any one discourage you should you have a mechanical turn of mind, even though you are but a boy, because youthful experiments, as you shall see, are the seed of a man's best work sometimes. The story we are going to tell you is about an old tin can, a watering-trough in a pasture corner, and the stems of some dandelions which flourished near by. Of course, we want you to remember that there was a boy, too, in the case, and this particular bright lad was named William Wallace Wotherspoon.

One warm day, the splashing overflow of that water-tank appealed to the youthful William, and he could not resist the temptation to dabble in it, and to get himself generally messed up and wet; but that did not bother him at all. He was especially happy because some one had left there a tin can by way of a drinking-cup, and he rather liked to force the can down into the trough until its top came level with the water, and then to see it fill gradually and sink to the slimy bottom of the trough. In trying to bring it up again the first few times he came near going in head first; and he did get thoroughly splashed in the attempt. He found when he turned the can top-side down that it took some strength to force it under the surface, and the moment he loosened his grip the can bobbed briskly up again. This was because the confined air in the can became more and more compressed as he submerged it, and when he let go, the elastic air expanded and drove his plaything up to the surface.

But when William punched a hole in the bottom of the can with an old nail, and again put it

in the water with the open top down, then the air escaped gradually, and the can settled slowly to the bottom of the trough. To get it up again he had to risk once more the chance of a ducking. Now here is where William's inventiveness displayed itself. He knew if he could get air into the can after it was sunk with its punctured end uppermost, and keep it confined there, that the can would rise, because he could in that way give it buoyancy. But how to get the air there puzzled him for a while. Suddenly he had an idea: why not make a tube of dandelion stems? This was but the work of a few moments, his principal problem being to find a good fat stem which would fit snugly into the hole he had made with the nail, and yet leave enough of an open tube for him to blow air into his can after it had sunk. Possibly you can realize his delight when he found that he could not only raise his make-believe diving-bell from the bottom of the trough, but, by controlling the escape of the air as the can filled, he could make it sink either quickly, or very slowly, or hold it at any depth.

It did not occur to Master William Wallace Wotherspoon then that he was laying the foundation for the work of his manhood's prime, nor did he know that his boyish amusement was to lead to a veritable revolution in the refloating of sunken ships. But, just the same, that is what has happened. After studying engineering later on, he went in for tunnel-building under the Hudson River, where the use of compressed air showed him how mud and water could be met on equal terms and held at a respectful distance

through the invisible push of compressed air. What he learned by practical experience did nothing more than confirm, on a large scale, the principles, or laws, of nature involved when he amused himself with that tin can in the pasture corner of his boyhood days.

We are not going to tell all about Mr. Wotherspoon's achievements, but two astonishing salvage accomplishments within the past few years will show you how he has profited by his splashing in that old tank. But before we begin this part of our story, we must go back six years.

In the summer of 1908, the *U. S. S. Yankee*, outward bound from Newport, Rhode Island, stumbled upon the rocks of a reef known to seafarers as "Hen and Chickens." The cruiser struck so hard that she was held fast, and was so badly wounded that she finally sank. The naval authorities lost no time in seeking the services of commercial wrecking companies, and efforts were started promptly to loosen the grip of the reef and to refloat the sunken ship. One after another, the salvage concerns did their best, but without success. The *Yankee* seemed doomed to abandonment. Just then, Mr. Wotherspoon interested in his theories the late John Arbuckle, the well-known sugar- and coffee-king, and a proposal was laid before the Government officials along new lines in the refloating of foundered craft.

Again we must skip time. After some preliminary work, Mr. Wotherspoon decided to do with the *Yankee* just what he had done in his youth with that memorable tin can. The bottom plating of the ship was so badly torn that water entered and flowed out freely as the tide rose and fell; in other words, the condition was a duplicate of the can with the nail-hole in the bottom and its topside down. What he had to do was to make sure that the decks above could be made airtight, and strong enough to hold the air which he purposed pumping down in there. This had to be done by divers, while still leaving open the wounds in the metal skin of the *Yankee*.

When everything was ready, the compressors on the wrecking-tender were started, and air was forced into the ship and into the flooded compartments. Slowly the water backed out before the bidding of the compressed air, and presently the cruiser rose to the surface. But that imprisoned air was a bursting force when the pressure of the surrounding sea lessened toward the surface—suddenly a small hatch was blown off, and the exulting Atlantic rushed in again and the cruiser resettled upon the reef. This is the story of apparent failure which taught the lesson that has since been applied with splendid results. Mr. Wotherspoon found that he had to provide suffi-

cient strength to his decks and covered hatches so that, as they emerged above the surface, they could resist the bursting energy of the compressed air which had taken the place of the water inside the boat.

In November, 1912, a big 14,000-ton steamship, bound for England from Quebec, ran at full speed upon the rocks in the St. Lawrence. That liner was the *Royal George*, and she went ashore at high tide. When the divers examined her, they found that nearly half of her bottom-plating was torn open or damaged, and the boulders upon which she was stranded held her so fast that a flotilla of sturdy tugs and larger steam vessels could not drag her back into deep water. Her situation was such a sorry one that there seemed but little chance of getting the big craft off, and her owners actually abandoned her to the insurers, or underwriters, who had to pay for her loss. These same underwriters, to get their money back, had to try to save the vessel, even though the prospect was most disheartening.

Fortunately, Mr. Wotherspoon had about finished the job of raising the collier *Gladstone*, which had gone down a couple of miles nearer Quebec. He had refloated the collier by means of compressed air, applied in the way we have described. The underwriters sent for him and cheerfully turned the task over to him at his own terms. Remember, the *Royal George* was not sunk below the surface of the river, but she rested upon the rocks with sixteen feet of water around her at high tide, and only a few inches about her when the river was low. As she went ashore with the tide high, there was no chance of more water to help to get her off. At once, Mr. Wotherspoon began his preparations, which meant closing the hatches leading into the flooded cargo-spaces, making the deck immediately above airtight by veneering it with several layers of tarred paper and a topping of spruce flooring, and then reinforcing that deck by means of braces, or wooden posts, reaching to the deck above—two decks thus combining to confine the compressed air that was to be pumped into the spaces that were then full of water.

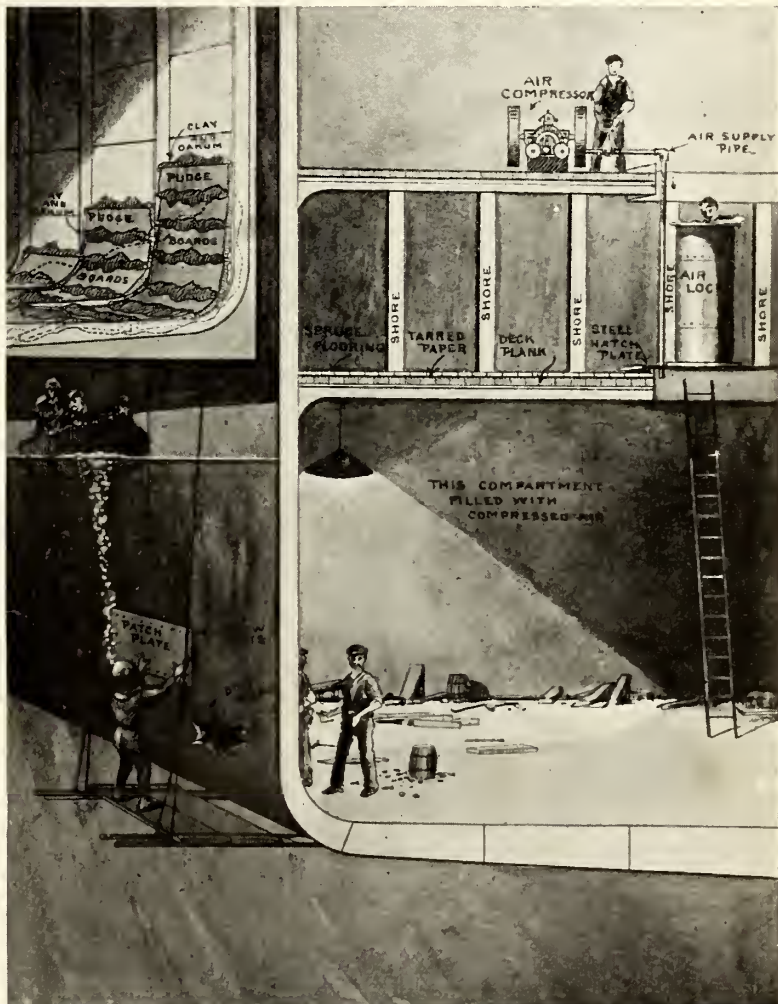
Another provision was the attachment of air-locks to the heavy metal plates which closed the hatches. These air-locks were to be the passages by which the men could go to and fro in their work without permitting the compressed air within the injured compartments to escape. In just five days, all of the preparations were completed, and then the compressed air was forced into the flooded spaces. Inside of fifteen minutes, they were drained down to the topmost opening of the rents in the hull plating, and two

hours before high tide the *Royal George* was afloat.

This was quite remarkable, but still there was water within the ship from the top of the holes downward, and this, too, had to be driven out. How do you think this was done? Why, by just laying over the wounds roughly fitted pieces of planking, called "pudge-boards," around which and between which plenty of mud was smeared. The compressed air held these boards in place, and, at the same time, forced the mud into every crevice. These pudge-boards were started from the top, gradually working downward; and as they were put in place, the compressed air kept the water moving outward accordingly. Finally, when the last of these planks had been laid, the river was held at bay and the compartments practically drained. Mind you, all the while the cargo-spaces had to be filled with the air under pressure, and this pressure had to be just a trifle greater than that of the water of the St. Lawrence, which incessantly sought to enter.

Wonderful as this performance was on the part of Mr. Wotherspoon, what he did next was even more astonishing and novel. The nearest dry-dock was far up the river, and a dry-dock, as you probably know, is where vessels usually have to go to be repaired when their bottoms are injured. The workmen put on new plates from the outside. Unfortunately, winter was fast approaching, when ice closes the St. Lawrence to navigation. There were many financial reasons why the *Royal George* should get away to England as soon as possible. To be held in the St. Lawrence for months, even if she could be docked and repaired, would mean the loss of many thousands of dollars. Again the insurers were puzzled, and once more Mr. Wotherspoon came to their rescue. He proposed to repair the ship as

she floated—in short, he offered to do what had not been done before under like conditions. However, the underwriters had confidence in the ingenious Yankee, and Mr. Wotherspoon went to work at once.



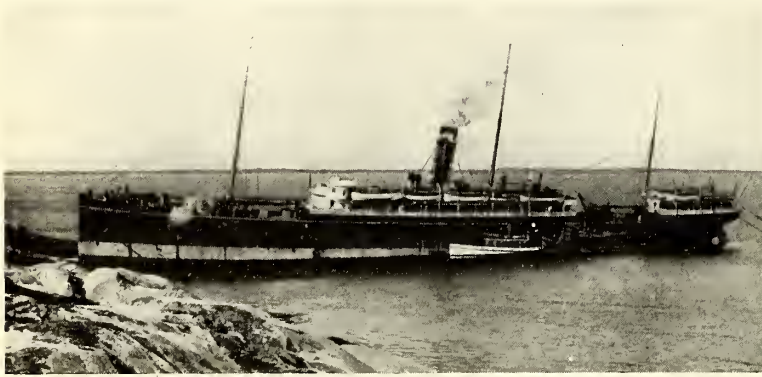
By courtesy of "The Scientific American."

MENDING A HOLE IN A SHIP'S SIDE.

The large compartment is filled with compressed air, and by means of the pudge-boards is holding out the water until the diver puts the patch plates in place and they are secured by bolts and nuts by the men inside. The workmen pass up and down through the air-lock. The shores tie the two decks together so that they combine to keep the compressed air in the injured compartment. The deck right over this space has layers of tarred paper and planking upon it to make it more air-tight. The diagram in the upper left-hand corner shows the method of applying the pudge-boards from the inside.

Carpenters went down through the air-locks, and, with pliant strips of wood, made patterns of the plates that would be required to cover the holes. On these skeleton forms they marked the places for bolt-holes, and corresponding marks were made upon the inner surface of the ship's metal skin. These patterns, or as they are technically called, templets, were sent to blacksmiths

on shore while bolt-holes were bored in the hull plating, at the places marked, and temporarily sealed with wooden plugs from within. When the blacksmiths had cut out the various steel plates needed and the bolt-holes, threaded ready for a screw, had been drilled in them, screw-bolts were put in place. So prepared, these patches



THE URANIUM ON THE ROCKS AT CHEBUCTO HEAD.

were then ready to be lowered down into the water.

In the meantime, weighted ladders, serving as scaffolds, had been suspended beneath the *Royal George*, and upon these platforms divers stood ready to shove the plates into position as they sank below the water. They guided the outstanding bolts into the holes previously made in the ship's hull. At a warning tap, the men inside withdrew the wooden plugs and the iron bolts were forced into the empty places. Of course, some water spurted in their faces, but the workmen lost no time in adjusting washers and nuts upon the protruding bolt-ends. These were quickly screwed down, drawing the plate outside more snugly against the skin of the ship. In this way, the patches were made water-tight.

When each patch had been made secure, the pudge-boards, that had temporarily covered the holes, were removed; and when all of the wounds in any one of the compartments had thus been closed, the compressed air was released, because the battle with the river was over. It took but six days to make these repairs and to fit the *Royal George* in this way for a sea trip. Not only was much valuable time saved, but the underwriters were quite \$50,000 in pocket in consequence. Mr. Wotherspoon did what others thought impossible, and he did it more quickly than the work could have been done in a dry-dock. The ship sailed away before ice interfered, and she carried a profitable cargo to England.

On the twelfth of January, of the year 1913, the steamship *Uranium*, during a thick fog, struck

upon the rocks of Chebucto Head, just outside of the harbor of Halifax, Nova Scotia. The *Uranium* was pulled off and taken into the near-by port, but the only dry-dock there was then occupied. Again time was precious, and there were business reasons why the vessel should reach New York with the least delay. In brief, it was decided to temporarily repair the ship under compressed air by Mr. Wotherspoon's method, and in less than two weeks—to be exact, eleven days—she was made ready for sea. She arrived at New York after a two-days' run, and proved how valuable the system was in meeting an emergency.

All this is seemingly vastly different from the simple tin can and the tubing of dandelion stems of earlier days, but Mr. Wotherspoon knows that the guiding principles are the same, even though he now has means at his bidding of which he did not dream in his boyhood. You may find it worth your while some day to remember your own youthful mechanical experiments, and perhaps you, too, may be able to put them to good use and profit.

THERE is another story of the battle between compressed air and menacing water—one more way in which ingenious Mr. Wotherspoon is making use of the helpful element which was his daily aid when he burrowed beneath the Hudson River during the building of the tunnels there. For now, the grown-up boy of the tin cup and dandelion stem is bent upon making ocean-going ships less likely to sink, and what he has already done for some of our dreadnoughts is a fair promise of what can be done towards increasing the safety of ocean liners.

There is one simple simile which you must keep in mind, because it will make it easy for you to grasp the working of this novel change in ship construction. Most of us have confused notions about water pressures and how they affect a floating vessel which has sprung a-leak because of some injury below her load-line. Nature has a way of balancing things, and, if a man will but follow the same laws, he can do seemingly wonderful work.

You have been to the grocer's more than once for sugar, and you recall how the clerk put certain iron weights on the scales and then scooped the sugar into the opposite pan until it and the iron weights just balanced. You saw that the

least excess of sugar caused the scale-arm to sink and the iron weights to rise. Again, if the salesman removed a bit too much of the sugar the other arm sank, instead. You know perfectly well why this was so.

If you will let the sea-water take the place of the iron weights and the variable sugar be represented by compressed air, then you will have the main features of the imaginary scales which Mr. Wotherspoon operates when he keeps a wounded ship from going to the bottom.

You know that all big steel vessels are now built with a great many metallic walls inside of them, and these make the interior of the ships more or less like a gigantic honeycomb. Naval constructors call these divisions "compartments," (we landlubbers might call them "rooms"), and into the larger spaces are put engines, boilers, coal, cargo, etc. The object of these walls, or bulkheads, is to confine the damage or leakage in case of accident.

This divisioning goes even further in the effort to keep out the sea: naval vessels and some ships of commerce being provided with a double hull below the water. Between the outer bottom and the inner bottom there are a great many connecting bulkheads, and these form numerous small, water-tight cells—which are really more like those of the honeycomb. Safeguarded in this fashion, you probably wonder why a modern craft should sink at all. Well, the trouble really is that the walls and the decks, which make the rooms we have described, are not in themselves strong enough, as a rule, to resist the growing pressure of the intruding sea. They hold for a while, and then they yield; and thus space after space becomes flooded until the last of the boat's buoyancy is overcome. It was in this fashion that the *Titanic* remained afloat for more than two hours after being injured. She sank to her ocean grave when the pressure of the sea broke the joints between the decks and the bulkheads—the water from the filled compartments spilling over into the neighboring spaces and thus driving out the air that had held her above the surface.

Let us make this plainer. A ship collides with another or hits a sunken obstacle with force enough to tear a rent in both the outer and the inner hull-plating of the bottom. At once, the ocean rushes in, crowding the confined air into a much smaller space as the pressure of the sea exerts itself. At last, like a creature at bay, provided the air does not escape, it holds the threatening water from further advance. At that instant, the pressure of the sea, measured in pounds per square inch, exactly equals that of the air which it has cornered. Now, if the pres-

sure of that air could be increased ever so little by some other means, then the sea, instead of advancing, would be pushed back and out of the flooded compartment by way of the wound, or opening. The water would retreat to a point level with the top of the injury. Now, you understand the likeness between this and the sea-sawing scales, don't you? Unfortunately, under usual conditions, there would be danger in increasing the pressure of the air. You probably wonder why.

Remember, the steel walls that are battling in defense of the ship are resisting pressure only upon one side of them. If the bulkhead and the deck above are not strong enough to meet the push of the invading ocean—yielding slowly but surely, then would n't they be apt to give way quicker if the bursting force of the cornered air were added to? We can put this even more clearly. You can liken these partitions to a door held closed by a frail latch and with a man pushing against one side. It is a question of but a short time before the strength of the latch is overcome, it breaks, and the door swings open. If even a child add its weight to that of the man, the latch would snap just so much sooner. But how about the door if some strong man *inside* offered his shoulder in defense of the latch? Might not this support be enough to keep the



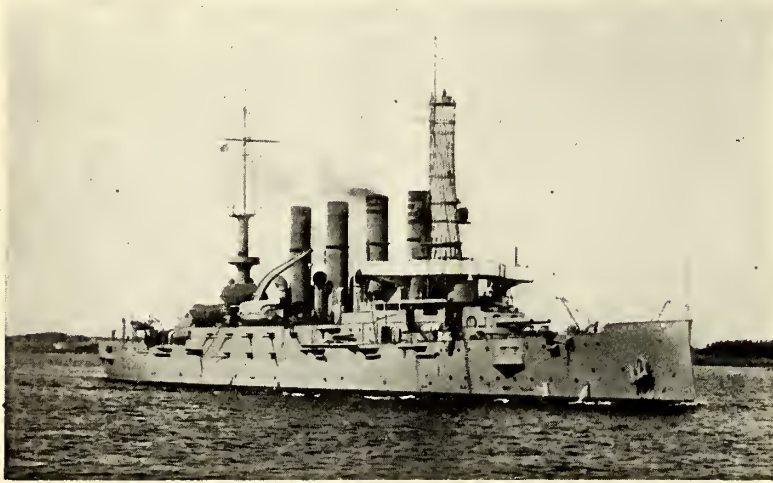
A SHIP THAT FLOATED THREE HOURS AFTER DAMAGE, AND SANK ONLY BECAUSE HER DECKS AND BULKHEADS YIELDED UNDER THE INCREASING PRESSURE OF THE SEA.

would-be intruder out—the strength of the latch then being equal to the remaining task?

This is, broadly speaking, what cunning Mr. Wotherspoon has accomplished by the use of compressed air. He overbalances the pressure of the sea by a slightly increased pressure of the cornered air; and in order that the walls may not give, he backs these up by adding a somewhat lower pressure in the neighboring compartments

—the intervening bulkheads and deck having to resist nothing greater than the moderate difference between these two forces which have joined hands against the sea. The greater force battling directly with the water and the lesser one lending its aid by putting its shoulder, so to speak, on

To make our story brief, when the equipment on the *North Carolina* was given its trial, it worked perfectly, and that, too, under severe conditions. Four big valves in the bottom of one of the compartments—together representing a round hole nearly three feet in diameter—were opened, and the sea was allowed to rush in unchecked at first. The sight of that geyser of water was an alarming one, and the captain of the ship lost no time in closing the hatch of the deck above; but even so, the water continued to pour in, and the *North Carolina* heeled more and more to one side. All of this was a matter of only a few seconds. Then, Mr. Wotherspoon turned on the compressed air—the higher pressure into the flooded compartment and the lesser pressure into the compartments all around it. So effective was the repelling air that the intruding waters drew back quickly—so



THE U. S. CRUISER *NORTH CAROLINA*, THE FIRST SHIP TO BE EQUIPPED EXPERIMENTALLY WITH THE SELF-SALVING SYSTEM.

the other side of the door. Naturally, you wonder why this has not been done before—so do many engineers and technical men; but it is another example of how we overlook many good things until some one, wise enough to see their possibilities, comes along and profits by them.

To-day, the naval constructor is more fearful of the attack of torpedoes and submarine mines than he is of gun fire. He dreads the entrance of large volumes of water below the load-line, and the fear of yielding bulkheads and bursting decks is with him continually. He knows how heavily a wounded dreadnought can bear upon an injured member, such as a flooded compartment.

It was to lessen this hazard that Mr. Wotherspoon proposed to employ the buoyancy of compressed air to reduce these dangers—whether the wound was the result of battle or an accident in time of peace. He wanted to make the chances of an injured ship reaching port greater. Perhaps you think the naval authorities welcomed his suggestion? Well, they did n't; and he had a pretty hard time convincing them that his scheme was worth a trial. Finally, after our naval experts had imposed difficult terms, Mr. Wotherspoon was told to go ahead, and the armored cruiser *North Carolina* was selected for the experiment. His official critics had little faith in his probable success.

quickly, they seemed to drop like a shot in their haste to get out again.

But we have not yet described one of the cleverest features of the whole scheme.

You have heard of the "canny Scot." Well, Mr. Wotherspoon has some of that blood in his veins, plus Yankee inventiveness. He was shrewd enough to use, for part of his scheme, some aids which are already to be found upon every big fighting ship—the pipes which lead into every water-tight compartment for the purpose of ventilation. Mr. Wotherspoon simply put these pipes to his own use in carrying compressed air where he wanted it to go. Thus, he saved expense, and further satisfied the naval constructor, who is jealous of every pound of weight that goes into the craft he plans.

You know enough about air-locks by this time, from other engineering feats that have been described in *ST. NICHOLAS*, to recognize the part they play in permitting workmen to leave or to enter spaces filled with compressed air. Mr. Wotherspoon fits air-locks over certain of the hatches between decks, and in this manner makes it possible for repairers to enter a damaged compartment from which the water has been expelled and is kept out by compressed air. Every big naval vessel has air-compressors on board for various purposes, and to use them to

save the ship from sinking is but putting them to one more service.

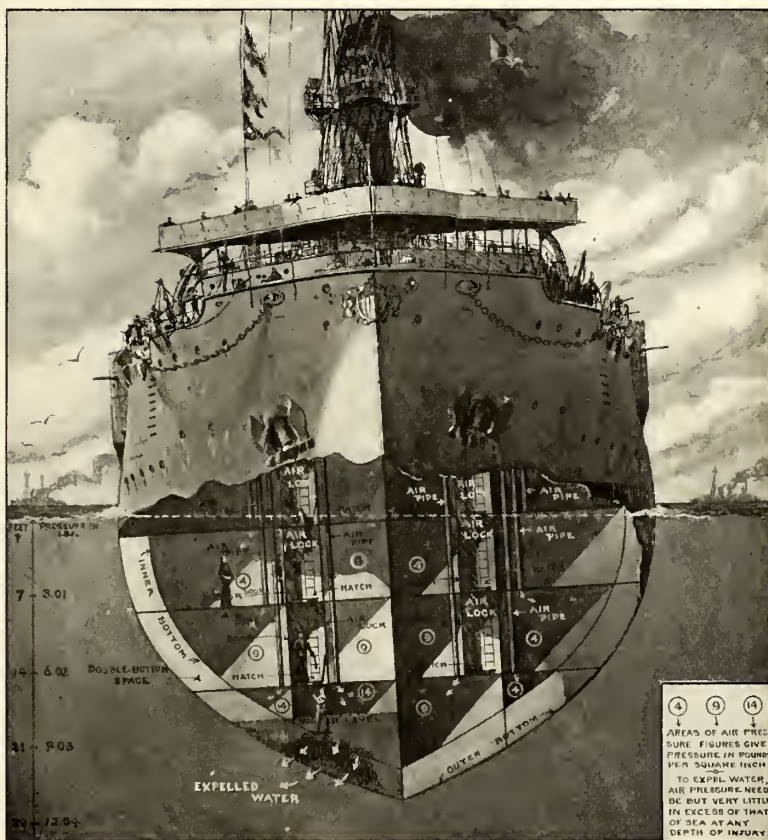
Now, what has been done for naval vessels can be done in the case of the big trans-Atlantic express steamers. And, as a matter of fact, this can be done more easily in some respects on merchant craft than on ships of war. Not long ago, a great steamship came from Europe with five thousand persons on board! Is n't it well worth while to make a floating town of such size as safe as possible against the hazards of the sea? Our naval authorities are trying to do this in building our dreadnoughts.

The seafarer has a deep-rooted dread of fire, too, and the loss of the *Volturno* two years ago showed us how justified this is. A fire does not always blaze up at once. It may burn for days in some out-of-the-way part of the hold among the freight, and then suddenly flare up irresistibly. The cargo may be of an explosive character—or some of it such,—and the chances of the crew and passengers getting away reduced accordingly. Of course, your first idea is to battle with the blaze by means of water. But it is not always possible to get enough of this to the point where the fire is, and, besides, the water might be a peril in itself by either sinking the ship or by adding to the fury of the flames. Perhaps you don't know it, but water will ignite some chemicals, and so will water surely turn a ship-load of cement into a great stone that can not be removed except by cutting the ship in half and rebuilding her. You know that water alone can utterly ruin many kinds of freight. How, then, can a fire be smothered without using water?

Mr. Wotherspoon has answered this question

You know that a fire needs air, or oxygen, to keep it going, just as we do to keep us alive. There are some heavy gases that will not burn, and one of these is carbonic acid gas, which can be drawn from the smoke-stack of any steamer. Mr. Wotherspoon would utilize this gas to put out fires, and he has shown how it can be pumped

down through the same pipes that he would use at another time for his compressed air. Now it happens that smoke-stack gases are not all of them unburnable. Some parts of them could still be set on fire; and to prevent this, while adding strength to the carbonic acid gas, he uses a small



A SUGGESTION FOR AN UNSINKABLE SHIP.

The drawing shows the outer plating of the ship removed so that the internal body can be seen. It is divided up into numerous compartments by means of the decks and steel walls or bulkheads running forward and aft or across the ship. The air-locks make it possible for persons to pass up and down and in and out of compartments when under pressure without permitting a serious escape of the compressed air. As the figures within the circles indicate, the closer we get to the flooded compartment, the higher the pressure of the air employed. In this way, the neighboring spaces help to bear the stress so that the steel walls immediately about the wound are not overtaxed.

quantity of a third gas, which is commonly used in small fire-extinguishers. This mixture would smother either a spark or a blaze if forced into a ship's cargo-space.

Now, you are clever enough to see that, if a system like this can stop a fire, it can also prevent one from starting. Therefore, Mr. Wotherspoon proposes to seal the hold of a ship and to keep the freight in this gaseous atmosphere all through the voyage. Unlike water, these smothering gases won't hurt goods of any sort.

Thus, a safety system which started out to battle with the sea alone has been made to fight, with equal promise of success, either fire or water.

FERN DUST

WE tiptoed through the forest
One bright midsummer night,
And there we found a clearing,
Aglow with fairy light.
We spied a little elf-man
With a tiny, shiny pail,
And he was singing, "Fern dust,
Fern dust for sale!"

He sold us each a pailful
To sprinkle in our shoe.
We paid him for it, gladly,
With a bunch of meadow-rue.
And then we heard a rustling,
A whispering in the breeze,
And the laughter of the fairies
Who danced beneath the trees.

We pitter-pattered homewards,
And my, but we felt queer!
For not a soul could see us,
And not a soul could hear,
As, fairy-like, we tripped it,
And scarcely touched the ground,—
The magic fern dust hid us
And stilled the smallest sound.

But when we woke next morning,
The fern dust all had gone,
Had vanished with the fairies
In the misty light of dawn.
But we shall find that elf-man
With his tiny, shiny pail,
For we 'll hear him singing, "Fern dust,
Fern dust for sale!"

Edith Lombard Squires.



YOUNG DRESSMAKER!
"AND NOW WHAT I DO NEXT?"

CHAINED LIGHTNING

(A Story of Mexican Adventure)

BY RALPH GRAHAM TABER

CHAPTER X

THE RELAY—BETWEEN CIVILIZATION AND THE UNKNOWN

Two days later Mr. Hamilton called the boys into his study, and, closing the door behind them, said, "Boys, do you remember your friend J. S. R.? I have a letter from him. I am glad to say that you are both highly spoken of by those who know most about you.

"Now I am not rich by any means. A thousand dollars is a great deal to me. It is a sum that I could not afford to lose. But you will need all of that amount; and I have such faith in you that I am willing to venture it. All of us are taking long chances; I realize that fully; but put in what money you have and I will make it up to twelve hundred dollars."

So it was arranged. A contract was drawn in which it was agreed that two thirds of the treasure, if found, should be divided equally between the three of them, the remaining third to belong to Chita.

"Wait till you get to Mexico City," Mr. Hamilton advised, "before making any purchases for your outfit. And you had better register there at the British Embassy. These Mexicans have been taught not to molest traveling Englishmen.

"There 's another thing I must speak of now," continued Mr. Hamilton. "I 've given this matter a good deal of thought, and I must say with but little result until I fell in with Tomson. Neither of you knows much Spanish. It would be difficult for the wisest head rightly to engineer such a trip as you are tackling. More than one occasion may arise where the services and advice of an old frontiersman, who understands the people and knows their language, would be of paramount importance. I do not often misread a man, and I feel morally certain that Tomson would go through fire and water to be of service to us. He tells me that he is of English birth, and was in Mexico as a lad. That alone would ensure your protection. I want you to take him with you."

The next day, therefore, found the boys, with Tomson as their henchman, on board of the express train and en route for the City of Mexico

Their first thought was to see about preparations for their overland trip. "You draw up a list of what we should have," said Belville to Tomson; "you 're experienced in such things."

"All right," Tomson replied; "but I ain't no type-writer. So you just take a sheet o' paper an' put down these here:

"Three saddle hosses an' one pack hoss; three Mex. saddles with saddle-bags; four lariats t' tie th' hosses out; three rifles an' three huntin' knives; three blankets; three capotes to keep th' rain off an' save us from neumony; three pocket compasses to find ourselves with; th' best map money 'll buy; a pund o' terbaccy t' keep me goin'; quinine fer chills; mustard plasters fer pains; liniment an' arniky fer sprains an' hurts; lint an' bandages; a couple o' surgeon's needles; buttons an' thread; needles an' pins; a side o' bacon; a bag o' flour; some salt po'k; coffee; tea, ef ye like; twenty p'unds o' hard-tack; a kettle, an' stack inside her yer fryin'-pan, coffee-pot, plates, cups, an' small duds like knives, forks, spoons, pepper an' salt; a gold-pan—no knowin' what we may strike out thar—powder, fuse, an' mercoory; a p'und o' candles an' plenty o' matches.

"Them 's about all we 'll actooly need; but ye kin add what other contraptions ye like. Last, an' w'ich is th' fust thing t' see ter, we 'll hev t' get a Injun guide, an' try 'im out t' see 'f he 's honest."

Before making any purchases, however, they visited the American consul, who, after hearing about their project, advised them to go by the Morelos Railway across Popocatepetl to Yautepec, where they could purchase mustangs and hire a guide more cheaply than in the City of Mexico.

As they were returning to their hotel they encountered a group of railway men, with one of whom, a conductor named Quigg, they had made acquaintance on their way south.

The following day was Sunday and they were rather glad that there was no Sunday train to Yautepec, for all of them were anxious to see the capital city. Quigg offered to be their guide, and took them through the National Museum. On the third floor they saw a most impressive object: the wonderful death mask of that most wonderful leader, Juarez, the Washington of Mexico. The quiet majesty and strength of that marvelous face

SEVENTY hours after leaving Paso del Norte the three travelers found themselves in Mexico City

no beholder of it will ever forget. And it is but a clay reproduction of the features of an Aztec Indian! Would that those of the royal Montezuma had been similarly preserved!

Quigg next led them up a winding staircase of the cathedral where, from the belfry, they enjoyed a magnificent view of the city and the surrounding mountains and lakes. Next he pointed out Montezuma's calendar, a great circular stone, covered with quaint hieroglyphics, which was built into the wall of the church. It has since been removed to the National Museum, better to preserve it. Then they visited the president's palace, the government buildings, the mint, the opera, the alameda, and the beautiful *paseos* or promenades. The latter were ornamented with numerous groups and pieces of statuary, and were thronged with gay citizens in holiday mood.

As the crowning event of the day, Quigg piloted them out past the grand canals that were bordered with hedges of geraniums and calla-lilies; past the wonderful aqueduct of the Aztecs, which has stood so many hundreds of years as a monument to their engineering skill; and out to the confines of a beautiful park, a favorite resort of the Mexicans, three miles southwest from the city, in the center of which Chapultepec, the Aztecs' "Hill of the Grasshoppers," rears its rocky eminence, an everlasting testimony to the prowess of gallant General Pillow and his men, who stormed its heights and planted the American flag on the ramparts of this seemingly impregnable Mexican stronghold.

CHAPTER XI

A BIT OF INSULATION—WITH A SHOCK THAT WAS NOT ELECTRIC

OUR adventurers were awakened by their landlord early in the morning. After doing justice to a breakfast of black coffee, bread, and cheese, they paid their bill, and, hastening to the Morelos Railway station, began their journey.

In the shadow of huge Popocatepetl, the train paused for an hour to permit those on board to dismount and partake of a substantial breakfast at a wayside *fonda*; then it climbed on upward toward the towering cone which, covered with perpetual snow, glistened like an immense diamond in the sun's rays, yet whose chilling shadow seemed to freeze the pass below through which the train was laboriously crawling.

At the snow-line they stopped for luncheon and for a siesta; and the train waited while its attendants, wrapped in their warm serapes, dozed for an hour in their hammocks; then, after a superlative effort, the summit of the pass was

reached and the southern view burst upon them: hundreds of miles of mountains and valleys; silvery rivers winding between banks clad in rich forest-greens; here and there small pueblos of whitewashed adobes; churches and spires in abundance, for each rancho must have its chapel; groves of gigantic cacti; thickets of ugly prickly-pear; and far away in the distance to the southwest and binding the blue horizon, a faint, thread-like ribbon of deeper blue—was it imagination, or could it be the waters of the Pacific?

Then the fires in the engine were permitted to burn low, and, simply by gravitation, the little train coasted down the long horseshoe curves toward the Morelos Valley. Wraps and blankets were soon thrown aside, and ere long they were again in the sugar-growing zone, where, after plunging from the cold mountain-pass, the heated air seemed like the draft from a furnace.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, covered with dust and perspiration, they arrived at Yautepec, the railway terminus, more than a vertical mile and a half below the point of their midday siesta.

It was too late in the day to attend to any business, so our travellers had their dinner at a *fonda* and then lounged about on the stone seats in the plaza until nightfall.

The sun dropped behind the mountains and darkness fell without warning. There was scarcely any suggestion of twilight, in a moment, it seemed, the stars were twinkling overhead, and near the horizon the Southern Cross was burning brightly. In five minutes it grew so dark that they could barely see to pick their way back to the little inn where they had chosen lodgings, and in a short time they all turned in for the night.

IN the morning it quickly became noised about that three "Gringos" who desired to purchase horses were at the inn. Before the trio had finished breakfasting, a mob of vendors had gathered before the door, each apparently anxious to undersell his neighbors.

"You deal with them, Tomson," said Belville. "Be sure to select the best horses, and don't let them fool us on prices."

"You seem to forget," interposed Larry, "that I know a horse from a burro" Whereupon, he proceeded to examine the animals submitted, and shortly decided that not a single one would answer their requirements.

Accordingly, they sought the Señor Daniel Lara, their genial host, through whose kindly mediation they procured four first-class mustangs, young and sound—at something more than their real value.

After a bargain had been struck, the boys were

informed that they must visit a notary to have a bill of sale drawn; also that the "plugs" must be branded. Without this precautionary compliance with the law, they would be in danger of arrest for defrauding the state of its legal dues. So the bill of sale was drawn, on *papel sellado* (paper bearing the official seal of the state), and by the time the notary had been paid for his work, the official paper purchased, the fee for recording paid to the town clerk, and the charge for the official branding met, the boys began to gain an inkling as to how the revenues of Mexico were exacted.

All day long they had borne in mind the necessity of procuring a suitable guide and servant, but it was not until late in the afternoon that they found one with whom they were pleased. He was a small wiry young Indian; not such an Indian as is to be found in the States, but a round-faced, smiling little fellow, with arms like a blacksmith's, whose bright eyes and white teeth evidenced his perfect health, and whose square chin and strong firm neck bespoke endurance. Whether he might prove honest was difficult to determine. He was one of the horse-vendor's servants, and, from all accounts, had never earned acquaintance with the stocks and bastinado. He had traveled to Acapulco and back, and an Indian never forgets a trail; so there was no doubt he could guide them. The vendor offered to let him go if they would pay his debt.

"What is his debt?" inquired Tomson.

"He owes me a balance of one hundred and seventy pesos."

"Tell him we 'll give him twenty-five," suggested Larue.

Tomson did so; and after much haggling a deal was closed, and the horse-dealer parted with his peon for forty silver dollars. The notary was called into requisition again; so was the *papel sellado*; so was the registration clerk; and Pipo, the Indian, was legally made over to Belville and Larue, to serve as their chattel until such time as he should repay the debt. Whereat Pipo expressed his unqualified delight, though he anticipated simply unending service.

"There 's only one thing about the deal," said Larry, "that does n't seem fair to all parties."

"What 's that?" enquired Belville.

"Are n't we defrauding our friend with the government branding-iron? All the rest of the crowd had a whack at our pockets on this. Let 's go and get Pipo branded!" answered Larry, who, like every other Irishman, loved a joke.

Their business concluded, they returned to their inn, divided their traps, filled their saddlebags, and ascertained that the duffle remaining

for the packhorse was not so great but that it could be stowed for him to carry both it and Pipo. This decided, they went in to dinner. As they were about to take their seats at table they experienced a strange sensation. They grew unaccountably dizzy. The lamps suspended above their heads seemed to be swaying back and forth; then as they saw the cups and saucers, goblets and plates and other table-furnishings begin to chase each other across the cloth, they feared they were going crazy. The landlord's wife rushed in from the kitchen with a hysterical cry that furnished an explanation. "*Temblor! Temblor!*" she shrieked, rushing for the outer door. The dishes rolled to the floor with crash on crash; the empty chairs slid about the room; and the boys, finding it impossible to keep their footing and reach the door, clung to the pillars supporting the roof and prayed that the latter might not fall upon them.

As the terrifying disturbance ceased, their dizziness increased and they felt seasick. Everything they looked at swam before their eyes. In a few moments, they managed to reach the narrow street outside the inn, where they found Daniel Lara and his señora kneeling and uttering disjointed prayers. There was a wide crack across the thoroughfare where the earth had been split asunder by the shock, and the red brick paving before the house was covered with brown tiles shaken from the roof by the earthquake.

"That was frightful!" whispered Belville, in a voice of awe.

"What made it do it, at all, at all?" gasped Larry.

"That?" said Tomson. "I reckon as how that was old Popo yander jest havin' a laugh at our expense over one o' yer Irish jokes."

CHAPTER XII

THE PLUGS—AND A WIRELESS MESSAGE FROM THE LONG AGO

THE first rays of the rising sun were tinging Popocatepetl's snowy peak with crimsons, blues, and golds, as the little cavalcade of four filed slowly out of Yautepec, on the road to Cuernavaca. In the valley all was still dark, and they barely could make out the narrow trail; but as they began to mount the hills, they emerged from the tropical jungle that clothed the bottom lands of the Yautepec River and came out of the somber forest into the light of day.

For three hours they climbed steadily upward; so, by the time they had reached the summit of the spur of the volcano over which their route led them, they were quite ready for a siesta; and

there, with both Yautepec, their starting point, behind them, and Cuernavaca, the objective point of their first day's travel, in full view, they "boiled the kettle," and rested through the heat of the day.

When they resumed their way, it led them down several thousand feet into a deep ravine, across a rushing mountain-torrent, then up the opposite slope. Reaching the summit of the second spur, they traversed a mile or more of trail that was easy traveling, only to round a jutting peak and find themselves on the brink of a precipice, at which the trail seemed to terminate. In truth, it was no light journey into the Cuernavaca valley; but as they drew nearer, little mounds of green between them proved to be bits of forest through which ran turbulent streams fed by "Popo's" ever-melting snows. Their surroundings changed rapidly as they approached Cuernavaca, and soon both sides of the way became tangles of tropical flowering and fruit-bearing trees festooned with brilliant orchids and parasitic mosses. There were multitudes of gorgeous blossoms, prominent among which were white and pink oleanders, magnolia blooms a foot in diameter, creamy moon-flowers, and roses of many shades and hues. Here and there were glimpses of well-cultivated fields, yet no one appeared to be at work; the owners all seemed to be taking their ease in and about their small adobe and cane huts, from each of which, as the boys passed, came smiling greetings.

"The owners," is said advisedly; for Morelos differs materially from all other Mexican states. Here there are but few large haciendas; therefore but little peonage. The bulk of the land is held by the natives, whose small allotments have passed for centuries from father to son; possession, in the majority of cases, being the only evidence of ownership. Such titles might not satisfy the American investor, but they are recognized by the government of Morelos and are therefore sufficient for the natives of this land of seldom changing boundaries. Grants near Cuernavaca made by Cortez to his soldiers are still in the possession of their descendants.

Cuernavaca lies among the foothills of the great volcanic *cerro*, or high land. Pipó had said nothing of the way, and they were so absorbed in the novelty of each passing moment that they failed to notice he was leading them somewhat astray. In making a slight detour, however, Pipó had an objective point in mind, and it came to them as an agreeable surprise. A partly ruined chapel of the days of Cortez, its blackened walls supported by flying buttresses, suddenly appeared

at their left; in front of them, marking a turn of the road, was an old stone monument crowned by a stone cross; a cluster of small adobe dwellings timidly peeped from among the tangle of trees; and at their right, facing the church, was a typical Spanish gateway, bearing the words above it, "Emperador Maximiliano." It was the entrance to the hunting-lodge of Maximilian and Carlotta. Here, surrounding the little court; were the quarters which had been provided for the guard of honor—a company of mounted Austrian Hussars, whose elaborate uniforms and huge fur collars must have been ludicrously uncomfortable and incongruous in this land of perpetual summer.

Descending a gentle slope, they came upon the Lodge, an unpretentious building containing half a dozen rooms and an ample portico facing south, from which a number of stone steps descended into an artificial pond completely hedged by oleanders: Carlotta's swimming-pool. The principal apartment, opening upon the portico, was the one that had served as the imperial dining-room; and it had been here, one evening after dinner, that one of his nearest friends, a trained Austrian diplomat, had summoned courage to break to Maximilian the news that trouble was impending. Maximilian so thoroughly believed in the divine right of kings that thought of personal danger was impossible to him. "*Pouf!*" he had replied, with a shrug of his shoulders; "It will disappear like that!" And he blew a ring of smoke from his cigarette.

The walls were bare and discolored, and the building was fast falling into decay; yet Belville sat there in the warm sunlight musing on what had been; and presently he saw or seemed to see a vision of historic days. With a low buzz of softly spoken Spanish, magically the bare walls were covered with priceless tapestries, the floors were hidden with oriental rugs, fragile furniture of the days of Louis XV graced the rooms, the sideboard groaned beneath its burden of silver plate, charcoal fires were kindled in the great kitchen, a haunch of venison was set to roast, old wines in rare cut glass decanters were made ready for serving. Then, with a blare of trumpets, a more imposing pageant appeared. There was the jingling of arms and accoutrements, and the clattering tread of a cavalry force that escorted a gorgeously gilded chariot of state swaying softly in its great leathern straps and drawn by six gaily caparisoned mules, with uniformed postillions, and footmen white-wigged and white-stockinged; and the picture was complete when Maximilian and Carlotta descended and entered the transformed Lodge.

The picture faded; Belville awoke from his



THE HUNTING LODGE OF THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN.



THE PATIO, OR COURT-YARD, OF THE HUNTING LODGE.

dream. He recalled the impracticability of it all; the mistaken fancies of this poor young Don Quixote of Austria; and he saw afar off the band of patriots headed by that stern old Indian warrior, Juarez, struggling on the border against as great or greater odds than beset our own Washington some hundred years before, intent upon but one thing on earth: the liberty of his country. And Belville rose from his seat by the swimming pool with a tear of pity for the unhappy fate of the grief-maddened daughter of a king, and a sigh for the folly of her royal husband, but softened by the thought that it had to be, that no other end was possible.

Out again in the sunlight, as it filtered through the wonderful foliage, the boys followed a foot-path across the park, now grown almost into a jungle, to the stables that were the Emperor's. The low adobe wall was deep in shade, and against it, burning like a sanctuary-light to the memory of its former glory, was one great scarlet bell-shaped blossom, a solitary hibiscus. Elsewhere this beautiful tropical bush bore its hundreds of blossoms; but here, in the tragic shadow of the past, perhaps it lacked heart to bloom—or it may have felt that this one single perfect flower was a more effective tribute.

THEN on to Cuernavaca: ranchos and plantations began to appear; cacti, wild flowers, and palms made way for orange- and coffee-groves; towering mango trees lined the trail, which had taken on itself the semblance of a road; stone walls reinforced the mango trees; and with a rush down an incline, a dash across a bridge, and a scramble up a steep little bluff, the boys found themselves at a small plaza on the outskirts of the ancient pueblo.

CHAPTER XIII

THE COLL. WHICH MIGHT HAVE PROVED A TIGHT ONE

BELVILLE wished to remain for a day in this historic spot, which he knew had been headquarters both for Cortez and for Maximilian; but they compromised on a visit to the famous Falls of San Antonio, which might be made in an hour or two, and Pipo and Tomson went for the horses.

The cool arcades of the comfortable fonda, where they had found most excellent beds, faced the Plaza Benito Juarez. The plaza was surrounded by spreading Indian laurels, and under their dense shade was a broad walk of flags, bordered on each side by continuous iron seats.

The picturesque natives—Indians, peons, vaqueros, rancheros, vendors, rurales (or mounted

police), gendarmes, pilgrims on their way to Chalco fiesta, trains of loaded burros and mules, housewives and their servants thronging toward the market-place beyond the plaza, all passed swiftly before the boys; yet so quietly, so unobtrusively, that the songs of the birds in the laurels seemed the sounds that most broke the silence.

It was marvelous, this absence of noise in a cobble-paved city of twenty thousand souls, in the very heart of which the boys were enjoying an almost cloisterlike quiet. The soft-voiced people spoke their musical language only in low sweet tones. Smiles abounded, but boisterous laughter never. The sandaled feet and the tiny unshod hoofs passed noiselessly over the age-smoothed lava paving, and, no matter how congested the plaza, there was no jostling, no crowding. All moved with that unconscious grace peculiar to the Mexican people.

"*Estoy, Señores!* (I am ready to set out, sirs!)"

It was Pipo with the horses. They were small, wiry mustangs, equipped with Mexican saddles and cruel-bitted bridles; they were not handsome, perhaps; but to single-foot was second nature to them, as the boys had learned the day before; and a gently swinging canter was the only other gait they knew.

"*Vamos!* (Come!)"

They mounted and made their way out of the Calle de Morelos, passing open portals that afforded fascinating glimpses of inner courts and gardens beautiful as dreams; past the Plaza Antigua, with its quaint stone seats; out to the Shrine of Guadalupe. Here they turned to the left and cantered down a winding road between hedges of prickly-pear in bloom, with a wide vista before them reaching to the mountain-tops thirty miles away, and broken here and there by the white buildings of haciendas, near each of which rose its own particular belfry and dome.

A party of vaqueros had taken possession of a wayside cantina, or wine-shop, in front of which their horses were waiting impatiently. One of the vaqueros was breaking a wild colt to the saddle, and, as the boys approached, the colt reared and fell over backward. Its rider lit on his feet like a cat; and when the colt scrambled up, he found the man again in the saddle. Then the colt tried bucking, instead of rearing, and the boys had a beautiful exhibition of "broncho-busting"—not that of the "Wild-West" show, but the genuine article. The colt, finding the bucking ineffectual, made an unexpected dash for the cantina, plunged through its open portal, upset a couple of guitarists, and created a good-natured

scattering among the drinking vaqueros, who laughingly bantered their companion on his poor horsemanship. Noting for the first time that they had an audience of strangers, they decided evi-

tion of time, probably, until the iron horse and the American invasion, (peaceable or otherwise,) shall crowd this picturesqueness off the map, and the "Woolly West," will then become a memory, surviving only on the stage.

As the boys returned from the visit to the falls, they selected a zigzag path that afforded a number of wild and fascinating views, carried them past the Borda Gardens and the fine old cathedral, and so back to their hotel. Here they paid their bill for their night's lodging, procured their saddlebags and packs, and were soon riding past the picturesque palace of Cortez, once the home of the flower of Spanish cavaliers, but now a military barracks and prison. The boys glanced across at the little plaza, and passed on to the market-square which presented a novel picture of bustling, throbbing life. There were scores of mules and burros laden with ungainly packs of fruits, vegetables, and firewood; there were tons of watermelons, pineapples, bananas, oranges, pomegranates, hides filled with chocolate-beans, coffee, indigo, peppers, and herbs.

To elbow through this congestion of life and plunge into the wilderness outside the town walls required but half a mile of riding. The trail led through a country less tropical than that of the day before. The hills were lower, but were more heavily wooded. They toiled over these foothills for hours, with but a short stop for the midday meal; and

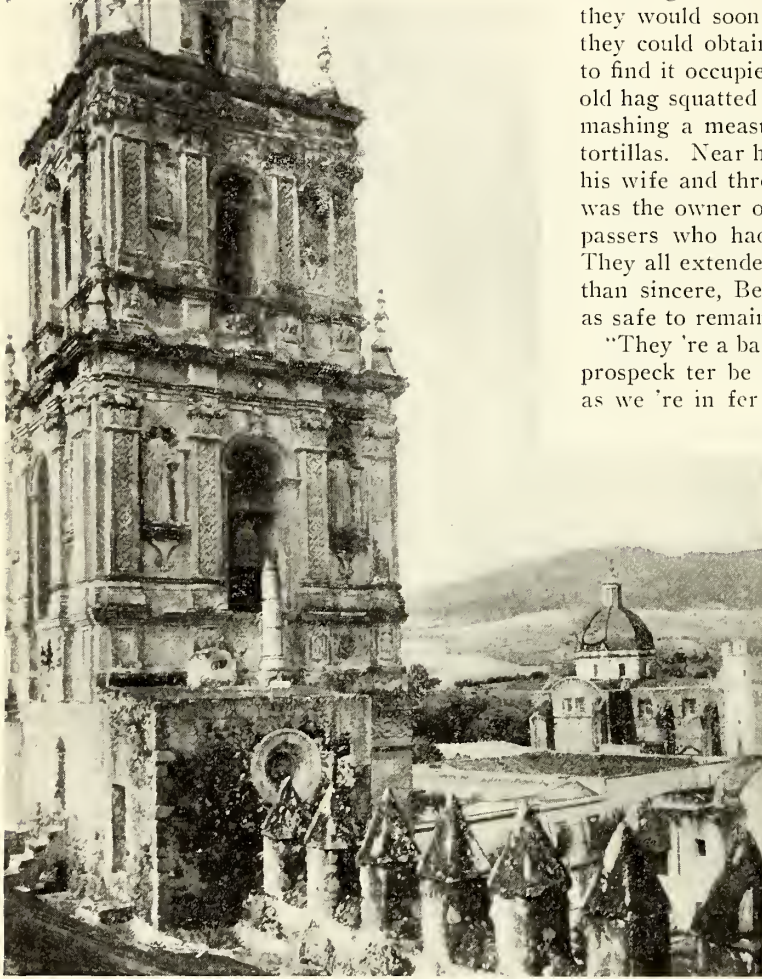
quite late in the afternoon they came to a wide cañon, through which a small stream hurried. Before descending into it, Belville paused to watch the sunset. Was there anywhere on earth, he wondered, a more enchanting country, from a purely physical point of view; more picturesque mountain surroundings; fairer or bolder views; greater diversity of landscape; softer or more varied tones of wondrous colorings; skies of more translucent blue; or greater



A PATIO IN CUERNAVACA.

dently that they would make the exhibition worth while. A number of them mounted their horses and went tearing back and forth before the cantina at breakneck speed, just to give the strangers an idea of their horsemanship. They were armed with revolvers and lariats, which they flourished as they rode. They had imbibed just enough of the aguardiente, or "fire-water," to make them reckless of consequences, and they gave the boys a glimpse of the real Mexico. It is only a ques-

glory surrounding the departing sun? Every moment brought kaleidoscopic changes in the hues of earth and sky, revealing new and unexpected splendors. As the sun disappeared and the light faded, the mountains turned to silhouettes against the wide horizon, and above them all, seemingly touching the stars, stood "Popo" and his white-veiled bride, keeping ward over their



A CHURCH TOWER IN CUERNAVACA, ERECTED BY CORTEZ.

dominions with a mute, unchanging patience that symbolized eternity. They had seen the prehistoric races come and go: the Toltecs, the Aztecs, the Montezumas, the Spaniards; from their ages of time it was all but as a passing show; the present was to them as naught; they were looking off into the future of centuries yet unborn, undreamed of by mankind, whose finite minds catch but glimpses now and then of the unfathomable mystery of the mountains.

They found it quite dark in the cañon, and shortly, without warning, pitch darkness surrounded them. There was a terrific crash of thunder, and they barely had time to wrap themselves in their capotes before the rain descended. It was the boys' first acquaintance with a tropical storm. Larry declared that the ocean must have gotten out of bed and overturned upon them. Pipo encouraged them to keep on, assuring them that they would soon come to an Indian's hut, where they could obtain shelter. They reached it, only to find it occupied by a gang of armed men. An old hag squatted before a stone on which she was mashing a measure of corn with which to make tortillas. Near her sat a middle-aged Indian with his wife and three naked children. Evidently he was the owner of the hut, while the others were passers who had taken refuge from the storm. They all extended a kindly welcome; more kindly than sincere, Belville thought. But it was quite as safe to remain as to go on.

"They 're a bad lot," said Tomson. "I 'd give a prospect ter be out o' this deal. Howsumdever, as we 're in fer it, th' only thing 's to brazen it out. We must wait till they are asleep, an' then try to slip out quiet an' comfortable."

The mountaineers, however, seemed to have no thought of sleeping. As the night aged, noisier and more boisterous grew their songs, louder and more reckless their laughter. Through it all the boys and their two companions, stretched on rush mats near the open door, lay with revolvers ready at hand, striving to appear indifferent, but really in the throes of suspense, and debating in undertones the possibilities of escape from their predicament.

Suddenly, in the midst of a wild song, came a shrill cry, followed by a confusion of exclamations and a general

rising of the revelers. The boys saw two figures grapple, then fall among the embers of the fire. There was a flash of steel and a form sped through the doorway, while a piercing scream rang out.

Tomson seemed to be the only one in the hut who had his wits about him. He sprang forward and dragged the wounded man from the fire.

"*Agua, ye blitherin' fools!*" he roared. Some one brought him water. The man was moaning

feebly. Tomson examined the wound, then called for his saddle-bags. Pipo brought them. Tomson unpacked the medicine kit, and with rough but ready skill sewed up the cut in the man's side and bandaged it carefully.

"Will he live?" asked Belville.

"Wall, yes. It 's a good job fer us as how he will live. He happens ter be th' gang's leader. Ye kin all go t' sleep now in peace. Arter what I 've jest did fer, 'im they would n't tech a ha' o' our heads, ef every one was made o' gold."

Tomson had such faith in this opinion that he promptly stretched out on the hard rush mats and in a few minutes was snoring lustily. But the boys did not sleep that night. Not until the time when, in the grey light of dawn, they roused the sleeper and took their departure, amid a shower of thanks and blessings, did they manage to breathe freely.

"We 'll be troubled no more by mountain-men," said Tomson, when they were well under way. "Thar be other gangs cruisin' round yere, o' course; but that gang o' Pedro's is th' main un they say; an' th' news o' last night 'll travel. Ef it don't, I got this, w'at Pedro gave me." Tomson showed the boys a musket-ball which had some hieroglyphics carved upon it. "Them fellers has a sort o' fræemasonry—w'ich thar ain't none freer, I reckon. That ball 'll pass current, I opine, whar even di'monds would n't be no manner o' good. Considerin' w'at we may have afore us, I reckon I would n't sell this yere lead ball fer one o' them ol' Spanish gold-mines."

CLIMBING far above the clouds, over the worst piece of trail they had encountered, the little party of adventurers came to what, at first glance, appeared to be a flight of steps ascending some hundreds of feet higher. Such it really was, though one not fashioned by human hands. The feet of thousands of uncomplaining beasts of burden had cut those steps in the solid rock, leaving there a legible record of the commerce of ancient Mexico, when, unsullied by Spanish usurpation, the Montezumas were its kings. Where hundreds passed daily in the long ago, weeks and months now wear themselves away without a human sound disturbing the silence of the mighty pass, safe refuge for the hunted deer and tawny mountain lion.

The steps were climbed and another summit reached, only to find that they must cross another valley lying thousands of feet below.

"It seems to me," Larry remarked, "these Mexican trails aim at all the highest peaks and all the deepest cañons, without the slightest re-

gard to the comfort or convenience of the folks who have to follow 'em!"

They wound along down the mountain-side, a frowning wall of rock overhanging them, a precipice below. Pipo rode the packhorse fearlessly, without a thought of danger, though a single misstep would have hurled him a thousand feet through space. He only dismounted when the trail became too steep for riding. But the others, though greatly fatigued from the nervous strain of the sleepless night before, prudently tramped down the narrow trail, driving their mustangs before them.

That night they passed beneath the stars. Their camp was in a wild mountain-gorge, with cliffs rising almost perpendicularly on either hand and covered with fragrant flowering vines. Here and there needle-like cacti shot up to heights of fifty feet or more, and, outlined against the starry sky, seemed like giant fingers pointing heavenward.

A purling brook tumbled wildly over the rocky bottom, and on the bank of this little stream Tomson chose their camping place on an open, grassy spot beneath a tall *madroño*.

Tomson was a capital chef, and they did full justice to a delicious meal. Then they lay down before the camp-fire, well wrapped in their blankets and capotes; but their sleep was broken and they were made restless by the strange noises of the night. An owl hooted in the branches of the *madroño* overhead; a mountain-wolf, on the heights above, barked sharply and pawed small pebbles over the brink to ricochet down upon them; then came the noise of some large beast taking to flight through the undergrowth—a deer, possibly, that might have been attracted by the flickering camp-fire. This was followed by a short period of quiet, portentous in its stillness, broken at length by a low roaring, which swelled and swelled till it became a shriek that reverberated from the mountain-sides, startling the boys and bringing them up standing, clutching their weapons with trembling hands, and with wide open eyes that strove in vain to pierce the impenetrable darkness.

The terrifying sound finally subsided into a low, agonized moan, and died away among the mountain-tops.

"Tomson," gasped Larry, with chattering teeth, "Get a move on! If that critter comes, let 's be prepared for it!"

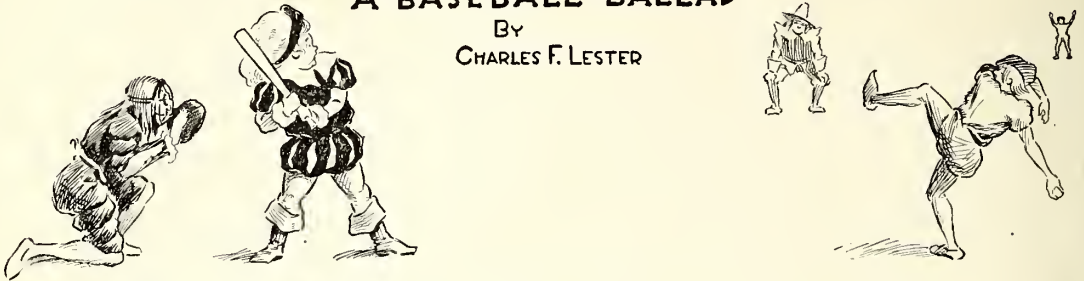
Tomson rolled over, threw aside his wraps and burst into guffaws. "That—thar?—Oh, Larry, that thar was jest a howlin' baboon, a singin' his evenin' serenade!"

(To be continued.)

SIR CRACKERJACK'S HOME-RUN

A BASEBALL BALLAD

By
CHARLES F. LESTER



"Sir Thingumbob went off"

GADZOOKS!" cried bold Sir Thingumbob, and roundly smote his knee.
(Dear me! I'd really no idea that opening line would be so violent! I hope it won't affect the reader's heart,—
Though, of course, at the beginning one is bound to get a start.)

"I must hurry," said Sir Thingumbob, "if I would not be late in getting to the ball game with the lovely Lady Kate. I've never been behind before! If she's already gone—"
And then Sir Thingumbob went off before he could go on.



A noble throng was flocking to the castle grounds that day,
For the nines of good Sir Wig-wag and Sir Flip-flop were to play;
And the match had kindled quite a glow of interest, you see;
Some came by horse and some by foot,—but all by half-past three.

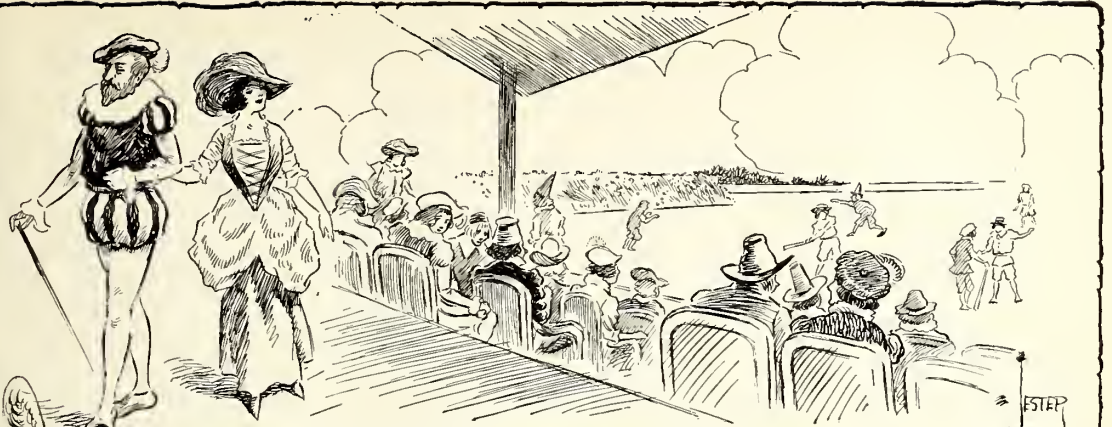
Sir Wig-wag's game at centre always charmed the ladies' eyes.
(His nickname was "the Spider," he caught so many flies).
Sir Flip-flop played in armor (he was vain and fond of style)
And, when he slid for second, you could hear him half a mile!



Sir Wig-wag

"When he slid for second"





Among the early comers was Count Algernon Fitz-Hugh
Alzenus Hiram Evelyn Ricardo Hoop-de-doo
Von Hochenschlochen Perkins,—whose friends all called him “Tad,”
(Though I hope you don’t imagine those were *all* the names he had!)



“Tad”

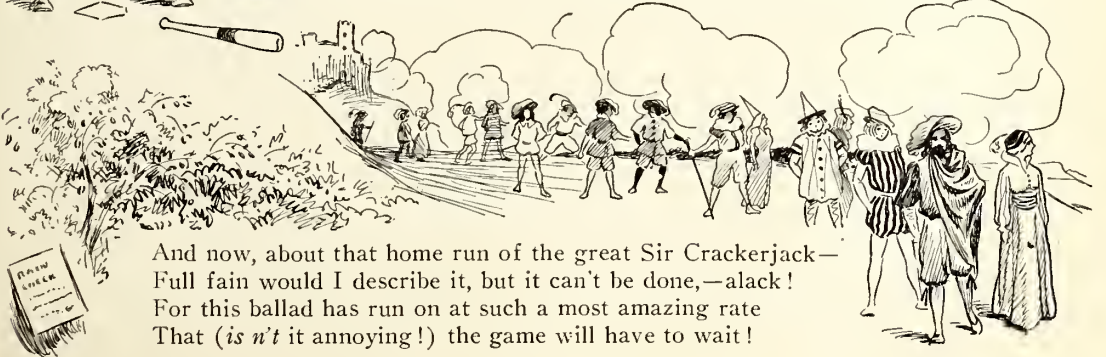
There was that famous traveller, the good Sir Whatshisname,
And Count Schiedieux, who brought his niece, Annette, to see the game,
And as Annette was pretty (and her uncle’s fortune vast),
It’s safe to say she turned the head of every youth she passed.

Sir
Whatshisname

The umpire was Sir Dink, a hero never known to quail,
(I’m sure I can’t imagine why he wore a suit of mail!)
’T was said that once he killed a wild galumpus, just for fun;
(At least he used to show the sword with which the deed was done).



The interval of waiting was enlivened by the band;
(When there was any feat on foot, they always were on hand).
They rendered one most thrilling piece,—but did n’t play again
Because the audience declared they could n’t stand the strain.



And now, about that home run of the great Sir Crackerjack—
Full fain would I describe it, but it can’t be done,—alack!
For this ballad has run on at such a most amazing rate
That (*is n’t* it annoying!) the game will have to wait!

PITCHERS AND PITCHING

BY BILLY EVANS

Umpire in the American League

Mathewson, Walsh, Plank, and Cy Young, a Star Quartet, Express Their Views

"WHAT is the best bit of advice you could offer to the ambitious young pitchers?" That was the question I asked Christy Mathewson, famous pitcher of the New York "Giants," prior to the



CHRISTY MATHEWSON, OF THE NEW YORK "GIANTS."
One of the idols of the base-ball world. Despite many years of strenuous service, he is still a wonderful pitcher.

start of the opening game of the 1914 City Series. Always the one best standby of Manager McGraw, Mathewson was warming up, as he had been selected to win the first game, and gain for the Giants the first advantage. Most of the stars in base-ball are modest chaps. There are a few celebrities who believe the game revolves about them, but they are the decided exception to the rule.

"That is rather a hard question to answer," replied Matty, with a smile. "I hardly know just what to say. I honestly believe the best bit of wisdom I could hand to any pitcher, no matter how young he may be, is to get on a good team, and then remember that on that team there are

eight other fellows all willing—yes, anxious—to help you retire the batters. Most pitchers have the impression that, to be successful, they must be able to strike out most of the batters who face them. That is a very wrong idea. Every pitcher expects his team-mates to get some runs for him. The best a pitcher can get is a tie, if the opposing twirler is able to keep his team-mates from scoring. I have always made an effort to keep the opposition from getting more runs than my own team. I would much prefer to win a game 9 to 8, in which I had been hit fairly hard, than to lose a game 1 to 0, in which I had been very effective. After all, it is the games won that count. The fans forget the scores when looking at the percentage column."

A few weeks previous to my talk with Mathewson, I had been umpiring at Chicago. No greater pitcher ever lived than Ed Walsh was in his day. For the past two years, Walsh has been of little service to his club, because of trouble with his arm. When at his best, Walsh was a hard pitcher to beat. His wonderful physique made him able to stand all kinds of work, despite the fact that he depended almost entirely on the spit-ball for success, a style of pitching conceded to be the worst of all for the pitching arm. In one season, Walsh took part in 66 games, almost half the number in which his team participated; so no pitcher ever earned a rest more thoroughly. For two years he has been doing everything possible to regain his old-time form, but I fear the spit-ball delivery has finally gotten in its work, and that Walsh is practically done as a big league star.

"What is the best bit of advice you would offer the ambitious youngster, who desires to shine as a big league pitcher?" I asked Walsh. He was sitting on the bench talking to Billy Sullivan, one of the greatest catchers that ever wore the mask; and he and Sullivan were in very earnest conversation. Possibly they were talking over some achievements of the long ago. I was forced to repeat the question to Big Ed, before he realized I was seeking some information on the art of pitching for the "future greats" of the National pastime, the youngsters who long to be pitchers.

"That is an easy one!" answered Walsh. "Hook up with some good catcher. I always had

a great catcher handling me." As he made this remark, he patted Billy Sullivan affectionately on the back. "I got credit for many a victory when Billy Sullivan was entitled to as much, if not more, glory than I. There is nothing like a wise, heady catcher to steady you in the pinch. It makes pitching much easier when you merely have to look up and get the signal from your catcher, realizing that no one's judgment is any keener than the man receiving your delivery. That is the way I always felt when Billy Sullivan was doing the catching for me. There was never a greater student of the game than my old side-partner. He knew the weakness and strength of every batter. Occasionally I would hesitate, believing it better to act contrary to Billy's judgment, but invariably I followed his original judgment, and, I assure you, I have seldom regretted it. I can recall many a game that 'Sully' pulled out of the fire for me, when I appeared to be faltering, by some beautiful throw to second, or a snap throw to one of the bases, which would pick off a base-runner who threatened to score."

Eddie Plank, famous pitcher of the Philadelphia Americans, offered another version. "Every youngster who can pitch, aspires some day to be a big league star," remarked Plank. "A fellow must have more than average natural ability to get a chance in the majors. Once he gets that chance, there are any number of things which tend to shape his career. I have always found that Manager Mack was a great aid to the members of the Athletics' pitching staff. Mack always makes a close study of the opposition. He scores every game carefully, and always has a complete record of the successes and failures of the members of his pitching staff against the other clubs. No one has ever explained the reason, but every pitcher has certain clubs that are easy for him to beat, while he usually has one club that it is almost impossible for him to defeat. Mack works this feature to the limit. He early learned what teams are easiest for his pitchers to conquer, and he never fails to use those special pitchers against such clubs. Unlike most managers, he does not assign his pitchers in order or to 'take turns,' but works them when and where he believes they will be most effective. Often certain pitchers on Mack's staff will go through an entire season without pitching a single inning against certain clubs."

The replies of these three stars were just about what I anticipated. Mathewson freely gives much credit for his success to his club; Ed Walsh regarded his battery-partner, Billy Sullivan, as his best asset when it came to pitching; while Eddie Plank gave his manager and discoverer,

Connie Mack, great credit for his ability to choose the time for each of his pitching staff. Most of the big stars of the game are modest. That is one reason for their great popularity with the fans. Whether he be a star pitcher, or a recognized expert in some other position, a player soon falls off his pedestal of fame when he begins to believe that the game will stop forever once he gets out of base-ball.

I talked further on the art of pitching with



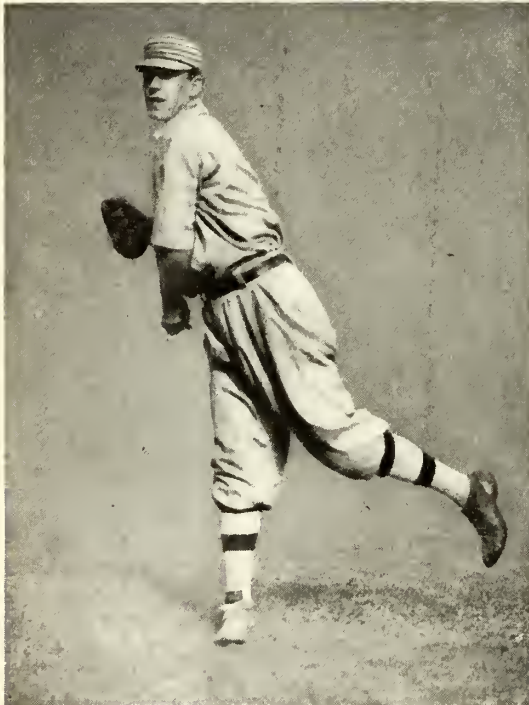
ED WALSH, OF THE CHICAGO "WHITE SOX."

The most famous of all spit-ball pitchers Walsh gives much credit for his success to his clever battery-mate of former days, Billy Sullivan.

Mathewson, Walsh, and Plank, as well as many of the other star pitchers in the National and American Leagues. While most of them refused to acknowledge their wonderful natural ability, which after all is about the greatest asset a pitcher can have, all agreed that a pitcher without control was like a boat without a rudder. He simply flounders about without landing anywhere. All agreed that no matter how great a pitcher's speed or how sweeping his curves, they avail him nothing, if he is unable to get the ball over the plate. In my ten years' connection with the American League as umpire, I have seen the fact proven again and again that control is absolutely necessary to win success. I have seen young pitchers with plenty of natural ability go

back to the minors, simply because they could not get the ball anywhere near the plate. I have seen others with a merely ordinary equipment develop into fine pitchers, because of their ability, not simply to get the ball over the plate, but to get it over that special corner where it was hardest for the batter to hit.

The marvel of ancient and modern base-ball was Cy Young. In 1890, Young joined the Cleveland team in the National League. In 1912, Young passed out of the majors as a member of the Boston team of the same league, after having performed for twenty-two consecutive years as a major-league pitcher. Young is now living the quiet life of a well-to-do farmer, the same kind of a life that he followed for years during the winter months when he was the sensation of the base-ball world. Every now and then during the



EDDIE PLANK, FORMERLY OF THE ATHLETICS.

At forty years of age, he is still one of the finest and most effective pitchers in the game.

winter, Cy boards a train leaving his old home town and makes a trip to Cleveland, just to freshen up his memory of big-league ways. I bumped into him recently in the lobby of one of the Cleveland hotels. He looked as well as ever, his waist line being the only evidence that he was not in constant training. When some one called attention to the fact that Cy was beginning to look more like a prosperous alderman than a ball

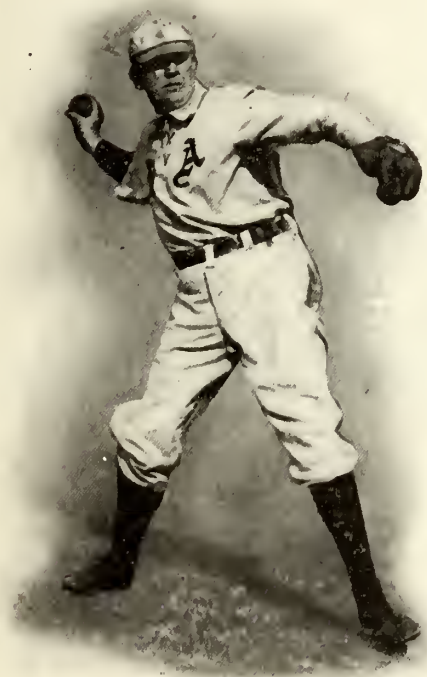
player, the veteran smiled and replied: "You know it was excess weight and not a glass arm that made me quit pitching. My fielding failed me before my arm showed signs of weakening. The boys soon got wise to the fact that I could n't bend over very well, and they practically bunted me out of base-ball!"

"Control is everything to a pitcher," was Young's remark, when I sought some words of wisdom from him. "Ability to get the ball over the plate is what kept me in the big leagues for twenty-two years, more than any other feature of my make-up. I saw many a pitcher come and go during my career as a big leaguer, and it was invariably a lack of control that started a majority of them on their way into retirement. Wasted effort is what ruins many a pitcher's arm. I never used any more energy than was absolutely necessary. I have known a lot of pitchers who did enough pitching for three games every time they were called upon. It seemed as though they would have three balls and two strikes on every batter who stepped up to the plate. If a certain pitcher can get through a game pitching, say, one hundred and twenty-five balls, and it takes some other pitcher four hundred balls to complete as many innings, it stands to reason that the pitcher who can get through with one-third the effort of the other fellow ought to last longer.

"In the old days, pitchers, when warming up prior to pitching, used to do so at random. They would simply hurl the ball to the catcher without any definite purpose. The sole aim was simply to get the muscles of the pitching arm limbered up. Thus the only purpose accomplished by the preliminary effort was getting the arm ready. When I warmed up, I always had the catcher take off his cap, and flatten it on the ground for an imaginary home-plate. I figured this scheme would not only loosen up the muscles, but also help my control; for instead of throwing every ball aimlessly to the catcher, I made an effort to get every ball I pitched over the plate. I always found this a great help to me in getting the ball over when I started the game. Many pitchers in my time used to warm up from any distance, that is, they might pitch from forty to sixty feet. I always insisted on warming up from the regulation pitching distance, for otherwise the exercise did n't help my control in the least.

"That I was right in many of my theories has been proven by the methods now used by every major-league club. Practically all of them have regular places for the pitchers to do their preliminary work. By regular places, I mean they have the distance carefully measured to conform to the rules, and have regular pitching rubbers and

home-plates installed to aid the pitchers in bettering their control. When I speak of control, I don't want it to be understood that ability to get the ball over the plate is my idea of control.



CY YOUNG, PERHAPS THE GREATEST OF THE VETERAN PITCHERS.

There are any number of pitchers who are able to keep buzzing the ball over the heart of the plate; but such twirlers, nevertheless, do not always achieve success. Usually they have their outfielders ready for bed before the game is over. Control is ability to get the ball over that *portion* of the plate which is generally regarded as the hardest place for the batsman to hit it. This brings me to another point, which should not be forgotten by the pitcher in warming up.

"After you have thrown, say, a dozen balls, and have worked the kinks out of your arm, make it a point to have your catcher designate where he wants the next ball. Imagine the batter is weak on a fast ball at the knee on the inside of the plate. Try your very best to get the ball at that very point. Then suppose the next imaginary batter is weak on a fast ball at the shoulder. Have your catcher motion for such a ball, and then try your level best to get the ball at that point. In this way, go down the line trying out

your control at the various points at which certain hitters are always weak. It is such practice that develops control, and, after all, it is control that makes the pitcher."

After having talked with Cy, I looked over the base-ball files in my home library, and discovered a number of base-ball records that were to me remarkably interesting. They were also the key to Young's long and brilliant career on the diamond. In 1906, the Boston Club of the American League was a bad seventh. At one stage of the season it lost twenty straight games. Pitching for this team, Young worked in 39 games, winning 13 and losing 21. In these 39 games he gave only 27 bases on balls. This was simply a marvelous performance. It would have been a big feat had it been performed with a high-class team to help him out, but achieving this record—of less than one base on balls per game, *with an almost tail-end club*—made it all the more noteworthy. In 1908, which was Young's nineteenth year in the big league, he won 21 games and lost 11, a great record. In all, he pitched 299 innings and gave only 37 bases on balls, an average of one pass to first base every eight innings. Certainly there was no wasted effort in Young's pitching. He made every ball count. His arm was always being nursed along by his magnificent control. Young's theories on this feature of pitching, admitted by all pitchers to be correct, could be followed with profit by every pitcher in the business.

Christy Mathewson is the National League rival of Cy Young in point of service and of ability to control the ball. Mathewson has been with the Giants fourteen years. During all of that time, he has never forgotten the fact that he had eight other players on the team, all willing and anxious to aid. He has always made the batter earn first base when pitching. Only in the pinches does Mathewson "use all his stuff." The fact that he has always had something in reserve when the crucial test arrived, is what has made him a great pitcher. Looking over the records for the past five years, I find some very interesting facts. In 1909, Mathewson only gave 36 bases on balls in 37 games, less than one a game. He did not hit a single batter. In 1911, he worked in 45 games and only gave 36 passes to first. He hit one batsman. In 1912, he gave 34 bases on balls in 43 games, and hit only two batters. In 1913 he worked 40 games and gave only 21 bases on balls, and did not hit a single batter—a truly remarkable year's pitching in point of effectiveness and control.

Once a pitcher gets control, the other requisites of the art will follow. Most young pitchers learn the curve, the spitball and the fade-away before

they give control a thought. They know they have plenty of natural ability, and yet wonder why they can't win. "Control is the thing," say all the great pitchers; so why argue the matter.

And all the great pitchers agree that a study of the batsman is next in importance. There are certain batters who can punish certain kinds of balls, while against a different style of pitching they are correspondingly weak. If a batter likes a fast ball at the waist line, it becomes the duty of the wise pitcher never to give him a ball to his liking. Perhaps he is weak on a curve ball at the knee on the outside. The foxy pitcher makes a specialty of offering him that kind of delivery in abundance. In deciding what is best to pitch to the various batters, a brainy catcher is of wonderful assistance. This recalls the compliment Ed Walsh paid to his battery-partner, Billy Sullivan.

Then, too, the pitcher must study situations. When he divines that a sacrifice is the play, it is usually the best plan to keep the ball high. Such a ball is harder to meet squarely, while it is almost impossible to give it definite direction. On a low ball, the skilful bunter can usually place it toward first or third, as is desired. For batters who have a tendency to pull away, pitchers usually keep the ball on the outside, mostly depending on the curve. Seldom do batters who pull meet such balls squarely. As a rule they hit fast balls on the inside hard. The batter who hugs the plate closely and steps in to the ball is bothered most by a fast ball on the inside, as it has a tendency to make him meet the ball on the handle, thereby losing most of the force he puts into the swing. The pitcher must also take into consideration the position of his infield, and must know who is covering the base on a throw, so that he may pitch to aid his infielders. Thus with a left-hander up and a man on first, the short-stop will invariably take the throw, if the runner tries to steal. Most left-handers hit to right field as a rule. In increasing the likelihood of the batter's doing that very thing, the pitcher can assist ma-

terially. A fast or curve ball on the inside is more liable to be hit to right field than a fast ball on the outside, which would probably be driven to left field. The pitcher, by proper judgment in his selection of balls, can therefore greatly aid his infield in carrying out its part of the performance.

Here, again, the more one studies the different features of the art of pitching, the more clearly does he see the value that control plays in the success of the pitcher. If the pitcher knows the weakness of the batter, and intends giving him a fast ball on the inside, and then deliberately pitches to the opposite side, his knowledge of the batter is of no use to him. Lack of control has rendered his knowledge useless. If he knows the short-stop is to cover and then pitches a ball to the batter that makes it easy for him to hit through the position vacated by the short-stop, he nullifies the strength of his infield. Lack of control is again the cause. If the catcher signals for a waste ball, in order to be in a better position to throw out a runner trying to steal, and, instead, he gets the ball right over the plate, he is handicapping the catcher. Lack of control is again the cause. After all, most of the finer points of pitching are based on ability to control the ball.

Every now and then, even the great masters of control slip up. In the World's Series of 1911 the members of the New York pitching staff were told to beware of Frank Baker. McGraw's pitchers were told how to work against the Philadelphia slugger. But in a pinch, Marquard put one in Baker's groove, and the result was a home run and the defeat of the Giants. There is no greater master of control than Mathewson. Marquard's carelessness was much commented on. The next day, for eight innings, Matty held the Athletics scoreless. In the ninth, he also got a ball in Baker's groove, and another home run resulted which tied the score, and enabled the Athletics to win out in the extra innings. After all, control is the thing, boys,—for all would-be pitchers.

MY DOG

I TRIED to write a poem
 To my dog the other day,
 To tell him that I loved him,
 In the very nicest way.
 Mama said it *was* a poem—
 That I had done quite well;
 But Papa's name was nicer,
 For he called it "Doggerel."

M. H. Church.

THE SURF-RIDERS OF HAWAII



©A. R. G., JR.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers,—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 't was a pleasing fear;
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane,—
As I do here.

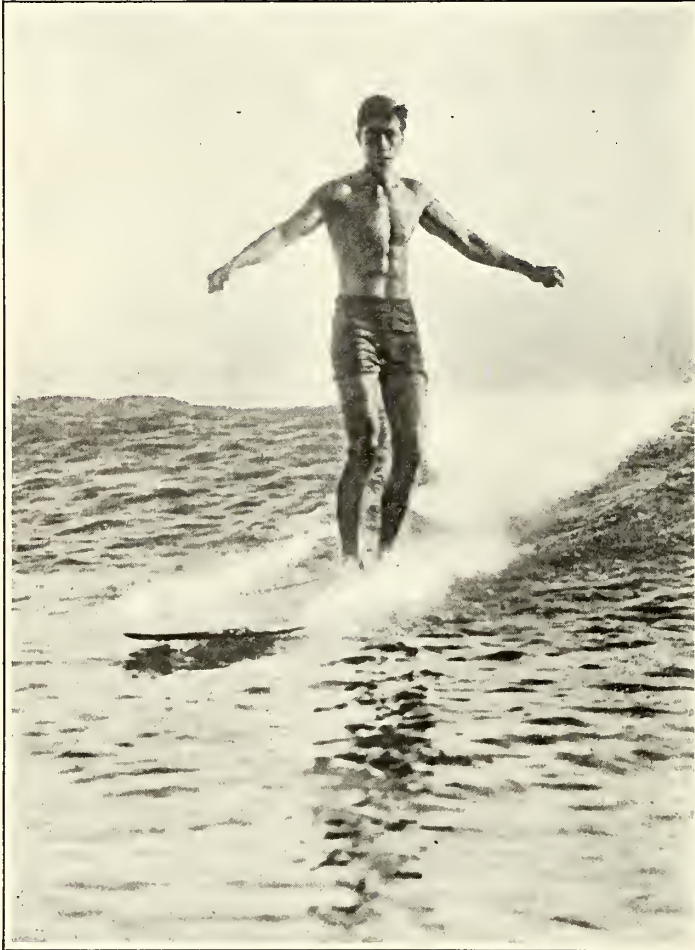
LORD BYRON



©A. R. G., JR.

As the great ocean roll strikes the reef at Hawaii, all the force and energy of a thousand miles is halted in its course. Maddened at its unknown foe, it throws its billowing form headlong over the reef; boiling and churning it rushes along, dissipating its strength in the quiet pools until at last it dies, a mere ripple, on the beach.

What are those swiftly moving forms gliding over the surface of the foam-speckled waters



like a school of dolphins—their bronze bodies glistening in the sunlight? Are they a company of sea-nymphs or mermen? They are a merry band of water-lovers—the Surf-riders—and no legendary water-sprite ever rode the waves with more joyous abandon than these.

Far out at sea, there is a faint unevenness silhouetted against the sky. The watchful eye of the boy has seen it—you hear a penetrating, low, weird whistle—the signal that a “big one” is coming. Out they speed. Outstretched on their boards they sweep the water with their hands, mounting wave after wave, gliding into the glittering troughs beyond, until they reach the reef. On comes the surf! It strikes—arches, curves, and falls! And as it plunges forward, like a frightened

sea-horse, this fearless surf-rider is at its mane. With board pointed shoreward he rides this untamed fury. He stands erect with arms outstretched, triumphant, with a glittering inclined plane before him. On, on he sweeps, tobogganing in an opalescent sea, plowing up showers of liquid jewels into the sunlight.

The wave is spent, the rider drops astride his board, and, with the grace of a sea-gull turning in its flight, he heads for the reef again. Thus plays this child of the sea, happy and care-free, until the great orange sun drops below the horizon.





R. G. G. Jr.
© Honolulu



PEG O' THE RING

MAID OF DENEWOOD

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," etc.

CHAPTER XXI

A HUNT FOR THE RING

FOR a time, this news of Bee's coming robbed me of all my courage. I had hoped to have the boy at home again ere she returned; but now, in a few hours, I must tell her that little Jack was gone.

"I am so sorry, Mademoiselle," M. Victor said sympathetically. "I suppose your man knew best, having experience with these wild people; but it did seem to me we might have learn' something had we held the savage."

"Nay, he would not have spoken a word had we made him a prisoner, Monsieur," I answered. "They are a strange people, and it will not be so bad if only Tiscoquam keeps his word. But suppose he changes his mind and takes the boy North with him at once? And that he will do if we threaten him." Already I was fretting myself into a fever of fear at the thought of what might happen.

"But your man will fin' their camp, will he not?" M. Victor questioned.

"Yes, I think so, but the boy may not be there," I explained. "They know the forest so well that they could hide him completely if they wished. There are many things they might do, Monsieur,—and they are savages."

"Nay, you must not torture yourself by brooding upon unhappy possibilities," M. Victor insisted gently. "Let us rather hope that something may delay your cousins upon the road long enough for me to fin' the ring before their return."

"Ah, Monsieur, when you know Madam Travers, you will understand that naught will keep her from her children when she is so near."

"Even so, Mademoiselle," M. Victor urged, "Madame Travers is, I am sure, too wise to despair where there is so much hope. And you also must keep a glad face to help her, so let us not dwell on this matter but think of other things. It is my part to bring you the ring in three days. Let us talk of that. I but wait the return of your man, Schmuck, to start out, if you will let me have that horse."

"Oh, yes, Monsieur,—but where will you go?"

"Firs' with all speed to Norristown, stopping on the way where I met you, Mademoiselle," he answered, speaking with a certain assurance which gave me courage. "I look firs' for Pilgrim, from whom I will get news of his partner, Blundell. I must confess I thought the Quakers a different sort of people," he ended with a slight laugh.

"Oh, Monsieur, you must not judge the Society of Friends by that man!" I hastened to assure him. "He 's no true Quaker, but one of the many trimmers in the land who *pretended* to be Friends, to escape the charge of cowardice for not joining our army during the war, and also to make sure of being on the right side whoever won."

"So that is it!" said M. Victor, nodding. "Well, in this case, perchance 't is better that we have a rascal to deal with, for we may expect him to betray his accomplice—and I mean to have the ring. Be sure of that."

"Oh, I hope so!" I replied, "but what is a 'ring with a reson'?" I asked, of a sudden remembering the advertisement.

"Do you not know?" he questioned in evident surprise.

"Nay, I know not even what a reson is," I confessed, not realizing at the moment how easily he had led my thoughts away from my troubles.

"And yet it is your own language that has the saying, 'without rhyme or reson,'" he laughed.

"Now what has that to do with it?" I asked him.

"Only this, Mademoiselle," he responded. "In the old days, rings that were exchanged between fren's—" he hesitated a moment, "or lovers," he added, "often had some pretty sentiment within them. This might be a rhyme or it might be in plain prose. In other words, a reson."

"But my ring has no such saying in it," I said, positively.

"Ah, has it not?" M. Victor laughed lightly. "Mayhap some day I shall have the honor to instruct you about that ring, Mademoiselle, though you have wear it for years, and I have never, never wear it at all."

"Then how do you know so much about it?" I asked, greatly interested. My ring was ever

close to my heart, and my imagination never tired of weaving romances about it. And here was another mystery of which I had not guessed.

"It is like this," said M. Victor. "This ring have been in dispute in our family for years and years. The father of the late Marquis de Soulange-Caderousse say it belong' to his branch of the house. My gran'father claim it is to us. But *they* have possession of it, so, while there is much talk about it and all its peculiarities are common knowledge, I have seen it seldom, and, since I was only a lad, it have been los' with the young marquis."

"Ah," I suggested wisely, "think you not 't was the title made the old Marquis so arrogant? We have those among us here even now who wish we were still English, and love to bow and scrape to a 'Lord' or a 'Sir,' while great men like Doctor Franklin and his Excellency, General Washington, are neglected."

"Nay, I cannot believe that!" exclaimed M. Victor. "They are both such wise men. Paris loves Doctor Franklin to this day."

"'T is more than Philadelphia does!" I burst out. "Not long ago Bee and I were on our way to drink a dish of tea with him when we met a pert Miss, who told us 't was no longer fashionable to visit him.' But I am glad to say that both his and his Excellency's birthdays were celebrated publicly this year."

"The generations to come will remember, Mademoiselle," M. Victor assured me earnestly. "When we are gone, when many we now think famous are forgotten, the names of Doctor Franklin and General Washington will be household' words in this great country.—But we have travel' far from your ring. You remember that I spoke of a controversy between the families about the ownership of it? Well, the late marquis (he have a wicked title too, Mademoiselle), he have the grace to make restitution, for he leave the ring in his will to my father's oldest' son—which is me—so that all breach in the family shall be heal'."

"Oh, you will stand up for them, seeing that you come from a country where titles are common, but we good Americans hold them in small favor," I answered with some asperity. "I am glad your ring is yours once more, but I cannot think a handle to his name makes a better man. It but serves to make him conceit when he has naught else to be proud of."

M. Victor laughed at this sally much more than it seemed to warrant, but an interruption put the matter out of my head.

"Miss Peggy!" cried Mrs. Mummer, entering the room in haste, "here 's a lad wanting to see

you, from what I can make out of his outlandish speech."

Behind her came Mummer, leading a gangling youth with a shock of red hair, whom I recognized at once as Otto Pilgrim.

"Do you wish to see me?" I asked, going to him.

"Nein! Nein!" he answered, grinning and winking at me as if we had some huge joke between us.

I looked to Mummer for an explanation, but he shook his head dolefully.

"You can't clear coffee with an addled egg," the old steward muttered. "'T is useless to expect sense from a simpleton, Miss Peggy," he added, looking at me.

"Have you a message for me?" I asked, again addressing the boy.

"Ja! Ja!" he burst out delightedly; and fumbling in his pocket he produced a letter which he handed to me. It was from his mother and read as follows:

"Mistress Margaret Travers, of Denewood in Germantown.

Honored Miss: My husband, Jasper Pilgrim, repenteth him of his actions toward thee, for which his wife is truly thankful and grateful. He bids me inform thee that thy ring is in the hands of one Friend Sperry, who is now upon the road to New York to an agent named M'Sparren, thus cheating said Jasper Pilgrim out of his just and due reward. This information he sends thee gratis, knowing thy great interest in the ring, and he hopeth thee may frustrate the villain Sperry, who keepeth not his sworn word.

For myself, I beg you will forgive a woman who promised upon her marriage in the church to obey her husband, which led her into a matter in which she had no heart and which accorded ill with her well-known honest dealings.

Thy humble ob'd't servant,

KETURAH PILGRIM."

I read the letter aloud, and at the ending of it, M. Victor clapped his hands.

"Good, Mademoiselle!" he cried. "I can almost find it in my mind to forgive that false Quaker. Now I can promise you the ring in three days or less."

I told Mrs. Mummer to give Otto some goodies, and he went away with Mummer, halting a moment at the door to give me a final wink before he disappeared slowly beyond the jamb, withdrawing his head last, like the old tortoise he always reminded me of.

M. Victor's preparations for departure now went forward quickly; but although he protested he had but just finished breakfast, Mrs. Mummer made him sit down to take another bite against the coming journey.

He talked confidently as he hurried with his

eating, seeming glad of the opportunity to serve us.

"'When thieves fall out,' as you have the saying, Mademoiselle," he said laughingly; but ere the words were out of his mouth, he stopped, listening, then jumped to his feet as the sound of hoof-beats on the driveway came to us.

"Is it my horse?" he asked.

"Nay, yours must have been waiting for some time, and this is more than one," I replied. For now the noise of several animals was quite plain.

"'T is Bee!" I said to myself, my hand going to my heart. Instead of delaying, they had come sooner than we had expected. How could I tell her that the boy was gone?

An instant later there was a sharp knock on the front door, and old Sam shuffled to answer it while I stood awaiting Bee's first words to make certain what I most dreaded.

Instead, there came a volley of French, spoken by a man who demanded in no uncertain terms, "Monsieur le Vicomte!"

"'T is Louis, my equerry," exclaimed M. Victor, starting for the door. Small wonder he had chuckled at my contempt for men with titles when all the while he had one himself!

As I followed him I heard old Sam grumbling:

"'T ain't no manner o' use sayin' all them cuss words at me, sir. I don't know what you-all means, no mor'n if you-all was a-talkin' Hessian. Mr. John Travers, Esquire, he lives here—," but by this time we were at the door, and in the portico stood four men.

In front was a fierce-looking, mustachioed French servitor, who, the instant he saw M. Victor, stepped back and saluted. Behind him were two others of like stamp, and between them, evidently a prisoner, stood no less a personage than Captain George Blundell.

"Ah ha!" cried M. Victor gaily; "did I not say, Mademoiselle, that Louis would recognize my horse? 'T is well done, my children," he went on in French to his servants, each of whom was old enough to be his father. "But how came you to find me here? The good M'Sparren grew alarmed because I did not return, eh?"

"I can explain that," Blundell broke in angrily. "I met your fools of servants as I traveled through the Jerseys, and they were not willing simply to take the horse, but must needs detain me also till they had seen you. I guessed this would be the place to find you and led them here to be the more quickly rid of them."

"You shall have the welcome you deserve, sir," said M. Victor grimly; "and if you are disposed to play the gentleman for once, you may soon go your way."

"Play the gentleman!" cried Blundell, in hot anger. "I like not the tone you take, Monsieur le Vicomte, and will hold you accountable for your slur upon my honor."

"Your honor!" exclaimed the young Frenchman, but without raising his voice. "Think you I would bare my sword to fight with such as you? In my own country the horse-boys would be set to whip you out of the place. And you like not the tone I take? *Bien*, Monsieur, I like not that you take my horse without leave. Nor do I like the way you have treat' Mademoiselle Travers in the matter of a certain ring. However, the restoration of that will save you from the little beating at the hands of my servants which I hold for you."

"'T is well to have hired bullies to do what you would never dare attempt yourself," Blundell sneered. "And as to your ring, you must e'en find it without my aid. 'T is a souvenir I shall retain in memory of the young lady who gave it to me. Egad, 't would scarce be a gallant act to part with it too readily!"

For a moment M. Victor looked at me in wonderment, but I was too angry at Blundell's hints to heed him.

"You forced it from me, sir," I cried out. "There is naught in the world I would give you of my own free will. Monsieur," I went on turning to M. Victor, "can you not have the man searched at once? He must have the ring upon his person."

"It shall be done, Mademoiselle," M. le Vicomte answered, "unless he give' it to us of his own free will."

"Nay," retorted Blundell, "find it yourself—an you can!"

At a word from his master, Louis seized his captive and took him inside the house for a thorough search. Meanwhile we waited impatiently on the portico; but when at length they came forth again, one look at Blundell told me all too plainly that the search had failed. He was more insolent than ever and smiled evilly.

"And now may I be permitted to proceed upon my journey?" he asked. "Or have you some other indignity you wish to subject me to, seeing that you have a sufficient number of servants at hand to protect you?"

M. Victor questioned Louis, who answered regretfully that he could find naught upon the man.

This was a keen disappointment to me, for, if Blundell was no longer in possession of the ring, the hope of finding it within the three days was lost. Till now, there had always been this thought to temper for Bee the fact that little Jack was in the Indian's hands; now, if even this assurance

was gone, where should we look for the missing trinket?

"I scarce know what to do, Mademoiselle," M. Victor whispered to me privately. "But I can see no use in holding the man. It may be best to let

He wore no wig, and his dark hair was drawn back in a coarsely netted queue-bag. In a flash a thought came to me.

"T-t-there!" I stuttered, so excited was I. "T-t-there 's w-w-where he h-h-has it h-h-hid!" and I pointed to his queue.

"What mean you, Miss Peggy?" cried Mrs. Mummer, who had come out from the house and was quite alive to the seriousness of the situation.

"I mean the queue-bag!" I exclaimed. "Have they looked there?"

At a word from M. Victor, Louis explained that they had not taken the bag off, for the reason that, the mesh was so open that, were the ring placed within it, it must fall through.

"But please look!" I begged, for I was convinced that it lay there; and a glance at Blundell served to confirm this, for his face had grown scarlet with rage, and he had started down the steps with a rough word on his lips.

"Seize the man!" ordered M. le Vicomte, and Louis dragged his reluctant captive back to the portico.

"You pack of cowards!" roared Blundell; and twisting himself free from Louis, he sprang toward M. Victor.

"Will you fight?" he shouted.

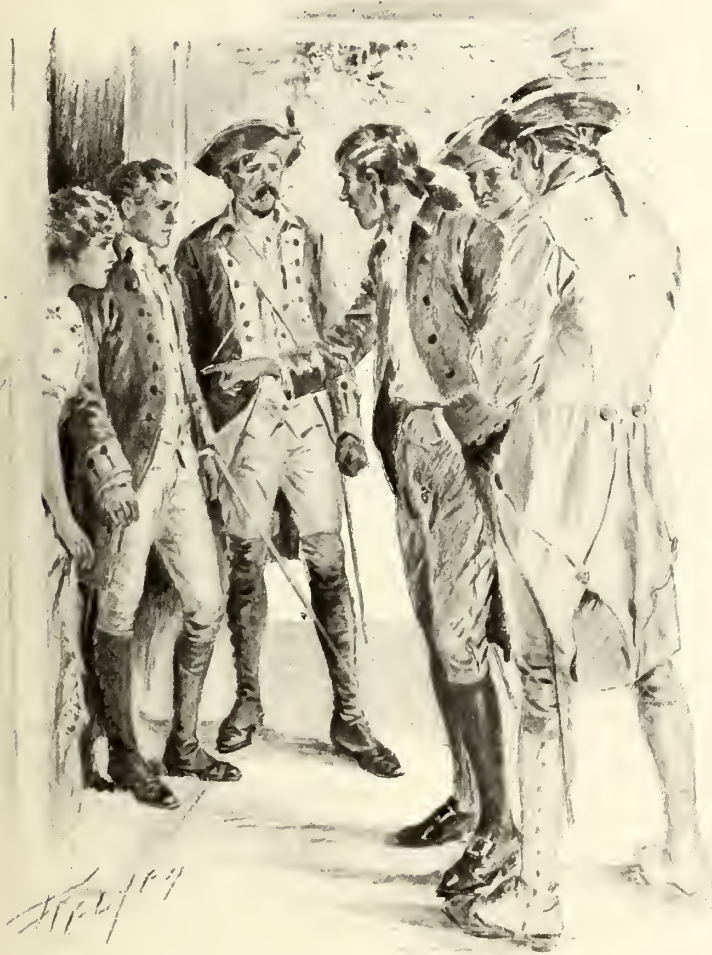
"It would be a poor return for Monsieur Travers' hospitality to brawl before his house," said the young Frenchman, coolly. "Nor do I need to prove my valor on such as you."

But Blundell, doubly enraged at his contempt, leaped forward

in a fury of anger, and before any one could divine his intent or interfere to restrain him struck M. Victor across the face with the back of his hand.

"Now will you fight!" he cried, "or will you still hide behind your servants?" and he whipped out his sword.

"Back Louis! Back François!" M. Victor ordered, as his servants started toward Blundell, "*vous êtes trop tard.*" And even as he spoke, his sword met the British captain's, and the ring of steel filled the air.



"AND NOW MAY I PROCEED UPON MY JOURNEY?" HE ASKED."

him go, and follow secretly, hoping he will lead us to the hiding-place of the ring."

I was too near to tears to answer, so I nodded agreement, and the young Frenchman, with a curt word, told the prisoner that he could depart.

But Captain Blundell, seeing that he had the upper hand, was more insolent than ever. Stepping close to me, he swept me a bow and then turned his back upon me with intentional disrespect.

'T was then I noted his manner of hair-dressing for the first time.

CHAPTER XXII

A MASTER SWORDSMAN

So suddenly had the clash between the two men come, that they were hard at it ere the rest of us realized what was going forward. But the sharp

some; but he seemed not to have the strength to combat his older and more rugged antagonist, who, from the very beginning, pressed the fight fiercely, putting all his weight into his attack and forcing M. Victor back a pace or two by the very fury of his onslaught.



"I HELD OUT MY HAND, AND LOUIS PRESENTED ME WITH THE QUEUE-BAG."

hiss of the swords as they met, brought us to our senses, and Mrs. Mummer with a little shriek of terror dragged me back out of the way. She would have had me run into the house, but I would not. It would have seemed like deserting M. Victor, who was brought to this quarrel on my account; so I stood apart and watched, scarce conscious that I even breathed.

Sword play was no new thing to us at Dene-wood, but heretofore I had witnessed only practice bouts between Cousin John and Allan McLane, both of whom were reckoned very skilful. This, however, was a different matter, for Blundell at least was in deadly earnest and would kill the young Frenchman if he could.

And I, who knew naught of M. Victor's skill with the sword, could not help but be fearful for the outcome. He was scarce more than a boy, slight, graceful, and, to my thinking, very hand-

If Blundell had counted upon discomposing the young man by this fury, he was much mistaken. M. Victor, angry for an instant at the blow, had cooled almost as quickly, and a smile came to his lips as his sword met unerringly the heavy thrusts of Blundell.

"Does Monsieur think he chop' down a tree?" he cried out gaily, as Blundell lunged with fearful desperation. "Monsieur is perchance more skilful with an ax."

So he went on, defending himself with apparent ease, and all the while goading Blundell into a state of fury by his taunting remarks, though the Englishman said no word in reply, but only fought the more desperately.

How long the combat lasted I know not. I watched the play of the swords, scarce conscious of Louis and the other servants standing alert, their weapons bared in their hands, ready to

guard their master at the first sign of treachery, but making no move to interfere. At one corner of the portico old Sam crouched, with two or three of our Denewood servants, muttering among themselves. Mrs. Mummer, beside me, seemed as fascinated as I, and after her first protest said no further word of my leaving the spot. It had all happened so suddenly that we were powerless to prevent it, and now we were spell-bound.

For a time no change was apparent in the combat. Blundell pressed the fighting and M. Victor defended himself coolly. But ere long the British captain began to pant for breath, and behind his blade there was a lack of its former force. I looked searchingly at him, noting that his expression of anger gave place to anxiety, and, as he began to tire from his vain effort to pierce the defense of the young Frenchman, a hint of fear growing in his eyes.

"Ah, Monsieur!" cried M. Victor, exultantly, "your ax grow' heavy, eh? And yet the tree still stan's."

He laughed a little joyously as if he were having the very happiest time imaginable, then suddenly there came a change.

"Come!" he said sternly, "this seem' monotonous. You must strive to keep me amuse'"; and in an instant he became the aggressor, and his bright sword began to play about Blundell like a flame. Never had I dreamed of such mastery of the weapon as the young Frenchman displayed!

In a moment his slower opponent was helpless before a blade that darted in and out like lightning, and all the while his young opponent laughed gaily.

Step by step the one time British captain gave ground, panting like a thirsty dog, tired, beaten, and fearful that the next thrust would pass his feeble guard.

"Nay, do not fear!" cried M. le Vicomte. "Think you I would put a blot upon a good sword by staining it with your blood? Ah, no! I could have kill' you a dozen times if I had like'; but this is a better way with such as you!" and, with a short sharp twist, Blundell's sword was wrenched out of his hand and flew singing across the lawn.

"Take the dog away, Louis," said M. Victor to his querry. "And see that he comes not back again."

In a twinkling of the eye the contest had ended,

and I stood dumb till Louis started to lead Blundell away.

"Oh, the ring!" I cried. "Pray, don't forget the ring!"

Evidently Louis understood that much English, for, without waiting for a command from his master, he snatched the queue-bag from Blundell's head.

"*Voilà, Monsieur le Vicomte!*" he cried, holding it toward him. "*Voilà! C'est extraordinaire, n'est-ce pas?*" and I ran to look.

I held out my hand, for I took a childish pleasure in the thought of being the one to give the ring to M. Victor, and Louis presented me with the queue-bag with the ring inside. It was the bag which had drawn forth the exclamation of surprise, for it had within it a very finely netted sack of human hair, the color of Blundell's, which had served to keep safe and conceal anything put therein.

I noted the cleverness of this odd device, but at last I held my precious ring again, and to the joy I felt at that, and all it meant to me, was added the recollection that it belonged to the gallant French gentleman beside me.

"Monsieur," I said, handing it to him, "all I regret is that I did not keep it more safely for you."

"Mademoiselle," he answered with a low bow, "your regret' are as nothing to mine. I shall ever think with shame that I los' my temper in the presence of a so sweet lady."

"You could not help it!" I exclaimed. "I w-w-would n't have f-forgiven you if you h-h-had n't."

"It was the blow, mademoiselle, that for the minute made me forget myself." Then, as if this reminded him of Blundell, he turned suddenly and looked at the man, still standing with his head dropped to his breast. "Louis!" he cried sternly, "mus' I tell you twice to take that man away? Mus' I remind you that you let a thief strike your master? Take him away and start him on the road. I care not to remember that I have had to cross swords with him; though to be sure, he fences like—like what he is." And with that the young man turned to me once more, all smiles. "Let us forget, Mademoiselle, that there are such people in the worl'." And when I looked that way again, Blundell had disappeared, and I know not to this day what disposition Louis made of him; but, to my great thankfulness, he never again came into our lives.

(To be continued.)

TOMMY AND THE WISHING-STONE

THE PLEASURES AND TROUBLES OF BOBBY COON

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

Author of "Old Mother West Wind," "Bedtime Story-Books," etc.

TOMMY was trudging down to the corn-field, and his freckled face was rather sober. At least it was sober for him, considering why he was on his way to the corn-field. It was n't to work. If it had been, his sober look would have been quite easy to understand. The fact is, Tommy was going on an errand that once would have filled him with joy and sent him whistling all the way.

"Coons are raising mischief down in the corn! You 'd better get your traps out and see if you can catch the thieving little rascals. Go down and look the ground over, and see what you think," his father had said to him at noon, that day.

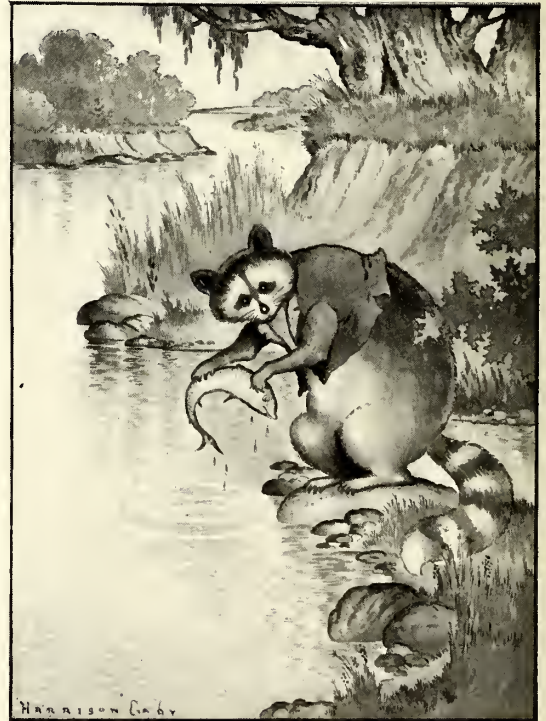
So here he was on his way to look for signs of Bobby Coon, and, if the truth were known, actually hoping that he would n't find them! There had been a time when he would have been all excitement over his quest, and eager to find the tell-tale tracks where Bobby Coon went into and out of the corn-field. Then he would have hurried home for his traps in great glee, or instead would have planned to watch with his gun for the marauder that very night.

But now he had no such feelings. Somehow, he had come to regard his little wild neighbors in a wholly different light. He no longer desired to do them harm. Ever since he had begun to learn what their real lives were like, by wishing himself one of them as he sat on the old wishing-stone, he had cared less and less to hunt and frighten them and more and more to try to make friends with them. His teacher would have said that he had a "sympathetic understanding" of them, and then probably would have had to explain to Tommy what that meant—that he knew just how they felt and had learned to look at things from their point of view. And it was true. He had put away his gun and traps. He no longer desired to kill. He liked to hunt for these little wild people as much as ever, perhaps more, but it was in order to make friends with them, and to find out more about their ways and habits, instead of to kill them.

So it was that he did n't like his present errand. On the brow of the hill that overlooked the corn-field he stopped for a minute to look

down on the broad acres of long-leaved stalks standing row on row, row on row, like a well drilled army. He thought of the long hours he had spent among them toiling with his hoe in the hot sunshine when the swimming-hole was calling to him, and a sudden sense of pride swept over him. The great sturdy plants no longer needed his hoe to keep the weeds down. The ears had filled out and were in the milk now.

"Seems as if we could spare what little a coon wants," muttered Tommy, as he gazed down on the field. "Of course, if there is a whole family



"IN THE BROOK WERE FISH TO BE CAUGHT."

of 'em, something 's got to be done, but I don't believe one coon can eat enough to do much harm. Dad promised me a share in the crop, when it 's harvested, to pay for my work. 'Taint likely to be very much, and goodness knows I want every penny of it; but I guess, if that coon ain't doing too much damage, I can pay for it."

Tommy's face lighted up at the idea. It was going to take self denial on his part, but it was a way out. The thought chased the soberness from his face and put a spring into his hitherto reluctant steps. He went at once to that part of the corn-field nearest the Green Forest. It did not take him long to discover the evidences that a raccoon, or perhaps more than one, had been taking toll. Here a stalk less sturdy than its neighbors had been pulled down, the husks stripped from the ears, and a few mouthfuls of the milky grains taken. There a stalk had been climbed and an ear stripped and bitten into.

"Wasteful little beggar!" muttered Tommy. "Why can't you be content to take an ear at a time and clean it up? Then there would be no kick coming. Dad would n't mind if you filled your little tummy every night, if you did n't spoil ten times as much as you eat. Ha! here are your tracks. Now we'll see where you come in."

Except for the sharp tips of the toes, the tracks were not unlike the print of a tiny hand, and there was no mistaking them for the tracks of any other animal. Tommy studied them until he was sure that all were made by one raccoon, and he was convinced that he had but a single foe to deal with. At length he found the place where the animal was in the habit of entering the field. There was just the suggestion of a path through the grass in the direction of the Green Forest. It was very clear that Bobby Coon came and went regularly that way, and of course this was the place to set a trap. Tommy's face clouded again at the thought.

"I believe I'll go up to the old wishing-stone and think it out," he muttered.

So he headed for the familiar old wishing-stone that overlooked the Green Meadows and the corn-field, and was not so very far from the Green Forest; and when he reached it, he sat down. It is doubtful if Tommy ever got past that old stone without sitting down on it. This time he had no intention of wishing himself into anything, and yet hardly had he sat down when he did. You see his thoughts were all of Bobby Coon, and so, without stopping to think where he was, he said to no one in particular: "There are some things I want to know about raccoons. I wish I could be one long enough to find out."

TOMMY'S wish had come true. He was no longer Tommy the boy, but Tommy the coon. He was a thick-set, rather clumsy-looking gray-coated fellow, with a black-ringed tail and a black band across the eyes. His ears were sharp, and his face was not unlike that of Reddy Fox in its outline. His toes were long and bare; and when

he walked, it was with his whole foot on the ground as a man does and as a bear does. In fact, although he did n't know it, he was own cousin to Buster Bear.

Tommy's home was a hollow tree with the entrance high up. Inside he had a comfortable bed,



"ONCE IN A WHILE, HE WOULD BE DISCOVERED."

and there he spent his days sleeping away the long hours of sunshine. Night was the time he liked best to be abroad, and then he roamed far and wide without fear. Reddy Fox he was not afraid of at all. In fact there was no one he really feared but man, and in the darkness of the night he thought he need not even fear him. Tommy's hollow tree was in a swamp through which flowed a brook, and it was Tommy's delight to explore this brook, sometimes up, sometimes down. In it were fish to be caught, and Tommy as a boy never delighted in fishing more than did Tommy as a coon. On moonlight nights he would steal softly up to a quiet pool and, on the very edge of it, possess himself in patience, as a good fisherman should. Presently a careless fish would swim within reach. A swift scoop with a black little paw with five sharp little hooks extended—and the fish would be high and dry on the shore. It was great fun.

Sometimes he would visit marshy places where the frogs were making the night noisy with a

mighty chorus. This was the easiest kind of hunting. He had only to locate the spot from which one of those voices issued, steal softly up, and there was one less singer, though the voice would hardly be missed in the great chorus. Occasionally he would take a hint from Jerry Muskrat and, where the water was very shallow, dig out a few mussels or fresh-water clams.



"ONE NIGHT HE MET BOBBY COON HIMSELF."

At other times, just by way of varying his bill of fare, he would go hunting. This was less certain of results but exciting; and when successful, the reward was great. Especially was this so in the nesting season, and many a good meal of eggs did Tommy have, to say nothing of tender young birds. Occasionally he prowled through the tree-tops in hope of surprising a family of young squirrels in their sleep. None knew better than he that in the light of day he could not catch them; but at night, when they could not see and he could, it was another matter.

But fish, meat, and eggs were only a part of Tommy's diet. Fruit, berries, and nuts in their season were quite as much to his liking, not to mention certain tender roots. One day, quite by chance while he was exploring a hollow tree, he discovered that it already had tenants and that they were makers of the most delicious sweets

he ever had tasted. In short, he almost made himself sick on wild honey, his long hair protecting him from the little lances of the bees. After that he kept a sharp eye out for sweets and so discovered that bumble-bees make their nests in the ground; and that while they contained a scant supply of honey, there was enough as a rule to make it worth while to dig them open.

So Tommy grew fat and lazy. There was plenty to eat without working very hard for it, and he shuffled about in the Green Forest and along the Laughing Brook, eating whatever tempted him and having a good time generally. He dearly loved to play along the edge of the water and was as tickled as a child with anything bright and shiny. Once he found a bit of tin shining in the moonlight and spent most of the remainder of that night playing with it. About one thing he was very particular. If he had meat of any kind and there was water near, he always washed it carefully before eating. In fact Tommy was very neat. It was born in him.

Sometimes daylight caught him far from his hollow tree. Then he would look for an old nest of a hawk or crow and curl up in it to sleep the day away. If none was handy and he could find no hollow tree or stump, he would climb a big tree and stretch himself flat along one of the big limbs and there sleep until the Black Shadows came creeping through the Green Forest. Once in a while he would be discovered by the sharp eyes of Sammy Jay or Blacky the Crow, and then life would be made miserable for him until he would be glad to wake up and seek some hiding-place where they could not see him. It was for this reason chiefly that he always tried to get back to his own snug den by the time jolly, round, red Mr. Sun shook his rosy blankets off and began his daily climb up in the blue, blue sky.

One night he met Bobby Coon himself.

"Where do you live?" asked Tommy.

"Over on the Mountain," replied Bobby.

"In a hollow tree?" asked Tommy.

"No. Oh my, no!" replied Bobby. "I've got the nicest den in a ledge of rock. No more hollow trees for me."

"Why not?" demanded Tommy.

"They are n't safe," retorted Bobby. "I used to live in a hollow tree, but I've learned better. I guess you've never been hunted. When you've been nearly choked to death by smoke in your hollow tree, or had it cut down with you in it and barely escaped by the skin of your teeth, you won't think so much of hollow trees. Give me a good rocky den every time."

"But where does the smoke come from, and

why should my hollow tree be cut down?" asked Tommy to whom this was all new and very strange.

"Hunters," replied Bobby briefly. "You wait until the cool weather comes and you'll find out what I mean."

"But who are the hunters and what do they hunt us for?" persisted Tommy.

"My, but you are innocent!" retorted Bobby. "They are those two-legged creatures called men, and I don't know what they hunt us for. They just do, that's all. They seem to think it's fun. I wish one of them would have to fight for *his* life. Perhaps he would n't see so much fun in it then. It was last fall that they drove me out of my hollow tree,

and they pretty nearly got me, too. But they won't do it this year! You take my advice and get a den in the rocks. Then you can laugh at them."

"But what will they hunt me for? I have n't done them any harm," persisted Tommy.

"That does n't have anything to do with it," retorted Bobby. "They do it for *fun*. Have you tried the corn yet? It's perfectly delicious. Come on and we'll have a feast."

Now of course Tommy was ready for a feast. The very thought of it put everything else out of his head. He shuffled along behind Bobby Coon through the Green Forest, across a little stretch of meadow, and under the bars of a fence into a corn-field. For a minute he sat and watched Bobby. It was Tommy's first visit to a corn-field and he did n't know just what to do. But Bobby did. Oh yes, Bobby did. He stood up on his hind legs and pulled one of the more slender stalks down until he could get at the lowest ear. Then he stripped off the husk and took a huge bite of the tender milky kernels.

"Um-m-m," said Bobby Coon, and took another.

Tommy waited no longer. He found a stalk for himself, and two minutes later he was stuffing himself with the most delicious meal he ever had tasted. At least he thought so then. He forgot all about dens and hunters. He had no

thought for anything but the feast before him. Here was plenty and to spare. He dropped the ear he was eating and climbed a big stalk to strip another ear. The first one was good but this one was better. Perhaps a third would be better still.



"IT WAS TOMMY'S FIRST VISIT TO A CORN-FIELD."

So he sampled a third. The moon flooded the corn-field with silvery light. It was just the kind of a night that all raccoons love, and in that field of plenty Bobby and Tommy were perfectly happy. They did not know that they were in mischief. How should they? The corn was no more than other green things growing of which they were free to help themselves. So they wandered about, taking here a bite and there a bite and wasting many times as much as they ate.

Suddenly, in the midst of their good time, there sounded the yelp of a dog, and there was something about it that sent a chill of fright along Tommy's backbone. It was an excited and joyous yelp, and yet there was something threatening in it. It was followed by another yelp and then another, each more excited than the others, and then it broke into a full-throated roar in which there was something fierce and terrifying. It was coming nearer through the corn. Tommy looked over to where he had last seen Bobby Coon. He was n't there, but a rustling of the corn-stalks beyond told him that Bobby was running, running for his life.

Tommy was in a panic. He never had had to run for his life before. Where should he go? To the Green Forest of course, where there were trees to climb. In a tree he would be safe. Then he heard another sound, the shout of a

man. He remembered what Bobby Coon had said about trees and a new fear took possession of him. While he still hesitated, the dog passed, only a few yards away in the corn. Tommy heard the rustle of the stalks and the roar of his savage voice. And then suddenly he knew that the dog was not after him. He was following the tracks of Bobby Coon.

Swiftly Tommy stole through the corn and ran across the bit of meadow, his heart in his mouth, to the great black bulk of the Green Forest. He ran swiftly, surprisingly so for such a clumsy-looking fellow. How friendly the tall trees looked! They seemed to promise safety. It was hard to believe that Bobby Coon was right and that they did not. He kept on, nor stopped until he was in his own hollow tree. The voice of the dog came to him growing fainter and fainter in the direction of the mountain, and finally ceased altogether. He wondered if Bobby reached his den and was safe.

Of one thing Tommy was certain; that corn-field was no place for him. So he kept away from it and tried not to think of how good that milky corn had tasted. So the summer passed and the fall came with falling leaves and sharp frosty nights. They gave Tommy even more of an appetite, though there had been nothing the matter with that before. He grew fatter and fatter so that it made him puff to run. Unknown to him, Old Mother Nature was preparing him for the long winter sleep. By this time the memory of the dog and of what Bobby Coon had said about hollow trees had almost dropped from his mind. He was concerned over nothing but filling his stomach and enjoying those frosty moonlight nights. He interfered with no one and no one interfered with him.

One night he had gone down to the Laughing Brook, fishing. Without warning, there broke out on the still air the horrid sound of that yelping dog. Tommy listened for just a minute. This time it was *his* tracks the dog was following. There could be no doubt about it. Tommy turned and ran swiftly. But he was fat and heavy, and he could hear the dog gaining rapidly. Straight for his hollow tree fled Tommy, and even as he reached it the dog was almost at his heels. Up the tree scrambled Tommy and, from the safe vantage of a big limb which was the threshold of his home, he looked down. The dog was leaping up against the base of the tree excitedly and his voice had changed. He was barking. A feeling of relief swept over Tommy. The dog could not climb; he was safe.

But presently there were new sounds in the

Green Forest, the shouting of men. Lights twinkled and drew nearer. Staring down from the edge of his hole, Tommy saw eager, cruel faces looking up. With a terrible fear gripping his heart he crept down into his bed. Presently the tree shook with the jar of an axe. Blow followed blow. The tree vibrated to each blow and the vibrations passed through Tommy's body so that it shook, but it shook still more with a nameless and terrible fear.

At last there was a sharp cracking sound. Tommy felt himself falling through space. He remembered what Bobby Coon had told him, and he wondered if he would be lucky enough to escape as Bobby did. Then he shut his eyes tight, waiting for the crash when the tree should strike the ground.

When he opened his eyes, he was—just Tommy, sitting on the wishing-stone overlooking the Green Meadows. His face was wet with perspiration. Was it from the sun beating down upon him, or was it from the fear that had gripped him when that tree began to fall? A shudder ran over him at the memory. He looked over to the corn-field where he had found the tracks of Bobby Coon and the mischief he had wrought. What was he to do about it? Somehow his sympathy was strangely with Bobby.

"He does n't know any better," muttered Tommy. "He thinks that corn belongs to him as much as to anybody else, and there is n't any reason why he should n't think so. It is n't fair to trap him or kill him for something he does n't know he should n't do. If he just knew enough to eat what he wants and not waste so much, I guess there would n't be any trouble. He's just like a lot of folks who have so much they don't know what to do with it, only they know better than to waste it, and he does n't. I know what I'll do. I'll take Bowser down there to-night and give him a scare. I'll give him such a scare that he won't dare come back until the corn is so hard he won't want it. That's what I'll do!"

"My, it must be awful to think you're safe and then find you're trapped! I guess I won't ever hunt coons any more. I used to think it was fun, but I never thought how the coon must feel. Now I know and—and—well, a live coon is a lot more interesting than a dead one, anyway. Funny what I find out on this old wishing-stone. If I keep on, I won't want to hunt anything any more."

Tommy got up, stretched, began to whistle as if there was a load off his mind, and started for home, still whistling.

And his whistle was good to hear.

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS



MR. EDISON AT HIS DESK, USING THE TELESCRIBE.

THE EDISON TELESCRIBE

THOMAS A. EDISON'S latest invention, the telescribe, which makes a permanent record of a telephone conversation between two persons, bears out a remarkable prophecy which the famous inventor made in 1878. In that year, Mr. Edison, with prophetic insight, enumerated ten uses that the phonograph would have. The present day sees all of these forecasts fulfilled, as Mr. Edison said the tenth use would be the perfection of the telephone by the phonograph.

The Edison telescribe comprises an Edison dictating machine, which is especially equipped with the receiving appliances. The receiver of the regular desk-telephone is removed from the hook and placed in a socket of the telescribe. Thus the connection to the dictating machine is made without danger of criticism from the telephone company, as the instrument is merely acoustically—and neither mechanically nor elec-

trically—connected to their lines. The user then takes up the receiver of the telephone, gives his call to the exchange, afterwards starting and stopping the dictating machine by two small buttons on the telescribe. Both sides of a telephone conversation are recorded, including the words of "central's" voice in making connection.

The telescribe will increase the use of the telephone as more than ever a very important aid in business. After a conversation, the dictator may turn to his dictating machine and confirm his message in the usual manner, while he will mark his letter, "telescribed on the Edison dictating machine." And the correctness of this confirmation will be unquestioned.

The wax record, containing the telescript and the dictated confirmation, may be retained indefinitely for reference; but in most instances the records need be held for only a few days.

ROBERT H. MOULTON.

THE ANIMALS AT PLAY

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

THAT the lower animals do not laugh, that they have no sense of humor, is hard to understand when we think how thoroughly they love to play. From the highest to the humblest, they show the



A GAME OF TAG IN THE TREE-TOPS.

keenest joy in sport, but they cannot laugh! If they could, perhaps the power would bring with it other mental gifts, such as to upset the whole order of things. Be that as it may, the watcher of wild life never gets used to the sight of their mirthless sport, for in all other respects their play is entirely human.

A great deal of human play is serious—desperately serious on the foot-ball field, and at the card-table, especially when a



"THE OTTER IS A VERY BOY FOR PLAY AND BUILDS HIMSELF A CHUTE."

lonely player at solitaire, for instance, is trying to "kill time."

I have watched a great ungainly hippopotamus

trying by the hour to do the same solemn thing: cuffing a croquet-ball back and forth from one end of his cage to the other. His keepers said that without the plaything the poor caged giant would fret and worry himself to death. It was his game of solitaire.

In all their games of rivalry, the animals are as serious as humans, and, forgetting the fun, often fall to fighting, a sad case indeed. But brutes are brutes, and what can we expect of mere brutes? Only this morning the whole flock of chickens in the hen yard started suddenly on the wild flap to see who would beat to the back fence, and wound up at the "tape" in a free fight, two of the cockerels tearing the feathers from each other in a desperate set-to.

You have seen puppies fall out in the same human fashion, and kittens also, and older folk as well. I have seen a game of wood-tag among friendly gray squirrels come to a finish in a general fight. As the crows pass over during the winter afternoon, you will notice their play: racing each other through the air, diving, swooping, cawing in their fun, when suddenly some one's temper snaps, and immediately things are much mixed up in the air. They can get angry, but they can not laugh. I once saw what I fancied was a twinkle of merriment, however, in

an elephant's eye. It was at Barnum's Circus, several years ago. The keeper had just set down a bucket of water for one of the elephants which

a perspiring and important youth had brought in. The big beast sucked it quietly up—the whole of it—swung gently around as if to thank the perspiring boy, then soused him, the whole bucketful! Everybody roared, and one of the other elephants joined in the trumpeting, so jolly was the joke.

The elephant who played the trick looked solemn enough, except for a twitch at the lips and a glint in the eye. There is something of a smile about every elephant's lips, to be sure, and fun is so contagious that one should hesitate to say that he saw the elephant laugh. But if that elephant did n't laugh at his practical joke, it was not his fault. Human folk did.

From the elephant to the infusorian, the microscopic animal of a single cell, known as the paramæcium, is a far call—to the extreme opposite end of the animal kingdom, worlds apart. Yet I have seen the infusorian (*Paramecium caudatum*) at play, in a drop of water under a compound microscope, as surely as I have seen elephants at play in their big bath-tubs at the zoölogical gardens.

Place a drop of stagnant water under your microscope and watch these atoms of life yourself. Invisible to the naked eye, they are easily followed on the microscope's slide as they skate and whirl and chase each other to the boundaries of their playground and back again, first one of them "it," and then another. They stop to eat; they slow up to divide their single-celled bodies into two cells, the two cells now two living creatures, mother and daughter (but which is mother, which daughter, who can say?), where a moment before they were but one, both of them swimming off immediately to feed and multiply again and play.

Play seems to be as natural and as necessary to the wild animals as it is to human beings. Like us, the animals play hardest while young, but as some human children never outgrow their youth and love of play, so there are old animals that neither grow too fat, nor too stiff, nor too stupid, to play.

The condition of the body has a great deal to do with the state of the spirit. The sleek, lithe otter could not possibly grow fat. He keeps in trim because he cannot help it, perhaps; but, however that may be, he is a very boy for play, and even goes so far as to build himself a slide or chute for the fun of diving down into the water.

That is more than we human boys used to do, for we had ready-made for us Grandfather's two big slanting cellar doors, down which we slid and slid and siid till the wood was scoured white and

slippery with the sliding. The wild otter loves to slide, and for the same reason that we children did. Up he climbs on the bank, then down he goes *splash* into the stream! Up he climbs and down he goes—time after time, day after day. There is nothing more worth having than a slide, whether it be mudbank or a cellar door.

How much of a necessity to the otter is his play one would like to know—what he would



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"FOR 'PUPS,' MY NEIGHBOR'S BEAUTIFUL YOUNG COLLIE, PLAY SEEMS MORE NEEDFUL THAN FOOD."

give up for it, and how he would do deprived of it. In the case of Pups, my neighbor's beautiful young collie, play seems more needful than food. There are no children over at Pups's, there is no one to give him the free play his body craves, so that the sight of my small boys sets him almost frantic. Poor Pups!

His efforts to induce a hen or a rooster to play with him are pathetic. The hen cannot understand the dog. She has n't a particle of play in her anyhow, a truth about hens that Pups in turn can't get through his head. He runs rapidly around her, drops on all fours flat, swings his tail, cocks his ears, looks appealingly, and barks a few little cackle-barks, as nearly hen-like as he can bark them, then dashes off and whirls back—while the hen picks up another bug! She never sees Pups.

The old white coon-cat is better; but she is usually up the miff-tree. Pups steps on her, knocks her over, or otherwise offends, especially when he tags her into the fields and spoils her hunting.

I doubt if any of the more lowly animals play as Pups and the keen-witted otter do, or indeed if they need to play. One of our naturalists describes the game of "follow my leader" as he watched it played by a school of minnows, a most

unusual record, but not at all hard to believe, for I saw only to-day, from the bridge in the Boston Public Gardens, a school of goldfish playing at something very much like it.

This observer was lying stretched out upon an old bridge watching the minnows through a large crack between the planks, when he saw one leap out of the water over a small twig floating at the surface. Instantly another minnow broke the water and flipped over the twig, followed by another and another, the whole school, as so many sheep, or so many children, following the leader over the twig.

In some form, play seems to be one of the elemental needs of all life above the plants, and the games of us human children seem to have been played before the dry land was, when there were only water-babies in the world, for certainly the fish never learned "follow my leader" from us. Nor did my young bees learn from me their game of prisoners' base which they play almost every summer noontime in front of the hives. And what is the game the flies play about the cord of the drop-light in the center of the kitchen ceiling? And who taught them?

One of the most interesting animal games I

Mount Hood is an ancient volcano, eleven thousand feet in height. Some seven thousand feet or more up, we had come to "Tie-up Rock," the place on the climb where the glacier snows lay before us, and we were tied up to one another and all of us fastened by rope to the guide.

From this point to the peak it was sheer deep snow. For the last eighteen hundred feet we clung to a rope that was anchored on the edge of the crater at the summit, and cut our steps as we climbed.

Once we had gained the peak, we lay down behind a pile of sulphurous rock, out of the way of the cutting wind, and watched the steam float up from the crater, with the widest world in view that I had ever turned my eyes upon.

The draft pulled hard about the openings among the rock piles, but hardest up a flue, or chimney, that was left in the edge of a crater rim when parts of the rock had fallen away.

As we lay at the side of this flue, we soon discovered that butterflies were hovering about us; no, not hovering, but flying swiftly up between the rocks from somewhere down the flue.

I could scarcely believe my eyes. What could any living thing be doing here? And, of all



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NEARING THE TOPMOST SLOPES OF MT. HOOD—A STRANGE PLACE FOR BUTTERFLIES.

ever saw was played by a flock of butterflies on the very top of Mount Hood, whose pointed, snow-piled peak looks down from the clouds over the whole vast State of Oregon.

things, butterflies? This was three or four thousand feet above the last vestige of vegetation, a mere point of volcanic rock (the jagged edge-piece of an old crater) wrapped in eternal ice

and snow, with sulphurous gases pouring over it, and across it blowing a wind that would freeze as soon as the sun was out of the sky.



THE PATH TO THE SUMMIT OF MT. HOOD.

But they were real butterflies. I caught two or three of them and found them to be *Vanessas* (*Vanessa Californica*), a close relative of our mourning-cloak butterfly. They seemed all one species, but what were they doing there?

Scrambling to the top of a piece of rock, behind which I had been resting, I saw that the peak was full of butterflies, and that they were flying over my head, out down over the crater, and then out of sight behind the peak, whence they reappeared, whirling up the flue past me on the wings of the draft that pulled hard through it, to sail out over the crater again, and again be caught by the draft and pulled up the flue, to their evident delight—up and out over the summit, where they again could take wings, as boys take their sleds, and so down again for the fierce

upward draft that bore them whirling over old Hood's pointed peak.

Here they were, thousands of feet above the snow-line, where there was no sign of vegetation, where the heavy vapors made the air to smell, where the very next day a wild snow-storm wrapped its frozen folds about the summit—here they were, butterflies, playing, a host of them, like so many school-boys in the first coasting snow of the season.

HOW SEEDS TRAVEL

SOME seeds make journeys with wings, and others travel from place to place by attaching themselves to the clothes of men or the hair of animals; still others are transported by birds. These are facts that will interest the young people who are taking an interest in agriculture and are working in a garden at home or at school. According to the United States Department of Agriculture's specialist, the seed, as the starting point in the life cycle of a plant, may well be studied first by young gardeners.

The seeds of the maple tree are particularly interesting. They are provided with wings, and when they become detached from the parent tree a gentle breeze will carry them a considerable distance from the branch to which they were attached. There are many forms and modifications of the winged seed, as the linden, the hornbeam, the elm, and the pine. These are all common trees.

Some seeds are also provided with parachutes or umbrellas, not for protection from rain and storm, but for purposes of locomotion. The seeds of the thistle, the milkweed, and the dandelion—in fact, the seeds of all plants which have a cottony growth—are provided for these aerial journeys.

Besides these, some seeds are provided with hooked appendages by which they can attach themselves to the clothing of men or the hair of animals, and so are carried from place to place.

The hard nuts of our nut-bearing trees are not used as food by birds or large animals, but are usually sought by squirrels and small rodents, which are in the habit of gathering and burying them in various places or storing them in large quantities for winter use. The result is that a considerable percentage of those which are buried in this manner are never rediscovered by those hiding them; and in time, nature causes the hard shell to crack open, and the warmth and moisture of the soil bring the germ contained in the kernel into life, and a tree springs into existence. It will be noted that the nuts which were buried by the squirrels did not germinate imme-

diately after being buried, but waited until the warm weather of the spring came before they put forth their tender shoots, because the hard outer walls of the shell would not at once admit the air and water to the germ and stimulate its growth. It was necessary that the shell should be frozen and broken by the action of the frosts and the weather before moisture could gain an entrance to cause the swelling of the germ. This peculiarity, when taken advantage of commercially, is called stratification. Seeds with hard

NEPTUNE'S BATH-TUB

FROM a slightly concave chunk of lava, which broke off abruptly at the edge of the Pacific Ocean, the boys of Ocean Beach, California, have made a gigantic bath-tub.

It required a good deal of tooling to increase the length and depth of the natural depression in the rock, but the boys of the beach town were industrious, and they finally succeeded in hollowing out a hole fifteen feet wide and twenty-five feet long, making the depth vary from three feet at



"NEPTUNE'S BATH-TUB" (IN THE FOREGROUND) CONSTRUCTED BY BOYS.

shells, such as cherries, peaches, plums, and the like, have to be stratified—that is, they must be planted in the fall where the plants are to grow, or they must be packed away in boxes of sand in a position where they will freeze and remain frozen during the winter, in order that they may germinate the following spring. If seeds of this character are stored and kept dry during the winter, they will not germinate if planted in the spring.

Seeds with thin seed-coats, however, such as peas, beans, etcetera, if treated in like manner, will be destroyed by the action of the cold, and no plants will result from planting them in the autumn. Such seeds must, from the nature of the case, be retained in a dry and comparatively warm place during the winter season, in order that their vitality may not be destroyed.

one end to five feet at the other. After the excavating was done, the inside of the tub was plastered with a two-inch coat of cement.

The huge stone bath-tub stands at the edge of the ocean. For a short time each day the high tide completely submerges the tub, and the heavy breakers rolling over it change the water. For the most part of the day, however, the tub is available for bathing purposes and it is the favorite resort of children who are not permitted to venture out into the waves that lash the sandy beach a few rods south of the rocky promontory on which the stone tub rests.

The boys who fashioned the bathing-place have named it "Neptune's bath-tub," a title which seems to fit it admirably. Schoolgirls also find the big stone tub a pleasant place for a morning dip.

EARL ARTHUR CHRISTIE.

ST NICHOLAS

AUGUST

"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY LUTHER A. HITTLE, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

For this vacation month, the zealous young folk of the League have favored us with a varied list of clever stories appropriate to the outdoor season; with a remarkably creditable pictorial exhibit, both of photographs and drawings, and with a sheaf of little poems that prove "The Harvest" to have been a welcome subject to the lovers, and the makers, of verse. From the camera-artists, in particular, came an avalanche of beautiful prints. Most of them were scenes of ocean, lake, or river, but there were also many lovely vistas of the hills at twilight; and to the grateful editor, it seems simply lamentable that so few of these exquisite photographs can find room in the overcrowded pages of the League. For in all of them, as in a mir-

ror, were reflected rare beauties of earth and sky.

As was to be expected, the subject "An Outing Adventure" brought us an unusual number of true stories or actual incidents, some serious, others amusing, but all entertaining and well-told. And one of them that makes a unique appeal is the fine description by a nine-year-old boy of how "a queer little thing that looked like an ugly brown bug" suddenly decided to become—a dragon-fly! Who shall deny that for a small object upon a rock thus to change marvelously into a dazzling, winged denizen of the air (as well as for the small observer unexpectedly to find himself an interested naturalist), was indeed "an outing adventure"?

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 186

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Vail Motter** (age 14), District of Columbia.

Silver badges, **A. Drummond Jones** (age 14), Virginia; **Jeanette Lewis** (age 15), Massachusetts; **Beulah Zimmerman** (age 14), Ohio; **Eliphalet Wickes** (age 9), New York.

VERSE. Gold badge, **Llewellyn A. Wilcox** (age 17), California. Silver badges, **Dora Gene Golder** (age 12), California; **Rebecca K. Merrill** (age 14), New Hampshire; **Marie Welch** (age 15), Illinois.

DRAWINGS. Gold badges, **Scotfield Handforth** (age 17), Washington; **Evelyn Ringemann** (age 16), California.

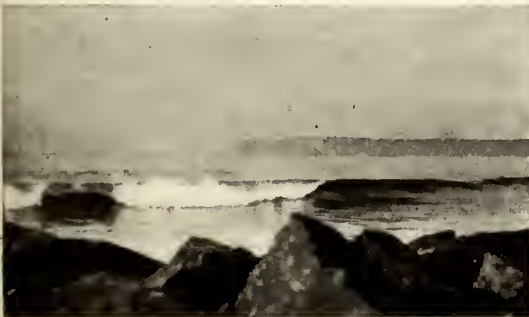
Silver badges, **Luther A. Hittle** (age 17), Indiana; **Ralph Schubert** (age 17), California; **H. Martyn Kneedler** (age 10), Pennsylvania.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver badges, **Dorothea Setzer** (age 11), Michigan; **Amy F. Smith** (age 17), New Jersey; **Marjorie G. Allin** (age 14), New York; **Lowber Strange** (age 11), Minnesota; **Bertha F. Worman** (age 14), New York.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **Margaret S. Anderson** (age 15), Ohio; **Mary Lillian Copeland** (age 13), Maine.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badges, **Elizabeth Palms Lewis** (age 13), Michigan; **Ruth V. A. Spicer** (age 15), District of Columbia.

Silver badges, **Katharine C. Barnett** (age 17), Connecticut; **Marion Ames** (age 16), Michigan.



BY DOROTHEA SETZER, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY MARION B. WALLACE, AGE 14.

"THE WATER AT TWILIGHT."

THE HARVEST

LLEWELLYN A. WILCOX (AGE 17)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won May, 1915)

THE fields lie stretching broad and white beneath the harvest moon,
 But not with ripened grain the light shows whitened hill and dune.
 The land is white with bleaching bones; above, the vultures soar;
 The sleepless nights are rent by moans of orphans made by war.

The winds of strife with bitter breath to devastate and scar,
 Have left abundant yield of death to gather wide and far.
 The homeless shiver in the cold; the widows hopeless weep,—
 With broken hearts and woe untold, their starving vigil keep.

O they who sowed the seeds of hate in slaughter and in fire,—
 Such harvest sure must satiate their greed and their desire!
 But yet the God who rules on high sees every martyr fall,
 And hears each sad despairing cry, and will requite them all!

AN OUTING ADVENTURE

VAIL MOTTER (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1915)

ON a bright morning in July, ten or fifteen young people were looking over the railing of a bridge, spanning a narrow, swollen stream. They were all carrying lunch-boxes, and were starting on a tramp and picnic some



"THE WATER AT TWILIGHT." BY AMY F. SMITH, AGE 17.
 (SILVER BADGE.)

miles down the creek. Several others of the party were going in canoes, and two venturesome and unskilled boys had already launched their frail craft. That was the reason for the line of faces along the railing.

At first, all went well. Sunken rocks were eluded, and shallow spots carefully avoided. Encouraged by the success of the pioneer voyagers, the other waiting

canoes were started. After a time, these overtook the beginner and passed it.

Things in the first canoe were not going quite as smoothly as usual. Its masters were a little too independent as to the course they took. The others had all gone close to the shore through a sort of narrow channel, and thus had passed the bit of rough water; but the two boys in the first canoe steered straight ahead. Suddenly, the current caught them, carrying the canoe with it as though it were a toothpick. They worked desperately to turn now from their course, but of no avail.



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST" BY SCOFIELD HANDFORTH,
 AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE, SILVER BADGE
 WON JUNE, 1913.)

A scraping sound, and the light craft was hard on a rock! The irresistible current swung it around, and the surprised boys, in their efforts to get off the rock, turned it over! Two boys, two paddles, two bathing suits, and two lunch-boxes were immediately cast upon the water, each in a different direction.

Everything was afterward found downstream except one paddle and two brim-full lunch-boxes (a very serious loss on a picnic). The drenched and sputtering canoeists, with dry clothes and more lunch, joined their friends later, and *walked* to the picnic grounds.

THE HARVEST

DORA GENE GOLDBER (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

WHEN the days are growing shorter,
 And the nights are growing chill,
 And the yellow leaves are falling
 In the wood and on the hill,
 There comes a time of plenty,
 From Nature's bounteous hand,
 And they gather in the harvest
 From the fertile, fruitful land.

When the apples blush their reddest
 And the cornstalks wither away,
 And the sunbeams cast a shorter
 And a milder little ray,
 Then they gather all the nuts in
 From the woods, for miles around,
 And their laughter echoes sweetly
 With a joyous, gladsome sound.

And then the days are cooler,
 And the skies are blue and clear,
 And the land is full of plenty
 And a great, and joyous cheer,
 When they gather all the crops in
 And the harvest time is here.

THE HARVEST

REBECCA K. MERRILL (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

'T is harvest-time, and now the golden grain
Is being taken from its native field
To minister, a whole, bleak winter through,
Unto its owner's wants. The sun, the rain,
The kindly winds of heav'n produce a yield
Supremely rich; the brawny lab'rrers wield
With joyous hearts their pond'rous scythes; in vain
Do old men dwell on years of gloomy hue.

Good spirits are the order of the day,
And there is reason: Mother Nature's gifts
Were never more abundant. Soon a chime,
The Angelus, resounds, and dies away
Into the mellow sunset, where great rifts
Of light fade slowly out; the lab'rer lifts
The last sheaf into place with grateful lay,—
Such is Arcadia in harvest-time.

AN OUTING ADVENTURE

A. DRUMMOND JONES (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

WE were all at home that night, so Grandpa told us this story:—

"It was soon after the War, and food and money were scarce," he said. "Possum hunting was very popular. I will confess that I was fond of it myself.

"One day particularly the craze came on me. I asked all over town for someone to go with. My efforts among the white folks were in vain, and I had to content myself with an old negro.

"At eight o'clock we started out. We entered the woods and rambled around for an hour, the dogs occasionally finding a cold trail. Suddenly they started up briskly and began to bark. They led us to a large oak tree, in the top of which we were almost convinced that there was a 'possum.

"Turning to the negro I said,

"Can you go up and throw the 'possum down to me?"

"He was never so taken aback in all his life. He hesitated for a minute and then said nervously, 'I n-never could c-clamb in my life, to tell de tr-trufe, Massa. I 'se 'fraid to c-clamb a fence.'

"It was now my turn to be surprised. Nevertheless, I said,

"Well, can you catch him if I throw him down to you?"

"He said, 'Yes, and nary a dorg shell tech him.'

"So up I went. I caught him by the tail and threw him down. Then there was a scramble between Henry and the dogs. At last Henry got up minus a hat but plus a 'possum. He was the maddest negro in creation. He said,

"'Possum, I tryin' ter keep de d-dorgs fum b-bitin' yer an' yer b-bitin' my han' all de t-time!' And he put out for home.

"He never went hunting again. When asked why, he would reply that he never liked hunting."

AN OUTING ADVENTURE

(A true story)

WINIFRED MAYBELLE BRONSON (AGE 16)

LAST summer in camp I went on a canoe trip down the Connecticut. There were about seven canoes, two men,

four councilors, and twenty girls, and we left home in great glee, expecting to have a jolly good time.

After spending an exciting night on a deserted spot seventeen miles down the river, we had a delicious breakfast in the open, and then as one third of the party were to go back by train, I included, we soon started up the railroad track in a great hurry, for we had only fifteen minutes in which to make one mile and a half.

It was difficult walking between the ties, especially as we were obliged to carry our heavy blankets, but it had to be done.

After walking what seemed to us to be two miles, we met some workmen who, in answer to our inquiry concerning the remaining distance to the station, replied, "A mile and a half more." That was most discouraging, but we hurried off as we heard the remark, "Them but some of these yere campers."

On and on we tramped in the boiling sun, but we were sturdy campers and we could not give up. Then, a welcome sight! The station came into view but—the train also. We commenced running, making a last great effort. But alas! The train started and we stood gazing in dismay. As it neared us, one of the girls waved a red pillow at the engineer. At first puzzled, afterwards realizing something was wrong, he ran a few yards farther and stopped, while we, a dusty, dead-tired but triumphant bunch, climbed the steps and dropped absolutely exhausted into the comfortable plush seats. For—just imagine! In spite of railway regulations, we had flagged and boarded a real train.



"THE WATER AT TWILIGHT," BY MARJORIE G. ALLIN,
AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE HARVESTS

MARGARET H. LAIDLAW (AGE 14)

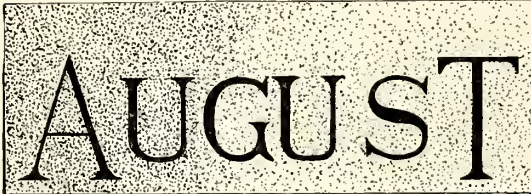
THE fields arc rustling, ripe with standing grain,
The men arc singing as to work they go,
The thatch-roofed village smiles with busy life,
And all is well in fruitful harvest time.
The stars are gleaming o'er the garnered crops,
All nature sleeps, the calmest hour of all:
Clear through the woods and o'er the fields is heard
The bugle calling all men forth to war.
Gay life is stopped; the women glide about,
Pale shadows of the laughing maids that were.
The invader comes with ruthless blade in hand—
The harvester is Death—the harvest life.
The town that smiled is red with helpless blood,
And now the brand is flung within the door.
The mounting flames hiss ravage and rapine,
And barbarous hands do murder and rejoice
In this most awful harvesting of life.

MY HARVEST

MARIE WELCH (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

THE world is new and life is new and all is at the dawn,
 And Labor waits and Fellowship, and still the day
 steals on,
 And Youth is mine and Life is mine, and forth into
 its field
 Oh, fain indeed would I depart to take what Life can
 yield!



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY RALPH SCHUBERT, AGE 17.
 (SILVER BADGE.)

But long before the harvest time, the seed must here
 be sown,
 And I must haste to sow it, ere the morning-time is
 flown,
 And all of love and happiness and good that Life can
 hold,
 That seed alone I 'll try to sow, and wait,—it shall
 unfold.

I look below upon the plain, where far and far away
 I see the toiling thousands in the light of waking day,
 And I must forth, the struggle meet that stretches far
 below,
 And comes at last the call to Life—to Labor! I must go.

My heart is heavy with the things I do not understand;
 With what I would, but cannot; with the weakness of
 my hand;
 But here the message that I keep, believing, none the
 less,
 Though I sow in pain and sadness, I shall reap in
 happiness!

AN OUTING ADVENTURE

(An Actual Experience)

JEANETTE LEWIS (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

"FOR goodness' sake, girls! what are those people
 doing? Look at them, both waving as though they
 knew us!"

A party of boys and girls were spinning along a
 country road in a large automobile. They were going
 out in the hills for a picnic and as they were far from
 home they were surprised at seeing these people waving
 to them from a carriage.

They rode along enjoying the scenery and exchanging
 jokes and stories when someone called attention to some
 funny little pigs by the roadside.

Margaret turned to look at them and suddenly

screamed, "Bob, stop the car, quick! we 're afire!" But
 poor Bob was a little deaf and did not hear her cry.
 Instead he increased the speed on this fine stretch of
 road. Nevertheless, the others had heard and the car
 was brought to an abrupt stop.

It did not take long for all to jump out and discover
 that the fire was directly in back of where Margaret had
 been sitting.

"Sand, people, sand!" called Bob, and all began taking
 sand from the dry road, throwing it on by handfuls.
 Two went for water at a nearby farmhouse and soon the
 fire was extinguished.

But how had it started?

Before this question was answered the people who
 had signaled from the carriage came riding up and said
 that they had seen the flame playing around that "young
 gal's" shoulders and had tried to warn them but could
 not make themselves understood. They had pursued
 the car for at least a mile and had at last caught up.
 So it must have been burning for some time.

The real answer to the question was never definitely
 decided but all were most thankful to have escaped
 without injury.

AN OUTING ADVENTURE

(A true story)

JEAN F. BLACK (AGE 14)

It was a delightful day in August when a stageful of
 happy, crippled children started on their annual picnic
 to the lake.

When about half way to their destination their road
 led up an incline along the edge of a precipice at the
 foot of which flowed the Hudson River.

They were nearing the top of this incline when the



"GOING UP." BY H. MARTYN KNEEDLER, AGE 10.
 (SILVER BADGE.)

horses balked and started backing toward the brink of
 the precipice.

They were not going very fast but were not far from
 the brink when several of the older crippled boys, de-
 spite their numerous braces and crutches, managed to
 stop and hold the stage while the driver chained the
 wheels and quieted the horses.

Luckily most of the children were too young to real-
 ize their peril, therefore this adventure did not prevent
 most of them from having the best time of the year.

Since this "near" accident, a road has been cut
 through the mountain so altho' the cripples still hold
 their annual picnic at the lake they do not travel the
 perilous road.



BY LOWBER STRANGE, AGE 11
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY AMALIE SMITH, AGE 12.



BY JULIETTE LONGFELLOW, AGE 12.



BY FRANCIS BARTLETT, AGE 14.



BY DOROTHY GLADDING, AGE 16.

"THE WATER (OR THE HILLS) AT TWILIGHT"

AN OUTING ADVENTURE

BEULAH ZIMMERMAN (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

TOMMY is a boy, and Fido is a stubby little dog that follows his youthful master about and wriggles with delight when he is noticed.

All was bustle at Tommy's house for they were making ready for an outing at grandfather's and Fido, in a most marvelous manner, contrived to be under every one's feet at once. However, they finally managed to get started and in due time arrived, with happy and expectant faces. Now Tommy's grandfather has a hobby,—it is geese. He has whole flocks of them, and among them is an old gander, whose character is rather doubtful.

As the day progressed, Tommy was blissfully devouring mince pie, doughnuts and numerous other delicacies, when suddenly he was interrupted by a terrific noise which seemed to come from the front yard. He ran out to see what was the matter, and there was Fido, dashing madly about, with the old gander after him. Poor Fido's tail was in shreds and his eyes bulged wildly. Tom rushed to the rescue, but alas!—the gander was an old hand; he skillfully kept Tom on one side and Fido on the other.

Just then grandfather appeared, but to Tom's utter disgust he began to laugh,—in fact he sat down on the

veranda and fairly rolled in mirth, until he saw that poor Tom was dangerously near the point of tears; so he picked up a stick and with a few well directed strokes drove the gander away quacking.

Tom very dignifiedly picked up Fido by his front end, and marched into the house.

It may here be stated that Fido was perfectly content to stay in his basket for several days after.

AN OUTING ADVENTURE

ELIPHALET WICKES (AGE 9)

(*Silver Badge*)

WE had just been out fishing. As I rowed the boat ashore, we saw, on a rock, a queer little thing that looked like an ugly brown bug.

As we watched him, he suddenly cracked open straight down his back, and a poor, forlorn looking something crawled slowly out, and lay still on the rock. He was drying himself.

Pretty soon he spread four transparent wings that we had not noticed before. I took him carefully off the rock, and placed him in my hand, watching his wings slowly unfold.

All of a sudden, he began to move his wings slowly up and down. His tail, which all this time had been a ball, slowly began to unroll.

Then there was a beautiful sight. Beautiful lights, all the colors of the rainbow, began to come in his gauzy wings.

Slowly, but surely, they came. After that, he spread his wings, and flew around the boat.

An ugly grub? No! A beautiful dragon-fly!



"THE WATER, AND THE HILLS, AT TWILIGHT."
BY BERTHA F. WORMAN, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

AN OUTING ADVENTURE

MARY CANTY (AGE 13)

ONE week last summer my cousin, Laura, and I went with some of our friends to the northern part of Wisconsin.

We were staying near some caves and as we were anxious to explore them we went one day to a cave which was only a half a mile away. We took with us four candles and a box of matches which we thought a sufficient supply.

As we entered the cave we lit a candle which Laura carried. It was an old cave and the top of it sagged so much that it was impossible to stand upright.

After about twenty minutes of walking we turned back as we had found nothing of interest. Imagine our surprise and fright when we found that the cave had caved in!

"What shall we do," gasped Laura while I stood too terrified to speak.

In a little while when I had somewhat gotten over my fright I saw a little hole just large enough to look through. I looked out. No one was in sight.

"Let's see if we can make the hole bigger," I said to Laura, "but we must be careful so it won't cave in again." Carefully we lifted away the loose stone and earth. Once or twice the dirt fell down and we were afraid that we would make it worse, but in an hour we had made a hole about a foot in diameter. We were very tired and we took turns in calling. At last we were heard and Laura's father came to our rescue and dug us out. We were glad to get home and ever since then I have been afraid to go inside caves.

THE HARVEST

MARY I. FRY (AGE 14)

OVER the hill comes Mr Sun
And looks on all around.
He is up to see the fun
And hear the jolly sound
Of children's voices shouting gay
As off they run to tramp the hay.

The farmer comes to help them "work"—
They really hinder him—
He cuts the hay while round they lurk
'Til light is growing dim,
Then home they go to tell the tales
Of fun they've had o'er hills and dales.

The Harvest moon shines over all,
The children soundly sleep.
Up in the trees that are so tall
The owls their night watch keep,
And parents dear peep in to steal
A look at those whose joys they feel.

THE HARVEST (A WAR PRAYER)

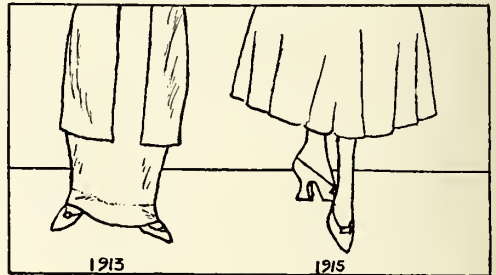
MARJORIE E. SAUNDERS (AGE 14)

O God, the blood of many nations doth stain the world to-day,
The world is black with anger, and with anger nations slay.
Thy foolish, blundering pupil, man, has gone against Thy will,
The law which Thou hast given him, the law "Thou shalt not kill."
He hath done cruel sowing, but the reaping Thine shall be;
Help us Lord, O help us, as our prayers rise up to Thee.
Twelve months ago we offered thanks to Thee, O Lord on high,
And now in all our misery, O Lord, hear Thou our cry!
Man hath done the sowing, but the reaping Thine shall be;
Help us Lord, O help us, as our prayers rise up to Thee.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

PROSE	Lois P. Hopkins	Page Williams
Dorothy Donlan	Esther Julia Lowell	Gladys T. Jones
Mary Margaret Kern	Ruth Burgess	Elsie Lowenberg
Stella Wolejka	Karmee Olson	Katharine Van R.
Elizabeth Jones	Freda Wolfe	Holste
	Simonne Bonaventure	Claire Beauregard



"GOING UP." BY IMOGEN CAMPBELL, AGE 13.

Roma Robinson	Elizabeth Huntingt	Familie Upham Goode
Bessie Roseman	Eliza Anne Peterson	Edith Parker
Sarah Virginia Gould	Florence Brugger	Norma R. Gullette
Francis G. Christian	Marian B. Mishler	Helen Bryant
Grace Walsh	Henry F. Padgham, Jr.	Enid Irene Hutchison
Isidore Salomon	Ruth Schoenfeld	Gladys M. Smith
Dan B. Benschoter	Frances Gillmor	Margaret George
Marcella H. Foster	Evelyn Howard	Wm. D. Richmond
Philip K. Hoerr	Maudie Olive Ross	Eunice Mae Axtell
Margaret M. Wallace	Edward E. Keller	F. Dorothy Aldon
James T. Russell, Jr.	Andrea Pernas	Mildred A. Morgan
Mary W. Fairfield	Anne Kathryn Warren	Charles Parker Roe
Marjorie Seligman	Ruth Ava Barcher	Mortimer Jerome Adler
Margaret Bazeley	Margaret Newman	Ruth Browne
Helen E. Wheeler	Jean Black	Hannah Ratisher
Christian C. Jordan	Mary Folsom	Jane Addams Linn

Alvin Hattorf
Catherine Snyder
Joanna Holbrook
Gertrude Mathews
Rebekah Harman
Hobart Tucker
Virginia Hill
Carolyn Woodruff
Muriel M. P.
Cavanaugh
Dorothy Holloway
Dorothy L. Agnew
Wendell H. Wayne
William Hastings
Wasson
Estelle S. Jacobs
Wilhelmine Mead
Samuel A. Balch

Otto Tennigkeit
Ruth Whipple
Alice S. Nicoll
Henrietta Hunt
Heuning
Grace E. Turney
Norman Trefethen
Eleanor Lyon
Cicero Hunt Lewis
Mildred A. Jacobs
Louis Flexner
Ingebor Nylund
Susan Tracy Borden
Helen Goetz
M. Chamberlain
Gladsy Fliegelman
Owens Hand Browne
Lucile Robertson

Marion Barnett
Martha L. Bartlett
Catharine Davis
Olivia Taylor
James Slater
Nellie G. Reed
Rosalie Adair Wilson
Gerald H. Loomis
Horton H. Honsaker
Margaret Pratt
Gardner D. Stout
Lydia Gillette
Dorothy Bates
Parker B. Newell
George B. de Forest
Alice P. Holcombe
Eleanor Haas
Helen Marshall

PUZZLES

Frances M. Ames
William Penn
Irene P. Walber
Edith Pierpont Stickney
Hubert Barentzen
Helen L. Tougas
Joseph Kirschner

Margaret J. Harper
Helen Rodeen
Edward Joyce
Ignatius Vado
James Stanisewsky
Marcia Gale
E. P. Pond, Jr.
Barbara Westmacott
Myrtle Winter

George L. Nykhiek
Richard L. Purdy
Edward Capps, Jr.
Miriam Goldsmith
Virginia Sterry
Edward Poole Lay
Evelyn Calvert Richter
Robert Lewis Wiel
B. Balfour Haas

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 190

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 190 will close **August 24** (for foreign members **August 30**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in **ST. NICHOLAS** for **December**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Winter World," or "A Christmas Hymn," or "Yule-tide Cheer."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Christmas Story."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Family Pet."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "My Favorite Subject," or a Heading for **December**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of **ST. NICHOLAS**. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

RULES

ANY reader of **ST. NICHOLAS**, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Going up!



"GOING UP." BY EVELYN RINGE-MANN, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON MARCH, 1915.)

VERSE

Edna Louise Smith
Miriam Bright Denness
Louise E. Porter
Jessie Marilla
Thompson
Emma G. Jacobs
Harriet T. Bailey
Peggy Norris
Sarah F. Borock
E. Josephine Dickson
Elizabeth Kieffer
Lucy Newman
Dorothy Goodhue
Margaret Preston
John B. Hopkins
Idella Purnell
George K. Newell, Jr.
Celestine Morgan
Margaret Pond
Susan Martin
Athena McFadden
Benita Clarke
Max E. Konecky
Frances Tucker
Gertrude Kraus
Paul J. Kinnare
Edith M. Levy
Margaret A. Buell
C. Kosalind Holmes
Ruth M. Cole
Mary Teresa Whittaker
Ruth Jeffrey
Marie Mirvis
Marian Wightman
Clarence A. Strouse, Jr.
Hortense Evans
Elizabeth Sheble
Mary McDonnell Price
Eleanor Johnson
Alice Card
John Bradford Main
Sarah T. Humphreys
Elizabeth Warren
W. Beardsley
Wilkinson, Jr.
V. Minerva Darlington
Georgette Yeomans
Mary B. Thayer

DRAWINGS

Miriam Eisenberg
Frank Bisinger
Robert Martin
Amelia Winter
Sarah M. Bradley
J. Eleanor Peacock
Margaret Harms
Katharine E. Smith
Walter Henry Bange

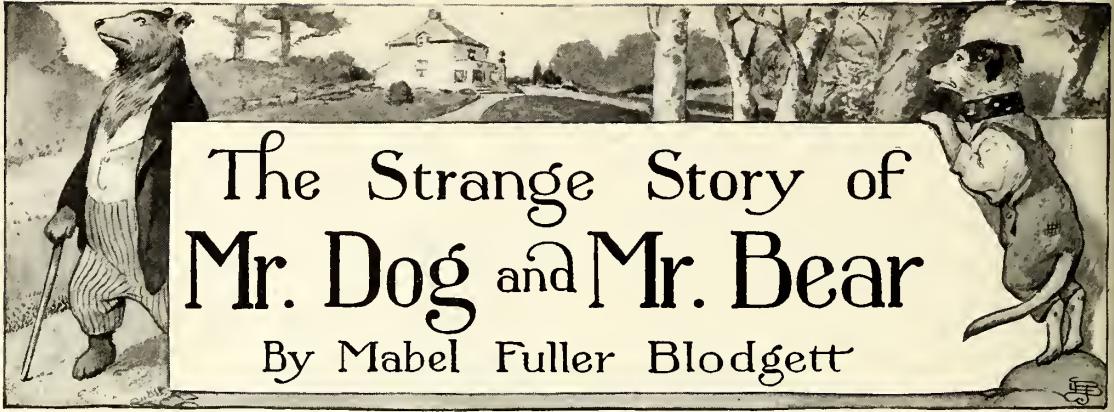
Eleanor Hillyer
Harriet James
Deborah Helen Jones
Lois C. Myers
John Perez
Elaine Buck
F. B. Fox
Mildred A. Bridge
Kathleen C. Gibbons
Katherine Young
Grace F. Ludden
Sidney E. Walton
Nettie Harbaugh
Jeanette Anderson
Nadine Alice Oxnard
Dick Rathbone
Joe de Ganahl
Cordelia Williams
Gilbert Flowers
Virginia Jones
Elizabeth Zickler
Winifred Day
Briggs S. Cunningham, Jr.

Alfred P. Buss, Jr.
Beatrice W. Palmer
Evelyn Page
Mary B. Closson
Elizabeth M. Dukes
Catharine S. Krupa
Helen F. Sanford

PHOTOGRAPHS

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Margaret Hanningtes
Alfhild Beatrice
Trondsen
Charlotte A. Ingersoll
Marion West
Peggy Gantt
Elizabeth Kimball
Frances M. Sweet
Amey Chappell
S. Marquand
Marshall Meyer
Marion Eberbach
Dorothy Powell
Judson T. Biehle
Terry B. Morehouse
Helena Woodruff
Jelliffe
Ruth Miehling
Richard Loewenstein
Blanche F. Livingston
Beatrice Wormser
Clarke T. Baldwin
Irene Morse
Quincy S. Cabot
Evelyn Weit
Margaret Woodall
Joyce W. Butler
Kingsley A. Taft
Madelaine R. Brown
Clara Addenbrook
Dorothy Edwards



The Strange Story of Mr. Dog and Mr. Bear

By Mabel Fuller Blodgett

(FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK)

IV. MR. RED FOX GETS MORE THAN HE COMES FOR

WHEN Mr. Bear had heard all Mr. Dog's adventures and the mean way Mr. Red Fox had treated his friend, he was very angry and he made up his mind that

SOMETHING SHOULD BE DONE ABOUT IT!

That 's just the way Mr. Bear said it to himself.

And he thought and he thought; and by and by he fixed on the most beautiful plan. When he told it to Mr. Dog, Mr. Dog fell right off his chair he laughed so hard.

"That 's perfectly fine, Mr. Bear!" he said, when he could speak. "You certainly are a wonder." But Mr. Bear modestly shook his head.

"I hope it works right, that 's all," he answered. "And now the very first thing to do is to put up the sign, 'Fresh Eggs for Sale.'"

Now, of course, you wonder what eggs had to do with Mr. Bear's plan about punishing Mr. Red Fox for his bad conduct toward Mr. Dog that time he fell into the river, but you must just wait patiently and listen.

To begin with, you must know that a number of Mr. Bear's and Mr. Dog's friends had begun to lose valuables, and in a very queer way. First, an oddly dressed fellow with a long green coat and a slouch hat tied tight under his chin so you could only see the top of a pointed nose would call with some story at this one's house or that, and right afterward it would be found that something very nice indeed had disappeared.

Sometimes it was the dinner, sometimes it was a beautiful warm muffler or a pair of boots. The most expensive thing was a silver teapot belonging to Mrs. Opossum, a widow with a large family, who had, she said tearfully, just turned her back on the stranger for a moment. Now nobody knew just who the thief was, but many guessed.

Wise Mr. Owl, for one, had seen a fine red bushy tail one evening when the green coat had caught for a moment on a hedge, while the odd stranger was passing through.

Mr. Gray Goose said that of course he did n't care to have the thing repeated as coming from him, but he must say there were a great many more feathers in Mr. Red Fox's back yard than could easily be explained away. This was the first time any one had said Mr. Red Fox's name right out loud like that, but the forest people who heard it all nodded their heads.

All this gossip had come, with more besides, to Mr. Bear; and at last so many things were missed that everybody wondered what was to be done.

"We 'll have to get the police; that 's what we 'll have to do," sobbed Mrs. Opossum. "My beautiful silver teapot! What would my dear husband have said if he had been alive! But a poor widow has nobody to look out for her," and she wiped her eyes on the corner of her shawl.

"There, there, don't cry, dear Mrs. Opossum!" said Mr. Bear, in a comforting voice, for it was to him she had been telling for the tenth time of the loss of her beautiful teapot the day the stranger had called and asked for a drink of water, and she had just turned her back for a moment. "No, we don't want the police. If it is Mr. Red Fox who is doing all this, as people

seem to think, he 's so sly he would only make us all look foolish if we came out with any such story to the police without any proofs. What we want is to catch him in the act and force him to give back the things, and make him so sorry and ashamed of himself he 'll leave the forest for good."

"Oh, dear Mr. Bear!" said the widow, sobbing harder than ever at the thought of getting back her teapot; "blessings on you forever if you can do that, Mr. Bear. But do it as soon as you can, won't you?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Mr. Bear; "I 've a score of my own to settle. Mr. Dog has been robbed and badly treated too; and whoever touches Mr. Dog, touches me." And he looked so fierce that the Widow Opossum scurried home without any further leave-taking.

Mr. Bear went into the house, and with the help of Mr. Dog he fixed some very heavy window weights on the pantry window. Then he



THE SIGN PUT UP BY MR. BEAR.

and Mr. Dog arranged a cord in such a way that the window could be easily opened or shut from Mr. Bear's chamber window, which was directly above. Then Mr. Bear got about two dozen nice fresh eggs and put them in a market-basket on the pantry floor just under the window, which he left about six inches open. Then he and Mr. Dog left a board just outside, where it would be extremely handy for any one trying to get into the house. And last of all, Mr. Bear took out his jack-knife and went into the forest nearby, and when he came back he had several

nice, limber, birch switches without any leaves or twigs on them. These he carried carefully into the house, and then he locked up as usual, for it was getting dark, and he and Mr. Dog went to their rooms for the night.

Meanwhile, Mr. Red Fox was at home, and a snug little place it was. Just two rooms and a lean-to, with crimson window-curtains, now



"DON'T CRY, DEAR MRS. OPOSSUM!"

tightly drawn so that nobody could peep in, an open fire, where some nice stew was slowly cooking and sending out the most attractive odors, and Mr. Red Fox himself in a cushioned rocking-chair and drinking a cup of tea which had just been poured from a fat silver teapot that looked for all the world like the one that Mrs. Opossum was always talking about.

Mr. Red Fox ate his supper with relish, washed his whiskers, let the fire die out, washed the silver teapot and put it away—where do you think? Not on a shelf,—oh, no! Not in plain sight anywhere, but under the mattress of his bed. From this strange place Mr. Red Fox also took a bag of money—the very bag of money that he had stolen from poor Mr. Dog the day Mr. Dog almost drowned in the river. He also took out several other articles, and last of all the red morocco collar with its burnished brass plate.

Mr. Red Fox put on the collar and then walked up and down before the mirror, admiring himself. By this time it was getting quite late. Mr. Red Fox opened the cottage door just a crack and looked cautiously out. Not a sound or sign of anything. He locked the door again,

and went to the cupboard where he pulled out a long faded green coat and an old slouch hat that he tied firmly under his chin so that only the end of his pointed nose showed. Then he went and rolled in the ashes, that were now only pleasantly warm in the fireplace. Yes, he did! And when he stood up, he was not Mr. Red Fox but Mr. Dingy Gray Fox, and that suited him better. He put on his old green coat, tucked the money bag and other things away beneath the mattress, (all but the collar, which he forgot), opened the door, went out after listening a moment, locked it, put the key in his pocket and sauntered off in the direction of Mr. Bear's cottage. You see Mr. Red Fox had read the sign I told you about; and if there was one thing more than another that he just doted on, it was fresh eggs.

Meanwhile, Mr. Bear was sound asleep in his four-post bed and Mr. Dog was asleep, but not so soundly, in his white iron cot. It was clear starlight and you could see quite plainly all about the cottage. Presently, Mr. Dog got up and went to the window to glance about; and as he did so, he drew softly back, for something or somebody below was stirring.

Mr. Dog hardly breathed for fear of making a noise, but the stranger beneath, after looking

thought the intruder had worn a long coat and a slouch hat well tied on over his eyes. Mr. Dog ran quietly but swiftly to Mr. Bear's chamber.

"*'Sh—'sh,*" said Mr. Dog, in a whisper, "he 's there,—he 's in the pantry!"

"Good enough," whispered back Mr. Bear; and he walked, for all his great body, as lightly as ever Mr. Dog could do, to the window of the room.

Mr. Bear was smiling. He had the slender rope that went from the pantry window to his own room firmly held in his paw.

So they waited. And by and by the hall clock began to strike: one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve! Midnight! And then from below came the least little bit of a noise. The pantry window moved just a trifle, somebody with a slouch hat on stuck his head out, waited, and then very cautiously stole down the board, that had been left tilted against the cottage wall beneath the window. Out, as I have said, came his head, and out came his body, long coat and all—all, did I say? No, not quite all, for the stranger's bushy tail was still within; and at that precise moment Mr. Bear let the cord loose that held up the window-weights, and down came the window and held the stranger fast! And oh, how he struggled, and kicked, and pawed the sloping board! No use; there he was held fast, high and dry, head down and tail up, and no prospect of getting away.

Mr. Bear stopped long enough to get his beautiful limber birch switches, and then he and Mr. Dog made their way outside.

"What 's this? What 's this?" said Mr. Bear in a loud voice. "Why, it looks like brother Red Fox."

"It certainly is, Mr. Bear," said Mr. Dog, "but what is Mr. Red Fox doing here?"

"If you please, gentlemen," said the stranger, (who was really no stranger at all, as you know), and talking in a high, squeaky voice, "I 'm only a poor wayfarer in search of a crust of bread. Let me go, gentlemen; kindly let me go, and I 'll trouble you no more!"

"Wayfarer, indeed!" said Mr. Bear with a grunt. "We know you too well for such tricks, Mr. Red Fox."

"Red Fox!" squeaked the intruder in pretended surprise. "Red Fox! My dear sir! See how gray my fur is."

"Yes," said Mr. Bear shortly, "I see, but I think I can soon change it back to its right color." And without more words Mr. Bear took the birch switch in his great paw and began to



MR. FOX STARTS FOR MR. BEAR'S COTTAGE.

carefully around, went and got the wooden board that Mr. Bear had left so near the house, put it softly against the side of the cottage, scrambled up, still without making a single sound, and, squeezing through the opened window, disappeared into the pantry. It was too dark for Mr. Dog to be perfectly sure, but he

give Mr. Red Fox the most thorough thrashing he had ever had in all his life. As the wood ashes flew up in a cloud, Mr. Bear sneezed and coughed, but he never stopped for a moment till the switch broke fairly in two.

It helps to even things up for the way you treated Mr. Dog. But now there are other matters. What about the stolen muffler? What about the boots? What about Mr. Dog's collar and money-bag? What about the silver teapot?"

And with each question he gave Mr. Red Fox a reminder that his arm was as strong as ever, and the second birch switch just as limber and useful as the first.

"Oh! oh! oh!" said Mr. Red Fox, and his slouched hat fell off and his green coat was split right down the back by his frantic struggles. "I 'll give 'em all back," he panted.

"Very well," said Mr. Bear, pausing and wiping his forehead with the back of his paw; for though it was a cool night, he was quite heated with his exertions. And the end of the matter was, Mr. Red Fox had to tell Mr. Dog and Mr. Bear just where he kept all the things he had stolen, and promise to leave that part of the country just as soon as he could sell his house and pack up his belongings.

"And just make sure they are *your* belongings," said Mr. Bear in a terrible voice; "for if you take so much as a pin-feather that does n't belong to you, Mr. Red Fox, I 'll find out, and then—"

"I won't," interrupted Mr. Red Fox hurriedly, "I won't, I won't!" The end of it was, Mr. Dog was sent to fetch the money, and the boots, and the muffler, and the teapot, and all the other articles,

having first put on his own red morocco collar taken from Mr. Red Fox's neck, and mighty glad he was to get it.

And when Mr. Dog, heavily laden, came back, Mr. Red Fox lost no time, I can tell you, in running for home just as fast as his aching bones would let him.

And that is the story of *how Mr. Red Fox got more than he came for.*



"MR. RED FOX WAS BEGGING TO BE LET OFF."

Mr. Red Fox was begging at the top of his lungs to be let off, and making promises without number.

"So you feel you 've had enough, Mr. Red Fox?" Mr. Bear asked sternly.

"Oh, yes! quite too much," answered Mr. Red Fox, promptly.

"Well," said Mr. Bear, "this last was just a little matter of business between you and me.

(To be continued.)

THE LETTER-BOX

WE print below the full directions and diagrams for making the simplest and least costly form of model aeroplane. The text and diagrams are furnished by Montague Palmer, E.E., author of the article in the July number, "What Every One Should Know about the Aeroplane."

A SIMPLE FLYING MODEL

CUT out of soft wood two sticks $\frac{1}{4}$ inch \times $\frac{3}{16}$ inch and 3 feet long. Bevel one side of each end, and glue and tie the ends together forming a "V." (Fig. 1.)

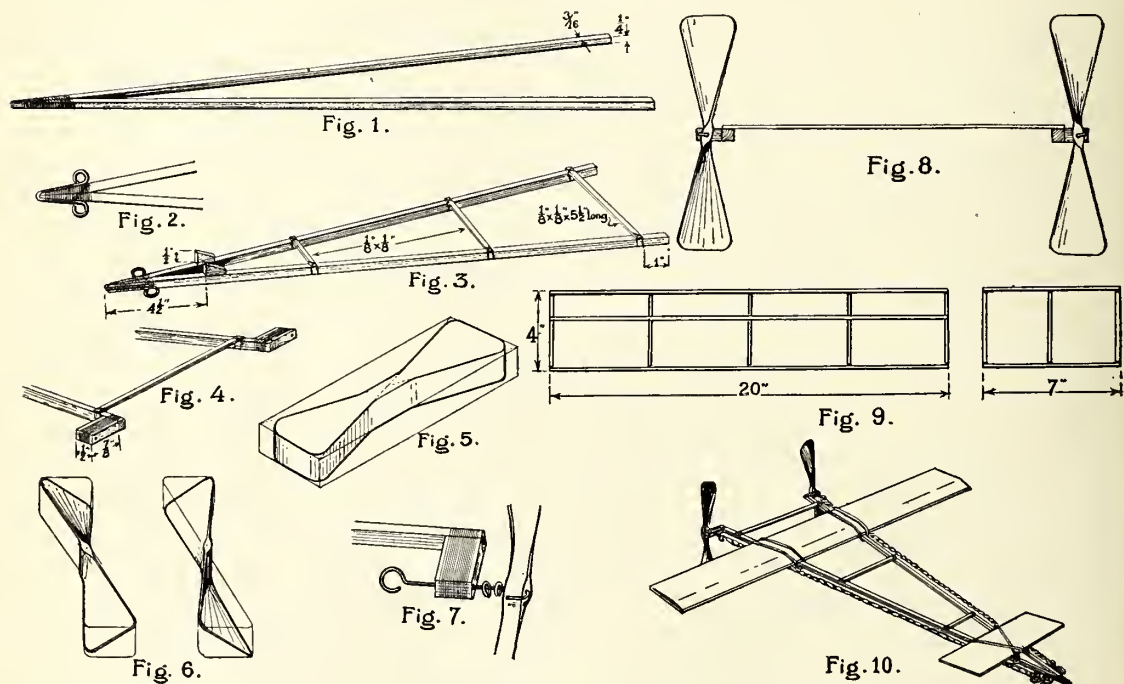
Bend a hair-pin to the form of a long "U" with eyes at each end, and bind this on at the tip with more thread and glue (Fig. 2.)

Drill or burn a hole in the center of each, large enough to admit a hair-pin. Now start to carve by cutting down opposite corners of the blocks. Study out carefully which are the proper corners to cut. The finished propellers must appear as in Fig. 6. Note that they are opposite, not alike.

After cutting away the surplus corners, the blades will be formed, and these must be left as thin as possible. To reduce weight, the portions near the hub must be well trimmed away until they are quite flat.

Finish with a round file, and then sandpaper.

Balance the propellers occasionally by rotating them on a piece of hair-pin. They can be made to remain immovable in any position by trimming away from the heavy side.



DIAGRAMS SHOWING CONSTRUCTION OF THE FLYING MODEL.

Next bind a 6 inch piece of thin wood or bamboo $\frac{1}{8}$ inch \times $\frac{1}{8}$ inch, 1 inch from the free ends of the "V" and then brace the frame with two additional strips, dividing it into 3 parts. Also glue a small beveled block of wood $\frac{1}{2}$ inch high to each stick, $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches from the tip. (Fig. 3.)

Cut two small blocks, each $\frac{1}{4}$ inch \times $\frac{1}{2}$ inch \times $\frac{7}{8}$ inch. Drill a hole through the $\frac{1}{2}$ inch length of each, and with the hole running lengthwise of the frame, bind one of these with thread and glue to the free end of each stick. (Fig. 4.) Be sure that the hole is large enough to permit a piece of hair-pin to rotate freely in it.

The most difficult operation necessary is the carving of the propellers, but, with a little patience and a sharp knife, this is soon accomplished.

Cut out from soft wood, two blocks 6 inches \times $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches \times $\frac{3}{4}$ inch, and saw each of them to the form shown in Fig. 5.

With small round-nose pliers bend a loop or ring, as small as possible, at the end of a piece of hair-pin. Cut off the ring and make another, and so on until four are made. Flatten out each of them on a piece of iron with a blow of a hammer. These are the bearings for the propellers.

Cut two pieces of hair-pin about 4 inches long, and make a short loop at the end of each. Pass one through each propeller as far as it will go, then slip two bearings on each, and finally slip each through its respective bearing-block on the frame.

Then bend each of the straight ends into a hook to take the rubber. (Fig. 7.)

Be sure that each propeller is placed at its proper side. Hold the frame up with the propellers facing you and with the brace-strips on top, and observe them. If the near upper edges point toward each other, they are correctly placed. (Fig. 8.)

To make the planes, cut out two pieces of smooth newspaper, 4 inches \times 20 inches, and two pieces 4 inches \times 7 inches. Cut out some thin, soft-wood sticks, about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch \times $\frac{1}{8}$ inch, and cut off 3 pieces 20 inches long, 2 pieces 7 inches long, and 8 pieces $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches long. Lay one of the paper pieces down and glue the sticks on it according to the designs shown in Fig. 9.

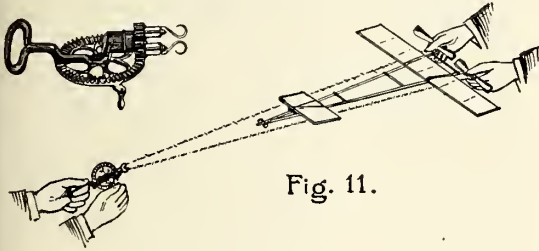


Fig. 11.

THE WINDER, AND HOW TO USE IT.

In the large plane, one 20 inch piece is glued across the top of the short crosspieces, and then the second piece of newspaper is glued over the whole. For the small plane, the second piece of paper is glued directly on the crosspieces. Apply the glue to the wood, not to the paper. Also, be careful that the lower paper is not stuck to the table by glue running through.

Then leave the planes to dry. Make sure that they are not twisted in the least. They must be absolutely flat.

When dry, fasten to the frame with rubber bands, as shown. The front edge of the small plane must rest upon the $\frac{1}{2}$ inch block of wood. (Fig. 10 and Fig. 3.)

Bend an "S"-shaped hook for each side of the aeroplane and hook one to each eye at the tip. Then string rubber thread between these hooks and the hooks on the propellers as shown. Use about 8 strands of $\frac{1}{8}$ inch flat rubber on each side, or its equivalent. Then tie the ends of the rubber threads together. (Fig. 11.)

The model is now complete.

To wind up, turn each propeller inward at the top 500 times or more. This is a rather tedious job, and hence it is much better to make a winder. Any handy boy can make one of these from an ordinary egg-beater, and every model-enthusiast should have one.

When using the winder, let some one hold the aeroplane at the rear, and at the same time keep the propellers from rotating. (Fig. 11.) Then the "S" hooks are detached from the eyes at the tip and hooked into

the hooks on the winder. By turning the winder 100 times, the rubber skeins are twisted 500 times each. The saving of time is evident. Be sure that the rubbers are twisted in the right direction, otherwise the model will attempt to fly backwards—and, of course, no flight will result!

When the winding is completed, replace the "S" hooks on the model, take it from your helper and launch it, as follows:

Hold it at the rear, planes on top, and with the apex tip inclined slightly upward. Then give it an easy push in the direction in which it is pointed, and let go. If properly balanced, it will soar away. Should it, however, dive, draw the large plane forward. On the other hand, if it should rise too rapidly, draw the large plane rearward, toward the propellers. Use at first 50 turns of the winder until the balance is perfected.

After you have succeeded with this model, it will be a comparatively simple matter for you to make a model that will fly 1000 feet or more; and for such a model, better bearings, lighter framework, special paper, and efficient propellers are essential.

As in any other art, success will not necessarily greet you at your first attempt, and hence the old reliable rule to "try, try again" holds true in model-aëroplaning,—though, fortunately, each trial is of great interest in itself, regardless of the result.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to let you know that you have gained the interest of a class of fifteen girls. We read you at our sewing lessons which are the first half-hour in the afternoon. Many of the girls from other grades enjoy your stories, but we (the eighth grade) are interested both in the stories and the League work.

I have taken you, dear ST. NICHOLAS, for twelve years, ever since I was three years of age, so you can judge for yourself what a great friend you are to me.

Father took you when he was a little boy. In looking through my grandmother's library may be seen ten thick volumes of ST. NICHOLAS, and your back numbers of the twelve years are all laid away in our attic to be bound likewise.

Your friend and reader,

ELLEN N. MASON (age 15).

MARSOVAN, TURKEY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before or even sent things to the League, because it is too far



TURKISH CAMELS CARRYING WHEAT TO THE COAST.

for any contribution I might wish to offer to reach you in time.

About a week ago I took a trip to Kanak, which is a little village about forty miles away. We went to meet



A TURKISH TRAVELING-CARRIAGE.

some friends who were coming here. We have to travel here in carriages, because there are no trains yet. The carriages here are not like the American ones. The top is round and is covered on the outside with black. Inside, there are often many tassels made of bright-colored wool. Sometimes they are purple, pink, yellow, green, or sometimes they are all one color. These carriages have no seats, so we put in the bedding we shall need to sleep on at the inn. It takes about twelve hours to get to Kanak in one of these carriages. On this trip, I counted about 160 camels which were taking wheat to the coast. Sometimes we see many more camels than that.

We have taken ST. NICHOLAS for many years, and I still have it. I read the stories to two of my friends who do not take it, and we wait eagerly for the next numbers. I have enjoyed very much "The Housekeeping Adventures of the Junior Blairs." I have tried some of the things.

Your loving reader,

KATHERINE J. WHITE (age 14).

PORTLAND, ORE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never taken you before this year. My sister gave you to me for Christmas and I like you very much. I am very interested in "The Lost Prince" and "The Boarded-up House."

I have a horse so I ride nearly every day. I enjoy reading the Letter-box so much.

I am in the fifth grade at school. We have a little time for stories some days, so I have taken you with me so our teacher could read you to the class.

Your interested reader,

SUZANNE CASWELL (age 11).

PINEWOOD, TENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It seems as if you always come to your "Watchful waiters" just at the time to make them happiest. My brother and I fuss over you every month.

I like "The Lost Prince," "The Boarded-up House," and "Peg o' the Ring" best.

We have some copies of ST. NICHOLAS printed in 1880-81-82-83-84. They are very interesting but not nearly as nice as the new ones.

Your always devoted reader,

ELEANOR HALL (age 13).

"THE TICK OF THE MUNICIPAL CLOCK"

Tick tock! Tick tock! Tick tock!

If that were all the noise you could make you would not think very much of yourself, would you? I would n't either, if I were merely one of those wee little things that call themselves clocks, that stay on a mantel-shelf all their insignificant little lives, and never do any good to any one except the members of just one household. But I'm not such; in fact, I consider myself one of the most important personages in the town. To show you just a little of my importance, I intend to describe just one half-hour of my day, between one and half past one.

I tick very quietly, with few passers-by, from twelve until the hour of one; and then, oh my! How they do come! Automobiles fly past, bearing their small occupants to the school, which I see with my highest eye. Then come the children on foot, children of all styles, sizes, and ages; fat children, slim children, tall and short children. Some happy and laughing, others sad and downcast, some anxious about coming examinations, others scoffing at such small worries. Some whose clothes seem to hang on them, and some who are as trim as dressed dolls.

Among them I often see old gentlemen who are walking, after their luncheon. By the way, here comes one now, the laughing children all crowding around him, demand the sweeties which they know are hidden in his pockets. As he disappears, I see another old gentleman take his place, but, Oh! how different! This man's face is so gruff and angry that, instead of luring the children to him, he makes them run away with many anxious backward glances.

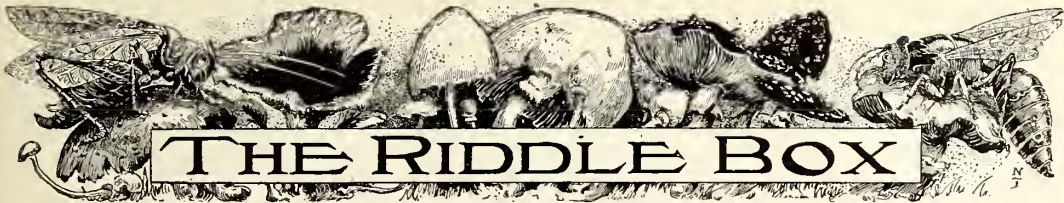
The most important part of all is to me that every one of these many children glance at my merry countenance before hurrying on their way.

Now school has evidently begun, because the children have stopped coming and it is twenty minutes after. No! Here comes one more little child, and she bursts into tears, for she is late. Ah, my dear little one, would that I could go back for you! But my way lies forward, never backward. As she disappears around a curve, I will end my story, but I am sure that there is no doubt left in your minds any longer about my importance.

EDITH MEYER (age 12).



"BETTY," AFTER THE MORNING POST HAS BROUGHT THE NEW ST. NICHOLAS.



THE RIDDLE BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS. Declaration of Independence. 1. Hid-den. 2. Att-end. 3. Bea-con. 4. Add-led. 5. Rot-ate. 6. Flo-rid. 7. Ped-ant. 8. Bot-tom. 9. Sat-ire. 10. Dev-our. 11. Son-net. 12. Beh-old. 13. Bel-fry. 14. Off-ice. 15. Kid-nap. 16. Sor-did. 17. App-ar. 18. Hap-pen. 19. Rep-eat. 20. Can-ned. 21. Sun-dry. 22. Uph-eld. 23. Cat-nip. 24. Res-cue. 25. Mys-elf.

NUMERICAL. "Give me liberty, or give me death." Patrick Henry.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Washington took command of the army.

TRANSPOSITIONS. Julius Cæsar. 1. Jets, Jest. 2. Runs, Urns. 3. Deal, Lead. 4. Lies, Isle. 5. Sues, Uses. 6. Cars, Scar. 7. Pace, Cape. 8. Beat, Abet. 9. Sear, Eras. 10. Pals, Slap. 11. Bead, Abed. 12. Pare, Reap.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received before May 24 from Katharine C. Barnett—Marion Ames—Ruth V. A. Spicer—Eloise M. Peckham—Elizabeth Palms Lewis—Helen A. Moulton—Elizabeth B. Tiel—Elizabeth L. Young—"Queenscourt"—Evelyn Hillman—Margaret F. Call—Claire A. Hepner—Ruth J. Browne—"M. W. J."—"Chums."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received before May 24 from Lawrence A. Wood, 7—Marshall A. Best, 7—Clifford A. Furst, 7—Sarah Starkweather, 7—Elinor P. Childs, 7—Helen Fox, 7—Helen A. Vance, 7—Janet Tucker, 7—No name, 7—Janet B. Fine, 7—Hubert Barentzen, 7—Florence Noble, 6—Ignatius Vado, 6—Phyllis Young, 6—Whitney Ashbridge, 5—Alice N. Farrar, 5—Marian Frauenthal, 4—Constance Miller, 4—Eleanor Rau, 4—Miriam Hardy, 4—Bessie Wells, 3—A. Bristow and M. Smyth, 3—Edith C. McCullough, 3—Winifred S. Walz, 3—J. R. Miller, 2—Helen Rodeen, 2—Elizabeth Swords, 2—Margaret Hyde, 2—Ethel Schnepf, 2—Hewlett Duryea, 2—M. and A. Pond, 2—M. S. Guthrie, 2—M. M. Stockend, 1—F. E. Dewall, 1—B. W. Palmer, 1—A. MacKinnon, 1—L. S. Jadwin, 1—I. E. Miller, 1—E. G. Cramer, 1—M. Schwarz, 1—C. Mc Kercher, 1—C. Berg, 1—C. Carney, 1—V. Merrill, 1—A. R. Dillingham, 1—F. McGillicuddy, 1—H. Goldman, 1—M. Albrecht, 1—M. H. Howes, 1—M. F. Burke, 1—A. Rice, 1—M. L. Post, 1—A. Eisenhauer, 1—E. Howbert, 1—J. E. Didisheim, 1—L. Waintrot, 1—A. B. Knapp, 1—R. O. English, 1—A. Farrar, 1—M. L. Speare, 1—A. Wolfson, 1—E. C. Jennings, 1—E. Townsend, 1.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of forty-seven letters and form a quotation and the name of its author.

My 21 is a very interesting pronoun. My 36-46-10 is to regret. My 4-41-33-14 is a combustible substance. My 39-28-8-18 is tart. My 37-25-35-22-30 is to slide. My 1-45-19-43 is to dig. My 27-6-12-23 is an amphibious animal. My 29-38-3-7-15 is impaired by inaction. My 13-2-47-5-32 is an animal formerly very numerous in our country. My 16-31-9-26-44-20 is a number of things bound together. My 34-40-42-24-17-11 is to put ashore on a desolate island.

JEAN F. BLACK (age 14), *League Member*.

NOVEL ACROSTIC

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the first row of letters will spell the name of a fine story, while another row of letters will spell the pen-name of the author.

CROSS-WORDS: I. The old name of a Japanese official. 2. Purpose. 3. Works. 4. A masculine name. 5. What the sun was considered by the Egyptians. 6. A personal pronoun. 7. To go to the top of. 8. Revolved. 9. A beginner. 10. Reverberated, or repeated in sound. 11. The tough stem of a palm, used for wickerwork.

EDITH PIERPONT STICKNEY (age 15), *Honor Member*.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another the diagonals, from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter, and from the upper,

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL. Porto Rico. Cross-words: 1. Palestine. 2. Louisiana. 3. Saragossa. 4. Pittsburg. 5. Vancouver. 6. Amsterdam. 7. Riverside. 8. Greenwich. 9. Maracaibo.

PINWHEEL PUZZLE. I. 1. Chase. 2. Haven. 3. Avert. 4. Serve. 5. Enter. II. Across: 1. S. 2. T. R. 3. Ear. 4. Abel. 5. Lilac. 6. Dash. 7. Yea. 8. Rs. 9. E. III. Across: 1. Means. 2. Birch. 3. Artie. 4. Adore. 5. Chase. IV. Across: 1. Enter. 2. Cleat. 3. Based. 4. Rapid. 5. Agree. V. Across: 1. E. 2. N. C. 3. The. 4. East. 5. Rosa's. 6. Same. 7. Yea. 8. St. 9. S.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Third row, Fourth of July. Cross-words. 1. Coffee. 2. Troupe. 3. Trudge. 4. Market. 5. Saturn. 6. Aghast. 7. Profit. 8. Rafter. 9. Abject. 10. Trusty. 11. Halter. 12. Cayman.

right-hand letter to the lower, left-hand letter, will each spell the name of a European country.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A greedy eater. 2. To wind. 3. To unsettle. 4. A white ant. 5. Severe toil. 6. To introduce formally. 7. Trickery.

HUBERT BARENTZEN (age 15), *League Member*.

PYRAMID OF SQUARES

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IN solving this puzzle follow the above diagram, though each square in the puzzle contains five cross-words instead of three.

I. 1. A vestige. 2. Kingly. 3. The ancient Greek market-place. 4. A unit of weight. 5. High in spirits.

II. 1. A period of time. 2. Fancy. 3. A statue. 4. Accurate reasoning. 5. Upright.

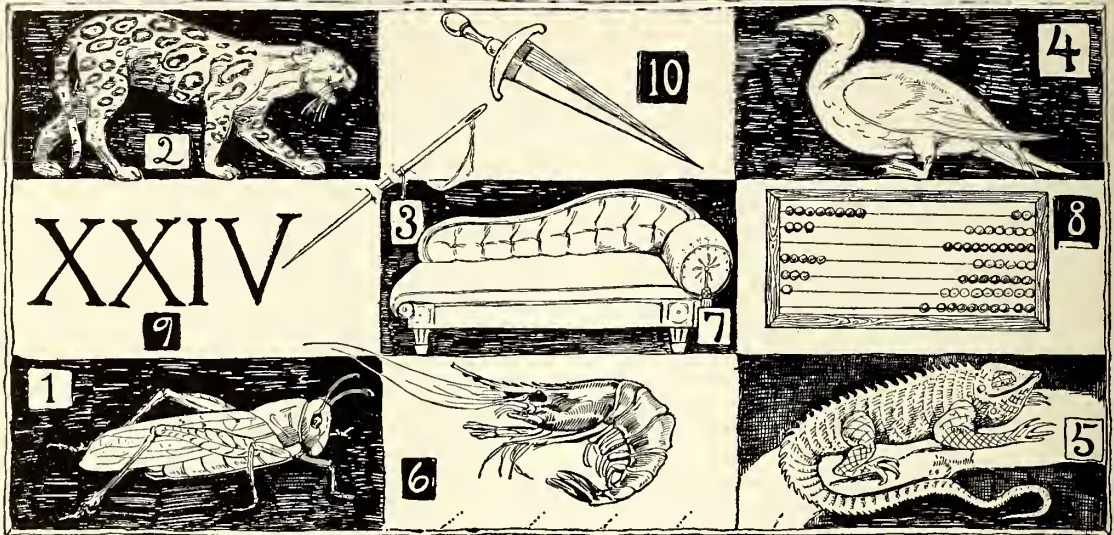
III. 1. A county of Kansas. 2. A South American plain. 3. A slow, stately form of musical composition. 4. A mass of cast metal. 5. Dinky.

IV. 1. To chatter. 2. A projection in a wall. 3. An expert. 4. A pig-like animal. 5. A hallway.

V. 1. A lock of hair. 2. To lease again. 3. To run away. 4. The cuttlefish. 5. To take unlawfully.

VI. 1. To sing as the Swiss mountaineers do. 2. A musical drama. 3. To preclude. 4. To obliterate. 5. Roman household gods.

DUNCAN SCARBOROUGH (age 17), *Honor Member*.



ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC

In this puzzle the words are pictured instead of described. When the ten objects are rightly named, the initial letters will spell the name of a famous battle fought more than a hundred and thirty years ago.

BROKEN WORDS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

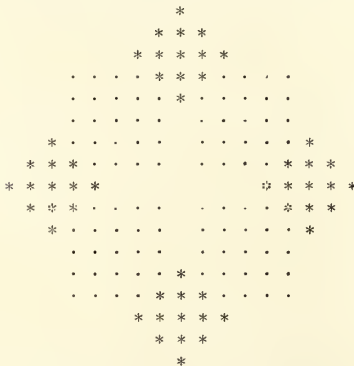
TEN well-known names have been broken up into syllables and words. Put them together, and the words will appear.

LA, LAND, FIELD, IS, CLEVE, LAKE, DIANA, VILLE, TAL, PO, HE, SEE, POL, WORTH, LENA, SPRING, HAS, IN, NASH, LIS, LAND, LEA, ANNA, SALT, OAK, VEN, CITY.

MARY LILLIAN COPELAND (age 13).

CONNECTED SQUARES AND DIAMONDS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)



- I. UPPER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To caper 2 To adjudge. 3. Denominated. 4. A battle fought in 1346. 5. Whirlpools.
- II. UPPER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1 Herbage. 2. To unweave. 3. A genus of plants. 4. Despatches. 5 To slit.
- III. LOWER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To assign. 2. To fluctuate. 3. A genus of plants 4. To restore to freshness. 5. Attracts.

- IV. LOWER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Exposed. 2. To expiate. 3. A citizen of Rome. 4. To decree. 5. Indents.
- V. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In pasted. 2. Consumed. 3. A large vehicle. 4. To instigate. 5. In pasted.
- VI. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In pasted. 2. A drink. 3. Active. 4. A period of time. 5. In pasted.
- VII. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In pasted. 2. Possessed. 3. Colorless. 4. Transacted. 5. In pasted.
- VIII. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In pasted. 2. Depressed. 3. Peels. 4. A cave. 5. In pasted.

MARGARET S. ANDERSON (age 15).

GEOGRAPHICAL PRIMAL ACROSTIC

- 1. A RIVER not far from Madras. 2. Certain islands not far from Apia. 3. A mountain in Trinidad. 4. A city of Wisconsin. 5. Certain islands near Scotland. 6. A city of Switzerland. 7. A little river of Michigan. 8. A very great river. 9. A bay of Ireland.
- When the foregoing names (of equal length) have been guessed and written one below another, their initials will spell the name of a famous city.

ESTHER ISRAELOWITZ (age 13), League Member.

A PUZZLING PANTRY

JOHN was weighing different objects in the pantry. He found that three plates and two bowls weighed as much as one large pitcher; also, that one pitcher and two bowls weighed as much as nine plates; and that six bowls weighed as much as one pitcher and three plates. He now wants to know how many bowls would weigh as much as six plates.

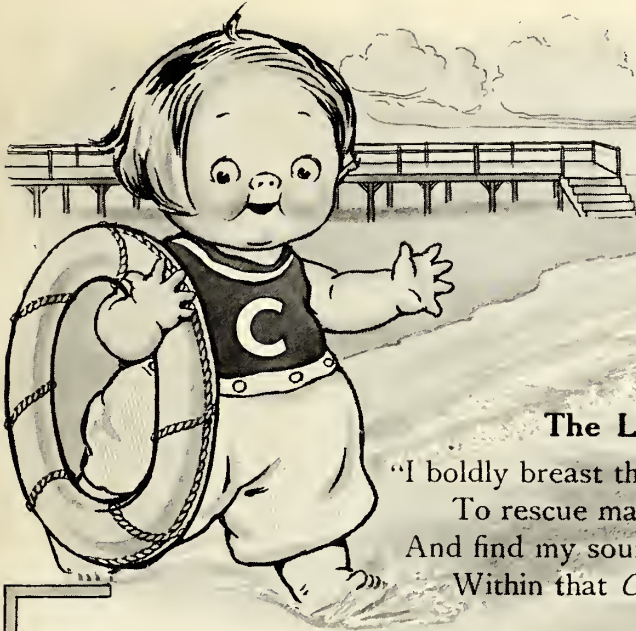
MARGARET SPAULDING (age 12), Honor Member.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonals, from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter, and from the upper, right-hand letter to the lower, left-hand letter, will spell a famous country and its most famous city.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. Sickly. 2. A river of the Egyptian Sudan 3. To decapitate. 4. To congeal with cold. 5. Modulation of voice. 6. Mistakes.

ABRAHAM B. BLINN (age 15), League Member.



The Life-Guard

"I boldly breast the foaming crest
To rescue maid or man
And find my source of nerve and force
Within that *Campbell* can."

That's another "life-guard," too—

Campbell's Tomato Soup. It guards your life from the *inside*. It helps your appetite and digestion, nourishes and builds you up, increases the bodily vigor which guards you against exhaustion and heat and worry.

Now is just the time when you need especially the invigorating tonic effect of this wholesome *Campbell* "kind."

Buy a dozen at a time. Enjoy it regularly and often; and see what a constant help it is to your general health and well-being.

21 kinds

10c a can



Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



A Lazy Boy

Became an Active Boy Through Vim-Food—Quaker Oats

This experiment succeeded—so a mother tells us.

A languid boy, liking neither work nor study, was fed on Quaker Oats. Not in a trifling way, but a big dish every morning.

He wasn't forced to it. Boys love Quaker Oats, with its flavor and aroma. It was served and he welcomed it, as all normal boys do.

Soon the piled-up energy, needing vent, changed that boy all over.

Millions of students and workers get help from Quaker Oats. But some get little, some get much. That's because some mothers serve little dishes, and some big. Some serve it daily and some don't.

Quaker Oats

A Luscious Energizer

The first step toward getting oat-food benefit is this:

Serve oats in delicious form. Nature gives oats unique fragrance and flavor. Get them in their fullness in this dish.

That means, get Quaker Oats. It is made of the big, plump grains. Two-thirds of the oats—all the starved and the puny—are discarded in this brand.

Then our process enhances the flavor. So you get an oat dainty in these large, luscious flakes. And you get it without extra price.

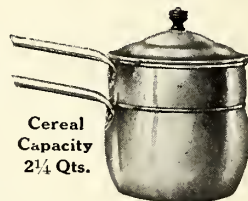
Quaker Cooker

This aluminum double-cooker is made to our order to cook Quaker Oats in the ideal way. To hold its aroma and bring out its flavor. We supply it to Quaker Oats users.

Send us our trademark—the picture of the Quaker—from 50 cents' worth of Quaker Oats. Send one dollar with these trademarks and we will send this perfect cooker by parcel post. This present cooker offer applies to the United States only.

Some 700,000 homes now make this dish more delicious than ever by using a Quaker Cooker. Address

The Quaker Oats Company
Railway Exchange, Chicago



10c and 25c per Package
Except in Far West and South



Let the Children

KODAK

'Twill be fun for them, will add to the joy of their out-door days. And afterward the unposed pictures of the children by the children—pictures free from consciousness and constraint—will double the value of the family Kodak album.

KODAKS from \$6.00 up. BROWNIE CAMERAS, \$1.00 to \$12.00.

Catalogue free at your dealer's, or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*



When Your Face and Hands are
SUNBURNED

the skin is tender, inflamed and sore. It should never be rudely touched, or rubbed—simply moisten a soft handkerchief or some absorbent cotton with

Hinds HONEY AND ALMOND **Cream**

and gently, *very gently*, apply it to the injured surface; let it remain a few minutes; and repeat at intervals, or, if possible, keep the skin covered for an hour or longer. The effect is refreshing, cooling—usually it heals over night. To *prevent sunburn* apply the cream before and after exposure. It keeps the skin *soft, smooth and clear*. It is guaranteed to contain all its advertised ingredients, and to conform to the required standard of purity and quality.

Selling everywhere, or postpaid by us on receipt of price.
 Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c; Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c.

Do not take a substitute; there are dealers in every town who will gladly sell you Hinds Cream without attempting to substitute.
 Samples of Cream will be sent for 2c stamp to pay postage.

A. S. HINDS 242 West Street, Portland, Maine

You should try HINDS Honey and Almond Cream SOAP. Highly refined, delightfully fragrant and beneficial. 25c postpaid. No soap samples.





Copyright, 1915. Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co.

HE'S a live wire—your regular boy—with opinions of his own about things to eat. And wherever you go you find he leads the rooting for Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes.

You can't fool him with imitations, or "something just as good." He's ready to prove his loyalty to Kellogg's any time of day—breakfast, supper, lunch, or between meals.

If there is a boy at your house, or any

member of the family who is missing the joy of these golden flakes with good milk or cream, just serve them with a bowl of Kellogg's right out of the Waxtite package, and see how naturally they take to that fresh-from-the-oven taste.

Remember, *please*, that you don't know corn flakes unless you know Kellogg's—the original Toasted Corn Flakes—their goodness insured by our responsibility to over a million homes.

Then too there is the **WAXTITE** package that keeps the fresh, good flavor in—and all other flavors out.

W.K. Kellogg



POLLY and PETER PONDS

(A Continued Story)

You will find one part of this story in last month's St. Nicholas and another next month



POLLY and Peter had been home from school for about a week, when one evening Papa Ponds looked up from his paper and said, "Well, kids, what do you want to do this summer?" Just like that! Just as if the subject had not been brought up every day since they came home.

"Oh, Daddy!" cried Polly, "I've decided that I want to go off somewhere and just be natural, and not have to dress up for dinner, and things like that!"

"Right you are!" broke in Peter. "And I know the place—Cape Cod. Here is a letter from Bill Conley. He and Molly are there now, and they say it 's just fine."

"But I don't like codfish," said Polly; "they don't taste like anything."

"Little idiot," cried Peter. "You may be older, but I know better than that. They don't eat codfish there. They live on clams and starfish."

"I like clam chowder, awfully," replied Polly; "but I never heard of starfish being good to eat."

"Well," said Papa Ponds, after much deliberation, "we'll see about that when we get there." And that settled it, and here they are (in the picture), being natural on Cape Cod.

Just imagine a place right on the ocean, where the big boats go by to Boston and warm little tide-rivers sneak around in the sand, and you can pick up all kinds of queer and beautiful shells and pebbles—sand-dollars and horseshoe crab-shells.

Then there are old wrecks of fishing-schooners to climb about on, their wooden ribs bleached a silver gray in sun and wind, and sea-gulls' nests to find, and nothing else to do but have fun.

Polly and Peter and their father went to the Cape together, while their mother stopped at Boston to visit a college mate. When she finally reached the beach she found Polly the most sunburned girl she had ever seen.

"Did n't you put some Pond's Vanishing Cream on your face and arms before going out in the hot sun?" she asked, reprovingly.

"No, I did n't, Mother," said Polly, in a sad voice; "I forgot."

"But," she added contritely, "I'll remember next time, 'cause ouch! it hurts like anything when Peter slaps me in fun."

"I won't slap you any more, Polly," Peter hastened to say as his father scowled over his glasses; "I did n't know it hurt so much. My sunburn feels good, nice and hot."

But we noticed that when their mother brought the

POND'S EXTRACT

and Pond's Vanishing Cream, Peter was just as eager to have his face cooled and soothed as Polly was.

After this, Polly used the Pond's Vanishing Cream religiously, and Peter, after being out romping in the sun all day, often had a cloth soaked



with Pond's Extract put on his hot forehead at night.

It was n't long before Peter and Billy Conley were as brown as Malaysians, but the girls were not so brown, and not a bit burned.

One day all four were down by the old wreck. Peter was pretending he was a pirate one minute and a dreadnought commander the next. Bill was a submarine or a dragon, and Polly and Molly alternated between being fish, crews, captives, sandminers, and just girls.

Peter, on top of the wreck, spied a coaster on the horizon. "Sail ho!" cried he; "clear for action! man the guns! I see an enemy in the offing."

But Polly spoiled the impressiveness of it by calling up to him, "Oh you with your everlasting base-ball strikes and bunts and innings and offings!"

Peter wanted to laugh. But in the guise of a dreadnought commander how could he? They never laugh, and seldom even chuckle. So he cried out, "Silence below decks, or I'll have you clapped in irons."

Then, seeing that Polly was n't at all frightened by this terrible threat, he gave a wild yell and took one flying leap. He landed mostly on the soft sand, but with one foot on a dried starfish.

Having heard the cries, Bill and Molly came running up in mock alarm, just in time to find Peter dancing up and down, partly in pain and surprise, and partly to "scare" the "crew" into submission.

Just as Molly reached the sand island on which Polly sat, she stumbled and fell. Bill, who was racing with her, tried to stop, but tripped and fell too.

"Say! but that's the hardest sand I ever struck," he cried, rubbing his bruised knee.

Then he looked at the place where he had fallen, and what do you suppose he dug out of the sand? You'd never guess, so we'll tell you. A Pond's Extract bottle full of sand, without a wrapper or a label or a cork. They knew what it was because they read the name blown in the glass.

"Do you suppose it came from that old wreck?" Molly asked.

"I should n't wonder," said Peter. "They've been shipping Pond's Extract abroad for forty years, and the lighthouse keeper told me this old ship was wrecked in 1878."

The mention of Pond's Extract set every one thinking of home. So they all went home. Bill hastened to rub his bruise with Pond's Extract, and Peter put some on his big toe that had scraped against the dried starfish's brittle shell, and the next day they felt all right.

But nobody thought of the poor echinoderm's feelings.

(Continued in the September ST. NICHOLAS)

**POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S Vanishing Cream—
Cold Cream—Toilet Soap—Pond's Extract**

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
131 Hudson Street New York





"We'll be all dressed before mama calls us."

Velvet Grip Hose Supporter helps little ones to dress quickly. It is easily adjusted and released by small fingers and holds the stockings securely all day.

Velvet Grip is the only child's hose supporter with the **Oblong Rubber Button** which prevents drop stitches.



Velvet Grip
OBLONG RUBBER BUTTON
HOSE SUPPORTER
Sold Everywhere
Child's sample pair (give age) 15c. postpaid.
GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON.



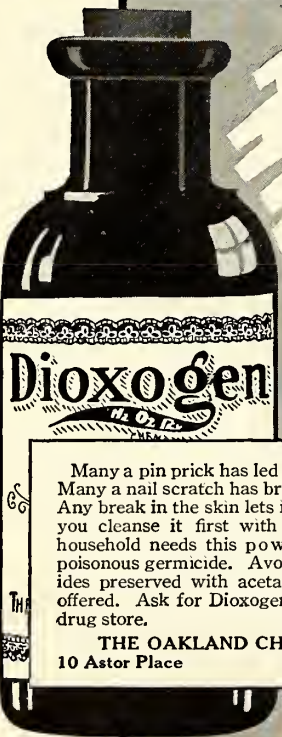
THE BOOK MAN

I HAVE a new question to put to you; but perhaps I shall have to explain it a little first. You remember my asking you for lists of good books for boys and girls of eleven? Quite a number of you were kind enough to send me lists, many of them on separate sheets, one for boys, the other for girls. Now there's one point about these lists that struck me, and that is the point I want to ask your opinion about. The books for boys appearing on these lists seem to me, in general, better than those for girls, and this in spite of the fact that almost all the lists, of both kinds, have come to me from girls themselves.

The books for boys, to begin with, are more varied. Adventure, biography, mythology are all represented among them, while the books the girls have chosen for themselves are too often all of the same kind and sometimes just a little silly. What puzzles me is that these same girls should recommend such good books to boys and content themselves with books less good. Do you suppose that girls sometimes read silly books because they are somehow expected to, and because they are *not* expected to read the often more interesting books their brothers read? I should like to have your opinion about what seems to me a very perplexing question.

After the trouble so many readers took in sending me lists, it would not be fair to drop the subject with the list that was published last month—the list that represented, as you will remember, the preferences of certain famous authors in their own childhood. Most of the famous authors I quoted have, of course, been dead for some years at least, and it seems to me that any list recommended to boys and girls now should contain some of the good books written during the last few years. Besides, it ought to interest readers to know the names of the books which appeal most strongly to a majority of St. NICHOLAS readers—those, at least, who have sent in lists.

Well, the majority vote for Mrs. Burnett's "The Secret Garden," Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Books," the "Little Colonel" series by Annie Fellows Johnston, and Margaret Sidney's "Five



**This Size
TRIAL
BOTTLE
Sent Free**

Dioxogen
16 Oz. Per

Many a pin prick has led to blood poisoning. Many a nail scratch has brought on lock-jaw. Any break in the skin lets infection in—unless you cleanse it first with Dioxogen. Every household needs this powerful, pure, non-poisonous germicide. Avoid the weak peroxides preserved with acetanilid so frequently offered. Ask for Dioxogen by name—at any drug store.

THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO.
10 Astor Place New York

THE BOOKMAN—Continued

Little Peppers" books. Those, without question, are the most popular among the readers who have written to me. Others that received several votes were Louisa M. Alcott's books, Howard Pyle's books, Ralph Henry Barbour's books, Jean Webster's "Just Patty" and "When Patty Went to College," Selma Lagerlöf's "Wonderful Adventures of Nils," Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island," and Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"; while Joel Chandler Harris's "Mr. Rabbit at Home" and "Little Mr. Thimblefinger," Eleanor H. Porter's "Pollyanna," and Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales" are also general favorites.

If you enjoy the ST. NICHOLAS serials as much as most boys and girls do, you will be interested to read part of a letter which has just come to the editor's desk, showing how much has been thought of ST. NICHOLAS serials in the past. The letter is from Mr. Herbert L. Stone, editor of "Yachting," who contributes to this number the story "For the Corinthian Cup." "I remember as a boy myself, many years ago," writes Mr. Stone, "reading a serial in ST. NICHOLAS which I have never forgotten, and which I have always held up as a standard to which boating stories should come,—a standard, however, which I find has been seldom reached." Much the same might be said of a good many others, don't you think?

I wonder whether you have ever thought about arranging your books to the best advantage. If you have quite a number of them, they are apt to get so mixed up that you have to search sometimes a long time before you can put your hand on the one you want. Of course, too, most bookcases have no shelf large enough to hold the longest picture-books standing upright, and that is one reason why I have recommended your making your own.

It seems to me a good thing to arrange all your books in some sort of system—having one shelf for stories, another for serious books, another for poetry, and then perhaps a small special shelf, or even a ledge in some other part of the room, for your particular favorites. By this you gain all the advantages of what is called "classification"; and there is another advantage also that occurs to me. It enables you to see constantly how many books of one kind you have in comparison with those of other kinds; and if you have too many stories, to make a point of getting more books of travel, or biography, or poetry in future, so that you will really be well read and all-round well read.

The Bookman



**You Can Find Them
Every Time**

Scouting in the woods—great fun! No dark trails or ambushed chums can hide from the intense white light of an

**EVEREADY
Flashlight**

Dandy for hiking or signalling at night. A real electric light with its own power plant (an EVEREADY Tungsten Battery) right inside. No matches; no oil; no danger—a safety feature boy scouts like.

See the assortment of handsome nickel or rubber cases at your dealers or write us to-day for interesting booklet No. 53.

"Largest Manufacturers of Flashlights in the World"

AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS
of National Carbon Company
Long Island City New York

Borden's Better Babies

If your baby is not gaining steadily, if he does not sleep serenely—he probably is not getting the right food. See how quickly he will change from a drooping little flower to a sturdy "Borden Better Baby" when you give him

Gail Borden
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED MILK
THE ORIGINAL

This long, hot month is a dangerous time for your baby; His health depends on his food. Give him "Eagle Brand," because it is pure—clean—easy to digest—no trouble to prepare.

See our display at the Panama Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco, Cal., Food Products Palace.

Write for "Baby's Welfare Book."
Borden's Condensed Milk Co.
"Leaders of Quality"

New York
Established 1857



ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 164

YOU have heard people say, "A penny for your thoughts," have n't you? Well, the other day the man who "thinks up" the advertising competitions was wondering what he could possibly "think up" that was both new and interesting.

Finally he took a penny and put it on the gray background of the Old Dutch Cleanser advertisement in the July ST NICHOLAS. Then he drew a circle and cut it out as you see it in Number 2.



He did the same thing with 16 other advertisements, only in these others he put the penny over a part of the picture. Then he pasted them all on a piece of paper (all mixed up and some upside down) and had a picture taken of them in the form of a letter "A." "A" stands for Advertising and also for August.

See if you can tell what advertisements these little penny circles are taken from. You must look for the part of the picture shown here. Don't depend on the background or the particular shade of gray, because these may not look as they do in the advertisements. This is because, for printing purposes, the picture had to be taken through a screen, something like mosquito netting, only much finer. You can see this screen very clearly on Numbers 7, 8 and 12, but you can't see it in the advertisement. This is called a "half-tone screen." This screen makes the picture not quite so clear as the original picture.

When you have found every picture, write down the numbers in the order shown here, and after each number write down the name of the product whose advertisement contains the picture. Then write us a letter telling how and where you are spending your summer vacation.

In case more than one equally correct answer is received, the prizes will go to those whose letters contain the most descriptive and detailed accounts.

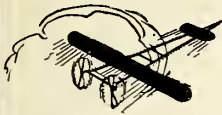
Here are the RULES and REGULATIONS. Be sure to comply with all of these conditions if you want to win a prize.

1. Send in a list numbering and showing the names of the seven-teen advertised products, all of which will be found in the July ST. NICHOLAS.
2. Write us a short letter telling how and where you are spending your summer vacation.
3. The prizes will go to those who send in the correct or most nearly correct list accompanied by the most descriptive and detailed letter.
4. In the upper left-hand corner of your answer paper give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (164).
5. Submit answer by August 20, 1915.
6. Do not use a lead pencil.

7. Address answers:
 ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 164,
 ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE,
 353 Fourth Avenue,
 New York City.

There will be sixteen prizes awarded: One First Prize of \$5.00; Two Second Prizes of \$3.00 each; Three Third Prizes of \$2.00 each, and Ten Fourth Prizes of \$1.00 each,
 Note—Prize-winners who are not subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS are given special subscription rates upon immediate application.
 This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS in order to compete for the prizes offered.

**More Fun than Baseball—
Better Sport than Tennis**



YES, boys and girls, it really is—and you can have no idea of it till you actually do fly an

"IDEAL" 1915 model 3-foot RACER

We guarantee it to fly 300 ft. or more. Takes but a few minutes to put together and costs only \$2.50. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

Other "Ideal" flyers ready for instant flights:
CECIL PEOLI RACER, \$8.50
BLUE BIRD Racing AEROPLANE, 1.25
"IDEAL" SPEED-O-PLANE,65

Mr. Palmer's article in the JULY ST. NICHOLAS tells about all man-carrying aeroplanes. Why not build a three-foot flying model of one?



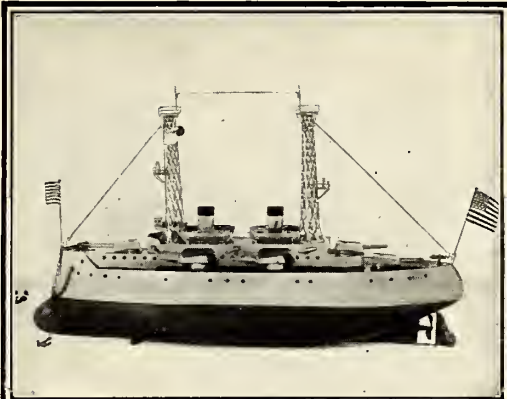
We will furnish plans and instructions as follows:

Curtiss Flying Boat.....25c	Wright Biplane.....25c
Nieuport Monoplane.....25c	Curtiss Hydroaeroplane.....35c
Bleriot Monoplane.....15c	Cecil Peoli Racer.....25c

Complete set of six, \$1.25 postpaid

Complete Illustrated 48 pp. Catalog of "Ideal" Model Aeroplanes and Supplies, 5 cents

IDEAL MODEL AEROPLANE SUPPLY CO.
 84-86 West Broadway, New York



MOST of the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls have known us for many years, but we are anxious to become better acquainted with our old friends and make new ones. You will, therefore, find us here every month from now on.

For over 53 years we have made boys and girls like you happy with all kinds of playthings—games, sporting goods, books, etc. Why, most likely your grandfather or grandmother used to buy presents for your parents at Schwarz's.

We would like very much to send you our illustrated Sporting Goods and Summer Goods Catalogues to show you some of the nice things we have. Just write your request on a postal.

F. A. O. SCHWARZ
 303 Fifth Avenue (at 31st St.) New York

**Beech-Nut
Peanut
Butter**



FOR your next party, ask Mother to have crackers spread with Beech-Nut Peanut Butter. But hide the jar from your little friends!

It's fine for growing boys and girls, and they all love the delicate natural flavor.

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO., Canajoharie, N. Y.

**BOY SCOUTS—ALL BOYS
—TRY 3 IN ONE FREE**

"Attention!" We want every Boy Scout and every other boy in America to give 3-in-One a good hard test, *absolutely free.*

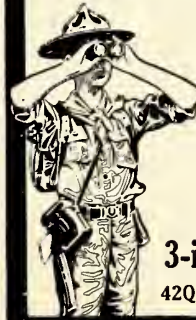
Write *today* for a generous free sample and the valuable free 3-in-One Dictionary. 3-in-One has been for over 17 years the leading bicycle oil. It makes all bearings run much easier and prevents wear—cuts out all dirt and never gums or clogs. It cleans and polishes, prevents rust on all metal parts.

3-in-One is also the best gun oil. It oils exactly right trigger, hammer, break joint—cleans and polishes barrels, inside and out; polishes the stock like new, too.

Always use 3-in-One on your ice and roller skates, fishing reels, scroll saws, golf clubs, cameras and every tool you own. A few drops do the work. 3-in-One will keep your catcher's gloves soft and lasting, also prevents rust on your catcher's mask.

3-size bottles at all good stores: 10c, 25c and 50c. (The 50c size is the *economical* size.) Also in patented Handy Oil Cans, 3 1/2 ozs., 25c.

Write for the free sample *today.*



3-in-One Oil Co.

429G. Broadway, New York



ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

APPROVAL SHEETS

THERE are three regular ways by which the collector of stamps may add to his collection by purchase—he may get stamps in “packets,” or from “approval sheets,” or through “want lists.” The buying of packets is advisable only for the beginner, want lists are mainly used by the advanced collectors, while approval sheets, or “stamps on approval” fill the needs of by far the larger number of stamp collectors. If you are just beginning, your money can be invested to the best advantage by packet buying. Any of our advertisers will send a price list of packets—a list varying to suit every purse. Buy, if possible, a packet of large size; or if that is beyond your means, buy one of a series of what are called “non-duplicating” packets; then from time to time, as circumstances warrant, buy other packets from the same series. This will give one quite a number of stamps—with no duplicates. Buying packets here and there only tends to increase the number of duplicates, which really wastes one’s pocket-money. By the time a collector is sufficiently far advanced to buy from want lists, he is beyond the need of such help as is offered in this page. Let us then for a moment consider approval sheets. Stamp Page is often asked how dealers afford to sell from approval sheets at such liberal discounts from catalogue prices as are frequently offered. Are stamps so offered really genuine? The reply is that stamps offered in this way are nearly always genuine. The prices in the catalogue are those which are charged when filling “want lists”; that is, the price which is charged when one asks a dealer to go through his many stock books and pick out this, that, and the other stamp—stamps from varying countries. This takes much time, and time is a stamp-dealer’s most important stock in trade. Approval sheets are great savers of time, and, because of this saving of time, a dealer can well afford to cut prices materially.

Approval sheets are made in this manner: for approval sheets containing twenty-five stamps, the dealer has a series of drawers, each drawer containing twenty-five little compartments. In each of these compartments is put one hundred specimens of some stamp; each compartment is marked with the country, catalogue number, and price of that particular stamp. Thus the dealer has in the drawer, or tray, before him the material for one hundred approval sheets, each containing twenty-five different stamps, and all data ready at hand. Some of his younger clerks are then entrusted with the task of making up a number of these sheets. Time and high salaries are thus saved. The sheets bear the printed request that they be not soiled or torn; so when a sheet is returned, after the stamps taken from it have been checked up by the cashier, it is passed back to the junior clerk who makes up such sheets. He or she looks it over, notes its number, and pulls out the drawer from which this particular sheet was made. The clerk then has before him the little compartments corresponding to the spaces on the sheet, and can almost instantly refill every blank space with a copy of the same stamp, thus making the sheet ready to go out again. See what a saving of time this is?

There are several kinds of approval sheets. They vary not only in size, holding twenty-five, fifty, one hundred or even more, but they vary in other ways as well. For instance, in the prices. Many dealers give “discounts” or “commissions” from the prices which are marked below each stamp. Other dealers send out sheets at “net” prices. Here the discount varies with each stamp. A dealer may have an approval sheet of stamps offered at one cent each, while the catalogue price of the stamps may vary from one cent to three, four, or even five cents. To attract trade, a dealer in net sheets gives no discount from the prices marked on the sheet. He is apt to offer some particular stamp, or set of stamps, as a “premium” to all who apply for his sheets. He does this in order to get acquainted. Whether one buys from discount sheets or net sheets, depends a little on circumstances. If one is buying only for his own collection, he will perhaps get better bargains from the net sheets. But most youngsters have born within them a desire to trade, to sell to others. For such, sheets where a good discount is given offer the most attractions.

In writing to a stamp dealer, always remember two things: write your address very plainly indeed, and give the address of some grown-up as reference—preferably not one of your immediate family, your rector or your school-teacher will do. And you might also say to the dealer that you saw his ad. in *St. NICHOLAS*.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

THERE are many stamp-collections which are in a sense “national.” The best of these is that in the British Museum. There is in Washington, District of Columbia, a collection of stamps, the property of the United States. It is said to be very complete, not only in our own but in foreign stamps as well. We are not sure whether this is in charge of the National Museum or of the post-office department. ¶ The largest stamp-collection in the world and the one which contains the most rarities is a private collection in Paris, France. We have no idea of the number of stamps contained in it. Certainly they must run up well into the tens of thousands. The largest collection in the United States belongs to a resident in Cleveland, Ohio. Here, also, are thousands upon thousands of stamps, but we do not know how many. Indeed, it is very doubtful if the owners of either of these two collections know at all how many stamps they have. ¶ King George of England has a very wonderful collection of stamps. We believe, however, that it is confined mainly to stamps of the British Empire. ¶ The early stamps of Mauritius are not the rarest stamps in the world, although they are doubtless the best advertised. They have been more talked about than any other stamps, and very high prices have been paid for them. ¶ There really is a difference between the two English sixpenny stamps to which you refer (Scott’s Nos. 50 and 51). Look closely at the lower label which contains the value. In the first number, you will see that the words six and penny are connected by a hyphen, which is missing in the second.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

100 STAMPS—EACH FROM A DIFFERENT COUNTRY

Includes Bolivia, Crete, Hawaii, Transvaal, Venezuela, etc. Price only 50c. Send for big 50-page price list of sets, packets, albums, and supplies; also copy of monthly stamp paper free. We send out the finest approval selections at 50% discount. Write for a selection to-day.

SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO.,

127 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK CITY



104 different STAMPS, including U. S. 1861 Civil War, Japan, Argentine, etc. large Fridelist and sample New England Stamp Monthly only 5c. Finest approval sheets. 50% discount. NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO. 43 WASHINGTON BLDG., BOSTON, MASS.

FOREIGN STAMPS FREE 52 different foreign, including China and Venezuela, to all who apply for our high grade approval selections. Send two cent stamp for return postage. THE EDGEWOOD STAMP CO., DEPT. S, MILFORD, CONN.



Stamps! War Packet Special! Educational, interesting. Stamps from Serbia, Belgium, France, Russia, Germany, Turkey, England, etc., 107 vars. for only 7c. 1000 fine mixed only 20c. New 32-p. List and special offers free. Agts. wtd. 50%. I Buy Stamps. L. B. DOVER, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Hawaii 10 different, 50c.; 15 different Canada, 10c., Packet, 50 different, list over \$5.00, price \$1.00; 1000 different, list over \$20.00, \$2.30. C. F. RICHARDS, BOX 77, GRAND CENTRAL P. O., NEW YORK.

SNAPS 200 different Foreign stamps for only 10c. 65 diff. U. S., incl. old issue of 1861 and revenues \$1.00 and \$2.00 values for only 11c. Our pamphlet, "How to Make a Stamp Collection Properly," free with order. QUEEN CITY STAMP & COIN CO., ROOM 32, 604 RACE ST., CINCINNATI, O.

Stamps on Approval. Fine selections: 1/2, 1, & 2c. ea. Satisfactory ref. required. A. H. BRYANT, ANGEL ISLAND, CAL.

19th and 20th Century stamps on approval at 50% discount. HUB POSTAGE STAMP CO., 345A WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Do not measure the size or quality of my European selections by the size of this advertisement. Try a selection. H. W. PROTZMANN, 1031 28th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

BELGIUM, FRANCE, ENGLAND and all other stamps on approval at 50% discount. MILTON P. LYONS, JR., 1631 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

RARE Stamps Free. 15 all different, Canadians, and 10 India with Catalogue Free. Postage 2 cents. If possible send names and addresses of two stamp collectors. Special offers, all different, contain no two alike. 50 Spain, 11c.; 40 Japan, 5c.; 100 U. S., 20c.; 10 Paraguay, 7c.; 17 Mexico, 10c.; 20 Turkey, 7c.; 10 Persia, 7c.; 13 Sudan, 5c.; 10 Chile, 3c.; 50 Italy, 19c.; 200 Foreign, 10c.; 10 Egypt, 7c.; 50 Africa, 24c.; 3 Crete, 3c.; 20 Denmark, 5c.; 20 Portugal, 6c.; 7 Siam, 15c.; 10 Brazil, 3c.; 7 Malay, 10c.; 10 Finland, 5c.; 50 Persia, 89c.; 50 Cuba, 60c.; 6 China, 4c.; 8 Bosnia, 7c. Remit in Stamps or Money-Order. Fine approval sheets 50% Discount. 50 Page List Free. MARKS STAMP COMPANY, DEPT. N, TORONTO, CANADA.



STAMP ALBUM with 538 Genuine Stamps, incl. Old Mexico, Malay (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., 10c. 100 diff. Jap., N. Zld., etc., 5c. Big List. Coupons, etc., FREE! 1000 Fine Mixed 20c. 1000 Hinges 5c. Agents Wanted, 50%. WE BUY STAMPS. HUSSMAN STAMP CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Stamps 108 all diff., Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cuba, Mexico, Trinidad, Java, etc., and **Album, 10c.** 1000 **Finely Mixed, 20c.** 65 diff. U. S., 25c. 1000 hinges, 8c. Agts. wtd. 50%. **List Free.** I buy stamps. C. Stegman, 5941 Cote Brillante Ave., St. Louis, Mo.



1000 Mixed for 12c. This is our regular 25c. mixture containing about 200 varieties. Sold only to those applying for our 50% discount approval sheets. FAR WEST STAMP CO., TACOMA, WASH.

STAMPS 105 China, Egypt, etc., stamp dictionary and list 3000 bargains 2c. Agts., 50%. BULLARD & CO., STA. A, BOSTON.

BARGAINS EACH SET 5 CENTS. 10 Luxembourg; 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 15 Russia; 8 Costa Rica; 12 Porto Rico; 8 Dutch Indies; 5 Hayti. Lists of 7000 low-priced stamps free. CHAMBERS STAMP CO., 111 G NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

STAMPS FREE, 100 ALL DIFFERENT For the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 20 different foreign coins, 25c. TOLEDO STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO, U.S.A.

STAMPS 100 VARIETIES FOREIGN, FREE. Postage 2c. Mention St. Nicholas. QUAKER STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.

DANDY PACKET STAMPS free for name, address 2 collectors, 2c. postage. Send to-day. U.T.K. STAMP CO., UTICA, N.Y.

FREE. 10 different stamps with application for our desirable approvals. STAR STAMP CO., 524 So. PARK AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

CANADA. Postage and Revenue, 25 for 10c., 50 for 50c., 100 for \$1.25—All Different. STERLING SUPPLY CO., TORONTO, CANADA.

WHITE
Vaseline

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

For all the little ills of tender skins. At drug and department stores everywhere. Interesting illustrated booklet mailed free on request.

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
(Consolidated)

38 State Street

New York

"Bristol"

Fishing Contest

For St. NICHOLAS Boys and Girls ends September first. Are you keeping a record of your big fish for the Competition? Be sure to enter the biggest one before September first. See our detailed announcement in the April St. NICHOLAS. If you don't win the Grand Prize, you have a chance at first, second and third prize in the Boys' Class. If you are a St. NICHOLAS girl, you have a chance for a first, second and third prize in the Girls' Class.

We will be glad to send you our catalogue, showing all the famous "Bristol" Steel Fishing Rods, together with any other information you may need.

THE HORTON MFG. CO.

167 Horton Street

Bristol, Conn.

Helpful Suggestions

ON this page are suggestions where most ideal pets may be found. Dolls can't play with you, games sometimes grow tiresome, and toys wear out, but a loving little pet will bring a new companionship and happiness into the home, growing stronger with passing years, oftentimes aiding in health and character building and frequently proving a staunch protector and friend. We are always ready to assist in the selection of a pet and like to help when possible. We try to carry only the most reliable advertisements and believe you can count on courteous and reliable service from the dealers shown below. ST. NICHOLAS PET DEPARTMENT



Here's the New Improved DODSON SPARROW TRAP

Catches sparrows automatically—has a double funnel trap on left end, a drop trap on right end. **There is no other trap like this.**

Help in the good work of banishing English Sparrows—these quarrelsome pests drive Song Birds away from us. Put out a Dodson Trap. Price \$6.00, f.o.b. Chicago.

Free Booklet—Tells how to attract native birds. Describes the famous Dodson Bird Houses—20 styles. If you want song birds get genuine Dodson Bird Houses.

Nature Neighbors—a library of fascinating books chiefly about Birds, written by authorities and marvelously illustrated in colors. Write for free illustrated folder.

JOSEPH H. DODSON, 707 Security Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



30 Days FREE Trial


Pat. Appd. For

Every Bird Lover Needs This Sparrow Trap

Sparrows do much damage, and drive song birds away. This trap **GUARANTEED** to catch sparrows. Automatic, simple, will not get out of order. Price \$6. Money refunded in 30 days if not satisfactory.

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Book on Dog Diseases And How to Feed

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 Dog Remedies
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Talk It Over With Father

You want a Pony, of course. Can you prove that ponies cost little to keep, are very useful and bring health and happiness?

Do you know how little a registered Shetland Pony costs? Why not start the ball rolling today by writing


SHADY NOOK FARM
 Addison County, No. Ferrisburgh, Vt.

What is a Royal Siamese?

If you have seen one of these beautiful Cats you know why they are called Royal. Send for our catalogue of these fascinating and affectionate pets. We have Persians also. Kittens at moderate prices.

Black-Short-Haired Cattery
 Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.

Tel. 110 M N. Y. Office
 Hasbrouck Heights 112 Carnegie Hall



Spratt's Cod Liver Oil Cakes

Invaluable for keeping the coat in condition.


Send 2c. stamp for "Dog Culture."

SPRATT'S PATENT LTD., NEWARK, N. J.



Write for catalog of Belle Meade Ponies. Bred from blue ribbon winners. Shows photos of pet ponies, describes them with pedigree and gives prices from \$75 up.

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THIS IS ME

I may be little and soft and plump, But my heart is big and true. My mistress says now I'm quite big enough

To leave my dear mother—for you. From \$25 up for these wonderful little **PEKINGESE**

Address:
 Mrs. H. A. Baxter, Telephone 418, Great Neck, L. I., or 489 Fifth Ave., New York City (Tel.)

EVERY boy and girl loves a frolic in the open —and what better companion to any good time out of doors, in the country, at the seashore, than a playful dog or a gentle sturdy pony.

Write your wants to

ST. NICHOLAS PET DEPARTMENT

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 162

"Ha, ha!" said I to the judges, "you thought I was joking when I said that Jimmy Dunce and Mary Bright were asking each other unanswerable questions, did n't you?"

"Well—they may have been unanswerable so far as Jimmy and Mary were concerned," replied one of the judges, "but you did n't make it any too hard for some of the ST. NICHOLAS readers, because many of them sent in the correct answers. In fact, one of our faithful boys said that it was the most interesting competition he had tried to solve."

"I just wished I was back in school again," replied another of the good-natured judges, "when I read about the jolly times the ST. NICHOLAS young folks have in school, and how they are working to improve themselves, not because they have to, but because they find so much joy in it. I said, 'Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight'—you know the rest. And loyalty—I thought there could n't be anything like their loyalty to 'Dear Old St. Nick,' but I found that they are just as loyal to their schools, their teachers, their class-mates, and their homes."

"The Advertising Competitions have made many friends for us, and we simply could n't get along without them. From the first of the month until the twentieth the postman brings many interesting letters from our readers. Of course we can't answer them all, but here is a list to whom we will send prizes this month":

One First Prize, \$5.00

Marshall A. Best, age 13, Illinois.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

Doris L. Bennett, age 15, Wisconsin.
Barton Williams, age 13, Ohio.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each.

Jean Bratton, age 7, Washington.
Richard G. Sagebeer, age 15, Pennsylvania.
Katherine Torbet, age 17, North Dakota.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each

Verner H. Eman, age 13, Michigan.
Marie F. Willcox, age 14, New Jersey.
Margaret Morris Benney, age 17, Pennsylvania.
Grace Clark, age 15, New Jersey.
Thad Byrne, age 13, Washington.
Mary McMahan, age 13, Ohio.
Floy Boston, age 14, Nebraska.
Jack Carter, age 14, Louisiana.
Frances Dyer, age 12, Massachusetts.
Florence Dimm, age 12, Colorado.

Wher-
ever you go

with Baby—you will add to his comfort and happiness and your own—if he wears Kleinert's Baby Pants.

Kleinert's



Single Texture, 25c.

Waterproof
BABY
PANTS



Double Texture, 50c.

28 beautiful stamps of the Presidents of the United States, and 20 advertising stamps for 20c.

ART POSTER STAMP CO.

152 E. 5th St. Dept. 2 St. Paul, Minn.

This fierce old general and eleven kings, emperors, czars, princes, and naval and military leaders of the European War are pictured on a new series of Poster Stamps which every collector wants. They are in many colors and back of each man's portrait is the flag of his country. Send 10c. to the



Poster Stamp Club 17 Madison Av.
New York City

For this series, "Among Those Present," and information about other series of stamps

Schools



Educate Your Child in Your Own Home

THE mother is the natural teacher of her children. She knows their peculiarities, their temperaments, their weaknesses, but untrained as a teacher, the time comes when she feels her inability alone to proceed further

with their education. Possibly not within reach of a really efficient school, she reluctantly gives them up to be taught with other children.

Now, there has grown up in the City of Baltimore, in connection with a great private day school, a Home Instruction Department, the high object and purpose of which is the education of children from four to twelve years of age, entirely in their own homes and yet according to the best modern methods, and under the guidance and supervision of educational experts, who are specialists in elementary education.

The school was established in 1897, and now has pupils in every state of the Union and 22 foreign countries.

One mother writes: "The system seems to me almost magical in its results." Another, previously perplexed by educational problems, voices her relief in these words: "A real Godsend."

A booklet outlining the plan and courses of instruction will be sent on request.

Address Calvert School, Inc. V. M. Hillyer, A. B. (Harvard), Headmaster, 14 Chase Street, Baltimore, Md.



PENNSYLVANIA, Swarthmore.

Swarthmore Preparatory School for Boys A thoroughly efficient home school. Near Philadelphia. Modern buildings. Remarkable health record for twenty years. Supervised athletics. Unusually adequate preparation for college. "Unit system" of promotion by subject. Junior School for smaller boys with separate dormitory. Address A. H. TOMLINSON, Headmaster.

NEW-YORK, Briarcliff Manor.


Mrs. Marshall's School for Little Girls

A home-like boarding and day school for girls under fifteen, affording an abundance of healthful recreation and play in rural surroundings with elevating companionship. Booklet free on request.

AYVAD'S WATER-WINGS

Learn to Swim by One Trial For Sale Everywhere

Plain, 25c. Fancy, 35c.



AYVAD MAN'G CO., Hoboken, N. J.

National Park Seminary

For Young Women

Washington, D. C. (Suburbs)
A junior college with preparatory department and two years of collegiate work. All the attractive features of the large and the small school. Prepares young women for useful lives. Full course in Home Economics without extra charge. Music, Painting, Elocution, Floriculture, Arts and Crafts, Secretarial branches, Library methods, Business Law. Modern gymnasium—indoor and open air sports. Bowling, Swimming, Riding. For descriptive volume, address

THE REGISTRAR
National Park Seminary
Box 178, Forest Glen, Md.



NEW JERSEY, Summit.

CARLTON ACADEMY

Upper School for older boys gives thorough preparation for all colleges. Individual attention. Commercial Courses, Athletic Sports. Resident Chaplain. Lower School for younger boys, with Housemother to give personal care. Write for booklet.


CHARLES H. SCHULTZ, A.M., Headmaster.

Perhaps one of your brothers or sisters is going away to School this Fall. Have you told them about the

ST. NICHOLAS School Service

which we have organized to help select just the right school?

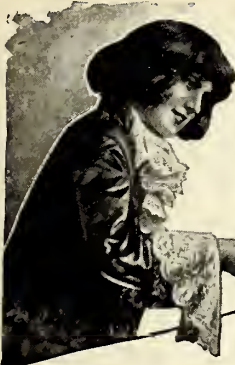
Delivered to You Free

1916 Model  A sample 1916 model "Ranger" bicycle, on approval and 30 DAYS TRIAL and free riding test. Write at once for large illustrated catalog showing complete line of bicycles, tires and supplies, and the most marvelous offer ever made on a bicycle. You will be astonished at our low prices and remarkable terms. RIDER AGENTS Wanted—Boys, make money taking orders for Bicycles, Tires and Sundries from our big catalog. Do Business direct with the leading bicycle house in America. Do not buy until you know what we can do for you. WRITE TO US. MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. B-15, CHICAGO

The **Prophy-lactic** Tooth Brush

Used every day—note how your smile improves





Here's a letter to you from the Royal Purple Page

ROYAL PURPLE GRAPE JUICE

Aug 1, 1915

Dear "St. Nicholas" Girls and Boys:

I hope you're all having a jolly vacation and I want to tell you how you can have even a better one good times for Royal Purple Grape Juice will keep you cool, fresh and full of vim! Drink as much as you want of it, whenever you want it It's good for you

Royal Purple is the pure, sweet, unfermented juice that's squeezed from big, luscious Concord Grapes and it is as healthful as it is delicious

I'm sure Mother will be only too glad, if you ask her, to get some Royal Purple for you. Just try it. Ask her to read this "ad"--bet she'll phone for some right away.

Um-m, but it's good!

Your friend,
"Royal Purple Page"

P.S. - Remind Mother about our new recipe book. Show her the coupon.

If your dealer does not have Royal Purple, ask mother to send \$3 for a case of a dozen pints, shipped prepaid.

J. HUNGERFORD SMITH CO
• ROCHESTER NEW YORK •
MANUFACTURERS OF

True Fruit Flavors
Served at the Best
Fountains to make
the Best Sodas



This Recipe Book and Trial Bottle of Royal Purple Grape Juice Sent to You for 10¢

J. Hungerford Smith Co.
Rochester, N. Y. 45

I enclose 10c for my Trial Bottle of Royal Purple and free Recipe Book (If space for name, etc., is insufficient, continue on margin.)

Name.....
Address.....

Please write dealer's name in margin.

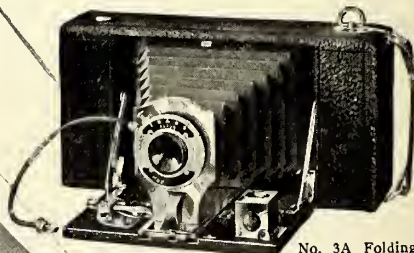
ANSCO CAMERAS & FILM

THE simple but efficient mechanism of AnSCO Cameras has earned the title "The Amateur Camera of Professional Quality." This is another way of saying that any amateur, by following directions, can get *professional* results with an AnSCO.

The all-star team that completely removes the element of chance in amateur photography is composed of: an AnSCO Camera; AnSCO Film, the court-decreed *original* film; and Cyko, the prize-winning paper.

AnSCO Cameras are \$2 to \$55. See the assortment at your dealer's. Catalog from him or us, free upon request.

Write us for specimen picture taken with model you contemplate buying.



No. 3A Folding Buster Brown, \$10. Pictures, 3 1/4 x 5 1/2 in. (postcard size). Smaller Folding Buster Browns, \$9, \$8 and \$6.

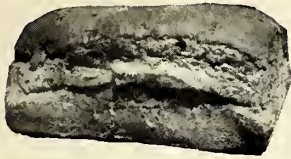


The Sign of the AnSCO Dealer

Millions of dollars were recently awarded in a suit for infringement upon AnSCO patent rights, establishing AnSCO Film legally as the original film.



ANSCO COMPANY BINGHAMTON NEW YORK



You Eat Bread

Made of part of the wheat. Puffed Wheat is whole wheat, and four times as porous. For serving in milk, imagine how much better are these bubbles of whole grain. And how much more delicious.

You Eat Toast

Because toasting aids digestion. But toast gets little toasting. Puffed Wheat and Rice, before the grains are exploded, are rolled for one hour in 550 degrees of heat.

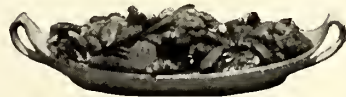


You Eat Crackers

Puffed Grains are crisper, flakier, and they have enticing flavor. Again, they are whole grains made wholly digestible. Don't you think them better for a bedtime dish in milk? Or for wafers in your soups?

You Eat Nuts

Puffed Wheat and Rice taste like nut-meats toasted. They are porous, yet crisp. They are better in candy—better as garnish for ice cream. And better, doused with melted butter, for hungry children to carry when at play.



Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in Extreme West

CORN
PUFFS
15¢



Think of these as all-day foods, not morning foods alone. Think of them as tit-bits, too.

Served with sugar and cream they are luxuries, or mixed with the morning fruit. But they are also confections, to be eaten dry. They are wonderful in milk. Between meals or at bedtime there is nothing else so fit.

For these grains are steam exploded. Every food cell is broken by Prof. Anderson's process. They do not tax the stomach. Every atom feeds.

They are ideal foods—the best you'll find—both for goodness and for good. In summertime keep plenty of each on hand. Everybody wants them.

The Quaker Oats Company

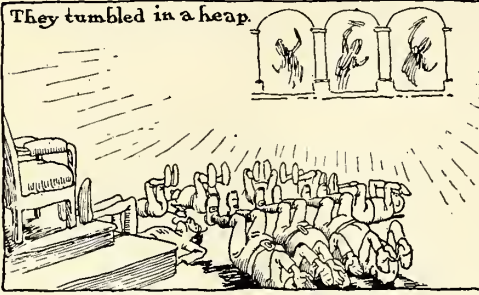
Sole Makers

(953)

MORE ADVENTURES OF IVORY SHIP.

Chapter 8.
News of the
Robber Baron.

They tumbled in a heap.



OF all the strange adventures which our little friends had had, this was the worst, for Baron Dirt was so extremely bad. The Dragon still was hopeful, for he said, "Just look and see what IVORY SOAP, applied with care, can make of beasts like me! It's very plain that Baron Dirt can never stand the light; as soon as sunshine touches him away will go his might. Let's open up the massive doors and let the sunshine in. Let's wash the windows shining clean and see how soon we'll win."

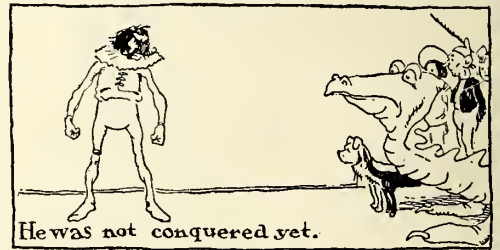
As IVORY SOAP suds touched the glass, the sun went streaming through. The Baron shivered in his boots, his minions shivered, too, they tumbled



It was a great procession.

weakly in a heap upon the donjon floor, as for the Baron, all *he* did was just to feebly roar. Outside where our besieging band was working with a will, Puss fought with twenty grimy cats and chased them down the hill. The dirt upon the massive doors was quite beyond belief, and when our heroes found the knobs, it was a great relief. Said Gnist, "Now when we enter here, let's do it with some style, and march with IVORY dignity, let no one dare to smile!"

It was a great procession which the IVORY banner led, Gnist held it firmly as



he strode quite gravely at the head. And next came Bob and Betty with Snip dog, and Yow, the cat, then Dragon came, and, on his back, the children calmly sat. The robber you would not have known although you've heard the truth, how IVORY scrubs had made of him a gentleman, forsooth. When Baron saw that clean parade he made a furious fuss, and with his puny strength he cursed these doings infamous. Although they had disarmed him, still, he was not conquered yet. His was the deepest wickedness that they had ever met! So, ere the slaves recovered from the sudden shining light, our heroes had prepared themselves with IVORY for the fight.

*Gnist Gnome and Bob and Betty were not worried for they knew
As well as we, what IVORY SOAP and cheerfulness can do.*

THIS PAGE IS
REPRODUCED BY
SPECIAL PERMIS-
SION OF "JOHN
MARTIN'S BOOK"
(A MAGAZINE FOR
LITTLECHILDREN)

IVORY SOAP IT FLOATS



Through Your Pantry Door To The Grocery Store



—all
Libby's

A pantry with shelves well stocked with Libby products is a powerful testimonial to the good judgment of the mistress of the home.

Every demand of convenience and economy is fully met. The Libby standard of quality is known and appreciated over the entire civilized world.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago



Coffee DOES hurt some people and hurt
them HARD—

“There’s a Reason”

See how the old “go” and “feel good” comes
back when you quit coffee ten days and use

POSTUM

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The Century Co. and its editors receive manuscripts and art material, submitted for publication, only on the understanding that they shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while in their possession or in transit. Copies of manuscripts should be retained by the authors.

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ST. NICHOLAS NEWS NOTES

THE OCTOBER NUMBER



NATIONAL STARS OF THE GRIDIRON

The first of two articles by Parke H. Davis, author of "Foot-ball, the American Intercollegiate Game" and Representative of Princeton University on the Rules Committee. The great players of the country, says the author, are fairly well distributed throughout the country and the colleges of the country, and a majority of them are the products of small city high schools. Mr. Davis made a point of searching out and interviewing the greatest players, obtaining from each the story of his athletic career and his picture in foot-ball togs. The illustration above is a sample of twenty or thirty.

CITIES OF SALT

In Galicia, where the Russian and German armies are now fighting, there are great salt mines, mines of an almost infinite value, which have already become a prize of war. Hidden away in these mines is one of the wonders of the world—an underground city of salt. Roads, houses, monuments, ball-rooms, staircases, and even chandeliers hewn out of the rock-salt, and commemorating the art and industry of many centuries, are to be found in this marvelous city about which Harold J. Shepstone has written an article. Some photographs of special interest are promised with it.

A WINTER CAMP

A happy idea worked out and put into action at a Rhode Island school, enabling boys to have all the fun and all the advantages of an adventurous out-of-door life during the school year. The photographs will stir other boys and perhaps other schools to do likewise.

THE ST. NICHOLAS WATCH TOWER

The Watch Tower, Dr. S. E. Forman's new department, will evidently be of great service to parents and teachers as well as to boys and girls themselves, because, as Dr. Forman so aptly says: "An event is truly great and truly important when it leads to other events, when it makes some change in human affairs. An event that makes no great change in things, that leaves the world about as it would have been if the event had never happened, can hardly be called a great event." The chief aim of the Watch Tower is to record great events of this kind—that will really affect the history of the coming years.

A FAMILY CONSPIRACY

One of the home-y and wholesome stories for "all the family" which are constantly appearing in ST. NICHOLAS. The "conspiracy" in this instance is a very natural and beautiful one, and it takes its "victim" all across the continent.

THE UNGRATEFUL MAN

A great story of old days retold in a manner that will appeal to the youngsters of to-day.

THE LOST PRINCE

Marco and The Rat make another journey to Samavia, but this time a very different visit from their first. The surprise that awaits them there is the climax of Mrs. Burnett's beautiful romance.

PEG O' THE RING

Peg's last quest ends happily and the mystery of Little Jacky's disappearance is solved.

TOMMY AND THE WISHING-STONE

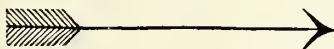
Tommy again visits the great woods and learns what it is like to be a bear. He discovers that animals are shy through fear of men, and resolves that they shall in future have nothing to fear from him.

CHAINED LIGHTNING

The boys are successful in their search and, against terrible odds, succeed in making a triumphant escape.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER \$1 FIVE NUMBERS OF ST. NICHOLAS FOR

These two pages will be read by many a boy and girl to whom ST. NICHOLAS does not come regularly. Why not have it come to your own house, addressed in your own name, every time it appears? Then you'd never miss an instalment of a story, and you'd have after a while a rich treasury of reading that you could turn back to time and again for entertainment, a treasury of reading that would be a delight to visiting friends. Fill out the coupon, pin a dollar bill on it and send it in.



ST. NICHOLAS
353 Fourth Ave.,
New York City

Gentlemen:

I want to take advantage of your special introductory offer. Please find enclosed \$1.00, for which send ST. NICHOLAS for five months, beginning with the.....number, to

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

(ST. N-9)

Standard Books

for

Girls and Boys

Cut out
this page
and save it



For holidays
and
birthdays

The Arthur Rackham Mother Goose

A lovely gift edition of the old nursery rhymes, with pictures in color and black and white, by Arthur Rackham. *Price \$2.50 net, postage 12 cents.*

Art Crafts for Beginners

By Frank G. Sanford. Illustrated. A complete manual on wood-working, pyrography, sheet-metal working, book-binding, etc. *Price \$1.20 net, postage 6 cents.*

Baby Days

Edited by Mary Mapes Dodge. Stories, jingles and pictures, selected from *St. Nicholas* for the very youngest. Many pictures. *Price \$1.50.*

The Bible for Young People

Arranged from the King James Version. With illustrations from the old masters and beautifully made and bound. *Price \$1.50 net, postage 12 cents.*

The Biography of a Grizzly

By Ernest Thompson Seton. Delightfully illustrated by the author. *Price \$1.50.*

The Biography of a Silver Fox

By Ernest Thompson Seton. With one hundred illustrations by the artist-author. Charming printed and bound. *Price \$1.50.*

The Book of the Ocean

By Ernest Ingersoll. Attractively illustrated. A treasure-house of facts, fancies and legends relating to the salt sea. *Price \$1.50.*

Box Furniture: How to Make 100

Useful Articles for the Home

By Louise Brigham. Twenty-two full-page illustrations and over 140 working illustrations. *Price \$1.60 net, postage 10 cents.*

The Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes

By Francis Arnold Collins. Many pictures. All about how to make aeroplane models and how to fly them. *Price \$1.20 net, postage 10 cents.*

Careers of Danger and Daring

By Cleveland Moffett. With illustrations. Stories of steeple-climbers, engineers, divers, and many other men who do daring deeds. *Price \$1.50.*

Electricity for Everybody

By Phillip Atkinson. Readable information of the nature and uses of electricity. *Price \$1.50 net, postage 10 cents.*

Æsop's Fables

Printed in two colors. Forty illustrations by E. Boyd Smith. An attractive gift-book edition of a favorite and always popular classic. *Price \$2.00 net, postage 10 cents.*

Fighting a Fire

By Charles T. Hill. Illustrated. A graphic and interesting picture of the heroism of a fireman's life. *Price \$1.50.*

Hero Tales from American History

By Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge. Illustrated. Twenty-six stories, including descriptions of the battles of New Orleans, Bennington, and Trenton, sketches of the life of Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett, and other heroes. *Price \$1.50.*

Jataka Tales

Retold from the sacred books of the Buddhists by Ellen C. Babbitt. Thirty-six clever pictures in silhouette. *Price \$1.00 net, postage 6 cents.*

The Land of Pluck

By Mary Mapes Dodge. Richly illustrated. A book for thoughtful and appreciative girls. *Price \$1.50.*

Magicians' Tricks.

By Henry Hatton and Adrian Plate, well-known magicians. Full instructions how to perform successfully all kinds of tricks. *Price \$1.60 net, postage 12 cents.*

Mary's Garden and How it Grew

By Frances Duncan. Illustrated. It tells all the practical details of garden-making in the form of a story. *Price \$1.25.*

More than Conquerors

By Ariadne Gilbert. An unusual and inspiring book of biography. *Price \$1.25 net, postage 10 cents.*

The Pilgrim's Progress

John Bunyan's great classic issued in very beautiful form with 120 designs done by the brothers Rhead. Every page illuminated. *Price \$1.50 net.*

The Training of Wild Animals

By Frank C. Bostock. Edited by Ellen Velvin, F. Z. S. Thirty-six full-page pictures. *Price \$1.00 net, postage 6 cents.*

Three Years Behind the Guns

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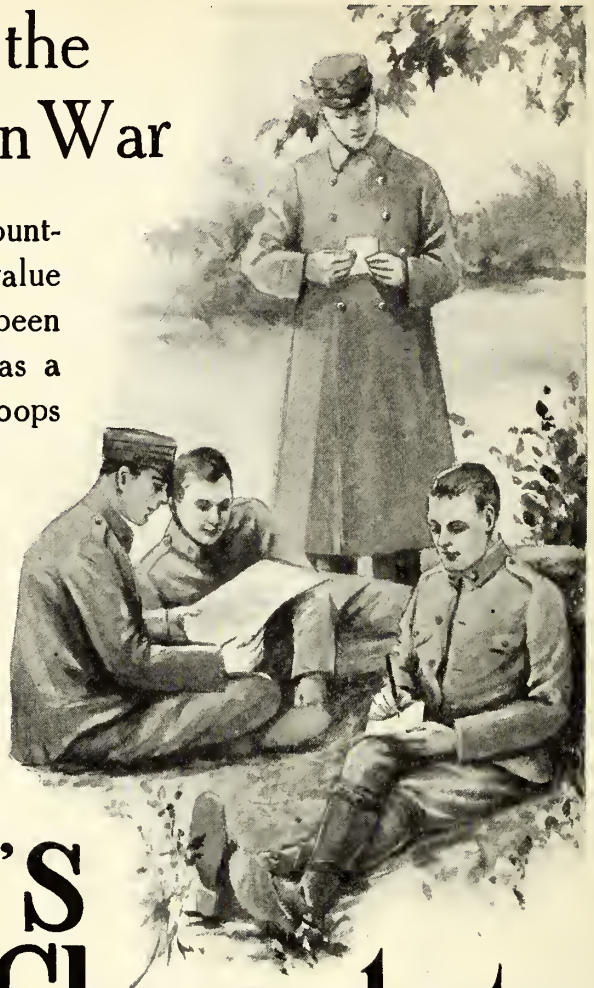
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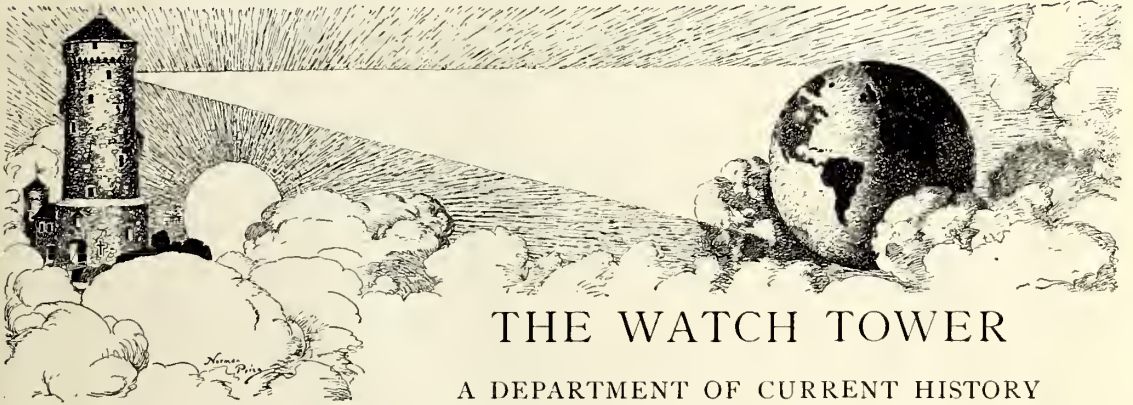
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THE WATCH TOWER

A DEPARTMENT OF CURRENT HISTORY

CONDUCTED BY S. E. FORMAN

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

[BEGINNING with this number, ST. NICHOLAS will have a special Department in which American boys and girls can learn month by month much about the great things that are happening in all parts of the globe. The Department will be called THE WATCH TOWER, because Dr. Forman will watch, as from a tower, what is going on in the world, and will explain for young folk what he sees. Our readers will find his story of each month both interesting and profitable —EDITOR.]

A FOREWORD

IN this number you can learn of the great events which occurred in the month of July. But before I begin with the events themselves, I wish to say a few words about the purpose of our new Department.

In the great Library of Congress at Washington, stacked high upon hundreds of shelves, you may see thousands of newspapers, which are sent to the Library from all parts of the world. In the columns of these newspapers there are recorded millions of events which are occurring day by day in our own country and in other countries. But no person could learn of all these events, for it would take a lifetime to read of the things that happen in a single day. So THE

WATCH TOWER will not attempt to tell you of everything that happens, for of the millions of events that occur every day in the world not one in a thousand—no, not one in a hundred thousand—is important enough to receive attention in this Department. For here you are to read only of *great* events, of events that are of the highest and greatest importance.

And what is such an event? An event is truly great and truly important when it leads to other events, when it makes some *change* in human affairs. An event that makes no great change in things, that leaves the world about as it would have been if the event had never happened, can hardly be called a great event.

The difference between a great event and one that is not great may be made plain by an illus-

tration: Let us suppose that in New York City or Chicago a building sixty-five stories high has been erected. In these days the erection of such a structure would not be an event of very great importance, for such a building would not change anything very much; it would simply be a little taller than some other very tall sky-scraper. But let us suppose that in New York or Chicago a building of sixty-five stories should topple over and it could be shown conclusively that it fell because it was run up too high. Now the falling of this building would be a great event, for doubtless the catastrophe would make men afraid to put up any more sky-scrapers sixty-five stories high and thereafter they would be content with buildings not so tall. In other words, the accident would lead to a change in the manner of erecting buildings; and because it led to this change, it would be a truly great event. And this is the kind of event that we shall select for notice in our new Department—the things that are truly great, the things that are making important changes in the affairs of the world.

As you read *THE WATCH TOWER*, you will know that you are learning a certain kind of history, for there is more than one kind of history. The history which you study in school tells you of what happened in the years and centuries that have gone by. It shows you how one great event in the past has followed another, and how all the events have rolled on together and have made the world which we now see around us. Thus the history which we study in school is the history of the past; and the purpose of this kind of history is to explain the present, to explain how

the world of to-day has come to be what it is. But there is another kind of history which tells us of things which are happening in our own times and under our own eyes. This may be called *current* history, because it tells us of events that are *running* or *flowing by*, the word "*current*" meaning "*running*" or "*flowing by*." Or it may be called "*contemporary history*," because it gives an account of our own times, the word "*contemporary*" meaning "*in our own time*." Whatever we may call this second kind of history it is present-day history. This is the kind of history you will be learning when you read *THE WATCH TOWER*—the history of the present.

And what is the purpose of such present-day history? Its main purpose is to teach you something about the future. Just as the history of the past helps us to understand the present, so does the history of the present help us to take a peep at the future. The things that are happening this week and this month, if they are really great things, will have much to do with the things that will happen in the years that are to come; and if we learn the true meaning of the events of this month, we shall with our mind's eye be able to look ahead and foresee, and better understand, some of the things that are to happen next month and next year. So if you will read these stories in *THE WATCH TOWER* as they appear month by month, you will find that they will be of real use to you in your life; they will try to teach you the true meaning of what is going on in the world at present; and because they will do this, they will give you a broader and a more intelligent outlook upon the future.

THE GREAT WAR IN EUROPE

JULY was the last month of the first year of the great war that broke out in Europe in August, 1914. The fighting during the month was fiercely maintained along all the lines of battle, and the outlook for peace was even darker than it was when the war began. In the west Germany made bold drives against the troops of France and England, but was held in check. Along the southern line the Italian troops pressed hard upon the Austrians and won some victories. In the east the Germans and Austrians struggled with the Russians in the territory of the old Kingdom of Poland. The Russians fell back, and, when the month closed, the roar of German cannon could be heard in the city of Warsaw. The fighting in Poland was one of the saddest sights of the war. In the Russian ranks there were nearly a million Poles, and in the German and Austrian

ranks there were nearly as many. Thus the contest in Poland was in a large measure a struggle of Pole against Pole, of fellow-countryman against fellow-countryman, of brother against brother. And a terrible struggle it was! Reports tell us that poor Poland has suffered even more than Belgium. But Belgium was made desolate by the soldiers of another country, while Poland was laid in ruins largely by her own sons.

During the month we began to learn something of the cost of the war. We learned that during the first year the ten nations engaged spent nearly \$20,000,000,000. No mind can fully grasp the meaning of such a figure as this. Twenty thousand millions of dollars is a sum much greater than the combined values of all the property in the cities of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, Baltimore, Cleveland, and Detroit. The daily cost of the war has been from \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000. This means that every day

the war cost nearly as much money as the entire city of Savannah is worth. But the cost in human life has been so great that the heart is made sad when the story is told. During the awful year at least 7,000,000 men were killed or wounded. Seven millions of the best men in Europe! When we think of the brave men who were killed, we must at the same time think of the millions of women who were made widows, of the millions of children who were made orphans, of the millions of fortunes that were shattered, and of the millions whose health was broken by the hardships of war. Then, too, we must think of the hundreds of towns and cities that were laid in ruins and of the millions of acres of good land that were torn up and rendered unfit for cultivation by the digging of trenches. Death, debt, and devastation—these have always been the price paid for war; but never in the history of the world has the price been so high as it was in the first year of the present vast conflict.

THE TROUBLE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND GERMANY

THROUGHOUT July the people of the United States had their eyes fixed upon their President, watching his course in respect to the trouble which arose with Germany over the tragic sinking of the *Lusitania*.

About the tenth of the month, the President received a reply to the last note which he had sent to Germany. In that note the President had asked the German government to give the United States government assurances that merchant vessels with Americans on board would not again be destroyed by German submarines unless warning was first given and the Americans were allowed to escape with their lives. The President asked this because it is a rule of international law that, when a war vessel attacks a merchant vessel, it

must not sink the vessel until it has given a warning, made a search, and provided for the safety of innocent persons who may be on board. The reply of Germany was found by the President to be unsatisfactory because the German government failed to give the assurances for which our government asked. On July 21 President Wilson



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AUSTRIAN TRENCHES IN RUSSIAN POLAND, SHOWING THE LAND TORN UP AND RENDERED UNFIT FOR CULTIVATION.

sent another note which repeated the request and which stated in the strongest words that, if Germany continued to destroy the lives of Americans in the way her submarines had been destroying them, her action would be regarded by our government as "deliberately unfriendly." This last note of the President caused the people to think more seriously about the war than they had ever thought before. They saw that if German submarines should continue to sink merchant ships without giving warning and as a result more American lives should be lost, Germany would become an "unfriendly" nation; and they knew that when two nations are unfriendly it is very easy for them to come to blows. So at the end of the month the people were beginning to wonder if the United States and Germany would go to war.

Throughout the land we knew that the President did not want war and would not have war if he could prevent it. At the same time we felt that he would uphold the rights of American citizens.

A LARGER ARMY AND A STRONGER NAVY

FOR a good many months there has been talk about increasing the size of the regular army of the United States. In July the air was full of such talk. In all parts of the country newspapers, magazines, and prominent men were saying that the United States ought to have an army large enough to defend itself against any nation that might attack us. Up to this time in our history we have not thought it wise to keep a large army in times of peace. Our present land force numbers less than 100,000 men, and it is probable that we could not throw more than 60,000 trained men against an enemy. But many people are beginning to think that the time has come when we must prepare for war on a large scale. Those who think in this way point to little Switzerland, which has an army three times as large as ours although the population of Switzerland is not one twentieth as large as that of the United States. If we were as well armed as Switzerland in proportion to our size, we should be able to put into the field a force of 10,000,000 men. Switzerland, because of its fine army, has been called a porcupine with all its quills standing out ready for fighting. What an enormous porcupine our country would be if we had an army of 10,000,000 men! Perhaps very few would want an army as large as that. Such an army would make us a nation of warriors, whereas we want to remain what we have always been, a nation of workers. What is asked for is an "adequate army," that is, an army that would be large enough to defeat any nation that we are likely to have war with. How large is this "adequate army" to be? This is a most important question, but it is a question upon which there is little agreement. Admiral Dewey thinks we ought to have enough trained soldiers to meet any first-class power on equal terms. This would mean an army of several millions of men. Many think that 500,000 men or even 250,000 would be enough.

Whether we are to have a large standing army or not is a question that must be answered by Congress. It is likely that the President will soon ask Congress to provide for a much larger army than we now have. To comply with the wishes of the President will require much money, for it costs an enormous amount of money to support a large standing army. Next to war itself, preparation for war is one of the costliest things in the world. We are already spending more than a hundred millions of dollars for the support of the little army that we have. If we

increase the army, taxpayers must expect to find their taxes higher. Give us a large standing army and up will go the tariff, the corporation tax, the income tax, and all other taxes. Still, if Congress sees real danger ahead, it will not count the cost but will cheerfully vote the President enough money to raise an army large enough for the country's defense.

But unless the danger is very real, it would not be strange if there should be some opposition to the plan for increasing the army, for many people are bitterly opposed to large standing armies and refuse to believe that we are in any danger of being attacked. These people say that we are not likely to be attacked by our neighbors on this side of the ocean, and they point to the fact that the great nations on the other side of the ocean are killing off their best soldiers by the millions and are piling up their debts by the billions, and they say that, by the time the present war is over, every great nation in Europe will be so weak and crippled and so burdened by debt that it will not want to go to war again for a very, very long time. Moreover, those who are opposed to a large army contend that we have two friends that are more powerful than armies, one of these friends being the broad Atlantic and the other the still broader Pacific. They mean, of course, that, if a nation of Europe or of Asia should make war upon us, it would have to send its armies thousands of miles across one of these oceans, and that troops in large numbers would not be able to reach our shores, for far out at sea they would be attacked by deadly submarines and sent to a watery grave.

Along with the talk of increasing the army there was talk of building up a stronger navy. About the middle of the month, Mr. Daniels, the Secretary of the Navy, began plans for creating a naval advisory board composed of the great scientists and inventors. The chief task of this board will be to help the navy in its efforts to build boats and machines that will meet the needs of the time. It is the opinion of the Secretary and others that the war in Europe has shown that, in the future, battle-ships and cruisers will not be as important in naval warfare as they have been in the past. It is believed that fighting on the seas will be done by new kinds of naval machines, and it is for the purpose of inventing such machines that the board of naval experts has been created. Among the members of the board are some of the greatest inventors the world has ever seen. Thomas A. Edison is to be the chairman of the board. Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, will also serve on it. These men, who have given the

world so many excellent useful inventions, will now turn their great minds to the invention of machines of destruction. But this does not mean that their inventions will ever result in the death of human beings, for the machines may never be brought into action. Indeed, the inventors themselves would prefer that their wonderful machines should rust and fall to pieces unused, rather than that they should be used in actual warfare.

One of the things which the board of naval experts will try to do will be to improve the submarine, for at present this "under-sea" vessel seems to be the king of the waters and every nation is trying to get the best kind of submarine. Our navy is already showing that it is not behind the times in this matter. In July one of our new submarines, G-3, made a test which showed that it could cross the Atlantic, do what it was sent to do, and return without stopping for a new supply of fuel. Seven submarines of the pattern of G-3 are now being built for Uncle Sam's navy. Their inventor, Mr. Simon Lake, says: "When the new boats are finished, in about a year and a half, they will be a match for any submarines in the world."

Besides improving the submarine which sends out its torpedoes under water, our navy is planning to make use of aerial torpedo-boats which have been invented by Rear-Admiral Fiske of the Naval Training Station and War College at Newport. This new kind of airship carries a torpedo from the shore toward an approaching battle-ship and discharges it above water practically as the submarine discharges the torpedo under water. No wonder men think that the battle-ship is doomed when it is to be attacked by torpedoes from both above and below!

UNREST AMONG WORKING-MEN

DURING the month there was widespread unrest among working-men. In all parts of the country—in all parts of the world in fact—there were strikes and disputes about hours and wages. In Bayonne, New Jersey, where 5000 oil workers struck for higher wages, there was rioting and

loss of life. The greatest trouble was among the men who are working in the factories that are furnishing arms and ammunition for the war in Europe. The orders for powder, shells, and rifles have been greater than American manufacturers ever dreamed of having. One company is said to have orders amounting to more than \$50,000,000. In several cases it has been necessary to build larger factories. In Virginia a new powder-plant was built in a place where there were only a few houses, but so great was the



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THOMAS A. EDISON AND SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, JOSEPHUS DANIELS, AT WEST ORANGE, N. J.

business of the company that in a few months a city of nearly 40,000 inhabitants was built up around the new factory. The city arose so quickly that it seemed to be built by the hands of fairies. The workmen in many of these factories felt that their employers were making immense profits on the sale of the arms and ammunition and they demanded a share in these profits. In a number of cases increased wages were granted without a strike. In Bridgeport, Connecticut, there was a demand for shorter hours and higher wages. A big strike was threatened, but, before the men walked out, their wages were increased and the hours of labor were reduced. When the disputes in the ammunition factories were set-

tled, the labor-leaders announced that in a short time workmen in all the factories of New England, about 600,000 in number, would demand an eight-hour day. This demand, they said, would be the first step in a movement to secure an eight-hour day in every factory in the country. So the month closed with signs that there were serious labor troubles ahead.

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT

IN the United States there are many thousands of people who are striving in one way or another to improve the world and make it a better place in which to live. In our WATCH TOWER we shall be always on the lookout for the great things that are done by those who are working for the welfare of mankind, and shall take great pleasure in giving an account of what is accomplished.

In July the most important event in the field of social betterment was a convention of the Anti-Saloon League which met at Atlantic City. At the great convention there were 5000 delegates who came from every State in the Union. At some of the meetings of the convention there were nearly 10,000 people present. The main purpose of the Anti-Saloon League is to make war upon the saloon and drive it out of the country. At the convention it was announced that

has already helped to drive the saloon out of eighteen States, and it has strong hopes that several more States will soon vote for prohibition. Many of the States that have voted for prohibition are States in which women have the right to vote. This was pointed out in the convention, and it was claimed that prohibition and woman suffrage go hand in hand. The convention rose to its feet and cheered wildly when one of the speakers recited this verse:

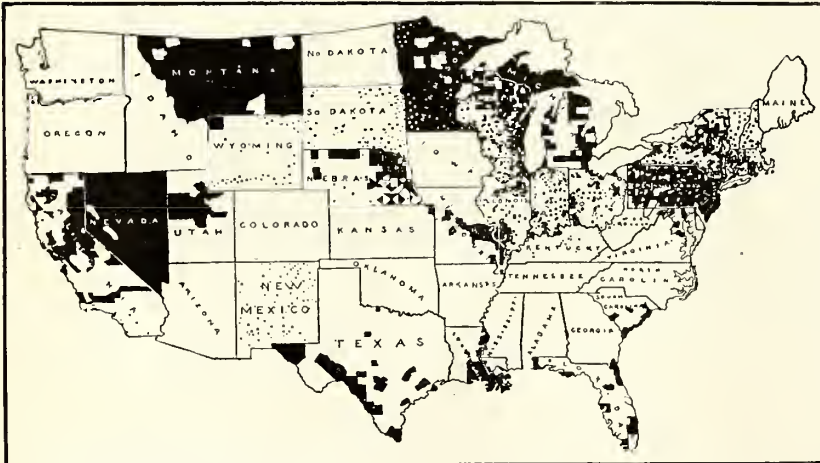
Mary had a little *vote*
That roamed the State about;
And everywhere that Mary went
John Barleycorn went out.

“LOCKING THE STABLE DOOR AFTER THE HORSE IS STOLEN”

AFTER the *Eastland* turned turtle in the harbor at Chicago and eight hundred passengers were drowned, there were brought to light facts which showed plainly that the vessel was built in a faulty manner and was so unstable, so top-heavy, that it ought never to have been used as an excursion-boat. Then why was it used? Because, we are told, there is no law to prevent unstable boats from carrying passengers. Now that these facts have been brought to light, everybody is demanding laws that will provide for the safety

of excursionists. This is like locking the door of the stable after the horse has been stolen. The time for preventing the horrible accident which happened at Chicago was years ago when it was first learned that the *Eastland* was top-heavy and an unsafe boat. Just as soon as that fact was known, the officers who have charge of such things should have done everything possible to prevent the *Eastland* from carrying a large number of passengers. If there were no laws to prevent, then these officers should have asked Congress to

pass such a law. Here is where the responsibility lies—with the law-makers and with the officers who enforce the laws. Officers of the law knew that the *Eastland* was unsafe, yet year after year the “cranky” vessel was allowed to go on carrying great loads of passengers.



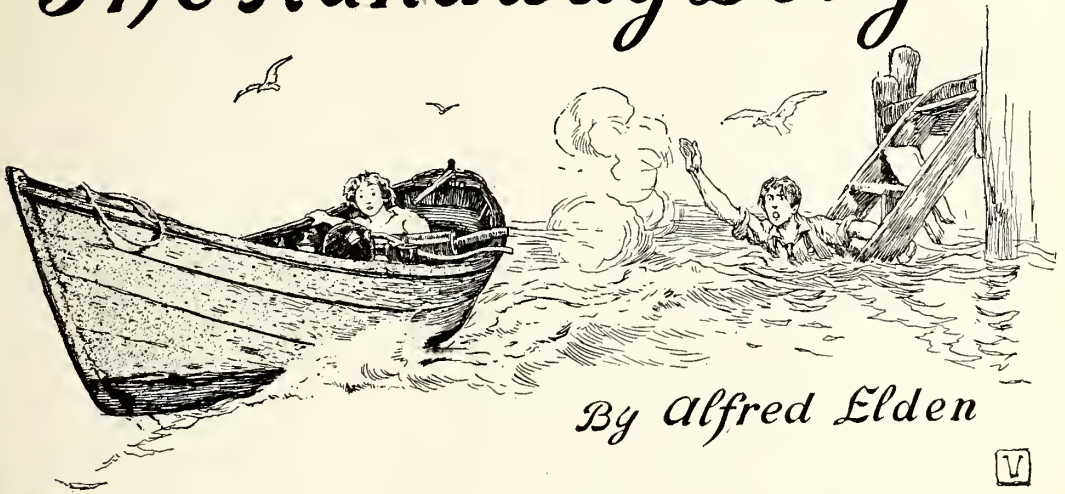
Courtesy of Anti-Saloon League.

MAP OF THE UNITED STATES, SHOWING PROGRESS OF THE PROHIBITION MOVEMENT.

The black areas are the “wet” spots on the map, the white are the “dry.” States which, up to April, 1915, have voted for prohibition, but where the law has not yet gone into effect, are included in the dry areas.

the League would not only fight the saloon, but it would oppose and help to defeat any candidate for public office who was known to be friendly to the saloon. This means a great deal to every candidate, whether Democrat or Republican, for the League is very powerful and determined. It

The Runaway Dory



By Alfred Elden

V

NOW sit tight, kiddie, until I drop this bag of sand in," admonished Jack Maxon to his five-year-old sister Bess sitting in the little power-dory at the foot of the slimy steps.

"All right, Jackie," piped Bess, in her childish treble; "sister 's waiting for you."

Jack Maxon was a strong youth for his age, having just turned his seventeenth birthday, but the big bag of white sea-sand he had obtained from the glistening beach at Crab Island was heavy, and he staggered under its weight as he picked his way down the rotting steps which led into the water from the old ramshackle wharf. The summer folks seldom came to this end of Crab Island, for the steamboat landing and the hotel were at the Western Point, and the crude wharf that had been built by the fishermen before the advent of the vacationists was now seldom used.

But Jack's mother knew that for scouring the kitchen floor nothing quite equaled the fine dry sand on the East Beach at Crab Island. And when the supply ran short, it was one of Jack's tasks, an agreeable one to be sure, to replenish it.

He took Bess with him everywhere in his power-dory, for she was an excellent sailor. She was never frightened, always sat where she was told to sit, and had the most implicit confidence in brother Jackie's ability to take her to and from any destination in the Big South Reach. Nor was it misplaced confidence, for the sons of Maine fishermen generally are as at home in a boat as the average farmer's boy is on a horse, and Jack Maxon was no exception to this rule.

During the school vacations he always went lobstering with his father, and Jacob Maxon soon taught his boy all the tricks of the trade. By the time he was twelve Jack could build a lobster-trap equal to any his father put together. He knew all about the proper kind of spruce saplings to cut for his end bows, and how to fashion his buoys and carve his name on them as the law required. He could even knit the heads and fasten them properly in place. So proficient did he become that Jacob bought him a dory when he was fourteen, and near Riggsport Jack had his own little gang of a dozen or so traps, which he baited and hauled as regularly as his father did the hundred or more he had set on a trawl farther off shore.

The motor was something new. Jack had saved every penny he could earn for it; but when the first of June came, he was still twenty-five dollars short of the required amount. Rather than have him lose the pleasure of another summer, Jacob Maxon had generously made up the deficiency, for he had learned, through the medium of his own big motor-Hampton, that the power-propelled craft is a business proposition,—a necessity, not a luxury, to the modern lobster-fisherman.

Jack left his motor running, with the clutch thrown into neutral, when he said good-bye to Bess and went after the sand. He would be absent only a few minutes, and he thought it hardly worth while to open the switch. He stopped on the third step from the water to rest a moment, and, looking off into the open Atlantic, noticed the white-winged coasters coming in, while the tang of the east wind was strong in his nostrils.

"Looks like a spell o' fog, kiddie," he grunted, as he lifted the bag preparatory to tossing it into the dory. "I 'll just heave this old Crab Island sand in there and we 'll send her over those three miles to Riggsport before any bad weather strikes us. Yo ho! Heave ho! Here she comes!" and he launched the bag at the stern of the dory.

As he gave the toss, there came a splintering sound, a splash, and Jack was struggling in the deep water under the wharf! The step had given way under his weight. Ordinarily a ducking would not have bothered him, for he could handle himself like a diving-loon in the water. But terrifying things were happening in the little power-dory. The breaking step had disconcerted Jack's aim, and the bag of sand, instead of falling in the stern, had landed squarely against the clutch, throwing it into the forward gear as truly as Jack's hand could have done it. As the water churned under her stern, the frail craft gave a plunge forward, snapped like a string the six-thread lobster-warp Jack had twisted around the old cleat, and chugged cheerily off—straight for the open ocean.

In a frenzy, Jack splashed around to the front of the steps, hauled himself out, and shouted at the top of his lungs: "Open the switch, Bess! Quick! Quick! Open the switch!"

But the wind was against Jack, and the smart little dory already was three or four hundred yards away. Moreover, the child did not know a switch from a carbureter. Beside himself with fear and excitement, Jack realized the gravity of the situation. The tank had been filled that morning, and, as the engine was lubricated by pouring the cylinder-oil directly into the gasoline rather than by feed cups, there was no possibility of the motor heating and refusing duty. For the first time in his life, he prayed that the engine might balk. But he knew its reliability only too well. Barring accidents, it would run for hours. Barring accidents! Jack turned pale at the thought. What perils might not be awaiting little Bess alone in the tiny dory with an open ocean and an increasing east wind confronting her?

Jack staggered up the shaky steps and quickly picked his way across the insecure planking. Wiping the blinding tears from his eyes, he looked once more at the rapidly receding dory. Already it was growing smaller, and he could just make out little Bess sitting bolt upright on the midship thwart, her flaxen hair showing plainly against the leaden background of the lowering sea and sky.

"She does n't realize, she does n't realize!" moaned the boy, and he started to run for help as fast as his water-soaked garments would permit.

It was full three miles to the western end of the island, where he would find the hotel, the cottages, and the boats which could give him assistance. And what might not happen to little Bess before he could cover the distance! Jack knew he must not keep up the mad pace he had struck, for already his breath was coming in short quick gasps, so he slowed down to a dog-trot, realizing that he would be better off in the end. Suddenly he stopped and looked down to the shore. There in little Gull Cove, bobbing easily at her moorings, was a handsome runabout. Jack gave an exultant shout and started like mad down over the bank for the only cottage in sight. It was owned by Mr. Derry, a Philadelphia merchant, who spent his vacations at Crab Island and had selected this out-of-the-way cove as an ideal place for rest. Jack had not thought of him. He seldom came until the latter part of July and it was now no more than mid-June. But there was the speedy runabout, and there was smoke curling from the cottage chimney.

Jack dashed up the cottage steps and pounded loudly on the door. As he did so, a white card fluttered to his feet. He picked it up and read: "Gone over to the city. Will be back on 5 o'clock boat." There could be no help from Mr. Derry then! Jack felt strangely weak as he hurried down the steps. The shock of falling overboard, the excitement, and the strain of his unusual physical exertion were telling on him. But this would not do. He must continue his painful run.

Just then his eyes rested on the runabout again. Why could he not take it himself and go to Bess's rescue? He had never run the engine, but he had frequently been for a spin with Mr. Derry in summers past and felt sure he could manage it. It was a case of life and death. Surely there was no harm in it, there was nothing else for him to do, nothing else to be done. Mr. Derry would never call it stealing. So Jack argued with himself, but with Bess's life, perhaps, hanging in the balance, he already had his mind made up and with nervous fingers was untying the painter on the little landing-skiff. Dragging it to the water, he was soon alongside the runabout.

As Jack clambered aboard, his hand rested on one of the cylinders of the fourteen horse-power motor. It was noticeably warm. This was decidedly encouraging. It indicated that the craft was in running order and that Mr. Derry must have been trying out the motor that very morning. Seizing the starting-lever, Jack pushed it into the ratchet as he had seen Mr. Derry do, closed the switch, and turned over the big fly-wheel. Nothing happened. Again and again the boy pulled and fumed at the lever, but the heavy

fly-wheel ceased to move when he ceased his exertions. What could be the matter?

"I'm a fool!" exclaimed Jack, suddenly, as he scrambled forward. "Who could expect an engine to go without gas?" Opening the globe-valve under the forward deck he tried again, this time with better results. The motor picked up its cycles the first time Jack brought the wheel over the center. He soon had it adjusted and running smoothly. Then, giving the hard grease-cups a turn, he tossed off the mooring-painter, slowly threw in the clutch, and the runabout shot out of Gull Cove like a thing of life.

Rounding the Eastern Point, Jack headed for the open ocean and little Bess. Standing erect he peered ahead. There he made out a tiny dark object two or three miles distant which he knew to be the runaway dory and its precious human freight.

"A stern-chase ought not to be a long chase in this case," mused the lad. "I slowed the dory's motor down a little when I left it to go after the sand, so I don't believe it is making more than four or five miles an hour. This little flyer is doing twelve easily and I guess I could open her up to fourteen; but she's running so slick I won't take any chances of stopping her by monkeying around."

The runabout was fairly eating up the intervening gap between herself and the runaway and Jack began to breathe more easily. It was not going to be such a serious thing after all. He looked ahead again at the dark object which was rapidly assuming the outlines of his dory. Now he could make out a little upright figure on the seat and he knew it to be Bess. She was still all right, and he would soon have her safe in his arms.

But what was this? He strained his eyes ahead. The dory had vanished as if by magic! At the same time the hoarse drone of the fog siren on the Cape shore reached his ears. The fog was rolling in! Already it had enveloped the

dory and Bess. So, too, was the wind increasing, and the slap of the waves against the bow of the runabout grew more vicious each moment, and frequent wisps of stinging spray struck him full in the face, half blinding him with the salty moisture.

Jack's heart sank within him. Then he thought



"HE JUMPED WILDLY INTO THE AIR, BOTH HANDS OUTSTRETCHED TOWARD THE DORY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

of the compass. If he could keep the runabout headed about as she was he would probably come within sight of the dory again. It gave him a slight feeling of encouragement as he remembered that he had left the steering-tiller in the center notch of the deck-comb. That meant the dory's rudder was straight fore-and-aft. And as the little craft carried but the very slightest port helm, she would not swerve much from a straight course. But it was getting nasty weather off shore, and the swells became higher and higher, longer and longer. The dory would ride them

like a sheldrake, Jack reflected, but the runabout was built more for speed than for seaworthiness and was already beginning to act badly. He slid the cover back from the little brass-bound mahogany binnacle. There was no compass there! Jack then noticed for the first time that much of the regular equipment of the runabout was missing. Mr. Derry had not yet put it aboard. Jack bit his lips until the blood came.

"I must use my wits now. Darling Bess's life depends on me!" muttered the plucky boy, as he strove to keep back the tears. From all around there now came the usual Babel of noise that is synonymous with a foggy day. Hoarse blasts of ocean tugs, shriller alarms from harbor craft scurrying inshore, blatant squawkers and wheezy fish-horns from the coasters and trawlers hastening to reach port before the storm broke, now echoed across the water.

There was a possibility that some of these craft might sight the dory and rescue Bess. But Jack knew that in the thick atmosphere with no signal to make her whereabouts known the chances of this were indeed slight.

The runabout was equipped with an underwater exhaust, but the staccato clicking of the valves, as they seated and unseated, prevented Jack from hearing much of anything outside his own craft. He shut down the covers over the motor. That was better. He held his hands to his ears and listened. Faintly he could make out the rhythmic chug-chug-chug of the dory's motor. He knew its tone as he knew a comrade's voice. It seemed to be off to the starboard a little. He shifted his wheel a trifle and opened the throttle another notch. The runabout leaped forward and nearly poked her nose through a big roller. Jack hastily slowed down.

"That won't do!" he ejaculated. "If she dives into one of those walls of water, she will keep right on to the bottom!"

But nearer and nearer sounded the exhaust and in another moment Jack made out the tiny craft no more than three or four hundred yards ahead. But where was Bess? There was no sign of her! In an agony of fear Jack clutched the spokes of the side steering-wheel. Had she fallen overboard, or had she sunk exhausted to the wet floor-boards? He would soon know. Rapidly the runabout closed up the gap. In another minute it would shoot alongside the dory. Suddenly the motor began skipping and slowing! It would almost stop and then seem to pick up again for a moment, but its struggles became fainter and fainter, more frequent. Jack's heart sank. He was barely holding his own with the dory, and they were still a hundred yards apart.

Running forward he unscrewed the cap to the gasoline tank and peered in. It was too dark to see, but there was a piece of bamboo on the floor evidently used by Mr. Derry for just this purpose. Jack ran it to the bottom of the tank and quickly withdrew it. The end was barely wet half an inch. No gasoline! This settled it. There was nothing more he could do. Yes there was—just one thing.

Like a madman Jack scrambled aft. Past his former seat, just forward of the motor, he crawled, and out on to the flat stern where his eye had fallen upon the brass steering-quadrant to which the tiller ropes were fastened. He could steer by grasping that, and his hundred and forty pounds weight might settle the stern enough to bring the bow a few inches higher. And this, in turn, might give the gasoline-piping from the tank sufficient pitch so that the last few cupfuls of precious fluid at the bottom would flow back to the carburetor and keep the rapidly dying motor alive until he came alongside the dory. It was a logical deduction, for instantly the motor picked up and ran again with its usual smoothness. But Jack knew it was only a temporary makeshift. However, he was now almost up to the dory. As he shot alongside, his heart gave a bound of joy for he looked down on the form of little Bess. Tired out with the fear and excitement of this strange kidnapping, unmindful of the buffetings of the sea, the child lay curled up on the dory's damp bottom, peacefully sleeping.

Just as Jack leaned out to open the dory's switch, the motor in the runabout stopped dead! Never could he tell just what emotions shot through him as the awful silence struck his ear. He gave one spring from the stern to the cockpit, another tremendous one over the engine to the bow, and then, with a last, superhuman effort, jumped wildly into the air, both hands outstretched toward the dory. In that brief second it seemed to Jack the thoughts of a lifetime passed through his brain. If he missed, it probably would mean the end of them all, of everything; Bess, himself, and the two boats. And then his right hand closed over the very sternboard of the dory! He clawed his fingers into the unyielding wood as he was dragged along through the water like a huge fish at the end of a line, but in another second he relieved the awful strain by getting a reinforcing hold with his other hand.

He pulled himself forward until he got a good grasp on the starboard gunwale, and then it was a bit easier for him to hold on. But the dory careened frightfully as his weight drew it down. Once a pailful of water sloshed in, soaking little



Harmon

"DOWN WENT A WINDOW IN THE PILOT-HOUSE, AND A MAN WAVED HIS HAND REASSURINGLY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Bess, who awoke with a cry of fright at the strange apparition which, it seemed to her, emerged from the turbulent sea. With a word Jack reassured her, and by a supreme effort he drew himself through the water to the bow, where he reached the switch and opened it. The motor stopped for the first time since early that morning!

Jack allowed himself to slip back along the gunwale to the stern, over which, with a great deal of difficulty, he finally managed to climb. Soaked as he was, he clasped little Bess to his heart and sank exhausted on the dory's bottom. But this was no time for inaction. Quickly starting the motor again, Jack ran back to the runabout, which he could just make out through the

fog, and after some difficulty succeeded in getting hold of her stout bow-painter. To this he bent his anchor-line and then paid off perhaps fifty feet, or a little better than eight fathoms. Again he sent his dory ahead and started off with his tow. But where should he steer? He had no compass in the dory, although he had planned to buy one as soon as he could afford it. The wind, he thought, was nearly due east, and he could run with the waves. This, at least, would be bringing him nearer the shore instead of carrying him farther out to sea. That is, unless the wind shifted!

Out of the mysterious shadows of the fog came a weird moaning. Louder and louder it sounded. It was the siren of some sort of steam craft which seemed to be approaching with terrifying swiftness. Frantically Jack blew back answering warnings with his little mouth chime-whistle. The thin tones were as impotent in carrying power against the rush of the waves and the roar of the wind as an infant's wail. Suddenly, cleaving through the wall of gray, came tearing a black monster. Scarce five hundred yards away it swept past, an ocean tramp bound up the coast to Portland, leaving in its wake a huge mountain of water that rolled on after the little dory and its tow, apparently bent upon engulfing them. But the dory has not been called "the broncho of the sea" for nothing, and gallantly it lifted itself to the very apex of the giant comber. Even more frightful was the dizzy slide down the sharply steep wall of water into the trough of the sea. But when the terror had passed, both tiny craft still floated.

"Whew!" muttered Jack, as he rubbed his hands across his eyes and peered after the monster, which was almost immediately swallowed in the fog, "that was a close shave! A few hundred yards this way, and it would have been all off with us. I don't believe those pilots even looked down at the water. Much they would care if they had crashed through us! I don't believe they would even stop her engines to see if they could help anybody. It is no wonder the poor fishermen on the banks in thick weather are frightened of their lives when they hear one of those ocean liners."

Soon Jack heard, off on his port bow, a low melodious whistle. One long and two short blasts it sounded. This was repeated every two or three minutes. "That 's a towboat with some barges, Bess," he said. "Now, if I could get in that fellow's course, he would pick us up. He is

moving slowly and there might be a chance." Nearer and nearer sounded the signal which indicated a steam craft with a tow was approaching. Then suddenly the black bow of the big railroad tug, *Antictam*, loomed through the mists. Frantically Jack blew four blasts.

He was now so near that, despite the roar of the elements, the tug captain heard him. He blew four more blasts. He was answered by a number of staccato toots. Down went a window in the pilot-house, and a man waved his hand reassuringly. A big gong clanged in the engine room and the tug perceptibly slowed. The captain waved again at Jack, pointing ahead and beckoning as though for him to follow. "I know!" exclaimed the plucky boy; "he wants me to keep on until he loses headway, so his barges won't run over him. Keep a stiff upper lip, kiddie."

"I 'm not 'fraid, now, Jackie. Brother 's with me."

Soon the tow had slowed sufficiently for Jack to steer alongside. Willing hands caught the painter-rope he tossed them, and in a minute he and Bess were safe on board the staunch ocean-tug. The motor-boats were allowed to drop astern and the tow proceeded. Up in the steam-heated pilot-house, for it was cold and raw outside this June day, the captain saw to it that Jack and Bess were dried, given hot coffee, and made comfortable. When he heard the story of the day's adventure, he patted Jack on the back and stroked the little girl's flaxen curls. He also caused the lad to turn an uncomfortable red when he slowly remarked, "This old world seems to go right on turning out heroes, my boy. Somehow, it runs in the Yankee blood, I guess. I know I 'd be mighty proud if I had a son like you."

It was the luckiest sort of thing for Jack and Bess that the *Antictam* was going in to Riggsport to drop one barge before proceeding to Portland with the other two. It meant that late that afternoon the boy and girl were clasped in the loving arms of their parents, while the people of Riggsport came from far and near to hear the modestly told story of the miraculous escape and of Jack Maxon's courageous pursuit and rescue.

As for Mr. Derry, he received his runabout back again the next day safe and sound. Angry? Well, if he was, he showed it in a most peculiar manner, for on his next trip to the city he brought back the finest dory spirit-compass he could buy and presented it to Jack with his compliments.



THE GREEN BRIGADE

AN ARMY OF PEACE

BY MICHAEL EARLS

WHERE is the war ye march unto,
 From the early tents of morn?
 And what are the deeds ye hope to do,
 Brave Grenadiers of Corn?
 Pearls of the dew are on your hair,
 And the jewels of morning light,
 Pennants of green ye fling to the air,
 And the tall plumes waving bright.

Gaily away and steady ye go,
 Never a faltering line:
 Forward! I follow and try to know
 Word of your countersign:
 Hist! the spies of the tyrant sun
 Eagerly watch your plan,
 Lavish with bribes of gold, they run
 Down to your outmost man.

Steady, good lads, go bravely on
 By the parching hills of pain,
 An armor of shade ye soon may don
 And meet the allies of rain:
 And night in the bivouac hours will sing
 Praise of the march ye made,
 And into your pockets good gold will bring,
 Men of the Green Brigade.

Yea, and upon September's field,
 When the long campaign is done,
 With arms up-stacked, your hearts will yield
 Conquest of rain and sun:
 The pennants and plumes will then be sere,
 Your pearls delight no morn,
 But tents of plenty will bless the year,
 Brave Grenadiers of Corn.



A DOUBLE GIFT

(A Story of Pearl-shelling on the Illinois River)

BY AILEEN CLEVELAND HIGGINS



JEAN looked wistfully about the garden at the stir of busy workers everywhere. She saw the birds hurrying to their nests with something to eat for the little ones, the ants running about making homes under the rustic seat, the bees gathering honey from the lily-cups and corn-flowers. She could catch glimpses of her Aunt Rachel putting up preserves in the kitchen, and Aunt Elizabeth was busy pasting labels on the jars. When Jean wandered down the path to the house and found her father absorbed at his desk, she had a feeling of being left out entirely.

"Work 's in the air, Father Dick—I want to try it too," begged Jean.

Mr. Kingsley laughed as he turned in his chair to look at his daughter.

"A little girl like you, Jean—talking about

work!" he exclaimed. "Don't you find enough to do helping about the house?"

"No, that 's not enough; I want to do something to earn money," announced Jean decidedly.

"Don't I keep enough of a jingle in your purse?" questioned her father quizzically.

"Oh, yes, Father Dick—it 's not because I have n't enough," Jean explained; "it 's because I want to have some money that I 've earned all by myself."

"But what can you do?" asked Mr. Kingsley. "You 'd better wait until you grow up before you talk seriously about earning money."

"Maybe I don't look grown-up, but I 'll be sixteen my next birthday. Mary Lonsdale 's only a year older and she has started a greenhouse all by herself. Do say I can try working, too," pleaded Jean, irresistibly.

"If you can find anything that you can do," yielded Mr. Kingsley, feeling safe in granting this much.

"That 's the thing that bothers me. I 've learned a lot at Lynwood Hall, but I can't make money out of anything I know. But never mind, I 'll find something." Jean skipped out of the room, radiantly hopeful.

She ran down the path and looked up and down the streets of the little Illinois Valley town of Perry, which seemed a little world of its own, shut off as it was from the railroad. Since her mother's death, this had been Jean's home. Her two aunts did all they could to help her father take care of his restless, high-spirited girl while she was home from boarding-school. Jean loved the little town, but just now it seemed to offer a very limited field of activity for a girl who wanted to earn money.

"Hi, Jean, come along with me to unload my melons!" It was old "Cap'n Joe" Saunders who interrupted Jean's thoughts.

Jean waved to her old friend, who had just "come to town" from his farm down by the river. In high glee, she climbed to a place on the spring seat, taking the whip which Joe handed her to snap off the tops of the wayside weeds.

"I 've been a-haulin' melons all day—want to git 'em into town while the price is up," said Cap'n Joe, importantly.

Jean regarded him wistfully. "Oh, it must be great fun to earn money!" she exclaimed.

"It is that," answered Cap'n Joe, heartily. "It 's sumthin' worth wakin' up to."

As they neared the grocery store which paid Cap'n Joe the highest prices for his melons, they could see a little crowd of villagers about the post-office.

"Mail 's in, I reckon," commented Cap'n Joe.

"Get down, Jean," cried a voice from the curbing, "and see the new notice on the post-office door!" There was Ted Neil, very much excited, with his hair as tousled as in the days when he used to play store with Jean under the big elm.

"I 'll wait here while you unload your melons, Cap'n Joe," Jean said, very much interested.

She clambered down from the wagon and with Ted joined the interested readers who were craning their necks to see the announcement.

"It 's about shellin'," called Ted, over his shoulder, as he advanced near enough to make out the headlines.

"It seems queer to hear everybody talking about shelling," said Jean. "Why, when I first went off to school three years ago no one ever dreamed that there were pearls worth anything in the Illinois River mussels. Now people talk about shelling as if it was a regular industry."

"So it 's getting to be. Seems 's if every one has the shellin' fever, and this notice 'll make people more excited 'n ever."

The notice was one which had been put up by the buyers who visited the river region once a month in search of pearls:

All pearls offered after this date will bring an increase of ten per cent. In addition to the regular price paid, \$400 will be given as a prize for the largest pearl offered before August first.

Ted read it aloud excitedly.

"Listen to that, will you!" he exclaimed. "I 'm

goin' to get a shellin' outfit and start for the river this very day."

"You 're a lucky boy," said Jean, with a sigh.



"NAN CAME TO THE WAGON A LITTLE SHYLY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Come along, Jean!" interrupted Cap'n Joe at her elbow. "I 've got just one more load of melons to git into town. You jump into the wagon and we 'll set out for the river right off, so 's to git back into town afore sundown. We 'll stop as we go along and tell your folks, so they 'll not be a-worryin'."

Jean lost no time in getting back to her place in the wagon for she was eager to see the river with its "cat-boats" and battered sailing craft.

Most of all she wanted to catch a glimpse of "the river-folks," who were so different, in their drawling talk and abrupt ways, from the people in the town. A great elation stole over her as the big grey horse pulled the wagon thunderingly through the old covered red bridges. Soon they reached a point where, by standing upon the seat, Jean could see the river winding below the bluff.

"Look at the boats!" she exclaimed; "why, they 're everywhere!"

"Them 's the shellin' boats," explained Cap'n Joe. "You can tell now how plum crazy every one is about finding pearls. I, fer one, am contented enough with my melon-patch. I don't hanker after workin' in the hot sun out in one of them boats fer hours at a time."

"Is shelling hard to do?" asked Jean curiously.

"I reckon most any one with enough strength to pull up the mussel-bar can do it—"

"Can a girl do shelling?" asked Jean suddenly, fired with a great desire to try it.

"I reckon so. Nan Sherman, Bill Sherman's girl, works at it right along. Bill Sherman was no account—left his family without a cent when he died of the river fever, and I guess it keeps the family hustlin' pretty lively to make ends meet. There 's Nan, now—a-comin' up from the river!"

The sound of laughter came up from the bluff just below them, and Jean leaned forward eagerly to catch a glimpse of Nan, who came up the road, swinging her blue sunbonnet, carelessly allowing the sun to give her nose more freckles and to burn her hair a tawnier hue.

"I 'll jest call her over—she can tell you all about shellin' better 'n I can," suggested Cap'n Joe, to Jean's great delight. "Here we are at the patch, so you can talk along with her while I put the melons in."

Nan came to the wagon a little shyly when she caught sight of Jean.

"Nan, this is Jean Kingsley, who wants to hear all about the work you 're doin'," said Cap'n Joe, by way of introduction. "Climb up on the seat in my place and get acquainted while I look around in the patch for a right good melon for you to eat."

In a few seconds he came back from the patch with a striped watermelon.

"There," he said, dexterously cutting the melon and placing it upon the seat between them, "eat the heart outen that." And he watched them take the first luscious taste before he left them.

Nan, quite at her ease now, poured into Jean's ears the story of her shelling experiences.

"Look!" said Nan, putting her hand into her

pocket and bringing forth a tightly wrapped little piece of newspaper. "Look what 's inside—I found it to-day—"

Very carefully she unwrapped the paper and transferred a pink-skinned pearl to the palm of her hand, where it lay like some fairy token glistening in the light.

"It looks like soap-bubbles in the sun!" exclaimed Jean admiringly.

"And peacocks' tails," added Nan, cuddling her treasure. "It 's one of the biggest finds I 've made in all the three years I 've been shelling."

"Three years!" gasped Jean.

Nan nodded.

"Just as soon as folks began to find out that the pearls in the river were worth something, I started shelling. I spent all the time I had to spare. I 've had pretty good luck—all told. I 've helped make a living for the family and I 've saved something besides to—"

Here Nan paused and shot a sidewise glance at Jean.

"Go on!" begged Jean, seeing in Nan's flashing eyes the kindling of a dream. Jean felt strangely drawn to this girl, whose eager voice with its little drawl made an irresistible appeal.

"To go off to school,—even just for a year," burst out Nan, her voice catching. "I 've dreamed about it ever since I was no taller 'n that little wild rose-bush over there. River folks like us don't see many books outside the country school-house, and I made up my mind that I 'd find enough pearls so I could go off to school like the girls I 've read about in books. My folks laughed at me at first. They did n't think I really meant it, but they let me try. I want to go off to school so I can learn to help the family more than I can now, when I 'm so ignorant. I 've kept working hard for it, and I 've earned about half enough to pay for a year's schooling—"

"Just think of working three years for anything!" Jean said in an awed tone.

"I 've almost given up sometimes. It seemed 's if I 'd never get enough; but when I needed a little encouragement, I 'd take a look at the last pearl I 'd found, and somehow or other, if I 'd just hold it in my hand and look, I could believe again that my dream would come true. There 's something about a pearl that makes a body imagine things—just hold this one and see—"

Jean drew a long breath of delight as she felt the gossamer weight of Nan's pearl in her own hand. The sheen of it entranced her. The delicacy of it fascinated her. Here was a charmed treasure, equal to Aladdin's lamp; the mere touch of it conjured up visions of dreams come true—visions so real that there was no doubting them.

"I 'm sure that your wish will come true," asserted Jean, convinced. "Oh, I do wish you could go with me in September to Lynwood Hall!—that 's where I 've been going to school the last two years."

Nan's eyes widened. Here was a girl who had already been "off to school." She knew all about

"What would you do with your money?" questioned Nan, naïvely curious. "You don't need it to go off to school."

"No, not for that—but I 'm crazy for a jade necklace and a lot of things and I 'd be so proud to say I 'd bought them with money I 'd earned."

"Do come and do shelling then," said Nan,

holding out her hands impulsively. "And have your vat close to mine."

Jean pounced upon her father the moment she arrived home, and related, as fast as she could talk, her afternoon's experiences.

"Shelling it is then," approved Mr. Kingsley, and Jean pirouetted out of the room, to learn all she could about shelling outfits from Ted Neil.

Jean was out of bed at sunrise the next morning, ready to start for the river with Cap'n Joe right after breakfast.

"I 'll bring you back this afternoon, an' I reckon you 'll have all the shellin' you want by that time," Cap'n Joe said, highly amused over Jean's new venture.

"Wait and see!" said Jean, excitedly.

"Here I am, ready for my first lesson in shelling!" announced Jean, as Nan was making ready to pull off in her boat.

"Oh, you *did* come back!" cried Nan, with something like a breath of relief. "I was so afraid you would n't. Get into the boat, and we 'll see how many mussels we can get by noon."

As Jean helped lower the mussel-bar into the water, Nan explained how to drag the river with it until the hooks were heavy with mussels.

"We drag down-stream always, so it 's not much trouble keeping the boat going. The mule does that, and all you have to think about is pulling the mule-ropes once in a while."

"The mule?" queried Jean, peering about the boat as if she expected to see some long ears emerge from under the seats. "Where in the world do you keep it?"



"THEY SAT UNDER A TREE TO SHARE THE CONTENTS OF THEIR LUNCHEON-BASKETS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

it. Nan had only to ask in order to find out the thousand and one things which she had always wanted to know about school, but could not find in books. Cap'n Joe interrupted their exchange of confidences all too soon by announcing that he had filled the wagon.

"I 'll be back to-morrow," Jean promised her new friend, "and you can show me just what shelling is like. I 'm going to ask the very first thing, when I get home, if I can do it, too."

"You!" exclaimed Nan in surprise. "What do you want to do shelling for?"

"I 've never earned any money for myself in my life, and I 'd rather try it than do anything else just now."

"Oh, it 's not alive!" explained Nan. "It 's just a piece of canvas hung from the back end of the boat to catch the current and keep the boat moving—you see, the weight of the bar would anchor it if 't was n't for the mule."

"Oh, let me manage the ropes!" begged Jean.

"You can if you like—it 's done a good deal like driving a sure-enough mule. You pull the ropes to the right and left so as to keep on the mussel-beds."

Jean rolled up her sleeves and began work in earnest. They sat in the boat for hours, it seemed to Jean, before Nan pulled up the mussel-bar to take the mussels off the hooks.

"It takes a long time, does n't it?" she commented, ruefully squinting one eye at the sun-burn on her nose.

"Long?" drawled Nan. "Why, I call this pretty quick work. We have n't been out more 'n half an hour. Do you want to quit?"

"Quit!" ejaculated Jean. "I don't want to quit until I 've learned everything there is to learn about shelling. I 'm going to earn that jade necklace."

Every twenty minutes Nan hauled up the mussel-bar, and soon they had a good supply of mussels in the boat. Jean was all impatience to cook the mussels and open them.

"I don't see how you can be so patient about waiting to find out whether there are any pearls inside," she commented, much impressed by Nan's calm way of proceeding with her work.

"I always feel fizzy as can be until I get the shells opened," admitted Nan, "even if I don't act like it."

Together they put the mussels into the vat, and then sat under a tree to share the contents of their luncheon-baskets during the necessary fifty minutes of waiting.

Jean could hardly stop to eat. She looked at her watch constantly, and long before the fifty minutes were over she was jumping about the vat, all eagerness to be the first to open one of the mussels.

Nan showed her how to open and clean the shells on the long pine table and to look for the pearls.

"You have to poke around a long time to make sure whether a pearl 's there or not. I 've found one, now and then, just as I was about to throw the shell away. Another thing, don't forget to look around on the table, and in the vat after the shells are out, because the biggest pearls work loose and drop out, sometimes, while the mussels are cooking."

They opened dozens of shells, but found not one pearl.

"Not even a slug or a spike," remarked Nan, cheerfully clearing the table in readiness for the next lot.

"What may slugs and spikes be?" questioned Jean, with the feeling that there was no end to her lesson in shelling.

"They 're pearls 'gone bad,' as the fishermen say—that is, they start out to be pearls and turn out half shell. The spikes are pointed,—that is all the difference between a slug and a spike. They are n't worth much but every little counts. If it had n't been for all the slugs and spikes I 've found, I would n't have much in my savings bank."

The afternoon work went quickly, for Nan and Jean filled in the intervals of waiting by discussing school. There were hundreds of things which Nan wished to know. Her questions were so droll that Jean forgot the blistering sun. Cap'n Joe stopped to take Jean home long before she was ready to go.

"Why, we have n't found a single pearl yet!" she cried. "We must find one slug or spike at least, before we go home. We must have something to show for our whole day's work."

"You have your sun-blisters," laughed Nan.

"And lots of information about shelling," added Jean, rising to the mood of her dauntless companion. "But you, Nan—you 'll have nothing to put into your bank."

"I 've worked many a day like this, without getting anything but a good appetite for supper. There 's always to-morrow—and the prospect of finding the prize pearl—maybe—"

Jean looked admiringly at her new friend, who seemed the embodiment of courage and patience. "Jean has n't learned how to wait for things," said Cap'n Joe, banteringly. "She kin learn a good deal from you besides shellin', I 'm thinkin'." "Better luck then to-morrow," said Jean, waving a gay good-bye.

The next day, Jean began work with her own outfit. She set up her vat as close as possible to Nan's, and the two girls always kept their boats near together. More and more Jean longed to take little eager Nan back with her to Lynwood Hall, but she learned not to speak of it, for, after much hungry questioning about the school, Nan said pathetically:

"We 'd better not talk about it—you see it makes it harder for me to be patient and keep on waiting. I can't think of going for a long while yet—there 's no telling when. There 's no prospect at all of going this September."

During the first days of her work Jean had what Aunt Rachel termed "more than one person's share of luck."

"I 'll soon have enough for my jade necklace," Jean said buoyantly. "Sha'n't I be proud when I show it to Mary Lonsdale and tell her that I earned it all by myself!"

Jean grew less confident however as the weeks went by and her luck changed. Her accumulation of pearls grew very slowly indeed, and she found very few which were not imperfect. Her enthusiasm waned considerably. The jade necklace seemed, after all, a remote possibility. The weather grew very hot, and it took much courage for Jean to go out on the river every morning to work under the scorching sun. What was the use, she began to say to herself, of working when she did n't have to? She began to feel that she did n't really want the jade necklace after all. Nan was a constant wonder to her. She was never discouraged, no matter what happened. Jean found it hard to tell her that she wanted to stop shelling. But one particularly warm day she went to the river with her mind made up—she was n't going to work in such heat.

Nan was late, and Jean settled herself comfortably under the cool trees to wait for her.

"What do you think, Jean?" Nan cried, as she finally arrived, breathless from running. "Our kitchen roof 's tumbled in. The whole shack needs propping up and mending, so I 'm going to take my school money to set the place straight."

"Oh, Nan!" exclaimed Jean in quick sympathy, "will you really have to give up your school money—when it 's taken so long for you to earn it—"

"Never mind," responded Nan, cheerfully, jumping into her boat; "I 'll earn some more—"

"But it will set you back so far—it will be ages before you get that much again—"

"Yes, it 'll set me back—but 't is n't as if I did n't know I could earn it if I just stick at it. Hurry along, Jean,—it 's getting late! If you don't buckle down to work, you 'll never have that jade necklace of yours."

Jean could not say a word about quitting work. Slowly she got into her own boat.

"I don't see how you can laugh so much—with your school plans all at a standstill—and when it 's such scorching weather!" Jean exclaimed wonderingly.

The hour was early, but already the oars felt hot to their hands as they pushed off from the bank. The river seemed hardly to move in the intense glare.

"Of course, I 'm cut up about having to start all over again to save for school—but I 'm too busy to mope over it," answered Nan. "Besides there 's so much to cheer a body up. All I have

to do is to look around for it. The frogs help out a bit—they 're always croaking such funny things. And the sun 's not so bad when I have wet leaves in my hat. Take some for yours."

Jean was grateful during the morning for the cooling leaves in the crown of her own big straw hat. She watched Nan drawing in her mussels and marveled at the amount of energy she put into the action. Suddenly a new idea popped into Jean's head.

"I 'll put what pearls I have into Nan's vat!" she determined. "She 's so brave—and I want to help her go away to school. That 's a much better way of using my pearls than trying to get a jade necklace."

Jean planned to cook her mussels early and to hurry over to Nan's vat while she was at work. Surely she could get an opportunity, somehow, to slip in her pearls while Nan was n't looking.

"They don't amount to much—but they 'll help," thought Jean, taking her pearls out of the little chamois sack which she carried in her pocket. "I 'll pick out the best ones and put in only a few the first time so Nan won't suspect."

This newly hatched plan caused Jean to hurry at her work and to regard with indifference the small number of mussels she had in at the end of the morning. She scrambled out of her boat ahead of time and piled her mussels recklessly into her vat.

"Too hot for you?" called Nan, from her boat.

"I 'm sizzled!" Jean answered, mopping her face.

Jean stretched herself under a tree to wait impatiently until she could open her mussels and finish her work. She wanted to be free to stroll over to Nan's vat by the time she brought her boat to shore. Jean tried to read while the mussels were cooking, but her gaze kept wandering from her book to Nan, busily working out in the hot sun.

When the time came to open her vat, Jean sprang up and fell to work with all haste. She scattered the mussels about and opened them without much care, tossing the shells aside as quickly as she could. She was glad that she had only a few, because she could look them over rapidly. She cleaned her table and gave a hurried last look into the vat—there in the bottom of the vat something shining caught her eye!

In a second, there lay in Jean's hand a pearl so large that she gasped triumphantly, "It 's the prize pearl!" and danced up and down, hugging her treasure close. Immediately, her mind ran riot with new possibilities. Foremost crowded the jade necklace. Now she could have it. This pearl would easily make it a reality. What fun

it would be to show it to her friends and tell them she had really earned it all by herself!

Slowly her eyes wandered to Nan still out there on the river.

"Nan shall have it," she decided quickly. "If it is really large enough to take the prize, maybe, after all, Nan can go to school in the fall."

She saw Nan coming up from the river and sped down the path to meet her. More than anything in the world she wanted to help her.

"I've finished my work!" Jean announced.

"Already?"

"Yes, I did n't have many mussels. Let me help you open yours."

"Better lie in the shade."

But Jean persisted in helping, and hovered about, watching for an opportunity to slip her big pearl in with Nan's shells in such a way that she would think that it had worked loose and slipped out.

While they were cleaning the mussels, Nan turned suddenly from the table for a pail of clear water, and Jean took the opportunity she had been waiting for.

"What are you doing, Jean?" demanded Nan's voice, just as Jean was thrusting the pearl into a half-opened shell. Nan had been too quick for her. Jean looked up without a word.

"You're putting a pearl you've found yourself into that shell!" guessed Nan.

"Oh, Nan, let me!" pleaded Jean. "*Do* let me put it in—it's one I've just found to-day. Look! It's so big I'm sure it's the prize pearl. Please take it, Nan; it will mean school for you!"

Nan half shut her eyes, and Jean could n't tell whether she was laughing or crying while she squinted critically at the pearl which Jean put into her hand.

"It's a big find, Jean," Nan said slowly; "and you're a dear to offer it, but it's not the prize pearl." Then from her own little pail of rinsing water she took a pearl at which Jean stared, for a moment, unbelievably.

"You've found one yourself, that's ever so much larger!" she cried. "Oh, Nan! then you don't need mine—"

"No!" answered Nan joyfully.

"I'm glad," Jean said quiveringly, as she understood how much Nan's independence meant to her. "I wanted—oh, so much—to help you with my pearl, but it could n't have made me so happy as seeing you find one of your very own!"

THAT night, cuddled in her father's arms, Jean had a little cry. "I wanted so much to help!" she sobbed; "I don't see why I could n't when I wanted to do it so much."

"Perhaps, if we want with our whole hearts to give and something happens that we can't, it's giving just the same," said her father comfortingly. "There will surely be other ways you can help Nan if she is going to school with you."

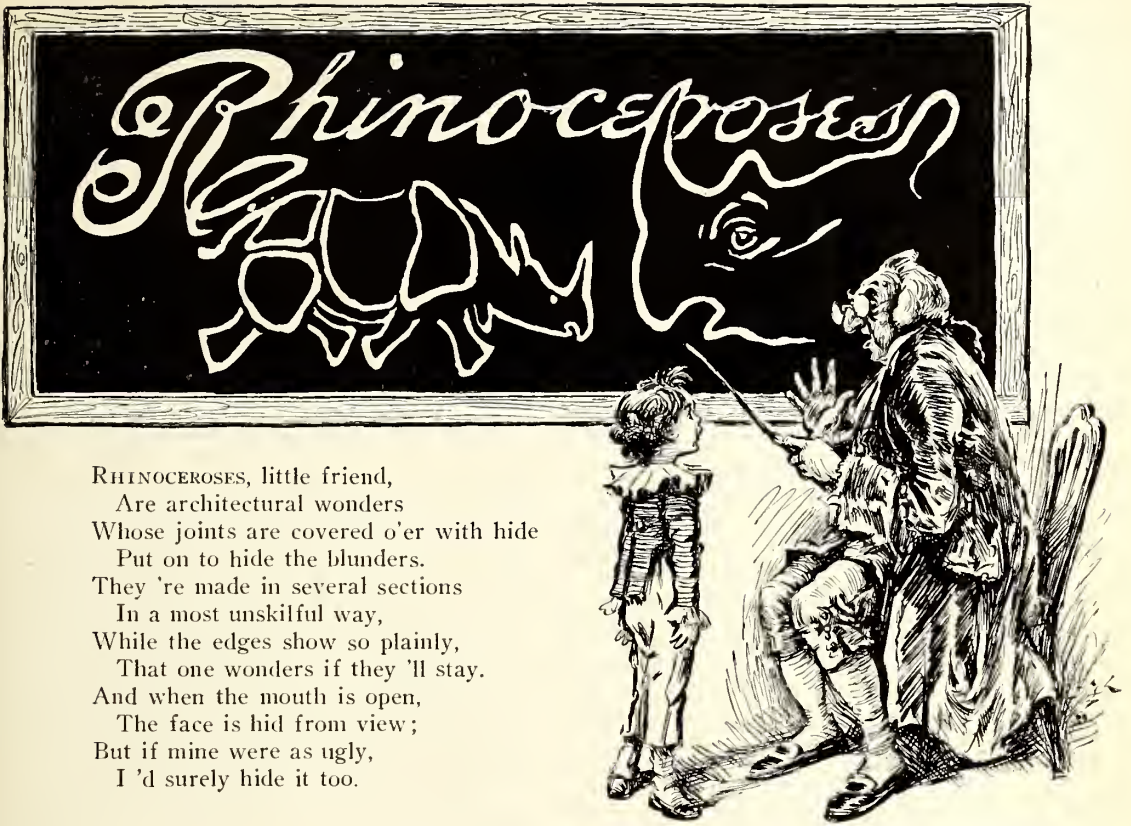
Suddenly Jean raised her head.

"I've thought of a way. I can give up something for her. I'll give up all the pretty clothes I've planned. Nan can't afford much—nothing but plain, inexpensive, home-made dresses. I'll get mine just as simple as hers, so she won't feel unhappy at Lynwood Hall. It would be dreadful if she found herself the only one there without fine feathers."

Her father patted her approvingly.

"You really gave her the pearl in spirit, so you will be making a double gift. Learning to do shelling has been worth while if it has taught you how to give."





RHINOCEROSES, little friend,
 Are architectural wonders
 Whose joints are covered o'er with hide
 Put on to hide the blunders.
 They 're made in several sections
 In a most unskilful way,
 While the edges show so plainly,
 That one wonders if they 'll stay.
 And when the mouth is open,
 The face is hid from view;
 But if mine were as ugly,
 I 'd surely hide it too.



P U Z Z L E D P O L L Y

My teacher says,"
 quoth Polly Jones,
 "That I've about
 two hundred bones.
 But I should think
 I'm 'most too fat
 To have as many bones
 as that!"

THE LOST PRINCE

BY

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "The Secret Garden," "T. Tembarom," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII

"IT IS THE LOST PRINCE. IT IS IVOR!"

MANY times, since their journey had begun, the boys had found their hearts beating with the thrill and excitement of things. The story of which their lives had been a part was a pulse-quickening experience. But as they carefully made their way down the steep steps leading seemingly into the bowels of the earth, both Marco and The Rat felt as though the old priest must hear the thudding in their young sides.

"The Forgers of the Sword.' Remember every word they say." The Rat whispered, "so that you can tell it to me afterwards. Don't forget anything! I wish I knew Samavian!"

At the foot of the steps stood the man who was evidently the sentinel who worked the lever that turned the rock. He was a big burly peasant with a good watchful face, and the priest gave him a greeting and a blessing as he took from him the lantern he held out.

They went through a narrow and dark passage, and down some more steps, and turned a corner into another corridor cut out of rock and earth. It was a wider corridor but still dark, so that Marco and The Rat had walked some yards before their eyes became sufficiently accustomed to the dim light to see that the walls themselves seemed made of arms stacked closely together.

"The Forgers of the Sword!" The Rat was unconsciously mumbling to himself, "The Forgers of the Sword!"

It must have taken years to cut out the winding passage they threaded their way through, and longer years to forge the solid, bristling walls. But The Rat remembered the story the stranger had told his drunken father, of the few mountain herdsmen who, in their savage grief and wrath over the loss of their prince, had banded themselves together with a solemn oath which had been handed down from generation to generation. The Samavians were a long-memoried people, and the fact that their passion must be smothered had made it burn all the more fiercely. Five hundred years ago they had first sworn their oath; and kings had come and gone, had died or been murdered, and dynasties had changed, but the Forgers of the Sword had not changed or

forgotten their oath or wavered in their belief that some time—some time, even after the long dark years,—the soul of their Lost Prince would be among them once more, and that they would kneel at the feet and kiss the hands of him for whose body that soul had been reborn. And for the last hundred years their number and power and their hiding places had so increased that Samavia was at last honeycombed with them. And they only waited, breathless,—for the Lighting of the Lamp.

The old priest knew how breathlessly, and he knew what he was bringing them. Marco and The Rat, in spite of their fond boy-imaginings, were not quite old enough to know how fierce and full of flaming eagerness the breathless waiting of savage full-grown men could be. But there was a tense-strung thrill in knowing that they who were being led to them were the Bearers of the Sign. The Rat went hot and cold; he gnawed his fingers as he went. He could almost have shrieked aloud, in the intensity of his excitement, when the old priest stopped before a big black door!

Marco made no sound. Excitement or danger always made him look tall and quite pale. He looked both now.

The priest touched the door, and it opened.

They were looking into an immense cavern. Its walls and roof were lined with arms—guns, swords, bayonets, javelins, daggers, pistols, every weapon a desperate man might use. The place was full of men who turned towards the door when it opened. They all made obeisance to the priest, but Marco realized almost at the same instant that they started on seeing that he was not alone.

They were a strange and picturesque crowd as they stood under their canopy of weapons in the lurid torchlight. But Marco distinguished at once that they were men of all classes, though all were alike roughly dressed. There were huge mountaineers, and plainsmen young and mature of years. Some of the biggest were men with white hair but with the bodies of giants, and with determination in their strong jaws. There were many of these, Marco saw, and in each man's eyes, whether he was young or old, glowed a steady unconquered flame. They had

been beaten so often, they had been oppressed and robbed, but in the eyes of each one was this unconquered flame which, throughout all the long tragedy of years, had been handed down from father to son. It was this which had gone on through centuries, keeping its oath and forging its swords in the caverns of the earth, and which today was—waiting.

The old priest laid his hand on Marco's shoulder, and gently pushed him before him through the crowd which parted to make way for them. He did not stop until the two stood in the very midst of the circle, which fell back gazing wonderingly. Marco looked up at the old man because for several seconds he did not speak. It was plain that he did not speak because he also was excited, and could not. He opened his lips and his voice seemed to fail him. Then he tried again and spoke so that all could hear—even the men at the back of the gazing circle.

"My children," he said, "this is the son of Stefan Loristan, and he comes to bear the Sign. My son" (to Marco), "speak!"

Then Marco understood what he wished, and also what he felt. He felt it himself, that magnificent uplifting gladness, as he spoke, holding his black head high and lifting his right hand.

"The Lamp is Lighted, brothers!" he cried. "The Lamp is Lighted!"

Then The Rat, who stood apart, watching, thought that the strange world within the cavern had gone mad! Wild smothered cries broke forth, men caught each other in passionate embrace, they fell upon their knees, they clutched one another sobbing, they wrung each other's hands, they leaped into the air. It was as if they could not bear the joy of hearing that the end of their waiting had come at last. They rushed upon Marco, and fell at his feet. The Rat saw big peasants kissing his shoes, his hands, every scrap of his clothing they could seize. The wild circle swayed and closed upon him until The Rat was afraid. He did not know that, overpowered by this frenzy of emotion, his own excitement was making him shake from head to foot like a leaf, and that tears were streaming down his cheeks. The swaying crowd hid Marco from him, and he began to fight his way towards him because his excitement increased his fear. The ecstasy-frenzied crowd of men seemed for the moment to have almost ceased to be sane. Marco was only a boy. They did not know how fiercely they were pressing upon him and keeping away the very air. "Don't kill him! Don't kill him!" yelled The Rat, struggling forward. "Stand back, you fools! I'm his Aide-de-Camp! Let me pass!"

And though no one understood his English, one or two suddenly remembered they had seen him enter with the priest and so gave way. But just then the old priest himself lifted his hand above the crowd, and spoke in a voice of stern command.

"Stand back, my children!" he cried. "Madness is not the homage you must bring to the son of Stefan Loristan. Obey! Obey!" His voice had a power in it that penetrated even the wildest herdsmen. The frenzied mass swayed back and left space about Marco, whose face The Rat could at last see. It was very white with emotion, and in his eyes a look which was like awe.

The Rat pushed forward until he stood beside him. He did not know that he almost sobbed as he spoke.

"I'm your Aide-de-Camp," he said. "I'm going to stand here! Your father sent me! I'm under orders! I thought they'd crush you to death."

He glared at the circle about them as if, instead of worshippers distraught with adoration, they had been enemies. The old priest seeing him touched Marco's arm.

"Tell him he need not fear," he said. "It was only for the first few moments. The passion of their souls drove them wild. They are your slaves."

"Those at the back might have pushed the front ones on until they trampled you under foot in spite of themselves!" The Rat persisted.

"No," said Marco. "They would have stopped if I had spoken."

"Why did n't you speak, then?" snapped The Rat.

"All they felt was for Samavia, and for my father," Marco said, "and for the Sign. I felt as they did."

The Rat was somewhat softened. It was true, after all. How could he have tried to quell the outburst of their worship of Loristan—of the country he was saving for them—of the Sign which called them to freedom? He could not.

Then followed a strange and picturesque ceremonial. The priest went about among the encircling crowd and spoke to one man after another—sometimes to a group. A larger circle was formed. As the pale old man moved about; The Rat felt as if some religious ceremony were going to be performed. Watching it from first to last, he was thrilled to the core.

At the end of the cavern a block of stone had been cut out to look like an altar. It was covered with white, and against the wall above it hung a large picture veiled by a curtain. From

the roof there swung before it an ancient lamp of metal suspended by chains. In front of the altar was a sort of stone dais. There the priest asked Marco to stand, with his Aide-de-Camp on the lower level in attendance. A knot of the biggest herdsmen went out and returned. Each carried a huge sword which had perhaps been of the earliest made in the dark days gone by. The bearers formed themselves into a line on either side of Marco. They raised their swords and formed a pointed arch above his head and a passage twelve men long. When the points first clashed together The Rat struck himself hard upon his breast. His exaltation was too keen to endure. He gazed at Marco standing still—in that curiously splendid way in which both he and his father *could* stand still—and wondered how he could do it. He looked as if he were prepared for any strange thing which could happen to him—because he was “under orders.” The Rat knew that he was doing whatsoever he did merely for his father’s sake. It was as if he felt that he was representing his father, though he was a mere boy; and that because of this, boy as he was, he must bear himself nobly and remain outwardly undisturbed.

At the end of the arch of swords, the old priest stood and gave a sign to one man after another. When the sign was given to a man, he walked under the arch to the dais, and there knelt and, lifting Marco’s hand to his lips, kissed it with passionate fervor. Then he returned to the place he had left. One after another passed up the aisle of swords, one after another knelt, one after the other kissed the brown young hand, rose and went away. Sometimes The Rat heard a few words which sounded almost like a murmured prayer, sometimes he heard a sob as a shaggy head bent, again and again he saw eyes wet with tears. Once or twice Marco spoke a few Samavian words, and the face of the man spoken to flamed with joy. The Rat had time to see, as Marco had seen, that many of the faces were not those of peasants. Some of them were clear cut and subtle and of the type of scholars or nobles. It took a long time for them all to kneel and kiss the lad’s hand, but no man omitted the ceremony; and when at last it was at an end, a strange silence filled the cavern. They stood and gazed at each other with burning eyes.

The priest moved to Marco’s side, and stood near the altar. He leaned forward and took in his hand a cord which hung from the veiled picture—he drew it and the curtain fell apart. There seemed to stand gazing at them from between its folds a tall kingly youth with deep eyes in which the stars of God were stilly shining,

and with a smile wonderful to behold. Around the heavy locks of his black hair the long dead painter of missals had set a faint glow of light like a halo.

“Son of Stefan Loristan,” the old priest said, in a shaken voice, “it is the Lost Prince! It is Ivor!”

Then every man in the room fell on his knees. Even the men who had upheld the archway of swords dropped their weapons with a crash and knelt also. He was their saint—this boy! Dead for five hundred years, he was their saint still.

“Ivor! Ivor!” the voices broke into a heavy murmur. “Ivor! Ivor!” As if they chanted a litany.

Marco started forward staring at the picture, his breath caught in his throat, his lips apart.

“But—but—” he stammered, “but if my father were as young as he is—he would be *like* him!”

“When you are as old as he is, *you* will be like him—*You!*” said the priest. And he let the curtain fall.

The Rat stood staring with wide eyes from Marco to the picture and from the picture to Marco. And he breathed faster and faster and gnawed his finger ends. But he did not utter a word. He could not have done it, if he had tried.

Then Marco stepped down from the dais as if he were in a dream, and the old man followed him. The men with the swords sprang to their feet and made their archway again with a new clash of steel. The old man and the boy passed under it together. Now every man’s eyes were fixed on Marco. At the heavy door by which he had entered, he stopped and turned to meet their glances. He looked very young and thin and pale, but suddenly his father’s smile was lighted in his face. He said a few words in Samavian clearly and gravely, saluted, and passed out.

“What did you say to them?” gasped The Rat, stumbling after him as the door closed behind them and shut in the murmur of impassioned sound.

“There was only one thing to say,” was the answer. “They are men—I am only a boy. I thanked them for my father, and told them he would never—never forget.”

CHAPTER XXVIII

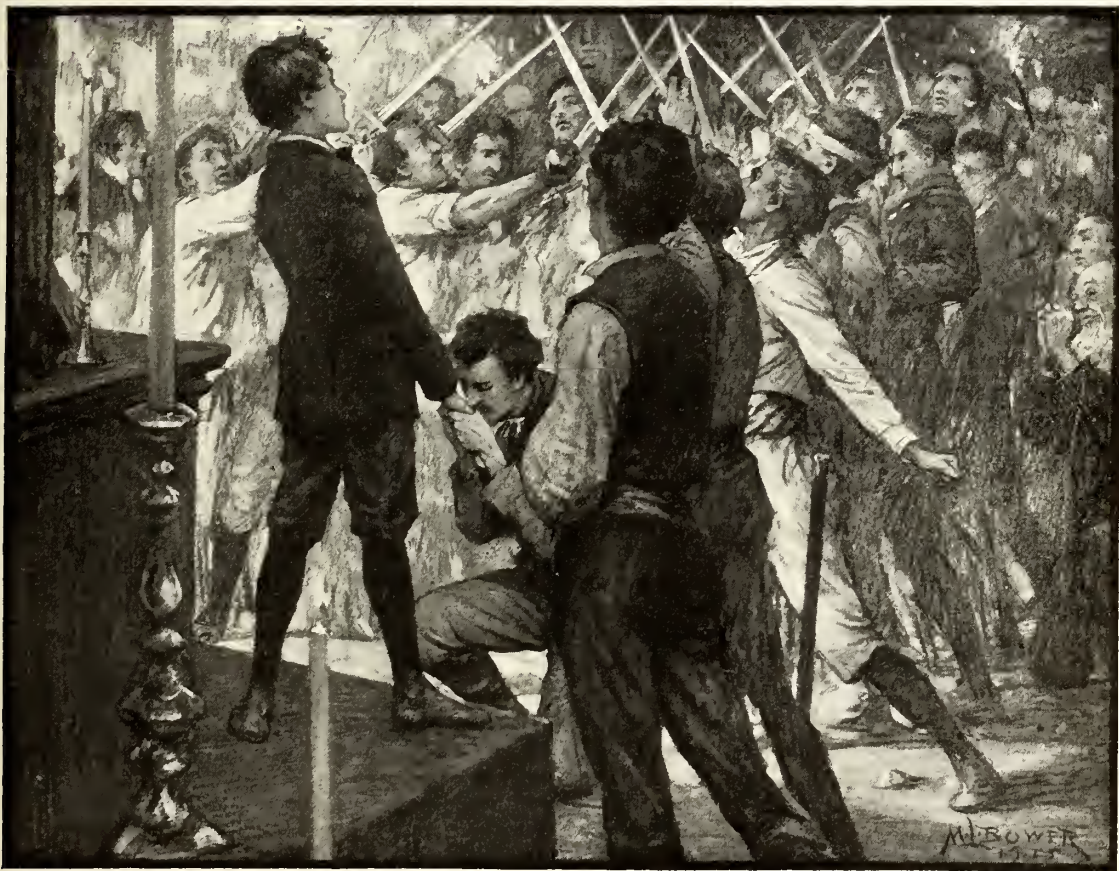
“EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!”

It was raining in London—pouring. It had been raining for two weeks, more or less, generally more. When the train from Dover drew in at Charing Cross, the weather seemed suddenly to have considered that it had so far been too lenient and must express itself much more vig-

ously. So it had gathered together its resources and poured them forth in a deluge which surprised even Londoners. The rain so beat against and streamed down the windows of the third class carriage in which Marco and The Rat sat that they could not see through them.

They had made their homeward journey much more rapidly than they had made the one on

him back, sir! He has carried out every single order you gave him—every single one. So have I." So he had. He had been sent as his companion and attendant, and he had been faithful in every thought. After the adventure in Munich, they had, as The Rat had said, "blown like grains of dust" through Europe and had been as nothing. And this was what Loristan had



"ONE AFTER ANOTHER PASSED UP THE AISLE OF SWORDS."

which they had been outward bound. It had of course taken them some time to tramp back to the frontier, but there had been no reason for stopping anywhere after they had once reached the railroads. They had been tired sometimes but they had slept heavily on the wooden seats of the railway carriages. Their one desire was to get home. No. 7 Philibert Place rose before them in its noisy dinginess as the one desirable spot on earth. To Marco it held his father. And it was Loristan alone that The Rat saw when he thought of it. Loristan as he would look when he saw him come into the room with Marco, and stand up and salute, and say: "I have brought

planned, this was what his grave thought had wrought out. If they had been men, they would not have been so safe.

From the time they had left the old priest on the hillside to begin their journey back to the frontier, they had both traveled rather as if they were in a dream. Both had been given to long silences as they tramped side by side or lay on the moss in the forests. Now that their work was done, a sort of reaction had set in. There were no more plans to be made and no more uncertainties to contemplate. They were on their way back to No. 7 Philibert Place—Marco to his father, The Rat to the man he worshipped.

Each of them was thinking of many things. Marco was full of longing to see his father's face and hear his voice again. He wanted to feel the pressure of his hand on his shoulder—to be sure that he was real and not a dream. This last was because during this homeward journey everything that had happened often seemed to be a dream. It had all been so wonderful—the climber standing looking down at them the morning they awakened on the Gaisburg; the mountaineer shoemaker measuring his foot in the small shop; the old, old woman and her noble lord; the prince with his face turned upward as he stood on the balcony looking at the moon; the old priest kneeling and weeping for joy; the great cavern with the yellow light upon the crowd of passionate faces; the curtain which fell apart and showed the still eyes and the black hair with the halo about it! Now that they were left behind, they all seemed like things he had dreamed. But he had not dreamed them; he was going back to tell his father about them. And how *good* it would be to feel his hand on his shoulder!

The Rat gnawed his finger ends a great deal. His thoughts were more wild and feverish than Marco's. They leaped forward in spite of him. It was no use to pull himself up and tell himself that he was a fool. Now that all was over, he had time to be as great a fool as he was inclined to be. But how he longed to reach London and stand face to face with Loristan! The Sign was given. The Lamp was Lighted. What would happen next? His crutches were under his arms before the train drew up. "We 're there! We 're there!" he cried restlessly to Marco. They had no luggage to delay them. They took their bags and followed the crowd along the platform. The rain was rattling like bullets against the high glassed roof. People turned to look at Marco, seeing the glow of exultant eagerness in his face. They thought he must be some boy coming home for the holidays and going to make a visit at a place he delighted in. The rain was dancing on the pavements when they reached the entrance.

"A cab won't cost much," Marco said, "and it will take us quickly."

They called one and got into it. Each of them had flushed cheeks, and Marco's eyes looked as if he were gazing at something a long way off—gazing at it, and wondering.

"We 've come back!" said The Rat, in an unsteady voice. "We 've been—and we 've come back!" Then suddenly turning to look at Marco, "Does it ever seem to you as if, perhaps, it—it was n't true?"

"Yes," Marco answered. "But it was true. And it 's done." Then he added after a second

or so of silence, just what The Rat had said to himself, "What next?" He said it very low.

The way to Philibert Place was not long. When they turned into the roaring, untidy road, where the busses and drays and carts struggled past each other with their loads and the tired-faced people hurried in crowds along the pavement, they looked at them all, feeling that they had left their dream far behind indeed. But they were at home.

It was a good thing to see Lazarus open the door and stand waiting before they had time to get out of the cab. Cabs stopped so seldom before houses in Philibert Place that the inmates were always prompt to open their doors. When Lazarus had seen this one stop at the broken iron gate, he had known whom it brought. He had kept an eye on the windows faithfully for many a day—even when he knew that it was too soon, if all was well, for any travelers to return.

He bore himself with an air more than usually military, and his salute when Marco crossed the threshold was formal stateliness itself. But his greeting burst from his heart.

"God be thanked!" he said in his deep growl of joy. "God be thanked!"

When Marco put forth his hand, he bent his grizzled head and kissed it devoutly.

"God be thanked!" he said again.

"My father?" Marco began; "my father is out?" If he had been in the house, he knew he would not have stayed in the back sitting-room.

"Sir," said Lazarus, "will you come with me into his room? You too, sir," to The Rat. He had never said "sir" to him before.

He opened the door of the familiar room, and the boys entered. The room was empty.

Marco did not speak; neither did The Rat. They both stood still in the middle of the shabby carpet and looked up at the old soldier. Both had suddenly the same feeling that the earth had dropped from beneath their feet. Lazarus saw it and spoke fast and with tremor. He was almost as agitated as they were.

"He left me at your service—at your command—" he began.

"Left you?" said Marco.

"He left us, all three, under orders—to *wait*," said Lazarus. "The Master has gone."

The Rat felt something hot rush into his eyes. He brushed it away that he might look at Marco's face. The shock had changed it very much. Its glowing eager joy had died out, it had turned paler and his brows were drawn together. For a few seconds he did not speak at all, and, when he did speak, The Rat knew that his voice was steady only because he willed that it should be so.

"If he has gone," he said, "it is because he had a strong reason. It was because he also was under orders."

"He said that you would know that," Lazarus answered. "He was called in such haste that he had not a moment in which to do more than write a few words. He left them for you on his desk."

Marco walked over to the desk and opened the envelope which was lying there. There were only a few lines on the sheet of paper inside and they had evidently been written in the greatest haste. They were these: "The life of my life—for Samavia."

"He was called—to Samavia!" Marco said, and the thought sent his blood rushing through his veins. "He has gone to Samavia!"

Lazarus drew his hand roughly across his eyes and his voice shook and sounded hoarse.

"There has been great disaffection in the camps of the Maranovitch," he said. "The remnant of the army has gone mad. Sir, silence is still the order, but who knows—who knows? God alone."

He had not finished speaking before he turned his head as if listening to sounds in the road. They were the kind of sounds which had broken up The Squad, and sent it rushing down the passage into the street to seize on a newspaper. There was to be heard a commotion of newsboys shouting riotously some startling piece of news which had called out an "Extra."

The Rat had heard it first and dashed to the front door. As he opened it, a newsboy running by shouted at the topmost power of his lungs the news he had to sell:

"Assassination of King Michael Maranovitch by his own soldiers! Assassination of the Maranovitch! Extra! Extra!"

When The Rat returned with a newspaper, Lazarus interposed between him and Marco with great and respectful ceremony. "Sir," he said to Marco, "I am at your command, but the Master left with me an order which I was to repeat to you. He requested you *not* to read the newspapers until he himself could see you again."

Both boys fell back.

"Not read the papers!" they exclaimed together.

Lazarus had never before been quite so reverential and ceremonious.

"Your pardon, sir," he said; "I may read them at your orders, and report such things as it is well that you should know. There have been dark tales told and there may be darker ones. He asked that you would not read for yourself. If you meet again—when you meet again—" he corrected himself hastily—"when you meet

again, he says you will understand. I am your servant. I will read and answer all such questions as I can."

The Rat handed him the paper and they returned to the back room together.

"You shall tell us what he would wish us to hear," Marco said.

The news was soon told. The story was not a long one as exact details had not yet reached London. It was briefly that the head of the Maranovitch party had been put to death by infuriated soldiers of his own army. It was an army drawn chiefly from a peasantry which did not love its leaders, or wish to fight, and suffering and brutal treatment had at last roused it to furious revolt.

"What next?" said Marco.

"If I were a Samavian—" began The Rat and then he stopped.

Lazarus stood biting his lips but staring stonily at the carpet. Not The Rat alone but Marco also noted a grim change in him. It was grim because it suggested that he was holding himself under an iron control. It was as if while tortured by anxiety he had sworn not to allow himself to look anxious, and the resolve set his jaw hard and carved new lines in his rugged face. Each boy thought this in secret, but did not wish to put it into words. If he was anxious, he could only be so for one reason, and each realized what the reason must be. Loristan had gone to Samavia—to the torn and bleeding country filled with riot and danger. If he had gone, it could only have been because its danger called him and he went to face it at its worst. Lazarus had been left behind to watch over them. Silence was still the order, and what he knew he could not tell them, and perhaps he knew little more than that a great life might be lost.

Because his master was absent, the old soldier seemed to feel that he must comport himself with a greater ceremonial reverence than he had ever shown before. He held himself within call, and at Marco's orders, as it had been his custom to hold himself with regard to Loristan. The ceremonious service even extended itself to The Rat, who appeared to have taken a new place in his mind. He also seemed now to be a person to be waited upon and replied to with dignity and formal respect.

When the evening meal was served, Lazarus drew out Loristan's chair at the head of the table and stood behind it with a majestic air.

"Sir," he said to Marco, "the Master requested that you take his seat at the table until—while he is not with you."

Marco took the seat in silence.

AT two o'clock in the morning, when the roaring road was still, the light from the street lamp, shining into the small bedroom, fell on two pale boy faces. The Rat sat up on his sofa-bed in the old way with his hands clasped round his knees. Marco lay flat on his hard pillow. Neither of them had been to sleep and yet they had not talked a great deal. Each had secretly guessed a good deal of what the other did not say.

"There is one thing we must remember," Marco had said, early in the night. "We must not be afraid."

"No," answered The Rat, almost fiercely. "We must not be afraid."

"We are tired;—we came back expecting to be able to tell it all to him. We have always been looking forward to that. We never once thought that he might be gone. And he was *gone!* Did you feel as if—" he turned towards the sofa, "as if something had struck you on the chest?"

"Yes," The Rat answered heavily. "Yes."

"We were n't ready," said Marco. "He had never gone before; but we ought to have known he might some day be—called. He went because he was called. He told us to wait. We don't know what we are waiting for, but we know that we must not be afraid. To let ourselves be *afraid* would be breaking the Law."

"The Law!" groaned The Rat dropping his head on his hands. "I'd forgotten about it."

"Let us remember it," said Marco. "This is the time. 'Hate not. *Fear* not!'" He repeated the last words again and again. "Fear not! Fear not," he said. "*Nothing* can harm him."

The Rat lifted his head, and looked at the bed sideways.

"Did you ever think—" he said slowly—"did you *ever* think that perhaps *he* knew where the descendant of the Lost Prince was?"

Marco answered even more slowly.

"If anyone knew—surely he might. He has known so much," he said.

"Listen to this!" broke forth The Rat. "I believe he has gone to *tell* the people. If he does—if he could show them—all the country would run mad with joy. It would n't be only the Secret Party. All Samavia would rise and follow any flag he chose to raise. They've prayed for the Lost Prince for five hundred years, and if they believed they'd got him once more, they'd fight like madmen for him. But there would not be any one to fight. They'd *all* want the same thing! If they could see the man with Ivor's blood in his veins, they'd feel he had come back to them—risen from the dead. They'd believe it!"

He beat his fists together in his frenzy of ex-

citement. "It's the time! It's the time!" he cried. "No man could let such a chance go by! He *must* tell them—he *must!* That *must* be what he's gone for. He knows—he knows—he's always known!" And he threw himself back on his sofa and flung his arms over his face, lying there panting.

"If it is the time," said Marco in a low, strained voice—"if it is, and he knows—he will tell them." And he threw his arms up over his own face and lay quite still.

Neither of them said another word, and the street lamp shone in on them as if it were waiting for something to happen. But nothing happened. In time they were asleep.

CHAPTER XXIX

'TWTIXT NIGHT AND MORNING

AFTER this, they waited. They did not know what they waited for, nor could they guess even vaguely how the waiting would end. All that Lazarus could tell them he told. He would have been willing to stand respectfully for hours relating to Marco the story of how the period of their absence had passed for his Master and himself. He told how Loristan had spoken each day of his son, how he had often been pale with anxiousness, how in the evenings he had walked to and fro in his room, deep in thought, as he looked down unseeingly at the carpet.

"He permitted me to talk of you, sir," Lazarus said. "I saw that he wished to hear your name often. I reminded him of the times when you had been so young that most children of your age would have been in the hands of nurses, and yet you were strong and silent and sturdy and traveled with us as if you were not a child at all—never crying when you were tired and were not properly fed. As if you understood—as if you understood," he added, proudly. "If, through the power of God, a creature can be a man at six years old, you were that one. Many a dark day I have looked into your solemn, watching eyes, and have been half afraid; because that a child should answer one's gaze so gravely seemed almost an unearthly thing."

"There is only one thing I remember of those days," said Marco, "and that was that he was with me, and that whenever I was hungry or tired, I knew he must be so, too."

The feeling that they were "waiting" was so intense that it filled the days with strangeness. When the postman's knock was heard at the door, each of them endeavored not to start. A letter might some day come which would tell them—they did not know what. But no letters came.



"THEY TOOK THEIR BAGS AND FOLLOWED THE CROWD ALONG THE PLATFORM."

When they went out into the streets, they found themselves hurrying on their way back in spite of themselves. Something might have happened. Lazarus read the papers faithfully, and in the evening told Marco and The Rat all the news it was "well that they should hear." But the disorders of Samavia had ceased to occupy much space. They had become an old story, and after the excitement of the assassination of Michael Maranovitch had died out, there seemed to be a lull in events. Michael's son had not dared to try to take his father's place, and there were rumors that he also had been killed. The head of the Iarovitch had declared himself king but had not been crowned because of disorders in his own party. The country seemed existing in a nightmare of suffering, famine and suspense.

"Samavia is 'waiting' too," The Rat broke forth one night as they talked together. "But—but it won't wait long—it can't. If I were a Samavian and in Samavia—"

"My father is a Samavian and he is in Samavia," Marco's grave young voice interposed. The Rat flushed red as he realized what he had said. "What a fool I am!" he groaned. "I—I beg your pardon—sir." He stood up when he said the last words and added the "sir" as if he suddenly realized that there was a distance between them which was something akin to the distance between youth and maturity—but yet was not the same.

"You are a good Samavian but—you forget," was Marco's answer.

Lazarus' tense grimness increased with each day that passed. The ceremonious respectfulness of his manner toward Marco increased also. It seemed as if the more anxious he felt the more formal and stately his bearing became. It was as though he braced his own courage by doing the smallest things life in the back sitting-room required as if they were of the dignity of services performed in a much larger place and un-

der much more imposing circumstances. The Rat found himself feeling almost as if he were an equerry in a court, and that dignity and ceremony were necessary on his own part. He began to experience a sense of being somehow a person of rank, for whom doors were opened grandly and who had vassals at his command. The watchful obedience of fifty vassals embodied itself in the manner of Lazarus.

"I am glad," The Rat said once reflectively, "that, after all, my father was once—different. It makes it easier to learn things perhaps. If he had not talked to me about people who—well, who had never seen places like Bone Court—this might have been harder for me to understand."

When at last they managed to call The Squad together, and went to spend a morning at the Barracks behind the churchyard, that body of armed men stared at their commander in great and amazed uncertainty. They felt that something had happened to him. They did not know what had happened, but it was some experience which had made him mysteriously different. He did not look like Marco, but in some extraordinary way he seemed more akin to him. They only knew that some necessity in Loristan's affairs had taken the two away from London and the Game. Now they had come back, and they seemed older.

At first, The Squad felt awkward and shuffled its feet uncomfortably. After the first greetings it did not know exactly what to say. It was Marco who saved the situation.

"Drill us first," he said to The Rat, "then we can talk about the Game."

"Tention!" shouted The Rat, magnificently. And then they forgot everything else and sprang into line. After the drill was ended, and they sat in a circle on the broken flags, the Game became more resplendent than it had ever been.

"I 've had time to read and work out new things," The Rat said. "Reading is so like traveling."

Marco himself sat and listened, enthralled by theadroitness of the imagination he displayed. Without revealing a single dangerous fact he built up, of their journeyings and experiences, a totally new structure of adventures which would have fired the whole being of any group of lads. It was safe to describe places and people, and he so described them that the Squad squirmed in its delight at feeling itself marching in a procession attending the Emperor in Vienna; standing in line before palaces; climbing, with knapsacks strapped tight, up precipitous mountain roads; defending mountain-fortresses; and storming Samavian castles. The Squad glowed and exulted.

The Rat glowed and exulted himself. Marco watched his sharp-featured, burning-eyed face with wonder and admiration. This strange power of making things alive was, he knew, what his father would call "genius."

"Let 's take the oath of 'legiance again," shouted Cad when the Game was over.

"The papers never said nothin' more about the Lost Prince, but we are all *for* him yet! Let 's take it!" So they stood in line again, Marco at the head and renewed their oath:

"The sword in my hand—for Samavia!

"The heart in my breast—for Samavia!

"The swiftness of my sight, the thought of my brain, the life of my life—for Samavia.

"Here grow twelve men—for Samavia.

"God be thanked!"

It was more solemn than it had been the first time. The Squad felt it tremendously. Both Cad and Ben were conscious that thrills ran down their spines into their boots. When Marco and The Rat left them, they first stood at salute and then broke out into a cheer.

On their way home, The Rat asked Marco a question:

"Did you see Mrs. Beedle standing at the top of the basement steps and looking after us when we went out this morning?"

Mrs. Beedle was the landlady of the lodgings at No. 7 Philibert Place—a mysterious and dusty female, who lived in the "cellar kitchen" part of the house and was seldom seen by her lodgers.

"Yes," answered Marco, "I have seen her two or three times lately, and I do not think I ever saw her before. My father has never seen her, though Lazarus says she used to watch him round corners. Why is she suddenly so curious about us?"

"I 'd like to know," said The Rat. "I 've been trying to work it out. Ever since we came back, she 's been peeping round the door of the kitchen stairs, or over balustrades, or through the cellar-kitchen windows. I believe she wants to speak to you, and knows Lazarus won't let her if he catches her at it. When Lazarus is about, she always darts back."

"What does she want to say?" said Marco.

"I 'd like to know," said The Rat again.

When they reached No. 7 Philibert Place, they found out, because, as Lazarus opened the door, they saw at the top of the kitchen stairs at the end of the passage, the mysterious Mrs. Beedle, in her dusty black dress and with a dusty black cap on, evidently having that minute mounted from her subterranean hiding-place.

"Young Master Loristan!" she called out authoritatively. Lazarus wheeled about fiercely.

chief held it up in the firelight, and the prisoners, watching with straining eyes, and with hearts beating wildly, beheld their salvation: the carved musket-ball that Pedro had given to Tomson!

The chief hesitated but a moment; then he turned to Tomson and said apologetically: "You have been badly treated, Señor, but I will make amend. Loose them, Lopez."

Their revulsion of feeling was so intense that the boys could not conceal their emotion; but Tomson had experienced too many narrow escapes to exhibit very much concern, whatever he may have felt. If there is one thing the old Argonaut holds in esteem, it is philosophical endurance of suffering and peril. Any fault will be more readily condoned by him than cowardice; and to him the greatest virtue is stoical endurance of hardship and indifference to danger.

Tomson could pardon the boys' emotion, for they had borne up bravely, and, on such an occasion as this, a couple of unseasoned Tenderfeet could not be expected to behave like old campaigners; but for the veteran of fifty years' experience to accept their release as anything out of the ordinary, would be, from Tomson's viewpoint, inexcusable.

Therefore, when Lopez had stricken off their bonds, Tomson lit his pipe and took a deep puff of the fragrant smoke with evident enjoyment before addressing any one. Then he turned to the bandit chief.

"I don't thank you so much for this," he said, "as I do our good friend Pedro. May I trouble you for my bullet?"

The mountaineer promptly handed Tomson the musket-ball, with the words, "Not only the ball, Señor; everything shall be restored to you. In spite of what is told of us, there is honor among us *Insurrectos* in the mountains. No mountain-man is untrue to his friends. The one who has such a token as yours is free to enjoy his goods and to journey where he pleases. You are a friend of my good friend. Should occasion arise when you may need help from the mountain-men of Guerrero, you have but to ask it; it will be yours. Can I say more?"

One question Belville had been longing to ask. He could restrain it no longer. "Señor," he said, "our boy, Pipo—was it he who told you how to find us?"

The mountaineer smiled grimly: "No; your Pipo did not tell."

"Do you know aught of him?"

"Come with me," said Lopez; "you will see."

There was something sinister in the manner of the reply, but Belville followed fearlessly as Lopez strode away.

"Shall I come, too?" asked Larry.

"No!" Belville called back. Though he had not implicit confidence in the good faith of his guide, he realized that there could be no immediate danger, and felt that a show of confidence might have a good effect.

The half-breed lieutenant led him down the stream a short way beyond the bend of it to a small grove, into which he plunged. Following closely, Belville beheld Larry's mustang tethered to one of the trees; but there was no sign of Pipo.

Lopez hesitated, perplexed, and bent over to examine one of the tree-trunks. He was rising with an exclamation of surprise on his lips, when, from the branches over his head, a heavy body descended upon him, knocking him to the ground and pinning him there. A knife blade flashed in the grey dawning, and Belville, clutching wildly at the upraised arm, caught it as it was descending.

"Let go—let go—that I may kill!" cried Pipo, for it was he, struggling to retain his advantage over the half-breed.

"No, let him be; we are friends!" Belville commanded; and Lopez, exerting all his strength, threw the frenzied Pipo from him.

"Why would you kill him?" asked Belville, wrenching the knife from Pipo's grasp.

"For the lashes he gave me," answered Pipo, sullenly.

Belville turned to the half-breed. "Why did you lash this poor boy?"

Lopez shrugged his shoulders. "Did not *el Capitan* say to you the boy would not tell?"

"Then how did you come upon us?"

"Mustangs have feet; they leave a trail. More, you had a camp-fire. Now let me find how the boy escaped."

"Escaped from where?"

"From the tree where I, myself, tied him."

"Wolves have teeth," said Pipo, grimly.

"But the knife—you had none when I searched you."

"I saw it was useless from the first—I flung it from me."

"But," said Belville, "when you had freed yourself, why wait in the tree?"

Pipo picked up a bit of thong. "*Mira!*" (Look!) he said. "Would you bite that in two by to-morrow? I was but for one moment free when I heard some one returning!"

(To be concluded.)

ON WALKING

BY JAMES FREDERICK ROGERS, M.D.

WALKING is the most common form of muscular exercise,—one which each of us who is so fortunate as to possess a normal body carries out, or can carry out, to a greater or lesser extent each day.

All degrees of exercise are to be obtained by walking. One may have the slight but sure results of a slow shamble on the level, or the greater effects of the ascent of a mountain or the climb of a flight of steps; one may walk across a room or across a county.

Every step we take may be of benefit—if we have not already taken enough steps; and if the walker had no brain, the length of walk most conducive to good could be measured in strides. Since he is possessed of a brain, however, and usually an active one, the company he keeps, both within and without, and the sights and sounds (yes, and often the smells) which greet his senses, are as important to the walker as the distance traveled or the elevation climbed.

Leaving for the moment everything but the mere mechanism of walking, this, like any other bodily exercise, brings into increased activity not only the voluntary machinery that moves us along, but, at the same time, there is an equivalent stirring up of all the involuntary activities. There is a quickening of the circulatory and respiratory organs, the food-preparing functions are helped, and surplus food-supplies within the body are drawn upon. The greater the speed of the walker and the steeper the ascent, the more heightened the internal effects. Benjamin Franklin adopted stair-climbing, instead of walking on the level, when he wished his exercise boiled down. Though concentrated effect and economy of time are thus obtained, it does not follow that the results of vigorous exercise for a brief time are as good as milder movements and more sustained effort. On the other hand, a walk may be too leisurely to produce the best effects. Neither the pace of the hare nor that of the tortoise produces the best results in a normal person; each must determine for himself the gait which is most beneficial.

The feeling of mild fatigue will show us when we have walked far enough; and the time limit, the time, that is, in which fatigue asserts itself, depends on the speed we make and the elevation to which we have lifted our bodies. Theoretically, a man who does little physical labor needs, for health, exercise equivalent to a walk on the

level of about six to eight miles at a gait of three miles per-hour, or four to six miles at the rate of five miles per hour. This estimate is for the average well-developed man, and a great many men and women will need much less to keep them in good condition, especially if they do not over-eat. Boys and girls always need plenty of exercise, but their capacity for long walks is much less, even in proportion to their age, than adults. Their energies must be used for growth as well as for muscular exercise. The long, wearisome "hikes" taken by young people are more likely to be injurious than helpful. It does harm rather than good to walk after real fatigue has begun.

We have so far been considering the human being as a machine, which attended strictly to walking and to nothing else, or rather, which turned on the power and let the mechanism of muscle and nerve work the propelling levers of the body back and forth until, from using up its stored energy, and from the accumulation of waste products, the machine began to slow down.

We all know that the body does not work so simply, and that we are sometimes fatigued by a walk of a few minutes, when at other times, though at the start seemingly in no better muscular condition, we can travel for hours. It all depends on the mind, and the things on which the mental faculties please to exercise themselves as we move along. An old hunter put it thus: "With a gun on my shoulder I can easily walk ten miles, but empty-handed it tires me to walk one."

The problem of the distance we can or should walk is greatly complicated by the fact that we carry self around with us, and self alone is apt to prove a burden which will quickly bring premature fatigue. Self needs something outside to lean upon. It is like a trolley which, applied to the wrong object, may prove a hindrance to progress, but, applied to its appropriate wire, not only relieves the body of its dead weight, but helps to carry it beyond its supposed capacity for exertion. Where it is impossible for the pedestrian to fix his attention happily on outward things, it is often much better for him to take some sedentary recreation in which he can do so.

It seems against all physical laws that a man should travel farther with a ten-pound gun than without any load whatever, but the relief obtained by the drafting of the mental energies through the gun into other channels far more



From a painting by Irving Wiles.

AN AUTUMN WALK.

than compensates for the extra muscular exercise entailed by carrying it along. The mind is carried beyond the body, and, through the keen anticipation of a possible exhibition of skill, the wear and tear of walking are reduced to the physiological minimum. But a gun is not necessary; a fishing-rod—and certainly a golf-stick—answers as well for some persons, and even a cane serves to amuse the wielder and keeps the self from hampering the leg-working machinery. Still better than these is the companionship of a dog or a leash of dogs. We knew a prominent physician who urged all his patients suffering from insufficient exercise to buy a dog. Human society may or may not add to the pleasure and profit of walking—it depends on the persons who walk.

There have been some famous pedestrians, with the emphasis on the word famous. Charles Dickens was a great walker. "Twelve, fifteen, even twenty miles a day were none too much for Dickens . . . swinging his blackthorn stick, his little figure sprang forward over the ground, and it took a practiced pair of legs to keep alongside of his voice." He once did "a special feat of turning out of bed at two, after a hard day, pedestrian and otherwise, and walking thirty miles into the country for breakfast." It will be noted that Boz used all three of the helps to pedestrianism we have mentioned, a cane, and canine and human company.

Sir Walter Scott "walked twenty or thirty miles without fatigue, notwithstanding his limp." Browning, when past seventy, could take long walks without fatigue, and Wordsworth, at three-score, did twenty miles a day. De Quincey considered fourteen miles a day necessary to his health, and Lamb, notwithstanding his "almost immaterial legs," "could walk during all the day." Brahms was a tireless pedestrian, and Beethoven always took his daily walk, or "run," of five or more miles in all manner of weathers, while Turner traveled twenty miles a day, sketching as he walked. Herbert Spencer, at thirteen, in a fit of homesickness, walked forty-eight miles one day and forty-seven the next; but was probably injured in so doing. Tolstoy, at fifty-eight, walked a hundred and thirty miles in three days.

Great men are usually of powerful physique, and many of us would suffer if we emulated their walking habits, but they have not all been so vigorous. Immanuel Kant walked for at least an hour every day, but doubtless Bacon or Locke, Chopin or Weber, Spinoza or Calvin, who were none of them in good health, would have found a walk of a mile or two quite sufficient, or even too much.

Walking in the city has its advocates, as has the country stroll. There may be more in the metropolitan thoroughfare to distract the companionless pedestrian, but it depends on the city and the thoroughfare as well as on the pedestrian. Companionship of dog or man is more fully enjoyed in wandering over fields or following country roads. The unyielding hardness of the city pavement (relieved to some extent by the intervention of rubber heels) is disastrous to the arch of the foot, while the kindly give of the soil invites the rural Rambler.

For walking one must be properly shod. The high and peg-shaped heel and the narrow toe help to draw the sand of self-consciousness into the machinery that otherwise enjoys its own exhibition of power and endurance. For pedestrianism we need plenty of spring, and all the base of support possible. The exercise of walking, if the foot coverings allow, preserves and strengthens the foot.

There are good walkers and poor walkers; walkers that walk with ease and walkers that labor along. We are not all built alike and could not all walk alike if we tried. For purposes of exercise, it does not matter greatly how we walk so that we stand fairly erect and do not jar the body too much by keeping the knees too straight and planting the heel too firmly. Walking is a continuous falling forward, and simultaneous moving forward of the underpinning to prevent the fall. We can assist the falling by tipping the whole body forward without stooping the head and shoulders, and we can prevent the fall without jarring the body unnecessarily. It is of chief moment that we walk, and that, in walking, the mind finds absorbing adventures of its own so that it keeps the body joyful, and not depressing, company.



TOMMY AND THE WISHING-STONE

TOMMY BECOMES A FURRY ENGINEER

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

Author of "Old Mother West Wind," "Bedtime Story-Books," etc.

PADDY THE BEAVER lives in the Great Woods far from the dwelling-place of man. Often and often had Tommy wished that Paddy lived in the Green Forest near his home that he might make his acquaintance; for he had read many wonderful things about Paddy, and they were hard to believe.

"If I could see 'em for myself, just *see* 'em with my own eyes I could believe; but so many things are written that are not true, that a feller don't know what to believe and what not to. A feller ought to *see* things to *know* that they are so," said Tommy, as he strolled down towards the big gray stone that overlooked the Green Meadows. "'Course it 's easy enough to believe that beavers build houses. Muskrats do that. I know all about muskrats, and I s'pose a beaver's house is about the same thing as a muskrat's, only bigger and better; but how any critter can cut down a big tree, or build a dam, or dig a regular canal is more 'n I can understand without seeing for myself. I wish—"

Tommy did n't finish his wish. I suspect he was going to wish that he could go into the Great Woods and hunt for Paddy the Beaver. But he did n't finish his wish, because just then a new thought popped into his head. You know how it is with thoughts. They just pop out from nowhere in the queerest way. It was so now with Tommy. He suddenly thought of the wishing-stone, the great gray stone just ahead of him, and he wondered, if he should sit down on it, if he could wish himself into a beaver. Always before, when he had wished himself into an animal or a bird, it was one of those with which he was familiar and had seen. This case was different. There were no beavers anywhere near where Tommy lived, and so he was a little doubtful. If he could wish himself into a beaver, why, he could wish himself into anything—a lion, or an elephant, or anything else—and learn about *all* the animals, no matter where they lived!

"Gee!" exclaimed Tommy, and there was a queer little catch in his breath, because, you know, it was such a great big idea. He stood still and slowly rubbed the bare toes of one foot up and down the other bare brown leg. "Gee!" he exclaimed again, and stared very hard at the

wishing-stone. "'T won't do any harm to try it, anyway," he added.

So he walked over to the wishing-stone and sat down. With his chin in his hand and his



"TOMMY WAS A YOUNG BEAVER WITH A WATERPROOF FUR COAT."

elbows on his knees he stared over at the Green Forest and tried to imagine that it was the Great Woods, where the only human beings ever seen were hunters, or trappers, or lumbermen, and where bears, and deer, and moose, and wolves lived, and where beavers built their homes, and made their ponds, and lived their lives far from the homes of men. As he stared, the Green Forest seemed to change to the Great Woods. "I wish," said he, slowly and dreamily, "I wish that I were a beaver."

He was no longer sitting on the wishing-stone. He was a young beaver with a waterproof fur coat, a broad flat tail and great chisel-like teeth

in the front of his jaws, his tools. His home was in the heart of the Great Woods, where a broad, shallow brook sparkled and dimpled, and the sun, breaking through the tree-tops, kissed its ripples. In places it flowed swiftly, dancing and singing over stones and pebbles. Again it lingered in deep dark cool holes where the trout lay. Farther on, it loafed lazily through wild meadows where the deer delighted to come. But where Tommy was, it rested in little ponds, quiet, peaceful, in a dreamy quietness, where the very spirit of peace and happiness and contentment seemed to brood.

On one side of one of these little ponds was the house, a great house of sticks bound together with mud and turf, the house in which Tommy lived with others of his family. It was quite the finest beaver-house in all that region. But Tommy did n't think anything about that. It was summer now, the season of play, of having a good time without thought of work. It was the season of visiting and of exploration. In company with some of his relatives he made long journeys up and down the brook, and even across to other brooks on some of which were other beaver colonies and on some of which were no signs that beavers ever had worked there.

But when summer began to wane, Tommy found that life was not all a lazy holiday and that he was expected to work. The home settlement was rather crowded. There was danger that the food supply would not be sufficient for so many hungry beavers. So it was decided to establish a new settlement on one of the brooks which they had visited in their summer journey, and Tommy was one of a little company which, under the leadership of a wise old beaver, started forth on a still night to found the new colony. He led the way straight to one of the brooks on the banks of which grew many poplar trees, for you must know that the favorite food of beavers is the bark of aspens and poplars. It was very clear that this wise old leader had taken note during the summer of those trees and of the brook itself, for the very night of their arrival he chose a certain place in the brook and announced that there they would build their dam.

"Is n't it a great deal of work to build a dam?" asked Tommy, who knew nothing about dam-building, the dam at his old home having been built long before his time.

"It is. Yes, indeed, it certainly is," replied an old beaver. "You 'll find it so before we get this dam built."

"Then what 's the use of building it?" asked Tommy. "I don't see the use of a dam here anyway. There are places where the banks are

steep enough and the water deep enough for splendid holes in which to live. Then all we 've got to do is to go cut a tree when we are hungry. I 'm sure I, for one, would much rather swim around and have a good time."

The other looked at him out of eyes that twinkled, and yet in a way to make Tommy feel uncomfortable. "You are young," said he, "and the prattle of young tongues is heedless. What would you do for food in winter when the brook is frozen? The young think only of to-day and the good times of to-day, and forget to prepare for the future. When you have learned to work, you will find that there is in life no pleasure so great as the pleasure of work well done. Now suppose you let us see what those teeth of yours are good for, and help cut these alders and haul them over to the place where the dam is to be."

Tommy had no reply ready, and so he set to work cutting young alders and willows as the rest were doing. These were floated or dragged down to the place chosen for the dam, where the water was very shallow, and were laid side by



"'IS N'T IT A GREAT DEAL OF WORK TO BUILD A DAM?'"

side with the big ends pointing up stream. Turf, and stones, and mud were piled on the brushy ends to keep them in place. So the foundations of the dam were laid from bank to bank. Then more poles were laid on top, and more turf and

mud. Short sticks were wedged in between and helped to hold the long sticks in place. Tommy grew tired of working, but no one else stopped and he was ashamed to.

One of his companions cut a big poplar and others helped him trim off the branches. This was for food; and when the branches and trunk had been stripped of bark, they were floated down to the new dam and worked into it, the trunk being cut into lengths which could be managed easily. Thus nothing went to waste. So all through the stilly night they worked, and, when the day broke, they sought the deep water and certain holes under the banks wherein to rest. But before he left the dam, the wise old leader examined the work all over to make sure that it was right.

When the first shadows crept forth late the next afternoon, the old leader was the first back on the work. One by one the others joined him, and another night of labor had begun. Some cut trees and saplings, some hauled them to the dam, and some dug up turf and mud and piled it on the dam. There was no talking. Everybody was too busy to talk. Most of Tommy's companions had helped build dams before and knew just what to do. Tommy asked no questions, but did as the others did. Slowly the dam grew higher, and Tommy noticed that the brook was spreading out into a pool; for the water came down faster than it could work its way through that pile of poles and brush. Twigs, and leaves, and grass floated down from the places higher up where the beavers were at work, and, when these reached the dam, they were carried in among the sticks by the water and lodged there, helping to fill up the holes and hold the water back.

As night after night the dam grew higher and the pool behind it grew broader and deeper, Tommy began to take pride in his work. He no longer thought of play but was as eager as the others to complete the dam. The stars looked down from the soft sky and twinkled as they saw the busy workers. At last the dam was completed, for the time being, at least. Very thoroughly the wise old leader went all over it inspecting it from end to end; and when he was satisfied, he led his band to one side of the little pond formed by the dam, and there he chose a site for the house wherein they would spend the winter.

First a platform of sticks, and mud, and turf was built until it was a few inches above the water. Then began the raising of the walls: a framework of poles or long sticks first, and on these a mass of brush and turf until the walls were three feet thick and so solid that Jack Frost

would find it quite useless to try to get inside. The roof was in the shape of a rough dome and at the top was comparatively thin; here little or no mud was used, so that there were tiny air-holes, for, like all other warm-blooded animals, a beaver must breathe.

Within, was a comfortable room of which the platform was the floor. From this, two burrows,



"SOME CUT TREES AND SAPLINGS, SOME HAULED THEM TO THE DAM."

or tunnels, led down on the deep-water side, one of these being on a gradual incline, that food sticks might the easier be dragged in. The entrances to both were at the very bottom of the pond, where there would be no danger of them being closed by ice when the pond should freeze in winter. These were the only entrances, so that no foe could reach them unless he were able to swim under water, and there were no such swimmers whom they had cause to fear.

When the house was finished, Tommy thought that their labors would be at an end; and he was almost sorry, for he had learned to love work. But no sooner was the house completed than all the beavers went lumbering. Yes, sir, that is just what they did. They went lumbering just as men do, only they cut the trees for food instead of for boards. They began at the edge of a little grove of poplars to which the pond now

nearly extended. Sitting on his haunches with his broad tail for a seat or a prop, as his fancy pleased, each little woodman grasped the tree with his hands and bit into the trunk, a bite above and a bite below, and then with his teeth pried out the chip between the two bites, exactly as a man with an axe would cut. It was slow hard work cutting out a chip at a time in this way, but sooner or later the tree would begin to sway. A bite or two more, and it would begin to topple over. Then the little workman would thud the ground sharply with his tail to warn his neighbors to get out of the way, and he himself would scamper to a place of safety while the tree came crashing down. Tommy dearly loved to see and hear those trees come crashing to the ground.

No sooner was a tree down than they trimmed off the branches and cut the trunk into short lengths. These logs they rolled into the water, where, with the larger branches, they were floated out to deep water close by the house and there sunk to the bottom. What for? Tommy did n't have to be told. This was the beginning of their food-pile for the winter.

So the days slipped away and the great food-pile grew in the pond. With such busy workers it did not take long to cut all the trees close by the pond. The farther away from the water they got, the greater the labor of dragging and rolling the logs, and also the greater the danger from lurking enemies. In the water they felt wholly safe, but on land they had to be always on the watch for wolves, and bears, and lynxes.

When they had reached the limit of safety, the wise old leader called a halt to tree cutting and set them all to digging. And what do you think it was they were digging? Why, a canal! It was easier and safer to lead the water from the pond to the place where the trees grew than to get the logs over land to the pond. So they dug a ditch, or canal, about two and a half feet wide and a foot and a half deep, piling the mud up on the banks, until at last it reached the place where they could cut the trees, and roll the logs into the canal, and so float them out to the pond. Then the cutting began again.

Tommy was happy. Never had he been more happy. There was something wonderfully satisfying in just looking at the results of their labor and in feeling that he had had a part in it all. Yet his life was not all labor without excitement. Indeed, it was far from it. Had Tommy the Beaver been able to remember what as Tommy the Boy he had read, he would have felt that he was just like those hardy pioneers who built their homes in the wilderness. Always, in that great still wilderness, death with padded feet, and cruel

teeth, and hungry eyes sought to steal upon the beavers. So always as they worked, especially when on the land, they were prepared to rush for safety at the first warning. Never for a minute did they cease to keep guard, testing every breath of air with wonderfully sensitive noses, and listening with hardly less wonderful ears. On nose and ears the safety of a beaver almost wholly depends, his eyes being rather weak.

Once Tommy stopped in his labor of cutting a big tree so that he might rest for a minute or two. On the very edge of the little clearing they had made, the moonlight fell on an old weather-gray log. Tommy stared at it a moment, then resumed his work. A few minutes later he chanced to look at it again. Somehow it seemed nearer than before. He stared long and hard, but it lay as motionless as a log should. Once more he resumed his work, but hardly had he done so when there was the warning thud of a neighbor's tail. Instantly Tommy scrambled for the water; and even as he did so, he caught a glimpse of that gray old log coming to life and leaping towards him. The instant he reached the water, he dived.

"What was it?" he whispered tremulously when, in the safety of the house, he touched noses with one of his neighbors.

"Tufty the Lynx," was the reply. "I smelled him and gave the warning. I guess it was lucky for you that I did."

"I guess it was," returned Tommy, with a shiver.

Another time, a huge black form sprang from the blacker shadows and caught one of the workers. It was a bear. Sometimes there would be three or four alarms in a night. So Tommy learned that the harvesting of the food supply was the most dangerous labor of all, for it took him farthest from the safety of the water.

At last this work was completed, and Tommy wondered if now they were to rest and idle away their time. But he did not have to wonder long. The old leader was not yet content, but must have the pond deepened all along the foot of the dam and around the entrances to the house. So now they once more turned to digging, this time under water, bringing the mud up to put on the dam or the house, some working on one and some on the other. The nights grew crisp and there was a hint of frost. It was then that they turned all their attention to the house, plastering it all over with mud save at the very top, where the air-holes were. So thick did they lay it on that only here and there did the end of a stick project. Then came a night which made a thin sheet of ice over the pond and froze the mud-

plaster of the house. The cold increased. The ice grew thicker and the walls of the house so hard that not even the powerful claws of a bear could tear them open.

The nights of labor were over at last. There was nothing to do now but sleep on the soft beds of grass or of thin splinters of wood, for some had preferred to make beds of this latter material. For exercise they swam in the quiet waters under the ice. When they were hungry, they slipped down through the water tunnel and



"THEY WERE PREPARED TO RUSH FOR SAFETY AT THE FIRST WARNING."

out into the pond, swam to the food-pile, got a stick, and took it back to the house, where they gnawed the bark off in comfort and at their ease, afterward carrying the bare stick down to the dam for use in making repairs.

Once they discovered that the water was rapidly lowering. This meant a break in the dam. A trapper had cut a hole in it and cunningly placed a trap there. But the wise old leader knew all about traps, and the breach was repaired without harm to any one. Sometimes a lynx or a wolf would come across the ice and prowl around the house, sniffing hungrily as the smell of beaver came out through the tiny air-holes in the roof. But the thick walls were like rock, and Tommy and his companions never even knew of these hungry prowlers. Peace, safety, and contentment reigned under the ice of the beaver-pond.

But at last there came a day when a great noise reverberated under the ice. They knew not what it meant and lay shivering with fear. A long time they lay even after it had ceased. Then one of the boldest went for a stick from the food-pile. He did not return. Another went and he did not return. Finally Tommy went, for

he was hungry. When he reached the food-pile, he found that it had been fenced in with stout poles driven down into the mud through holes cut in the ice. It was the cutting of these holes that had made the dreadful noise, though Tommy did n't know it. Around the food-pile he swam until at last he found an opening between the poles of the fence. He hesitated. Then, because he was very hungry, he entered. Hardly was he inside when another pole was thrust down through a hole behind him, and he was a prisoner under the ice inside that hateful fence.

Now a beaver must have air, and there was no air there and no way of getting any. Up above on the ice an Indian squatted. He knew just what was happening down below and he grinned. Beside him lay the two beavers who had preceded Tommy, drowned. Now Tommy was drowning. His lungs felt as if they would burst. Dully he realized that this was the end. As long as he could, he held his breath and then—Tommy came to himself with a frightened jump.

He was sitting on the old wishing-stone, and before him stretched the Green Meadows, joyous with happy life. He was n't a beaver at all, but he knew that he had lived the life of Paddy the Beaver, and he shuddered as he thought of those last dreadful minutes. Then the wonder of what he had learned grew upon him.

"Why," he exclaimed, "a beaver is an engineer, a lumberman, a dredger, a builder, and a mason! He 's wonderful. He 's the most wonderful animal in all the world!" His face clouded. "Why can't people leave him alone?" he exploded. "A man that will trap and kill one of those little chaps is worse than a lynx or a wolf. Yes, sir, that 's what he is! Those critters kill to eat, but man kills just for the few dollars Paddy's fur coat will bring."

Tommy got up and stretched. Then he started for home, and there was a thoughtful look on his freckled face. "Gee!" he exclaimed, "I 've learned a pile this time. I did n't know there was so much pleasure in just work before. I guess I won't complain any more over what I have to do." And then, whistling, Tommy headed straight for the wood-pile and his axe. He had work to do, and he was glad of it.

(To be concluded.)

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS



THE HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING AT RUPERT, IDAHO.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDING WHICH LEADS THE WORLD

BY GEORGE FREDERIC STRATTON

THAT is the claim, uncontradicted, for the new high school at Rupert, Idaho. The government engineers of the great Minidoka Reclamation Project state that, as far as they know, no other public building in the world has so completely adopted electric current for its *heat, power, and light*; and they follow that up with the interesting assertion that nowhere else and in no other circumstances has the control of those tremendously important, effective, and necessary elements of modern life been demonstrated as it is at Rupert. The lady who, as Superintendent of Public Instruction, is directing the intellectual development of the new generation of the Minidoka Valley, can and does, by the muscles of her small wrist, direct the electric current of comfort and power into every corner of that great building.

Fuel, smoke, chimneys, boilers, engineers, and coal-bins are replaced by the switchboard; and the expense of heating and lighting, and of power for the manual training and domestic science departments, is reduced to nearly fifty per

cent. of what the necessary amount of coal would cost.

Less than eight years ago the site of the town of Rupert was wild sage-brush desert. Then, wizards of levels and transits, of rock and concrete, of turbines and generators, commonly known as U. S. Engineers, went up there, and, in their usual casual but forceful manner, intimated to the great Snake River that it had a mission, but did n't know it. They ran a big dam across at Minidoka Falls for the prime purpose of conserving water for irrigation; and, in order to distribute that water over 50,000 acres of arid land lying higher than the river, they built the largest hydro-electric pumping-station in existence. They made that river not only lift itself thirty feet above its bed and spread itself over the landscape for irrigation, but they made it hand out 10,000 horse-power for electric current, which is being used for power and light by the farmers of the valley and the ranch towns.

This is the source upon which the eight-year-old town of Rupert has drawn to show the world the great efficiency, economy, safety, and cleanliness of water as compared with coal. The contracts for coal, the driving clouds of smoke, the

anxious about boilers and steam-gages, the uncertain connection between the engineer in the basement and the thermometer on the upper floor, the gloomy coal-bunkers, the ash dumps and ash collectors are in the past. There is not one foot of smoke-chimney or flue to be found in that new high school.

The usual system of hot-air pipes and ventilating apparatus common to steam or hot-air heating is installed, but the furnaces or boilers for heating air or making steam are replaced by a battery of electric heating elements similar to the electric units used in electric ovens.

The equipment and installation were planned by local electricians, ably and freely assisted by enthusiastic government engineers of the Minidoka project. The switchboard is in the principal's office where is also placed an emergency switch which may be used to cut out instantly all current from the entire building—heat, light, and power.

The ventilating fan, which has a capacity of 20,000 cubic feet of air per minute, draws fresh air from outside the building down the cold-air shafts, through the heat units, and forces it through the rooms. As it passes from the fan it goes through what is known as a plenum chamber, the floor of which is a tank filled with water.

ventilating system that such large heaters have been provided. A damper in the cold-air shaft permits of mixing warm air from within the building with the cold air from outdoors in order to heat the rooms quickly in the mornings. At night, the building is kept warm by stopping the ventilating fan, switching the heaters onto low voltage and opening all room doors into the halls.

Electricity is at work everywhere. A 10 horse-power motor drives the fan and supplies all the power needed for the lathes and saws in the manual training department. An electric water-heater supplies the hot water for the domestic science department, for the shower-baths, for the various lavatories and the science rooms. In the domestic science room each girl has her individual electric-disk stove and the necessary utensils. An electric range and other equipment is provided for serving cafeteria lunches on a large scale.

In the science laboratories, electric hot plates are ready for evaporation purposes, and each pupil has an electric appliance to take the place of Bunsen burners.

The lighting system includes an auditorium set with stage-lights and switch-control equal to those of the best theaters.



THE DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT OF THE RUPERT HIGH SCHOOL.

Here it gathers moisture before passing into the rooms.

All of the air in the rooms is changed every fifteen minutes, and it is because of this liberal

It is stated that the first cost of installing the electric system of heating was \$3000 less than the cost of steam-heating would have been. In addition, a very material increase in the floor

space has been gained by the elimination of boilers, coal-bins, and engineer's quarters.

The operating cost, at the flat rate of one dollar per kilowatt per month, is very little higher than the cost of coal would be, and the wages of an engineer are entirely cut off. The principal, Mrs. Adelaide Dampier, has the entire switch-

INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL PLANT-GROWTH

FEW people have stopped to investigate, or even think, how fast some plants grow. There are two types of growth in plants. One is the inside growing—endogenous; the other the outside growing kind—exogenous.

Most trees and shrubs are of the latter type, and if they are sawed off near the base, the cut will reveal irregular layers starting around a center called the pith. Each of these layers represents a year's growth. The growth of the exogenous tree being on the outside, it must have a tough, dependable bark to protect the main body of the tree, which is always the tenderest. But if this bark be peeled, or the tree girdled, it will be found that this exterior bark serves another important purpose, and that is in aiding the circulation of the sap. If this bark is removed, and the soft adja-



ELECTRICITY SUPPLIES ALL THE POWER NEEDED IN THE MANUAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT.

cent layer injured, the tree will eventually die. But if a half dozen small twigs have one of their ends inserted beneath and the other above the injury, the tree will live, grow rapidly, and these twigs will grow large, robust, and in years will unite, making a false but actual and living base for the tree.

board in touch, and any adjustment of the other apparatus is readily made by the manual training boys.

Mr. Charles Paul, the government engineer of the Minidoka project, recently remarked:—"It is true that our rate per kilowatt is low, but even at that I think we could n't have installed that electric high school except for Mrs. Dampier. Sometimes, even on engineering work, it takes a woman to exploit things. The man looks at the cost side of a wire—the woman looks at what the current gives—no matter what it costs. And that perhaps goes in deeper than some of us think."

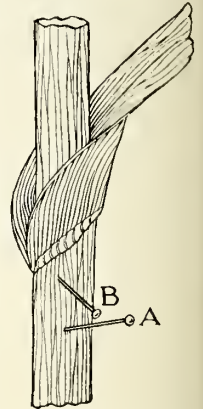
There have been some bitterly cold days since this building was occupied,—days when the Idaho gales were at their keenest—but the heating and ventilation have been ample with the use of not over two thirds of the available power of the apparatus.

And this wonderful school stands on ground that eight years ago was arid desert. In all that great Minidoka Valley there was not then even a farmer; nothing but some herds of sheep, feeding on winter range. To-day, more than one half of the pupils in that Rupert school drive or ride in from new outlying farms, for it is a farm country brought into existence by the utilization of the water of the great Snake River.

A Spanish oak, or water-oak, sawed off at the base makes an excellent specimen for observing the circular rings and for "telling the age" of an exogenous tree.

For the endogenous type, we can best make our observations on an ordinary stalk of corn. If we cut a stalk of corn crosswise, we observe a woody fiber, with no pith, or center, and no bark. When a stalk of corn is about two feet high, let

it be pierced by one half the length of a common pin about eight inches from the ground. Insert another pin about the same distance from the top of the stalk (but never on a joint). When both are examined the following morning, a surprising change will have occurred. During the growing season, the pin nearest the ground will have



A, pin inserted near top of stalk; B, pin twelve hours later.



TOBOGGANING DOWN A THIRTY-FOOT DUNE IN THE COLORADO DESERT.

traveled from one-fourth of an inch to one inch. On being carried upward by the central or active part of the plant, the pin will slit the outside of the stalk for a distance equal to the vertical growth of the plant. The pin inserted near the top of the stalk will have been even more active, and often it will require a search to locate it, for it will be found almost standing on its head, while the outside of the plant will have been slit a little. The rapid growth of the plant in its most active part drags the pin upwards. If on a warm moist day a pin is inserted in the early morning, and an examination made at noon, a growth amounting to nearly an inch will startle the observer.

Instead of inserting the pin in the stalk, let it penetrate a joint. In this experiment, the pin tears a vital part of the plant. The growth in the center being tender and rapid, and the outer portion tough at the joints, the pin is held immovable, while the internal portion is torn and mutilated in its upward growth, and if left for a sufficient length of time, the top will die.

If the stalk be pricked entirely through the

center near the top, in a fortnight the blades will each show four pin-punctures.

This last experiment furnishes a fine illustration of the inner growing of such trees and plants, of which our much admired palms are members.

ROBERT SPARKS WALKER.

A SAND-TOBOGGAN

TOBOGGANING, in some form, seems to be dear to the human heart, especially to the heart of the boy. We must shoot the chutes, or loop the loops, or contrive somehow to play tricks with the sober old force of gravitation, by means of bobsled, roller-coaster, or aeroplane. To love to plunge down cellar-flaps or baluster-railings may seem odd to the logical parental mind; but probably all the world over, from Eskimo to equatorial Pygmy, boys and girls find it the height of joy to dive head-first down something or other.

In the deserts of the Southwest, where snow never falls and water is a rarity, the too plentiful sand offers the means of satisfying this craving. I was recently exploring some remarkable sand-

dunes on the Colorado Desert, to which the thirteen-year-old son of my settler-host had piloted me. While I was intent upon my notes and photographing, I heard a patter of bare feet behind me, and in a moment my lively young friend shot past me with a shout, threw up his heels, and plunged headlong down the steep slope of a thirty-foot dune on the edge of which I was



From a sketch by the Author.

THREE MONEY-STONES (AT THE RIGHT) OUTSIDE THE HOUSE OF A NATIVE CHIEF.

standing. By using a little arm motion, he easily slid to the bottom. When he had rubbed the sand out of his hair and nose, he was ready for another descent, and my camera caught him in mid-career.

He and his sister think this sand-toboggan a capital kind of fun; and I dare say it is, though, not being so lightly clad as my friend Danny, I could not be persuaded to try it.

The region I refer to is a tract of pure sand, piled into constantly changing ridges and crevasses by the strong wind that blows almost continuously down the San Gorgonio Pass. The dunes occupy the middle of the valley for miles, while along the borders, wherever water can be found, settlers are carving homesteads out of the desert.

There are not very many sources of amusement open to the children of these pioneers, so it is not surprising that the sight of these steep smooth slants of clean white sand should have "taught the young idea how to *chute*."

J. SMEATON CHASE.

THE MONEY-STONES OF YAP

PROPPED up against the house of the native chief of Yap, which is one of the Caroline Islands lying southeast of the Philippines, may be seen a row of "money-stones," the current coin of the island. In shape these stones are like millstones, but they do no grinding. They serve simply as a parade of the wealth of the village. Their value lies solely in the difficulty with which they are obtained. The yellowish granite of which they are made is found only in the island of Palao, two hundred miles away, and, when the monsoon favors, forty or fifty natives voyage there in their canoes. After pacifying the king of Palao with presents, the work of hewing the *walaka*, or money-stones, begins, lasting for months until the monsoon changes, when the toilers start homeward with their "coin." The smallest of these stones is about a foot in diameter and three inches thick, with a round hole through its centre; it will buy food for a family for a month. The large stones, about three feet in diameter and eight inches thick, have relatively much greater value,

since it is more difficult to transport them in cranky canoes over such a long stretch of sea. Indemnities can be paid with such a stone or the aid of neutrals purchased in time of war.

WILLIAM L. CATHCART.

A GIANT FOUNTAIN

RISING skywards to a height of fully three hundred feet, then breaking into a feathery mass of spray that falls like a miniature cloud-burst, there spouts up from the lake at Geneva, Switzerland, the largest fountain in the world.

On Sundays and holidays, hundreds of little boys and girls, with as many tourists, stand along the shaded promenades on either side of this beautiful lake,—for it is only on these special days that this aquatic spectacle is provided by the municipal authorities—and watch admiringly the torrential spray of this monster fountain, swaying in the wind and turned by the sunlight into an ever-changing series of rainbows. Other youngsters, a bit more daring, venture out in rowboats and motor-launches, to listen at close

range to the music made by the rhythmic pattering of the falling water on the surface of the lake, sometimes receiving an impromptu shower-bath when they approach too near, for the height of this great geyser is deceptive, and a sudden shift in the upper air-currents will carry the spray many hundreds of feet away from its base and in most unexpected directions. But the Genevise children love this fountain dearly, and are quite willing to risk a drenching from their much-admired "*Jet d'Eau*," as it is called, in order to obtain a near-by view of its fascinating silvery spray.

The source of this great fountain is interesting. The city of Geneva is built on both sides of the extreme southern end of the Lake of Ge-

town," there extends a little stone breakwater, or jetty, bearing the picturesque and appropriate name of "*Jetée des Eaux Vives*," or "Jetty of the Living Waters"; and beside this breakwater there



THE "JETTY OF THE LIVING WATERS," GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

neva, where its waters narrow down to a funnel-shaped harbor before emptying into the river Rhone. Out from the eastern side of the harbor, or from that part of the city known as the "old

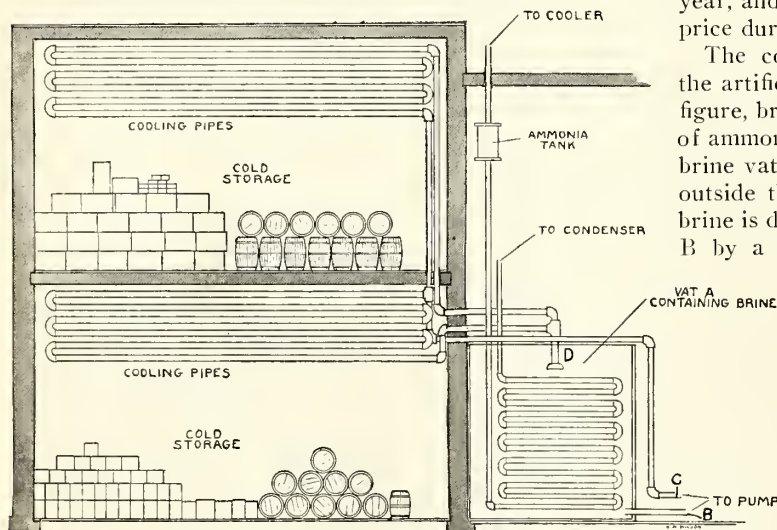


"THE MONSTER FOUNTAIN SWAYING IN THE WIND."

is suspended an immense water-main which runs out to a point about six hundred feet from the shore. Here it turns abruptly upwards, ending, just above the top of the jetty, in a cone-shaped nozzle, or outlet, about six inches in diameter. From this outlet the giant stream shoots upwards with an almost deafening roar, a steady shaft of water, looking more like a solid column of transparent marble than anything else, and is sent flying skyward by an estimated pressure at the nozzle of about two hundred pounds to the square inch. The water that supplies this fountain comes from a very large storage-reservoir located in the hills to the east of the city of Geneva, and many hundreds of feet above the surface of the lake, and it is this water endeavoring to rise to its original

level, pushed along by what is called "gravity pressure," that sends the stream fully three hundred feet into the air.

But, curiously enough, notwithstanding the great pressure and the terrifying noise which the fountain makes at its base, if you place your finger gently against the stream, just above the nozzle, instead of having your hand wrenched, or the flesh of your finger torn, you only experience a gentle sensation of friction, not at all unpleasant; and when you remove your finger and look at it, you find the skin beautifully clean and white, as if you had given it a vigorous appli-



GENERAL DESIGN OF A COLD-STORAGE PLANT.

cation of pumice-stone. But to thrust a stick or cane into the stream at the same point would be to invite disaster.

On fête- and carnival-nights, of which there are many at Geneva during the summer, this tower of water is made doubly attractive by means of colored lights, projected upon it with a powerful searchlight, installed in a little stone building at the land-end of the "*Jetée des Eaux Vives*," wherein is also housed the "gate" or shut-off, connecting the fountain with its source in the hills. This illumination is particularly brilliant on the evening of August first—the Swiss "Fourth of July"—when, above the myriad of twinkling lights on the lake, the long rows of arc-lamps on the east and west banks, and even the great "flares," or beacons, on the surrounding hills, the filmy spray of this huge stream, a mass of iridescent colors, floats high in the air, like a phantom flag in the sky, the wonder and admiration of all young folks—the acknowledged highest "fountain" in the world.—CHARLES T. HILL.

THE COLD-STORAGE PLANT

COLD-STORAGE plants play a very important part in modern life. Formerly, any surplus of perishable products, such as fruits, vegetables, meats, and eggs, was largely wasted unless quickly consumed or preserved. Now, however, such products may be placed in cold storage, and kept fresh for weeks or months. It is true these plants are sometimes used wrongly to raise prices artificially; yet conditions are far better now than a few years ago, when eggs, for instance, were worth only a few cents a dozen for part of the year, and practically unobtainable at any price during another part.

The cold-storage plant is much like the artificial-ice plant. As shown in the figure, brine is cooled by the evaporation of ammonia in exactly the same way; the brine vat, A, however, is placed entirely outside the storage rooms. The cooled brine is drawn from the vat through pipe B by a pump, and from there forced through pipe C to the cooling pipes in the storage rooms. Then it returns to the vat through pipe D, is cooled once more by the ammonia pipes, and again made to go its rounds.

The brine is generally about ten degrees warmer than the pipes that cool it, and becomes about six degrees warmer by the time it returns to the vat. As the air in the storage rooms is about six degrees warmer than the pipes there, we see that the air in the storage rooms is about twenty-two degrees warmer than the pipes in which the ammonia evaporates.

The management of the cold-storage plant is more difficult than that of the artificial-ice plant, because different products require different temperatures. Fish keep best when stored at a zero temperature, poultry at about fifteen degrees, fresh meat at twenty-five degrees, some fruits at thirty-two degrees, and others at thirty-six degrees. Now, how does the manager of the plant secure the desired temperature?

It has been found that the degree of cold produced by evaporating ammonia depends upon the pressure in the pipes where it evaporates. If this is thirty pounds per square inch, for instance, a temperature of zero is produced in the pipes; but if it is thirty-four pounds per square inch, the temperature is five degrees. Suppose the manager wishes a temperature of thirty-six de-

"Can you not secure a strong party and surround the savages?" asked M. Victor.

"'T is what I have in mind, sir," Bill replied, "but 't is a ticklish affair and I 'm for waiting till Master John comes home this afternoon."

"But Jacky must be back before his mother returns," I insisted.

"I like as little as any one to have the mistress frightened for naught," Bill remarked, shaking his head, "but I dare not take a party there without another, who knows the woods, to head half the men. "We must surround them, Miss, and there 's no one here I could trust save Master John."

"I think your man is wise," agreed M. Victor. "To fright them might be to lose all."

But I was not ready to give up, and a plan had come into my mind.

"Bill," I said, "suppose you take M. le Vicomte and me near to the place where the laurel thicket is, and from there I will go on alone. Surely Tiscoquam and his band will not fear me."

"Nay," answered Bill, hesitatingly, "they 'll scarce run from you. But, Miss Peggy,—"

"Then we will go at once," I broke in.

"If there is no danger of my alarming the Indians, surely we can lose naught by the attempt, and we may gain the boy."

"Oh, but Miss Peggy, dear—" Mrs. Mummer began, looking at me with a scared face.

"Nay, naught shall stop me!" I insisted positively, and I looked to M. Victor, hoping he would support me in my purpose.

"I will guarantee mademoiselle's safety," he said, and the matter was settled.

At Bill's suggestion we took horses, going by road the greater part of the way in order to save time. And we delayed not, but started as soon as the animals could be saddled, taking Charley,

a black boy, with us, to hold them when we should take to the woods.

We broke into a quick gallop the moment we struck the road, and perhaps it was the rush of the wind and the swift ride that put so much confidence into my heart. At any rate, I grew more and more certain that, when I came that way again, little Jack would be with us.

"We shall find him, Monsieur!" I cried to M. Victor, who rode beside me.



"I CLUNG TO HER, HIDING MY HEAD ON HER SHOULDER." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Oh, to be sure!" he answered. "The Fates could not be unkin' to so courageous a lady."

We came presently to the edge of the woods where we were to leave the horses while we went the rest of the way a-foot.

I had doffed the save-guard skirt I had put on and had thrown it over my saddle, so that I might the more easily climb the hillside, when I heard the clatter of several horses coming swiftly along the road toward us. As I turned to see who it might be who traveled at such a rapid pace, I heard my name called, and my heart sank.

"Why, Peggy Travers! What in the world

are you doing here?" I knew that voice too well to need to look. It was Bee, hurrying home as fast as she could to see her children.

CHAPTER XXIV

CROSS PURPOSES

IN a moment Bee was off her horse and we were in each other's arms.

"Oh, Peggy dear, I've been so worried about you!" she cried as she kissed me.

I clung to her in a sort of desperation, hiding my head on her shoulder and dreading the moment when she would ask if all were well at Denewood.

"It 's been a fine scare you've given us!" cried John, as he dismounted. "But what on earth are you doing here at this hour of the morning?"

The moment had come when I must give the news which would wound sorely the heart of her I loved most in the world. I could not even stutter at such a time. My tongue refused to speak the words, and I could but press the closer to her.

"Your pardon, Monsieur," I heard M. Victor saying evenly to Cousin John, "but Mademoiselle Travers is good enough to aid me to fin' a little cousin that has been las' heard of among the Indian'. We are but now looking for their hiding-place."

My heart leaped with hope as I heard the young man speak. For the moment he had saved the situation. If we made it appear that it was his cousin we were seeking, Bee need have no anxiety, and I trusted Jacky would be restored to her ere she knew he was lost. In a moment I had recovered the use of my tongue and began my explanation glibly enough.

"Oh, Bee, 't is such a long and strange story that most of it must wait till we get home!" I burst in. Then I introduced M. le Vicomte to her and Cousin John.

"You see, it all has to do with my mysterious ring," I went on breathlessly. "You know how Tiscoquam acted when he saw the seal?— Well, he is here again, and M. de Soulange seeks for news of the lost boy we read of in the advertisement. You remember, don't you?"

"Now I have never seen Tiscoquam since our wedding!" cried Bee, "I would that I could go with you."

"Why not?" Cousin John asked with a smile.

"Ah, John, don't tease me! It seems a year already since I saw the children," Bee answered, with a little blush at her own fondness.

But the suggestion that she might accompany us was a solution to at least one of my present difficulties. If she elected to go home, I must go

with her and give up the expedition (for I could not let her receive such news when I was not at hand), or I must frankly tell her at once the real object of our quest.

"But, Bee, your babies are well," I hastened to say. "Let them wait for an hour longer and come with us. Such a chance to see the Indians in the wilds does not often fall in our way. 'T will be so different from going to buy baskets in the State House yard."

I could see that Bee wavered, but her heart was still drawing her to Denewood. M. Victor, knowing the object of this evasion of the truth, here took her attention for a moment by adding his plea to mine, and I seized the opportunity to speak to Cousin John.

"Bring her with us, Cousin John. 'T is best for her. I will try to find a chance to explain to you," was all I could say.

But Cousin John was never one who needed to have the *i's* dotted to make out your meaning.

"Certainly we must go with this adventurous party, Bee," he said, with every appearance of but a polite interest. "We should all like to see the Indians."

So the matter was settled, and Bee set about tucking up her riding-skirt.

Once we were in the woods, it was not a difficult thing for me to have speech again with Cousin John, long enough to explain to him that it was really Jacky we were in quest of.

He was concerned, of course, but not deeply alarmed, and later on, when he had had time to think the matter over, he came to me and said: "Your plan is the best to start with. I am confident you will get speech with Tiscoquam, and, if you cannot prevail upon him to give you the boy, it will be time to decide what more forceful measures to take."

Had I not been so anxious, that would have been a pleasant scramble over the rocks and through the trees, with the brown waters of the Wissahickon Creek below us, full to the banks now at the spring of the year.

As it was, I was glad when Bill gave the word that we were near the place where he had lost the Indian.

Bee was openly rebellious when she was told that I purposed going on alone.

"I thought we were all to see the Indians," she complained; "moreover, I do not hold it safe for Peg to go alone. I shall go with her."

"Remember, dear, that Peg's ring gives her some sort of influence over this savage which we have not," Cousin John replied. "'T is most like that, if you go too, they will but steal away deeper into the woods and we shall catch no

glimpse of them. Let her go first. I will borrow his moccasins from Bill, and will keep so close behind that no danger can come to her."

"I suppose there will be no real danger," Bee conceded, "but I would never let her go were it not for this poor child. I cannot forget how I felt when I thought that one of my own was at the mercy of the cruel savages."

"Nonsense! Nonsense!" laughed Cousin John, a little ill at ease, "Tiscoquam was so 'cruel' to your son that he has been teasing to go back to him ever since. None the less, I agree with you that no Christian child can be left to grow up among the savages, so do not try to stay Peg from her errand of mercy."

There was some further argument, but Bee was in a measure reconciled by Cousin John's plan, so M. Victor gave me the ring and I set off.

Following Bill's instructions, I started north and bore up the hill, a little away from the creek. After a quarter of a mile or so I came to the thicket of laurel and thought it time to try to attract the attention of the Indians, if, as we supposed, they were in hiding somewhere thereabouts. So I lifted my voice and called "Tiscoquam! Tiscoquam!" at the top of my lungs.

It was a curious sensation, for I knew not even from which direction I might expect an answer if one were to come. Again, and yet again I called, walking about first in one direction and then in another, when suddenly, in the tangled undergrowth, I caught a flash of moving color.

It was gone as quickly as it had come, and I stood wondering if I had but glimpsed a butterfly.

Once more I called "Tiscoquam!" looking sharply at the spot where I had seen the glint of color, and once more I distinguished a movement of something among the trees. Then, quite clearly, though but for an instant, the figure of a squaw showed in a small patch of sunlight.

Instantly I ran toward the place and, arriving there, caught a glimpse of the figure once more, still beyond me; and so, for perhaps an hundred or two hundred yards, I hurried on, following the fitting shape of this Indian woman.

Many times I called out as I ran, hoping to



"SEARCHING THE FACE OF THE CLIFF."

reassure her and perhaps induce her to stop; but she still kept well in advance.

Suddenly, however, and most unexpectedly, I ran out of the laurels into a straight wall of rock, and looked right and left for a sight of my fleeing guide. Unless she had doubled back on her own tracks, there was no place of concealment, for on each side of me was the bare rock with a few evergreen trees growing close to it, but naught to afford a hiding-place. Had the squaw turned, I was so close upon her heels that I felt sure I must have seen her do it, and yet what else could she have done to disappear so completely? She would have had need to fly to scale that wall of rock, whose bare sides offered no foothold and whose top was a good thirty feet above my head.

My first thought was to seek a way around this barrier; but as I looked, I saw that this would waste my time, for it continued for fifty rods on either side of me, and I was certain the Indian woman went not that way. Either she had scaled the rock or had turned back, and, remembering Bill's talk of a hiding-place, I was rather inclined to the former view.

I pulled up a small plant to mark my starting-point, then went to the right, searching the face of the cliff carefully for crevices that would afford a foothold. While I was doing this, I came upon two trees so close to the rock that I was obliged to go around them, and, looking up, I discovered that their branches overhung the top of the cliff. In an instant I realized that here was a natural ladder that might be mounted with no great effort, and in a moment I had grasped the lower limbs and started up.

I was not so old that I had lost the knack of scrambling up a tree, and though I was hampered somewhat by my petticoats, I climbed quickly, and soon swung myself upon the top of the ledge.

As I loosed my hold of the tree and turned, I caught sight of a figure ere it disappeared around a jutting boulder not far from where I stood, and knew that I was upon the right track.

Without hesitation I followed. As I rounded the point where I had seen the squaw vanish, I stopped suddenly, for there before me sat Tiscoquam and his band in front of a large cave, the entrance to which was shut off by a curtain made of skins.

They looked at me in silence, showing no trace of surprise upon their features, nor did they

make a sign of welcome or the reverse, but sat stolidly, evidently awaiting my first words.

But I was far from feeling as indifferent. I was elated at my success in tracking them to their hiding-place and confident that I should obtain little Jack without further delay.

"I have found you, Tiscoquam!" I burst out, addressing the warrior seated in the center of the half-circle.

"The paleface maiden could not have found Tiscoquam," he answered in a deep voice, "had Tiscoquam willed otherwise. Tiscoquam heard, and sent the squaw as guide. What message is there for Tiscoquam?"

For an instant I felt a little chagrined to think I had not been so clever as I had supposed, and that, instead of following, I had been led. Yet that was a matter of no moment.

"I have brought the mystic sign, Tiscoquam, and am come for the boy," I answered, holding up the ring.

I expected the brave to stretch out his hand for it, but he seemed unimpressed and sat stolidly as if waiting for me.

"What more is it you want?" I asked at length.

"Tiscoquam waits the sign," he answered, and then I realized that it was the imprint he wished to see.

"Give me some paint and I will make the sign," I said; and at a word from their leader one of the squaws went inside the cave and presently came forth with a gourd filled with a red paint mixed after the Indian manner.

Seeing a quiver made of white birch-bark lying near the warrior, I dipped the cut stone in the red fluid and made the seal upon the parchment-like surface, while all the Indians, leaning forward, watched me with intense interest. As I straightened up, they gazed at the mark, and I could hear their deep breathing, as if it told them something I could not guess.

"It is the sign," murmured Tiscoquam, his voice rumbling like distant thunder. "The paleface maiden shall have the child."

Again he gave an order and I stood quivering with excitement, ready to take little Jacky into my arms. The moment I had been longing for had come after hours of anxiety, and I was half-way between laughing and crying as the skin curtain was drawn back and the squaw came forth leading a little boy.

It was not Jacky, but a strange lad whom I had never seen before.

(To be concluded.)



THE BABY

I USE' to be the baby
'Fore the other baby came,
I did n't know that maybe
I 'd have to change my name;
But now I 'm only "Brother,"
He 's "Mother's precious pet"
(I guess she 's stayed my mother,
But I have n't ast her yet).

I thought, though he was tiny
And he looked so very queer,
He 'd get over being whiny,
When he found that I was here.
I thought before we knew it
We 'd be chummy as could be;
But I ain't a-goin' to do it,
'Cause he is n't nice to me.

I must n't even hold him
Less he drops onto the floor,
An' it does n't do to scold him;
It just starts him in to roar.
I am goin' on to seven,
And I go to bed alone;
But I wisht he 'd stayed in heaven
Till he 'd got a little grown.

P'r'aps some day there 'll come
another,
It would be a funny joke;
Then *he* 'd have to be the brother
An' be told *his* "nose was broke."
It would start him yellin' maybe,
But I 'd tell him just the same,
That he could n't be the baby
When the other baby came!
Ethel M. Kelley.



PICKING PROPER PLAYS

BY BILLY EVANS

Umpire in the American League

The Score and the Inning Usually Determine the Proper Style of Play. The Best Teams Have a Varied Attack

THE stage is the Detroit base-ball park; the scene is the last half of the ninth inning; the contending teams are the Detroit "Tigers" and the Cleveland "Naps"; the heavy batters in the Detroit line-up are prepared to play the leading rôles. The score stands 2 to 1 in favor of the Cleveland club.

Diminutive Donie Bush is the first batter to face the Cleveland pitcher, who throughout the game has shown a tendency to be wild. Bush works him to the very limit, finally getting the favorable situation of three balls and two strikes. The next two pitches are perfect, and Bush takes a healthy swing at both, sending out a long foul fly to left field in each case. The pitcher is visibly worried. Bush moves around in the batter's box, and swings his bat in all directions before the next pitch, with a hope of worrying the pitcher still more. The next ball is high and wide. There is n't the slightest protest when the umpire rewards Bush's patience with a base on balls. Oscar Vitt is the next batter.

Immediately the question arises, What is the proper thing for Vitt to do?

The proper play in base-ball is largely governed by the conditions of the game, the score, the inning, and the strength of the following batsmen. In the case I have cited, the proper play was a sacrifice on the part of Vitt. A successful sacrifice would move Bush to second. With Bush on second, a hit by the next batsman would mean a tie-score. The next three batsmen in the Detroit line-up were Cobb, Crawford and Veach, three of the hardest hitters in the game. Vitt laid a perfect bunt down the third base line, and, being a very fast man, he was able to beat the hurried throw of the third baseman to first. The break had favored the "Tigers," for Manager Jennings had only hoped that Vitt would be able to advance Bush to second. Often a sacrifice fails, the runner on first being forced at second. Vitt had not only advanced the runner, but beaten the play. With men on first and second, and no one out, things began to look very auspicious for the "Tigers." The Detroit rooters took heart, and began to call on Cobb and Crawford to break up the game. When Bush was on first, the plan of Manager Jennings at that time was simply to tie the score, for the Cleveland

pitcher had been showing great form. His hope was for Vitt to advance Bush to second, so that a hit by either Cobb or Crawford would tie the score. Vitt's feat in beating out the bunt changed the complexion of the game entirely, and a new situation had been created for the manager to meet.

A few moments before, Manager Jennings had simply hoped for a tie, now he was playing for a victory. Had Vitt merely advanced Bush to second, and not reached first himself, Jennings would have permitted Cobb to hit it out. If Tyrus failed, he would then pin his hopes on Crawford. When Cobb stepped to the plate, the fans appealed to him to break up the game. While Tyrus no doubt would have relished "taking a wallop" (for he likes nothing better than to hit in the pinch), he knew such action on his part would be poor base-ball. He realized that the proper play for him to make was to attempt to move up the runners on the bases, advancing Bush to third and Vitt to second. If he should succeed in doing this, the "Tigers" would be in a fine position to win. A safe hit by Crawford would then practically mean the game, while a long fly would at least make it a tie. Cobb made a beautiful bunt on the first ball pitched, and, since Bush and Vitt had gotten away to a good start, there was no chance to make a play on them. The pitcher fielded the bunt in brilliant style, made a cannon-ball throw to first, and received the verdict in a very close play at first over Cobb. It was one of those plays so close that it might easily have been called either way, but the umpire ruled that Cobb was out.

When Sam Crawford stepped to the plate, things looked very dark for the "Naps," for there is no more dangerous hitter in base-ball than Sam Crawford. I doubt if any other two good hitters in the game are retired as often as is Crawford on long drives that seem certain to count as triples or home runs. There was a hasty conference by the Cleveland players, in which the manager joined. Evidently, it was decided that to allow Crawford to hit would be a very foolish move. If he was permitted to hit, the play would have been for the infielders to move in, and few infielders relish handling balls hit by Crawford at close range. A safe hit by Craw-

ford was almost certain to score two runs, and win the game for the "Tigers," while a long fly would undoubtedly tie it up.

The Cleveland club decided to try a bit of strategy to help them out of the hole in which skillful playing on the part of the "Tigers" had placed them. It was decided to pass Crawford, filling the bases. Naturally, the Detroit fans hissed the Cleveland pitcher, as he purposely threw four balls so wide of the plate that it was utterly impossible for Crawford to hit them and remain in the batter's box, as compelled by the rules. No doubt a lot of fans wondered at the passing of Crawford, which filled the bases. In reaching such a decision, the next batter and the situation of having the bases filled were taken into consideration. Bobby Veach, the next batter, is neither fast nor slow on his feet. He is a hard hitter. Seldom does he hit a weak roller at the infielders. Usually the ground balls driven by him travel like a cannon shot; the fielder has them almost before Veach gets away from the plate. With such a batsman up and the bases filled, Cleveland's one hope was a double play. This being the case, the infield played back, the purpose being a double play that would retire the side and save the game.

Bobby Veach is a left-handed batter, and, while he hits to all fields, a majority of his drives go to the right. Knowing this, Larry Lajoie, who was playing second base for the "Naps," moved over toward first base. The pitcher, in order to make it more certain that Veach would hit to right field, very properly kept the ball on the inside of the plate. Veach allowed the first pitch to go by without offering at it, the umpire declaring it a strike. The next pitch was about in the same place. Veach drove a sharp grounder at Lajoie, who made a beautiful pick-up, and shot the ball to second ahead of Crawford, forcing him at that base. It was a play made to order for a double killing. So snappily had Lajoie handled the ball that any kind of a skilful throw would have retired Veach at first and saved the day. But the "Naps" were trying out a young recruit at the short-stop position, and, in his anxiety to complete the double play, he made a wild heave over the first baseman's head, permitting Bush and Vitt to score the runs that beat his club. It was an inning in which both managers were constantly shifting the style of play to meet the different conditions as they presented themselves. Only a bad heave by the recruit short-stop prevented the rather drastic strategy employed by the Cleveland team from succeeding.

Pitching very often decides the style of attack that must be followed. During the seasons of

1906, 1907, 1908, and 1909, the pitching in the American League was of a very high order. Some of the veterans, who have since passed out of the majors, were at their best, a lot of promising new recruits had been discovered, and the spit-ball delivery was at its height. Nearly every pitcher dabbled a bit with the spit-ball, while a goodly number used it exclusively. There is no question that the spit-ball is hard to hit. There is also no doubt that, with two opposing pitchers using the spit-ball, the ball early has a tendency



HUGHEY JENNINGS, THE MANAGER OF THE DETROIT "AMERICANS."

Jennings is a great believer in noise and "pepper," being just the opposite of Mack. On the coaching lines Jennings is constantly in action, as indicated by this photograph.

to go "dead." During those days, the American League was often referred to as the "run-an-inning" league. This was because the American League persisted in using the sacrifice hit a great deal more than the hit-and-run, a style much in favor in the National League at the same time. The pitching was usually so high-class that American League teams were constantly playing for a one-run advantage.

In the World's Series in which Detroit played with the Pittsburg and Chicago teams of the National League, the "Tigers" as a rule followed the American League style of play. The National League clubs expected this, played to it properly, and, as a result, emerged victorious.

When the Philadelphia "Athletics" met the "Cubs" in 1910, Frank Chance's great machine expected to meet a club that was satisfied ordinarily with a run an inning. But Connie Mack is not the kind of a leader who plays into the hands of the enemy. Mack evidently decided, before the start of the series, that he would treat the "Cubs" to a huge surprise as to the style of game that would be played. It was a surprise, not only for the "Cubs," but for the base-ball world in general. Chance's team, which had established a world's record by winning one hundred and sixteen games during the season, looked on Mack's young team as easy picking. The "Cubs" were lucky to win a game, as the "Athletics" took four out of the first five, the fourth going to the "Cubs" in extra innings. It was a reversal of form almost as unexpected as the four straight defeats of the "Athletics" at the hands of Boston in last year's World's Series.

A glance at the score of the 1910 games of the World's Series will show why the "Athletics" won so decisively. The "Cubs" were outguessed and outplayed at every stage. Instead of resorting to the sacrifice constantly, as was expected, the "Athletics" resorted to the hit-and-run play often, with a result that they got runs in bunches. In the seventh inning of the second game, a batting rally netted six runs, the "Athletics" winning easily, 9 to 3. The third game also went to the "Athletics," by the lopsided score of 12 to 5. That the Mackmen were not playing for "one-run-an-inning" was proved by the fact that they scored five runs in the third, and four in the seventh, those two juicy innings deciding the issue. In the fifth game, which proved the final one of the series, the "Athletics" won, 7 to 2. In the eighth inning of this contest, a bunching of hits on the part of the Mack team resulted in a big inning, five runs being scored, which settled the "Cubs" for both the game and the series.

The "Athletics" had used just the opposite style of play to that which the "Cubs" expected them to choose. They were using the hit-and-run whenever the opportunity was offered. Instead of playing a waiting game, they employed the smashing attack. With the count two balls and one strike, the Philadelphia batter seldom took the next one if it was good. Knowing that the pitcher would probably try to get it over, they were ready, and always had a healthy swing, with a result that some long, clean hitting was scored. Instead of playing conservatively on the bases, the "Athletics" persisted in taking all kinds of chances, and getting away with most of them, at the expense of that sterling catcher, Johnny Kling.

There are, then, two distinct styles in base-ball, one being the almost constant use of the sacrifice, which might be called the "safety-first" system. The other is the use of the hit-and-run, or what might be called the "taking-a-chance" system. Each of these systems has its special advantages. The really successful team is the club that has a varied attack, that resorts to the sacrifice hit when a sacrifice seems the best play, and shifts to the hit-and-run when that seems most advisable. Every now and then, it is wise to suddenly use the hit-and-run, when almost every one is positive that the sacrifice is the proper play. Such a system serves to confuse the opposition.

During the past three years, the Washington club has been high in the race each season, despite the fact that the club was far from a hard-hitting team. Manager Griffith always had his players trying to "pull the unexpected." He had a number of rather fast men on the team, and he insisted that they should at all times try to take advantage of this fact. The regular steal, the delayed steal, the squeeze play, and the hit-and-run were constantly resorted to by the Washington club. Ordinarily, the player who hits second in the batting order is supposed to be a "better-than-the-average bunter." Getting away in the lead is an advantage in any sport. If, in the first inning, the first man up reaches first on a single, pass, or error, the play usually resorted to is the bunt, the main purpose of which is to move the man from first to second, from which point he can almost always score on a base hit. If the first man up hits for two bases, the bunt is usually the play selected, with the hope of moving the runner from second to third. From third it is possible for him to score on a long fly or a base hit. The team that gets the first run always places the opposing team at a disadvantage; hence the reason for using the "safe and sane play" at the first opportunity.

Eddie Foster, crack third baseman of the Washington team, has batted second in the Washington line-up practically from the day he joined the team. Foster is a fair bunter, but he does n't often try the bunt. On the other hand, I believe Foster is easily the best hit-and-run player in the game. This explains why he seldom bunts. Moeller is the Washington lead-off man. When he reaches first, the hit-and-run play is nearly always tried instead of the sacrifice. After getting some idea as to who is going to cover second base, Foster and the base runner, through means of signals, decide on which ball the runner is really going to start. Immediately upon the start of the pitcher's delivery, the base runner



CONNIE MACK, OF THE "ATHLETICS."

Connie Mack is generally considered one of the wisest managers in the game. He is a developer of players, preferring the younger without minor-league experience. While Mack directs much of the play of his club, he does not object to a player using his own judgment, if it is apparent that the original plans are almost certain to fail. He says he will have another pennant-winner inside of three or four years.

MANAGER MCGRAW.

The famous leader of the New York "Giants," considered one of the greatest strategists in base-ball. Few situations escape him. McGraw directs the entire play of his club. The signals for the various plays that are to be used always come from him. He insists that the player follow instructions, and, in event of error, he himself takes the blame.

STALLINGS, THE "MIRACLE MAN."

Like McGraw of the New York club, Manager Stallings, of the Boston "Nationals," insists that his players follow his directions at all stages of the game, whenever he desires a particular form of play. Last season, with a club that was not given much consideration, he won a pennant and a World's Championship. He is an aggressive leader, and likes only the player who is "fighting all the way."

gets a flying start. It now becomes the duty of the batter to hit the ball, preferably, if possible, through the spot vacated by the player who rushes over to second to take the throw. If the second baseman covers, the best point to hit is to right field, if the short-stop is covering in the direction of left. It really is almost uncanny the way Foster can hit the ball through the spot just vacated by the infielder. The pitcher of course knows who is going to cover, and he pitches where it will be hardest for Foster to meet the ball, but, unfortunately for the pitcher, Foster is not a batter of the ordinary style. Most batters have a style at the plate when they hit. Foster hits from any style or position. He is always shifting around in the batter's box, and seems to be able so to place himself at the last moment that he can adapt himself to almost any style of delivery.

In 1913, Ray Chapman, of the Cleveland club, led the American League in sacrifice hits. Playing in 140 games, Chapman, who batted second in the Cleveland line-up a greater part of the time, made 48 sacrifice hits. Eddie Foster, playing in 106 games and batting second in the Washington line-up, made only three such hits, which shows clearly how much more frequently Washington resorted to the hit-and-run style than Cleveland. In 1912, playing in 154 games,

Foster made only three sacrifice hits. Thus, in two seasons, he made the sacrifice play only half a dozen times. In a good many ball clubs, the second batter in the line-up will make that many sacrifices in two weeks of play. Foster often *feigned* the bunt, but only to hit the ball back at cannon-ball speed as some infielder dashed in to make a play. With a good man at the bat, the hit-and-run is a great play. If the batter keeps the ball on the ground, the runner is pretty sure to advance because of the flying start that he gets. If the batter hits safely, the runner, because of his good start, is usually able to get to third, while the batsman often makes second on the throw-in. In a majority of cases, on a bunt, one man is retired, while, in a good many cases, the runner whom it was desired to advance is forced.

The squeeze play is one of the prettiest in baseball when successful. When it fails, no play makes a ball team look more foolish. The play is best worked with one out, a runner on third, and a run needed to either tie or win the game. Many of the best base runners, when about to make the play, create the impression that there is no intention of pulling it, by taking only a fair lead off the base and standing still. The very moment the pitcher starts his movement, the man on third tears for the plate. If in any way the

intention to use the play is tipped off or foreseen, it is an easy matter for the catcher to break it up by calling for a waste ball that is so wide of the plate that it is impossible for the batter to bunt it. It is an easy matter to touch the base runner out, and make the team trying the squeeze appear ridiculous. But a successful completion of the play usually puts the team in the field in the air, and makes them look equally foolish.

The squeeze play does not call for a hard hitter or a good hitter, but it does call for a man with a good eye, a fellow who invariably hits the ball, even though it may not go safe. There are a good many players on the "Athletics" who are better hitters than Jack Barry, averages considered, yet Barry is the peer of them all in pulling the squeeze play. It seems that, no matter how bad the pitch may be, Barry is always able to connect with the ball. In a majority of cases, he places it on the ground, which is so necessary for the play to be a success. If the batsman bunts the ball in the air, an easy double play is usually the result. If he is able to keep the ball on fair ground, there is seldom a chance to stop the run at the plate. It is not necessary to have a fast man on third to make this play, for most of the play depends on the ability of the batsman to keep the ball on the ground.

In recent years, a number of teams have been going the squeeze play one better by using "the double squeeze." The Philadelphia club of the American League perhaps resorts to this play more than any of the other major league clubs. On this play, the man on second must do some figuring. At the start of the pitch he is in action, usually getting a big lead off second before the pitch is started. Often the runner on second is almost at third before the ball reaches the plate. Now, in most cases, the player who fields the ball knows he has no chance to get the runner from third, and also realizes that he must hurry to get the batsman at first, and so he invariably makes the play to that base. In the meantime,

the runner from second keeps on to the plate, and invariably beats the ball if the play is made to first base on the batsman. I have seen the runner on second beat the play when it was made directly on him at the plate. As stated before, much depends on the batsman. If he misses the ball, the runner on third is an easy out, and, in some cases, both runners have been retired on the play. The delayed squeeze is another style of the play. On this play the runner gets a good lead, but does not start for the plate. The batsman tries to bunt the ball down the first base line. The moment it is fielded, and the throw started to first, the runner dashes for the plate, and often reaches it in safety.

The delayed steal is one of the prettiest plays in base-ball. George Moriarty, of the Detroit team, uses this play in fine style. While not nearly so fast as Cobb, he turns the delayed steal much more often. On this play, the runner must ever be on the alert, ready to take advantage of the slightest slip. A big lead is very necessary. On a snap throw from the catcher to first, the runner dashes for second. The first baseman is expecting him to slide back in, and often goes down with the ball to touch him. Seeing his mistake, he makes a hurried throw to second, the runner often beating the play. Often when the catcher lobs the ball back to the pitcher, the runner at that moment starts for second. Neither the short-stop nor the second baseman is looking for the play. Often both dash for the bag, and every now and then neither starts, each expecting the other to make the play. The pitcher is in doubt as to who is to cover, and delays his throw, all of which favors the runner.

The double steal, the regular steal, and the delayed steal are good weapons for fast light-hitting clubs. The successful club is the team that has a varied attack, and picks the proper spots to shift its attack; but the selection of the special play of course depends on the score and the inning, to a great extent.

SUNNY WEATHER

JABEZ and Judy, with surname unknown,
Lived in a cot, where the sun always shone;
Never the weather, the wind, or the tide,
Altered the sunny condition inside.

Neighbors, in passing, would say with a scowl:
"Marry, Friend Jabez, the weather is foul!"
"Not so, my hearty," would Jabez reply,
"Welcome is water, or wells will go dry."

Judy, in baking, one bright summer day,
Met with misfortune, I 'm sorry to say;
Woefully burnt was her excellent bread;
'Better just so," they both laughingly said,

"Charcoal is good for digestion, we know—
"Lucky to have it served tastefully,—so!"
Happily lived this unusual pair,
Making their sunshine, foul weather or fair.

M. Louise Baker.



Judy in baking - one bright summer day,
Met with Misfortune - I'm sorry to say.

CHAINED LIGHTNING

(A Story of Mexican Adventure)

BY RALPH GRAHAM TABER

CHAPTER XIV

THE CURRENT—NEGATIVES AND POSITIVES

ON the afternoon of the fifth day, our travelers reached a slightly elevated plateau where the land was well cultivated, denoting their proximity to a pueblo of more than ordinary importance; and Pipo informed them that they were not far from Chilpancingo.

Toward nightfall they came to a beautiful valley, well irrigated by *acequias*, or canals. Passing along a well-made road, between hedges of tall rose-bushes and geraniums, they were soon in the streets of the town.

They secured lodgings at a commodious *quartel* that faced upon a gem of a plaza, where roses were blooming in profusion and filling the soft air with their fragrance. It seemed delightful to be once more in clean beds; and as they lay down to sleep, Larry remarked, with a drowsy yawn, that he wished they might remain there.

"TEN leagues—west—Chilpancingo!" The words were burned into Belville's memory. Ten leagues, thirty miles only, now lay between them and the treasure!

They had explained nothing to Pipo beyond their desire to reach a point near the head of a small mountain river ten leagues to the west of Chilpancingo; and though Pipo had never been over the ground nor could guess the object of their journey, he troubled his brown head about it not at all, and unhesitatingly took the lead, to which position in the cavalcade he had become accustomed. Setting out in the early morning, they soon hit upon a well-broken trail, that led in a westerly direction, and followed it until noon, by which time they found themselves in the midst of a swampy jungle, with their trail dwindled to a cow-path and hundreds of these tracks crisscrossing the forest in all directions. Instead of retracing their steps while yet they might, they plunged boldly onward, consulting their compasses occasionally and following such of the cattle-paths as appeared to lead them toward the west.

For eight hours they encountered no sign of a human habitation; but that there was abundance of life about them, there was ample proof. Every now and then a startled herd of wild cattle would

go crashing through the undergrowth, and numbers of macaws flew about them with hoarse, discordant cries. It was the dry season of the year, but numerous stagnant pools testified to the violence of recent rains.

With no water fit to drink, no road to follow, and no idea of where they were, by nightfall their situation was scarcely enviable. As darkness descended, they selected as dry a spot as they could find, tethered the horses, kindled a fire, and prepared to pass the night.

The mustangs were as restless as their masters, and the hours were divided between quieting the horses and keeping the fire replenished. The night wore away slowly, until, with the first faint streaks of dawn that penetrated the jungle, they mounted and pursued their way through the apparently endless swamp.

They decided, at length, to follow the main trails of the cattle, regardless of direction, hoping that thus they might be led to one bearing evidence of having been traveled by human beings. About noon, their search was rewarded. Breaking through a thicket of underbrush and cane, they found themselves in a beaten trail where, in the soft slime, the marks left by human feet might be distinguished. This trail led them toward the north, and with lighter hearts they followed it. After a mile or two, a little dry knoll appeared, upon which was perched a hut of thatch and cane. It was surrounded by an impenetrable hedge of slender, thorny cacti, through which was a small opening. At their approach toward this, a dozen gaunt dogs gave noisy warning, and an Indian appeared, gun in hand, and cried out threateningly, "*Alto!*" (Halt!)

Tomson explained the situation, and, for a consideration, the Indian agreed to feed the half-starved quadrupeds and to guide the travelers to the foothills of the Sierra Madre del Sur.

Late in the afternoon they reached a rapid stream, and for nearly a week thereafter they traversed the foothills of the Sierra, following more than one rivulet to its source in the mountains, yet finding nothing whatever that seemed to resemble the bandit's chart. They were nearly discouraged when, poring one evening over the oft-consulted parchment, an inspiration came to Belville. The curious lines beginning and end-

ing nowhere in particular had been their greatest puzzle; but they had decided that these must indicate the profiles of the hills. To the letter "n," however, they had accorded slight study, agreeing with Belville's first theory that it must mean the north point of the compass. Now Belville suddenly viewed it in altogether a different light.

"Gracious, Larry!" he exclaimed; "I believe we've been working all wrong. We've taken too much for granted. That letter 'n' after 'Rio,' might mean north, as we've always taken it to; but it might stand for the name of a river, which, in that event, might not be on this side of the range at all."

"That 's so!" agreed Larry. "What do you think, Tomson?"

Tomson turned his head reflectively. "Wall," he said, "we've s'arched this side o' th' Sierra for forty mile. 'T won't do no harm to take a look in sight o' th' old Pacific."

After their experience in mountain climbing, it did not take them long to reach the summit of the nearest pass; and Belville and Larue never forgot their first sight of the ocean. Below them, after a steep descent, the foothills sloped gradually away toward the sea; afar to the west on a rocky cape nestled a group of shining white pebbles that they knew must be Acapulco; and out on the deep blue sea beyond, a white-winged vessel rose and fell on the bosom of the great Pacific.

Tomson assured them that all the west-coast shipping was American; and they felt that that vessel was a connecting link between them and their native land. What that meant to them, only you can know and understand who have traveled in foreign lands, and, in some unexpected place, have seen the stars and stripes unfurled.

Belville's guess proved to be a good one.

Descending from the ridge, and estimating their distance from Chilpancingo to be about fifteen leagues, they worked carefully toward the east. On the second day of their Pacific slope search, they discovered a swiftly running little river that, ere they had ascended it far, made a sweeping bend around a high hill that possessed a wide, level terrace which fell away precipitously. As they rounded this and glanced farther up the stream, the boys saw, full ahead of them, a hill that from their point of view presented to them a perfect human profile. They gazed at this, to them, startling object, for the moment speechless; then both exclaimed, "At last!"

Though Belville had the chart perfectly in his mind's eye, he got it out of his belt again and

compared it carefully with the hills that faced the mountain stream; then with a triumphant "Hurrah!" he flung his sombrero high in air, and Larry's quickly followed.

"Hold on!" said Tomson; "whar be them trees?"

They looked at each other helplessly. The ravine, except for a few cacti and a tangled growth of tropical shrubs, was barren.

Then Larry saved the day. A few rods away his keen eyes detected something. Going to it, he shouted, "Here 's what was once a big one!"

It was a rotten stump and nothing more; the fallen trunk of the tree had decayed to nothing.

"Ef that 's yer big tree," said Tomson, scornfully, "an' thar ever war another like it, an' both on 'em stood yere when th' White Wolf stowed away his stuff, I reckon as how he war a pretty young'man w'en he kem an' done it. He must ha' bin four 'r five hundred years ole w'en he got kilt."

"Never mind," said Belville; "we must follow it up."

Larry started his mustang off at a run and Belville trailed close behind. Tomson followed more deliberately. It was not the first search of the kind that he had undertaken, and from the result of the others he had but little faith in this one. Not that he had discouraged the undertaking; he had been too greatly in need of employment; and not that he had slighted any part of the work; but down in his heart he had felt all along that their chances of being repaid for their search were barely one in a thousand.

Beyond the hill with the man's profile was another, that seemed to tally with the outlines on the chart; and when the boys beheld this, they felt that the treasure was almost in their grasp. Larry galloped his mustang along, leaping it over clumps of cacti, in his eagerness to follow up the direction indicated by the chart.

Pursuing a course in the line of the two hills, they soon crossed a rivulet, ascended a bank of gravel, and came to a halt before a precipice, overgrown with vines and creepers, that blocked their further progress.

Nothing daunted, they carefully redrew on the chart the line of the two hills and set to work exploring. The base of the precipice was carefully examined, for there they hoped to find a cave, that being their only explanation for the curious tower-like column shown on the chart. Finding nothing along its base, they undertook to climb the face of the precipice in order to examine what lay above them. This was difficult, however, and after Larry had received a hard fall when some of the vines gave way under his

weight, they prudently decided to view it from below. Walking a short way out from its base, their eyes searched the face of the cliff minutely. Finding no sign of anything upon it, and having expended two hours in the vain search, they returned, discouraged, to Tomson.

Tomson had not followed the others, but had sat still, smoked his pipe, and done some thinking.

"I 'm o' the 'pinion," he said, "that ef th' stuff 's yere at all, it 's buried. Ef so be th' chart line 's accurate an' fair, then yere, right yere 's th' place ter dig fer it. That air line ends right yere next th' cliff. I 've staked out w'at looks ter me t' cover th' groun', an' I suggests as how we begins excawatin'."

For two days they dug desperately, deepening the trench that Tomson had staked out, and going down to bed-rock; yet they encountered nothing. Utterly disheartened, they threw down their tools and held a consultation.

"I 'm afraid it 's a sell," said Larry; "or else we 've stumbled on a place that 's a twin to the one that cantankerous chart describes."

"Sartenly," said Tomson, "we 've gone fur 'nough to prove as how thar hain't no treasure."

Belville had been lying flat on his back, gazing up at the cliff before them.

"Why don't you say something, Bell?" asked Larry.

Belville's reply was to rise without a word, and still gazing upward, he began to climb the cliff with the aid of the treacherous vines.

"Where are you going?" cried Larry, his patience failing him.

"Here!" cried Belville triumphantly, disappearing from their view. "Come on up!"

The explanation was simple: while lying on his back and gazing at the cliff, Belville had noticed a dark spot among the thick vines; and while watching it curiously, had seen a bat fly from it. Upon climbing to it and tearing apart the obstructing vines, he had discovered a small cave-like opening.

Candles were quickly lighted, and as quickly the depth of the cave was disclosed, for the light penetrated to its farther end. It was less than thirty feet in depth, rising a trifle in the first few feet and then descending at a sharp incline. The interior was full of bats, and warning hisses caused the exploring party to leave it at a lively pace.

Providing themselves with stout sticks, they returned and attacked the inhabitants, a full score of snakes being killed. When the cave had been cleared of its dangerous occupants, they were able to examine it thoroughly. Its walls,

they found, were of solid rock; so was the floor, save that it was covered with the accumulated dust of years and with pieces of broken stone. They sounded every nook and corner—nothing; absolutely nothing!

Tomson finally walked away to the entrance, disgustedly kicking stray bits of rock before him.

"I give it up!" said Belville, wiping the perspiration from his brow. "Some one has gotten ahead of us, I guess. It 's a terrible disappointment. The worst of it is, it 's not our own money that we 've sunk."

"There 's no use crying over spilt milk," said Larry. "Remember, the cow 's still with us. Come, Bell, we might as well join Tomson."

Tomson was kneeling at the entrance, holding a fragment of rock in his hand. As the boys approached, he struggled to speak, but words failed him.

"Never mind, Tomson," said Belville, sadly; "we 're nearly broke, but no matter. We 'll get back somehow to Paso."

Tomson flung his arms around Belville and hugged him as a grizzly might have done.

"Belville!" he shouted hoarsely. "Boys! We 've got Chico's treasure! No—I 'm not cracked—we 've actooly got it. This yere 's one o' them ole lost Aztec Spanish gold-mines!"

CHAPTER XV

THE SIGNAL—WHEREIN A CHANCE IS GIVEN TO TEST IT

NOTHING more surprising could possibly have happened. The boys knew, from Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," and other books they had read, that the country, under the early Spanish rule, had been rich in gold. They also knew that most of the sources from which that precious metal had been obtained had been lost to the world for centuries. That a knowledge of some of these old mines had been preserved by the Aztecs and transmitted by them to their descendants was nothing more than likely; and it was possible that the White Wolf, having befriended one of them, might through such a one have come into possession of the chart and the secret that it guarded.

They felt secure from molestation because the mine they had found bore no evidence of having been worked since the old Spanish rule. Its condition indicated that it had not even been visited for perhaps a century; therefore, its operation would infringe the rights of no living soul.

With clear consciences and happy hearts they procured such tools as were needed and went to work energetically; for, as Tomson remarked, "Thar 's no profit in raw material."

Cutting the bottom of the excavation, they found a vein of hard whitish clay-like rock, which, though but a few inches in width, possessed a goodly showing of free gold in every

the way, they now appreciated him at his full worth.

As for Pipo, his bright boyish face was a guaranty of honesty which they never thought to question. He served them so willingly and patiently that they treated him as an equal. Though he was nearly a man in years, he was as simple as any child; was amused at the veriest trifles, and took every hardship and task as a joke. Life was but play to Pipo. He was well fed, kindly treated. What more was there for which mortal could wish? If the work was hard and the hours of labor long, did not his masters labor as well? While they did not complain, why should Pipo?

So they labored happily, day by day adding little by little to their store of gold, which soon began to assume goodly proportions.

All went well till a certain Sunday, when they were resting and Belville announced that he intended to write to Mr. Hamilton. Tomson objected on the ground that there was no way to send a letter. Belville maintained that Pipo could carry it to Acapulco. Tomson objected that doing so might get them into trouble. Belville ridiculed such an idea. Did Tomson distrust Pipo? Tomson denied any distrust; but from the way he did it, the boys concluded that Tomson, somewhere down in that big heart of his, was a little bit jealous of Pipo. The old prospector was



"THE BOYS SAW, FULL AHEAD OF THEM, A PERFECT HUMAN PROFILE."

pound of it, all of which was easily panned out in the rivulet below. From a neighboring ravine they procured some timber out of which Tomson constructed a crude sluice-box. It was a primitive way of mining, but it paid well, and they were soon gathering their harvest.

Now, more than ever before, they appreciated Mr. Hamilton's foresight in urging Tomson on them. Though he had been of great value on

overruled, the letter was written, recounting the principal events, and Pipo, mounted on Larry's grey, set off for Acapulco, commissioned to mail the letter and to purchase supplies that were badly needed.

In the natural order of things, Pipo would return on the morrow; and the boys lay down to sleep that night without a thought of danger. An hour after midnight, however, their slumbers

were rudely broken. They woke to find themselves tied hand and foot, and absolutely at the mercy of the most villainous-appearing gang it had been their fate thus far to encounter.

Paying not the slightest attention to their protests, the robbers picked them up like so many bundles, and carried them out of the little hut that they had erected for shelter; after which the camp-fire was replenished to provide a light by which to ransack the boys' belongings. Everything was broken into, and the boys, with sinking hearts, watched the rascals looting their saddle-bags and packs. It was only a question of time till the villains would discover their store of gold—for which they had risked so much, that had cost them such hardship and labor. Belville was ready to cry,—not with fear, but vexation. He had not bestowed a thought on the personal danger in which he stood, but to be thus balked in the very moment of success—to have written that letter to Mr. Hamilton, so full of enthusiastic details that it could not fail to kindle in his breast the highest expectations; and then to have their hopes utterly dashed, all through their own carelessness in keeping no guard—How had the ruffians found them? Could it be that Pipo—

Ah, Tomson was talking to the mountain chief, and—why, Tomson would be able to get them out of the scrape; that musket-ball of Pedro's—the talisman that was to insure their immunity—Tomson would but have to produce it, if Pedro were to be trusted!

Tomson had been talking vigorously in Spanish to the outlaws, and he finally secured the attention of their chief. In as few words as possible, he related their acquaintance with Pedro and his men, asserting that they were "*Amigos*" (friends), and that Pedro had assured them protection.

"*Tal vez*" (perhaps), said the chief, impatiently; "have you no token?"

"That I have," replied Tomson. "It is there in my coat—the inside pocket."

The chief picked up the garment indicated and searched it, closely examining each article he found. The boys trembled with excitement. There was a short piece of fuse; a bunch of sulphur matches; a black pipe; a tobacco-pouch; a couple of nails; a jack-knife. After removing these things, the mountaineer turned the coat's pockets inside out and shook the garment contemptuously.

Tomson's face grew pale. "The ball!" he cried in Spanish; "search for the ball—it must be there!"

"*Basta!*" (enough!) said the chief, angrily.

"Here, Lopez! What shall they pay us for this lie?"

The plight of the three Americans was perilous. It was no longer a question of treasure, but a question of life itself. Belville's adventure at Bachimba had been dangerous enough, but that dilemma had been but child's play compared to the gravity of this predicament.

"It 's all that cussed Pipo!" muttered Tomson. "He 's brought this crowd down on us. Would n't wonder ef 't was a put-up job from th' fust. That thar hoss-trader mought 'a' bin in with th' gang, an' this yere Pipo jest traded t' us ter dummy us along! Reckon as how he 's off down th' ravine thar now, afeerd t' come up yere till they 've put us out of the way—hangin' roun' t' git his share o' th' boodle!"

"Stow that!" said Larry; "and let 's try to figure out some way of escaping. Can't you suggest one, Tomson?"

"Yes, one way: sky'ard. It 's th' only one left, as I kin see."

There was an interval of silence. Tomson was calling up his stoicism; Larry was wildly turning over futile plans for getting away; Belville's thoughts, strange as it may seem, were thousands of miles away; for he was thinking of Plainfield.

The robbers were dividing their spoils. Ere long some excited shouts announced discovery by them of the treasure. This was followed by much whispering among them. Evidently there was some question in dispute between their chief and his lieutenant.

Presently Lopez came over to where Tomson and the boys were lying, and, with a leer, said, "So! It is gold! It may be we shall not kill you—not yet; you would make fine peons, not? You would rather to work the gold, than to die? Is it not so, *Gringos mios*?" (my Gringos?)

The boys had acquired sufficient Spanish to gather the purport of his speech, but they left it for Tomson to reply.

"I 'll think about it," Tomson said slowly. "I could think better if I had a smoke. Be a good fellow, Lopez—just for once—fill my pipe for me, will you?"

Lopez grinned, showing his white teeth. "You like, eh?" he said. "Well, it is little enough!"

He picked up the pipe and the tobacco-pouch, which the chief had dropped beside Tomson's coat, and leisurely proceeded to comply with Tomson's request. As he opened the pouch, it capsized accidentally and its contents scattered over the ground. But there was something besides tobacco. Lopez stooped and picked that something up, then called to his chief excitedly and handed to him the thing he had found. The

chief held it up in the firelight, and the prisoners, watching with straining eyes, and with hearts beating wildly, beheld their salvation: the carved musket-ball that Pedro had given to Tomson!

The chief hesitated but a moment; then he turned to Tomson and said apologetically: "You have been badly treated, Señor, but I will make amend. Loose them, Lopez."

Their revulsion of feeling was so intense that the boys could not conceal their emotion; but Tomson had experienced too many narrow escapes to exhibit very much concern, whatever he may have felt. If there is one thing the old Argonaut holds in esteem, it is philosophical endurance of suffering and peril. Any fault will be more readily condoned by him than cowardice; and to him the greatest virtue is stoical endurance of hardship and indifference to danger.

Tomson could pardon the boys' emotion, for they had borne up bravely, and, on such an occasion as this, a couple of unseasoned Tenderfeet could not be expected to behave like old campaigners; but for the veteran of fifty years' experience to accept their release as anything out of the ordinary, would be, from Tomson's viewpoint, inexcusable.

Therefore, when Lopez had stricken off their bonds, Tomson lit his pipe and took a deep puff of the fragrant smoke with evident enjoyment before addressing any one. Then he turned to the bandit chief.

"I don't thank you so much for this," he said, "as I do our good friend Pedro. May I trouble you for my bullet?"

The mountaineer promptly handed Tomson the musket-ball, with the words, "Not only the ball, Señor; everything shall be restored to you. In spite of what is told of us, there is honor among us *Insurrectos* in the mountains. No mountain-man is untrue to his friends. The one who has such a token as yours is free to enjoy his goods and to journey where he pleases. You are a friend of my good friend. Should occasion arise when you may need help from the mountain-men of Guerrero, you have but to ask it; it will be yours. Can I say more?"

One question Belville had been longing to ask. He could restrain it no longer. "Señor," he said, "our boy, Pipo—was it he who told you how to find us?"

The mountaineer smiled grimly: "No; your Pipo did not tell."

"Do you know aught of him?"

"Come with me," said Lopez; "you will see."

There was something sinister in the manner of the reply, but Belville followed fearlessly as Lopez strode away.

"Shall I come, too?" asked Larry.

"No!" Belville called back. Though he had not implicit confidence in the good faith of his guide, he realized that there could be no immediate danger, and felt that a show of confidence might have a good effect.

The half-breed lieutenant led him down the stream a short way beyond the bend of it to a small grove, into which he plunged. Following closely, Belville beheld Larry's mustang tethered to one of the trees; but there was no sign of Pipo.

Lopez hesitated, perplexed, and bent over to examine one of the tree-trunks. He was rising with an exclamation of surprise on his lips, when, from the branches over his head, a heavy body descended upon him, knocking him to the ground and pinning him there. A knife blade flashed in the grey dawning, and Belville, clutching wildly at the upraised arm, caught it as it was descending.

"Let go—let go—that I may kill!" cried Pipo, for it was he, struggling to retain his advantage over the half-breed.

"No, let him be; we are friends!" Belville commanded; and Lopez, exerting all his strength, threw the frenzied Pipo from him.

"Why would you kill him?" asked Belville, wrenching the knife from Pipo's grasp.

"For the lashes he gave me," answered Pipo, sullenly.

Belville turned to the half-breed. "Why did you lash this poor boy?"

Lopez shrugged his shoulders. "Did not *el Capitan* say to you the boy would not tell?"

"Then how did you come upon us?"

"Mustangs have feet; they leave a trail. More, you had a camp-fire. Now let me find how the boy escaped."

"Escaped from where?"

"From the tree where I, myself, tied him."

"Wolves have teeth," said Pipo, grimly.

"But the knife—you had none when I searched you."

"I saw it was useless from the first—I flung it from me."

"But," said Belville, "when you had freed yourself, why wait in the tree?"

Pipo picked up a bit of thong. "*Mira!*" (Look!) he said. "Would you bite that in two by to-morrow? I was but for one moment free when I heard some one returning!"

(To be concluded.)

ON WALKING

BY JAMES FREDERICK ROGERS, M.D.

WALKING is the most common form of muscular exercise,—one which each of us who is so fortunate as to possess a normal body carries out, or can carry out, to a greater or lesser extent each day.

All degrees of exercise are to be obtained by walking. One may have the slight but sure results of a slow shamble on the level, or the greater effects of the ascent of a mountain or the climb of a flight of steps; one may walk across a room or across a county.

Every step we take may be of benefit—if we have not already taken enough steps; and if the walker had no brain, the length of walk most conducive to good could be measured in strides. Since he is possessed of a brain, however, and usually an active one, the company he keeps, both within and without, and the sights and sounds (yes, and often the smells) which greet his senses, are as important to the walker as the distance traveled or the elevation climbed.

Leaving for the moment everything but the mere mechanism of walking, this, like any other bodily exercise, brings into increased activity not only the voluntary machinery that moves us along, but, at the same time, there is an equivalent stirring up of all the involuntary activities. There is a quickening of the circulatory and respiratory organs, the food-preparing functions are helped, and surplus food-supplies within the body are drawn upon. The greater the speed of the walker and the steeper the ascent, the more heightened the internal effects. Benjamin Franklin adopted stair-climbing, instead of walking on the level, when he wished his exercise boiled down. Though concentrated effect and economy of time are thus obtained, it does not follow that the results of vigorous exercise for a brief time are as good as milder movements and more sustained effort. On the other hand, a walk may be too leisurely to produce the best effects. Neither the pace of the hare nor that of the tortoise produces the best results in a normal person; each must determine for himself the gait which is most beneficial.

The feeling of mild fatigue will show us when we have walked far enough; and the time limit, the time, that is, in which fatigue asserts itself, depends on the speed we make and the elevation to which we have lifted our bodies. Theoretically, a man who does little physical labor needs, for health, exercise equivalent to a walk on the

level of about six to eight miles at a gait of three miles per hour, or four to six miles at the rate of five miles per hour. This estimate is for the average well-developed man, and a great many men and women will need much less to keep them in good condition, especially if they do not over-eat. Boys and girls always need plenty of exercise, but their capacity for long walks is much less, even in proportion to their age, than adults. Their energies must be used for growth as well as for muscular exercise. The long, wearisome "hikes" taken by young people are more likely to be injurious than helpful. It does harm rather than good to walk after real fatigue has begun.

We have so far been considering the human being as a machine, which attended strictly to walking and to nothing else, or rather, which turned on the power and let the mechanism of muscle and nerve work the propelling levers of the body back and forth until, from using up its stored energy, and from the accumulation of waste products, the machine began to slow down.

We all know that the body does not work so simply, and that we are sometimes fatigued by a walk of a few minutes, when at other times, though at the start seemingly in no better muscular condition, we can travel for hours. It all depends on the mind, and the things on which the mental faculties please to exercise themselves as we move along. An old hunter put it thus: "With a gun on my shoulder I can easily walk ten miles, but empty-handed it tires me to walk one."

The problem of the distance we can or should walk is greatly complicated by the fact that we carry self around with us, and self alone is apt to prove a burden which will quickly bring premature fatigue. Self needs something outside to lean upon. It is like a trolley which, applied to the wrong object, may prove a hindrance to progress, but, applied to its appropriate wire, not only relieves the body of its dead weight, but helps to carry it beyond its supposed capacity for exertion. Where it is impossible for the pedestrian to fix his attention happily on outward things, it is often much better for him to take some sedentary recreation in which he can do so.

It seems against all physical laws that a man should travel farther with a ten-pound gun than without any load whatever, but the relief obtained by the drafting of the mental energies through the gun into other channels far more



From a painting by Irving Wiles.

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AN AUTUMN WALK.

than compensates for the extra muscular exercise entailed by carrying it along. The mind is carried beyond the body, and, through the keen anticipation of a possible exhibition of skill, the wear and tear of walking are reduced to the physiological minimum. But a gun is not necessary; a fishing-rod—and certainly a golf-stick—answers as well for some persons, and even a cane serves to amuse the wielder and keeps the self from hampering the leg-working machinery. Still better than these is the companionship of a dog or a leash of dogs. We knew a prominent physician who urged all his patients suffering from insufficient exercise to buy a dog. Human society may or may not add to the pleasure and profit of walking—it depends on the persons who walk.

There have been some famous pedestrians, with the emphasis on the word famous. Charles Dickens was a great walker. "Twelve, fifteen, even twenty miles a day were none too much for Dickens . . . swinging his blackthorn stick, his little figure sprang forward over the ground, and it took a practiced pair of legs to keep alongside of his voice." He once did "a special feat of turning out of bed at two, after a hard day, pedestrian and otherwise, and walking thirty miles into the country for breakfast." It will be noted that Boz used all three of the helps to pedestrianism we have mentioned, a cane, and canine and human company.

Sir Walter Scott "walked twenty or thirty miles without fatigue, notwithstanding his limp." Browning, when past seventy, could take long walks without fatigue, and Wordsworth, at three-score, did twenty miles a day. De Quincey considered fourteen miles a day necessary to his health, and Lamb, notwithstanding his "almost immaterial legs," "could walk during all the day." Brahms was a tireless pedestrian, and Beethoven always took his daily walk, or "run," of five or more miles in all manner of weathers, while Turner traveled twenty miles a day, sketching as he walked. Herbert Spencer, at thirteen, in a fit of homesickness, walked forty-eight miles one day and forty-seven the next; but was probably injured in so doing. Tolstoy, at fifty-eight, walked a hundred and thirty miles in three days.

Great men are usually of powerful physique, and many of us would suffer if we emulated their walking habits, but they have not all been so vigorous. Immanuel Kant walked for at least an hour every day, but doubtless Bacon or Locke, Chopin or Weber, Spinoza or Calvin, who were none of them in good health, would have found a walk of a mile or two quite sufficient, or even too much.

Walking in the city has its advocates, as has the country stroll. There may be more in the metropolitan thoroughfare to distract the companionless pedestrian, but it depends on the city and the thoroughfare as well as on the pedestrian. Companionship of dog or man is more fully enjoyed in wandering over fields or following country roads. The unyielding hardness of the city pavement (relieved to some extent by the intervention of rubber heels) is disastrous to the arch of the foot, while the kindly give of the soil invites the rural rambler.

For walking one must be properly shod. The high and peg-shaped heel and the narrow toe help to draw the sand of self-consciousness into the machinery that otherwise enjoys its own exhibition of power and endurance. For pedestrianism we need plenty of spring, and all the base of support possible. The exercise of walking, if the foot coverings allow, preserves and strengthens the foot.

There are good walkers and poor walkers; walkers that walk with ease and walkers that labor along. We are not all built alike and could not all walk alike if we tried. For purposes of exercise, it does not matter greatly how we walk so that we stand fairly erect and do not jar the body too much by keeping the knees too straight and planting the heel too firmly. Walking is a continuous falling forward, and simultaneous moving forward of the underpinning to prevent the fall. We can assist the falling by tipping the whole body forward without stooping the head and shoulders, and we can prevent the fall without jarring the body unnecessarily. It is of chief moment that we walk, and that, in walking, the mind finds absorbing adventures of its own so that it keeps the body joyful, and not depressing. company.



TOMMY AND THE WISHING-STONE

TOMMY BECOMES A FURRY ENGINEER

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

Author of "Old Mother West Wind," "Bedtime Story-Books," etc.

PADDY THE BEAVER lives in the Great Woods far from the dwelling-place of man. Often and often had Tommy wished that Paddy lived in the Green Forest near his home that he might make his acquaintance; for he had read many wonderful things about Paddy, and they were hard to believe.

"If I could see 'em for myself, just *see* 'em with my own eyes I could believe; but so many things are written that are not true, that a feller don't know what to believe and what not to. A feller ought to *see* things to *know* that they are so," said Tommy, as he strolled down towards the big gray stone that overlooked the Green Meadows. "'Course it 's easy enough to believe that beavers build houses. Muskrats do that. I know all about muskrats, and I s'pose a beaver's house is about the same thing as a muskrat's, only bigger and better; but how any critter can cut down a big tree, or build a dam, or dig a regular canal is more 'n I can understand without seeing for myself. I wish—"

Tommy did n't finish his wish. I suspect he was going to wish that he could go into the Great Woods and hunt for Paddy the Beaver. But he did n't finish his wish, because just then a new thought popped into his head. You know how it is with thoughts. They just pop out from nowhere in the queerest way. It was so now with Tommy. He suddenly thought of the wishing-stone, the great gray stone just ahead of him, and he wondered, if he should sit down on it, if he could wish himself into a beaver. Always before, when he had wished himself into an animal or a bird, it was one of those with which he was familiar and had seen. This case was different. There were no beavers anywhere near where Tommy lived, and so he was a little doubtful. If he could wish himself into a beaver, why, he could wish himself into anything—a lion, or an elephant, or anything else—and learn about *all* the animals, no matter where they lived!

"Gee!" exclaimed Tommy, and there was a queer little catch in his breath, because, you know, it was such a great big idea. He stood still and slowly rubbed the bare toes of one foot up and down the other bare brown leg. "Gee!" he exclaimed again, and stared very hard at the

wishing-stone. "'T won't do any harm to try it, anyway," he added.

So he walked over to the wishing-stone and sat down. With his chin in his hand and his



"TOMMY WAS A YOUNG BEAVER WITH A WATERPROOF FUR COAT."

elbows on his knees he stared over at the Green Forest and tried to imagine that it was the Great Woods, where the only human beings ever seen were hunters, or trappers, or lumbermen, and where bears, and deer, and moose, and wolves lived, and where beavers built their homes, and made their ponds, and lived their lives far from the homes of men. As he stared, the Green Forest seemed to change to the Great Woods. "I wish," said he, slowly and dreamily, "I wish that I were a beaver."

He was no longer sitting on the wishing-stone. He was a young beaver with a waterproof fur coat, a broad flat tail and great chisel-like teeth

in the front of his jaws, his tools. His home was in the heart of the Great Woods, where a broad, shallow brook sparkled and dimpled, and the sun, breaking through the tree-tops, kissed its ripples. In places it flowed swiftly, dancing and singing over stones and pebbles. Again it lingered in deep dark cool holes where the trout lay. Farther on, it loafed lazily through wild meadows where the deer delighted to come. But where Tommy was, it rested in little ponds, quiet, peaceful, in a dreamy quietness, where the very spirit of peace and happiness and contentment seemed to brood.

On one side of one of these little ponds was the house, a great house of sticks bound together with mud and turf, the house in which Tommy lived with others of his family. It was quite the finest beaver-house in all that region. But Tommy did n't think anything about that. It was summer now, the season of play, of having a good time without thought of work. It was the season of visiting and of exploration. In company with some of his relatives he made long journeys up and down the brook, and even across to other brooks on some of which were other beaver colonies and on some of which were no signs that beavers ever had worked there.

But when summer began to wane, Tommy found that life was not all a lazy holiday and that he was expected to work. The home settlement was rather crowded. There was danger that the food supply would not be sufficient for so many hungry beavers. So it was decided to establish a new settlement on one of the brooks which they had visited in their summer journey, and Tommy was one of a little company which, under the leadership of a wise old beaver, started forth on a still night to found the new colony. He led the way straight to one of the brooks on the banks of which grew many poplar trees, for you must know that the favorite food of beavers is the bark of aspens and poplars. It was very clear that this wise old leader had taken note during the summer of those trees and of the brook itself, for the very night of their arrival he chose a certain place in the brook and announced that there they would build their dam.

"Is n't it a great deal of work to build a dam?" asked Tommy, who knew nothing about dam-building, the dam at his old home having been built long before his time.

"It is. Yes, indeed, it certainly is," replied an old beaver. "You 'll find it so before we get this dam built."

"Then what 's the use of building it?" asked Tommy. "I don't see the use of a dam here anyway. There are places where the banks are

steep enough and the water deep enough for splendid holes in which to live. Then all we 've got to do is to go cut a tree when we are hungry. I 'm sure I, for one, would much rather swim around and have a good time."

The other looked at him out of eyes that twinkled, and yet in a way to make Tommy feel uncomfortable. "You are young," said he, "and the prattle of young tongues is heedless. What would you do for food in winter when the brook is frozen? The young think only of to-day and the good times of to-day, and forget to prepare for the future. When you have learned to work, you will find that there is in life no pleasure so great as the pleasure of work well done. Now suppose you let us see what those teeth of yours are good for, and help cut these alders and haul them over to the place where the dam is to be."

Tommy had no reply ready, and so he set to work cutting young alders and willows as the rest were doing. These were floated or dragged down to the place chosen for the dam, where the water was very shallow, and were laid side by



"'IS N'T IT A GREAT DEAL OF WORK TO BUILD A DAM?'"

side with the big ends pointing up stream. Turf, and stones, and mud were piled on the brushy ends to keep them in place. So the foundations of the dam were laid from bank to bank. Then more poles were laid on top, and more turf and

mud. Short sticks were wedged in between and helped to hold the long sticks in place. Tommy grew tired of working, but no one else stopped and he was ashamed to.

One of his companions cut a big poplar and others helped him trim off the branches. This was for food; and when the branches and trunk had been stripped of bark, they were floated down to the new dam and worked into it, the trunk being cut into lengths which could be managed easily. Thus nothing went to waste. So all through the stilly night they worked, and, when the day broke, they sought the deep water and certain holes under the banks wherein to rest. But before he left the dam, the wise old leader examined the work all over to make sure that it was right.

When the first shadows crept forth late the next afternoon, the old leader was the first back on the work. One by one the others joined him, and another night of labor had begun. Some cut trees and saplings, some hauled them to the dam, and some dug up turf and mud and piled it on the dam. There was no talking. Everybody was too busy to talk. Most of Tommy's companions had helped build dams before and knew just what to do. Tommy asked no questions, but did as the others did. Slowly the dam grew higher, and Tommy noticed that the brook was spreading out into a pool; for the water came down faster than it could work its way through that pile of poles and brush. Twigs, and leaves, and grass floated down from the places higher up where the beavers were at work, and, when these reached the dam, they were carried in among the sticks by the water and lodged there, helping to fill up the holes and hold the water back.

As night after night the dam grew higher and the pool behind it grew broader and deeper, Tommy began to take pride in his work. He no longer thought of play but was as eager as the others to complete the dam. The stars looked down from the soft sky and twinkled as they saw the busy workers. At last the dam was completed, for the time being, at least. Very thoroughly the wise old leader went all over it inspecting it from end to end; and when he was satisfied, he led his band to one side of the little pond formed by the dam, and there he chose a site for the house wherein they would spend the winter.

First a platform of sticks, and mud, and turf was built until it was a few inches above the water. Then began the raising of the walls: a framework of poles or long sticks first, and on these a mass of brush and turf until the walls were three feet thick and so solid that Jack Frost

would find it quite useless to try to get inside. The roof was in the shape of a rough dome and at the top was comparatively thin; here little or no mud was used, so that there were tiny air-holes, for, like all other warm-blooded animals, a beaver must breathe.

Within, was a comfortable room of which the platform was the floor. From this, two burrows,



"SOME CUT TREES AND SAPLINGS, SOME HAULED THEM TO THE DAM."

or tunnels, led down on the deep-water side, one of these being on a gradual incline, that food sticks might the easier be dragged in. The entrances to both were at the very bottom of the pond, where there would be no danger of them being closed by ice when the pond should freeze in winter. These were the only entrances, so that no foe could reach them unless he were able to swim under water, and there were no such swimmers whom they had cause to fear.

When the house was finished, Tommy thought that their labors would be at an end; and he was almost sorry, for he had learned to love work. But no sooner was the house completed than all the beavers went lumbering. Yes, sir, that is just what they did. They went lumbering just as men do, only they cut the trees for food instead of for boards. They began at the edge of a little grove of poplars to which the pond now

nearly extended. Sitting on his haunches with his broad tail for a seat or a prop, as his fancy pleased, each little woodman grasped the tree with his hands and bit into the trunk, a bite above and a bite below, and then with his teeth pried out the chip between the two bites, exactly as a man with an axe would cut. It was slow hard work cutting out a chip at a time in this way, but sooner or later the tree would begin to sway. A bite or two more, and it would begin to topple over. Then the little workman would thud the ground sharply with his tail to warn his neighbors to get out of the way, and he himself would scamper to a place of safety while the tree came crashing down. Tommy dearly loved to see and hear those trees come crashing to the ground.

No sooner was a tree down than they trimmed off the branches and cut the trunk into short lengths. These logs they rolled into the water, where, with the larger branches, they were floated out to deep water close by the house and there sunk to the bottom. What for? Tommy did n't have to be told. This was the beginning of their food-pile for the winter.

So the days slipped away and the great food-pile grew in the pond. With such busy workers it did not take long to cut all the trees close by the pond. The farther away from the water they got, the greater the labor of dragging and rolling the logs, and also the greater the danger from lurking enemies. In the water they felt wholly safe, but on land they had to be always on the watch for wolves, and bears, and lynxes.

When they had reached the limit of safety, the wise old leader called a halt to tree cutting and set them all to digging. And what do you think it was they were digging? Why, a canal! It was easier and safer to lead the water from the pond to the place where the trees grew than to get the logs over land to the pond. So they dug a ditch, or canal, about two and a half feet wide and a foot and a half deep, piling the mud up on the banks, until at last it reached the place where they could cut the trees, and roll the logs into the canal, and so float them out to the pond. Then the cutting began again.

Tommy was happy. Never had he been more happy. There was something wonderfully satisfying in just looking at the results of their labor and in feeling that he had had a part in it all. Yet his life was not all labor without excitement. Indeed, it was far from it. Had Tommy the Beaver been able to remember what as Tommy the Boy he had read, he would have felt that he was just like those hardy pioneers who built their homes in the wilderness. Always, in that great still wilderness, death with padded feet, and cruel

teeth, and hungry eyes sought to steal upon the beavers. So always as they worked, especially when on the land, they were prepared to rush for safety at the first warning. Never for a minute did they cease to keep guard, testing every breath of air with wonderfully sensitive noses, and listening with hardly less wonderful ears. On nose and ears the safety of a beaver almost wholly depends, his eyes being rather weak.

Once Tommy stopped in his labor of cutting a big tree so that he might rest for a minute or two. On the very edge of the little clearing they had made, the moonlight fell on an old weather-gray log. Tommy stared at it a moment, then resumed his work. A few minutes later he chanced to look at it again. Somehow it seemed nearer than before. He stared long and hard, but it lay as motionless as a log should. Once more he resumed his work, but hardly had he done so when there was the warning thud of a neighbor's tail. Instantly Tommy scrambled for the water; and even as he did so, he caught a glimpse of that gray old log coming to life and leaping towards him. The instant he reached the water, he dived.

"What was it?" he whispered tremulously when, in the safety of the house, he touched noses with one of his neighbors.

"Tufty the Lynx," was the reply. "I smelled him and gave the warning. I guess it was lucky for you that I did."

"I guess it was," returned Tommy, with a shiver.

Another time, a huge black form sprang from the blacker shadows and caught one of the workers. It was a bear. Sometimes there would be three or four alarms in a night. So Tommy learned that the harvesting of the food supply was the most dangerous labor of all, for it took him farthest from the safety of the water.

At last this work was completed, and Tommy wondered if now they were to rest and idle away their time. But he did not have to wonder long. The old leader was not yet content, but must have the pond deepened all along the foot of the dam and around the entrances to the house. So now they once more turned to digging, this time under water, bringing the mud up to put on the dam or the house, some working on one and some on the other. The nights grew crisp and there was a hint of frost. It was then that they turned all their attention to the house, plastering it all over with mud save at the very top, where the air-holes were. So thick did they lay it on that only here and there did the end of a stick project. Then came a night which made a thin sheet of ice over the pond and froze the mud-

plaster of the house. The cold increased. The ice grew thicker and the walls of the house so hard that not even the powerful claws of a bear could tear them open.

The nights of labor were over at last. There was nothing to do now but sleep on the soft beds of grass or of thin splinters of wood, for some had preferred to make beds of this latter material. For exercise they swam in the quiet waters under the ice. When they were hungry, they slipped down through the water tunnel and



"THEY WERE PREPARED TO RUSH FOR SAFETY AT THE FIRST WARNING."

out into the pond, swam to the food-pile, got a stick, and took it back to the house, where they gnawed the bark off in comfort and at their ease, afterward carrying the bare stick down to the dam for use in making repairs.

Once they discovered that the water was rapidly lowering. This meant a break in the dam. A trapper had cut a hole in it and cunningly placed a trap there. But the wise old leader knew all about traps, and the breach was repaired without harm to any one. Sometimes a lynx or a wolf would come across the ice and prowl around the house, sniffing hungrily as the smell of beaver came out through the tiny air-holes in the roof. But the thick walls were like rock, and Tommy and his companions never even knew of these hungry prowlers. Peace, safety, and contentment reigned under the ice of the beaver-pond.

But at last there came a day when a great noise reverberated under the ice. They knew not what it meant and lay shivering with fear. A long time they lay even after it had ceased. Then one of the boldest went for a stick from the food-pile. He did not return. Another went and he did not return. Finally Tommy went, for

he was hungry. When he reached the food-pile, he found that it had been fenced in with stout poles driven down into the mud through holes cut in the ice. It was the cutting of these holes that had made the dreadful noise, though Tommy did n't know it. Around the food-pile he swam until at last he found an opening between the poles of the fence. He hesitated. Then, because he was very hungry, he entered. Hardly was he inside when another pole was thrust down through a hole behind him, and he was a prisoner under the ice inside that hateful fence.

Now a beaver must have air, and there was no air there and no way of getting any. Up above on the ice an Indian squatted. He knew just what was happening down below and he grinned. Beside him lay the two beavers who had preceded Tommy, drowned. Now Tommy was drowning. His lungs felt as if they would burst. Dully he realized that this was the end. As long as he could, he held his breath and then—Tommy came to himself with a frightened jump.

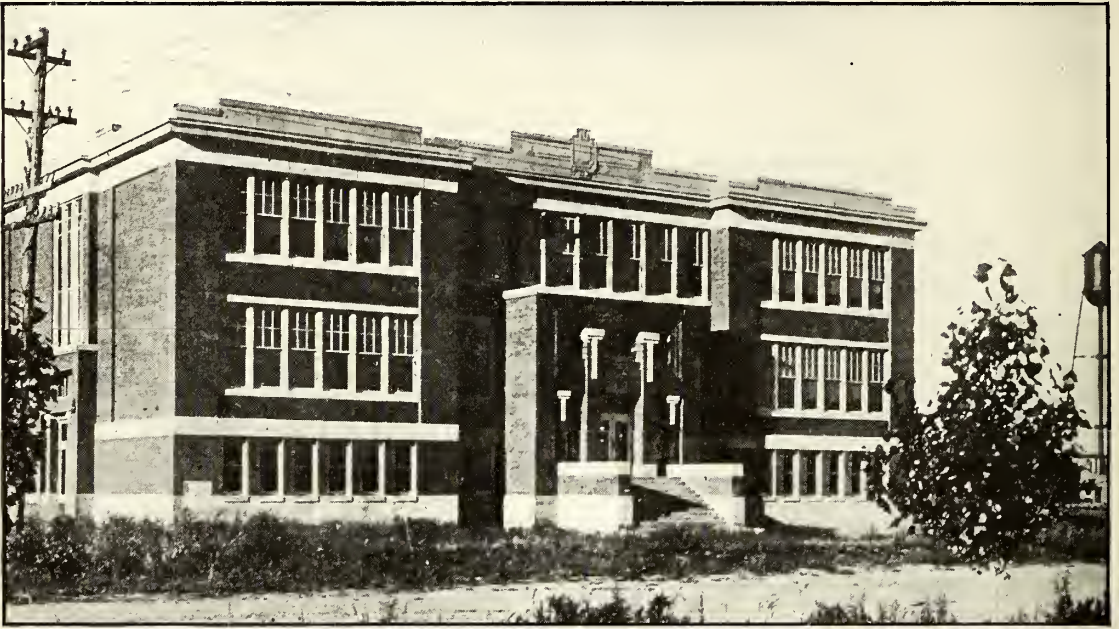
He was sitting on the old wishing-stone, and before him stretched the Green Meadows, joyous with happy life. He was n't a beaver at all, but he knew that he had lived the life of Paddy the Beaver, and he shuddered as he thought of those last dreadful minutes. Then the wonder of what he had learned grew upon him.

"Why," he exclaimed, "a beaver is an engineer, a lumberman, a dredger, a builder, and a mason! He's wonderful. He's the most wonderful animal in all the world!" His face clouded. "Why can't people leave him alone?" he exploded. "A man that will trap and kill one of those little chaps is worse than a lynx or a wolf. Yes, sir, that's what he is! Those critters kill to eat, but man kills just for the few dollars Paddy's fur coat will bring."

Tommy got up and stretched. He started for home, and there was a thoughtful look on his freckled face. "Gee!" he exclaimed, "I've learned a pile this time. I did n't know there was so much pleasure in just work before. I guess I won't complain any more over what I have to do." And then, whistling, Tommy headed straight for the wood-pile and his axe. He had work to do, and he was glad of it.

(To be concluded.)

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS



THE HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING AT RUPERT, IDAHO.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDING WHICH LEADS THE WORLD

BY GEORGE FREDERIC STRATTON

THAT is the claim, uncontradicted, for the new high school at Rupert, Idaho. The government engineers of the great Minidoka Reclamation Project state that, as far as they know, no other public building in the world has so completely adopted electric current for its *heat, power, and light*; and they follow that up with the interesting assertion that nowhere else and in no other circumstances has the control of those tremendously important, effective, and necessary elements of modern life been demonstrated as it is at Rupert. The lady who, as Superintendent of Public Instruction, is directing the intellectual development of the new generation of the Minidoka Valley, can and does, by the muscles of her small wrist, direct the electric current of comfort and power into every corner of that great building.

Fuel, smoke, chimneys, boilers, engineers, and coal-bins are replaced by the switchboard; and the expense of heating and lighting, and of power for the manual training and domestic science departments, is reduced to nearly fifty per

cent. of what the necessary amount of coal would cost.

Less than eight years ago the site of the town of Rupert was wild sage-brush desert. Then, wizards of levels and transits, of rock and concrete, of turbines and generators, commonly known as U. S. Engineers, went up there, and, in their usual casual but forceful manner, intimated to the great Snake River that it had a mission, but did n't know it. They ran a big dam across at Minidoka Falls for the prime purpose of conserving water for irrigation; and, in order to distribute that water over 50,000 acres of arid land lying higher than the river, they built the largest hydro-electric pumping-station in existence. They made that river not only lift itself thirty feet above its bed and spread itself over the landscape for irrigation, but they made it hand out 10,000 horse-power for electric current, which is being used for power and light by the farmers of the valley and the ranch towns.

This is the source upon which the eight-year-old town of Rupert has drawn to show the world the great efficiency, economy, safety, and cleanliness of water as compared with coal. The contracts for coal, the driving clouds of smoke, the

anxiety about boilers and steam-gages, the uncertain connection between the engineer in the basement and the thermometer on the upper floor, the gloomy coal-bunkers, the ash dumps and ash collectors are in the past. There is not one foot of smoke-chimney or flue to be found in that new high school.

The usual system of hot-air pipes and ventilating apparatus common to steam or hot-air heating is installed, but the furnaces or boilers for heating air or making steam are replaced by a battery of electric heating elements similar to the electric units used in electric ovens.

The equipment and installation were planned by local electricians, ably and freely assisted by enthusiastic government engineers of the Minidoka project. The switchboard is in the principal's office where is also placed an emergency switch which may be used to cut out instantly all current from the entire building—heat, light, and power.

The ventilating fan, which has a capacity of 20,000 cubic feet of air per minute, draws fresh air from outside the building down the cold-air shafts, through the heat units, and forces it through the rooms. As it passes from the fan it goes through what is known as a plenum chamber, the floor of which is a tank filled with water.

ventilating system that such large heaters have been provided. A damper in the cold-air shaft permits of mixing warm air from within the building with the cold air from outdoors in order to heat the rooms quickly in the mornings. At night, the building is kept warm by stopping the ventilating fan, switching the heaters onto low voltage and opening all room doors into the halls.

Electricity is at work everywhere. A 10 horse-power motor drives the fan and supplies all the power needed for the lathes and saws in the manual training department. An electric water-heater supplies the hot water for the domestic science department, for the shower-baths, for the various lavatories and the science rooms. In the domestic science room each girl has her individual electric-disk stove and the necessary utensils. An electric range and other equipment is provided for serving cafeteria lunches on a large scale.

In the science laboratories, electric hot plates are ready for evaporation purposes, and each pupil has an electric appliance to take the place of Bunsen burners.

The lighting system includes an auditorium set with stage-lights and switch-control equal to those of the best theaters.



THE DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT OF THE RUPERT HIGH SCHOOL.

Here it gathers moisture before passing into the rooms.

All of the air in the rooms is changed every fifteen minutes, and it is because of this liberal

It is stated that the first cost of installing the electric system of heating was \$3000 less than the cost of steam-heating would have been. In addition, a very material increase in the floor

space has been gained by the elimination of boilers, coal-bins, and engineer's quarters.

The operating cost, at the flat rate of one dollar per kilowatt per month, is very little higher than the cost of coal would be, and the wages of an engineer are entirely cut off. The principal, Mrs. Adelaide Dampier, has the entire switch-



ELECTRICITY SUPPLIES ALL THE POWER NEEDED IN THE
MANUAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT.

board in touch, and any adjustment of the other apparatus is readily made by the manual training boys.

Mr. Charles Paul, the government engineer of the Minidoka project, recently remarked:—"It is true that our rate per kilowatt is low, but even at that I think we could n't have installed that electric high school except for Mrs. Dampier. Sometimes, even on engineering work, it takes a woman to exploit things. The man looks at the cost side of a wire—the woman looks at what the current gives—no matter what it costs. And that perhaps goes in deeper than some of us think."

There have been some bitterly cold days since this building was occupied,—days when the Idaho gales were at their keenest—but the heating and ventilation have been ample with the use of not over two thirds of the available power of the apparatus.

And this wonderful school stands on ground that eight years ago was arid desert. In all that great Minidoka Valley there was not then even a farmer; nothing but some herds of sheep, feeding on winter range. To-day, more than one half of the pupils in that Rupert school drive or ride in from new outlying farms, for it is a farm country brought into existence by the utilization of the water of the great Snake River.

INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL PLANT-GROWTH

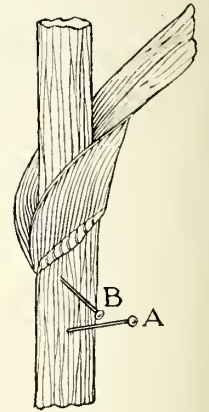
FEW people have stopped to investigate, or even think, how fast some plants grow. There are two types of growth in plants. One is the inside growing—endogenous; the other the outside growing kind—exogenous.

Most trees and shrubs are of the latter type, and if they are sawed off near the base, the cut will reveal irregular layers starting around a center called the pith. Each of these layers represents a year's growth. The growth of the exogenous tree being on the outside, it must have a tough, dependable bark to protect the main body of the tree, which is always the tenderest. But if this bark be peeled, or the tree girdled, it will be found that this exterior bark serves another important purpose, and that is in aiding the circulation of the sap. If this bark is removed, and the soft adja-

cent layer injured, the tree will eventually die. But if a half dozen small twigs have one of their ends inserted beneath and the other above the injury, the tree will live, grow rapidly, and these twigs will grow large, robust, and in years will unite, making a false but actual and living base for the tree.

A Spanish oak, or water-oak, sawed off at the base makes an excellent specimen for observing the circular rings and for "telling the age" of an exogenous tree.

For the endogenous type, we can best make our observations on an ordinary stalk of corn. If we cut a stalk of corn crosswise, we observe a woody fiber, with no pith, or center, and no bark. When a stalk of corn is about two feet high, let



A, pin inserted near top of stalk; B, pin twelve hours later.

it be pierced by one half the length of a common pin about eight inches from the ground. Insert another pin about the same distance from the top of the stalk (but never on a joint). When both are examined the following morning, a surprising change will have occurred. During the growing season, the pin nearest the ground will have



TOBOGGANING DOWN A THIRTY-FOOT DUNE IN THE COLORADO DESERT.

traveled from one-fourth of an inch to one inch. On being carried upward by the central or active part of the plant, the pin will slit the outside of the stalk for a distance equal to the vertical growth of the plant. The pin inserted near the top of the stalk will have been even more active, and often it will require a search to locate it, for it will be found almost standing on its head, while the outside of the plant will have been slit a little. The rapid growth of the plant in its most active part drags the pin upwards. If on a warm moist day a pin is inserted in the early morning, and an examination made at noon, a growth amounting to nearly an inch will startle the observer.

Instead of inserting the pin in the stalk, let it penetrate a joint. In this experiment, the pin tears a vital part of the plant. The growth in the center being tender and rapid, and the outer portion tough at the joints, the pin is held immovable, while the internal portion is torn and mutilated in its upward growth, and if left for a sufficient length of time, the top will die.

If the stalk be pricked entirely through the

center near the top, in a fortnight the blades will each show four pin-punctures.

This last experiment furnishes a fine illustration of the inner growing of such trees and plants, of which our much admired palms are members.

ROBERT SPARKS WALKER.

A SAND-TOBOGGAN

TOBOGGANING, in some form, seems to be dear to the human heart, especially to the heart of the boy. We must shoot the chutes, or loop the loops, or contrive somehow to play tricks with the sober old force of gravitation, by means of bob-sled, roller-coaster, or aeroplane. To love to plunge down cellar-flaps or baluster-railings may seem odd to the logical parental mind; but probably all the world over, from Eskimo to equatorial Pygmy, boys and girls find it the height of joy to dive head-first down something or other.

In the deserts of the Southwest, where snow never falls and water is a rarity, the too plentiful sand offers the means of satisfying this craving. I was recently exploring some remarkable sand-

dunes on the Colorado Desert, to which the thirteen-year-old son of my settler-host had piloted me. While I was intent upon my notes and photographing, I heard a patter of bare feet behind me, and in a moment my lively young friend shot past me with a shout, threw up his heels, and plunged headlong down the steep slope of a thirty-foot dune on the edge of which I was



From a sketch by the Author.

THREE MONEY-STONES (AT THE RIGHT) OUTSIDE THE HOUSE OF A NATIVE CHIEF.

standing. By using a little arm motion, he easily slid to the bottom. When he had rubbed the sand out of his hair and nose, he was ready for another descent, and my camera caught him in mid-career.

He and his sister think this sand-toboggan a capital kind of fun; and I dare say it is, though, not being so lightly clad as my friend Danny, I could not be persuaded to try it.

The region I refer to is a tract of pure sand, piled into constantly changing ridges and crevasses by the strong wind that blows almost continuously down the San Gorgonio Pass. The dunes occupy the middle of the valley for miles, while along the borders, wherever water can be found, settlers are carving homesteads out of the desert.

There are not very many sources of amusement open to the children of these pioneers, so it is not surprising that the sight of these steep smooth slants of clean white sand should have "taught the young idea how to *chute*."

J. SMEATON CHASE.

THE MONEY-STONES OF YAP

PROPPED up against the house of the native chief of Yap, which is one of the Caroline Islands lying southeast of the Philippines, may be seen a row of "money-stones," the current coin of the island. In shape these stones are like millstones, but they do no grinding. They serve simply as a parade of the wealth of the village. Their value lies solely in the difficulty with which they are obtained. The yellowish granite of which they are made is found only in the island of Palao, two hundred miles away, and, when the monsoon favors, forty or fifty natives voyage there in their canoes. After pacifying the king of Palao with presents, the work of hewing the *walaka*, or money-stones, begins, lasting for months until the monsoon changes, when the toilers start homeward with their "coin." The smallest of these stones is about a foot in diameter and three inches thick, with a round hole through its centre; it will buy food for a family for a month. The large stones, about three feet in diameter and eight inches thick, have relatively much greater value, since it is more difficult to transport them in cranky canoes over such a long stretch of sea. Indemnities can be paid with such a stone or the aid of neutrals purchased in time of war.

WILLIAM L. CATHCART.

A GIANT FOUNTAIN

RIISING skywards to a height of fully three hundred feet, then breaking into a feathery mass of spray that falls like a miniature cloud-burst, there spouts up from the lake at Geneva, Switzerland, the largest fountain in the world.

On Sundays and holidays, hundreds of little boys and girls, with as many tourists, stand along the shaded promenades on either side of this beautiful lake,—for it is only on these special days that this aquatic spectacle is provided by the municipal authorities—and watch admiringly the torrential spray of this monster fountain, swaying in the wind and turned by the sunlight into an ever-changing series of rainbows. Other youngsters, a bit more daring, venture out in rowboats and motor-launches, to listen at close

range to the music made by the rhythmic patter of the falling water on the surface of the lake, sometimes receiving an impromptu shower-bath when they approach too near, for the height of this great geyser is deceptive, and a sudden shift in the upper air-currents will carry the spray many hundreds of feet away from its base and in most unexpected directions. But the Genevise children love this fountain dearly, and are quite willing to risk a drenching from their much-admired "*Jet d'Eau*," as it is called, in order to obtain a near-by view of its fascinating silvery spray.

The source of this great fountain is interesting. The city of Geneva is built on both sides of the extreme southern end of the Lake of Ge-

town," there extends a little stone breakwater, or jetty, bearing the picturesque and appropriate name of "*Jetée des Eaux Vives*," or "Jetty of the Living Waters"; and beside this breakwater there



THE "JETTY OF THE LIVING WATERS," GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

neva, where its waters narrow down to a funnel-shaped harbor before emptying into the river Rhone. Out from the eastern side of the harbor, or from that part of the city known as the "old

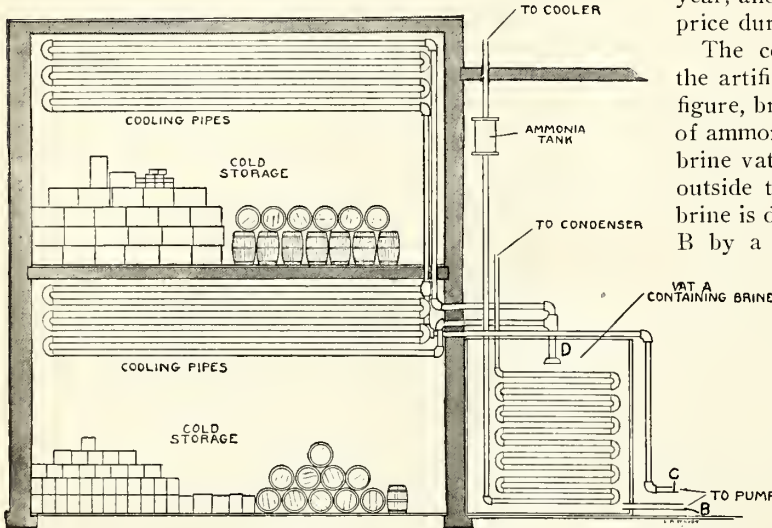


"THE MONSTER FOUNTAIN SWAYING IN THE WIND."

is suspended an immense water-main which runs out to a point about six hundred feet from the shore. Here it turns abruptly upwards, ending, just above the top of the jetty, in a cone-shaped nozzle, or outlet, about six inches in diameter. From this outlet the giant stream shoots upwards with an almost deafening roar, a steady shaft of water, looking more like a solid column of transparent marble than anything else, and is sent flying skyward by an estimated pressure at the nozzle of about two hundred pounds to the square inch. The water that supplies this fountain comes from a very large storage-reservoir located in the hills to the east of the city of Geneva, and many hundreds of feet above the surface of the lake, and it is this water endeavoring to rise to its original

level, pushed along by what is called "gravity pressure," that sends the stream fully three hundred feet into the air.

But, curiously enough, notwithstanding the great pressure and the terrifying noise which the fountain makes at its base, if you place your finger gently against the stream, just above the nozzle, instead of having your hand wrenched, or the flesh of your finger torn, you only experience a gentle sensation of friction, not at all unpleasant; and when you remove your finger and look at it, you find the skin beautifully clean and white, as if you had given it a vigorous appli-



GENERAL DESIGN OF A COLD-STORAGE PLANT.

cation of pumice-stone. But to thrust a stick or cane into the stream at the same point would be to invite disaster.

On fête- and carnival-nights, of which there are many at Geneva during the summer, this tower of water is made doubly attractive by means of colored lights, projected upon it with a powerful searchlight, installed in a little stone building at the land-end of the "*Jetée des Eaux Vives*," wherein is also housed the "gate" or shut-off, connecting the fountain with its source in the hills. This illumination is particularly brilliant on the evening of August first—the Swiss "Fourth of July"—when, above the myriad of twinkling lights on the lake, the long rows of arc-lamps on the east and west banks, and even the great "flares," or beacons, on the surrounding hills, the filmy spray of this huge stream, a mass of iridescent colors, floats high in the air, like a phantom flag in the sky, the wonder and admiration of all young folks—the acknowledged highest "fountain" in the world.—CHARLES T. HILL.

THE COLD-STORAGE PLANT

COLD-STORAGE plants play a very important part in modern life. Formerly, any surplus of perishable products, such as fruits, vegetables, meats, and eggs, was largely wasted unless quickly consumed or preserved. Now, however, such products may be placed in cold storage, and kept fresh for weeks or months. It is true these plants are sometimes used wrongly to raise prices artificially; yet conditions are far better now than a few years ago, when eggs, for instance, were worth only a few cents a dozen for part of the year, and practically unobtainable at any price during another part.

The cold-storage plant is much like the artificial-ice plant. As shown in the figure, brine is cooled by the evaporation of ammonia in exactly the same way; the brine vat, A, however, is placed entirely outside the storage rooms. The cooled brine is drawn from the vat through pipe B by a pump, and from there forced through pipe C to the cooling pipes in the storage rooms. Then it returns to the vat through pipe D, is cooled once more by the ammonia pipes, and again made to go its rounds.

The brine is generally about ten degrees warmer than the pipes that cool it, and becomes about six degrees warmer by the time it returns to the vat. As the air in the storage rooms is about six degrees warmer than the pipes there, we see that the air in the storage rooms is about twenty-two degrees warmer than the pipes in which the ammonia evaporates.

The management of the cold-storage plant is more difficult than that of the artificial-ice plant, because different products require different temperatures. Fish keep best when stored at a zero temperature, poultry at about fifteen degrees, fresh meat at twenty-five degrees, some fruits at thirty-two degrees, and others at thirty-six degrees. Now, how does the manager of the plant secure the desired temperature?

It has been found that the degree of cold produced by evaporating ammonia depends upon the pressure in the pipes where it evaporates. If this is thirty pounds per square inch, for instance, a temperature of zero is produced in the pipes; but if it is thirty-four pounds per square inch, the temperature is five degrees. Suppose the manager wishes a temperature of thirty-six de-

greens for storing fruit. As the evaporating pipes are twenty-two degrees cooler than the storage rooms, the temperature in them must be fourteen degrees.

The manager then discovers by consulting his tables, which have been prepared by careful experimenters, that evaporating ammonia produces a temperature of fourteen degrees when it is under a pressure of forty-four pounds per square inch. He therefore adjusts his machinery so as to maintain that pressure in the evaporating pipes, and thus secures the temperature of thirty-six degrees desired in the storage rooms.

FRED TELFORD.

TREES THAT KEEP WEATHER RECORDS

IN cutting up logs for experimental purposes at the Madison, Wisconsin, laboratory of the U. S. Forest Service it was noticed that in a number of them there were little diagonal streaks, or wrinkles, running across the grain, and that all these appeared on the same side of the trees. It was well known that these wrinkles were produced by too great a strain on the fiber at some time, either from bending in a storm, or from rough handling; but as all of the logs in question came from the same locality in Florida, and the markings were all on the north side of the log, it was assumed that they were caused by some severe storm from

the south that had swept over that part of the country.

By making a careful count of the annual rings of wood, and knowing when these trees were cut, it was decided that the storm recorded by the wrinkles must have occurred in the year 1898; and inquiries verified the fact that at that time a hurricane had swept over that region.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

ROWS OF CORN A MILE LONG

THE farmer boy who thinks it a hardship to plow corn-rows the length of a two-acre field, even when he has the privilege of resting in the shade of a big tree at either end of each row, probably would throw up his hands at the suggestion of following rows a mile long, with never a tree on the horizon.

This is what the farmers of some of our western states do, however,—particularly in the dry-farming land of eastern Colorado. And, instead of looking upon it as a hardship, they actually enjoy the work, and take vast pride in making the rows as straight and even as a string. The accompanying photograph shows how well they succeed in this effort and at the same time helps us to understand why our country cannot only feed itself, but has plenty to spare for other and less fortunate nations.



A CORN-FIELD IN EASTERN COLORADO.



THE answer to the question "What will our clever young Leaguers do with the subjects given this month?" is always awaited with unflinching interest by the Editor; for it seems impossible to predict which subjects of the many selected will prove most suggestive and stimulating.

This month, many of the poets seemed to find "The Ebbing Tide" a rather serious topic (as perhaps it is), but it, nevertheless, brought out some cheering verses with a ring of hope and courage—some even with a welcome touch of humor.

And what a variety of "Strange Happenings" were chronicled by our tellers of tales—incidents merry, grave, or poetic, each contribution a complete and well-rounded story told in the small measure of words to which all competitors must limit themselves.

But the subjects for the young artists and photographers offered the most amusing surprise, for "Out of Doors" and "A Good Time" seemed to have practically the same meaning, inasmuch as all the "good

times" caught by the camera and selected for reproduction had taken place "out of doors." It certainly cannot be denied that the exhilaration which comes with life in the open seems to give to the joys we find there a relish that is wanting when we are shut in by enclosing walls.

But we all know that playtime is never an end in itself—that we must "play to work and work to play"; either without the other is more or less of a failure. So, as we come thronging homeward after the long holiday, turning our faces toward the familiar tasks of school and home, we will take them up with fuller strength and keener zest. And since the busier people are the more they can find time to do, the Editor is confidently looking forward to a year of League contributions even greater in number and higher in quality than the admirable poems, essays, stories and pictures that have been prepared during the long leisure days of vacation time.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 187

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Dorothy H. Leach** (age 15), Maine.

Silver badges, **Mary D. Fraser** (age 12), New Jersey; **Jean F. Black** (age 14), New York; **Katharine Van R. Holste** (age 16), California; **Ruth Eloise Brown** (age 11), Ohio.

VERSE. Silver badges, **Marion Garland** (age 16), Massachusetts; **John Duncan Cox** (age 10), Missouri.

DRAWINGS. Gold badge, **Katharine E. Smith** (age 17), Pennsylvania.

Silver badges, **Grace B. Cuyler** (age 12), California; **Ellen C. Fetter** (age 13), New Jersey; **Lyman C. Douglas** (age 12), New Jersey; **Henry Silldorff** (age 16), New York.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver badges, **Patricia Acres** (age 11), Canada; **Roberta Elizabeth Flory** (age 11), Ohio; **Frederic W. Taylor** (age 12), Indiana; **Gerald H. Loomis** (age 16), Connecticut; **Margaret A. Keith** (age 14), Ohio; **Charles B. Cooper** (age 13), New York.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badges, **Constance M. Pritchett** (age 16), England; **Alice Peterson** (age 13), New York.



BY GWENDOLIN EDEE, AGE 12.



BY PATRICIA ACRES, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

"A GOOD TIME."

AT EBBING TIDE

BY DOROTHEA DERBY (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

SUNSET! The orb of gold dips in the evening mist.

Colors arise and gild the darkening skies
With rose and amethyst.

Globules of light change all the sea-foam white,
Into a path of gold.

O mortal eyes! canst still His glory see, and yet not
blinded be?

For God a glimpse of heaven shows to thee
At ebbing tide.

Twilight! The gilded clouds fade swiftly into pearl;

The sun departs, yet thrusts its rosy darts
Into the purple swirl.

Gold light spurts forth,—and dies, spraying the eastern
skies

With coral and with gold,
O lovely sea! the smile of God is mirrored deep in thee,
That man His countenance again may see,
At ebbing tide.

Evening! The blue grows deep, and from the farthest
precincts of the sky

A flick'ring light, one tiny silver lantern in the night,
Glimmers and twinkles in the heavens high.

Deep in the ocean, deep, where she has lain asleep,
The moon arises, silvery and bright.

What sweeter way could God's great love for thee de-
scribed be,

Than this soft miracle of sky and sea
At ebbing tide?



"A GOOD TIME." BY ROBERTA E. FLORY, AGE 11.
(SILVER BADGE.)

A STRANGE HAPPENING

(As told by Laddie, the dog)

BY DOROTHY H. LEACH (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won February, 1915)

ONE evening, when Gyp came to visit me, we started on an exploring expedition. Cook threw us two bones, but we agreed that as we had just eaten supper, it would be better to bury them in the pansy bed, against some future need.

Having accomplished this, I remembered that Gyp had never seen Robert's workshop in the barn, so I said I would show it to him.

Robert was there when we arrived, working over some funny machine. Just as I was showing Gyp around, the lights went off, and it was so dark that we just stood there with our mouths open, wondering what was the matter.

Suddenly, at the other end of the barn, something happened. A queer, white dog was running around, and as true as you live, it was I!

He was playing with a bone, and he would open his mouth to bark, but not make any noise! I was so scared



"A GOOD TIME." BY PHYLLIS RADFORD, AGE 14.

that I could feel my hair standing on end, while I began to wonder whether I was where I thought I was, or down there.

Suddenly Gyp growled and started for that dog, thinking it was I. I was rolling over on my back now,—I mean the dog was, and just as Gyp reached him, he picked up the bone that I remembered burying a week ago, ran off into the blackness, and the lights flashed on!

Gyp, who was gazing into space, turned and saw me where he thought I was n't, and he was the most surprised dog you ever saw.

I know Robert did n't do it, for he was beside me; and although Gyp and I have talked about it ever since, we can't decide whether that was a ghost, another dog, or I. Can you help us out?

A STRANGE HAPPENING

BY MARY D. FRASER (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

ONCE upon a time, there grew by the banks of a gossipy little brook a clump of willows. The brook, as it went past them, used to whisper the news it heard. And after many years, the willows knew all the secrets of the wild folk, the flowers, and even of the Little People.

They knew all the sorrows and joys of the woods. And, too, they had longings. They wished to be able to sing, to speak, and to tell the world of the wondrous things they knew. And so they were not satisfied merely to listen, and live, and drink in the beauty around them.

FAR up on the mountains lived an aged man and his grandson. This grandson was not like the other lads round about. He loved to watch the birds and animals and roamed in the farthest parts of the woods, seeking to make friends with Mother Nature's children.

So it chanced that one day the boy, after wandering for many hours, came to the sunny stream, and, cut-

ting one of the willow branches, patiently whittled it and made a whistle. And playing upon it, he produced all manner of melodies and songs, which drew those who listened with an unknown force.

The little creatures of the wood followed him, not knowing why. The birds stopped their music, as if wondering who this unknown songster was who so perfectly mimicked their songs.

The villagers were amazed. Some believed the boy to be possessed of an evil spirit. Others said: "It is

Indians to fire at, so that bullets whizzed around his head and pierced his clothes, and horses were shot from under him, yet was himself not wounded.

THE EBBING TIDE

(Reflections of a Six-Year-Old)

BY BETTY HUMPHREYS (AGE 14)

(Honor Member)

I LOVE to stand upon the shore
When lower grows the tide,
And watch the many things it leaves
Upon the beach's side.

It always leaves a starfish
Half buried in the sand,
And pretty shells, and sea-weed,
Are thrown upon the land.

And once I found a funny thing—
An "urchin of the sea";
I thought it was a chestnut-bur—
It looked like that to me.

My mother thinks I'm careless
When I neglect my pets;
What *would* she say at all the things
The ebbing tide forgets?



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY GRACE E. CUYLER, AGE 12 (SILVER BADGE.)

a delusion. There is no music. We are overworked and our ears deceive us."

But the wise men shook their heads and replied: "It is the song of the woodland and of a wild thing's heart, telling of the beauty and splendor of the forest."

A STRANGE HAPPENING

BY NANETTE DESENBERG (AGE 14)

THE French in America were in a desperate condition, for General Braddock, the English commander, with his company of soldiers was working his way through dense forests, and enduring great hardships to get to the French Fort Duquesne and capture it.

The French commander knew that he could not hold out against the English. He had given up hope, when a reckless adventurer, Beaujeu by name, suggested that a trap be set for the English in a ravine through which their course would lead them.

The rest is soon told. The French and Indians waited in ambush for the English. The quiet of the forest was soon interrupted by the tramp of the soldiers. Now their red coats flared out against the green of the trees and underbrush. General Braddock was leading the soldiers, and George Washington was riding beside him on his splendid charger. The French poured out their deadly fire!

A horse was shot from under Washington, and another bullet pierced his coat. He so exposed himself that bullets passed through his coat and hat and two horses were shot under him. The Indians and French thought he bore a charmed life, and tried hard to bring him down.

"What kind of a man is this," the French and Indians thought, "who displays such cool courage and reckless daring, and charms bullets away from him? 'T is a strange happening!"

It certainly *was* a strange happening, that Washington, who was a target for the concealed French and

A STRANGE HAPPENING

BY KATHARINE B. SCOTT (AGE 17)

WHEN I was eleven years old, I was to make my first visit to Washington. To add to the excitement and anticipation, my father told me one evening that we were to meet President Roosevelt, who was then in office. Next morning at breakfast I told my family I had dreamed that, when we met the President, he gave me a pink carnation; not a red, or white, or light pink, but a deep rose-pink one, I made them understand. We laughed over it and half forgot it.

A few weeks later my father and I were driving up to the White House between the very same conven-



"OUT OF DOORS." BY ELLEN C. FETTER, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

tional flower-beds and fountains I had seen so often on postal-cards. After a few interminable moments' wait in a little anteroom of the Cabinet Chamber, we joined the slowly moving line of people passing around the cabinet table. Soon I was looking up into the face of the great President himself while he held my little cold paw in a hearty grip. Suddenly he said, "I want



BY ELIZABETH HOLMES, AGE 14.



BY GEORGE D. GAMMON, AGE 13.



BY STAFFORD TAYLOR, AGE 12.



BY HÉLÈNE A. LOBE, AGE 11.



BY KATHARINE L. HEMMING, AGE 15.



BY DOROTHY THOMAS, AGE 10



BY KATHERINE A. ADAMS, AGE 15



BY FREDERIC W. TAYLOR, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY GERALD H. LOOMIS, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)

"A GOOD TIME."

to get you something." He turned to a bookcase at the side that was loaded with flowers. For some strange reason he reached up to a vase of *different colored carnations* and chose one. When he put it into my hand I almost cried out, for it was *rose-pink*.

It was several years afterward I learned that presenting carnations to little girls was an amiable habit of President Roosevelt's, as other ST. NICHOLAS readers may know.



"A GOOD TIME." BY PARKER B. NEWELL, AGE 15.

A STRANGE HAPPENING

(Told by a fish)

BY JEAN F. BLACK (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

My name is Johnnie Bass. I am writing to tell you of the strange disappearance of my playmate, Billie Bluefish.

It was about a month ago. Bill and I were playing tag around our house. Bill was "it," and I was swimming as fast as I could when suddenly Bill called, "Ho! See what I have here."

Turning, I saw a lovely fat worm in the water.



"A GOOD TIME." BY MARGARET A. KEITH, AGE 14
(SILVER BADGE.)

"Give me some?" I asked, for it was very seldom we had such a treat.

"No, sir!" he answered with emphasis. "You never share your things with me."

This was not true. I always shared everything with Bill. But nevertheless, he started nibbling at his prize and never gave me a snip, and I would not fight over it.

He had not nibbled long, however, before he started swimming—or did he swim?—toward the surface of the

water. He went so quickly it seemed as if he flew. But the strangest thing to me is that he did not stop at the surface, but went straight up into the air.

I can't seem to cipher out what happened to Bill. Sometimes I think that was his punishment for not sharing that worm with me. Then I think perhaps he liked the worm so much he went up to get some more. Anyhow, it was a very strange happening, for Bill never acted like that before.

If you ever see or hear anything of Billie, please send word to

Mr. Jonathan Bass,
Eel Grass, Off Sandy Hook,
New York Bay

A STRANGE HAPPENING

BY KATHARINE VAN R. HOLSTE (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

GRATIA the Christian sat with a group of children around her. Her hands were idle, and her eyes scanned the blue Roman sky dreamily.

A curly-headed girl touched her knee impatiently "Come, Gratia, we are waiting for the story. Remember thy promise."

Gratia smiled. "I have not forgotten," she replied and began:

"It was a quiet night in the pastures of Palestine. The stars glittered brilliantly in the dark sky, and the shepherds sat in silence, half awed by the majestic stillness, as they watched their flocks.

"One broke the silence rather abruptly:

"Truly, brothers, I thought 't was but midnight, yet already comes the day.'

"A white light was spreading in the east, dazzling in its radiance. Swiftly and yet more swiftly it spread. The shepherds trembled and hid their eyes from the blinding glory. And there was an angel in the midst of it, saying: 'Fear not, I bring you glad tidings of great joy. Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.'

"The shepherds looked up and saw a chorus of angels singing: 'Peace on earth, good-will to men.'

"Hark! What was that? Other voices joining with them in the same words, yet in a different language.

"The reverent earth and all growing things were singing the glorious anthem in their own tongue, and—strangest of all—each understood the other.

"For, as a prophecy of the unity that is to come, all things became one in thought, through the power of Joy."

Gratia's words are being fulfilled to-day, for all people, singing the mighty anthem of peace, are at heart united and each understands the other.



"A GOOD TIME"
BY CHARLES B. COOPER, AGE 13
(SILVER BADGE.)

League members are reminded that the silver badge must be won before the gold badge can be awarded.

THE EBBING TIDE

BY MARION GARLAND (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

DEEP as the starry waters of the night,
And as the moonlight glancing o'er the lea,
Swiftly as dewy zephyrs in their flight,
My tide of life is ebbing out to sea.

The shadows deepen into somber gray,
The nightingale trills out its heaven-sent plea;
Resistless as the moon-bathed waves at play,
My tide of life is ebbing out to sea.

An awe-inspiring silence nearer creeps,
Yielding its soothing message unto me.
So as the gull that, trusting, seaward sweeps,
My tide of life is ebbing out to sea.

A STRANGE HAPPENING

BY NAOMI ARCHIBALD (AGE 13)

WHEN we were living in Egypt some years ago, there were rumors of a holy war. Naturally we were rather anxious, as it is the duty and religion of every native, in the event of a holy war, to kill the first Christian he meets, whoever it may be. Our servants were very faithful but we could not be sure of them.

One day I heard strange sounds coming from the kitchen; first some groans, yells, and scuffling of feet, then a most tremendous crash. Then I heard Abdoul's voice saying, "No one enters here except over my body."

This was far from reassuring, as I thought the holy war had begun and that it was a band of natives our faithful servant was trying to keep out. Wanting to know the worst at once, I went to the kitchen and, throwing open the door, demanded, as sternly and coolly as I could, the cause of all this disturbance.

I was met by Abdoul, smiling broadly.

"The *Site* need not have troubled to come," he said. "It was only two men who had come to deliver some



"OUT OF DOORS." BY EVELYN RINGEMAN, AGE 16.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

large cases of soda-bottles. They were not for us, so I would not let them in."

The loads the men carried were very heavy and they were utterly exhausted, after having climbed our four flights of stairs, and wanted to put the cases down in

the kitchen and talk the matter over. But Abdoul did not approve of this! So he pushed them out on the stairs; when, of course their cases fell, the bottles broke, and the men were badly bruised.

Abdoul coolly shut the door on them and the confusion he had caused, and assured me it was all right—he would never let any intruders enter my dwelling!



"A GOOD TIME." BY ALBERTA BAKER, AGE 13.

A STRANGE HAPPENING

(A true story)

BY RUTH ELOISE BROWN (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

It was the first Sunday that our friends and neighbors, the Johnstons, had had their automobile. As it was a pleasant day they invited us with some other people out to ride. We were riding along at a comfortable speed by a pleasant farm when a chicken flew squawking, directly in front of us. None of us thought that we had run over it, and nothing was said or thought about it.

After a pleasant ride in the country we drove back into town. We were driving around the campus when some boys saw us and began to laugh. After that, every one who saw us laughed. Finally, Mr. Johnston told William to get out and investigate. What he saw made him laugh too. For there, comfortably settled on one of the fenders, was the chicken we had frightened. It had been caught by the automobile and had remained there perfectly safe and sound.

Mr. Johnston drove back with the chicken under his arm instead of on the fender. When he arrived at the farm the chicken went clucking off to her barnyard mates, and we thought it a very strange happening.

THE EBBING TIDE

BY JOHN DUNCAN COX (AGE 10)

(Silver Badge)

SLOWLY ebbing, slowly ebbing
At the twilight is the tide;
In the west the sun is setting,
Vessels at their anchor ride.
Little stars are all a-twinkle,
And the radiant moon looks down
Upon the streets and houses
Of the quaint, old-fashioned town;
On the gardens and the vineyards,
On the church and steeple tall,
And bathes them in her silvery light,—
And God did make it all.

THE EBBING TIDE

BY MARGUERITE ARABEL WING (AGE 17)

I CREEP along the cruel ledge's line
 And climb the walls with eager zest,
 And dash my lacy spray with splendid might
 Into the steamy mist above my foam.
 I draw my fingers back in hasty flight
 From 'round the many coves and docks at night.
 The tide am I, that o'er the world doth roam;—
 I ebb, but only to return again
 To tear the ledge's lofty crest.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER," BY KATHARINE E. SMITH, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON APRIL, 1915.)

I love to flood the caves, and shoals, and shores,
 To wage my daily, nightly strife
 Against the grim, impregnable, high towers
 Aloof above me, gleaming night and day.
 But more I love to chase away the hours
 By visiting my mid-deep, coral flowers,
 By sporting with the fishes on the way,
 While o'er my head the vast wind shouts and roars.
 I flood and ebb thus all my life.

A STRANGE HAPPENING

(A true story)

BY ELIZABETH CONNOLLY (AGE 13)

It was far back in Revolutionary times, in a little hamlet on the eastern shores of the Hudson, that this strange little incident took place.

One day, as Mistress W—— was setting her cream to clot, a ragged man came up and asked her to hide him. He told Mistress W—— that he was a British deserter.

"They are after me, so make haste!" he cried in terror.

Out of pity, Mistress W—— hid him, although she was no Tory. She opened a large brass wood-box, the deserter got in, and she put her milk-pans atop of it; none too soon, however, for a party of redcoats came thundering in some fifteen minutes after. They told her they were going to search the place.

"Nay," she protested. "Think you I would hide a Britisher?" But they searched the house and at last came to the wood-box.

"Do not disturb my milk-pans, good sirs," she pleaded.

"Oh! 't is likely he 's in there!" said the captain, jokingly, to his men; and shortly after they had disappeared up the dusty road.

The deserter came out of the wood-box, thanked Mistress W—— most heartily, and went on his way, so far as I know escaping further harm.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

- Vail Motter
- Juliet Hollister
- Sewell Woodward
- L. Minerva Turnbull
- Gilbert Quackenbush
- Anna Ware Barker
- Freda Wolfe
- Norman Johnson
- Frances Dana Crane
- Eliphalet Wickes
- Elizabeth F. Thias
- Elena G. Savelli
- Philip Wallach
- Constance E. Lowengrund
- Camilla Macy
- Helen Ames Sterling
- Betty Moon
- Simonne Bonaventure
- Frances Arnold
- Katharine A. Bryant
- Eleanor Byers
- Lolita Stubblefield
- Theda T. Ellison
- Jerome Wayland-Smith
- Muriel D. Fish
- Florence Brugger
- Anne Kathryn Warren
- Mary L. D. West
- A. Bowring
- Eleanor Ripley
- Ida Fesner
- Virginia M. Alcock
- Frances Maxwell
- Sweet Charlotte W. Chace
- Beatrice L. Pitney
- Constance Caldwell
- Joan Sylva Wattiaux
- Mollie Greenfield
- Kathryn Le Baron Drury
- Beulah Zimmerman
- Edith C. McCullough
- Elizabeth Gray
- Mildred Stevens

- Martha Stiles
- Beatrice Egan
- Eliza Anne Peterson
- Elizabeth Emmons
- Margaret C. Carey
- Barbara Kendall
- Louise Denton Weed
- Nancy Anderson
- Alice L. Morrell
- Evelyn Howard
- Dorothy Towne
- Estelle E. Wellwood
- Florence Krips
- Esther Hughart
- Floise G. Re Qua
- Ruth Brandenstein
- Kathleen Knox
- Hubert Johnson
- Virginia H. Hill
- T. Weston
- Marjorie Banks
- Julia F. Lord
- Nancy Shinkle
- Elizabeth Allen
- Mildred Murray
- Bessie Roseman
- Henry H. Balos
- Gertrude Zschanisch
- Dorothy Helen Wingert
- Margaret Strickland
- F. Wilhelmine Hasbruck
- Emilia Marturet
- Elizabeth McIlvaine
- Ethel Boatright
- Eugenia Wuertz
- Isabelle T. Farnum
- Ruth Hanna
- Josephine H. Lee

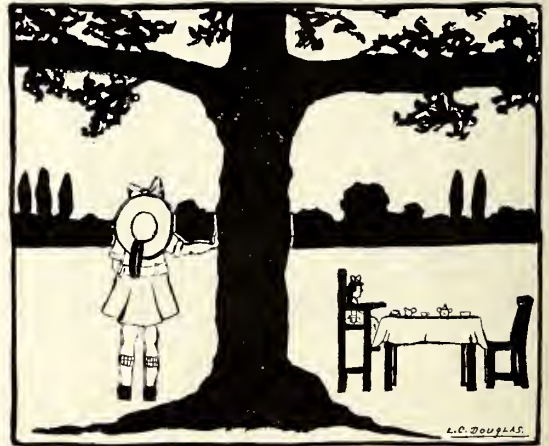
- Louise C. Mack
- Kenneth W. Howard
- Dorothy Colvin
- Alvin Hattorf
- Helen E. Waite
- Priscilla Williams
- Dorothy A. Smith
- Roscoe Scott
- James Russell, Jr.
- Mildred Bernheim
- Mortimer J. Adler

VERSE, 1

- Harriet T. Parsons
- Elsa A. Synnestvedt
- Edith Emmons
- Barbara Prosser
- Marcella H. Fosler
- Harriet Pearson
- Samuel Hanna
- Frances Cavanah
- Frances Welch
- Marian Wightman
- Lucy Lewis Thorn
- Martha Hodgson
- M. Louise Pott
- Margaret H. Laidlaw
- Sarah F. Borock
- Celestine Morgan
- Charlotte Vanderlip
- Dorothy Levy
- Eleanor Johnson
- Marion Fryer
- Verna Peacock
- Marie Mirvis
- Dorothy E. Ober
- Elizabeth Warren
- Katherine Loomis
- Suzanna R. Harmon
- Miriam Hussey
- Virginia Deardorff
- Llewellyn A. Wilcox
- Ruth P. Crawford
- Harriet S. Bailey
- Emma G. Jacobs
- Florence Fake
- Kenneth G. Hook
- Mollie Beckelman

PROSE, 2

- Gertrude Wright
- Beatrice Perry
- Margaret Neumann
- Anna Belle Knapp
- Hugh Latimer Willson
- Janet Coleman



"OUT OF DOORS" BY LYMAN C. DOUGLAS, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

- Gladys I. Duffy
- Lucy Stevenson
- Vivian E. Hall
- Irene Roy
- Blanche F. Livingston
- Walter J. Hanlon
- Mary Appel
- Grace F. Ludden

- Rosalind Rosenberg
- Ada Manning
- Joseph Seiffer
- Lillian C. Sauer
- Gertrude Woolf
- Sidney E. Walton
- Waity M. Gifford
- Ann Phelps

- Margaret Winfield
- Harriet A. Wickwise
- Benita Clarke
- Margaret Nelson
- Edith Pugsley
- Valerie de Millian
- Hester A. Emmetage
- Elmer S. Johnson

VERSE, 2

Constance Doe
Constance Harvey
Minna Frank
Isabel Walsh
Helen B. Mulford

Inez Gregg
Mae M. Bradford
June Johnson
Anna Lincoln
Helen E. Beauchamp
Rolf Neland
Emily P. Bethel

Elizabeth Parker
Katherine E. Magner

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Florence Rosenfeld
John P. Vose

Chester Barclay
Katharine A. Adams
Myrtle Winter

PUZZLES, 2

Helen S. Paine
David Stein
Joachim K. Stein

Anna Belle Knapp
Virginia Thompson
Rosalind Orr English
Lucy Newman
Julia G. Palmer
Victoria Sturge
Elizabeth P. Lewis
Richard L. Purdy
Aileen Ross

Margaret S. Guthrie
Susan E. Lyman
Helen A. Morgan
Cornelia Baum
Julia Grant Bacon
Ruth E. Foster
Helen Flührer
Charles E. Henderson
Camille M. Young



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY HENRY SILDORFF, AGE 16.
(SILVER BADGE)

Eleanor K. Newell
Mathilda Stewart
Holly F. Wilcox
Grace Woodard
Alice Bever
Mary Trice
Mary Lockett
Margaret Phelps
Helen J. Russell
Esther Julia Lowell

DRAWINGS, 1

Adele Noyes
Robert Martin
Amelia Winer
Gene Bush
Norman Trefethen
Adeleide Winter
Esther Rice
George F. Leister
Catherine S. Krupa
Marian Allardt
Marguerite Munger
Lois H. Wilde
Elizabeth Mumford
Lucie C. Holt
Louise E. Porter
J. Eleanor Peacock
George A. Kass
Alta I. Davis
Deborah H. Jones
Myrell Armstrong
Miriam De Camp
Cornell Townbridge, Jr.

DRAWINGS, 2

Mary H. Howland
Virginia Attwell
Ruth J. Browne
Alice B. Parker
Hulda Fredrickson
Winifred Whitehouse
Julia Marsh
Mary Chandler
Isolde d'Aulby
Thos. Erickson
Margaret Thomson

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Athe Woodward
Mary Inez Fry
Frances Sutter
Lester Howard
Margaret Loomis
Mary Ward
William Hale
Chamberlain
Muriel Winter Wiswell
Ruth F. Farmer
Helen Marshall
Alfred P. Buss, Jr.
Marie Puchner
Mary A. Larrabee
Katherine B. Hyde
Isabelle M. Craig
Margaret Cushing
Dorothy Edwards
Julia Ward
Funie Jones
Harriet F. Taylor
Myra Upton Elms
Virginia Lee Bowdle
Anna Payne
Arthur L. Detlefsen
Elizabeth Allichin
Mary Folsom
Easton B. Noble
Fernald Stickney
Elizabeth Harry
Margaret Warren
Mildred Walter
Katharine L. Henning
Stafford Taylor
Margaret Edge
Irene Wormser
Dorothy Dyer
Jessica B. Noble
Aetha Deitrick
Dorothy B. Gladding
Louise S. May
Nellie Adams
Mollie Romer, 2nd
Grace H. Parker
Patrina M. Collis
V. Marguerite Sowers
Miriam R. Oettinger

Mary Pugh
Claire B. Stetson
Nathalie G. Nelson
Jane Wright
Wm. J. Ehrich
Virginia A. Hardy
Charlotte Ginn
Katharine K. Spencer
Katharine F. Small
Florence W.
Nightingale
Kathryn Kolmert
Murl V. Lewis
Joseph Coburn Smith
Frederick A. Small
Nancy Jay
William Koshland
Mollie Harvey
Evelyn Weit
Madelaine Ray Brown
Virginia Hunt
Aubin Zabriskie
Eda McCoy
Routh Ogden
Anna Belle Whiting
Edna Dean Proctor
Patty W. Munroe
Virginia du Val Brown
Margaret M. Horton
Marian E. Woodruff
M. Zanita Brown
Elizabeth Sanderson
Nellie Todd
Alice Alexander

PUZZLES, 1

Edith Pierpont
Stickney
Harriet C. Marble
Fred Floyd, Jr.
Florence Noble
M. Elizabeth Bissell
Robert Lewis Wiel
Joe Earnest
Helen A. Morgan
Christine Eberhardt
Julia A. Coveny
Sherwood Buckstaff

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 191

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 191 will close September 24 (for foreign members September 30). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for January.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Fireside Fancies."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Nature Story."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Indoors."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Traveling," or "A Traveler," or a Heading for January.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

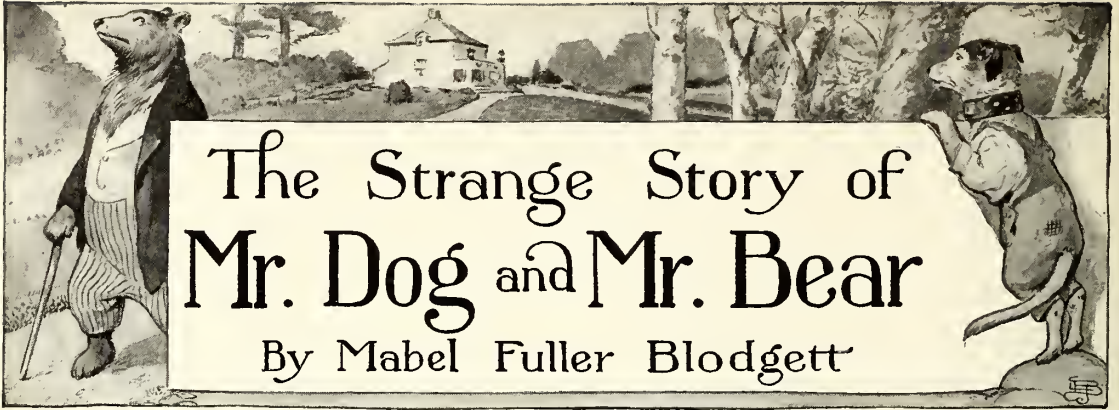
No unused contribution can be returned unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: The St. Nicholas League,
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.



(FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK)

V. MR. DOG AND MR. BEAR GO TO SCHOOL!

ONE lovely fall day Mr. Dog and Mr. Bear were sitting on the porch, and Mr. Bear was reading the newspaper. Mr. Dog felt rather impatient, and he did wish that Mr. Bear would hurry up and finish, for there was something very important that Mr. Dog was anxious to talk about. He must have moved about a great deal without knowing it, for Mr. Bear soon stopped reading, and looked up over the top of the newspaper at Mr. Dog, who that moment was biting his paw.

Mr. Bear slowly took off his spectacles and put them in their case. Then, having laid them carefully one side, he began, "Well, brother Dog, out with it! What's the matter?"

Mr. Dog was much surprised. Mr. Bear was so slow in some ways that his quickness in others was sometimes very puzzling.

"Why, what makes you think there's anything wrong, Mr. Bear?" asked Mr. Dog.

"Well, I've watched you, out of the corner of my eye, fidgeting about," said Mr. Bear, "for the last twenty minutes. You've moved the porch rug to at least four different places, and you've watered that geranium twice, and you've even been reading a book upside down."

"Yes," said Mr. Dog in a low, sad voice, "that's it; that's it exactly. You see, I was trying to find out if it was easier reading that way."

"Easier that way!" exclaimed Mr. Bear. "What nonsense!"

Mr. Dog said nothing, so Mr. Bear went on a little impatiently, "Well, was it?"

"No," said Mr. Dog, "it was n't; but it is n't easy for me to read things right side up, either."

Mr. Bear laid the newspaper aside, and sat up. "What do you mean, Mr. Dog?" he said.

Mr. Dog opened his mouth, and then shut it. Then he opened it again, and began: "You see, Mr. Bear, it's this way. I was always a poor dog till I met you, and you were so good to me—"

"Nonsense!" growled Mr. Bear, blushing very hard under his fur.

"And," went on Mr. Dog, "the long and short of it is—I never went to school. I never really got a chance, and I've just picked up a little here and there. But as to sitting down and enjoying the paper the way you do, why, Mr. Bear, I think it's just wonderful!"

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Bear for the third time, and feeling really uncomfortable, for somehow things did n't seem quite fair. Then he brightened up. "Why not practise and get so you do enjoy it?" he asked.

Mr. Dog shook his head. "You can't teach an old dog new tricks," he said.

"Yes, you can," answered Mr. Bear quickly; and he was quite excited. "Don't tell me a bright dog like you could n't learn to read, and read well. All you need is a first-class teacher." Mr. Bear thought a while in silence, then he jumped up and clapped Mr. Dog on the shoulder.

"The very thing, old fellow!" he said. "I've got it. We'll have a school! We'll have it right here in my woodshed, and we'll have Mr. Owl for schoolmaster. There you are! I guess there won't be much trouble now about a little simple reading, and writing and arithmetic too, Mr. Dog." And Mr. Bear fairly beamed with joy.

But Mr. Dog hung his head. "I'm ashamed," he said, "to be going to school at my age."

"Ashamed?" said Mr. Bear stoutly, "of course you're not ashamed. Why I'll go—you see, when I was young, I slept most of the time during the winter terms of school, and there are simply hun-

dreds of things I don't know. Why," went on Mr. Bear, warming up to the subject, "Mr. Dog, there are questions about 'most anything you could ask me that I could n't answer; and as for the other people in this forest, they 'd be a lot better for a little schooling. Look at Miss Gray Goose. Would school hurt *her* I 'd like to know? Look at those young rabbits, growing up without any education and no manners! Why," said Mr. Bear, "I wonder I never thought of it before! It 's a crying shame, Mr. Dog, that 's what it is, that we 've had no school in this forest, and it takes a clever fellow like you to think of having one!"

Mr. Dog began to cheer up. "Well," he said slowly, "if you think Mr. Owl would do it."

"Do it?" said Mr. Bear, "he 'd just jump at it. There 's nothing he likes better than telling other people what to do."

"And," went on Mr. Dog, "if you think the forest people would come—"

"Come?" said Mr. Bear in his biggest voice. "Come! You 'd better believe they 'd come. It will be in my woodshed and I shall personally invite them. They 've come quick enough to any parties I 've given."

"Yes," said Mr. Dog, "but this is different. This is school."

"All the more reason," answered Mr. Bear quickly. "What 's a party, anyhow? Anybody can go to a party; and after the good things are eaten up, what have you? But school!—Why you generally have to pay to go to school, and what you get there you take away with you."

"Well," said Mr. Dog, "I 'll do everything I can to make it a success. And speaking of the woodshed, don't you think the rabbit family could sit on the wash-bench, where I keep the tubs, you know? It 's pretty long, and there are such a lot of them!"

"To be sure," said Mr. Bear, "and Miss Gray Goose and her kind can perch on the sawhorse. The Old Woman in the Shoe can have the parlor arm-chair, and she can have her switch handy and keep those young rabbits in order."

"I 'll sit on the sugar-bucket," interrupted Mr. Dog, "I would n't trust any of that kindergarten lot with it."

"And I guess I 'll have to bring out my own rocker for myself, I 'm so heavy," finished Mr. Bear.

"We 'll have to fix up a table for Mr. Owl," went on Mr. Dog, more and more interested. "And then if Mrs. Opossum and her family come, we can manage to use some of the kitchen set."

Mr. Bear rubbed his paws together and chuckled. "All we need now is a blackboard,

some chalk, and a book or two, and the school is as good as started. Let 's have an early lunch, Mr. Dog, and then we 'll go together to Mr. Owl, make the arrangements, and get the people together. I do believe we can begin this week; and by next, Mr. Dog, you 'll be reading the news with anybody."

Mr. Owl was asleep when they got to his hollow-tree home, and to tell the truth he was not at all pleased at being waked up. However, when he found out how really important the errand was, he smoothed his ruffled feathers and promised to do his best. But there was one thing



"THE EDUCATED PIG SAID HE KNEW ENOUGH ALREADY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

that Mr. Dog and Mr. Bear had quite forgotten: Mr. Owl could and would only teach school at night. They begged him to try it for once in the daytime, but without success.

"Impossible, my good friends," he said, blinking his great yellow eyes as he spoke. "I *never* work daytime. My family is nocturnal in its habits, altogether so." And as neither Mr. Dog nor Mr. Bear had the least idea what "nocturnal" meant, they said rather sadly that Mr. Owl must have it his own way, and arranged with him to begin school that very evening, for Mr. Owl was secretly delighted at the chance of being school-master to the whole forest, and said they must lose no time in commencing the good work.

You can imagine how busy this made Mr. Dog and Mr. Bear. Mr. Dog decided to get back to the cottage as fast as his four paws would take him, and fix up the schoolroom, while Mr. Bear went around and got the pupils.

Of the two, it was really Mr. Bear who had

the hardest time. It is hard to make animals do something different from anything they have ever tried in their lives before. However, Mr. Bear had very good success on the whole. Only the Educated Pig refused flatly to come, because he said he knew enough already. Mrs. Jack Rabbit was quite upset also, in the beginning, at the idea of having her young rabbits up at night, and she said she did n't see how she was ever going to get through the work if she had to cook breakfast twice and extra lunches, for she knew that Mr. Jack Rabbit, who was very particular about his meals, would never consent to have his children go to school without their breakfast, even

He found Mr. Dog, with his head tied up in a duster, sweeping out the woodshed and putting it in apple-pie order.

It was pretty late by the time their simple tea was over, and several young rabbits with spelling-books and arithmetics had already arrived and were playing "Bye, Baby Bunting," a favorite rabbit game, while waiting for their anxious mother, who was following with the rest of her family. In the game we speak of the hunter *never* gets the rabbit skin to wrap Baby Bunting in, and that is partly why the young bunnies like to play it. In fact, they liked it so well that Mr. Bear had really to growl, and Mr. Dog had to make believe snap, before the youngsters were driven into the woodshed and seated on the wash-bench. And then there were so many of them that you could n't have got in another young rabbit to save your life, and if one in the middle so much as giggled, the end one promptly fell off, and Mr. Bear had to seat them all over again.

Well, at last they got settled and then the other pupils arrived. Miss Gray Goose wanted the very front seat and insisted at first that she should be allowed to perch on the teacher's table. Mrs. Opossum was so busy settling herself comfortably where she could keep an eye on her silver teapot, that she made the whole second row change their places three times.

The Old Woman in the Shoe did come after all, looking very hot and cross and tired, and was beginning to make a fuss about the teacher's not being on time, when just then Mr. Owl arrived, looking so wise and important that even the Old Woman stopped talking and the whole school sat with its eyes wide open.

Mr. Owl brought a pointer and some chalk which he placed on the table. He then settled himself, opened his beak, and began: "The object of this school," said he, "is to teach all branches of learning. I will begin with simple reading, writing, and so on, and then—"

"Please, teacher," interrupted a young rabbit, "Benjamin Bunny is pinching me!" Mr. Owl rapped smartly on his desk with his pointer. "Order!" he said in a stern voice. "The first class in spelling will now recite."

Nobody moved, but everybody looked at his neighbor.

"How do you expect me to teach," said Mr. Owl crossly, "if no one recites anything?" He looked about and caught Miss Gray Goose's eyes fixed upon him.

"Spell 'fox,' Miss Gray Goose," he said.

Now Miss Gray Goose had n't an idea in the world how to go about this, but she was ashamed to confess her ignorance; so she just drooped her



"PLEASE, TEACHER, BENJAMIN BUNNY IS PINCHING ME!"

if they had just got through supper. And then think of the dinner-pails she would have to pack, for of course her family would expect their fresh lettuce as soon as school was over, no matter what the hour. She called something else after Mr. Bear, as he hurried off after more pupils, but he only waved his paw at her and disappeared at a turn in the road.

Miss Gray Goose, on the contrary, was delighted at the idea of going to school. She was very sure she would shine as a pupil, and she talked the hens and turkeys into coming, though not one of them had ever in their lives sat up after seven o'clock at night.

Mrs. Opossum said she did n't like to leave her house alone now that she had got her silver teapot safely back, the one Mr. Red Fox had taken, you remember; but Mr. Bear told her it would be all right for her to bring it to school with her, and then she consented.

The Old Woman who lived in the Shoe said she thought she was too old, herself, to learn new-fangled ideas. Still she might look in, provided she got the children fed, and spanked, and put to bed in season.

On the whole, Mr. Bear, footsore and weary though he was, felt he had got things well started.

head and repeating, "Fox! oh, that name! that name!" fell limply off her perch. As water runs off the back of a goose or a duck without making any impression, nobody, at first, knew quite what to do to revive her.

You can imagine the confusion this caused in the school, the disgust of Mr. Owl, of Mr. Dog, and of Mr. Bear, and the delight of the mischievous young rabbits. But after a time Miss Gray Goose got slowly better, and lessons began in earnest. That is, they were supposed to have begun, but really I don't think there was much work accomplished.

In the middle of a learned lecture on "bird seed" by Mr. Owl, the whole front row of little rabbits, who had gone sound asleep, fell with a crash to the floor. Then indeed there was wailing and weeping, in the midst of which Mrs. Jack Rabbit indignantly took her family home, followed by Miss Gray Goose, who said she thought school too confining for any one with delicate nerves, and by Mrs. Opossum, who at the sound of the crash had gathered her precious teapot into her arms and leaped through the window.

As for the Old Woman in the Shoe, a clap of thunder would n't have disturbed her. She was sound asleep, in the parlor arm-chair, while her neighbors, the hens and turkeys, were squawking and running hither and thither, to the profound disgust of Mr. Dog, Mr. Bear, and the school-teacher. In fact, Mr. Owl, as soon as he could make himself heard, declared that school was over—for that night, and as far as *he* was concerned for ever. "It is quite impossible," said he, "to teach a school where every few moments the pupils fall off their seats to the floor." And despite the entreaties of Mr. Dog and Mr. Bear, he spread his wings and flew majestically away, followed in silence by all those who had remained till then.

Mr. Dog and Mr. Bear were quite alone and for a few moments neither spoke. Then Mr. Dog gave a heavy sigh and wiped away a tear. "And to think," said he, "that after all that work and

trouble I shall never learn to read the newspaper!"

Mr. Bear went up to him and laid his paw on his shoulder. "Mr. Dog," said he, "dry your eyes: As I said before, all you need is a good teacher. Now, Mr. Dog, I fear I may not be that, but at least I know what you want, and I



"THE WHOLE FRONT ROW OF LITTLE RABBITS FELL WITH A CRASH TO THE FLOOR."

will try my best to give it to you. After this, we spend five evenings a week in study, just you and I, and you are such a bright fellow I do not fear but that, before winter has gone, you will be reading as well as any one."

"Hurrah!" said Mr. Dog, his eyes sparkling. "Hurrah! Perhaps I can!"

And it only remains to be said that he did, and that is the story of Mr. Dog and Mr. Bear's first and last night at school.

(To be concluded.)

THE LETTER-BOX

BANGALORE, INDIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw in the March number of the ST. NICHOLAS a letter from the Philippine Islands saying that they painted their chickens. Well, here at least times they paint and dye their horses and cows, and it looks very funny to see them in the street.

I like to see ST. NICHOLAS out here in India, for I can read what the boys and girls in America are doing. My mother read it when she was a little girl, and I enjoy it now.

In native schools here the children learn their alphabet by writing in the sand, and they always read out loud. Once I went with my aunt, who is the Superintendent, to one of these schools. When we came to the school we heard a humming sound, and it was the boys and girls all reading their lessons at once. We told them the day before that we would come and take their pictures. They were all dressed up, and had flowers in



their hair, and red and green and yellow silk clothes. We saw one child in a boy's velvet sailor suit, and we said, "What a nice little boy!" And they said, "She is not a boy, she's a girl. Her father did not want a girl, and so he dressed her like a boy."

I am sending a picture of the boys writing in the sand. One little boy has marks on his forehead. They are Hindu caste marks.

Yours truly,

JOHN R. BEAL (age 9).

NEWPORT, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years now but this is the first time I have written you. I like Mr. Barbour's books best and am very much interested in "The Boarded-up House" now. My mother has at least a dozen bound volumes of ST. NICHOLAS with "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Donald and Dorothy," "Lady Jane" and several other well-known stories.

In one of your issues there was a letter from a girl in Ithaca, N. Y., who said that Commodore Perry was a great-great-uncle of hers and spoke of another girl telling about the Perry Centennial, and I thought she would be interested to know that there is some one else, living in his birthplace, who is related to him.

Of course we had quite a celebration here as Perry's birthplace. Down on the old "Parade" there was a model of his flag-ship, and opposite it, though in the same pond, a complete little model of the battle-ship

"Rhode Island" taken from the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. The Park was all strung with red-white-and-blue lights and the Laurence Club, which was once the home of Perry and is directly opposite his statue in the Park, was also illuminated.

But in spite of all this, we heard two women who were standing opposite the monument near the battle-ship say: "Was this Perry any relation to the Peary who discovered the north pole?" and that right in his "home town" and by some one who was probably a resident.

Your devoted reader,

PHYLLIS HAZARD (age 14).

GEARHART, ORE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a year and a half and hope to take you many more years. My grandma used to take you for her six little girls, and she has twenty-five years of you bound in her library. I love "Tommy and the Wishing-stone." In one of our papers there were "Little Stories for Bed-time" and I like those very much and they were written by the same person who wrote "Tommy." I am down at the beach now and am having a very good time.

From your reader,

DEXTER KNOWLTON STRONG (age 7).

TWO RAILROAD HEROES

"SAY, Jack," said Tom the fireman to the engineer of No. 4 of the westbound train on the Leadville and Hayden Railroad, "did you see the dam up at Twinlakes is getting weak, and they are afraid it will break?"

Jack looked at his watch and announced that the train was due.

As they were leaving the room, Tom said to Jack: "You must be careful to-night, the tracks are very slippery, and it is snowing hard."

When they got on the engine, the train pulled in. After the other engine had run into the yard, Jack and Tom took their places. When the signal was given, Jack opened the throttle slowly and the big locomotive started on its way to Hayden, about 100 miles distant.

On they sped through the night till they arrived at a tunnel. After coming out of the tunnel, they heard a peculiar roar that came from the cañon below them. They were beginning to cross the trestle when the noise came louder and louder; finally, just about in the middle of the trestle, Tom, peering through the darkness and snow, cried:

"Open the throttle, Jack! there is a big lot of water coming! It will wash the trestle away."

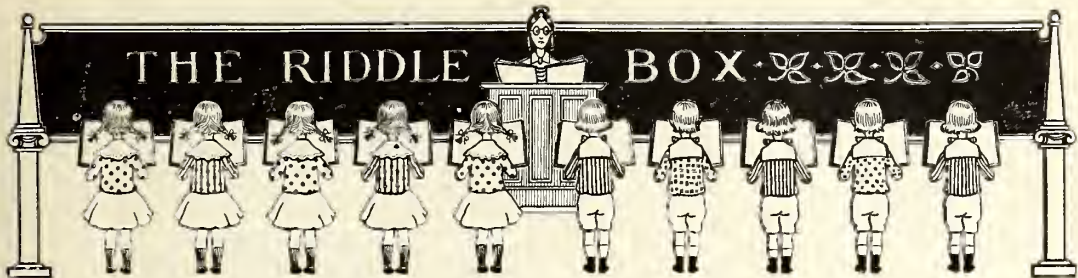
Jack opened the throttle and the engine bounded forward. But just as the train had stopped, there was a furious blast of broken wood and the trestle had fallen.

After stopping to see if all was right around the train, they started back towards the engine. Jack said:

"Come on! The freight that leaves Leadville in fifty-two minutes will be wrecked if we do not hurry and get to Hayden! We won't be able to telegraph back."

So they started at full speed and got to Hayden ten minutes early, two minutes before the train was to leave Leadville. Then they telegraphed back and so saved the freight.

WILLIAM OSGOOD FIELD (age 10).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Misfortune nobly borne is good fortune."
 Marcus Aurelius.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. First row, Silas Marner; fourth row, George Eliot. Cross-words: 1. Sho-gun. 2. Int-end. 3. Lab-ors. 4. Alf-red. 5. Sun-god. 6. Mys-elf. 7. Asc-end. 8. Rol-led. 9. Nov-ice. 10. Ech-oed. 11. Rat-tan.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. Germany, Denmark. Cross-words: 1. Gormand. 2. Meander. 3. Derange. 4. Termite. 5. Travail. 6. Present. 7. Knavery.

PYRAMID OF SQUARES. I. 1. Trace. 2. Regal. 3. Agora. 4. Carat. 5. Elate. II. 1. White. 2. Humor. 3. Image. 4. Logic. 5. Erect. III. 1. Ellis. 2. Llano. 3. Largo. 4. Ingot. 5. Sooty. IV. 1. Prate. 2. Redan. 3. Adept. 4. Tapir. 5. Entry. V. 1. Tress. 2. Relet. 3. Elope. 4. Sepia. 5. Steal. VI. 1. Yodel. 2. Opera. 3. Debar. 4. Erase. 5. Lares.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Long Island. 1. Locust. 2. Ocelot. 3. Needle. 4. Gannet. 5. Iguana. 6. Shrimp. 7. Lounge. 8. Abacus. 9. Number. 10. Dagger.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS' Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received before June 24 from "Midwood"—Evelyn Hillman—"Chums."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received before June 24 from "Allil and Adi," 13—Hubert Barentzen, 13—Mary G. White, 12—Elisabeth Palms Lewis, 12—Claire A. Hepner, 12—Orrin Grimmell Judd, 12—Janet B. Fine, 11—Phyllis Young, 11—Dorothy Berrall, 10—Florence Noble, 9—Alice Noel Farrar, 8—Helen A. Moulton, 8—Frances D. Wilder, 6—Whitney Ashbridge, 6—Elizabeth Townsend, 3—Natalie A. Brigham, 2—Mary S. Cottrell, 2—Madeleine Williams, 1—Nancy Buttrick Root, 1, Wilfred M. Wilson, 1—Hewlett Duryea, 1—Martha Leffler, 1—Joachim T. Stein, 1—Dorothy Thorndyke, 1—Miriam Hardy, 1—Mary R. Stichen, 1—Margaret G. Harper, 1—Winfield H. Perdun, 1—James Beach Clow, 1—Leila Barker, 1—Betty R. Croll, 1.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described begin with the same letter and contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the middle letters will spell the name of a very famous man.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To return. 2. To parch. 3. To govern. 4. A red cosmetic. 5. Dangerous. 6. An Indian prince. 7. A term used in navigation. 8. To slacken. 9. To increase. 10. Boisterous. 11. A substance useful to violinists. 12. A frill. 13. To attain to. 14. A discharge from the eyes. 15. Sleeps. 16. A fish. 17. Pertaining to the country.

FRANCES M. AMES (age 13), *League Member.*

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE

ONE day some boys asked young Mr. Smith how old his sister Kate and her pet dog were. He answered,

"Two years ago Kate was just one fourth my age, and the dog was just one half as old as she was, and one eighth as old as I was. Three years ago Kate was one fifth as old as I, the dog was one third as old as she, and one fifteenth as old as I."

How old were Mr. Smith, Kate and the dog?

FLORENCE WHITE (age 11), *League Member.*

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the former ruler of

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. Athens, Greece. Cross-words: 1. Ailing. 2. Atbara. 3. Behead. 4. Freeze. 5. Accent. 6. Errors.

BROKEN WORDS. 1. Spring-field. 2. Tal-la-has-see. 3. Nash-ville. 4. In-diana-po-lis. 5. Cleve-land. 6. He-lena. 7. Oak-land. 8. Lea-ven-worth. 9. Anna-pol-is. 10. Salt Lake City.

CONNECTED SQUARES AND DIAMONDS. I. 1. Dance. 2. Award. 3. Named. 4. Crecy. 5. Eddys (error). II. 1. Grass. 2. Ravel. 3. Avena. 4. Sends. 5. Slash. III. 1. Award. 2. Waver. 3. Avena. 4. Renew. 5. Draws. IV. 1. Bared. 2. Atone. 3. Roman. 4. Enact. 5. Dents. V. 1. S. 2. Ate. 3. Stage. 4. Egg. 5. E. VI. 1. A. 2. Ale. 3. Alert. 4. Era. 5. T. VII. 1. P. 2. Had. 3. Palid (error). 4. Did. 5. D. VIII. 1. P. 2. Sad. 3. Pares. 4. Den. 5. S.

GEOGRAPHICAL PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Petrograd. 1. Pennar. 2. Ellice. 3. Tamana. 4. Racine. 5. Orkney. 6. Geneva. 7. Raisin. 8. Amazon. 9. Dingle.

A PUZZLING PANTRY. Four bowls. 1 bowl, 12 oz.; 1 plate, 8 oz.; 1 pitcher, 48 oz.

a country, and another row of letters will spell the name of the country in which he ruled.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Diaries. 2. Not conforming to rule or system. 3. Dampness. 4. To ensnare. 5. A man employed in tending sheep. 6. A bedlam. 7. Holds aloof. 8. To divest of supreme authority. 9. Fancied. 10. Traveling bags. 11. A formal offer. 12. A young bird.

ALICE PETERSON (age 13).

A KETTLE OF FISH

EACH of the following questions may be answered by the name of a fish.

1. What fish is a dupe?
2. What fish is a linden tree?
3. What fish is a gentle blow?
4. What fish is popular in winter?
5. What fish finds fault?
6. What fish catches fish?
7. What fish is the heather?
8. What fish is part of the foot?
9. What fish is a long wooden staff with a pointed steel head?
10. What fish is a noisy instrument in a band?

ANNE C. COBURN (age 14), *League Member.*

CONNECTING WORDS

EACH of the words described contains four letters. Use the last two letters of the first word for the first two of the second word, and so on.

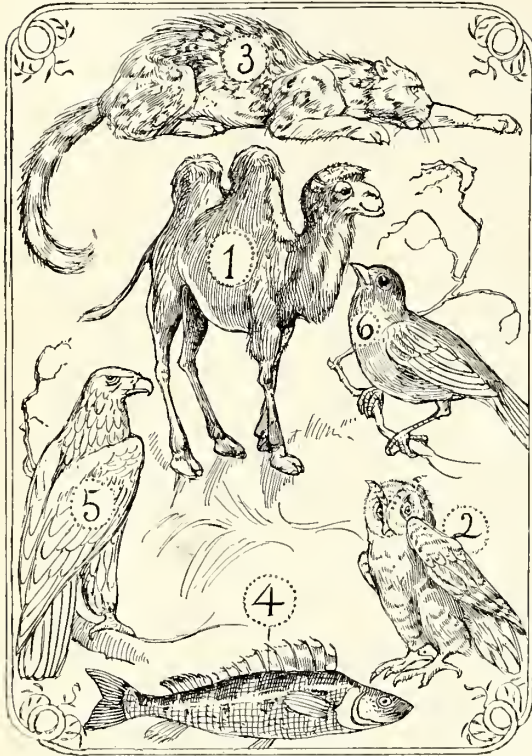
1. Feeble.
2. Allied by nature.
3. A Peruvian ruler.
4. A cask.
5. To convey.
6. Border.
7. Harness.
8. A street urchin.
9. A religious superior.
10. Temptation.
11. An article.
12. An Arabian military commander.

ELIZABETH G. JONES (age 14) *League Member.*

WORD-SQUARE

1. A BIRD. 2. Fixed price. 3. A feminine name. 4. Adjacent.

EMILY NELSON GUNNELL (age 10), *League Member*.



ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC

* 2 · 5 · THE names of the six animals shown in the above picture each contain five letters.
 * 3 · · · When these are rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell the surname of a famous American author. The letters indicated by the numbers from 1 to 8 will spell the surname of another famous American. They were born in houses that stand side by side. Who were the two famous men?

DIAGONAL

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, beginning with the upper, left-hand letter, and ending with the lower, right-hand letter, will spell the name of a pleasant holiday.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To become listless or sad. 2. Disaster. 3. Idiomatic. 4. Written down. 5. Manifest. 6. Very coldly. 7. A time of celebration. 8. Happily.

HENRY N. PIERCE (age 12), *League Member*.

REVERSALS

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

EXAMPLE: Reverse a room in a hospital, and make to pull. Answer, ward, draw.

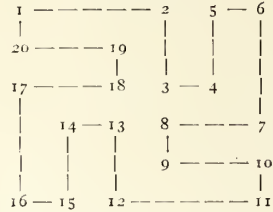
1. Reverse a place of public sale, and make a vehicle.
 2. Reverse opportunity, and make to send out. 3. Re-

verse to twist around, and make pinches. 4. Reverse to make senseless, and make the fruit of certain trees. 5. Reverse to exist, and make wicked. 6. Reverse instruments of war, and make cosy. 7. Reverse night-flying creatures, and make to pierce. 8. Reverse to eat, and make a feminine name. 9. Reverse a Latin preposition, and make a famous volcano.

When the foregoing nine words have been rightly guessed and reversed, their initials will spell one of the United States.

CONSTANCE M. PRITCHETT (age 16).

SWASTIKA



FROM 1 to 2, an illustration; 2 to 3, void; 3 to 4, a tree; 4 to 5, to squander; 5 to 6, termination; 6 to 7, an awkward situation; 7 to 8, aphorism; 8 to 9, to deface; 9 to 10, to untwist; 10 to 11, edict; 11 to 12, to speak in a low voice; 12 to 13, swift; 13 to 14, lair; 14 to 15, unusual; 15 to 16, fortune; 16 to 17, to shake; 17 to 18, ground; 18 to 19, very warm; 19 to 20, a vagabond; 20 to 1, an article of food.

ELWYN B. WHITE (age 15), *League Member*.

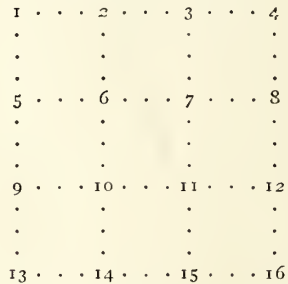
THE HIDDEN VEHICLE

A VEHICLE is hidden in the following sentence. How many can find it?

DO YOU SEE A BEE ON THAT FLOWER?

MARCIA GALE (age 13), *League Member*.

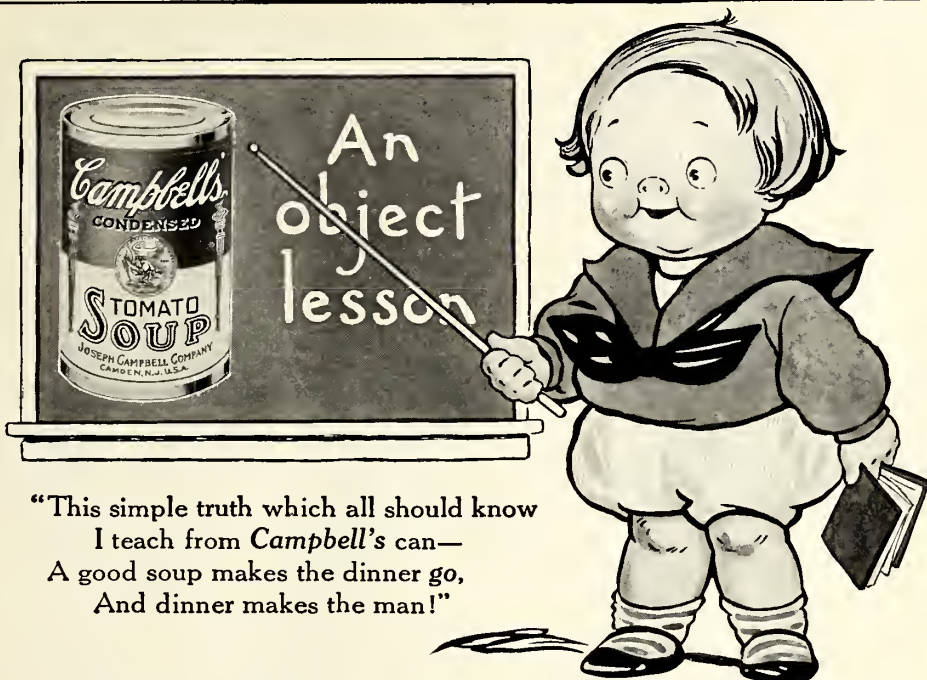
CONNECTED WORDS



FROM 1 to 2, departing; 2 to 3, a small lizard; 3 to 4, a Greek letter; 1 to 5, a measure of weight; 2 to 6, an imaginary being; 3 to 7, a famous Parisian theater; 4 to 8, in company; 5 to 6, pertaining to Scandinavia; 6 to 7, a feminine name; 8 to 7, an urchin; 9 to 5, to treat with contempt; 6 to 10, to enrich by a gift; 7 to 11, a female relation; 8 to 12, a famous general; 9 to 10, to twist; 11 to 10, a joint of the body; 11 to 12, occurrence; 13 to 9, a fragrant powder; 10 to 14, a common liquid; 11 to 15, weariness; 12 to 16, a fish; 14 to 13, a slang term for money; 15 to 14, to bury; 16 to 15, a nymph of paradise.

When these words have been rightly guessed, the letters represented by the figures from 1 to 16 will spell the name of an illustrious American.

HUBERT BARENTZEN (age 15), *League Member*.



"This simple truth which all should know
I teach from *Campbell's* can—
A good soup makes the dinner go,
And dinner makes the man!"

You can't get away from this logic

A nourishing and appetizing first course like *Campbell's Tomato Soup* not only contributes rich food-value in itself but it makes you digest the whole dinner better. And in both these ways it increases the supply of good blood and nerve and muscle which make you what you are.

Serve this wholesome Campbell "kind" regularly at your home table and see for yourself what zest and enjoyment it adds to the entire meal, and how it benefits the health and condition of the whole family. Buy it by the dozen, and have it handy.

Your money back if not satisfied.

21 kinds

10c a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

\$2500.00 IN PRIZES

Every Wide Awake Boy and Girl in the

THE EDISON DAY



\$275 Indian Motorcycle



\$15 Couch Hammock with Stand



\$80 Evinrude Motor for Rowboat or Canoe



Spalding Boxing Gloves. Best \$5.00 Grade



Spalding Catcher's Mask Standard \$2.00 Grade



Wright & Ditson \$4 Racquet



3-A Autographic Kodak Post Card Size



\$47 "Old Town" Canoe 17 ft. in Length

OVER 2000 PRIZES IN ALL



Just look at the prizes shown, and read the list of some of the others!—Every one the best of its kind, too; made by well-known firms with the reputation for Quality. If you had all the money you wanted to spend, you couldn't get anything better.

You don't have to buy anything. There are no details for you to bother about; nothing to be figured out; no reports to be made. Neither you nor your parents have to be responsible for anything.

All we ask you to do is to hand out some cards, which are furnished you free, to assist us in interesting people in the wide-spread celebration of "EDISON DAY," October 21st, the anniversary of the invention of the incandescent electric light by Thomas A. Edison.

You simply hand out these cards, which we give you entirely free of charge. These cards when turned in by persons buying EDISON MAZDA LAMPS any time between September 21st and October 21st—"EDISON DAY," count points for you. The earlier you begin the more cards you can give out and the more points you stand to win, so we advise you to get started right away. It doesn't make any difference how old you are or how young, if you are under 18.

BEING GIVEN AWAY

whole United States has an equal chance

PRIZE CONTEST



\$35 Gibson Mandolin



\$10.00 Chest of "Keen Kutter" Tools



Set of Thermos Bottles



\$200 Edison Diamond Disc Phonograph with your choice of \$75 worth of Records



Flexible Flies "The Sled Supreme"



Electric Coffee Percolator Three Pint Size



\$14 Electric Chafing Dish



\$5 Reach Football



Electric Utility Grill

CASH instead of Prizes if you wish

Some of the BIG PRIZES

Indian Motorcycle	\$275.00
Edison Diamond Disc Cabinet Phonograph worth \$200.00 with your choice of \$75.00 worth of records, total value	275.00
Eveready Rowboat or Canoe Motor	80.00
Celebrated "Old Town" 17 foot Canoe	47.00
Iver Johnson Bicycle	35.00
Gibson Mandolin	35.00
Elgin Watch, Choice of Model	25.00
No. 3-A Autographic Kodak Past Card Size	22.50
3 Section Globe Wernicke Bookcase	15.00
Ladies' Sterling Silver Mesh Bag	15.00
Ives Electric Train	15.00
Couch Hammock	15.00
Electric Chafing Dish	14.00
Remington Repeating Rifle	13.00
Wall Tent	10.00
Meccano Outfit	10.00

—Also many other valuable prizes including Brass Desk Sets, Gillette Safety Razor, Manicure Sets, Clocks, Baseball, Football, Tennis and other athletic equipment, Skis, Punching Bags, Thermos Bottles, Silver Table Service, Books, etc., etc., ranging in value from \$1.25 to \$10.00 each. Also 2,000 Eveready Fountain Pen Pocket Flashlights worth \$1.00 apiece. Cash in place of any prize if you wish it.

Send for Prize Catalog

EDISON LAMP WORKS
of General Electric Company
HARRISON, N. J. 5670

If you want one of these fine prizes, send us today the blank in the corner of this ad. and we will send you a finely illustrated circular picturing all of them—there are more than two-thousand. This Prize Catalog tells you all about the contest and shows you how easy it is to win one of these fine prizes. We will also give you a letter of introduction to our representative in your town who will give you the cards and tell you how to go about it to get quick results.

Mail this coupon for the big circular showing all the prizes.

Don't delay, send the blank right away so that you can get started early.

EDISON LAMP WORKS
of General Electric Company
Harrison, N. J.

S.N.

Please send me the Edison Day PRIZE CIRCULAR together with a letter of introduction to your local Edison Lamp Agent

Name.....

Address.....



Quaker Cooker Offer

We have this made for users of Quaker Oats. It is pure aluminum, large and extra-heavy. It cooks the flakes perfectly while retaining all the flavor and aroma.

Send us our trademark—the picture of the Quaker—from 50c worth of Quaker Oats. Send one dollar with them and we will send this Double Cooker by parcel post.

This is one of our efforts to make this dish the dainty of dainties in every home.

This present cooker offer applies only to the United States.



Cereal Capacity
2¼ Qts.

Address The Quaker Oats Company
Railway Exchange, Chicago

We Really, in Quaker Oats, Condense the Oat Flavor

By that we mean this:

Three bushels of oats as they come to us yield less than one bushel of grains fit for Quaker. The little oats are discarded.

But these cream oats are rich and plump. They monopolize the finest flavor. The flakes they make are large and luscious. The aroma is exquisite. No puny, starved grains dilute it.

That's what it means to get Quaker Oats—the reason for its world-wide favor.

It doubles delight in this vim-food. And that appeals to all who love oats, or the energy and spirit they create.



The Essence of Energy

We believe that oats mean more to grown-ups than to children even. At least, adults most need their vitalizing power.

But nobody doubts that for all ages this is important food. And Nature never made a food more luscious than oats served at their best.

Get the benefit of all this. Oat grains differ vastly. Some dull the love of oats, some foster it. We promise you always, in Quaker Oats, flakes of the queen grains only. And they cost you no extra price.

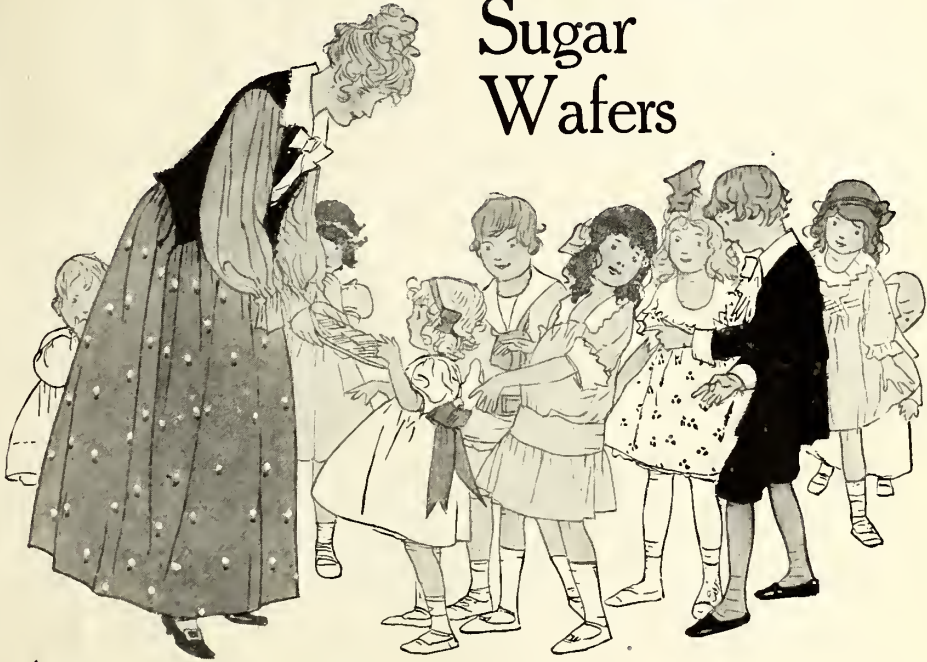
Quaker Oats

The Luscious Vim-Food

10c and 25c per package
Except in Far West and South

NABISCO

Sugar Wafers



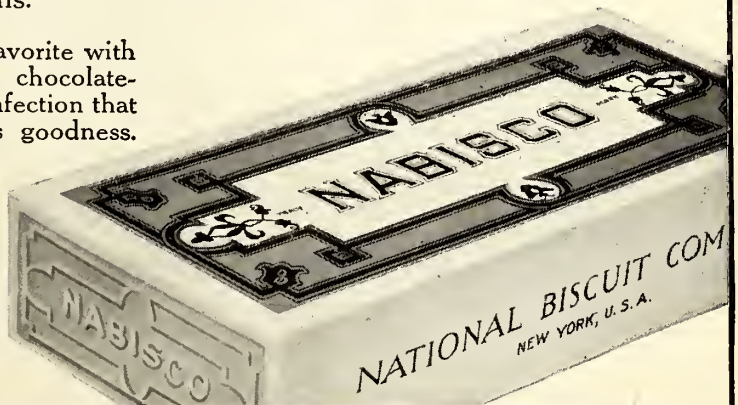
In the Land of "Make-believe," mother is the "Fairy Queen," the girls are "Fairy Sprites," the boys "Elves" and Nabisco Sugar Wafers the "Fairy Food."

As the "Fairy Queen" distributes the "Fairy Food," eager, smiling faces, shining eyes and rosebud mouths attest the popularity of Nabisco in "Kiddieland."

Mother can buy Nabisco Sugar Wafers anywhere in ten-cent and twenty-five-cent tins.

ANOLA—Another favorite with boys and girls. A chocolate-flavored dessert confection that delights all with its goodness. In ten-cent tins.

**NATIONAL
BISCUIT
COMPANY**





Why Not Try a Complexion Cream

That is in daily use by mothers and daughters of refinement throughout the world; a cream that is endorsed by physicians and nurses,—that is safe and successful?

Hinds HONEY AND ALMOND *Cream*

is particularly valuable just now,—it prevents and relieves *Sunburn* and *Windburn*. Wherever your outing may take you, this dainty, snow-white cream will keep your skin fresh and smooth. It is a wonderful help to a beautiful, clear, girlish complexion that defies weather conditions. Hinds Cream is guaranteed to contain all its advertised ingredients, and to be absolutely harmless.

Selling everywhere, or postpaid by us on receipt of price.
Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c; Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c.

Do not take a substitute; there are dealers in every town who will gladly sell you Hinds Cream without attempting to substitute.

Samples of Cream will be sent for 2c stamp to pay postage.

A. S. HINDS **242 West Street, Portland, Maine**

You should try HINDS Honey and Almond Cream SOAP. Highly refined, delightfully fragrant and beneficial. 25c postpaid. No soap samples.





Children's Stockings That Last Six Months

Holeproofs Save Six Months' Darning

Get them for *your* children. Note their fine appearance, and their *economy*. These stockings will save you darning for at least six months.

For three pairs for \$1.00 are *guaranteed* to wear three months without holes—six pairs for \$2.00 are guaranteed six months.

If any of the pairs fail within the specified time we will replace them with NEW HOSE FREE.

You've heard of these stockings—why go longer without them, why not save the darning? We use Egyptian and Sea Island cotton. We could buy common cotton for half what we pay.

But our yarns make the hose stylish, soft and comfortable. We can afford to use the best because our large output cuts down the making cost per pair. Millions now wear Holeproofs. Let *your* children have them.

Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

The genuine Holeproofs are sold in your town. Ask for dealers' names. We ship direct where no dealer is near, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance. Write for free book that tells about these hose.

At the Price of Ordinary Hose

Men's, 25c per pair and up. Women's, 35c per pair and up. Children's, 35c per pair.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.
Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Canada. Holeproof Hosiery Co., 10 Church Alley, Liverpool, England

The Newlastic Ribbed Top Stocking for Women

One of the newest features in Holeproof for women is a cotton or silk stocking with elastic ribbed cotton top—a top that stretches wide but always returns to shape—ideally comfortable for both stout and slender women. See this new Holeproof before you buy new stockings. Judge its quality and style. If your dealer hasn't it, write us; we'll supply you.



Reg. U. S.
Pat. Office, 1906



Take a
KODAK
with you

Get more fun from every trip by taking pictures of all the interesting people and places and "doings." And then you can enjoy the fun all over again in the Kodak album.

*Kodak catalogue free at your dealer's,
or by mail.*

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

**KEEPS
THINGS
"JUST
LIKE NEW"**



YOU can keep nearly everything in home, office or store always perfectly oiled, "clean as a whistle," polished bright as new and as free from rust and tarnish as the day it was bought.

Try 3-in-One for sewing machines, clocks, cameras, typewriters, furniture, bathroom fixtures, electric fans, lawn mowers, guns, fishing rods and reels, etc.

Three sizes—10c., 25c. and 50c. Sold at all good stores.

Free Write for generous sample and Dictionary—FREE!

3-IN-ONE OIL CO.
42 Q F. Broadway New York



Examine this little Christmas tree very carefully. It is a new friend. Look for it *everywhere*—in next month's ST NICHOLAS. It is the ST. NICHOLAS Christmas tree.

ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBRICATION

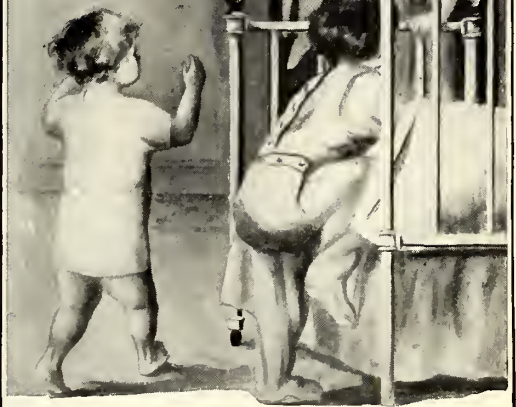
has for 120 years been justly regarded as the effectual remedy (without internal medicines) for

HOOPING-COUGH AND CROUP

It is also efficacious in cases of Lumbago, Bronchitis, and Rheumatism.

W. EDWARDS & SON, 157 Queen Victoria Street,
London, Eng. All Druggists, or
E. FOUGERA & CO., 90 Beekman Street, New York

"Mama I want My Denton"



Dr. Denton Soft-Knit Sleeping Garments

protect your little ones at night and give
you unbroken sleep.

Dr. Denton Garments cover body, feet and hands. Feet are part of the Garment. Hands are covered by cuffs that turn down and close with draw-strings. Made from our Dr. Denton Hygienic, Double Carded, Elastic, Knit, Mixed Cotton and Wool Fabric, specially devised to give most healthful sleep. We use only clean, new, high-grade cotton and wool; no waste, no dyes and no bleaching chemicals. Our Soft-knit fabric carries off perspiration and keeps the child warm even if bed covers are thrown off. Prevent colds that often lead to pneumonia.

Eleven sizes for one to ten years old. Prices, 50c to \$1.10 according to size and style.

**Soft, Elastic, Durable.
Do not Shrink.**

Write for booklet giving Dr. Mary Wood Allen's practical ideas "Healthful Sleep for Children." Be sure you get the genuine Dr. Denton Garments. Our trade mark, shown here, is attached to each garment. If you cannot get them of your dealer, write us.



READY
FOR
BED

TRADE MARK

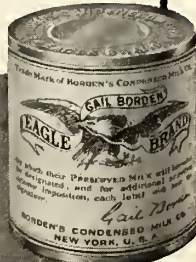
DR. DENTON SLEEPING GARMENT MILLS,
790 Mill Street, Centreville, Mich.



Right care and the right food will make your baby as strong as this sturdy "Eagle Brand" baby. Make your baby's muscles hard — his flesh firm — his cheeks rosy. Build up his little body by giving him "Eagle Brand" — the food that thousands of careful mothers have depended on for more than half a century.

Send for helpful book, "Baby's Welfare"

Borden's Condensed Milk Co.
"Leaders of Quality" Est 1857
108 Hudson Street, New York



Gail Borden
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED
MILK
THE ORIGINAL



The Right Light for Camping

When you come into camp after dark, there's no need to fumble for matches or candles, or fuss with a smoky oil-lamp or lantern if you have an EVEREADY—just press the switch and there you are with the dandiest light possible.

EVEREADY

Flashlights

are complete electric lights—without wires—the power coming from a Tungsten Battery inside the case. They give a strong, steady stream of light, just where you want it. The wind or rain can't put it out—it won't blow up or start fires.

Be sure you get the real EVEREADY with the Tungsten battery and Mazda lamp. As well finished as the finest rifle. They are made and guaranteed by the oldest and largest manufacturers of flashlights in the world.

Most any good drug, hardware, auto, or electrical supply store has a nice assortment selling at reasonable prices. Interesting Booklet No. 53 mailed free.

AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS
of National Carbon Company
Long Island City New York



No. 2604



THE BOOK MAN

THE BOOK MAN used once to hear a good deal about the grandson of a celebrated author, a scholar and essayist known the world over. This young man, however, a great athlete, had inherited very little of his grandfather's interest in books, as the following true anecdote will show. At college one day he came into a friend's room and found him reading. "What, reading a book?" says he: "Now that 's something I have always wanted to do, but somehow I never got around to it." Of course, being in college, he had had to read at least a handful of books. What he meant was—and it was true—that he had never, of his own will, picked up a book and read it through for pleasure.

This came into my mind this morning as I was reading a letter from one of my correspondents. After naming three books which she had read and hugely enjoyed, she added, "The only other books that I remember having read are"—and here she named two more. And this girl is eighteen years old! Now I think it 's very possible that her pen wrote down something she did n't mean to write—for it is n't easy, oddly enough, to say exactly what one means to say. I think this because her letter itself is so intelligent and entertaining, and does n't at all read like the letter of a girl who at eighteen had read only five books.

But it has started me thinking how many books one should have read at eighteen, or sixteen, or fourteen—read, I mean, from choice and on one's own account. Of course, this is largely a matter of opinion. I do think it fair to say, though, that a full-grown person who calls himself or herself educated should have read pretty generally the famous books of the world; and of course one can't have done this unless one has begun early. Lots of these books, in fact, are of the sort which, unless we read them as boys and girls, we will never read at all.

Now here is a matter where my readers and correspondents can help one another. There are a good many of you whose opinion I should like to ask personally. But as I can't do that in print, won't you yourselves write

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter



IT'S lots of fun making nice things to eat for your tea-party. Beech-Nut Peanut Butter with wafers or in sandwich is always sure to please your little friends.

Boys and girls love its delicate *natural* flavor. And it's ever so nourishing, too.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, Canajoharie, N. Y.

THE BOOKMAN—Continued

and tell me what you think about this really important question? How many books have you had to your credit at various ages, and how many do you think you should have had? And how much do you think your reading ought to increase year by year in order that you may be a really well-read person when you are grown up?

Have you ever thought of keeping a list of the books you read? I think this tends to make one read more and to choose one's books more carefully.

A club of four girls, I hear, want something to do. Why not read? One of you can read and the other three can sew or do embroidery or some other kind of hand-work. You can meet once a week at one another's houses, taking turns. Occasionally, though I don't recommend it as a steady plan, you can read some good play, dividing up the parts in such a way that you all have an equal share. Don't you think "A Midsummer Night's Dream" would be a good one to begin with? Even if you have read it, or seen it, already, you would find it full of things you had never noticed before. Decidedly I think a reading club is well worth while, provided you stick at it until your interest has really become an appetite.

"Betwixt-and-between books"—books not entirely for children nor yet entirely for grown-ups, but of a sort "partaking of both kinds"—one of my correspondents asks for a list of these. She suggests "The Virginian" and "Molly Make-Believe," and I have suggested others to her. What do you suggest?

All sorts of good ideas about reading come in to me. One, for instance, from a girl of thirteen, suggests what seems to me a capital method of arranging one's reading so as to keep several books going at a time—books of different kinds. The idea is to have one book—history, say—for morning reading; another—for example, a book of travel or adventure—for the afternoon; and then a story-book for the evening. I know that sounds very ambitious, but it need not be. You can always snatch or save a few minutes at least, mornings and afternoons as well as evenings. And if you have some regular continuous occupation to fill up these few minutes day after day, you will find that they are no longer just scraps and loose ends of time, but that they add themselves together and accumulate and become in the end whole hours and days and weeks.

The Bookman

THIS NEW TOY

Will delight any youngster's heart. It is a smaller model of the **Frantz Premier Electric Cleaner**—14 inches high. It has a highly polished aluminum nozzle, revolving brush, dust bag and handle—just like the big one.

This size operates without electricity, and can be had for 25c in stamps or silver. It is well worth a dollar, but is sold at the smaller figure to any home having electricity in order to advertise the full-size **Frantz Premier Electric Cleaner**.

The kiddies like to "keep house" with the Toy Frantz-Premier. So, if you want to make a hit with them, and at the same time give them a toy they won't grow tired of, send 25c to-day.

Address THE FRANTZ PREMIER COMPANY
1108 Power Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio



25c



Learn
to
know
this
Bottle

Dioxogen
THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO., 10 ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK

Learn to know it. Learn to use it every time you get a cut, scratch or a hurt. Put it on a handy shelf where the children can get at it as easily as you yourself. Teach them to understand that Dioxogen keeps little hurts from growing big—by destroying the germs before infection can start. Dioxogen is 99.961% pure. In its purity and strength it excels all other peroxides. It needs no bitter acetanilid to preserve it, as others do. You can get it by name at any drug store.

This size trial bottle sent FREE

The OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO., 10 Astor Place, New York

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

ONE of the most interesting philatelic war issues is the series of "Charity Stamps." Belgium has given us three series, Russia one, but the 11-kopec has appeared upon two kinds of paper, colored and



white. Austria, Hungary, and Bosnia have furnished their quota; France has issued a 10-plus-5 charity-stamp. That is, she surcharged upon the current 10-centime postage-stamp a 5-centime Red-Cross contribution. The surcharged stamp was followed by a permanent, or engraved, design. The various colonies are now following the lead of the mother-country. In most cases a surcharge of the same type as originally used in France is over-printed upon the current colonial 10-centime stamp. We illustrate two instances in which a variation occurs. First, the French permanent type, over-printed for use in Morocco; secondly, a "local" over-print issued by the colony of New Caledonia. In this instance the type used is much larger than in any of the other colonies. We also illustrate the two lower values of New Zealand, surcharged for use in the German colony of Samoa. The surcharge is the same type for all the lower values, but varies in color, blue or red. This set, to the shilling value, makes an interesting and not expensive addition to one's collection.

NEW ISSUES

WE often receive requests to publish a list of all the more recent issues of stamps. This it is impossible for us to do in our limited space. A complete list would fill many pages of the size of Stamp Page. Oftentimes the new issues for one month alone could not be listed and described upon one page. Besides which, this information can readily be had in several ways. Nearly all stamp papers make a special feature of this very news. Stamp publications, as a rule, are not high-priced. One of the best, a weekly which lists all new issues, costs but fifty cents per year, less than one cent per copy. Several of our large advertisers issue "House Organs" at twelve cents per year. These, however, are issued monthly, and a month is a long time to wait. A weekly batch of stamp news is far more interesting; one soon learns upon which day to expect its arrival and to watch eagerly for it.

Another question almost invariably accompanies the request for new issues. It is, Which is the

rarest stamp recently issued? No one can answer this with certainty; time alone can determine the reply. Probably some one of the G. R. I. upon the German Colonies. This surcharge upon Samoa, Marshall Islands, and German New Guinea is rare—very rare. The high values so surcharged are of course scarcer than the low values. Then, too, some of the "Franco-Anglaise" surcharges upon Togo are much to be desired. And while looking at the varieties abroad, we must not forget that here at home there may be stamps in use that time will show to be very rare. Our revenue stamps are issued upon paper with two kinds of water-marks, the postage and the internal revenue. No one knows how many were printed upon either kind of water-marked paper. Then there is another thing to watch for: that is the current postage-stamps with compound perforation. By "compound perforation" one means that the perforation at the top and bottom is not the same as at the sides. We all know that the United States stamps now commonly in use are perforate 10, while only a short time ago they were perforate 12, a much finer, smaller perforation. But during the period of change some sheets were put through one machine one way, and another machine the other way; the result is a compound perforation. We have heard of the 1-cent, 2-cent, and 5-cent having been found with this compound perforation. There is reason to believe that other values were also issued in this way. All of them are scarce, and well worth watching for.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

ANY issues of South American stamps have been demonetized; that is, they are no longer available for postage. They have no real "face value," and therefore can be sold very much below their nominal value. With the current Belgian stamps the conditions are different. It is said that very large quantities of these were captured by the German armies. More or less of them have come upon the market at prices far below their nominal value. We understand that Cuba recently demonetized all its older issues, but instead of selling the remainders to stamp-dealers, they were all burned at Havana. ¶ We have many inquiries about the "German Colonies." There are (or rather were) some fifteen of these. The Cameroons, Caroline Islands, German East Africa, German New Guinea, German Southwest Africa, German Offices in China, German Offices in Morocco, Offices in Foochow, Tientsin, Tsingtau, Kiao-chau, Mariana Islands, Marshall Islands, Samoa, and Togo. These are now all either practically closed or in the hands of the British and French authorities. ¶ There are several perforations in use in the United States at present. The common is either 10 or 12. There is also a compound 10 × 12 perforation. Part-perforate 8, 10, and 12 (issued in coils), also low value imperforate. Rumor has it that a perforation 10¾ will soon be issued. ¶ A stamp catalogue can be obtained from any of our advertisers. Any one of these will have for sale the Scott Standard, which is the only catalogue published in the United States.

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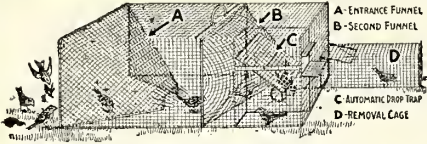
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1. Write your name and address very, very plainly. (You would be surprised to know how many times boys and girls, and even grown-ups, sign their names hastily and carelessly or even forget to sign at all!)
2. Give the name and address of some grown-up as a reference. (It is better to give your school teacher or minister, rather than some member of your own family.)
3. Say that you are a reader of St. Nicholas.
4. Be sure to ENCLOSE the stamps or coins or money-orders which you intend to send in payment for postage stamps.

Helpful Suggestions

ON this page are suggestions where most ideal pets may be found. Dolls can't play with you, games sometimes grow tiresome, and toys wear out, but a loving little pet will bring a new companionship and happiness into the home, growing stronger with passing years, oftentimes aiding in health and character building and frequently proving a staunch protector and friend. We are always ready to assist in the selection of a pet and like to help when possible. We try to carry only the most reliable advertisements and believe you can count on courteous and reliable service from the dealers shown below. ST. NICHOLAS PET DEPARTMENT



Here's the New Improved DODSON SPARROW TRAP

Catches sparrows automatically—has a double funnel trap on left end, a drop trap on right end. There is no other trap like this.

Help in the good work of banishing English Sparrows—these quarrelsome pests drive Song Birds away from us. Put out a Dodson Trap. Price \$6.00, f.o.b. Chicago.

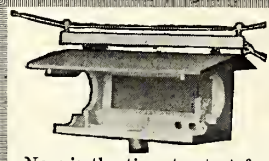
Free Booklet—Tells how to attract native birds. Describes the famous Dodson Bird Houses—20 styles. If you want song birds get genuine Dodson Bird Houses.

Nature Neighbors—a library of fascinating books chiefly about Birds, written by authorities and marvelously illustrated in colors. Write for free illustrated folder.

JOSEPH H. DODSON, 707 Security Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



Write for catalog of Belle Meade Ponies. Bred from blue ribbon winners. Shows photos of pet ponies, describes them with pedigree and gives prices from \$75 up. **BELLE MEADE FARM** Box 9, Markham, Virginia



Feed the Birds This Winter

Now is the time to start feeding the birds. Get them accustomed to you, and many will stay all winter. This Feeding Car has places for feed, suet and water. Travels on a wire. Birds can be brought gradually nearer until they become so tame they will eat out of your hand. The only feeding device with which this can be accomplished. Bird Houses also furnished in knock-down form. Easy and interesting to construct. Write for special price list.

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THIS IS ME
I may be little and soft and plump, But my heart is big and true. My mistress says now I'm quite big enough. To leave my dear mother—for you. From \$25 up for these wonderful little **PEKINGESE**
Address: Mrs. H. A. Baxter, Telephone 418, Great Neck, L. I., or 489 Fifth Ave., New York City (Tel.)

For shy feeders, Pekingese, etc.

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Write for sample and send 2c. stamp for "Dog Culture."

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Book on Dog Diseases And How to Feed

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The smartest, handsomest and cutest dog on earth. Natural trick dogs. Just the thing for the KIDDIES. Playful as a kitten and very affectionate. After getting one many of my customers immediately order as many puppies as they have children. Ship anywhere and guarantee safe delivery. Send 5c. in stamps and get a nice pictorial catalog and full particulars.

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At very low prices, as we desire to reduce the herd one-half by Christmas. No home complete without one, where there are children. Fine assortment, mostly mares, for sale.

SHADY NOOK PONY FARM
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Purr! Purr! Purr!

That's what "Prince" says contentedly as you stroke his silky hair. He is a Prince indeed—a beautiful Royal Siamese Cat—the most fascinating and affectionate of pets. Write for booklet. Kittens at moderate prices.

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F. A. O. SCHWARZ
Established 1862
303 5th Ave. (at 31st St.), New York

AYYAD'S WATER-WINGS
Learn to Swim by For Sale Everywhere
One Trial



Plain, 25c.
Fancy, 35c.

AYYAD MAN'G CO., Hoboken, N. J.

EVERY boy and girl loves a frolic in the open—and what better companion to any good time out of doors, in the country, at the sea-shore, than a playful dog or a gentle sturdy pony.

Write your wants to
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ST. NICHOLAS wishes to make new friends among boys and girls, and would like to send a recent copy free to any young friend of yours.

Address **ST. NICHOLAS, Box 12**
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Build Your Own Aero Fleet



America depends upon her inventors in the present emergency. Patriotic American boys should study aeronautics, the most important field for practical work. Every boy can easily construct model aeroplanes of all the different types.

Race One Type Against Another



Build 3-foot flying models of the kinds now used in the European War. Test their flying qualities. See which flies best *with* and *against* the wind and in a cross wind. This is the practical way to study aeronautics. You can have a lot of good sport besides. You can be the admiral of the air-fleet and put each model in charge of some other boy as captain, keeping the fastest one as your flag-ship. You can invent some great games for after school and Saturdays. We can furnish all parts and plans with building and flying instructions.

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The prices for 3-ft. scale drawings are as follows:

Curtiss Flying Boat - - 25c	Bleriot Monoplane - - - 15c
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Complete set of eight, \$1.60 postpaid

These aeroplanes which you can build for yourself do not fly quite as far as our larger model "Racers," but you can have great fun building a fleet as we suggest. It might also be wise for you to send for our 1916 catalogue—it is filled with interesting information and only costs 5 cents. Write us to-day.


ASK YOUR DEALER FOR "IDEAL" MODELS and RACERS

IDEAL MODEL AEROPLANE SUPPLY CO.
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Great for coloring your own pictures, maps, etc. All colors at stationery stores or write us for free color chart. Philadelphia.

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Showing the \$85,000 Essanay movie star in clean, laugh-provoking scenes from his funniest and biggest successes—Work, The Tramp, The Champion, Jitney Elopement, In the Park, etc. Nine humorous views, in four colors and one new portrait, bound in a neat portfolio. Send only 10c and this ad. Money-back guarantee. Boy & girl agents wanted. Special discount to dealers and exhibitors.

KELSEY KOLORTYPES CO.
Dept. 11, Railway Exchange Bldg., Chicago

10c

Rider Agents Wanted



1216 Models

in each town to ride and show a new 1916 model "RANGER" bicycle. Write for our liberal terms. DELIVERED FREE on approval and 30 days' trial. Send for big free catalog and particulars of most marvelous offer ever made on a bicycle. You will be astonished at our low prices and remarkable terms.

FACTORY CLEARING SALE—a limited number of old models of various makes, \$7 to \$12. A few good second-hand wheels \$3 to \$8. Write if you want a bargain. Tires, lamps, wheels, sundries, parts, motorcycle supplies of all kinds at half usual prices. Write us before buying.

MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. C-15, CHICAGO

Schools



Educate Your Child in Your Own Home

THE mother is the natural teacher of her children. She knows their peculiarities, their temperaments, their weaknesses, but untrained as a teacher, the time comes when she feels her inability alone to proceed further with their education. Possibly not withiu reach of a really efficient school, she reluctantly gives them up to be taught with other children.

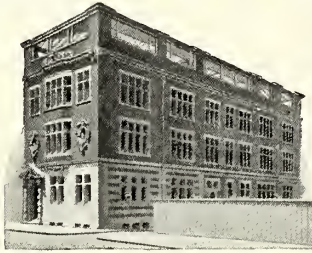
Now, there has grown up in the City of Baltimore, in connection with a great private day school, a Home Instruction Department, the high object and purpose of which is the education of children from four to twelve years of age, entirely in their own homes and yet according to the best modern methods, and under the guidance and supervision of educational experts, who are specialists in elementary education.

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A booklet outlining the plan and courses of instruction will be sent on request.

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Swarthmore Preparatory SCHOOL FOR BOYS A thoroughly efficient home school. Near Philadelphia. Modern buildings. Remarkable health record for twenty years. Supervised athletics. Unusually adequate preparation for college. "Unit system" of promotion by subject. Junior School for smaller boys with separate dormitory. Address A. H. TOMLINSON, Headmaster.

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A junior college with preparatory department and two years of collegiate work. All the attractive features of the large and the small school. Prepares young women for useful lives. Full course in Home Economics without extra charge. Music, Painting, Elocution, Floriculture, Arts and Crafts, Secretarial branches, Library methods, Business Law, Modern gymnasium—indoor and open-air sports. Bowling, Swimming, Riding. For descriptive volume, address

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Head Master of the Calvert School, Baltimore

The American Primary Teacher of Boston describes this book as follows: "It is a practical hand-book for daily use in bringing up children, either at home or in a school, a statement of educational psychology in words intelligible to the layman, and it is an exposition of a system which has the originality and attractiveness and none of the mysticism of the Montessori system. Few materials are needed for its lessons, and those that are can usually be procured about the house, improvised or readily obtained by any one of ordinary resourcefulness.

"It seems to avoid faults so common in child training—sentimentality, effeminacy, emotionalism, license under the guise of freedom, exaggeration of the unimportant or trivial, the attaching of imaginary value to the symbolic. It emphasizes drill and the formation of habits, the cultivation of qualities and development of powers by drill. It aims to produce children who will be more observant and attentive, with more originality, more initiative and sharper wits, who will think and act more quickly, be better informed and more accomplished, more ambitious and industrious, more courteous and considerate of others, and, above all, healthier animals."

Richly illustrated. Price \$1.60 net, postage 10 cents. Get it from your bookseller or from THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue (at 26th St.), New York City

Slip Away After School Hours and Get a Bass or Two

THIS is the great season for Bass. Now is when they fight hardest. Take your "BRISTOL" Steel Fishing Rod and slip away after school hours and snag two or three big ones.

In the Field & Stream National Fishing Contest, this last year, "BRISTOL" Rods won fifteen big prizes for catching the biggest and finest Bass. They won fourteen other prizes for catching other kinds of big fish.



The action of the Rod has a great deal to do with hooking and landing the fish, especially if he is a fighter. The quick, snappy action of the "BRISTOL" Rod drives the hook home, while its wonderful resilience and liveliness keeps the fish from getting any slack.

Every "BRISTOL" Rod is guaranteed for three years, and there are thirty-odd different kinds.

Probably the finest rod ever manufactured is the Panama-Pacific Exposition trophy "BRISTOL." Silk wound, gold mounted, genuine agate guides, handle set with an amethyst.

Write for the new "BRISTOL" Catalogue, telling all about the various kinds of "BRISTOL" Rods, which is free.

THE HORTON MFG. CO., 167 Horton Street, Bristol, Connecticut

Perhaps one of your brothers or sisters is going away to School this Fall. Have you told them about the

ST. NICHOLAS School Service

which we have organized to help select just the right school?

CARBOLATED Vaseline

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A first-aid antiseptic dressing.
At drug and general stores everywhere.
Interesting "Vaseline" booklet free on request.

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
(Consolidated)

38 State Street

New York

SOLD
EVERYWHERE



It's easy to pick out Velvet Grip children

Distinctive little people wear

Velvet Grip

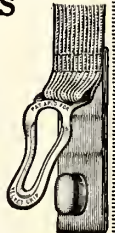
HOSE SUPPORTERS

Their hosiery is kept neat and trim all day. They may run or play freely without frequent tugging at loose or falling stockings.

The only hose supporter with the **Oblong Rubber Button** which prevents drop stitches.

Sample pair of **Pin-ons** for Children **15c.** postpaid (give age). Sample set of four **Sew-ons** for Women **50c.** postpaid.

GEORGE FROST CO., Makers, BOSTON



Advertising Competition No. 165

HAVE you ever wished that you could be the school-teacher so that you could correct examination papers instead of answering examination questions?

This is your opportunity to take the teacher's place. Underneath this you will find an examination paper made out by a boy who has n't been reading ST. NICHOLAS very long, and so is not very familiar with the advertised names. You notice right away that he has put the apostrophe in "Pears" in the wrong place. Well, he made many other mistakes, some of which might make trouble for him later on when he begins to purchase the things.

See how many errors you can find *without looking at the advertisements* in the August ST. NICHOLAS. Then look at those "ads." and see how many *more* errors you can discover.

Those ST. NICHOLAS readers who find the *most* errors will win prizes.

The Incorrect Examination Paper

Pear's Soap, first made in 1799, has been the worlds' quality stander for 124 years.
 Kellogs' Toasted Corn Flaks—The original has this signature: W. K. Kellog.
 Three-in-1 Oil cleans and polishes.
 Browney Kodaks cost from \$1. to \$12., Eastman Cameras from \$6. up.
 Hinds' Honney and Almond Cream prevents sunburn.
 Ponds' Extract is good for bumps and bruises.
 Dyoxogen, is a powerfull germecide.
 An Everready flashlights gives an intense white light.
 F. A O. Schwartz's store is at fifth avenue near 31 st. N. Y.
 Beechnut Peanut Butter is fine for boys' and girls'.
 Gale Borden's Eagle Condensed Milk is pure.

When you believe you have found all the errors, count them all and write down the number on a piece of paper. Under this write the *correct* answers.

Then write ST. NICHOLAS a letter of not over 50 words telling some interesting facts about the house you live in.

Should more than one correctly corrected examination paper be received, the prizes will go to those whose letters give the best word-picture or description of their houses.

Here are the Rules and Regulations. Be sure to comply with all of these conditions if you want to win a prize.

1. Rewrite the "examination paper" correctly and tell how many errors you found. The correct answers are to be found in the August ST. NICHOLAS.
2. Write us a short letter telling us about your house as indicated above.
3. The prizes will go to those who send in the correct or most nearly correct paper accompanied by the most interesting and thorough letters.
4. In the upper left-hand corner of your answer paper give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (165).
5. Submit answers by September 20, 1915.

6. Do not use a lead pencil.

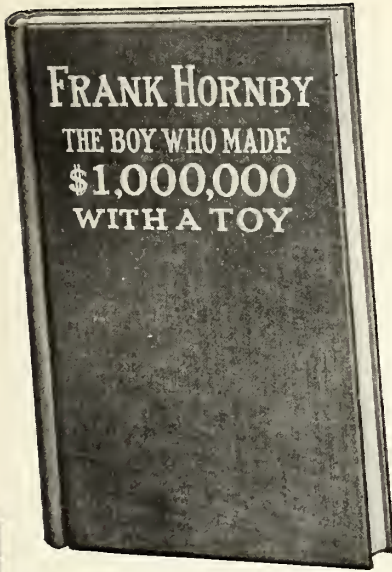
7. Address answers:

ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 165,
 ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE,
 353 Fourth Avenue,
 New York City.

There will be sixteen prizes awarded: One First Prize of \$5.00; Two Second Prizes of \$3.00 each; Three Third Prizes of \$2.00 each; and Ten Fourth Prizes of \$1.00 each.

Note—Prize-winners who are not subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS are given special subscription rates upon immediate application.

This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS in order to compete for the prizes offered.



BOYS— You Can Get This Book Free

← Talk with five other boys about MECCANO; send us their names and addresses, with 4 cents in stamps to pay postage; and we will send you the true story of the great fight for success of the man who invented MECCANO. An interesting, fascinating story; 144 pages, illustrated, cloth bound. Read every word here; then tell the other boys about it. Better still, let them read it themselves.



MECCANO



Mechanical, Electrical and Structural Engineering in Miniature

First of all, tell them that MECCANO is the only constructional toy that builds models true to mechanical and engineering principles. MECCANO builds perfect models of Cranes, Derricks, Drawbridges, Auto Trucks, Electric Locomotives, Airships, Windmills—anything you have seen or can think of—*and the MECCANO Electric Motor will operate them like real ones!*

You build exactly like the big engineer who constructs massive bridges, skyscrapers, battleships, and railroads. You use miniature steel beams, girders, joists, angle irons, rods, wheels and gears, and bolt them together with nuts and bolts just like the real contractors do.

MECCANO Builds More and Better Models

The number of parts in a constructional outfit isn't what counts. It's what you can do with those parts; how many different ways you can use each part—that's what counts! **MECCANO has more interchangeable parts than any other system!** You can use the parts in more different ways, and build many more models. You can build those shown in our Manual of Instruction, as well as those in any other manual; and can build a working model of any mechanical, electrical or structural machine or structure you have ever seen. It is the

inter-change-ability of MECCANO parts that makes MECCANO so much better. Every MECCANO part has the MECCANO Equidistant Holes—that's what makes them interchangeable.

Get Your Book To-Day!

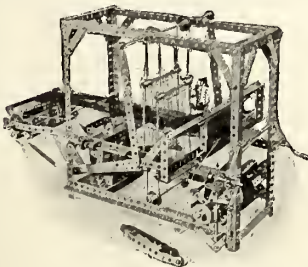
Tell five boys these facts about MECCANO—or have them read this page. Tell them MECCANO is more than a toy—it's an education in mechanics, and provides endless fun of the kind you're always looking for. Tell them you're going to be a MECCANO-cal Engineer. *Tell each boy he ought to be one, too.* MECCANO is sold in toy departments. Many different outfits from \$1.00 to \$36.00. Get MECCANO-*now!*

Pick your outfit now.

Send the five boys' names to Frank Hornby—enclosing 4 cents in stamps—and get the book. Better do it to-day!

Frank Hornby
President

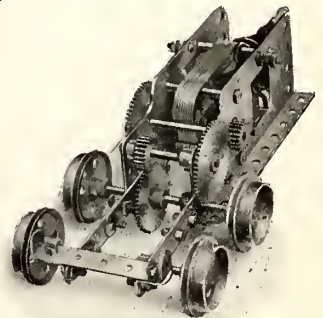
MECCANO CO.
Room 30, Masonic Hall, West 23d Street
New York City



Weaving Loom that actually weaves—
made with MECCANO



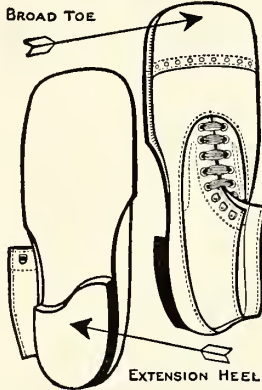
This is MECCANO!
Look for this Box in the
Toy Department



MECCANO Electric Motor, with
gearing for Electric Locomotive

The Coward Shoe

"REG. U. S. PAT. OFF."



Protect Your Children's Feet

Your children can be saved much distress and pain in later years if they wear Coward Shoes now. While children are growing their feet are moulded into shape by the shoes they wear. If they wear ill fitting and poorly constructed shoes while young they will become "flat-footed" and have weak ankles.

The Coward Arch Support Shoe for children strengthens the muscles of the arch and prevents weak ankles. Your children will be happier when they wear Coward Shoes because they enable them to walk and play better.

Sold Nowhere Else

JAMES S. COWARD

264-274 Greenwich St., N. Y.

(Near Warren St.)

Mail Orders Filled Send for Catalog

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION, No. 163

It seems to the Judges as though most of the St. NICHOLAS boys and girls must go camping. At least they seem to know just what is needed for camping trips.

Or perhaps they are very sympathetic and wanted to help the poor boy with the very unusual "forgettory."

At any rate, so many of them sent in long lists of "forgotten words" in answer to Competition No. 163 that the Judges will surely *never* forget the names of the good things they mentioned.

But many of those who sent in answers forgot to spell every name just right. Some left out letters, and dozens and dozens left out apostrophes or put them in the wrong place. Some spelled "Kellogg's" like this: "Kellog's"; some spelled "Dr. Lyon's" like this: "Doctor Lyon's," and there were many other little errors.

And of course there were many who had just one word wrong. Some stumbled over words that most of you put down correctly.

The prize-winners deserve a very great deal of credit, first, for having every answer correct and correctly written; second, for taking so much pains in writing and preparing their contributions; and third, for composing such interesting and readable letters about "the movies."

But who won the prizes?

One First Prize, \$5.00:

Jessie Raymond, age 16, Pennsylvania.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each.

Marion Richter, age 12, Montana.

Ellen N. Chisholm, age 14, Nova Scotia.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each.

Arthur Atha, age 15, New York.

Eleanor Wood, age 12, Ohio.

Dorothy M. Gray, age 12, Rhode Island.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each.

Beatrice M. Bryam, age 15, New Jersey.

Esther K. Smith, age 16, Connecticut.

Rose F. Keefe, age 14, Massachusetts.

Louise Irwin, age 14, Illinois.

Dorothy Locke, age 9, Massachusetts.

Dorothy Von Olker, age 17, Massachusetts.

Ruth Barcher, age 15, New York.

Mildred Kirk, age 10, New Jersey.

Marshall A. Best, age 13, Illinois.

Maud Neville, age 17, Texas.

Honorable Mention.

Hilda Cox, age 12, Staten Island.

Joseph V. K. Wells (no age), New York.



Copyright, 1915, Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co.

FOLKS are often surprised to find themselves in secret sympathy with the prep-school daughter of the house—with all her enthusiasms and exaggerations.

She "adores crispy things and crackly things;" and she simply "loathes mushes and porridge."

Bless her heart, she's one of the most devoted friends of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes. And she knows how to eat them

—with good top-milk poured in at the side of the dish, not to soak the flakes, but to accompany them—and *little if any sugar.*

Maybe some one *you* know would like these filmy, golden flakes—most delicate of all the cereals—with their crispness between the teeth and their ever-alluring, fresh-from-the-oven taste.

Remember, *please*, that you don't know corn flakes unless you know Kellogg's—the original Toasted Corn Flakes—their goodness insured by our responsibility to over a million homes.

Then too there is the WAXTITE package that keeps the fresh, good flavor in—and all other flavors out.

W.K. Kellogg



KODAK

You know this trade-mark through National Periodical Advertising

YOUR father will tell you that when another man in business says something upon the truthfulness of which a great deal depends, he asks that man to write down his statements and sign them with his name.

This protects your father, because the other man can never say: "I did n't agree to do as you say. You must have misunderstood me."

There is n't any possibility of misunderstanding when it is all written down "in black and white," as the saying is.

Did you ever think that an advertisement is a *promise* and a *pledge* made in black and white over the manufacturer's name?

That is exactly what it is.

No manufacturer would think of advertising in magazines which circulate everywhere unless his product were praiseworthy. Suppose he should make statements in his advertising which were not true. It is n't as if a storekeeper's clerk told you something about them which turned out to be not so. You could n't remember his exact words perhaps, but you can always turn right back to the advertisement and see exactly what the manufacturer said.

So the advertisers are very careful to make their goods very very good, and just as careful not to say anything about them that is untrue.

Now why do you suppose an advertiser keeps repeating his "promises" (advertisements) month after month?

The principal reason is because he feels sure *you* will like his product as well as *he* does when you know as much about it as he knows.

So one month he tells you some interesting and valuable fact about his product. The next month comes another greeting with another fact. And as you get to know his product better, you find it has many desirable features just as you find in time that a new friend has many admirable traits.

Have n't you many old friends among the ST. NICHOLAS advertisers?

Last month we told you what a "Quoin" is. Do you wonder what a "Quoin Club" is? A club is usually a place where people go for rest or recreation, or to meet their friends. But in this case the "club" is not a place but an organization. Years and years ago, the publishers of the best magazines decided that they could best serve their readers' interests by talking things over once in a while together. Needing a name, they chose "Quoin," because a Quoin *holds things together* in printing.

Is n't that quite interesting? Next month we will tell you what the Quoin Club *does*.

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

*Read this "Ad"
to your parents*



Good Scholars Prefer ROYAL PURPLE GRAPE JUICE

SEPTEMBER is here, and so is school time.

Good scholars, who know their lessons—their physiology and hygiene—know too that *grape juice* is as healthful as it is delicious—when it's pure.

Royal Purple Grape Juice *is* pure. Let us tell you how it comes to be so.

We pick only the finest, full-ripened, purple Concord Grapes. Then they are whisked off to the factory nearby, and pressed, and the *rich juice* comes streaming out. The juice is then prepared for bottling by a scientific process that keeps all the natural flavor and purity right in the bottle that comes to *you*. No wonder it's so good! Fact is, Royal Purple is the *last word* in grape juice.

It's just the thing for your noon-hour lunch, either at home or at school. You can get it in small bottles, if you choose—just enough for one or two glasses.

COPYRIGHT
THE J. HUNGERFORD SMITH
GRAPE JUICE COMPANY

Just remind Mother about Royal Purple. Show her the *coupon* at the bottom of the page. She will surely want that brand new recipe book, and the trial bottle, too.

If your dealer hasn't Royal Purple, ask Mother to send \$3 for a case of a dozen pints, shipped prepaid.

J. HUNGERFORD SMITH CO.
• ROCHESTER NEW YORK •
MANUFACTURERS OF

True Fruit Flavors
Served at the Best
Fountains to make
the Best Sodas



This Recipe Book
and Trial Bottle
of Royal Purple
Grape Juice
Sent to
You for
10¢

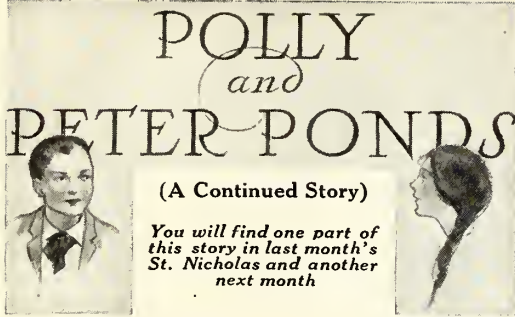
J. Hungerford Smith Co. 46
Rochester, N. Y.

I enclose 10c for my Trial Bottle of
Royal Purple and free Recipe Book.
(If space for name, etc., is insuffi-
cient, continue on margin.)

Name.....

Address.....

.....
Please write dealer's name in margin.



"I JUST knew something would happen so we could n't go camping this summer," said gloomy Peter to his sister Polly. "Here we are this minute in a hot, stuffy city, when we might have been just diving off into the cool clear lake, and having all kinds of fun."

"Well, Peter, I know just how you feel," Polly replied; "but I don't see how it is going to help things any for you to go around looking like a Rainy Day. It can't be helped, you know. Father had to stay in town because of business, and Mother would n't leave him; so—"

"Well, Uncle Will might have opened the camp for us—" Peter began.

"Oh, Peter, that 's just the thing! Let 's go and see him!" interrupted his sister.

So that is how it happened that, an hour later, a new office-boy at Pond's Extract Company's was taking into the private office a card on which Peter had written, "Peter and Polly."

"He told me he could n't see nobody, not even if the King and Queen o' Siam called. He 's goin' away to-morrow for a month," the office-boy said. But Peter finally persuaded him to take

the card in, although the news of Uncle Will's departure sounded discouraging.

It was n't more than thirty seconds before the astonished office-boy saw dignified Mr. Ponds rush past him and greet the "couple o' kids" as if they were far more important than any king or queen on earth. Uncle Will *thought* so, too.

When Peter told of their disappointment in not getting to camp, their uncle felt very badly, and said so. "I 'm going away to-morrow to be gone a month. It 's the first vacation I 've had in five years," he added.

"Oh, that is splendid, Uncle Will!" Polly and Peter said in chorus, outwardly joyful but inwardly a little envious.

Just as the children were going, Peter shook hands with a tight grip, the way men do when they are very much in earnest, and said, "I know you are going to have a great trip, Uncle Will, and I hope it does you a lot of good."

Uncle Will seemed to have a sudden inspiration, though really he had been thinking of it ever since they came.

"Why don't you both go with me? I 'll bring you back in time for school."

"I 'd love to go," Polly agreed, while Peter said, more forcefully than elegantly, "You bet!" After discussing it for a while, Uncle Will said: "Very well, then, you go on home and pack up things for a month's stay while I telephone your father and mother."

"Do you know you have n't told us where we are going?" Polly asked as they started for the door. "Is it a secret?"

"That 's exactly what it is. All I can say is that we won't leave the temperate zone, and we 're not going to Europe," Uncle Will declared.

Uncle Will has a way of getting people's permission when he wants to accomplish things, so that is how it happened that the next day found the trio on a fast train bound west.

The train stopped at Albany, so Peter thought they might be going to the Adirondacks to camp, after all. But Polly insisted that they were bound for the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco.



Of course you know Polly was right.

Many exciting things happened at "The Fair." On the very first day they were walking out of the beautiful New York State Building, when they heard some one cry out so loudly that everybody turned around to look, "There 's Polly and Peter!"

It was Molly Conley, accompanied by Brother Bill. Everybody expressed surprise and joy. But suddenly Peter said: "But what is the matter with your eyes? They 're all red and dusty-looking."

Bill explained that they had been motoring all the previous day and had n't worn goggles.

"You 'd better put some

POND'S EXTRACT

on them. It is fine for sore eyes," said Uncle Will.

"I thought I knew everything about POND'S EXTRACT, but I never knew *that* before," Bill admitted.

If you have never tried it you cannot imagine how clear and cool and rested their eyes felt again after being bathed with POND'S EXTRACT.

Later in the day it was Bill's turn to ask Peter what was the matter with him.

It seems that Polly and Peter had occupied the noon "rest hour" by riding on the merry-go-round and looking through the "Fun" part of the Exposition. Peter had been helping Polly to alight from the merry-go-round, when one of the wooden braces of the roof fell. Peter threw his arm up quickly to protect Polly, and received a very heavy blow on the back of his hand.

"I 'm glad I had POND'S EXTRACT handy," said Peter, afterward; "I won't be without it for a minute after this. The pain is going away."

Every half-hour Peter would saturate his handkerchief with POND'S EXTRACT and put the bottle in his outside coat pocket. Once after he had done this Bill called his attention to a sign, "Beware of pickpockets," and said: "I would n't carry *my* valuables in my outside pocket." But

Peter said everybody had POND'S EXTRACT, so no one would steal it even if it is so valuable. But the next time he reached for it, it was n't there at all!

Peter, with a surprised, open-mouthed expression, looked all around, and suddenly saw a fierce-looking Mexican holding his bottle of POND'S EXTRACT and not making the slightest effort to conceal it.

"Where did you get my POND'S EXTRACT?" Peter almost shouted, and was just about to call a policeman and have him arrested, when the Mexican responded politely and with unmoved calm, "No sabe, señor." Polly had studied Spanish, so she talked with him. He said that he was a general in Mexico, that it was *his* POND'S EXTRACT, and that he always used it for insect bites, insects being very plentiful in his tropical country. Polly told him how it took the sting out of "mosquito bites."

Finally Bill cleared up the mystery by returning Peter's bottle of POND'S EXTRACT, which he had taken "to teach Peter a lesson."

But Peter did n't seem very contrite, for, after apologizing to the Mexican, through interpreter Polly, he said: "I ought to have known it was you, Bill, instead of that kind, considerate, and gentlemanly Mexican bandit."

By the way, did you notice what Polly said about mosquito bites?

(Continued in the October ST. NICHOLAS)

**POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S Vanishing Cream—
Cold Cream—Toilet Soap—Pond's Extract**

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
131 Hudson Street New York





Every Puffed Grain Is a Bonbon

Think of Having Them Served by the Bowlful

Try tasting one grain of Puffed Wheat by itself. Or Puffed Rice. It's like a confection—a flaky, fascinating tit-bit with a toasted almond flavor.

You think of such dainties as rarities. But Puffed Grains are served morning, noon and night—in a dozen ways—as foods. And they form the greatest whole-grain foods which anybody knows.

The Bedtime Bowl

These are more than morning cereals.

Millions of bowls are served in milk instead of bread or crackers. They form toasted whole-grain bubbles, crisp and flimsy, four times as porous as bread.

This is the favorite bedtime dish. Here every food cell is exploded by steam so it easily digests. That was never done before in a cereal.

Playtime Tit-Bits

Boys carry Puffed Grains at play. They are better to taste, and better for boys, than most between-meal goodies. Girls use them in candy-making. They are better than nut meats because they are porous.

Think of serving such dainties, plus cream and sugar, to start the morning meal. Why do homes with children ever go without them?



Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in Extreme West

**CORN
PUFFS**
15¢

These grains are puffed by Prof. Anderson's process—by being shot from guns. First they are toasted in a fearful heat which turns all the moisture to steam. Then the steam is exploded. Every separate food cell is blasted to pieces. Thus the whole grain—every element of it—is fitted for easy digestion. No other process known can break up all these food cells.

In every way these are ideal foods.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(986)

"THE LOST PRINCE," by FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

VOL. XLII, No. 12

OCTOBER, 1915

PRICE, 25 CENTS

ST. NICHOLAS



THE CENTURY CO. 353 FOURTH AVE. NEW YORK



Um - m - m , Man ! It's
Premium
Ham and Bacon

Swift & Company, U.S.A.



Beauty without Cosmetics

Keep your skin *clean*
—really clean.

It is not enough to give a surface washing—which removes only the dirt you can see. Bad skin is caused almost entirely by the impurities which gather—not on the surface, but in the *pores* of the skin, causing them to become clogged and ineffective.

These impurities must be entirely removed and the pores kept clear or the skin will lose its freshness and become red and irritated. Cosmetics smooth the skin *temporarily* without touching the *cause* of the trouble.

Pears' Soap

used every day is a constant protection to your skin.

It is a perfect, cleansing agent—particularly for babies' sensitive skin—keeping the delicate pores clean and free to do their work. Pears cleanses so thoroughly that you need no hand-brush—the skin not only *looks* clean—it *is* clean.

Pears promotes a natural, healthy condition,—fair, fine-textured and free from blemish as the skin of a child. No soap is so comforting—so pure or so perfect in its hygienic influence.

Pears is the World's Standard for Purity; yet you can buy Pears' Unscented Soap, at 15c a cake, or Pears' Glycerine Soap (slightly perfumed) at 20c a cake.

A. & F. PEARS, Ltd.

The largest manufacturers of high grade toilet soaps in the world.

Do This To-day—for a generous trial cake of Pears' Unscented Soap, send your address and 4c in stamps to cover mailing cost, to Walter Janvier, United States Agent, 419-O Canal Street, New York City.

"All rights secured"

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST



For
toilet
and bath



FAIRY SOAP

adds pleasure to toilet and bath. Its purity and whiteness, its rich, free lather, its refreshing cleansing quality, tell of choicest materials and the utmost skill and care in making.

FAIRY SOAP costs but 5c. You cannot find a purer soap at any price.

The oval floating cake fits the hand.

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

*"Have You a Little Fairy
in Your Home?"*



5¢

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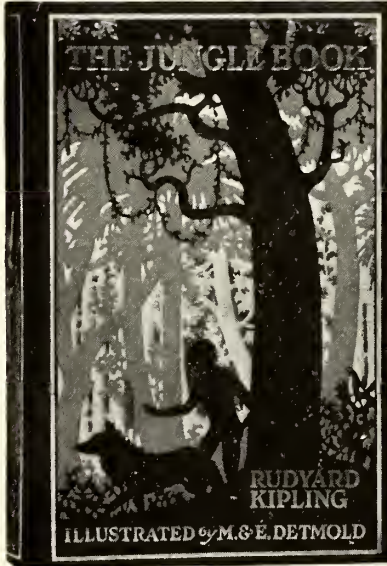
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Kipling's Magic for Boys and Girls

THE JUNGLE BOOK



Have you ever made friends with Mowgli, the little boy who was brought up by the wolves and learned to speak the animal language, and Rikki-Tikki-Tavi, and Toomai, who saw the dance of the elephants at night and alone in the heart of the Garo hills? If you have n't you must, for nobody should ever grow up without doing so. If you have you will want to see them again as two famous artists have seen them in the beautiful edition illustrated by Maurice and Edward Detmold. There is a jungle-border on every page and a cover as fanciful and weird as the tales themselves.

Price \$2.50 net, postage 15 cents.

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS

A Quaint Tale for Boys.

The story of a rich man's son, picked up out of the ocean and saved by a fishing dory off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. How he "found himself" is a stirring tale.

This is the only American story by the great English writer. Better than any other book it pictures the adventurous life of the Gloucester fishermen. Many illustrations by Taber. In green cloth, \$1.50, postage 8 cents. In flexible red leather (pocket edition), \$1.50 net, postage 8 cents.

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Goes on with the marvelous tale that nobody ever begins to read without reading from beginning to end, and again and again. No other books are so rich in the magic and mystery and charm of the great open and its wild life. Both Jungle Books may be had in the original green cloth edition, with interesting illustrations. *Price \$1.50 each, postage 10 cents.* Another edition of both (just right to slip into one's pocket) is printed on thin paper and bound in flexible red leather. *Price \$1.50 net, postage 8 cents.*

THE CENTURY CO.

353 Fourth Avenue

at 26th Street

New York City

"HERE I AM
the ST. NICHOLAS
CHRISTMAS
TREE"



"Dear You :

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

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

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



"And wherever you find me, the ST. NICHOLAS Christmas tree, *out* about something ST. NICHOLAS has carefully found to be especially *good*.



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

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

"Yours affectionately,



"The ST. NICHOLAS Christmas Tree."

For the Boy or Girl
Who Likes
Good Books



Every boy and girl who reads St. Nicholas is sure to like good books. Here is a brand new list of them written by your favorite authors especially for you.

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By Ralph Henry Barbour

A story of high-school life and athletics. A real Barbour story with the Barbour snap. *Illustrated \$1.30 net.*

THE ROCK OF
CHICKAMAUGA

By Joseph A. Altsheler

A splendid story of the heroes of our own country, picturing some of the great Union leaders in the Civil War. *Illustrated \$1.30 net.*

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A story of a boy who was determined to succeed in spite of great difficulties. *Illustrated \$1.25 net.*

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D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
35 West 32nd Street New York

ST. NICHOLAS wishes to make new friends among boys and girls, and would like to send a recent copy free to any young friend of yours.

Address ST. NICHOLAS, Box 12
353 Fourth Ave. New York City

Some Capital New Books for Young Folks

PEG O'THE RING, OR A MAID OF DENEWOOD

By Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe

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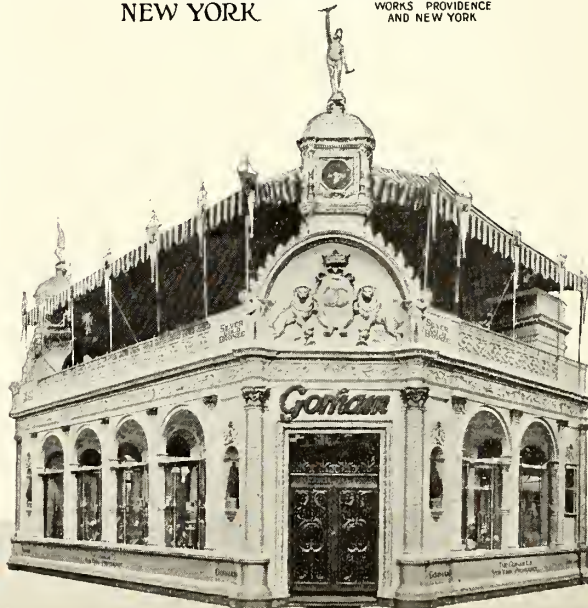
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A FAMILY CONSPIRACY

BY ELIZABETH WEIR

"BARBARA VAIL, do you realize that it is just eight years since our mother has seen *her* mother?"

"Eight years? It can't be, Charlotte!"

"Whether it can or can not, it *is*."

"But Grandmother and Grandfather were here the year I was graduated from high school."

"Which was just exactly eight years ago, in spite of your youthful appearance."

"And you went to California year before last."

"Yes, I went. But am I Mother?"

"But did n't Mother go out?"

"Mother went out ten years ago, with two babies to take care of, and they were sick and peevish for three weeks; and then she had to hurry home because Father broke his leg. What sort of a satisfactory visit do you call that?"

"You 've certainly made out a pretty bad case."

"It *is* a bad case. Now, even if you were married to as clever a man as Father, if there be another such, and had as charming a bevy of sons and daughters as the Vail family,—oh, don't trouble to bow—do you think you 'd be able to endure eight years without Mumsie? I 'd die of homesickness. And then think of Grandmother and Grandfather! If I thought a lot of selfish children would make me neglect my parents as Mother has neglected hers, I 'd—I 'd disown them in their cradles!"

Charlotte fairly sputtered in her indignation.

"Selfish children!" Barbara bridled. "What have we to do with it?"

"We have everything to do with it. Or at least our various illnesses, and vacations, and college educations, and trousseaux, and thoughtlessness have. Has there been a single summer

within your remembrance when one or all of us has n't had typhoid fever, or measles, or a passion for learning, or a desire for travel, or a desperate need of some kind, that Father and Mother have not sacrificed themselves to gratify?"

"But we 've all helped."

"Oh yes, we 've all helped! I am paying a small stipend into the family treasury out of my princely salary. You are housekeeper and general manager, thereby not only saving the wages of our ancient handmaiden, but stretching the family income to cover an inconceivable multitude of needs. Jack is paying for Betty's music lessons. But there are Betty and the twins to be clothed and educated, and last night Father and Mother decided that Horton must have his post-graduate year, even if Betty had to wait for college."

"But Father's practice—?"

"Father's practice covers the whole of this and parts of several adjoining counties, but you know Father. He never sends a bill unless the people fairly exude prosperity; and when he does collect one, there are at least three poor patients who need food or medicine. It 's been better since Betty took charge of the books, but even Betty can't prevent Father and Mother from being generous. I know the larger part of my contribution goes into the church treasury."

"We can't make over our parents, Charlotte, and we would n't if we could. The point is, does Mother want to go to California?"

"Does she *want* to go? Oh, Babs! I wish you could have heard her voice when she said last night: 'Horton must have his chance, Father. California can wait.' If Mother ever complained!

But California has always had to wait for one of us."

"Then Mother's going. That's settled. Let's hold a family council to discuss ways and means."

"Practical Babs to the rescue! But I don't see how we are to manage it. Jack's salary and mine together till June would n't compass it, even if Mother would let us."

"Mother's going just the same. You let me sleep over it, and I'll evolve a plan of some kind."

When Barbara slept over a plan, the rest of the family usually considered it an accomplished fact, but this seemed too big an undertaking even for Babs' fertile ingenuity, and it was rather a disconsolate group that gathered in the barn loft the next afternoon. Formal notes sent out by Charlotte had announced the purpose of the meeting. Horton, home for his Easter vacation, was chairman. Gertrude, the married daughter, had been telephoned for, and acted as recording secretary. Betty volunteered to be treasurer, in case any one had contributions (other than advice) to make, which, from the usual condition of the Vail purses, did n't seem at all likely. The twins sat half buried in the hay, rather overawed at being admitted to the councils of their elders.

Horton, in all the dignity of a senior *medico*, rapped upon the joist for order, and in his best oratorical style stated the object for which the gathering was called, viz.: "To speed our superfluous parents on a summer jaunt to California."

"Parents?" Charlotte ejaculated, sitting up straight.

Horton ignored the interruption. "The Chair is now willing to entertain a motion."

Immediately Barbara was upon her feet. "I move that Dr. and Mrs. Derrick Vail be deported from this State on the fifteenth day of June, under bond not to return until September first, bringing with them satisfactory evidence that they have visited Grandmother and Grandfather Morse and have seen the wonders of the western world to their great physical and mental improvement."

"Second the motion!" Betty called from her favorite perch on the hay:

"But, children," Gertrude Dunham protested, "have you any idea what such a trip would cost—not to speak of Father's loss of time, even if he could find any one to take his practice for the summer?"

"Now, Gertrude Dunham, just because you're married and have family cares of your own, don't croak," Barbara remonstrated. "Betty's got the figures. Cousin Merle kept a strict account of everything she and Cousin Robert spent last sum-

mer, and she gave the total to Betty. Read the sum, Betty."

Even Horton, who had by this time given up any attempt at parliamentary procedure, gasped as Betty pronounced the awful amount.

"It's a physical impossibility, Babs. We might among us send Mother, but we could n't manage Father." Gertrude's tone was elder-sisterly.

"Father is difficult to manage," admitted Barbara, "but please don't think of all the impossibilities first and throw cold water on all the beautiful possibilities. Just think! Father and Mother have n't been traveling together since we were little things; and Father—people, there's a medical convention in Denver, and Father's been asked to send a paper to be read. For the honor of the family, are you willing to let some ignorant young doctor—"

"Hear, hear!" interrupted Horton.

"Some *other* ignorant young doctor," Barbara grinned back at him, "stammer over Father's paper? Father's never thought of going, and at first was n't willing to take the time to prepare the paper. It's time we took him in hand."

Gertrude's pride in her father was instantly aroused, as Barbara had meant it to be.

"Roger says—" A simultaneous and prolonged groan burst forth from the rest of the Vails. They adored Roger, but Gertrude's citations of Roger's opinions were too liberally sprinkled through her conversations for the Vail sense of proportion.

"Roger says," Gertrude continued, apparently oblivious to the disconcerting sound, "that Father is the most brilliant man he knows."

"As if we needed a Roger Dunham to come into the family to tell us that!" Charlotte sniffed.

"As I was about to remark, Roger says that Father's articles in the medical journals last year attracted a great deal of attention; and that when the great Dr. Endicott was here last summer, he consulted Father about a puzzling case in his own family, and he said Father had a perfect genius for diagnosis."

Barbara followed up her advantage swiftly.

"Well then, ought n't Father to go to that medical convention, and meet the other big men of his profession? He's been practising in this little town for thirty years, and except for college friends stopping off to see him, and very occasional and very brief visits to the city hospitals, he's been buried."

"All this argument is n't getting us anywhere," broke in Horton. "What's your plan, Babs, if you have one?"

"Of course she has one. Did you ever know old Babs to be without?" put in Charlotte.



"EVEN IF WE PERSUADED FATHER AND MOTHER NOW, WE COULD N'T TRUST THEM," SAID BARBARA." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Barbara flushed, but started bravely in.

"I know you 'll all think it a wild idea, but, if you are willing to deceive our innocent parents temporarily for their own good, we can do it."

Gertrude looked grave. Straightforwardness was ingrained in the Vail family, and she had a responsible, matronly air toward her younger brothers and sisters.

"Betty says," Barbara went on, "that Father's practice brings in a good income."

"When he collects it," interpolated Betty.

"Father would n't want you to do any collecting," Gertrude interposed hastily.

"Of course not. Father cannot be made ridiculous," said Horton.

"Please don't interrupt, Horton. Father's professional dignity will remain undisturbed."

"I can collect from Godfather Bennett, can't I?" called out Betty.

"Godfather Bennett! you don't mean to say—"

"Oh, he 's just a little slow sometimes Go on, Babs."

Barbara settled herself for a long argument, although she knew that they all were anxious to be convinced. Even the little twins looked wise and attentive.

"Well, people, you all know the besetting sin of our parents is generosity. We have allowed them to develop abnormally their bumps of self-sacrifice. Now it is too late to reform them, but we can at least restrain them. Aggravated cases need severe remedies. Now, let 's get down to figures. Charlotte here, since she 's been teaching, has paid five dollars a week into the family treasury. If Charlotte should suddenly develop a dire need to save that amount for a trip this summer, would Mother say a word?"

"Not one, and she 'd probably add to the fund—"

"Exactly! Go up head, Gertrude. If Father and Mother think it 's for some one else, they can save beautifully. Now that 's my plan. We will make them do their own saving."

"But that 's a mere drop in the bucket," Gertrude objected. "I wish I could help more, but really I suppose Roger ought not to have married me at all until his college debts were paid. With those and the payments on the house, we never have anything left over. In a few years we 'll be all right, with Roger's ability," she added proudly.

Another concerted groan was stifled by Barbara's warning finger. She needed unanimity of opinion for her plan.

"Nobody is asked for any contributions, Gertrude, but could n't you borrow from Father?" Barbara asked gravely.

"Borrow from Father?" Gertrude was plainly horrified.

"Oh, temporarily, I mean; to meet a payment on the house or something like that. He 's always lending to people, and half of them never pay back. It will be safe with Roger."

"But Roger—"

"Of course Roger won't like Father to think he 's impecunious; neither do I like Mother to think I 'm selfish, but I 'm going to let her, until June," said Charlotte severely. "It won't hurt Roger."

Gertrude hesitated, and Barbara pleaded:

"You know, Gertrude, even if we persuaded Father and Mother now, we could n't trust them. There 'd be a deficit in the church, or a poor family would have illness. It is n't good for the other people in this town to have Father and Mother always making up deficits and taking care of the poor. It does n't give them a fair chance to develop their own generosity. But if we have the money and spring it on them suddenly, and Father sees the light in Mother's eyes at the thought of seeing her own mother, nothing can hold him back."

"But Father's practice—" Gertrude was still skeptical of the feasibility of Barbara's plan.

"H'm!" Horton's boyish face was embarrassed. "That 's my share. It 's hard to make my family realize it, but I 'll be a full-fledged M.D. in June, and I 'm coming home and can look after Father's practice this summer. Hilton 's a ridiculously healthy summer climate; and after Father 's practised here for thirty years, I 'd like to see any patient of his desert."

"Then—I was going to tell Father and Mother last night, but Charlotte would n't let me—for the rest of this term and all of next year I 'm to have charge of one of the free clinics. It will pay all my expenses, so Father's monthly check can go into the California fund. He 's already putting away something for my postgraduate year, and you girls can encourage him to add to it."

"Could n't I sprain a finger or something, and let Jack's money for my lessons with Miss Walton go into the fund?" Betty asked hopefully. Betty's love for music did not include a love for the drudgery of practice.

"You may not, Miss Lazy!" Gertrude replied severely. "You can put in full time practising. But I did hear yesterday that Miss Walton had been called away suddenly and won't be back until fall. We 'll write to Jack to-night. I 'm sure he 'll let the music money go into the California fund."

Horton and Barbara winked at one another

cheerfully. They had feared Gertrude's opposition most, but she had said, "*We 'll write to Jack,*" in that decisive tone of hers, and they knew their cause was won.

The twins had been quiet and attentive, listening to their elders as long as human nature could endure, but now with a whoop they turned a handspring in the hay, appeared upright before Horton, and together proffered their assistance.

"Father 's promised to double everything we save out of our allowance," Jane began.

"Or earn," added James.

"For bicycles," said Jane.

"We 've got five dollars each now."

"That 's twenty dollars altogether when we collect from Daddy."

"And we 'll save every penny."

"And weed Mrs. West's garden."

"And do errands for Godfather Bennett."

"And make Father pay up promptly."

"And give it to the California fund," James finished out of breath.

"Father will probably give us the bicycles anyhow, next year," added Jane, complacently.

"He probably will, wise child," agreed Horton, amid general laughter.

Barbara, who saw her beautiful plan working out so successfully, was looking thoughtfully out of the window. Even the twins had something to contribute, but she had nothing. She could n't even save out of the table allowance, with all those healthy appetites to satisfy. She would n't have a part in her own plan. Charlotte caught her sister's wistful look, and the understanding between these two told her the trouble.

"Look here!" she called out. "Here 's Babs shirking. If the Vail family is pledged to deceive its parents, we can't allow Babs to walk blameless. Let 's all develop an alarming increase of appetite, and compel Barbara to complain of the high cost of living, and ask for a corresponding increase of table allowance. Then we 'll deny ourselves, and Babs can contribute the surplus to the California fund."

Barbara's shining eyes thanked her sister, and the meeting broke up in a general scuffle that caused Dr. and Mrs. Vail, driving in from a country visit, to smile at each other.

"Those children never will entirely grow up," the doctor said. "Look at Gertrude! Even Horton is scarcely a match for her."

The programme, as mapped out in the barn, was faithfully carried out. Horton returned to his medical college, with a check for his next month's expenses in his pocket, and a generous addition from his mother, for "any little extras."

"And I had to let Mother think I 'd spend her

little savings," he confided ruefully to Betty as he kissed her good-by at the station.

Roger Dunham, prodded thereto by Gertrude, and his scruples overruled with the assistance of the rest of the Vails, went reluctantly to ask his father-in-law for a loan.

"There is n't another man I 'd do it for," he muttered, as he came home shamefacedly with the promise that Dr. Vail would have Betty send



"PERCHED ON THE ARM OF HIS CHAIR, SHE TOLD HIM THE WHOLE STORY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

out some overdue bills, and the necessary amount would probably be collected.

Charlotte pleaded the strain of her first year's teaching and the need for a summer's trip, to beg off from her usual contribution.

"I did n't say whose trip, but I felt ashamed through and through, because Mother was so sweet about it. She said she and Father had only let me do it because they felt it was better for me, but they would be so glad for me to have the extra pleasure."

The twins ate four eggs apiece the morning after the conference, and dainty Betty passed her plate for pudding three times. When, in addition, Charlotte asked for a heavier lunch-basket, Barbara's request for an increased budget seemed quite reasonable. The twins developed such unprecedented thrift and industry that Dr. Vail

almost regretted his promise to duplicate all their savings and earnings.

But, even with the addition of the sum which Jack continued to send for Betty's music lessons, the California fund grew slowly. Betty puckered her brows over the savings account which had been banked in her name.

"We must n't fail now," she said to Charlotte. "But it 's the first of May, and we have n't nearly enough. I wish Godfather Bennett were at home."

"But, Betty," Charlotte protested, "you must n't ask Godfather Bennett!"

"You agreed that I could collect from him, did n't you? I 'm afraid he 'll send the check to Father, and he owes a big bill."

"Oh, I see!"

Godfather Bennett did come home the next week, and Betty carried her bank-book and her puckered brows to him. Perched on the arm of his chair, she told him the whole story. The Vail children had gone to Godfather Bennett with all the secrets they could n't hold, ever since they were wee things. The doctor's children had been the joy of his lonely life, but his heart held a special corner for brown-haired Betty, who bore the name of the wife whom he had lost the year Betty was born.

"And, Godfather," Betty asked, when, out of breath, she had finished her tale, "would you be willing to pay me the bill you owe Father? It 's a pretty big one, you know."

"I suppose you think it ought to be twice as big, don't you, Miss Greedy?" he asked, pinching her ear.

"Well, I should n't have thought of mentioning it, but since you ask me," Betty flashed back at him, her dimples all out, "Father never charges you for the times when you stop in to see the family and groan so much that he takes you into the office and prescribes for you; nor for the times you send your cook over,—she 's always 'poorly, thank you,'—and he 's always taken care of your coachman's family and—"

"You young Shylock!" Godfather Bennett interrupted, glowering at her.

But Betty was unabashed. "If Father would just let *me* make out the bills!" she continued serenely.

"What would you do, Miss Thrifty?"

"I 'd send a bill to Judge Shattuck for all the typhoid cases Father had last summer in his tumble-down tenements; and another one to Mr. Miller for Sam Crothers' broken leg. Oh, they both did everything possible for Sam Crothers and the typhoid patients! Mrs. Shattuck and Mrs. Miller carried delicacies to the sick. Judge

Shattuck put city water in right away, and Mr. Miller had the bridge repaired, but nobody thought of Father. He always has taken care of all the poor sick in this town, and I suppose he always will. Why, when the typhoid was so bad, he had to refuse to help Dr. Creighton operate in Denton, and it was a beautiful case! Father wanted to go, but would n't leave because of the typhoid. Oh, there are lots of people I 'd send bills to, and lots more I 'd dun. When people are poor and afterwards get rich, they pay the grocer, the iceman, and the coal man, but they forget the doctor."

Godfather Bennett was very thoughtful after Betty went home. The saucy little minx was right. Hilton had come to regard Dr. Derrick Vail as a public institution, for which it paid taxes and to whose services it had a right. He thought of the years before his wife died, years of suffering, but suffering relieved and made bearable by Dr. Vail's constant care. He thought of his own stiffened leg. Years ago the city specialist had told him he must lose it, but Dr. Vail had saved it for him, and received in return thankless grumbling because of the twinges of pain he still felt. He thought of Sary Ann, his cook, whose frequent ailments only Dr. Vail could relieve. Why, the woman was forever running over to him! He thought of the coachman's family. He had n't counted the children lately, but there had been a new baby every year or two, and they ran through the childish ailments with clock-like precision.

Well, well, well! Where *was* that doctor's bill? Pounding with his cane as he walked, he marched into the library, searched his files, pulled out his check-book, and, glancing contemptuously at the offending bill, wrote a check for three times the amount, payable to Miss Betty Vail, Treasurer.

"I 'll see Shattuck, Miller, and a few others in the morning. The Vails would n't accept even voluntary contributions to the California fund, but I guess this town can be made to pay its just debts," he growled to himself before turning out the lights.

Two weeks later, Dr. and Mrs. Vail were returning from one of the many visits to country patients on which it was possible for Mrs. Vail to accompany the doctor since Barbara had relieved her of the household management. Dr. Vail had been silent and plainly troubled all the way.

"What is it, Derrick?" his wife asked at last.

"Has it struck you that the children are rather reckless in their expenditures lately, Mother?" he answered.

Gentle Mrs. Vail looked grieved. She had not

confessed it to herself, but Barbara certainly had been setting a rather meager table lately in spite of the much increased allowance. And Charlotte, usually so eager to show her purchases, had been carrying unopened packages to her own room for some time. Through the open door Mrs. Vail had seen her displaying a new raincoat and a new silk umbrella to Barbara. Of course the child wanted to look nice for her trip—strange she had n't decided where she wanted to go—but her old raincoat was scarcely shabby. And Betty, too, confiding little Betty had been positively secretive about Jack's weekly check for music lessons. The child had been receiving an unusual amount of mail lately, and she had always carried it up-stairs to Babs' room, but never mentioned it.

Mrs. Vail had tried not to feel hurt, but could it be that she was losing her dear girls' confidence? Were they all becoming a little mercenary? Even the twins had lately been demanding pay for little services that should have been voluntary. She had not answered her husband's question, and he continued:

"I don't like to find fault, but I'm afraid Gertrude and Roger are making a great mistake. It was only because I thought Gertrude was trained to economy that I consented to their marriage before Roger was out of debt, but they are adding to it. I did n't tell you that Roger came to me to borrow money not long ago. It rather crippled me to let him have it. Collections have been poor lately. I never have asked anybody for a bill, but I think I'll have to speak to Bennett. His is the largest outstanding account.

"And Mother, Horton's expenses seem to me rather amazing. I had hoped that during his last years he would find some way of helping himself a little, but it has not seemed to occur to him."

Mother Vail was on the defensive immediately.

"Father, I'm sure the poor boy is working hard, and perhaps there are n't so many opportunities for self-support as there were when you were in college. His letters are so short lately; he says he never was so busy."

But neither the doctor nor his wife was entirely satisfied. In the mind of each was the fear that they had been spoiling their own children.

And just then they drove into the yard, and down from the barn loft, apparently in one heap, tumbled the entire family of Vails. Roger Dunham was the first to pick himself up, and, with a twin clinging to each hand, ran to meet the carriage, Gertrude following close at his heels. Mrs. Vail's heart gave a leap. Was that Jack,

her first-born, scuffling for place with Horton in the old fashion, Jack whom she had n't seen for a year? Yes, that was Jack's whistle, unmistakably. Mother Vail had eyes for no one else,—not for Betty flying down the lane, waving her bank-book above her head, nor for Charlotte and Barbara more soberly bringing up the rear.

With a happy laugh Jack lifted his mother bodily out of the carriage, and while she clung to him, tears of joy in her eyes, deposited her on the bench under the apple-tree, and spread his long length on the grass at her feet, his head in her lap.

"Oh Mother, this is good!" he said between a laugh and a sob.

Meanwhile, Horton was leading his dignified father to a place beside his wife, the twins were doing a war dance around the bench, and the girls, in various stages of excitement, were finding comfortable places for themselves on the grass. Dr. and Mrs. Vail had had long practice in meeting the unexpected calmly, and they waited, Dr. Vail surveying his offspring with pride, and Mrs. Vail running her hand lovingly through Jack's mop of hair.

"People," Horton began with dignity, "the purpose of this assembly—"

"Oh, tell them quick!" squealed Betty. "I can't wait!"

"Mother, would you like to go to California?" Charlotte asked.

"California!" Mrs. Vail's hand closed on Jack's hair till he winced, and the tears she had been carefully keeping back, overflowed.

Dr. Vail's arm went quickly around his wife.

"Mother, don't! We'll try to manage it somehow."

"It's managed!" shouted Betty. "Look!" And her bank-book flew over Jack's head into her mother's lap.

And then, all talking at once, out of the incoherent jumble the whole story of what Horton called the "thinly Vail-ed conspiracy" was made clear to the bewildered doctor and his wife.

Before they could make a single objection, Godfather Bennett, forgetting his stiffened knee, had leaped the hedge, behind which he had been standing openly listening and covertly wiping his eyes, and, pounding along with his cane, stood before them.

"Neighbor Vail," he said severely, "you are probably a good doctor, but you're a mighty poor business man. This town wants its doctor to go out to that medical convention and learn how to charge with the best of them. We'll try to endure having this young incompetent, Horton, try his newfangled experiments on us for the sum-

mer. And when you come back, you 'll look after the town's poor at the town's cost. In another year we 'll try to have enough paying illness to support Horton in idleness too."

"Now that it 's all settled," said practical Barbara, before anybody had settled anything, "let 's go in and have tea and Horton's special brand of cookies. I made them fresh this morning in honor of the boys' home-coming. I 'm going to have Jack's shortcake for dinner to-night. I can afford to serve more liberal rations now. Come on, Godfather."

Over the tea-table they discussed routes. Jack had brought innumerable railroad guides with him.

"All you people have to do is to pack your trunk," said Betty. "Charlotte 's got a gorgeous new one ready. We bought it a week ago, and were so afraid you 'd see the expressman bringing it in!"

Mrs. Vail *had* seen the expressman bringing it in, and was tempted to apologize now to her tall daughter for the disloyal thought that had flitted through her mind. She knew now why she had not been shown the raincoat, and umbrella, and mysterious bundles.

"Jack has sent Father's measure to his tailor, and he 's waiting to fit him. No ready-mades will be good enough for this trip, Daddy," Betty continued.

"And Barbara 's engaged Miss Cartwright's time for the next two weeks, and has a lot of samples for your approval, Mother," Charlotte explained.

"Oh, we 're not going to let our parents go shabby. We expect them to be a credit to the Vail family!" added Gertrude.

Long after the young people were asleep that night, Dr. Vail and his wife sat by the open fire that the chilly May evening made so cheerful, and talked over the thirty years they had spent together in Hilton; of the friends and neighbors, the trials and the joys, the friendships and the disappointments, but always their talk came back over and over again to the children, the dear children.

"At any rate we can be sure we have n't spoiled them," Mrs. Vail said after a pause.

"Were you afraid of that, too?" asked the doctor.

"If I had been, I 'd be heartily ashamed of my suspicions," parried his loyal wife.



"'AT ANY RATE WE CAN BE SURE WE HAVE N'T SPOILED THEM,' MRS. VAIL SAID."



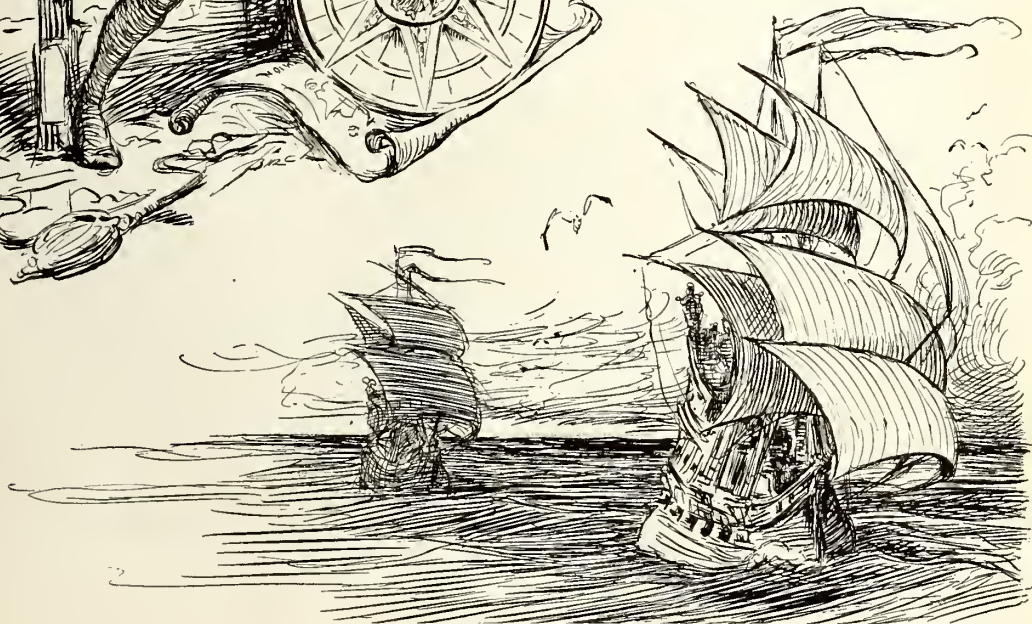
A Dream

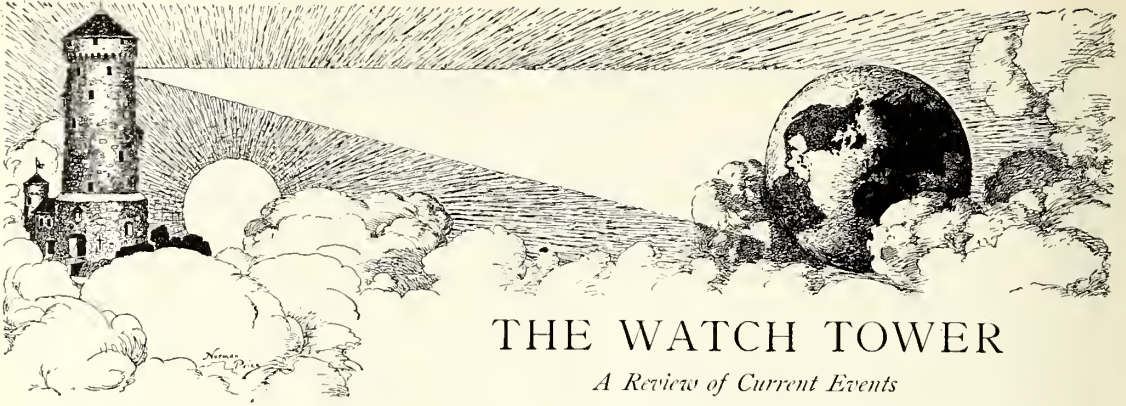
by Alice E. Allen

O LITTLE lad of Genoa,
Did you not dream when still a child
Of ships that onward sailed and sailed—
Of gleaming pearls—of forests wild?

Did splendid lands no eye had seen,
As fair as morning, bless your view?
Did you not often dream and dream
Until it seemed your dream came true?

O little lad of Genoa,
Of what avail skill, compass, chart?
Steadfast, could you have found your goal
Without the dream that filled your heart?





THE WATCH TOWER

A Review of Current Events

BY S. E. FORMAN

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

THE GREAT WAR

AUGUST was the first month in the second year of the Great War. The warfare of the month was as fierce and as destructive as it has been at any time since the outbreak, but nothing was accomplished that gave hope that the struggle would soon be over. The gains were mostly on the side of Germany. The most significant military event of the month was the German drive into Poland. Here Germany captured the great city of Warsaw and took possession of a portion of Poland larger than the State of Pennsylvania. In the west, where Germany holds some of the richest provinces of northeastern France, the deadly trench-fighting continued, the Allies sometimes advancing a few hundred yards, but soon retreating as far as they had advanced. On the southern line the Italian armies threw themselves against Austria with great fury, but they made little headway. In the Dardanelles the Allies hammered away at the Turks, but the Turks held their own and Constantinople was yet far from capture. Take it all in all, at the end of the month the war was still a drawn battle. Germany had the best of it on the soil of Europe; while Great Britain had the advantage on the ocean.

Early in the month there were whispers of peace. But the whispers were only the voice of hope, for peace itself was out of the question. Not one of the contending nations really wanted it. Germany felt that she must either crush her enemies or be crushed herself. Russia felt the same way. France was confident of victory and wanted the fighting to go on. Great Britain was not even thinking of peace. "It is England's duty," said Prime Minister Asquith, "to continue to the end in the course which we have chosen." That course was stated in the words of the com-

mand which was given to the British army and navy at the beginning of the war: "*Capture the enemy or destroy him.*" So the awful work of slaughter had to go on. Instead of thinking of peace, the powers rallied for another year of strife. In England, women and girls went into the ammunition factories and helped to make shells; while in Germany, little boys and girls became farmers and tilled every foot of ground upon which vegetables or grain could be raised.

The really serious question of the month was not whether the countries at war would lay down their arms, but whether other nations would take up arms. Would the Balkan States (Bulgaria and Roumania) enter the conflict? And if they entered, would they fight on the side of Germany, Austria, and Turkey, or would they cast their lot with the Allies (England, France, Italy, Serbia, and Russia)? A glance at the map of Europe shows that it makes a great difference which way this question is answered. If the Balkan nations should join with Germany, then that country would be free to send ammunition and war-supplies across Bulgaria and Roumania to Turkey, a thing Germany has not been allowed to do. If, on the other hand, Bulgaria and Roumania should join the Allies, they would throw their armies—and they could put more than a million men in the field—against the Turks, whom they hate so bitterly, and would doubtless drive them speedily out of Europe. With the Turks out of the way, ammunition could pass freely to Russia and Russian grain would pass freely to the western part of Europe, where it is needed to feed the people and the armies of England, France, and Italy. This would be a great advantage to the Allies, for Russia this year has a tremendous crop of wheat, and the Allies need all the grain they can get. There were signs that the Balkan

States were willing to help the Allies if the price for helping them is paid. Roumania will help if Russia will promise to give back Bessarabia; Bulgaria will help if she has the promise that the region around Adrianople and a big slice of Macedonia, after the war is over, will be given to her. If these promises should be made, the Balkan States would soon join the Allies, and practically all Europe would be ablaze with war.

waiting—anxiously, no doubt, for these are trying days for the President—for a reply to the last note which he had sent to the German Government. In that note, as was told in THE WATCH TOWER of last month, he had for the second time asked Germany to disavow the sinking of the

OUR TROUBLE WITH GERMANY

On the 19th of August, we were shocked by the news that a German submarine had sunk the White Star Liner *Arabic* about fifty miles south of the spot where the *Lusitania* went down. Most of the passengers on board were saved, but a few were lost, two Americans being among the missing. The *Arabic* was a British merchantman on her way to New York; she had no war materials on board and was sunk without warning. At the time she went down, the President was



MAP SHOWING THE IMPORTANCE OF THE BALKAN STATES.

Lusitania, and had said that if a German submarine should again sink a merchantman without warning and thereby endanger the lives of Amer-

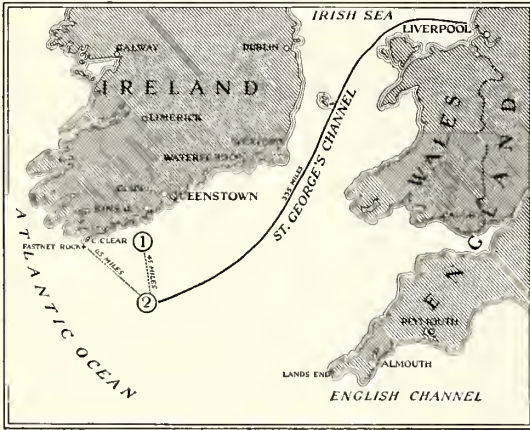


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"IN GERMANY, LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS BECAME FARMERS."

ican citizens, the act would be regarded as "deliberately unfriendly." Was the sinking of the *Arabic* the answer to the President's note? The destruction of the vessel seemed to almost

were not to be attacked without warning, and that such steamers were to be destroyed only after being halted and full opportunity given to passengers and crews to embark in the boats under conditions of safety. When this news came, the skies brightened, and the talk of war began to die away. Indeed, at the end of the month the feeling was quite general that Germany and the United States would settle their differences in a peaceful manner and would remain the friends they always have been.



MAP SHOWING WHERE THE *LUSITANIA* (1) AND THE *ARABIC* (2) WERE TORPEDOED.

everybody a "deliberately unfriendly" act, and for several days the war cloud was very dark. Toward the end of the month, however, the news came that Germany was in a friendly mood, and that the German Government was ready to deal with the *Lusitania* case in a way that would be

OUR TROUBLE WITH GREAT BRITAIN

GERMANY is not the only warring nation that is giving us trouble on the seas. Great Britain, also, has done us a great deal of harm. The British Government, in order to close the doors upon Germany and destroy her trade with the outside world, has declared German ports and the ports of some of the neutral (peaceful) nations bordering upon Germany to be in a state of blockade. Now, when a port is in a state of blockade, no vessel, if the blockade is effective, is allowed to enter the port or go out from it. If a vessel attempts to enter a blockaded port, it is liable to be captured, and, if captured, the goods on board the vessel are taken and held as a prize until a



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THE STEAMER *ARABIC*, LEAVING NEW YORK FOR HER LAST EASTERN VOYAGE.

satisfactory to the United States. It was announced upon good authority that the German Government had given orders to her naval commanders to the effect that passenger-steamers

prize-court (a court specially organized to decide questions concerned with captures made at sea) decides what is to be done with them. In carrying out her plans of blockade, Great Britain has seized upon vast quantities of goods belonging to American citizens. It is estimated the American property held up in this way amounts to nearly \$200,000,000. In July, Secretary of State Lansing sent to the British Government a note complaining that a certain American steamship—it was only one of many—sailing from Rotterdam, Holland, and bound for the United States had been seized and carried to London, where the cargo, which was the property of American citizens, was held as a prize. The secretary insisted that the goods taken from the vessel should be released, on the ground that the goods were forwarded from

the neutral port of Rotterdam to a neutral port in the United States. In his note the secretary said that neutral nations have a right to trade with each other, that neutral ports cannot be lawfully blockaded, and that Great Britain was doing an unlawful thing when she blockaded the ports of Holland against the vessels of any neutral nation. Early in August the reply of the British Government was received. The language of the reply was friendly and cordial, but Great Britain did not promise to release the cargo. She could not promise to release it, she said, because if she allowed neutral nations to trade at ports like Rotterdam, she might as well lift the blockade at German ports; in fact, she might as well lift it altogether. "Rotterdam," it was said in the reply, "is indeed the nearest outlet of some of the industrial districts of Germany." If you will look at a railroad map of Europe, you will see how true this is; you will see there is little use in blockading Hamburg and leaving Rotterdam open. Still, the reply of the British Government to Secretary Lansing's note was thought by most Americans to be unsatisfactory. In our controversy with Germany we are contending for the freedom of the seas. In our controversy with Great Britain we are contending for the freedom of ports, especially of neutral ports. Of what use is the freedom of the seas if a nation can prevent our vessels from entering any port it does not wish them to enter? The question is a most important one. How it is to be settled we cannot now foresee, but at the end of the month there were strong indications that Great Britain would take our view of the matter and would at last release the cargoes which have been held up by the blockade.

A PLAN FOR PEACE IN MEXICO

FOR more than two years President Wilson has kept a watchful eye upon Mexico and has waited patiently for these next-door neighbors of ours to settle their troubles in their own way without the aid of outsiders. But peace has not come to the unhappy country. Carranza and Villa and Zapata have continued their warfare, while the distress of the country has grown deeper and deeper. In some parts of Mexico the people are facing starvation. The condition of affairs has become so bad that President Wilson has decided to make an effort to help Mexico out of the sad plight into which she has fallen. About the middle of August he made a friendly appeal to the Mexican leaders to cease their strife and try to do something that would be of real service to

their country. This appeal was made in the form of a note signed by our secretary of state, by the ambassadors of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile, and by the Ministers of Bolivia, Uruguay, and Guatemala. Thus the appeal was made not by the United States alone, but by nearly every country in the Western Hemisphere; it was a Pan-American (all American) appeal. The note was sent to many persons prominent in Mexican affairs,—to Carranza, Villa, Zapata, and others,—and the Mexican people were informed that this had been done. The note suggested that the leaders meet at some place far removed from the roar of cannon and talk over the needs of Mexico and try to establish for their country a strong government, one that they themselves will respect and obey, and one that other nations will respect and recognize. The note made no commands, it made no threats, and it made no suggestions to the leaders as to what ought to be done at the meeting. The signers of the note, however, offered to help arrange for the time and place of meeting if they were invited in good faith to do so. The replies to the note, as far as they had been heard from at the end of the month, were somewhat favorable. Villa and Zapata were willing to hold a peace meeting. But Carranza held aloof; he was afraid that the next step on the part of President Wilson would be to intervene in Mexico. In truth, if reports could be believed, a large part of the Mexican people were suspicious of the plan proposed by the President. President Wilson, as all the world knows, does not want to intervene, but what will he do if nothing comes of this effort to help Mexico out of her difficulties? Will he continue his policy of "watchful waiting" and let things take their own course in Mexico, or will he adopt a policy of action? A policy of action would almost certainly result in the use of guns. It may be that the Mexican people will see this, and that even yet they will try to "serve and save themselves."

IMMIGRATION AT LOW TIDE

THE influence of the Great War is felt in the United States in many ways; but in no direction, perhaps, is the effect of the war greater than in the matter of immigration. Not since 1899 has the tide of immigrants been so low as it has been during the past year. For the last ten years foreigners—Germans, Russians, Italians, Poles—have been coming to our shores at the rate of nearly a million a year. But since the war broke out, almost as many foreigners have left our country as have come to it. They have gone in most cases to join the armies in the country of

their birth. The result has been that, since the outbreak of the war, the population of the United States has hardly increased at all by reason of immigration. Inasmuch as, before the war, immigrants regularly poured in at the rate of a million a year, we may say that our population is smaller by a million than it would have been if there had been no war. It seems likely that immigration will continue to be small for a number of years. When the war is over, the able-bodied men in the warring countries will go to work in the mines and fields and factories at home, taking the places made vacant by those who have fallen in battle, and helping to build up the industries of their own lands. As for the disabled and crippled, these cannot come to the United States because our immigration laws keep out all persons who are unable to earn a living. It is easy to see that this check in the tide of immigration may have a far-reaching influence on our national and industrial life. In the first place, our population will grow less rapidly than it has been growing. Then our labor system will be greatly disturbed. In the past, employers of certain classes of laborers have been accustomed to rely upon Europe for fresh supplies of workmen. What will these employers do if the supply is cut off for a considerable length of time? What effect will the scarcity of laborers have upon wages and upon the output of our mills and factories and mines? These will soon be serious questions unless the tide of immigration shall begin to flow strongly again.

THE BIG CROP OF 1915

ONE of the chief tasks of the Department of Agriculture at Washington is to gather information from all parts of the United States about the condition of growing crops. In August the department gave out the good news that the crop of 1915 would be the greatest ever raised in the entire history of the country. Last year at wheat-planting time the farmers foresaw that they would have to feed a large part of the world while Europe was at war, and they planted more acres in wheat than were ever planted before. They will be rewarded by the largest wheat crop that has ever been harvested. The Department of Agriculture tells us that our wheat crop this year will be nearly one billion bushels. This is about one hundred million bushels more than we raised last year. The corn crop of 1915 is estimated at 2,800,000,000 bushels, which is nearly 150,000,000 bushels more than last year. What is true of corn and wheat is true also of oats and potatoes and almost every other important prod-

uct of the farm; the outlook is for bumper crops all along the line. Much of the increase in grain products will come from the Southern States. The planters in the South were afraid that the war would close the markets of Europe to their cotton, so they planted fewer acres in cotton and a great many more acres in corn and wheat. This change may result in great good to the South, for it may teach the farmers of that section that it is not wise to put all their eggs in one basket and plant nothing but cotton. In some of the cotton States the farmers heretofore have not raised enough grain to feed their own people.

HEAVY TRADING

OUR trade with foreign countries is reported as being very heavy, in spite of the fact that some of the nations at war cannot buy our goods or sell their goods to us. During the twelve months ending June 30 we sold to foreign countries goods amounting to about \$2,768,000,000 and bought from foreign countries goods amounting to about \$1,674,000,000. Thus, while the nations of Europe have been at each other's throats, Uncle Sam has been making very large sums of money. He has put into his pocket about a billion dollars more than he has taken out. The trade-balance in our favor was far greater than any we have ever before enjoyed. Indeed, it was nearly half a billion dollars larger than the largest favorable trade-balance recorded in our history. Why was the balance so large? Because our imports were largely cut off by the war, and because we sent abroad vast quantities of food-stuffs and war-supplies. Our exports in food-stuffs alone amounted to nearly \$800,000,000. Most of this went to Europe, for America is feeding the soldiers, sending them clothes, and furnishing them with ammunition. It is probable that the trade-balance will become even greater if the war continues, for in August the orders were growing larger. Italy alone gave to two firms in New England orders for 1,000,000 pairs of blankets and 800,000 overcoats. Russia also is preparing for the winter's campaign and is buying heavily from the United States. In the meantime, gold to pay for all these goods is coming into the country by the hundreds of millions of dollars. It is said that our bankers have so much gold that they do not know what to do with it all. If the gold should continue to flow toward us as it has been doing, by the time the war ends, unless that time should come sooner than seems likely, we shall have the greater part of all the gold in the world.

THE LOST PRINCE

BY

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "The Secret Garden," "T. Tembarom," etc.

CHAPTER XXX

THE GAME IS AT AN END

So long as the history of Europe is written and read, the unparalleled story of the Rising of the Secret Party in Samavia will stand out as one of its most startling and romantic records. Every detail connected with the astonishing episode, from beginning to end, was romantic even when it was most productive of realistic results. When it is related, it always begins with the story of the tall and kingly Samavian youth who walked out of the palace in the early morning sunshine singing the herdsman's song of the beauty of old days. Then comes the outbreak of the ruined and revolting populace; then the legend of the morning on the mountain side, and the old shepherd coming out of his cave and finding the apparently dead body of the beautiful young hunter. Then the secret nursing in the cavern; then the jolting cart piled with sheepskins crossing the frontier, and ending its journey at the barred entrance of the monastery and leaving its mysterious burden behind. And then the bitter hate and struggle of dynasties, and the handful of shepherds and herdsman meeting in their cavern and binding themselves and their unborn sons and sons' sons by an oath never to be broken. Then the passing of generations and the slaughter of peoples and the changing of kings,—and always that oath remembered, and the Forgers of the Sword, at their secret work, hidden in forests and in caves. Then the strange story of the uncrowned kings who, wandering in other lands, lived and died in silence and seclusion, often laboring with their hands for their daily bread, but never forgetting that they must be kings, and ready,—even though Samavia never called. Perhaps the whole story would fill too many volumes to admit of its ever being told fully. But history makes clear the growing of the Secret Party,—though it seems almost to cease to be history, in spite of its efforts to be brief and speak only of dull facts, when it is forced to deal with the Bearing of the Sign by two mere boys, who, being blown as unremarked as any two grains of dust across Europe, lit the Lamp whose flame so flared up to the high heavens that as if from the earth itself there sprang forth Samavians by

the thousand thousand ready to feed it—Iarovitch and Maranovitch swept aside forever, and only Samavians remaining to cry aloud in ardent praise and worship of the God who had brought back to them their Lost Prince. The battle-cry of his name had ended every battle. Swords fell from hands because swords were not needed. The Iarovitch fled in terror and dismay; the Maranovitch were nowhere to be found. Between night and morning, as the newsboy had said, the standard of Ivor was raised and waved from palace and citadel alike. From mountain, forest and plain, from city, village and town, its followers flocked to swear allegiance; broken and wounded legions staggered along the roads to join and kneel to it; women and children followed, weeping with joy and chanting songs of praise. The Powers held out their sceptres to the lately prostrate and ignored country. Train-loads of food and supplies of all things needed began to cross the frontier; the aid of the nations was bestowed. Samavia, at peace to till its land, to raise its flocks, to mine its ores, would be able to pay all back. Samavia in past centuries had been rich enough to make great loans, and had stored such harvests as warring countries had been glad to call upon.

But the soul-stirring story of the crowning of the new King had been the wildest of all—the multitude of ecstatic people, famished, in rags, and many of them weak with wounds, kneeling at his feet, praying, as their one salvation and security, that he would go attended by them to their bombarded and broken cathedral, and at its high altar let the crown be placed upon his head, so that even those who perhaps must die of their past sufferings would at least have paid their poor homage to the King Ivor who would rule their children and bring back to Samavia her honor and her peace.

"Ivor! Ivor!" they chanted like a prayer,—
"Ivor! Ivor!" in their houses, by the roadside, in the streets.

"The story of the Coronation in the shattered Cathedral, whose roof had been torn to fragments by bombs," said an important London paper, "reads like a legend of the Middle Ages. But, upon the whole, there is in Samavia's national character something of the medieval, still."

LAZARUS, having bought and read in his top floor room every newspaper recording the details which had reached London, returned to report almost verbatim, standing erect before Marco, the eyes under his shaggy brows sometimes flaming with exultation, sometimes filled with a rush of tears. He could not be made to sit down. His whole big body seemed to have become rigid with magnificence. Meeting Mrs. Beedle in the passage, he strode by her with an air so thunderous that she turned and scuttled back to her cellar kitchen, almost falling down the stone steps in her nervous terror. In such a mood, he was not a person to face without something like awe.

In the middle of the night, The Rat suddenly spoke to Marco as if he knew that he was awake and would hear him.

"He has given all his life to Samavia!" he said. "When you traveled from country to country, and lived in holes and corners, it was because by doing it he could escape spies, and see the people who must be made to understand. No one else could have made them listen. An emperor would have begun to listen when he had seen his face and heard his voice. And he could be silent, and wait for the right time to speak. He could keep still when other men could not. He could keep his face still—and his hands—and his eyes. Now all Samavia knows what he has done, and that he has been the greatest patriot in the world. We both saw what Samavians were like that night in the cavern. They will go mad with joy when they see his face!"

"They have seen it now," said Marco, from his bed, in a low voice.

Then there was a long silence, though it was not quite silence because The Rat's breathing was so quick and hard.

"He—must have been at that coronation!" he said at last. "The King—what will the King do to—repay him?"

Marco did not answer. His breathing could be heard also. His mind was picturing that same coronation—the shattered, roofless cathedral, the ruins of the ancient and magnificent high altar, the multitude of kneeling, famine-scourged people, the battle-worn, wounded and bandaged soldiery! And the King! And his father! Where had his father stood when the King was crowned? Surely, he had stood at the King's right hand, and the people had adored and acclaimed them equally!

"King Ivor!" he murmured as if he were in a dream. "King Ivor!"

The Rat started up on his elbow.

"You will see him!" he cried out. "He 's not a

dream any longer. The Game is not a game now—and it is ended—it is won! It was real—he was real! Marco, I don't believe you hear."

"Yes, I do," answered Marco, "but it is almost more a dream than when it was one."

"The greatest patriot in the world is like a king himself!" raved The Rat. "If there is no bigger honor to give him, he will be made a prince—and Commander-in-Chief—and Prime Minister! Can't you hear those Samavians shouting, and singing, and praying? You 'll see it all! Do you remember the mountain-climber who was going to save the shoes he made for the Bearer of the Sign? He said a great day might come when he could show them to the people. It 's come! He 'll show them! I know how they 'll take it!" His voice suddenly dropped—as if it dropped into a pit. "You 'll see it all. But I shall not."

Then Marco awoke from his dream and lifted his head. "Why not?" he demanded. It sounded like a demand.

"Because I know better than to expect it!" The Rat groaned. "You 've taken me a long way, but you can't take me to the palace of a king. I 'm not such a fool as to think that, even if your father—"

He broke off because Marco did more than lift his head. He sat upright.

"You bore the Sign as much as I did," he said. "We bore it together."

"Who would have listened to *me*?" cried The Rat. "*You* were the son of Stefan Loristan."

"You were the friend of his son," answered Marco. "You went at the command of Stefan Loristan. You were the *army* of the son of Stefan Loristan. That I have told you. Where I go, you will go. We will say no more of this—not one word."

And he lay down again in the silence of a prince of the blood. And The Rat knew that he meant what he said, and that Stefan Loristan also would mean it. And because he was a boy, he began to wonder what Mrs. Beedle would do when she heard what had happened—what had been happening all the time. The tall, shabby "foreigner" had lived in her dingy back sitting-room, and been closely watched lest he should go away without paying rent, as shabby foreigners sometimes did. The Rat saw himself managing to poise himself very erect on his crutches while he told her that the shabby foreigner was—well, was at least the friend of a King, and had given him his crown—and would be made a prince and a Commander-in-Chief—and a Prime Minister—because there was no higher rank or honor to give him. And his son—whom she had insulted

—was Samavia's idol because he had borne the Sign. And also that if she were in Samavia, and Marco chose to do it, he could batter her wretched lodging-house to the ground and put her in a prison—"and serve her jolly well right!"

The next day passed, and the next; and then there came a letter. It was from Loristan, and Marco turned pale when Lazarus handed it to him. Lazarus and The Rat went out of the room at once, and left him to read it alone. It was evidently not a long letter, because it was not many minutes before Marco called them again into the room.

"In a few days, messengers—friends of my father—will come to take us to Samavia. You and I and Lazarus are to go," he said to The Rat.

"The hour has come!" said Lazarus. "It has come!"

Before the messengers arrived, it was the end of the week. Lazarus had packed their few belongings, and on Saturday Mrs. Beedle was to be seen hovering at the top of the cellar steps, when Marco and The Rat left the back sitting-room to go out.

"You need n't glare at me!" she said to Lazarus, who stood glowering at the door which he had opened for them. "Young Master Loristan, I want to know if you've heard when your father is coming back?"

"He will not come back," said Marco.

"He won't, won't he? Well, how about next week's rent?" said Mrs. Beedle. "Your man's been packing up, I notice. He's not got much to carry away, but it won't pass through that front door until I've got what's owing me. People that can pack easy think they can get away easy, and they'll bear watching. The week's up to-day."

Lazarus wheeled and faced her with a furious gesture. "Get back to your cellar, woman," he commanded. "Get back under ground and stay there. Look at what is stopping before your miserable gate."

A carriage was stopping—a very perfect carriage of dark brown. The coachman and footman wore dark brown and gold liveries, and the footman had leaped down and opened the door with respectful alacrity.

"They are friends of the Master's come to pay their respects to his son," said Lazarus. "Are their eyes to be offended by the sight of you?"

"Your money is safe," said Marco. "You had better leave us."

Mrs. Beedle gave a sharp glance at the two gentlemen who had entered the broken gate. They were of an order which did not belong to Philibert Place. They looked as if the carriage

and the dark brown and gold liveries were everyday affairs to them.

"At all events, they're two grown men, and not two boys without a penny," she said. "If they're your father's friends, they'll tell me whether my rent's safe or not."

The two visitors were upon the threshold. They were both men of a certain self-contained dignity of type; and when Lazarus opened wide the door, they stepped into the shabby entrance hall as if they did not see it. They looked past its dinginess, and past Lazarus, and The Rat, and Mrs. Beedle—*through* them, as it were,—at Marco.

He advanced towards them at once.

"You come from my father!" he said, and gave his hand to the elder man, then to the younger.

"Yes, we come from your father. I am Baron Rastka—this is the Count Vorversk," said the elder man, bowing.

"If they're barons, and counts, and friends of your father's, they are well-to-do enough to be responsible for you," said Mrs. Beedle, rather fiercely, because she was somewhat over-awed and resented the fact. "It's a matter of next week's rent, gentlemen. I want to know where it's coming from."

The elder man looked at her with one swift, cold glance. He did not speak to her, but to Lazarus. "What is she doing here?" he demanded.

Marco answered him. "She is afraid we cannot pay our rent," he said. "It is of great importance to her that she should be sure."

"Take her away," said the gentleman to Lazarus. He did not even glance at her. He drew something from his coat-pocket and handed it to the old soldier. "Take her away," he repeated. And because it seemed as if she were not any longer a person at all, Mrs. Beedle actually shuffled down the passage to the cellar kitchen steps.

Lazarus did not leave her until he too had descended into the cellar kitchen, where he stood and towered above her like an infuriated giant.

"To-morrow he will be on his way to Samavia, miserable woman!" he said. "Before he goes, it would be well for you to implore his pardon."

But Mrs. Beedle's point of view was not his. She had recovered some of her breath.

"I don't know where Samavia is," she raged, as she struggled to set her dusty, black cap straight. "I'll warrant it's one of these little foreign countries you can scarcely see on the map—and not a decent English town in it! He can go as soon as he likes, so long as he pays his rent before he does it. Samavia, indeed! You talk as if he was Buckingham Palace!"

CHAPTER XXXI

"THE SON OF STEFAN LORISTAN"

WHEN a party composed of two boys attended by a big soldierly man-servant and accompanied by two distinguished-looking, elderly men, of a marked foreign type, appeared on the platform of Charing Cross Station they attracted a good deal of attention. In fact, the good looks and strong, well-carried body of the handsome lad with the thick black hair would have caused eyes to turn towards him even if he had not seemed to be regarded as so special a charge by those who were with him. But in a country where people are accustomed to seeing a certain manner and certain forms observed in the case of persons—however young—who are set apart by the fortune of rank and distinction, and where the populace also rather enjoys the sight of such demeanor, it was inevitable that more than one quick-sighted looker-on should comment on the fact that this was not an ordinary group.

"See that fine, big lad over there!" said a workman, whose head, with a pipe in its mouth, stuck out of a third-class smoking-carriage window. "He 's some sort of a young swell, I 'll lay a shillin'! Take a look at him," to his mate inside.

The mate took a look. The pair were of the decent, polytechnic-educated type, and were shrewd at observation.

"Yes, he 's some sort of young swell," he summed him up. "But he 's not English by a long chalk. He must be a young Turk, or Russian, sent over to be educated. His suite looks like it. All but the ferret-faced chap on crutches. Wonder what he is?"

A good-natured-looking guard was passing, and the first man hailed him.

"Have we got any swells traveling with us this morning?" he asked, jerking his head towards the group. "That looks like it. Any one leaving Windsor or Sandringham to cross from Dover to-day?"

The man looked at the group curiously for a moment and then shook his head.

"They do look like something or other," he answered, "but no one knows anything about them. Everybody 's safe in Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House this week. No one either going or coming."

No observer, it is true, could have mistaken Lazarus for an ordinary attendant escorting an ordinary charge. If silence had not still been strictly the order, he could not have restrained himself. As it was, he bore himself like a grenadier, and stood by Marco as if across his dead body alone could any one approach the lad.

"Until we reach Melzarr," he had said with passion to the two gentlemen, "—until I can stand before my Master and behold him embrace his son—*behold* him—I implore that I may not lose sight of him night or day. On my knees I implore that I may travel, armed, at his side. I am but his servant, and have no right to occupy a place in the same carriage. But put me anywhere. I will be deaf, dumb, blind to all but himself. Only permit me to be near enough to give my life if it is needed. Let me say to my Master 'I never left him.'"

"We will find a place for you," the elder man said. "And if you are so anxious, you may sleep across his threshold when we spend the night at a hotel."

"I will not sleep!" said Lazarus. "I will watch. Suppose there should be demons of Maranovitch loose and infuriated in Europe? Who knows!"

"The Maranovitch and Iarovitch who have not already sworn allegiance to King Ivor are dead on battlefields. The remainder are now Fedorovitch and praising God for their King," was the answer Baron Rastka made him.

But Lazarus kept his guard unbroken. When he occupied the next compartment to the one in which Marco traveled, he stood in the corridor throughout the journey. When they descended at any point to change trains, he followed close at the boy's heels, his fierce eyes on every side at once and his hand on the weapon hidden in his broad leather belt. When they stopped to rest in some city, he planted himself on a chair by the bedroom door of his charge, and if he slept he was not aware that nature had betrayed him into doing so.

If the journey made by the young Bearers of the Sign had been a strange one, this was strange by its very contrast. Throughout that pilgrimage, two uncared-for waifs in worn clothes had traveled from one place to another, sometimes in third- or fourth-class continental railroad-carriages, sometimes in jolting diligences, sometimes in peasants' carts, sometimes on foot by side roads, and mountain paths, and forest ways. Now, two well-dressed boys in the charge of two men of the class whose orders are obeyed, journeyed in compartments reserved for them, their traveling appurtenances supplying every comfort that luxury could provide.

The Rat had not known that there were people who traveled in such a manner; that wants could be so perfectly foreseen; that railroad officials, porters at stations, the staff of restaurants, could be by magic transformed into active and eager servants. To lean against the upholstered back of a railway-carriage and in luxurious ease look

through the window at passing beauties, and then to find books at your elbow and excellent meals appearing at regular hours, these unknown perfections made it necessary for him at times to pull himself together and give all his energies to

to encircle him with a rampart. Without any air of subservience, they constituted themselves his attendants. His comfort, his pleasure, even his entertainment were their private care. The Rat felt sure they intended that, if possible, he



"THEY ARE SHOUTING TO US IN SAMAVIAN 'THE BEARERS OF THE SIGN!'" (SEE PAGE 1079.)

believing that he was quite awake. Awake he was, and with much on his mind to "work out,"—so much, indeed, that on the first day of the journey he had decided to give up the struggle, and wait until fate made clear to him such things as he was to be allowed to understand of the mystery of Stefan Loristan.

What he realized most clearly was that the fact that the son of Stefan Loristan was being escorted in private state to the country his father had given his life's work to, was never for a moment forgotten. The Baron Rastka and Count Vorversk were of the dignity and courteous reserve which marks men of distinction. Marco was not a mere boy to them, he was the son of Stefan Loristan; and they were Samavians. They watched over him, not as Lazarus did, but with a gravity and forethought which somehow seemed

should enjoy his journey, and that he should not be fatigued by it. They conversed with him as The Rat had not known that men ever conversed with boys,—until he had met Loristan. It was plain that they knew what he would be most interested in, and that they were aware he was as familiar with the history of Samavia as they were themselves. When he showed a disposition to hear of events which had occurred, they were as prompt to follow his lead as they would have been to follow the lead of a man. That, The Rat argued with himself, was because Marco had lived so intimately with his father that his life had been more like a man's than a boy's and had trained him in mature thinking. He was very quiet during the journey, and The Rat knew he was thinking all the time.

The night before they reached Melzarr, they

slept at a town some hours distant from the capital. They arrived at midnight and went to a quiet hotel.

"To-morrow," said Marco, when The Rat left him for the night, "to-morrow we shall see him! God be thanked!"

"God be thanked!" said The Rat, also. And each saluted the other before they parted.

In the morning, Lazarus came into the bedroom with an air so solemn that it seemed as if the garments he carried in his hands were part of some religious ceremony.

"I am at your command, Sir," he said. "And I bring you your uniform."

He carried, in fact, a richly-decorated Samavian uniform, and the first thing Marco had seen when he entered was that Lazarus himself was in uniform also. His was the uniform of an officer of the King's Body-guard.

"The—Master," he said, "asks that you wear this on your entrance into Melzarr. I have a uniform, also, for your Aide-de-Camp."

When Rastka and Vorversk appeared, they were in uniform also. It was a uniform which had a touch of the Orient in its picturesque splendor. A short fur-bordered mantle hung by a jeweled chain from the shoulders, and there was magnificent embroidery of color and gold.

"Sir, we must drive quickly to the station," Baron Rastka said to Marco. "These people are excitable and patriotic, and His Majesty wishes us to remain incognito, and avoid all chance of public demonstration until we reach the capital." They passed rather hurriedly through the hotel to the carriage which awaited them. The Rat saw that something unusual was happening in the place. Servants were skurrying round corners, and guests were coming out of their rooms and even hanging over the balustrades.

As Marco got into his carriage, he caught sight of a boy about his own age who was peeping from behind a bush. Suddenly he darted away, and they all saw him tearing down the street towards the station as fast as his legs would carry him.

But the horses were faster than he was. The party reached the station, and was escorted quickly to its place in a special saloon-carriage which awaited them. As the train made its way out of the station, Marco saw the boy who had run before them rush on to the platform, waving his arms and shouting something with wild delight. The people who were standing about turned to look at him, and the next instant they had all torn off their caps and thrown them up in the air and were shouting also. But it was not possible to hear what they said.

"We are only just in time," said Vorversk, and Baron Rastka nodded.

The train went swiftly, and stopped only once before they reached Melzarr. This was at a small station, on the platform of which stood peasants with big baskets of garlanded flowers and evergreens. They put them on the train, and soon both Marco and The Rat saw that something unusual was taking place. At one time, a man standing on the narrow outside platform of the carriage was plainly seen to be securing garlands and handing up flags to men who worked on the roof.

"They are doing something with Samavian flags and a lot of flowers and green things!" cried The Rat, in excitement.

"Sir, they are decorating the outside of the carriage," Vorversk said. "The villagers on the line obtained permission from His Majesty. The son of Stefan Loristan could not be allowed to pass their homes without their doing homage."

"I understand," said Marco, his heart thumping hard against his uniform. "It is for my father's sake."

At last, embowered, garlanded, and hung with waving banners, the train drew in at the chief station at Melzarr.

"Sir," said Rastka, as they were entering, "will you stand up that the people may see you? Those on the outskirts of the crowd will have the merest glimpse, but they will never forget."

Marco stood up. The others grouped themselves behind him. There arose a roar of voices, which ended almost in a shriek of joy which was like the shriek of a tempest. Then there burst forth the blare of brazen instruments playing the National Hymn of Samavia, and mad voices joined in it.

If Marco had not been a strong boy, and long trained in self-control, what he saw and heard might have been almost too much to be borne. When the train had come to a full stop, and the door was thrown open, even Rastka's dignified voice was unsteady as he said: "Sir, lead the way. It is for us to follow."

And Marco, erect in the doorway, stood for a moment, looking out upon the roaring, acclaiming, weeping, singing and swaying multitude—and saluted just as he had saluted The Squad, looking just as much a boy, just as much a man, just as much a thrilling young human being.

Then, at the sight of him standing so, it seemed as if the crowd went mad—as the Forgers of the Sword had seemed to go mad, on the night in the cavern. The tumult rose and rose, the crowd rocked, and leapt, and, in its frenzy of emotion, threatened to crush itself to death. But for the

lines of soldiers, there would have seemed no chance for any one to pass through it alive.

"I am the son of Stefan Loristan," Marco said to himself, in order to hold himself steady.

Afterward, he was moving through the line of guarding soldiers to the entrance, where two open state-carriages stood; and there, outside, waited even a huger and more frenzied crowd than that left behind. He saluted there again, and again, and again, on all sides. It was what they had seen the Emperor do in Vienna. He was not an emperor, but he was the son of Stefan Loristan who had brought back the King.

"You must salute, too," he said to The Rat, when they got into the state carriage. "Perhaps my father has told them. It seems as if they knew you."

The Rat had been placed beside him on the carriage seat. He was inwardly shuddering with a rapture of exultation which was almost anguish. The people were looking at him—shouting at him—surely it seemed like it when he looked at the faces nearest in the crowd. Perhaps Loristan—

"Listen!" said Marco suddenly, as the carriage rolled on its way. "They are shouting to us in Samavian 'The Bearers of the Sign!' That is what they are saying now. 'The Bearers of the Sign!'"

They were being taken to the palace. That Baron Rastka and Count Vorversk had explained in the train. His Majesty wished to receive them. Stefan Loristan was there also.

The city had once been noble and majestic. It was somewhat Oriental, as its uniforms and national costumes were. There were domed and pillared structures of white stone and marble, there were great arches, and city gates, and churches. But many of them were half in ruins through war, and neglect, and decay. They passed the half-unroofed cathedral, standing in the sunshine in its great square, still in all its disaster one of the most beautiful structures in Europe. In the exultant crowd were still to be seen haggard faces, men with bandaged limbs and heads or hobbling on sticks and crutches. The richly-colored native costumes were most of them worn to rags. But their wearers had the faces of creatures plucked from despair to be lifted to heaven.

"Ivor! Ivor!" they cried; "Ivor! Ivor!" and sobbed with rapture.

The palace was as wonderful in its way as the white cathedral. The immensely wide steps of marble were guarded by soldiers. The huge square in which it stood was filled with people whom the soldiers held in check.

"I am his son," Marco said to himself as he descended from the state-carriage and began to walk up the steps which seemed so enormously wide that they appeared almost like a street. Up he mounted, step by step, The Rat following him. And as he turned from side to side, to salute those who made deep obeisance as he passed, he began to realize that he had seen their faces before.

"These who are guarding the steps," he said quickly under his breath to The Rat, "are the Forgers of the Sword!"

There were rich uniforms everywhere when he entered the palace, and people who bowed almost to the ground as he passed. He was very young to be confronted with such an adoring adulation and royal ceremony; but he hoped it would not last too long, and that after he had knelt to the King and kissed his hands, he would see his father and hear his voice. Just to hear his voice again, and feel his hand on his shoulder!

Through the vaulted corridors, to the wide-opened doors of a magnificent room he was led at last. The end of it seemed a long way off as he entered. There were many richly-dressed people who stood in line as he passed up toward the canopied dais. He felt that he had grown pale with the strain of excitement, and he had begun to feel that he must be walking in a dream, as on each side people bowed low and curtsied to the ground.

He realized vaguely that the King himself was standing, with his suite about him, awaiting his approach. But as he advanced, each step bearing him nearer to the throne, the light and color about him, the strangeness and magnificence, the wildly joyous acclamation of the populace outside the palace, made him feel rather dazzled, and he did not clearly see any one single face or thing.

"His Majesty awaits you," said a voice behind him which seemed to be Baron Rastka's. "Are you faint, sir? You look pale."

He drew himself together, and lifted his eyes. For one full moment, after he had so lifted them, he stood quite still and straight, looking into the deep beauty of the royal face. Then he knelt and kissed the hands held out to him—kissed them both with a passion of boy love and worship.

The King had the eyes he had longed to see—the King's hands were those he had longed to feel again upon his shoulder—the King was his father! the "Stefan Loristan" who had been the last of those who had waited and labored for Samavia through five hundred years, and who

had lived and died kings, though none of them till now had worn a crown! His father was the King!

It was not in that night, nor the next, nor for many nights that the telling of the story was completed. The people knew that their King and his son were rarely separated from each other; that the Prince's suite of apartments were connected by a private passage with his father's. The two were bound together by an affection of singular strength and meaning, and their love for their people added to their feeling for each other. In the history of what their past had been, there was a romance which swelled the emotional Samavian heart to bursting. By mountain fires, in huts, under the stars, in fields and in forests, all that was known of their story was told and retold a thousand times, with sobs of joy and prayer breaking in upon the tale.

But none knew it as it was told in a certain quiet but stately room in the palace, where the man once known only as "Stefan Loristan," but whom history would call the first King Ivor of Samavia, told his share of it to the boy whom Samavians had a strange and superstitious worship for, because he seemed so surely their Lost Prince restored in body and soul—almost the kingly lad in the ancient portrait—some of them half believed when he stood in the sunshine, with the halo about his head.

It was a wonderful and intense story, that of the long wanderings and the close hiding of the dangerous secret. Among all those who had known that a man who was an impassioned patriot was laboring for Samavia, and using all the power of a great mind and the delicate ingenuity of a great genius to gain friends and favor for his unhappy country, there had been but one who had known that Stefan Loristan had a claim to the Samavian throne. He had made no demand, he had sought—not a crown—but the final freedom of the nation for which his love had been a religion.

"Not the crown," he said to the two young Bearers of the Sign as they sat at his feet like schoolboys—"not a throne. 'The Life of my life—for Samavia.' That was what I worked for—what we have all worked for. If there had risen a wiser man in Samavia's time of need, it would not have been for me to remind them of their Lost Prince. I could have stood aside. But no man arose. The crucial moment came—and the one man who knew the secret revealed it. Then,—Samavia called, and I answered."

He put his hand on the thick, black hair of his boy's head.

"There was a thing we never spoke of together," he said. "I believed always that your mother died of her bitter fears for me and the unending strain of them. She was very young and loving, and knew that there was no day when we parted that we were sure of seeing each other alive again. When she died, she begged me to promise that your boyhood and youth should not be burdened by the knowledge she had found it so terrible to bear. I should have kept the secret from you, even if she had not so implored me. I had never meant that you should know the truth until you were a man. If I had died, a certain document would have been sent to you which would have left my task in your hands and made my plans clear. You would have known then that you also were a Prince Ivor, who must take up his country's burden and be ready when Samavia called. I tried to help you to train yourself for any task. You never failed me."

"Your Majesty," said The Rat, "I began to work it out, and think it must be true that night when we were with the old woman on the top of the mountain. It was the way she looked at—at His Highness."

"Say 'Marco,'" threw in Prince Ivor. "It 's easier. He was my army, Father."

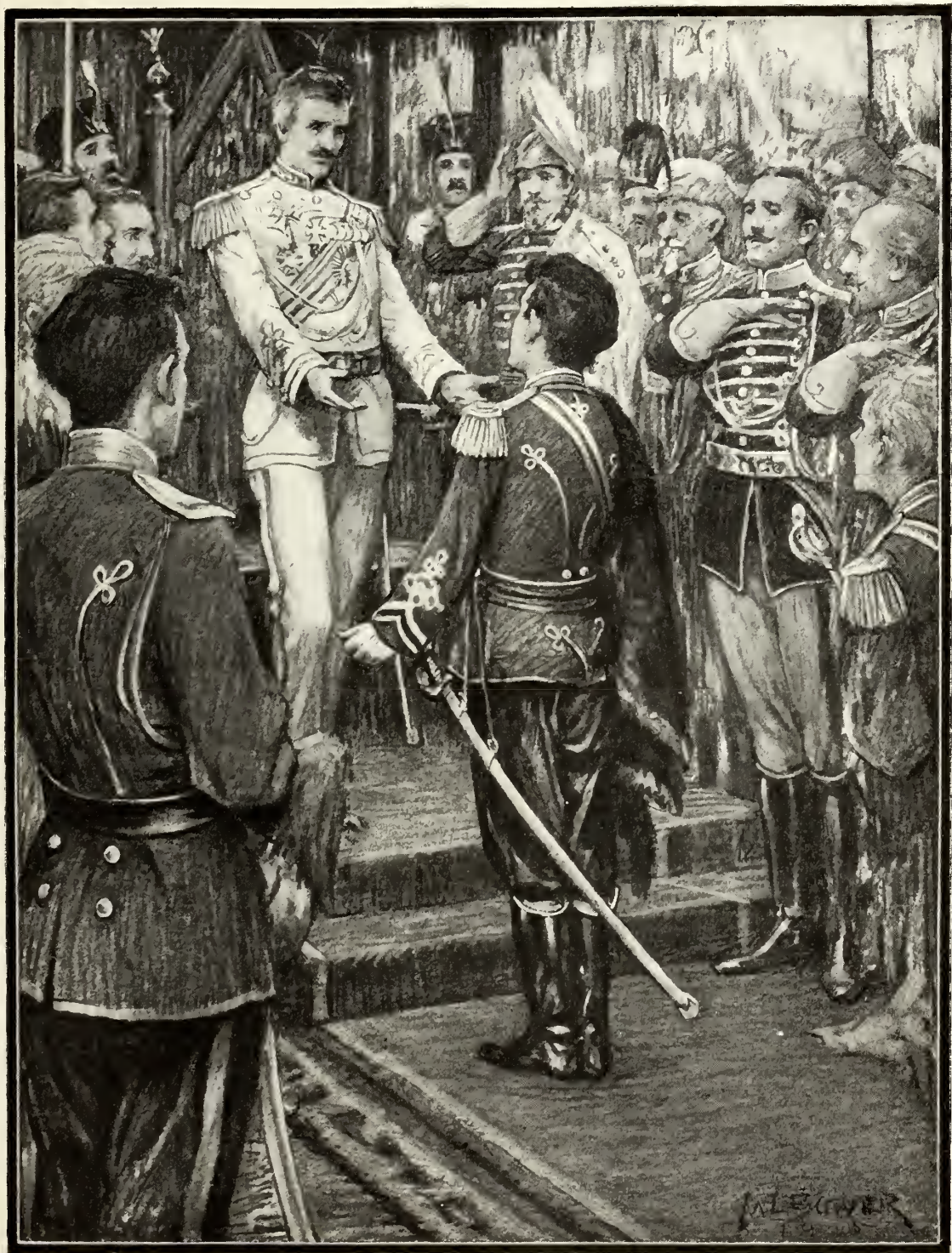
Stefan Loristan's grave eyes melted.

"Say 'Marco,'" he said. "You were his army—and more,—when we both needed one. It was you who invented The Game!"

"Thanks, Your Majesty," said The Rat reddening scarlet. "It 's a great, great honor! But he would never let me wait on him when we were traveling. He said we were nothing but two boys. I suppose that 's why it 's hard to remember, at first. But my mind went on working until sometimes I was afraid I might let something out at the wrong time. When we went down into the cavern, and I saw the Forgers of the Sword go mad over him—I *knew* it must be true. But I did n't dare speak. I knew you meant us to wait; so I waited."

"You are a faithful friend," said the King, "and you have always obeyed orders!"

A great moon was sailing in the sky that night—just such a moon as had sailed among the torn rifts of storm clouds when the Prince at Vienna had come out upon the balcony and the boyish voice had startled him from the darkness of the garden below. The clearer light of this night's splendor drew them out on a balcony also—a broad balcony of white marble which looked like snow. The pure radiance fell upon all they saw spread before them—the lovely but half-ruined city, the great palace square with its broken statues and arches, the splendid ghost of



"HIS FATHER WAS THE KING!"

the unroofed cathedral whose High Altar was bare to the sky.

They stood and looked at it. There was a stillness in which all the world might have ceased breathing.

"What next?" said Prince Ivor, at last, speaking quietly and low. "What next, Father?"

"Great things which will come, one by one," said the King, "if we hold ourselves ready."

Prince Ivor turned his face from the lovely, white, broken city, and put his brown hand on his father's arm.

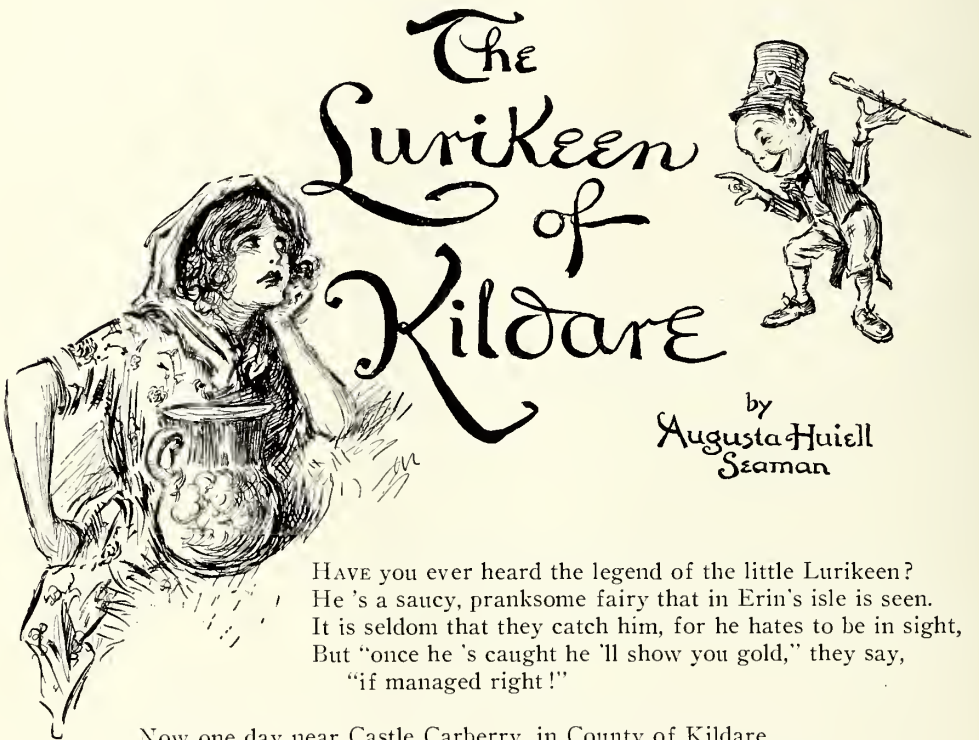
"Upon the Ledge that night, Father," he said.

"You remember?" The King was looking far away, but he bent his head.

"Yes. That will come, too," he said. "Can you repeat it?"

"Yes," said Ivor. "And so can the Aide-de-Camp. We've said it a hundred times. We believe it's true. 'If the descendant of the Lost Prince is brought back to rule in Samavia, he will teach his people the Law of the One, from his throne. He will teach his son, and that son will teach his son, and he will teach his. And through such as these, the whole world will learn the Order and the Law.'"

THE END.



HAVE you ever heard the legend of the little Lurikeen? He's a saucy, pranksome fairy that in Erin's isle is seen. It is seldom that they catch him, for he hates to be in sight, But "once he's caught he'll show you gold," they say, "if managed right!"

Now one day near Castle Carberry, in County of Kildare,
Pretty Molly of the bright, black eyes and dusky, curling hair,
With a pitcher on her shoulder sauntered slowly to the well,
When she saw the little Lurikeen within a shady dell.

He was seated with his back to her, beneath an old thorn-tree,
And he hummed an Irish ballad while, as busy as a bee,
He was working like a shoemaker upon a tiny brogue
Only large enough to fit the foot of some wee fairy rogue.

Molly had her wits about her, and she seized him by the neck,
And by all his screams and struggling she was troubled not a speck.
When he saw her so determined, he began to be polite:—
"Mistress Molly, if you'll put me down, I'll see you're treated right!"



"HE WAS WORKING LIKE
A SHOEMAKER."

"Now indeed!" she cried, "don't think it, for I'll never let you go,
Nor will take my eye or hand from you, till you agree to show
Where I can discover gold enough to buy a dress of green,
And some shoes with silver buckles on,—you saucy Lurikeen!"

Then the Lurikeen made answer: "If you'll only set me free,
I will turn my pockets inside out, and search my bench and see
If I've anywhere about me a few coins to give to you!"
But young Molly was too keen for him, and all his wiles she knew.

"Sure, I'll never take my hands off you, nor will I move my eyes,
Till you've shown me the location where the golden treasure lies!"
Then said he: "'Neath Castle Carberry a pot of gold we'll find.
Put me down and let me walk ahead, and you may walk behind.

"It is such a trifling distance,—you can see the spot from here!"

Pretty Molly almost turned her head, and thus came very near

To allowing little Lurikeen to slip from out her clutch.

"Hush! I'll carry you, you spalpeen, for you've talked a deal too much!"

Over hill and dale they clambered, and now Molly was amazed

That the Lurikeen seemed happy, laughed, and joked, and even praised

How she kept him in her clutches, flattered her with compliment,

Even while she eyed him keenly with a gaze fixed and intent.



"MOLLY SEIZED HIM BY THE NECK."

Then, just as they reached the hilltop, suddenly the Lurikeen

Gave a shriek that was ear-piercing, out of Molly's arms did lean—

"Murder! Murder! Oh, disaster! Castle Carberry's in flame!"

Molly, startled, looked toward it!—Who could say she was to blame?

But, alas! that very moment when she turned her eyes away,
 In her arms the weight grew lighter, where the wily fairy lay.
 And before her gaze turned backward, Molly knew, to her despair,
 That the Lurikeen had vanished—faded into thinnest air!



"MOLLY KNEW, TO HER DESPAIR, THAT THE
 LURIKEEN HAD VANISHED."

Now remember, when in Ireland, should you catch a Lurikeen,
 And would make him find you treasure, that as long as he is *seen*
 And your eye is *fixed* upon him, he your wishes must obey;
 But the moment you cease *looking*, he will surely slip away!



NATIONAL STARS OF THE GRIDIRON

BY PARKE H. DAVIS

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



VIRGINIA VS. NORTH CAROLINA. RICHMOND, NOV. 27, 1914.

E. N. Mayer carrying the ball for Virginia. In this game, Mayer, who is the greatest point-scoring player in the country, scored all of Virginia's 20 points, defeating North Carolina by 20 points to 3.

WHEN September arrives, a mighty army of football players on school and college teams, approximating the astonishing total of 152,000 men, begin to overhaul their togs and equipment, preparatory to joining their squads and "trying for the team." Followers of the sport are familiar with the stars of the game in their own locality, and they also are acquainted with the great figures of the gridiron whom a fortunate location or some spectacular play has surrounded with a national fame. Hidden here and there, however, among these 152,000 players, north, south, east, and west, are many players whose power and prowess entitle them to be classed in the most exclusive selection of stars that the entire country can present—and yet fate as well as fame unluckily has overlooked them.

ST. NICHOLAS, therefore, undertakes to introduce to its readers the greatest football players of the entire United States, from every section, limiting its selections, of course, to the players who will play this autumn. A national view of the celebrities of the gridiron can hardly fail to add to the pleasure of each reader in the season's sport.

There is much to surprise as well as interest the football enthusiast who for the first time participates in a national survey of this kind. For he will not, as is commonly believed, find

the great stars of the game concentrated in the leading university elevens of the East and Middle West, but he will find them distributed among the colleges of the entire land, the small institutions sharing in their possession equally with the large. He will not, as also is generally believed, find in these national stars exclusive products of the great private preparatory schools of the country, for we shall see that the majority of these great players, far and away, have been trained on the playgrounds of the nation's public high schools. Almost all of these football celebrities, moreover, are versatile athletes, having achieved distinction in two or three branches of sport outside of football. Again, nearly all of these men will be found to be seniors, playing their last year of intercollegiate football, and nearly all of them are, this fall, captains of their elevens.

THE GREATEST PUNTERS

To winnow the greatest players from this army of 152,000 men requires a systematic plan of procedure. Since football is football, let us first marshal into array the longest punters that the United States contain. We shall be aided in accurately selecting these men, as well as the representatives of other classifications which will follow, by the modern methods of coaches, who

keep precise and accurate data recording the feats of their men. Hence it is possible for us to give with the names of these extraordinary punters the length of the longest kick achieved



HARRY W. LE GORE (YALE).

One of the longest-punting, swiftest-running backs in the annals of the game.

by each, and their respective punting averages made in match games. Such a tabulation, arranged in the order of punting power, therefore, would read as follows:

	Longest Punt	Average
F. B. Kelly, Lafayette...	75 yards	55 yards
E. A. Curtis, Dartmouth.	70 "	55 "
Charles Barrett, Cornell.	70 "	55 "
Harry W. Le Gore, Yale.	68 "	55 "
E. H. Driggs, Princeton.	68 "	55 "
H. P. Tallman, Rutgers..	70 "	52 "
C. F. Wymard, Fordham.	68 "	50 "
W. S. Smith, W. and L...	68 "	50 "
F. B. Macomber, Illinois.	65 "	50 "
Cedric Miller, Washington	65 "	50 "
M. E. Wilkinson, Syracuse	65 "	45 "
A. H. Lindsay, Kansas..	60 "	45 "

To appreciate the magnitude of the above average performances, one need only be told that the punting average in a major game is seldom more than 38 yards. The length of a kicker's punts, of course, is dependent to some extent upon the

force of the opponents' charge. Hence the high average of Harry W. Le Gore of Yale and of E. H. Driggs of Princeton is especially notable. Le Gore's average represents eleven punts against Princeton, and Driggs's average is based upon thirteen punts against Dartmouth.

F. B. Kelly of Lafayette who heads the list is of the familiar tall, rangy, line-man type, who, having mastered the art of punting, has become a premier punter because of the great physique with which nature has endowed him. Charles Barrett, captain of Cornell, and a player who will appear often in this record, is a product of the University School of Cleveland, Ohio, where he learned his elementary football under John H. Rush, now head coach of Princeton. Harry Le Gore is fulfilling at Yale the great promise he showed when a school-boy at Mercersburg Academy, where he was famed in football, baseball, basket-ball, tennis, and track sports. Edgar A. Curtis, half-back at Dartmouth, began his athletic career as a football and baseball player in the high school at Portland, Maine. After leaving there, he spent a year at Exeter and then three



EDGAR A. CURTIS (DARTMOUTH).

A famous long-distance punter. Maximum 70 yards, average punt 55 yards.

years at Hebron Academy. To his football prowess at Dartmouth he also adds the distinction of being Dartmouth's baseball pitcher.

The remaining players whose names appear above will be more fully introduced later, when mentioned again in connection with other branches of the game in which they have won even greater distinction than in punting.

THE FIELD-GOAL MEN

FROM punting we naturally pass to drop- and place-kicking, and this brings us to that highly



F. B. KELLY (LAFAYETTE).
The greatest distance-punter in the United States. Maximum 75 yards; average 55 yards



CHAS. BARRETT (CORNELL).
Quarter-back and captain. A remarkable drop-kicker, punter, running back, and all-round player.



E. H. DRIGGS (PRINCETON).
One of the best kickers against a strong opponent's charge. Among the leaders in high average.



H. P. TALLMAN (RUTGERS).
A versatile football giant, line-man, back, punter, and goal-kicker.

interesting galaxy of football stars, the field-goal men. Fame in kicking goals from the field is

achieved in three different ways: some players become famous because of the large number of



F. B. MACOMBER (ILLINOIS).
Half-back, expert drop-kicker, and principal point-scorer on the champion eleven of the Middle West.



RICHARD HARVEY (VA. POLY. INST.).
The South's foremost drop-kicker, and one of the most formidable in the United States.



S. L. COFALL (NOTRE DAME).
One of the greatest drop-kickers in the United States. Has kicked a goal from the 52-yard mark.



J. J. DOWDLE (MT. ST. MARY'S).
The greatest distance place-kicker in the United States. Punts and place-kicks at 50 yards.

goals which they kick during a season; others become celebrated because of a single goal kicked

Measured by one or all of these standards, W. C. Cahall of Lehigh is entitled to be designated as the foremost field-goal man who will tread the gridiron this fall. His name will ring familiarly in southern ears, for he is the same brilliant drop-kicker who, three years ago while a half-back at Mississippi, left in his wake a trail of dazzling goals from the field. Originally, however, Cahall was a northern boy, having begun as a Germantown Academy player, at Philadelphia. Last fall he led all of the field-goal men of the country in the total number of goals scored. These were ten, kicked from varying distances and angles, against powerful teams, and all from drop-kicks.

Tied for the second position, on past performances, are C. E. Hastings of Pittsburgh and F. B. Macomber of Illinois. The former is a drop-kicker while the latter kicks his goals from placement. Each of these men in 1914 scored six goals from the field. Both are half-backs, both are all-round athletes, prominent in other branches of sport, and both have come up from high school playgrounds.

Still another drop-kicker who in a singular way invites our attention is Richard Harvey of Virginia Polytechnic Institute. Harvey is only eighteen years of age and weighs only 125 pounds. He should not be, therefore, a formidable college player; but he is, nevertheless. Patience, pluck, and practice have given him what nature denied him, and to-day he is one of the most feared drop-kickers in the United States. He is a specialist, and his place primarily is on the bench; but just as soon as his team swings within scoring distance of the cross-bar, up from the bench leaps this slight lad, takes his position at full-back and awaits



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CHARLES F. WYMARD (FORDHAM).

The most accurate goal-kicker in America and a punter capable of covering 70 yards. In 40 tries for goal following touch-downs, in his three years at Fordham, Wymard has missed only a single goal.

from an extraordinary distance or difficult angle; and the third class comprises those who loom large in the history of the sport by reason of a solitary goal, often easy in itself, but kicked in



W. C. CAHALL (LEHIGH).

Leading drop-kicker and field-goal scorer of the United States.

the crisis of a great battle and when it has carried with it the victory in the contest.



L. L. SPLAWN (MICHIGAN).

Full-back. A sensational punter and field-goal man who kicked four goals for Michigan in 1914, one of which was the sole score in a close game, Michigan vs. Michigan Agricultural College.



EDWARD W. MAHAN
(HARVARD).

Harvard's famous captain,
capable of kicking a goal in any
crisis.



M. D. FLEMING (WASHING-
TON AND JEFFERSON).

A dependable kicker of goals
from placement, and the leading
scorer of goals following touch-
downs in the United States. Is
making a record likely to remain
for years.



C. A. PUDRITH
(DARTMOUTH).

One of the most versatile col-
lege athletes in America. A
strong linesman, and sure kicker
of goals following touchdowns.
Hockey player, hammer and
shot man, and an internationally
known carsman.



WILLIAM PARKS (TUFTS).

All-round back-field player,
and one of the most accurate
kickers of goals following touch-
downs.

the signal for a drop-kick. Five times in 1914 was he thus called upon to score for his team, and in every instance he sent the ball spinning truly between the goal-posts.

Two other remarkable field-goal men who will figure conspicuously in the games this fall will be Charles Barrett of Cornell, already named among the great punters, and Lawrence L. Splawn of Michigan. Splawn was one of the twelve men in the country last fall who won a game by a goal from the field. This statement as an abstract assertion will arrest many a skeptic eye, for it declares that out of 1800 college games only twelve were determined by a goal from the field. Such, notwithstanding, is the curious ratio of *winning* field-goals to the whole number of games. Splawn balances one of the Northern boys playing in the South, for he is a young Texan playing in the North.

LONG-DISTANCE GOAL-KICKERS

THE season of 1915 will be exceptional by reason of the unusually large number of players who are capable of kicking a goal from the 45-yard line, or beyond. More goals of this class were kicked in 1914 than were achieved in the preceding ten years. The player with the longest goal to his credit, as he begins this season of 1915, will be Stanley Cofall of Notre Dame. This

marvelous player kicked a goal against Carlisle last autumn from the 52-yard mark. He will at once be recognized by many as a very versatile



F. L. BELLOWS (WISCONSIN).

A long-distance punter and field-goal man.

young athlete from the East High School of Cleveland, Ohio. Cofall is a drop-kicker. The leading place-kicker, so far as distances go, will be John J. Dowdle, captain of Mt. St. Mary's. Dowdle last year kicked a goal from the 47-yard mark.

The "emergency men"—fellows capable of kicking a goal in any crisis—are numerous. Among the drop-kickers are S. L.

Bertschey of William and Mary; E. W. Mahan of Harvard; F. M. Tibbott and B. C. Law of Princeton; J. Irwin Heise of St. John's; G. E. Ruffner of Maine; and F. L. Bellows of Wisconsin. The place-kickers, still more numerous and formidable, present prominently Lorin Solon, captain of Minnesota; M. D. Fleming of Washington and Jefferson; F. A. Yocum of Oberlin; George W. Tandy of North Carolina; and H. P. Tallman of Rutgers. It will be noted that no Yale man is named in this list. The Blue, however, possesses Harry W. Le Gore and O. L. Guernsey; but field-goals are seldom an arm of Yale's attack. In 1914 the Blue did not essay a single goal.

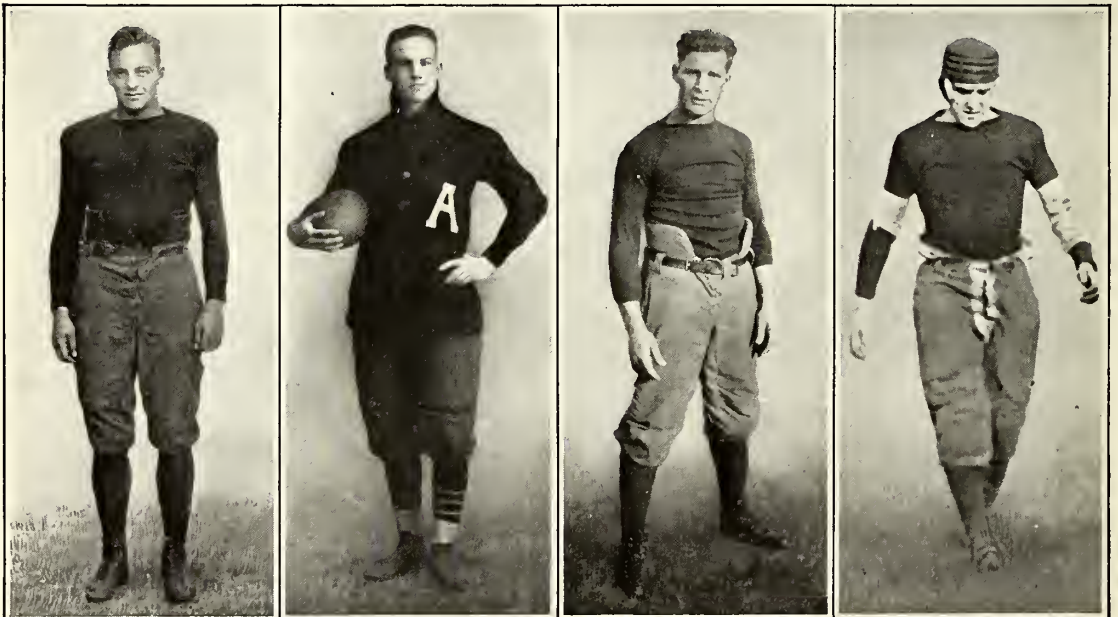
KICKING GOALS AFTER TOUCHDOWNS

GOALS following touchdowns present a separate department of football play. Although this task involves a place-kick and usually an easy one, only nine players throughout the country last autumn successfully kicked 25 or more goals of this class. Five of these nine men are still in college. Skill in kicking goals following touchdowns is, of course, fairly well measured by the ratio of successful goals to the whole number of attempts. The records, therefore, of these five

	Tries	Goals
M. D. Fleming, W. and J.....	53	39
Stanley Cofall, Notre Dame.....	32	29
William Parks, Tufts.....	35	28
Charles Barrett, Cornell.....	33	28
C. A. Pudrith, Dartmouth.....	32	28

Malcolm D. Fleming, who heads this roll, is making a record at Washington and Jefferson that will remain for years. Last fall he not only led the United States in the number of goals kicked after touchdowns, but he made a touchdown against both Harvard and Yale, kicked a goal from the field against the former, and by his touchdown against the latter won from Yale. He is an expert wrestler, basket-ball and baseball player.

Cofall and Barrett have already been referred to. William Parks, captain of Tufts, is well known in and around Boston, where he starred for a long time as a player on the various teams of the Somerville High School. Chester A. Pudrith comes from Detroit, where in his school-boy days he was a member of the Central High School eleven. In addition to his fame as a member of Dartmouth's eleven, Pudrith has been known for years as a member of the



E. N. MAYER (VIRGINIA).

Half-back, captain. One of the most versatile college athletes in the South, sprinter, broad-jumper, and shot-putter.

H. A. BENFER (ALBRIGHT)

One of the cleverest all-round football players and college athletes in America.

JOHN J. MAULBETSCH (MICHIGAN).

America's foremost line-plunging back.

FRANK GLICK (PRINCETON).

Captain, and field-general extraordinary. A back who excels in running with the ball.

men speak for themselves from the following table based upon this ratio of "tries" and goals:

Detroit Boat Club's nationally and internationally victorious eight-oared crew.

THE GREATEST GOAL-KICKER

THE above table is defective, however, in that it excludes a notable group of goal-kickers because

a total of 70 or more points. And only five of these men will appear on college gridirons this fall. These men and the detailed data of their scoring achievements are as follows:



ALEX. WILSON (YALE).
Yale's captain. A running, dodging, tackling, all-round back.

H. K. YOUNG (WASHINGTON AND LEE).
R. R. BIDEZ (ALABAMA POLYTECHNIC).
Two marvelous backs of the South Atlantic section.

CLYDE LITTLEFIELD (TEXAS).
The most accurate forward passer in the South.

they were not given twenty-five *opportunities* last fall to kick goals following touchdowns. Removing this arbitrary barrier, therefore, we must immediately include in our list the greatest goal-kicker of all, Charles F. Wymard of Fordham. During the past three years Wymard has been called upon forty times to kick a goal following touchdown, and in every instance save one he successfully negotiated the cross-bar. This one failure occurred, dramatically enough, on his last attempt, and cost his team a victory over Vermont. Wymard's style is peculiar in that he takes no preliminary step, but standing still, close to the ball, merely draws back his kicking foot (the right), swings it sharply against the ball and lifts the sphere easily and accurately over the bar.

ACCORDING TO TOTAL POINTS SCORED

ANOTHER interesting angle from which to view, and to rate, the great players of the country is that of the total points scored by the greatest scoring players in 1914. Of the thousands of backs playing last fall, only twelve men amassed

	Touch-downs	Goals from Touch-downs	Goals from Field	Points
E. N. Mayer, Virginia...	19	7	0	121
Charles Barrett, Cornell ..	13	23	4	113
H. A. Benfer, Albright ...	14	18	0	102
D. T. Tayloe, N. Carolina.	13	1	0	79
J. J. Maulbetsch, Michigan	12	0	0	72

Again the versatile Captain Barrett of Cornell is with us. One will not be surprised, perhaps, to be told that E. N. Mayer of Virginia, who heads the roll, can run 100 yards in 10 seconds, broad-jump 22 feet, and hurl the 16-pound shot a distance of 41 feet.

H. A. Benfer is a name which when uttered in the State of Pennsylvania immediately arrests attention. He is an old York High School boy. To-day he stands six feet two inches in height, weighs 215 pounds, and is the captain of his team. He is one of the best first basemen, amateur or professional, in the country; in basketball he has occasionally accomplished the astounding feat of scoring every point rolled up by his victorious team; and in football he is an adept in every turn and twist of expert play.

D. T. Tayloe of North Carolina is one of the few players in the annals of the sport who was elected captain of his university eleven in his sophomore year and twice reelected.

John J. Maulbetsch's name also rang frequently in our ears last fall. He is a native of Ann Arbor, Michigan, and grew up under the shadow of the University of Michigan's Ferry Field. Hence it is not surprising that at fourteen he was a finished football player, so far as skill and knowledge went, and merely awaited the

seconds for the 100-yard dash, and besides has thrown the discus 185 feet. At Rutgers, he is the only athlete who has won his letter in three branches of sport, baseball, football and track. He is, in addition, a capital player at hockey, basket-ball, and tennis, and Rutgers' "strong man."

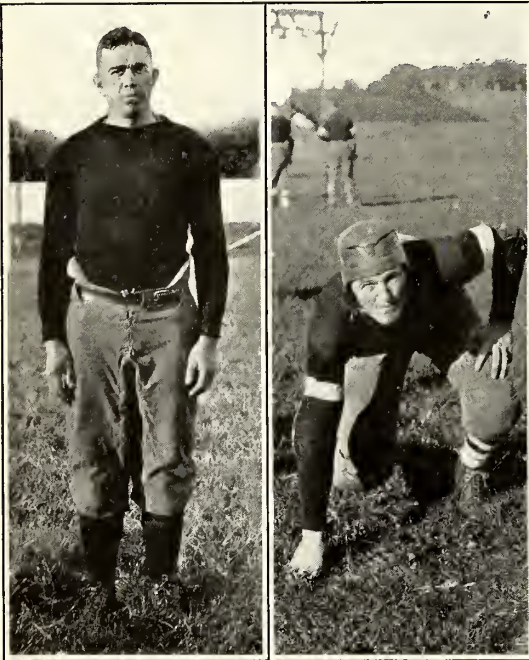
BACKS WHO RUN WITH THE BALL

THE final class of players whose feats depend upon handling the ball comprises that brilliant band of backs who run with the ball. Among these are included those clever players who play in the line on defence and in the back-field on offence, and so may be classed in either section. We already have noted the principal players who are distinguished for making touchdowns, but such performances are only important incidents in running with the ball. The player who, between the 10-yard lines, batters his way through the line and dashes around the ends, may not make the final plunge across the line; yet it may be his work that renders the touchdown possible.

In this list, who will deny a place to the three great captains of Harvard, Princeton, and Yale, Edward W. Mahan, Frank Glick, and Alexander Wilson? In their school-days all three of these men participated in every branch of sport, but Glick and Wilson, since entering their universities, have specialized only in football. Mahan, however, is Harvard's premier pitcher. Wilson is a product of the Princeton Preparatory School, which in this instance unwittingly "prepared" a first class athlete for Yale! Glick has been known for years in school circles in Pittsburgh, where he was once a member of the various teams of Central High School. Mahan, as is well known, learned his football and baseball lessons originally at Exeter.

Directing our eyes to the South, but still clinging to the Atlantic seaboard, five exceptionally great half-backs command our attention. At Washington and Lee is H. K. Young, a back so fast that in track competition he has covered 100 yards in $9\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. At the University of Georgia is David Paddock, the unanimous choice of all Southern critics as the greatest quarterback of the South. Paddock is a Northern boy, well remembered at Peddie Institute, in New Jersey. It will surprise Cornell men to learn that this truly great athlete was for one year a Cornellian, but was overlooked by them.

A rival to Paddock, both in fame and in actual play, is R. R. Bidez of Alabama Polytechnic. Bidez is not behind his associates in this sketch in adding distinction in other branches of sport to preëminence in football. Tulane University of New Orleans can boast a national star in Gar-



CHARLES R. WOODY
(MISSOURI).

GUY B. CHAMBERLIN
(NEBRASKA).

physique and strength that were to come with years. Leaving the public schools of that city, Maulbetsch first entered Adrian College, where he was the mainstay of his team. Entering Michigan in 1913, he was awarded the captaincy of the freshman eleven. Last fall was his first in "varsity" shoes, and, as is well known, his remarkable exploits at half-back, in 1914, won for him the unanimous selection as one of the two best half-backs of the year in all America.

H. P. Tallman, captain of Rutgers, is another highly interesting football personality. He is a young giant, six feet and four inches in height, and weighs 220 pounds. He comes from the Isle of Man, where he was a member of the famous Peel Team. His muscles are seasoned with the salt air of a deep-sea sailor. Notwithstanding his great size, he holds a record of $10\frac{1}{2}$



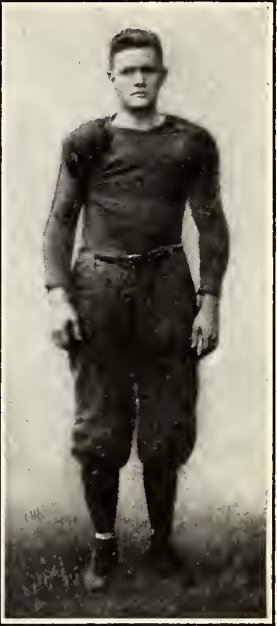
H. A. POGUE (ILLINOIS).
A swift and elusive back.



PAUL RUSSELL (CHICAGO).
Captain, and a famous back.



FRANKLIN A. LUIZ
(ARIZONA).



CEDRIC MILLER
(WASHINGTON).

rett George, half-back, who has shown supreme excellence also in baseball, basket-ball, and track athletics. Looming high among the University of Texas's great football and track athletes is Clyde Littlefield, an old Pennsylvania boy.

In the Middle West are five tremendous backs, H. A. Pogue of Illinois, Lorin Solon, captain of Minnesota, F. L. Bellows of Wisconsin, Paul Russell, captain of Chicago, and John J. Maulbetsch of Michigan (already noted). All these men are famous in their respective sections, not only for prowess upon the gridiron but also for skill upon the diamond, field, and track.

Two backs of national proportions will be playing this autumn in the Missouri valley. They are C. R. Woody of Missouri and Guy B. Chamberlin of Nebraska. Woody is a young Ozark mountaineer who plays baseball as notably well as football. He made Missouri's only touchdown against Kansas last fall, which was one of only three made in the Kansas-Missouri games in the past seven years. Both of these men are former high school players. As a football player Chamberlin was selected by many critics last season for their "All-American" teams.

In the Southwest and Far West, three more players justly claim inclusion in our galaxy of national stars. These are the backs, Elmer Capshaw of Oklahoma, F. A. Luiz of Arizona, and Cedric Miller of the University of Washington. Capshaw, an old Norman High School player,

was one of the nine men in the United States who in 1914 kicked four goals from the field. Luiz will be recalled as an old Stanford athlete who holds one of the quarter-mile records of the West. Miller is the West's longest punting back.

Such are the principal stars of the United



ELMER CAPSHAW OF OKLAHOMA ABOUT TO RECEIVE THE BALL ON A DIRECT PASS, FOR AN END RUN.

States whose exploits arise from play upon the ball. In the November issue of *ST. NICHOLAS* will be introduced the greatest football players of the country who are distinguished for the play of their particular positions.

PEG O' THE RING

A MAID OF DENEWOOD

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," etc.

CHAPTER XXV

A RING WITH A RESON

SCARCE believing my eyes, I looked at the boy before me. He was a slender, delicate lad, and, had his hair and eyes not been light, I should have said he was an Indian. He was clad in a well-worn suit of skins, fringed and beaded, like the savages about him, and he had the timid look of a frightened animal.

But though I saw at once that he was a white child, he was not Jacky, and my first feeling of surprise gave place to resentment.

"Tiscoquam!" I cried angrily, "do not think to trick me! This is not the boy."

The savage showed something of astonishment at my words; then he rose to his feet and, taking the lad by the shoulder, led him up to me.

"Look!" he grunted, drawing down the child's deerskin jacket.

I leaned forward to do his bidding, and there, tattooed on the boy's neck, was a device like that cut into the stone of my ring.

Tiscoquam, noting my astonishment, drew himself up to his full height proudly.

"Is it not the sign?" he asked. "Tiscoquam is not two-faced. He speaks not with a forked tongue. This is the boy!"

It took me but a moment to realize the situation. I, who had been looking for little Jacky, had found the long-lost cousin of M. Victor, the little Marquis de Soulange-Caderousse. Tiscoquam and I had been at cross-purposes, for, while I had thought of Jacky, he had spoken of this child and had made no agreement to give me back the one I sought.

Under other circumstances I should have rejoiced that M. Victor's quest was at an end, but I could find no joy in my heart now and thought only of how I might still recover Jacky. I was hard put to it not to cry, but I held back my tears and struggled to maintain a brave front. It would never do for me to break down and forfeit the respect of this warrior, in whose hands still lay the fate of one for whom I would gladly have bartered my own freedom. Instead I must match my wits against the Indian's and see if I could not induce him to give Jacky up.

"Tiscoquam," I said, as steadily as I could, "I see that this is indeed the boy of whom you spoke. We owe you much for his safe return, which we shall gladly pay both with friendship and with gifts, if you will have it so. Will you tell me how long he has dwelt among your tribe and how he came into your hands, so that I may pass the story on to his people, who are great in their own land?"

The savage squatted again upon the ground, and setting my back against the rock I awaited his pleasure.

"Six snows ago," he began, "when our hunters returned to the villages far to the north, they brought with them a man and a papoose. The man we would have beaten, but he showed us the magic sign and the mark upon the papoose's body. At this we marveled. But the man told us this child was the son of the French king, who was a mighty warrior, not like the king of the Yengees, whose own people defeated him in battles. This great king had sent his son secretly to the Iroquois to show his love for them, and with him the magic sign, so that all men might know when the appointed time had come. The sign was the sign of might and power. The Iroquois bowed to it, having their own purposes to serve."

He paused a moment, looking straight before him as if, perchance, he saw a vision, and I held my peace, conscious that his words had much of seriousness for the rest of his audience, though they sounded fantastic enough to my ears.

"In time this man left our village," Tiscoquam went on. "He departed secretly by night, taking with him the magic sign. This did not please the Senecas, and we followed swiftly to see if he had given us straight talk and to note his doings. At the first white settlement he made himself simple with fire-water and boasted that he had tricked the Iroquois, vowing that the child was not the son of the French king but the child of his own sister. When that news reached to our lodges, we would have let the boy die but for the mark. That saved him."

"Why did you fear it, Tiscoquam?" I asked, seeing naught in a figure of Cupid to so impress a savage.

"Tiscoquam has no fear," he answered proudly;

"but though the fool who brought the child spoke ever with a forked tongue, the mark *is* magic. Never was any other child so born into the world."

I could scarce conceal a start as I realized that the Indian had imagined the tattooing on the little boy to be the work of nature; but Tiscoquam was still speaking, and his next words showed that the mind of a child and the mind of a savage have much in common, for what the Iroquois had thought of the mark, I, too, had thought when I was little.

"It is a sign for the Men-give, else had it not been an Indian with a bow," Tiscoquam went on. "There have been many who have tried to read the portent, but what it means our wisest medicine-men have not been able to make plain. Yet he who has the sign must have the child; so for many moons we have kept him, till you showed the magic mark. Now the boy is restored to you."

He ended with a wave of his hand toward the young marquis, who was squatting, like any Indian, at our feet.

"And what of the Eaglet, Tiscoquam?" I asked after a pause.

"There is no bargain about the Eaglet," he answered, fixing me with his steady glance. "The paleface maiden knows what is in the heart of Tiscoquam. Some day will come a leader of the Iroquois. In his youth Tiscoquam had a dream that he might be that leader, and to that end he learned the language of his paleface brother. Diligently he sought wisdom in the printed books given him by the learned men who spoke of a Great Spirit new to the red man. But they talked of peace and friendship while they took the lands. Tiscoquam saw that he was not the chief appointed, and after many snows he found the Eaglet, who will grow strong and guide the Iroquois to victory!" His voice boomed and echoed among the rocks as he ceased speaking.

"But why was not the little boy with the mark upon his body made your chief?" I asked.

Tiscoquam grunted in derision.

"The name we gave him is Timid-Fawn, a squaw's name," he answered; by which I saw that, if the thought of making the boy a chief had by chance ever entered the Indian's mind, the



"'IS IT NOT THE SIGN?' HE ASKED. 'THIS IS THE BOY.'"

lad's own disposition had put an end to such a plan.

"Nevertheless, Tiscoquam, bravery is not all that is needed," I said. "There is no braver nation than the Senecas. More is required than courage, as the mark upon the child proclaims."

"What of the mark?" he asked, displaying an interest that must have been intense, else he had shown naught of his feelings.

"It is a sign for the Iroquois, Tiscoquam," I answered boldly. "Your nation is the body, as the mark upon the boy shows; but above the body is the head, which is the great American nation. This bears no mark, so it is without a master, and the spirit of the sign has no power over it. Of what use, Tiscoquam, is the body without the head to guide it? Is it not plain to you that the Eaglet must stay with his paleface people to learn those things which make them mighty? Are the palefaces stronger than the Iroquois? No! Are they braver than the Iroquois? No! But in the head of the paleface is more wisdom than in the head of the Iroquois. It is because they know the things that the Iroquois have not yet learned that they conquer. How then, Tiscoquam, will the Eaglet learn these things if he stays with his red brothers? He will be no more than many a brave man of the Six Nations. What can Tiscoquam teach him that will stay the dwindling power of his tribe? He must have the wisdom both of the white man and the red man, and it will be the loss of the Indians if they rob him of his birthright. Therefore, Tiscoquam, think of the sign upon the boy and give me back the Eaglet, lest all your plans be brought to naught!"

I paused, not knowing what more to say, and looked at Tiscoquam anxiously, hoping for some sign that I had impressed him, but his stolid countenance gave no hint of his feelings.

"Go!" he cried suddenly, and taking up his blanket, he covered his face.

I gazed at the formless, huddled figure, trying to hit upon some way to move the man; but I had already done my best. Cousin John must act now.

There was naught left for me to do but go, as the rude savage commanded. I had failed in my mission and now must return to break the news that could no longer be kept from Bee.

With a heavy heart I took the little French boy's hand, and together we went by the path atop the ledge of rock, the Indians paying no more heed to us than they did to the birds.

When we came to the tree up which I had clambered, I hesitated, for going down seemed a much more perilous undertaking; but the boy, quick to note my timidity, gave me an encouraging smile and pointed out an easier manner to descend, leading the way like a squirrel.

I had no mind to hurry my return, being busy with the sad news I must tell, but we came all too quickly upon the grassy glade where I had left our little party.

I paused at the edge of the trees, dreading to go on. There was dear Bee plucking flowers, all unconscious of the pain in store for her, while

M. Victor chatted gaily in his funny, clipped English. Cousin John and Bill Schmuck I saw not and wondered if they still followed me.

The two had their backs to me and I went toward them slowly without their being aware of our presence. Then a snapping twig drew their attention to us.

Bee looked up at me with a loving smile upon her lips; and as her eye caught sight of the boy at my side, she broke into a happy laugh.

"Ha! Ha! Peggy has found the boy!" she cried; but M. Victor, knowing that this child was not the one I had been seeking, gazed at me with much concern.

"Mademoiselle," he began solicitously, but I checked him with a gesture.

"'T is the little Marquis de Soulange-Caderousse," I announced, holding out the lad's hand.

"The little marquis?" he repeated in amazement. "*C'est impossible!*"

"It is indeed he, Monsieur," I insisted, and turning down the skin jacket I showed the mark upon the neck.

M. Victor examined the tattooed device for an instant, in amazement.

"Mademoiselle," he said feelingly, "you have indeed brought to me him I have hunt' for so long. I shall ever be in your debt. But, Mademoiselle—" He stopped, seeing the anxiety in my face as I turned my eyes to Bee.

"What is it, Peggy dear?" she asked, coming quickly to me. "What has happened?"

The moment I had been dreading had come.

"Oh, Bee!" I began, putting my arms around her neck; but ere another word was spoken, there came an interruption.

"Tiscoquam brings greeting to the palefaces!" boomed the voice of the chief, and we turned to find the entire band standing stiffly in a group at the edge of the forest. How they had arrived without our hearing them astonished us all. It was like magic, for they had appeared as silently as if they had sprung up from the ground.

"Tiscoquam has come to powwow with the young Eagle," the tall brave went on after a moment, addressing no one in particular. For an instant we stood regarding him, then our attention was caught by the sound of some one crashing through the woods, and Cousin John burst into the circle followed by Bill Schmuck.

"I have lost Peg!" he cried, then seeing Tiscoquam, he strode up to the Indian threateningly. "You have tricked us! I missed the trail among the hazel bushes. Where have you taken her?"

"Let not my brother be hasty," answered Tiscoquam. "The paleface maid is safe, and between brothers there should be no hot words."

"I'm here, Cousin John," I called, going toward him.

"But where is the boy?" he demanded, his eye passing over the lad at M. Victor's side.

"Do you not see him?" cried Bee. "Where are your eyes?"

"It is the other boy I want, Tiscoquam," said Cousin John, turning on the Indian. "Where is he? For I mean to have him ere we part."

Tiscoquam gave him glance for glance, and for an instant the two stood eying each other sternly.

"Tiscoquam does not speak with the forked tongue," the Indian declared proudly. "He told the paleface maiden that the Eaglet was with his own people."

With a gesture he now indicated the group of whites, who upon his advent had drawn somewhat together.

Then, as Cousin John would have interrupted violently, he held up a warning hand.

"To-day Tiscoquam has come to understanding. He has listened to a young maiden speaking words of wisdom like a chief grown old in the councils. From her he has learned that the greatest strength is not that of the thews and sinews. For the strength of the paleface is in his wisdom, and it is by means of it this maid has conquered Tiscoquam. The Eaglet is hers. 'T is from her you must ask him."

"The Eaglet—" said Bee, clasping her hands nervously. "The Eaglet—is not that my Jacky?"

"Tiscoquam!" I cried, unable to bear the blow he was making me inflict on the one I loved most dearly; "if the boy is mine, 't is you who must give him to me, for I know not where he is."

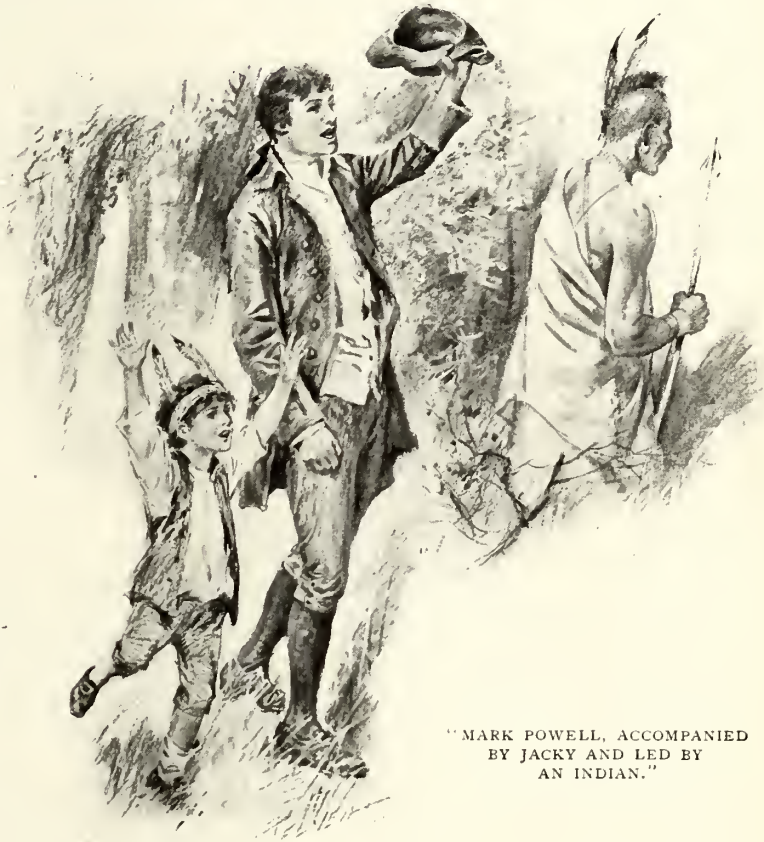
At this appeal a shade of satisfaction seemed to creep over the warrior's face.

"The Indian, too, has a wisdom of his own that is not altogether to be despised," he said. "The Eaglet is on his way here even now, O paleface maiden with the spirit of a warrior!"

As he spoke, he pointed down-stream and we

waited a long moment, seeing nothing. Then, coming toward us, we made out Mark Powell, accompanied by Jacky and led by an Indian, whom Tiscoquam had evidently despatched to meet them some time before.

The boy, on catching sight of the party, broke into a run and, bursting in on us, threw himself upon me.



"MARK POWELL, ACCOMPANIED BY JACKY AND LED BY AN INDIAN."

"I am *not* a bad boy, Aunt Peg!" he protested aggrievedly. "Mrs. Mummer said, 'spare the rod,' and sent us forth to find you, but I am not naughty. My dada told me to take care always of my muvver and sister; so when Clarinda runned away, I did not want Marjory to be frighted too, and ran to tell her Tiscoquam was a good Indian."

"And have you been at home all this morning?" I asked, kneeling and putting my arms about him.

"Yes," he answered quite gravely, "in the summer-house with Marjory and Sally and Easter. They're but women and Dada says—" Here he broke off, looking up and seeing his mother for the first time. With a cry of surprised delight he ran to her, and she drew him close.

All our anxiety, then, had been for naught. Had Clarinda but waited a moment ere she ran away at sight of the Indian, she would have seen that Tiscoquam had no intention of taking the boy again, and that his sudden disappearance had been due to a manly instinct to protect his sister, whom he knew to be in the summer-house near at hand. But my thankfulness at seeing him back betrayed the fear I had tried to hide from Bee.

"Oh, Peggy," she murmured, "you thought he was lost, too!" And in her face I seemed to see the surprise, the knowledge, the pain, and the relief that swept over her by turns.

"And now, young Eagle," said Tiscoquam, his voice echoing through the forest as he lifted his eyes from the sight of Bee clasping her boy in her arms, "Tiscoquam has words for your ear, ere he turns his face toward his own hunting-ground." He hesitated for a moment as if to choose his language with due care, then went on, "Tiscoquam planned to make the Eaglet a great sachem after his own fashion and the fashion of his people, but that is not to be. The paleface maiden has shown that more is needed than Tiscoquam can give; yet that has not changed the heart of the Mengive. Still is the Eaglet dear to Tiscoquam. Still will he and his people teach the Eaglet all they know when the young Eagle says the time is ripe. And there is something they can teach, as was shown but now!"

He turned, as if he had said all and would go.

Cousin John made a gesture to stay him, but at that moment little Jacky extricated himself from his mother's arms and flung himself upon the Seneca.

"Oh, Muvver!" he cried, "here is my friend. He is such a nice Indian!"

The effect was magical.

Tiscoquam took the boy up and set him upon his shoulder.

"Ho!" he said. "'T is thus Tiscoquam and the Eaglet will go together to hunt the deer."

Jacky shouted with delight at this promise, and his father went up to Tiscoquam and held out his hand.

"Brother," he said, "the woods of Denewood are yours. Whenever you camp there the Eaglet will welcome you. You shall teach him all the lore of the forest; and if you will have me of your party, we will all three hunt the deer together."

It was handsomely done, and the Indian was quick to sense that all mistrust of him had melted away.

"Good!" he ejaculated, standing very straight and looking proudly at Cousin John. "Good! If

all the paleface peoples were as the young Eagle, then indeed might the Iroquois cease to be a nation and become the brothers of their conquerors."

THE whole band escorted us back to our horses with right good will on both sides; but even so, I could scarce believe my ears when I heard Bee say to Cousin John:

"When Tiscoquam comes to take Jacky hunting, I don't see why you should trouble to go with them, Jack dear."

Her husband, as surprised as I, exclaimed:

"I but made the offer to relieve your mind!"

"Oh," returned Bee, as if the idea of alarm on Jacky's account were quite out of the question, "I can trust him anywhere with Tiscoquam. Can't you see he loves the boy?"

I chuckled a little at this, and M. le Vicomte, who rode beside me with the young marquis on his saddle-bow, was also interested.

"Is it that you think the savage is not to be trus'?" he asked me.

"Nay," I replied, "he will guard the boy with his life. I but wondered what Mrs. Mummer would think of the arrangement."

"Ha! Ha!" exclaimed M. Victor. "Now I, too, see the joke."

"And now your quest is over," I said, indicating the silent boy in front of him, "you will go home taking health and happiness to your father. He will be very proud of your success."

"Ah, Mademoiselle," he laughed, "now you make fon of a poor Frenchman. 'T is you who have foun' the lost marquis, and," he went on more soberly, "it will be mos' difficult that I express my thanks to you in my clumsy English."

"Nay, do not think of that, Monsieur," I hastened to interrupt. Then to change the subject, for I wanted not that he should embarrass me with his gratitude, "Here is your ring, again," I said, stripping it off my finger and handing it to him, not, I confess, without a pang of regret at parting with it.

He looked at it thoughtfully for a moment ere he spoke.

"There are those who say it is the work of Benvenuto Cellini," he remarked, "the great goldsmith, you know. But now that I see it, I am not of that opinion. This is rougher, bolder work and lack' his delicate invention. No, it is not Cellini—nor can I feel that the ring belongs to me."

"What do you mean?" I asked him. "Did you not say your cousin had left it to you?"

"He did. He did," M. Victor answered, "but I have not earn' it. But for you, who knows if I

ever would have foun' this little fellow here?" And his arm tightened about the boy in front of him, while the lad looked up with a smile.

"But you would have found him, Monsieur," I said positively. "You would never have given up until you had."

"I am proud of your confidence." M. Victor's tone was very sincere. "I hope I may always be worthy of it. Yet, Mademoiselle, I am going to beg the favor that you give me not back the ring—until I come again."

I was too astonished to speak, and he went on. "When I am gone to France, where I must go at once for my father's sake, I should like to leave the ring with you, because of the reson that you have not yet see'."

"Oh, yes!" I exclaimed. "You said you would tell me about it."

"Look then, Mademoiselle," he replied; and holding the ring toward me he pressed one of the bosses beside the great sapphire, and the

bezel holding it sprang up like the lid of a box. Then he handed it to me, open.

"Read, Mademoiselle," he begged. "It is old French. Can you onderstan' it?"

Inside, under the cut stone, I saw a line of Gothic characters, small but very clearly engraved, and I read them half aloud: "'Je sui ici en li'v d'ami.'"

"I am afraid I cannot make it out, Monsieur," I said; for though the words seemed familiar enough, they were not quite right to my thinking, and I liked not to make a mistake.

"In English, Mademoiselle," he replied, "it would read like this: 'I am here in place of a frien'.' Will you not hold the ring and let the reson remin' you of one who will ever be thinking of you?"

I know not why I should have stuttered as I replied: "I s-s-should l-like to k-keep it, Monsieur, if B-bee s-s-says I m-m-may."

And so we fared on to Denewood.

THE END.



THE SATURDAY PLACE.

*A House is where you eat and sleep
And all your books and treasures keep;*

*But oh, Outdoors is where you play
And where it's always Saturday!*

PRACTICAL MECHANICS FOR BOYS

CURIOUS TYPES OF SMALL LOCOMOTIVES

BY GEORGE FREDERIC STRATTON

It is reported that not long ago a man over seventy years of age came into a western city, from the central part of his State, by the first railway train on which he had ever ridden. Moreover, when he reached the station from which he started, he saw a locomotive and a train of cars for the first time.

In various districts of the United States a few such men and women may be found; but their number is very small compared with those to whom several extraordinary types of industrial locomotives would be almost as strange and novel.

By industrial locomotives we mean those used in and around factories, or in construction operations, or in mining. They are found in the depths of the earth, hauling out coal and ores from the remotest drifts and passages. They are on the sur-

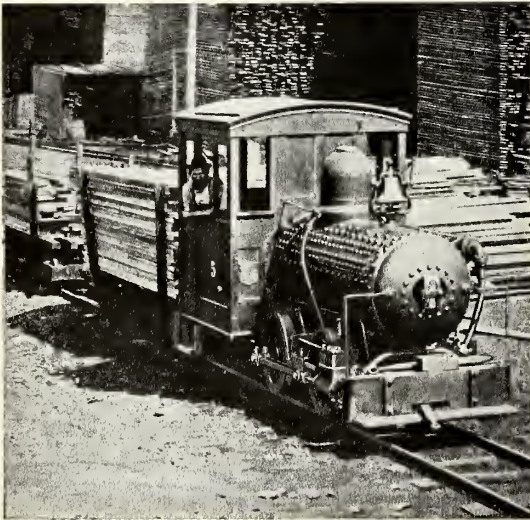
with more audacity and dash than the great Moguls, described in the April number of *ST. NICHOLAS*; running lumber from the pile direct to the planers; puffing and snorting through the great pine and redwood forests of the West, hauling loads of logs twenty times as bulky as themselves; or shooting along the crests of great dams with a dozen or more rusty, rock-filled cars tagging behind.

While steam is the motive power of some of these locomotives, electricity and compressed air are preferred because they do away with fuel, smoke, sparks, and the danger of fire. One of the most interesting installations of compressed-air haulage is at a Chicago lumber-yard. Two 15,000-pound locomotives are used, running on 30-inch tracks. The cars carry from 2000 to 3000 feet of lumber; some loads, of oak, weigh from six to eight tons. One engine is used for hauling the green lumber from the wharves to the piles; the other for hauling the lumber from the piles into the great shops. The locomotive handling the green lumber will take a dozen loaded cars from the dock, distribute them at the various locations for piling, and, returning, pick up another dozen "empties" from various points and run them back to the wharf. More than 1,500,000 feet of lumber per week has been handled by a single engine and its crew of two men—one to run the locomotive and the other to throw switches and make couplings.

For working in mines, these engines are built very low,—a high-powered locomotive standing only thirty inches above the tracks. This is of course to enable operation in low passages and tunnels.

In very accurate tables of comparative expense, compiled at a Pennsylvania coal-mine, it was shown that the saving by the use of compressed air over haulage by mules would pay for the entire equipment in 361 working days. The cost by mules averaged sixty-five dollars per day while the cost by air-haulage was only twenty-three dollars per day, for the same output.

These compressed-air locomotives are built in a great variety of styles and weights. Some are made of a three-ton capacity; others run up to



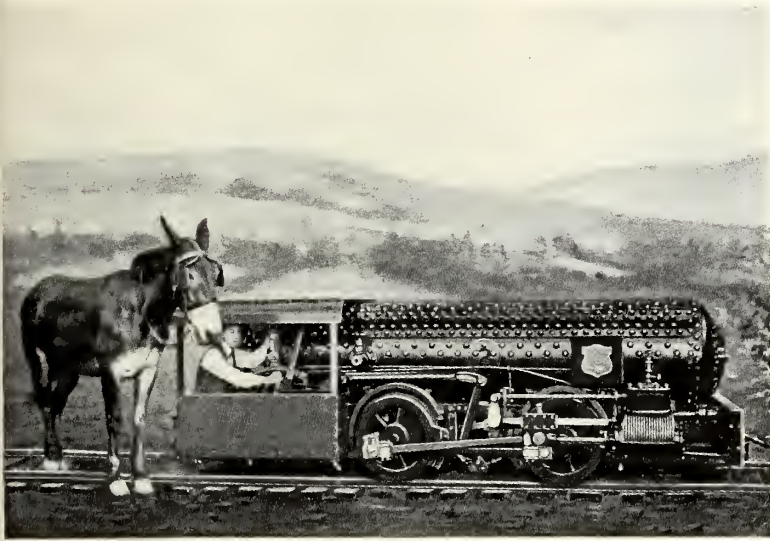
COMPRESSED-AIR, LOCOMOTIVE IN A CHICAGO LUMBER-YARD.

face by thousands, working on tracks, sometimes not over fourteen inches wide; fussing through the narrow alleys of great manufacturing plants; dodging giant steam-hammers, and planers, and cauldrons of seething metal; hauling coal, and scrap- and pig-iron up sharp grades to foundry platforms; shifting standard-gage freight-cars

four or even five hundred tons. The air-tanks are of capacities to haul for a distance of from five hundred feet to three miles; and for longer

fully charged. This equipment is almost ideal for great construction operations, such as building dams, reservoirs, and bridges.

All these engines are very odd-looking, but the queerest of all, perhaps, are the types used in mining, and called "crabs." Gliding into the black galleries of coal-mines, and halting at a crevice in the wall from which issues the distant ring of pick and shovel, the crab lets out a flexible tentacle (a steel cable) for perhaps two hundred or three hundred feet, drawing it back presently with a car of coal in tow. Feeling into the holes, first on one side, then on the other, it moves along, and never fails to secure its prey. Finally, with a dozen or more cars in its wake, it proceeds to the shaft or outlet and delivers its booty to the crusher.



THIS COMPRESSED-AIR ENGINE RUNS THROUGH A TUNNEL ONLY THIRTY-TWO INCHES HIGH.

distances, a trailer-tank is taken in tow to reinforce the air-supply.

The air-compressors are stationary machines driven by any available power. The pressure obtained is from 700 to 2500 lbs. per square inch, according to requirements. From the compressor, pipes lead to charging stations at such points in the yards or mines as may be necessary. The time required for charging a locomotive with compressed air seldom exceeds two minutes, including making and breaking the connections.

Electric locomotives are made in a great variety of sizes for ordinary industrial work. In mine work, where very steep grades are overcome by means of a rack-rail, the engines run from 50 to 200 horse-power. The styles of these electric locomotives are as numerous as the uses to which they are put. Some are built exceedingly low for easy entrance into basements and through low openings. Some are equipped with hoisting devices to pick up and carry weights but little less than their own. Some are designed as a combination of engine and car, acting as a single unit. They are often much more flexible in their scope of operation than either the steam or compressed-air machines. The combination trolley and storage-battery engine will dart along under a trolley-wire, switch off onto a temporary track—using its storage current—and then, returning to the trolley-track, will, while doing its hauling, absorb current from the wire to keep its batteries

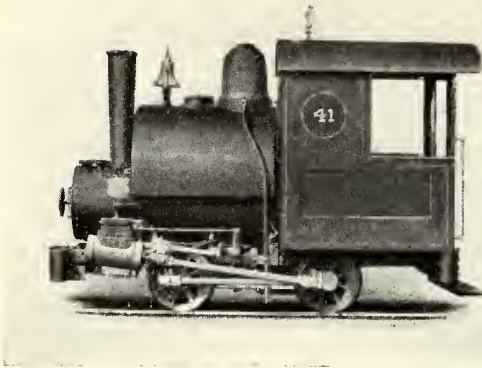
loaded. These crabs operate by trolley-conductors. They run through the main passages of the mine. Each crab is furnished with an electrically operated drum, on which is carried 200 or 300 feet of steel cable. This is hauled into the side passages, or drifts, by a man who couples the end to a



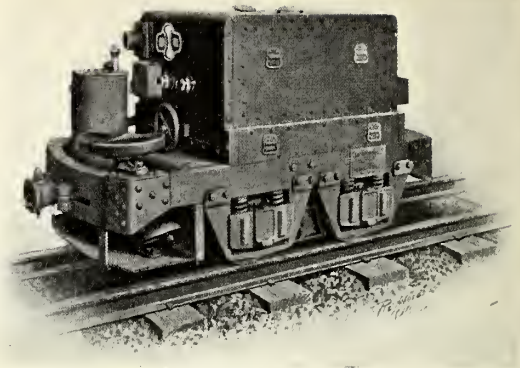
A DOUBLE-CYLINDER COMPRESSED-AIR LOCOMOTIVE IN A UTAH COAL-MINE.

loaded car, then gives a signal—and the crab does the rest.

Electric locomotives for work outside of mines, on wharves, in lumber-yards, about the yards of factories, and running into the buildings, among machines, vats, and furnaces, are always built as



A 14-INCH GAGE STEAM LOCOMOTIVE FOR INDUSTRIAL AND CONSTRUCTION USES.



STORAGE-BATTERY ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE, USED BY MINE OPERATORS AND CONTRACTORS.

compactly as the crabs. The wheel-base is very short so as to negotiate curves around which a common warehouse truck could scarcely be handled.

Then, sometimes, no trolley-pole is used, only the hand-trolley, which is a handle of suitable length to reach the wires, and which may be carried by an extension-cable to any distant trolley-wire and held against it to furnish current to the locomotive.

Steam industrial locomotives also are built in a

available, the steam locomotive is always in evidence. Some of them are so small that an ordinary contractor's crane or an aerial cable crossing some river will pick up the locomotive and set it on some distant track. Others—double-enders—with eight driving-wheels on each side, and rivaling the great railroad Moguls in power, if not in speed, are engaged at remote mines on terrific grades, which often require rack-rails and cogged driving-wheels.

Strange and unfamiliar as most of these locomotives appear to us, the picture of one of George Stephenson's first engines seems no less peculiar, especially when it is stated that the old locomotive is still in operation at Hetton Colliery, in England, where it was first put into use, and where it has been in constant service since 1822, the year in which it was built! Although the English Government has offered to purchase it for preservation in one of the museums, the owners desire to keep it in operation until its wonderful career has passed the hundred-year mark and thus rounded out a full century.

Here is a bit of historical reminiscence regarding this queer, little, old ancestor of locomotives. A certain writer named Galloway published a treatise in 1830 criticising Stephenson's invention in the following words:

These loco-motive engines have been in use for some time at Killingworth Colliery, near Newcastle.



THE "CRAB" AT WORK.

"Halting at a crevice in the wall from which comes the distant ring of pick and shovel, the crab lets out a flexible tentacle for two or three hundred feet, withdrawing it presently with a car of coal in tow."

great variety of designs and sizes. They are largely used in lumbering operations, hauling logs to the mills or the rafting points, and handling sawed lumber from the mills to the piles or the loading wharves. On dams, aqueducts, and great reservoirs, where established power-plants are not

and at Hetton Colliery on the Wear, so that their advantages and defects have been sufficiently submitted to the test of experiment; and it appears that notwithstanding the great exertions on the part of the inventor, Mr. Stephenson, to bring them into use on the various rail-roads now—either in construction or in agitation, it has been the opinion of several able engineers that they do not possess those advantages which the inventor had anticipated. Indeed there cannot be a better proof of the doubt entertained regarding their utility than the fact that it has been determined that horses, and not loco-motive engines, shall be used on the projected rail-road between Newcastle and Carlisle.

We can imagine how Gal-
loway would feel to-day if he could see the same locomotive which was so underrated and sneered at still at work; but if the rugged old engineer, George Stephenson, could now witness his engine "tugging away on the job" as it has done for ninety-three years since he first turned its steam-valve, and could behold the magnificent develop-
ments of which it was merely the prophecy, he would chuckle at his vindication—perhaps the greatest ever received by an inventor.

But to return to the industrial engines: they must have tracks to run on, and here again we find the unusual, for special equipment in great variety has been devised so that quick changes of location may be made. "Portable tracks" these are called, and they include switches, turn-

outs, frogs, and complete turn-tables. Usually they are made in fifteen-foot sections of rails and steel ties bolted together as one unit, each of which, of the lighter weights, can be handled by two husky men. The sections are connected by automatic clips, or by simple fish-plates and bolts. Such equipment is marvelous in its economy of the cost of laying and removing the tracks, and in the speed with which these changes can be made.

Indeed, it is often seen in small contracting operations where no other power but the horse or mule is used. A good horse can haul only one cubic yard of gravel or rock in an ordinary



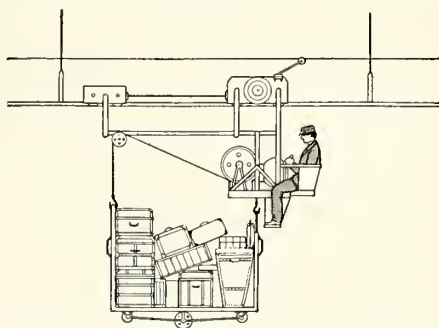
ONE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON'S FIRST LOCOMOTIVES, BUILT IN 1822 AND IN CONSTANT SERVICE TO THE PRESENT TIME.

wagon, but will easily haul six or eight yards in cars on a level track.

Then there is the telfer—the smallest type of locomotive engaged in practical every-day work. It is not more than two or three feet long and sixteen or eighteen inches high, and runs on a single rail—sometimes upon a wire cable. Its use is confined to yards and shops of manufacturing plants, where the raw material is carried by it to various departments, and finished products are



ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE FOR FACTORY-YARDS.



TELFERAGE LINE, SHOWING TELFER, TROLLEY, TRAILER, AND LOAD, THE OPERATION BEING CONTROLLED BY A TELFERMAN.

carried to the shipping-rooms and sometimes to the railroads.

It consists of an electric motor hung below two double-flanged wheels which run on an overhead track or cable. To supply current to the telfer,

one, or, usually, two wires are suspended over each track, every telpher taking its current by means of a trolley. A telpher may run alone, carrying a load suspended beneath it, or it may have one or more trailers carrying a part of the load or other loads, and two or more telfers may, with their trailers, be made up into a train. The load, whatever its character, is suspended under the telpher or trailer on a platform, or in a bucket, car, or cage, or it may be carried in a sling or net, or by means of barrel-hooks. The operation of a telpherage line may be almost

completely automatic and managed from one station, or it may be controlled by an operator, called a telpherman, who rides with the load.

And, coming down to the very lightest examples of this invention, if you examine the most advanced package-carriers in some great department- or provision-store, you will see the tiniest examples of power-locomotion—little electric telfers, whose freight-carriers consist of a basket, carrying to the wrapping department, perhaps, a twenty-pound roast, or the latest filmy creation in ladies' hats.

BUILDING A WINTER CAMP

BY ERNEST BALCH



THE SUNSET GUN.

It so happened that, on account of the political troubles in Mexico, the Americans in Yucatan found it necessary more than a year ago to leave that country and come north to the United States. Thus I had an opportunity to visit the Cloyne School. A patrol of Boy Scouts, established in the school, had a tent on the grounds. They slept there, and many evenings we cooked over an open fire and told stories until time for lights out. The boys found it so much fun to "sleep out" that they asked me to design and build a

winter camp for them. This I did, and it has been an entire success.

We spent ten weeks planning and building the camp so that it would fit in with the routine of the school life. It had to be near the dormitory building that no time might be lost out of the few free moments between study hour and bedtime. Fortunately, we were able to take a place in the grounds among trees and only a hundred feet from the main building. It was decided to construct an old-fashioned log fort of the days of the



BEFORE-BREAKFAST REFRESHMENTS ON A FROSTY MORNING.

Indian Wars. As there was already a large play-hut with two fireplaces next to the site of the fort, by extending the stockade sufficiently a covered passageway would join the play-hut to the fort.

Around the camp we built a log stockade fifty feet long by thirty wide. This used up over two hundred logs ten or more feet long, the bark being left on and the logs pointed at the top and set two feet in the ground. The stockade was well braced on the inside and solidly fastened by logs spiked on lengthwise. Trees are scarce in Rhode Island—it is said they were nearly all cut off for firewood during the occupation by the French soldiers years ago—so it was not easy to get logs of good size, and the white birch that was used had to be brought from the North.

At the southwest corner a blockhouse was built on top of the stockade to hold the brass saluting cannon belonging to the Scouts,—Patrol Number 5, Newport, Rhode Island, is their official name. Just behind the blockhouse is planted the flagstaff. A large gate in the centre of the south wall opens on the path to the door of the school.

Between this gate and the platform of the tent is placed a "Chocorua stove" and a stone fireplace. The gate is secured at night by a heavy birch bar laid in wooden forks.

To build a platform for the tent, we dragged inside the stockade four huge logs thirty feet in length. These were blocked up three feet above the ground and then a cave—with a very secret entrance—was dug underneath the logs. Across the logs was nailed a platform, 20 x 30 ft., and all around it wooden bunks were built. The bunks had a wide board at the back, so that the wind could not strike the sleeper, and little cross-boards to separate the bunks from each other. But first we built a trussed frame of birch poles to carry the tent. Two poles twenty-five feet long, of heavy 2½ inch birch, were planted in the bottom of the cave. They came 17 feet above the floor, and were strongly braced to the logs and flooring. The ends of the ridge-pole were nailed on top of these, then the tent and fly were put in place. Both tent and fly had half-inch iron rings worked into them opposite each end of the ridge-pole, and through these a six-inch iron bolt was driven down through each end of the ridge-pole into the posts. Each one of these bolts ended at the top in an iron ring.



SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, DECEMBER TENTH.

From each iron ring, and outside of the fly, we carried two wire-rope guys to heavy logs on opposite sides of the stockade. Inside we lashed and spiked between them two birch cross-braces



THE STOCKADE AND THE PLAY-HUT.

four feet apart and one diagonal brace from one upright pole to the other. The result of this plan was a strong flexible wooden truss to hold the heavy tent and fly, giving a little to the wind when it blew hard.

Instead of the usual long guy-ropes, which pull and tear a tent when wet, birch racks were planted on each side of the tent, two feet from it and strongly braced into the ground. The short, two-foot guy-ropes were lashed to the racks when wet, with the result that, when dry, they slacked off a little, but not enough to be troublesome.

A tent so mounted requires no adjustment. This one stood the heavy gales and snow all winter. It will need no further attention, and will stand any blow until the canvas rots. The sides can be looped up, or buttoned down to spikes driven into the platform logs. There is a door at each end of the tent, and the windward one is buttoned while the other is left open.

Electric lights were put in the hut, the block-house, and the tent, so arranged that all could be put out by one switch, except that in the tent. At night the flag was hauled down and the gate

barred; then, when all hands were in their bunks, the last man had to turn out the light and the stories began.

It was fine, snugly tucked into a sleeping-bag, to hear the rain drum on the tent-fly—the wind blowing in the trees. Surrounded and protected by the heavy stockade and gate one felt so safe while the “Adventure of the Red Inn” was unfolded, or the ghostly step in the story came slowly across the floor, one—two—three. And the scared ones could easily crawl down into their sleeping-bags and cover their heads.

As the stockade ran up high enough and was strongly braced, even a full gale did not disturb the sleeping-tent or the canvas on the racks.

The length of this tent-fly was forty feet—ten feet longer than the tent itself. This extra length of the fly formed a comfortable shelter, as the fire was built just at the edge, and benches were placed on each side. There one could cook in rainy weather with no inconvenience.

If one had the time he could broil a chicken, or bake potatoes, or make clam soup while the Scout Boys were in the evening study hour. As soon



THE BLOCKHOUSE ON TOP OF THE STOCKADE.

as that was over, they rushed to their alcoves and put on pajamas, boots, a bathrobe and cap. Then there would be a little time for "follow my leader," or supper, or a general scrimmage before "lights out" and stories. In the morning, if the master who was in charge at the time "had a heart," he would get up early and cook the stimulating "slumgullion."

It took only a couple of minutes to arrange a sleeping-bag and ten minutes was time enough in which to drink the hot slumgullion prepared according to an ancient formula and with the skill which makes it so delicious. A blazing fire was fine in zero weather at half past six in the morning, and then came the wild rush to be in the dormitory at just seven o'clock, neither one minute before nor after.

The playhouse was found convenient on cold nights when it was too early to turn in, if there happened to be no study-hour, or when the school

gave a dance. The stockade, tent, blockhouse, and hut were charming, illuminated by Japanese lanterns and the open fire.

Thus, while living a boarding-school life with all its necessary and tiresome details, there came some of the magic of camping out for the faithful four who had worked to build the camp. Gaul was none the less divided into three parts, X plus Y still exactly equaled just what it always did, but I think it was easier for the boys of the winter camp to learn these necessary facts because of their nightly contact with the great world of out of doors, their hours in the camp, and that fine sleep which you cannot get in a house. When the thermometer is away down, when a gale is lashing the trees, and the air is full of flying snow, you are so very comfortable in a good sleeping-bag, and the voice of the story-teller fades away into the song of the gale, and sleep, and happy dreams.



THE PIGEON HOUSE

(A Rose Alba Story)

BY EVELINE W. BRAINERD

MILDRED and Annette opened the picket gate and went along the brick walk to the gray wooden cottage. It once had stood in the midst of fields, but these had long ago been cut up into building lots, and it was now hedged in with the great school-house a few doors away on one side and a row of apartments on the other. Every one in the neighborhood knew the quaint little place. In winter, snowballs could be made in its tiny yard long after the snow had vanished from the street; and in the spring the wisteria, clambering over the piazza and up to the peaked roof, hung in festoons of lavender blossoms as fine as any on the park trellises. Above the gate arched an ancient sign, "A. Pidgeon, Toys, Stationery & Repairing," and in the windows along the veranda were gaily covered magazines, with such trinkets as could perch on the narrow ledges.

Plump Mrs. Pidgeon was, as usual, behind the

stationery counter, where the school principal was choosing pens. She was apparently particular in the matter, for Mrs. Pidgeon, between the short words of advice with which she was wont to urge customers to decision, had time to attend to Mildred, who held herself shyly in the rear.

"Correspondence cards? Here they are," and she set several boxes on the counter, so that Mildred was forced to come forward and make her choice right under the eyes of the principal.

"Don't like stubs?" commented Mrs. Pidgeon, pushing another pen toward the lady. "Stubs, I say, are for folks who can't write well. That's a favorite, that under your hand. Like any of these, Mildred?" and she swiftly shook the covers off the boxes. "If they don't suit, I suppose you'll go next door."

"Next door?" queried Mildred. "Can you get cards there?"

"All sorts. Mr. Pidgeon being so poorly, I ordered our supply by mail and we 've only white." Mrs. Pidgeon's usually cheerful face was as doleful as its roundness would permit.

"But these are all right," put in the principal, picking up the nearest box of cards.

"They are neat," agreed Mrs. Pidgeon, "but Miss Kitchell has tinted, blues and buffs and lavender. Have n't you seen 'em in her window?"

"She 's put in everything," joined in Mr. Pidgeon from the opposite counter, "toys, and games, and dollar watches. They 're all on show this morning. They 'll just run us out of business."

"It 's a shame!" said Annette, to whom school principals were objects of awe only within school bounds. "Why don't *you* get in a lot of new things and run her out of business, instead?"

"He 's been so poorly," explained Mrs. Pidgeon, resting anxious eyes on the head of the house, who, always small and thin, was now thinner and smaller than ever. "You see," she went on confidentially to the older customer as she handed her the cards and pens, "sickness takes such a lot that we 're behindhand, so we can't stock up yet."

"Miss Kitchell's windows are a great advertisement," said Mr. Pidgeon, reflectively, as he brought out the beads Annette had asked for.

"Oh, but your house is much nicer than a regular store! It 's like going to the country to come in your gate," replied Mildred, looking approvingly about the low square room, with the windows on three sides and the little repair-shop beyond the two counters.

Mrs. Pidgeon shook her head sadly.

"It 's good to live in," she said, "but it don't make any kind of a show."

"I 'll take this, please," and Mildred pushed a box across the counter. "I wish you kept hooks and eyes so I need n't go next door at all."

Annette had her beads, so the two girls followed the teacher, who paused to glance over the Kitchell window. The "Emporium" had successfully supplied dressmakers' findings, aprons, and such small matters as the ladies of the neighborhood might need on short notice, but the space formerly given to collars, ties, and handkerchiefs was now filled with fancy stationery and playthings. The two girls marched stiffly past the display, and Mildred brusquely demanded hooks and eyes, while Annette glanced disapprovingly about. Suddenly she plucked Mildred's sleeve.

"There 's Albert."

"Hello!" he called, catching sight of them at the moment. "Come see these ducks. Are n't they great? They 'll float and the paint won't wash off. I 'll get one for David's birthday."

"I 'd be ashamed to buy anything I did n't have to of people who are just trying to ruin the Pidgeons!" burst out his sister, fiercely. Her cheeks were pink, her eyes snapping, and two customers looked up from buttons and embroideries to see what was happening. Albert laid down the fascinating feather-weight duck and stared at his usually quiet sister.

"What 's up?" he inquired anxiously, for he had known the Pigeon House since he was old enough to lay a penny on the counter.

"Mr. Pidgeon will have to go out of business because he has been too sick to get a new stock, and they 're putting his kind of things in here!" With which uncompromising statement Mildred took her package from the astonished clerk and rushed out, too excited to note what effect her words might have on her brother.

"Perhaps I 'd better see what Mr. Pidgeon has. He 's a friend of mine," explained Albert, replacing the toy and looking up honestly at Miss Kitchell, whose expression, beneath her puffs, was by no means cordial. Annette gladly escaped with him from the chilly atmosphere of the Emporium.

"Gracious!" she said, as the door closed. "I never heard Mildred talk like that before. I suppose she 's gone home."

"Come with me," urged Albert. "I *must* get something for David, you know."

Mr. Pidgeon had just taken the top from a broken doll's carriage as the two came in, announced by the jangling bell on the door.

"Look around for yourselves," he said, and Albert went back of the counter and poked along the shelves. The assortment appeared thin after the full shelves next door. Mrs. Pidgeon was not present to point out the virtues of each article, and Mr. Pidgeon was absorbed in his task. At length he looked up at the boy and said,

"Want anything special?"

"I hoped you had some of those ducks like—" and then Albert caught sight of Annette frowning and shaking her head.

"No," confessed the proprietor, spreading out the cloth for the new carriage-top. "You 'll have to go next door for those."

"Huh!" sniffed Albert. "I sha'n't buy there. She does n't know anything. She 's got footballs on sale now. I 'll take this bank, please."

Mr. Pidgeon laid down his tools a little wearily. "Footballs now?" he inquired. "Well, when she 's been in the trade as long as we have, she 'll know better."

Indeed, the Pidgeons did know their business, and could be depended on to bring out skipping-ropes and hoops, baseballs and jackstones on the right dates.

"Why don't you send some one to choose a new stock for you?" inquired Albert, seriously. "I 'd go. We know all the things children like, 'cause we 're of all ages."

"Now that 's right kind of you," returned the little storekeeper, without the least suggestion of a smile, as he looked at his customer. "The trouble is, my sickness has cost so much we could n't pay for the goods, and the people we 've always dealt with have gone out of business lately. But it 's a comfort to have you all so friendly."

Albert took the bank he had finally chosen, and the two went out, a little depressed, but with spirit enough to pause and look patronizingly over the Emporium windows, holding their packages, wrapped in the Pidgeon pink paper, prominently in view.

Paul came home for dinner that Saturday, and

"But people need n't buy them of her," objected Mildred.

"No, they need not buy there if they do not choose," admitted Mr. King, his eyes twinkling as he looked at his earnest daughter. "But you must not stop people from dealing at the Emporium."

"Why not?" demanded Mildred, while the others waited anxiously.

"Because the law does n't look kindly on people banding together to directly injure any one's business."

"I don't see," said Mildred, in a discouraged tone, after a moment's thought, "why it 's so hard to do things. What is the use of laws and learning if you can't stop things going wrong?"

"Law is just about as perfect as its makers, Milly," agreed her father, "but it tries to see that people fight fair in business and have equal chance."

"Could n't you buy some paper of the Pidgeons, Uncle Bert?" asked Polly, wistfully. "You and Father use such a lot, and they are old friends of ours. We 've bought of them for years and years and years."

"So we have!" said her uncle, pinching Polly's cheek. "You shall get some for me Monday, and we 'll make your father put in an order, too."

"I 'll tell Grandfather about that fire engine," volunteered David, scenting encouragement to a long-desired purchase.

"We can get some supplies there instead of down town," said Mrs. Eaton, when the laughter at David's contribution had ceased. "It 's too bad those poor people should be disturbed."

Mildred had listened, solemn-faced, to this conversation, and now, looking up, caught her father's amused eyes bent on her.

"Oh!" she cried, "it 's against the law to go to work to injure one man's business, but it is n't wrong to help another man's, is it?"

"A Portia! A Portia!" cried Uncle John, clapping his hands.

"What 's that?" inquired Albert.

"It 's Shakspeare," explained Paul, loftily. "If you 'd read your Lamb's 'Tales' you 'd know what people are talking about."

This was the end of the conversation so far as the elders were concerned, but the young folks were not satisfied.

"It 's lots easier to keep people from the Emporium than get them to buy the Pidgeons' old things," considered Mildred, soberly.

"Well, if they sell all their old stock, they will have money for new goods, and then they 'll be all right," said Paul.

"The people in these two apartment houses



"THAT QUIET MILDRED KING IS MAKING A SPEECH."

the matter was brought forth before the assembled families. Mildred's respect for the law went down sadly when her lawyer father explained that there was no way in which Miss Kitchell could be prevented from selling rocking-horses if she chose

must need lots of things. We can tell them all about the Pidgeons, you know," proposed Albert.

"And at school," added Polly. "Oh, Paul, I wish you had n't gone to St. John's! You 'd be so useful with the big boys."

should not. Because of illness they have n't been able to keep their stock up, but they may hold out if their old customers stand by them. If you find anything there you can use, do get it."

"I 've promised already," remarked the music-



"'WE ALWAYS BUY OUR THINGS AT THE PIGEON HOUSE,' REPEATED DAVID."

"I can bring some fellows to buy, anyway," he promised comfortingly.

"WHAT is happening?" demanded one of the teachers, looking from a window Monday noon. "That quiet Mildred King is on a box in the midst of the big boys, making a speech as well as any street-corner orator. Do look at her!"

"What are the children all talking about to-day?" asked another of the group that had gathered about the window.

"It 's something about the old toy-shop in the wooden house," a third explained. "I heard little Polly Eaton telling about it."

"Well, Mildred has certainly impressed the boys!" laughed the first speaker. "See them discussing it as they go off? What do you suppose they are going to do?"

"I tell you what I 'm going to do," said the principal, who had joined them in time to see the last of Mildred's performance. "I 'm going to buy everything I can of those good Pidgeons. They have been here since before this school was built, and have never sold children anything they

teacher. "Annette Coles tells me they keep the finest writing-paper in the city."

"Oh, if Annette is at work, the Pidgeons are safe," returned the principal, to whom that outspoken youngster was well known.

Miss Kitchell saw with pleasure the attention her new exhibit was attracting, although she was somewhat mystified by the small difference this made in her daily sales. Indeed, there was not even as much trade as usual in threads and needles, and she saw several of her old customers, Madame Griswold among them, pass her door with packages wrapped in pink. It was amazing how much shelf-edging, ink, and tissue-paper was needed among the neighbors during the next few days. Every one knew about the troubles at the Pigeon House save Herr Grau, who had been away for a fortnight, and the day after his return he met David, before the Emporium window, gazing wistfully at a moose with branching horns and firmly planted hoofs.

"Since I did not haf any of your birthday cake, David, suppose I gif you that to make up?" he proposed, making a move toward the door. Da-

vid did not follow. "Come," he urged. "It is all right. It is for your birthday."

The small boy shook his head solemnly.

"We trade with the Pidgeons," he said sadly.

"Well, we 'll get it of them."

"But they have n't any," he explained, giving a longing backward look as he turned away.

"Then we haf to get it here," insisted Herr Grau, stopping short.

"No," repeated David, patiently, "we always buy our things at the Pigeon House."

"We 'll see if your friends can't get one," said the old gentleman, as he entered the little shop. "Haf you an animal like a deer with large horns?" he asked, glancing along the shelves.

"Like that in the window next door? That 's a pretty one, is n't it? No, I have n't," and Mr. Pidgeon looked deprecatingly at his thin procession of iron horses and Canton flannel cats.

"It 's been a busy week," put in Mrs. Pidgeon, determined on making the best impression possible. "We 've sold a surprising lot of goods. Seems as if there was never such a run on stationery. Why, we finished up every scrap of type-writer paper, and there is n't usually much call for that."

"Uncle John and my father bought lots of paper," announced David.

"So they did," agreed Mr. Pidgeon. "It was kind in them. We were clean discouraged, sir, Mrs. Pidgeon and I. We 've kept this store for twenty years and known every child in the neighborhood, so it comes pretty hard to see the trade taken from us."

"Yes, we 've known all the children," repeated his wife, wiping her eyes as she turned to put away some envelopes.

The depleted stock of playthings was spread before the unsatisfied eyes of David, who rejected a snuff-colored pug and gave his order with decision.

"A rubber ball, five center," he directed.

"But that is no birthday gift," expostulated the old gentleman.

"It 's all I want," returned the downcast David.

"Suppose you order a moose with your other goods," suggested Herr Grau.

"I 'm afraid we 'll have to keep you waiting some time," answered Mr. Pidgeon. "We are not going to be able to get in a new stock right off."

"I can wait," volunteered David, generously, as he reached out his hand for the ball.

The violinist chose some magazines before he joined David, who had at once retired to the piazza to see how high the rubber would bound.

"I 've needed one of these a long time," the boy

remarked with satisfaction as he went by the Kitchell window, too absorbed to look up. "I lost mine the day we sold the kittens. I 'd rather have it than the moose, anyway. It 's more alive." And he made a masterly catch with his left hand.

Albert and Mildred, just from school, met them at the Rose Alba door, and, while David followed his lively possession up and down the walk, Herr Grau stopped to ask about the little shop whose kindly and troubled proprietors had attracted him.

"Every one is so interested now, if they could only get goods, they would be all right," Mildred finished the story practically. "But I just know they 'll have to pay rent with all they 'll take in this week, and next week people will forget, and Miss Kitchell's things make so much more show."

"I offered to go down for him and get a new stock," remarked Albert. "He 'd have let me do it, only he had n't any money. I 've been thinking all the week of what would sell."

"Don't you suppose," began Mildred, suddenly, "if some of the big storekeepers understood, they 'd let Mr. Pidgeon pay them after the things were sold?"

"Maybe. I haf often found people kinder than I expected," answered Herr Grau. The three looked at one another. "I haf met the owner of one of the big toy-shops," he added, reflectively.

"Could n't you take us?" demanded Mildred. "We 'd tell him all about the Pidgeons, and then we could help Albert pick out things."

"It could do no harm," considered the musician. "Yes, if your mother is willing."

MILDRED thought herself quite beyond dolls, but she stopped short before the wonderful creatures that stood in the center show-cases as they entered the great toy store. She recovered in time to drag Albert from the display of baseball goods, and it took both of them to get their escort past a fascinating white bear that rose solemnly on its haunches and growled menacingly as it slowly sank back to all fours again. On the third floor, beyond many desks fenced in by polished railings, they found Herr Grau's acquaintance. Mr. Miller was a rosy-faced man, with bushy white hair and very bright blue eyes. He and Herr Grau were members of the same musical society, and he recalled the violinist at once.

"I haf brought my young friends," said the old gentleman. "They will tell you what they want, and if it is not anything that you can do, you must be frank to say no."

"Sit down," said Mr. Miller, cordially motion-

ing to the chair by his desk. "And now tell me what I can do for you." Mildred had expected that Herr Grau, after the manner of grown people, would take the explanations on himself. Albert, the eager, was standing discreetly in the rear, his eyes anxiously fixed upon her, and she

"I know about the boys' things," announced Albert, who, seeing that Mildred had come through unscathed, ventured in.

"Have n't a doubt of it," said Mr. Miller, rising. "Come with me." He took them to the rear of the store, where smaller toys filled the coun-

ters, and there he and Albert chose animals, and tops, and puzzles, and tools, till Mildred protested, and almost hesitated to point out the games and such playthings as she thought would sell,— finally refusing to look at anything more.

"Why, Albert!" she remonstrated, as Mr. Miller tempted him with a bundle of hockey sticks. "We can't possibly carry them, and Mr. Pidgeon would be terribly worried to owe for so much."

"She is quite right," interposed Herr Grau. "You must not let them haf more than they can soon sell. I am distressed that you let us take so much of your time."

"It is n't often that I have a chance to be a salesman now," said Mr. Miller, who appeared to be enjoying himself hugely. "Upstairs at my desk I often envy the clerks down here, who have the real fun of the business. These few things are nothing. I'll have them sent up to-morrow. We began with a little toy and stationery shop, Mrs. Miller and I. That was a good many years ago." And he looked thoughtfully over the wide store and its cases crowded with beautiful and costly articles.

"Now, if the children hear of this, they will bother those

good Pidgeons all to-morrow, and they won't buy any more of the old goods," remarked Herr Grau, shrewdly, as they rode home on the top of the stage. "We must keep it a secret."

"Not tell Polly and Annette?" demanded Mildred.

"They're going to feel badly enough because they did n't go," said Albert, dubiously.



"IT WAS IN THE MIDST OF THIS EXCITEMENT THAT THE BELL JANGLED ONCE MORE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

felt that the fate of the Pigeon House rested on her words. But she spoke up bravely.

"I see," said the merchant, when she had finished; "you want to get some goods on credit."

"Only a very few," Mildred assured him.

"Of course!" he agreed. "I think we can arrange that. Let's see what will be best. I suppose you know what the girls want and—"

"I tell you what we 'll do," suggested Mildred, after a pause in which all three were considering Polly and Annette. "We 'll watch till the box comes to-morrow, and then go over and help unpack. Then we could take the girls along."

The Emporium had a dull week, but the shelves next door were growing more and more empty. Mrs. Pidgeon looked at them with dismay, but her little partner rubbed his hands and limped about with something of his old liveliness.

"I believe I 'll try to go down Monday," he said, "and see if some firm won't advance us a few goods. Then there 's that letter the principal gave me to the house that has the games and linen books she thought would sell. Have you noticed how many teachers have been in this week, and a lot of children, especially boys that I don't seem to know?"

"They 've all been so kind it just makes it harder to think of giving up," sighed Mrs. Pidgeon.

At that moment the gate slammed, the bell jangled outrageously, and in tumbled Paul and Albert with a boy from the Cathedral School.

"She says she would n't have any boys around her for a fortune!" announced Paul.

"Oh, Paul!" cried Mrs. Pidgeon, anxiously, "what have you been doing? I declare, these boys we have n't known, Mr. Pidgeon, were from the Cathedral School!"

"Most of us have been down," admitted Paul, with satisfaction. "We 've been in to look over the Emporium things, but there was n't much there that just suited us."

Mrs. Pidgeon had just managed to draw her features into an expression of reproof when the bell jangled again and in came an expressman with a packing case that seemed to fill the room.

"There!" he said, plumping it down, while the boys crowded back out of the way. "Sign good and big, will you? They told me to deliver this whether I did anything else or not."

For some time past Herr Grau and Mildred could have been seen on one side of the street and Polly and Annette on the other, pacing slowly up and down and casting anxious glances at every large wagon that came into view. They had now slipped in behind the expressman, and stood unnoticed in the astonishment caused by the unlooked-for box. "From Miller's Bazaar" was in an upper corner, and "A. Pidgeon," with the address below in such big letters that it was useless to protest that there must be a mistake.

"Might as well sign," said Mrs. Pidgeon, philosophically. "We can find out later who sent it."

"It 's from that big toy store!" cried Paul. "We 'll help you unpack, Mr. Pidgeon."

"I have n't ordered anything," said the bewildered storekeeper, staring at the address.

"Here 's the hammer," urged Paul.

"Yes, open it!" commanded Mrs. Pidgeon. "You can't learn anything from the outside."

So Mr. Pidgeon ripped off the cover, and the boys took out the packages and laid them on the counters, where Mrs. Pidgeon cut the strings and Herr Grau and the girls helped unwrap. It was in the midst of this excitement, the shop strewn with papers and excelsior, that the bell jangled once more and in came the Emporium's clerk.

"Miss Kitchell sent me," she began breathlessly, not glancing about her, but speaking directly to Mrs. Pidgeon, who was near the door placing a set of small dolls on a shelf. "She says she won't have children around for a million dollars. She does n't see how you stand 'em. If you 'll take all her toys and stationery off her hands for ten dollars less than she paid, you can have them, and she 'll keep to dry-goods. She says you need n't pay for three months."

"Better do it," advised Herr Grau. "You 'll pay for them. Mr. Miller will not hurry you, and there are not so many things here after all."

"Please!" begged the clerk. "Then we could fix our windows and begin straight on Monday."

"I should n't wonder if we could work along as quite good friends if we take her things off her hands," suggested Mrs. Pidgeon.

"We 'll help bring them over," offered Paul.

"All right," agreed Mr. Pidgeon, who had grown younger and spryer with the unwrapping of each package. "You boys stay inside the fence, and I 'll hand the things to you."

There were several late dinners in the Rose Alba and the Reine Blanche that evening, but no one objected, least of all David, who, as he went off to bed, was hugging Herr Grau's birthday gift, calling it "a much nither mooth than Mith Kitchell'th."

"I chose it," remarked Albert, carelessly. "You did n't believe I could pick out things for a store, Father. You just go round to the Pigeon House Monday morning."

"Herr Grau stopped at the Emporium and bought some handkerchiefs on the way home," remarked Mildred, reflectively. "I don't believe he needed them a bit, but Miss Kitchell looked real pleased. Don't you believe we could get something of her pretty soon, Mother?"

"We always need handkerchiefs," added Paul.

"I must run down right away," cried Polly, pushing her chair back before she had fairly finished her pudding, "and tell Auntie Griswold all about it, so that she 'll surely go there for her sewing things next Monday."

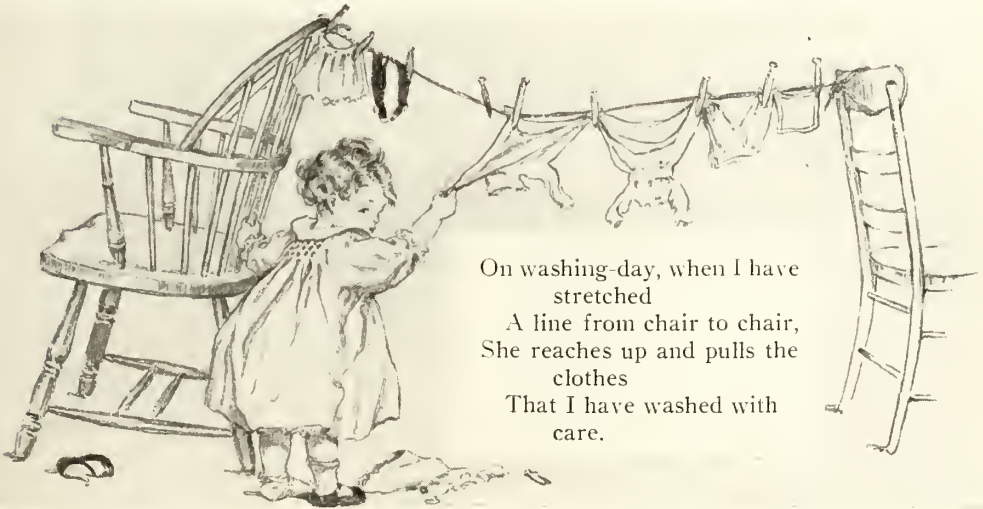


DOROTHY

BY M. B. WILLIS

My little sister Dorothy
Is such a busy girl
That, when she starts to bother me,
My head is in a whirl.

She takes my doll-house furniture
And scatters it about,
And pictures, tables, bureaus, chairs,
And beds come flying out.



On washing-day, when I have
stretched
A line from chair to chair,
She reaches up and pulls the
clothes
That I have washed with
care.

When I have put my dolls to bed
And they are sound asleep,
She scrambles right across the room
As fast as she can creep.

In spite of all her mischief, though,
She 's such a little dear,
I love her very, very much;
I 'm glad that she is here.

She pats and hugs and kisses them
And pulls them out of bed;
And when I say, "No, no! no, no!"
She laughs and shakes her head.

And every night, when bed-time comes,
I kneel at Mother's knee
And ask the Lord to bless us both,
Dear Dorothy and me.

TOMMY AND THE WISHING-STONE

TOMMY LEARNS WHAT IT IS LIKE TO BE A BEAR

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

Author of "Old Mother West Wind," "Bedtime Story-Books," etc.

TOMMY's thoughts were straying. Somehow they were straying most of the time these days. They had been, ever since that day when he had wished himself into a beaver. He dreamed of the Great Woods where rivers have their beginnings in gurgling brooks, and great lakes reflect moss-gray giants of the forest; where the beavers still ply their many trades unharmed by man, the deer follow paths of their own making, the otters make merry on their slipper-slides, the lynxes pass through the dark shadows, themselves but gray shadows, and bears go fishing, gather berries, and hunt the stored sweets of the bees. In short, the spell of the Great Woods, the wilderness unmarred by the hand of man, was upon Tommy.

Eagerly he read all that he could find about the feathered and furred folk who dwell there, and the longing to know more about them and their ways, to learn these things for himself, grew and grew. He wanted to hear things with his own ears and see things with his own eyes. Sometimes he went over to the Green Forest near his home and played that it was the Great Woods and that he was a mighty hunter. Then Happy Jack, the Gray Squirrel, became a fierce-eyed, tufted-eared, bob-tailed lynx, saucy Chatterer, the Red Squirrel, became a crafty fisher, the footprints of Reddy Fox grew in size to those of a wolf, Peter Rabbit was transformed into his cousin of the north, Jumper the Hare, and a certain old black stump was Buster Bear.

But it was only once in a while that Tommy played the hunter. Somehow, since he had learned so many things about the lives of the little feathered and furred people about him, he cared less and less about hunting them. So most often, when the Green Forest became the Great Woods, he was Buster Bear. That was more fun than being a hunter, much more fun. There was only one drawback—he did n't know as much about Buster Bear and his ways as he wished he did.

So now, as he trudged along towards the pasture to drive home the cows for the evening milking, his thoughts were straying to the Great Woods and Buster Bear. As he came to the old wishing-stone he glanced up at the sun. There was no need to hurry. He would have plenty of

time to sit down there a while. So down he sat on the big gray rock and his thoughts went straying, straying deep into the Great Woods far from cows and milking and the woodpile just beyond the kitchen door. Bears never had to chop wood.

"I wish," said Tommy dreamily, "that I were a bear."

That was all, just a little spoken wish, but Tommy was no longer a dreamy boy with evening chores yet to be done. He was a little black furry animal, not unlike an overgrown puppy, following at the heels of a great gaunt black bear. In short, Tommy was a bear, himself. All about him was the beautiful wilderness, the Great Woods of his boyish dreams. Just behind him was another little bear, his twin sister, and the big bear was their mother.

Presently they came to an opening where there were no trees but a tangle of brush. Years before, fire had swept through there, though Tommy knew nothing about that. In fact, Tommy knew little about anything as yet save that it was good, oh so good, to be alive. On the edge of this opening Mother Bear paused and sat up on her haunches while she sniffed the air. The two little bears did the same thing. They did n't know why, but they did it because Mother Bear did. Then she dropped to all fours and told them to remain right where they were until she called them. They watched her disappear in the brush and waited impatiently. It seemed to them a very long time before they heard her call and saw her head above the bushes as she sat up, but really it was only a few minutes. Then they scampered to join her, each trying to be first.

When they reached her, such a glad sight as greeted them! All about were little bushes loaded with berries that seemed to have stolen their color from the sky. They were blueberries. With funny little squeals and grunts they stripped the berries from the bushes and ate and ate until they could eat no more. Then they wrestled with each other, and stood up on their hind legs and boxed until they were out of breath and glad to lie down for a rest while Mother Bear continued to eat.

It was very beautiful there in the Great Woods, and the two little bears just bubbled over with high spirits. They played hide-and-seek behind



ON THE WAY TO THE BLUEBERRY PATCH.

stumps and trees. They played tag. They chased each other up tall trees. One would climb to the top of a tall stump, and the other would follow and try to knock the first one off. Sometimes both would tumble down and land with a thump that would knock the breath from their little bodies. The bumps would hurt sometimes and make them squeal. This would bring Mother Bear in a hurry to see what had happened; and when she would find that no harm had come to them, she would growl a warning and sometimes spank them for giving her a fright.

But best of all they loved to wrestle and box, and, though they did n't know it, they were learning something. They were learning to be quick in their movements. They were learning how to strike swiftly and how to dodge quite as swiftly. Once in a while they would stand and not try to dodge, but see who could stand the hardest blow. And once in a while, I am sorry to say, they would quarrel and fought. Then Mother Bear would take a hand and cuff them until they squealed.

Very early they learned that Mother Bear was to be minded. Once she sent them up a tree and told them to stay there until she returned. Then she went off to investigate something which interested her. When she returned, the two little cubs were nowhere to be seen. They had grown tired of waiting for her to return and had come down to do a little investigating of their own. It did n't take her long to find them. Oh my, no!

And when she did—well, all the neighbors knew that two little cubs had disobeyed, and two little cubs were sure, very sure that they never would do so again. Tommy was one.

At first, during those lovely summer days, Mother Bear never went far from them. You see, when they were very small, there were dangers. Oh yes, there are dangers even for little bears. Tufty the Lynx would have liked nothing better than a meal of tender young bear, and Howler the Wolf would have rejoiced in an opportunity to snatch one of them without the risk of an encounter with Mother Bear. But Tommy and his sister grew fast, very fast. You see, there were so many good things to eat. Their mother dug for them the most delicious roots, tearing them from the ground with her great claws. It was n't long before they had learned to find them for themselves and to dig them where the earth was soft enough. Then there were berries, raspberries and blackberries and blueberries, all they wanted, to be had for the gathering. And by way of variety there were occasional fish.

Tommy as a boy was very fond of fishing. As a bear he was quite as fond of it. On his first fishing-trip he got a wetting, a cuffing, and no fish. It happened this way: Mother Bear had led them one moonlight night to a brook they never had visited before. Up the brook she led them until they reached a place where it was

broad and shallow, the water gurgling and rippling over the stones and singing merrily. They were left in the brush on the edge of the brook where they could see and were warned to keep still and watch. Then Mother Bear stationed herself at a point where the water was just a wee bit deeper than elsewhere and ran a wee bit faster, for it had cut a little channel there. For a long time she sat motionless, a big black spot in the moonlight, which might have been a stump to eyes which had not seen her go there.



"FOR A LONG TIME SHE SAT MOTIONLESS
IN THE MOONLIGHT."

Tommy wondered what it all meant. For a long time, at least it was a long time to Tommy, nothing happened. The brook gurgled and sang and Mother Bear sat as still as the very rocks. Tommy began to get impatient. He was bubbling over with high spirits and sitting still was hard, very hard. Little by little he stole nearer to the water until he was on the very edge right behind Mother Bear. Then he caught a splash down the brook. He looked in that direction but could see nothing. Then there was another splash. He saw a silvery line and then made out a moving form. There was something alive coming up the brook. He edged over a little farther to see better. There it was, coming nearer and nearer.

Though he did n't know it then, it was a big trout working its way up the brook to the spring-holes higher up where the water was deep and cold.

In the shallowest places the fish was sometimes half out of water. It was making straight for the little channel where Mother Bear sat. Nearer it came, Suddenly Mother Bear moved. Like lightning one of her big paws struck down and under, scooping the trout out and sending it flying towards the shore. Alas for Tommy! He was directly in the way. The fish hit him full in the face, fell back in the water, wriggled and jumped frantically,—and was gone. Tommy was so startled that he gave a frightened little whimper. And then a big black paw descended and sent him rolling over and over in the water. Squalling lustily, wet, frightened, and miserable, Tommy scrambled to his feet and bolted for the shore where he hid in the brush.

"I did n't mean to!" he kept whimpering as he watched Mother Bear return to her fishing. Presently another trout came along and was sent flying up on the shore. Then Tommy watched his obedient sister enjoy a feast while he got not so much as a taste. After that they often went fishing on moonlight nights. Tommy had learned his lesson and knew that fish were the reward of patience, and it was not long before he was permitted to fish for himself.

Sometimes they went frogging along the marshy shores of a little pond. This was even more fun than fishing. It was great sport to locate a big frog by the sound of his deep bass voice and then softly steal up and cut a "chugarum" short, right in the middle. Then when he had eaten his fill, it was quite as much fun to keep on hunting them just to see them plunge with long frightened leaps into the water. It tickled Tommy immensely, and he would hunt them by the hour just for this.

One day Mother Bear led them to an old dead tree half rotted away at the bottom. While they sat and looked on in round-eyed wonder, she tore at the rotten wood with her great claws. Almost at once the air about her was full of insects humming angrily. Tommy drew nearer. A sharp pain on the end of his nose made him jump and squeal. Another shooting pain in one ear brought another squeal and he slapped at the side of his head. One of those humming insects dropped at his feet. It must be that it had had something to do with that pain. Tommy beat a retreat into the brush. But Mother Bear kept on clawing at the tree, growling and whining and stopping now and then to slap at the insects about her. By and by the tree fell with a crash. It partly split when it struck the ground. Then Mother Bear

put her great claws into the crack and tore the tree open, for you know she was very strong. Tommy caught a whiff of something that made his mouth water. Never in all his short life had he smelled anything so delicious. He forgot all about the pain in his nose and his ear and came out of his hiding-place. Mother Bear thrust a great paw into the tree and tore out a piece of something yellow and dripping and tossed it in Tommy's direction.

There were a lot of those insects crawling over it, but Tommy did n't mind. The smell of it told him that it must be the best thing that ever was, better than berries, or fish, or frogs, or roots. And with the first taste he knew that his nose had told the truth. It was honey! It did n't take Tommy a minute to gobble up honey, comb, bees and all. Then, heedless of stings, he joined Mother Bear. What were a few stings compared to such delicious sweets? So he learned that dead trees are sometimes of interest to bears. They ate and ate until Tommy's little stomach was swelled out like a little balloon. Then they rolled on the ground to crush the bees clinging to their fur, after which Mother Bear led them to a muddy place on the shore of a little pond, and the cool mud took out the fire of the stings. Later, Tommy learned that not all bee-trees could be pulled down in this way, but that sometimes they must be climbed and ripped open with the claws of one paw while he held on with the other and endured the stings of the bees as best he could. But the honey was always worth all it cost to get.

Next to feasting on honey Tommy enjoyed most a meal of ants, particularly red ants; and this seems queer, because red ants are as sour as honey is sweet. But it was so. Any kind of ants would do, but red ants were best. And ants were easier to find and to get than honey. The latter he had only once in a while, but ants he had every day. He found them, thousands of them, under and in rotting old logs and in decayed old stumps. He seldom passed an old log without trying to roll it over. If he succeeded, he was almost sure to find a frightened colony of ants rushing about frantically. A few sweeps of his long tongue, a smacking of his lips and he moved on. Sometimes he found grubs or fat beetles, and these, though not so good as the ants, were always acceptable on his bill of fare. And he dearly loved to hunt wood-mice. It was almost as much fun as fishing or frogging.

So the long summer passed happily, and Tommy grew so fast that presently he became aware that not even Tufty the Lynx willingly crossed his path. He could go and come un-

afraid of any of the wilderness dwellers and knew not what fear was until a never-forgotten day in the early fall. He had followed Mother Bear to a certain place where late blueberries still clung to the bushes. As she reached the edge of the opening, she stopped short and lifted her nose, wrinkling the skin of it as she tested the air. Tommy did the same. He had great faith in what his nose could tell him. The wind brought to him now a strange smell unlike any he had known, an unpleasant smell. Somehow, he did n't



"IT WAS GREAT SPORT TO LOCATE A BIG FROG."

know why, it gave him a queer prickly feeling all over. He looked at Mother Bear. She was staring out into the blueberry patch, and her lips were drawn back in an ugly way, showing her great teeth. Tommy looked out in the berry-patch. There were two strange creatures on two legs, gathering berries. They were not nearly as big as Mother Bear and they did n't look dangerous. He stared at them curiously. Then he turned to look at Mother Bear. She was stealing away so silently that not even a leaf rustled. She was afraid!

Tommy followed her, taking care not to make the least sound. When they were at a safe distance, he asked what it meant. "Those were men," growled Mother Bear deep down in her throat, "and that was the man-smell. Whenever

you smell that, steal away. Men are the only creatures you have to fear; but whatever you do, keep away from them. They are dangerous."

After that, Tommy continually tested the air for the dreaded man-smell. Several times he caught it. Once from a safe hiding-place he watched a fisherman and another time a party of campers, but he took care that they should not suspect that he was near. By late fall he was



"MOTHER BEAR KEPT ON CLAWING AT THE TREE."

so big that he began to feel independent and to wander off by himself. Almost every day he would stand up to a tree, reach as far up as he could, and dig his claws into the bark to see how tall he was. But when he found the measuring tree of a bigger bear, he took care not to put his mark there and usually stole away where he would not be likely to meet the maker of the high mark.

With the falling of the beechnuts Tommy

found a new and delicious food and stuffed himself. These days he roamed far and wide and explored all the country for miles around. He grew fat and, as the weather grew colder, his coat grew thicker. He learned much about his neighbors and their ways, and his sense of humor led him often to give them scares just for the fun of seeing them jump and run.

With the coming of the first snow a strange desire to sleep stole over him. He found a great tree which had been torn up by the roots in some wind storm and about which smaller trees had fallen, making a great tangle. Under the up-turned roots of the great tree was a hollow, and into this he scraped leaves and the branches of young balsams which he broke off. Thus he made a comfortable bed and with a sigh of contentment lay down to sleep. The snow fell and drifted over his bedroom, but he knew nothing of that. The cold winds, the bitter winds, swept through the wilderness, and the trees cracked with the cold, but Tommy slept on. Days slipped into weeks and weeks into months, and still he slept. He would not waken until gentle spring melted the snow unless—

"Moo-oo!"

Tommy's eyes flew wide open. For a full minute he stared blinking out over the Green Meadows. Then with a jump he came to his feet. "My gracious, it 's getting late, and those cows are wondering what has become of me!" he exclaimed. He hurried towards the pasture, breaking into a run, for it was milking-time. But his thoughts were far away. They were in the Great Woods. "I 've been a bear!" he exclaimed triumphantly, "and I know just how he lives and feels, and why he loves the Great Woods so. Of all the critters I 've been since I found out about that old wishing-stone, I 'd rather be Buster Bear than any one, next to being just what I am. He has more fun than any one I know of and nothing and nobody to fear but man."

Tommy's brow clouded for an instant. "It 's a shame," he blurted out, "that every living thing is afraid of man! And—and I guess it 's his own fault. They need n't ever be afraid of me, I can tell them that! That old wishing-stone has taught me a lot, and I 'm never going to forget how it feels to be hunted and afraid all the time."

And Tommy never did.

THE END.

CHAINED LIGHTNING

(A Story of Mexican Adventure)

BY RALPH GRAHAM TABER

CHAPTER XVI

THE OPERATORS—WHEREIN PIPO GETS EVEN

THE mountaineers took their departure toward noon with many assurances of good will; but their former captives did not feel any sense of security on that account and became much more circumspect.

Pipo had been despatched again with the letter to Mr. Hamilton, to which was added a brief account of what had occurred since its first attempt to reach the post; and though Pipo had returned in good season the following day bringing the supplies they needed, and their work was continued as if nothing had happened, they did not make as rapid progress as before, since Tomson insisted that some one should be always on guard.

At the extremity of the tunnel they erected a wall of rock in such a manner that, unless it were carefully examined, it would be taken for the natural wall. Behind this they took up their quarters, concealing in it everything of value and leaving only enough articles in their hut to maintain the idea of its occupancy in the minds of possible visitors.

The nights were divided into watches and a constant vigil was maintained; waking or sleeping they were never without their weapons.

After the first week their vigilance might have relaxed, had it not been for a visit which they received from the scowling Lopez. He expressed a desire to visit the mine, and they did not dare to refuse him. Fortunately, the floor of the tunnel had been cut completely across in sinking the shaft, making access to the portion beyond the cut difficult, so it did not occur to the half-breed to explore the entire depth of the old excavation.

Lopez did not remain long, and upon his departure they sent Pipo to the nearest pueblo to obtain a supply of pigskin sacks. These they filled with water, and, with an additional supply of provisions, stored them away in the tunnel's depths. After this, they breathed more freely, for in case of attack they would be able to withstand an indefinite siege, as one man posted at the tunnel's entrance would be able to defend it against a score.

Meanwhile, their store of gold steadily increased. Their shaft grew deeper day by day,

and so it daily became more difficult to work it and to raise the ore. Tomson finally suggested that they drive in another tunnel from about the level of the stream, at an angle which, while following the vein, would intercept their slanting shaft.

Accordingly, the course of the vein was studied, and the new tunnel was started some rods down the stream. The rock through which they had to drive yielded readily to blasting, and they made such progress that in a fortnight they had driven in to a point that should have reached their slanting shaft. Their engineering had been faulty, however. By making a series of careful measurements they concluded that they had gone several feet wide of the mark. They had gained little gold from the ore of the new tunnel, the character of which had convinced Tomson that the pay ore would soon "peter out," and they regretted that they had not stuck to the shaft.

It was at this juncture that an event occurred which materially hastened their operations.

It was about two o'clock in the morning, and Pipo, who was on guard at the entrance, was congratulating himself that it would soon be time for him to waken Larry to relieve him. He was seated cross-legged on the ground, leaning back against the wall of the tunnel with Belville's rifle across his knees, when his sharp ears caught the sound of a snapping twig.

Pipo was alert in an instant. Moving noiselessly to the verge of the cliff, he peered into the darkness. Something was moving slowly over the bank of gravel. It made no noise and in the dark was but a darker shadow that appeared and disappeared as it slowly traversed the uneven ground. Eyes less keen than those of the Indian boy very likely would not have discerned it. Had one of the others been on guard and discovered the moving shadow, he probably would have cried out, "*Alto!*" and the shadow would have disappeared. Not so Pipo. He thought only how to prevent the shadow's escape. He waited till it mounted a little hummock, then cautiously slid a pebble down the cliff. At the slight sound the shadow paused on the summit of the hummock. Pipo did not hesitate. He leveled the rifle, took quick aim, and fired. A muffled cry told that the bullet had found its mark, but not a mortal one, for the shadow disappeared.

The three Americans, roused by the shot, rushed from their bunks, weapons in hand. Pipó hastily whispered what had happened. They waited a few moments, straining eyes and ears in an effort to discover whether or not there were other shadows. There was no sound in the dark ravine but the impatient snort of a mustang.

Still keeping a close watch, they discussed in undertones what was best to be done. Belville was for abandoning the mine and trying to get out of the country with what gold they had, before other bandits should attack them, as the night's adventure indicated they were prepared to do. He thought it the only prudent course. Later, they could return, bringing with them such a force as might cause the bandits to respect them.

Larue also was for getting away. "The scoundrels only let us go in the first place because they thought we would be laying up gold for them. It's too tropical a country," he concluded, "for a white man to live in."

But Tomson did not agree that this would be either prudent or profitable. "A little more work, an' we kin lay that vein open an' prove ef it leads t' a pocket, as I'm pretty sure it does. S' long 's we sticks t' our diggin' I opine as how they won't attack us. That sartenly stands t' reason. It's t' their profit not ter. Near 's I kin reckon, we've got 'bout seven thousan' o' dust. Ef so be as how thar 's a pocket, it's apt t' more 'n double that thar. A few more days 'll finish th' job; an' ef so be I proves t' be right, we won't hev t' come back t' ther kentry."

Tomson's arguments carried the day. They redoubled their precautions, however, and worked like beavers at their task.

It was on the second day thereafter that they had another visitor. It was none other than *El Capitan* himself. Professing only a friendly interest, he examined the new tunnel, the shaft, and the hut, again renewed his friendly avowals, and took his departure.

Fearing that they might have to withstand a siege, they again despatched Pipó over the pass to lay in an increased stock of supplies and ammunition. At dusk they saw him returning up the ravine, but he was not alone; there was a stranger with him. Imagine their surprise and delight in recognizing their friend and associate, Mr. Hamilton.

"I 'd about given up the hope of finding you," he said, after the first greetings were over. "I've been hunting about this neighborhood for a week with a guide from Chilpancingo, but we could n't locate you. I had about concluded to return home when by mere accident I ran across

your servant. I was within one of the shops when Pipó came in and was pointed out to me as your man. I had a job to persuade him that I really was a friend of yours. He would n't even admit that he knew you, until it occurred to me to show him your letter. He seemed to recognize that, and said he would lead me to you. I can't understand how you managed to discover this place, nor how you've kept yourselves so utterly unknown to the natives."

"That 's our worst trouble," said Larry; "we're not that same, worse luck! as you 'll find out too soon, I reckon."

"Why," said Mr. Hamilton, in surprise, "only day before yesterday I fell in with a gang of mountain-men—ugly-looking fellows they were—not four miles back of here in the hills. They seemed to know nothing of you."

"That 's easily understood," said Belville, who then related all that had occurred.

Mr. Hamilton listened with deep interest, appreciating their anxiety. Then he commended Tomson's wisdom.

"You certainly have had some remarkable escapes," he said, "and have come through like heroes. I 'll pull off my coat and turn to with you. We 'll prove whether Tomson's guess is right, and then get away from here as soon as possible.

"But now I've some news that I think will interest you. Your letter was received only a few days after I got back from my vacation. Where do you think I spent it? In no less a place than Conejos. There was nowhere in particular that I cared to go, and my interest in our silent partner finally decided me to look her up. It was fortunate that I did so, else we might have had as difficult a job to locate her as you have had to find the mine.

"The old Padre welcomed us cordially—did I say that Mrs. Hamilton and Lucy were with me? But he froze at once when I asked to see the girl. It was not until I had told him the whole story, explaining why we wished to know her, that he was willing to grant our request.

"He seemed greatly affected by the news of his nephew's death. He had brought up the boy in childhood, he said. He seemed to have loved the scoundrel dearly. He did not attempt to excuse his wrong-doing, but impressed upon us that Chita in no way resembled her father. We needed no assurance of that,—one glance at her face is sufficient to prove it.

"Now comes the queer part of it: the Padre, who had seemed hale enough during our afternoon visit, died suddenly next morning—a stroke of apoplexy, likely.

"I said nothing to the child about my intentions until after the funeral; but when it was over, we told her the truth as delicately as possible. We did not, of course, let the child know all the facts about her father—she need never know. But we told her how Belville had witnessed his death—she remembered your visit to the mission—and we informed her of the trust he had bequeathed to you. To our suggestion that she go home with us, she readily consented. So Chita is now under our roof. She and Lucy have become real friends. They share their studies and their pleasures. They both, with Mrs. Hamilton, sent you their love; and I hope it will be but a short time now till we are back with them in Paso."

CHAPTER XVII

THE CALL—A CLOSE ONE

MR. HAMILTON was as good as his word. Though but a slight, thin, nervous man, he proved to be a wonderful worker; and with his assistance they progressed much more rapidly than before.

Nothing of moment occurred until the fourth day after his arrival. Belville and Larry were doing their morning turn in the shaft. Belville was holding the steel and Larry was wielding the hammer, humming one of his songs and keeping time with the strokes he made:

"Drill, ye tarriers, drill!
 Drill, ye tarriers, drill!
 For ye work all day
 Widout sugar in yer tay;
 When ye work, ye must work—
 No time fer play—
 Drill, ye tarriers, drill!"

With the last word, Larry hit a tremendous blow and jammed the steel.

"Never mind, I guess it 's deep enough," said Belville. "Get the steel out, and we 'll put in a blast, anyhow."

The hole was cleared and the blast tamped down, after which, touching a match to the fuse, they climbed to the tunnel above them and waited for the explosion. As soon as the smoke cleared away, Belville again descended. Lighting his candle, he glanced around. Then he rubbed his eyes and looked again. Then he uttered a joyful exclamation.

"The pocket" that Tomson had predicted was found! He was standing upon a bed of pure gold that lay there, warm and yellow; a bed that would treble and quadruple the amount they previously had extracted!

"What 's up, Bell?" Larry called, from above. "Why don't you fill the bucket?"

Belville replied quietly: "Tomson was right. We 've struck a tremendous pocket."

Though there was a hundredweight of gold to be wedged out and moved aloft, by noon they had it taken out. It did not even require washing. It was an immense nugget of pure gold.

Consumed with the desire for more, they slaved all the afternoon and through most of the night. The next day they kept up the same mad pace. But as Tomson had prophesied, scarce another ounce of gold did they gain.

Exhausted at length, they ceased laboring and sat down to discuss what they should do. Should they try to make off at once with their treasure, or should they continue the work and send Pipo to learn the outlaws' whereabouts, in order to see if it would be possible for them to slip away unmolested?

They concluded that the latter was the safest plan, so an hour before dawn Pipo set off on his errand. He had barely passed the hut, however, before he turned and clambered back to the tunnel. Rousing the sleepers, he whispered: "*Señores! Señores!* The mountain-men!"

They had just time to rub the sleep from their eyes and take up positions at the entrance, when they were able to make out the forms of men stealing noiselessly down the ravine.

"Save yer fire!" whispered Tomson. "Wait till they git t' th' hut—then each one o' ye pick yer man. Me, as I 'm furthest t' th' right, t' account fer th' one as is in th' lead—th' rest o' ye pick 'em in th' order in which ye 're standin'."

As nearly as they could make out, there were perhaps a dozen of the mountain-men. They were not so unevenly matched, considering the advantage of their position and that the bandits were armed with muskets, while the boys had repeating rifles and large caliber army-revolvers.

The plan outlined by Tomson might have made their numbers more equal, had it not miscarried. Larue in his eagerness leaned too far out of the entrance and precipitated a small rock down the face of the cliff. The effect was instantaneous: every mountain-man disappeared in a twinkling behind boulders and bushes.

"Did yer ever see such luck!" muttered Tomson, drawing Larry back into the tunnel—only just in time, for the bandits had discovered him and fired a volley at him point-blank.

Pipo noted the musket-flashes and promptly responded with his rifle; to such good effect that the bandits abandoned their positions, and under a fusillade from the tunnel fell back up the ravine to a point where they could obtain better cover and still command the entrance to the mine. That they did command it fully was soon demonstrated.

Hearing nothing more from them, Belville essayed to slip out to attend to the mustangs, which were picketed before the hut. The mustangs, though provided with food, were without water. But no sooner had he begun the descent than a dozen balls struck the cliff round about him; and thanking his lucky stars for their poor aim, he dodged back into the tunnel.

"I suggest," said Mr. Hamilton, as the day wore away, "that we make an effort to draw their fire and then charge on them. With the muskets which most of them have we might catch them before they would have time to reload."

"Bell has a better scheme, I think," said Tomson, who for some time had been smoking in silence.

"Let 's have it then."

"Wall, here 't is. Ye remember as how we figured that thar new tunnel all wrong, an' reckoned as how we 'd failed to connect by a couple o' yards or so. Now t' other day *El Capitan* took a look in thar; but he never guessed how close we 'd come to j'inin' these yere two tunnels. He 'll never think to guard t' other one, as is well around th' bend in th' cliff, out o' sight from whar they be, an' has n't a blessed thing in it. Nor will he ever think o' us bein' sich fools as ter desert th' mine 'thout our hosses. Now, ef we could work oursel's in thar, akeepin' up a demonstration from this yere, so 's he won't git onto w'at we 're up to doin', I reckon as how we could fool 'im."

"A good idea," said Mr. Hamilton, "if the connection could be made. The question is, how can we possibly locate the proper place in the shaft to begin the work?"

"We can't no more 'n try," said Tomson.

They selected what they thought to be the likeliest place and began sounding the wall carefully in all directions. In a short time they were rewarded by what seemed to be a slight difference in the sound and soon assured themselves that the new tunnel lay somewhere before them.

They muffled the top of the shaft, to lessen the possibility of the *Insurrectos* hearing them at work and so guessing the nature of their design. Then they went at their task and labored as they had never labored before. The air in the shaft was not of the best and the heat was something fearful; but they faced it, wielding the sledges with might and main till the steels could go no deeper.

"The report of the blast," said Belville, "is what we have most to fear. They must not hear it."

"That 's easy!" said Mr. Hamilton, reassur-

ingly; "we have plenty of ammunition; and from the time that the fuse is fired until after the explosion we must keep up a racket with our guns."

Never did Tomson put in a blast so carefully as he did that one. In trembling expectancy they awaited the result, firing at random up the ravine, as Mr. Hamilton had suggested. It seemed an interminable waiting. There was a stunning report at last, and a concussion that threw Larry from his feet and precipitated him down the incline.

"Has it made the connection?" Belville asked excitedly.

"Guess it has, from the shock I got," dolefully replied Larry. "It 's proved me to be the connecting link. I 'd be a good study for Darwin."

Tomson appeared with a light, and the result of the blast was examined. Several tons of rock had been loosened and the wall back of the blast appeared cracked. Belville threw himself down, disheartened; but Larry secured a steel and began sounding the wall and prying off the rock that had been loosened. Then he cried:

"Out o' that, ye tenderfoot! Listen, Bell, will ye? Th' tunnel!"

CHAPTER XVIII

THE METAL—WITHOUT WHICH ALL CIRCUITS WOULD FAIL

THERE was no mistake. But a thin wall of rock remained between them and possible freedom. Working with renewed hope, they soon made an opening into the new tunnel and were provided with an avenue of escape.

Placing Belville on guard at this new entrance, and with Pipo and Larue posted at the other, Mr. Hamilton and Tomson set about dividing the gold into five equal portions. These they packed in pigskins, cutting up the empty water-bags for that purpose. By midnight all was ready for the attempt.

The five packs, each weighing nearly forty pounds, were provided with shoulder-straps and might be slung and unslung quickly. Loaded with these and with a small supply of food, their weapons, and ammunition, they stole out of the new tunnel.

The stars were shining brightly overhead and the Southern Cross was blazing. Not a breath of air was stirring and the faintest sounds were magnified. Up the ravine, but a hundred yards away, the *Insurrectos* were dreaming of their plunder when they should have starved out the Gringos. The boys heard their sentry humming snatches of a Mexican love-song. The slightest noise, the snapping of a twig, the displacement of

a pebble, a stumble, might be fatal. Knowing this, in spite of their burdens and their anxiety to widen the distance that separated them from their besiegers, they walked as if treading on eggs, proving the resting-place for each foot before putting weight upon it. It seemed hours to the boys before the welcome bend in the river was attained.

It was fifteen leagues of hard traveling to Acapulco; but these fifteen leagues were easier to traverse than the ten leagues of mountain trail between them and Chilpancingo. Besides, should they reach Acapulco safely, they would be out of the brigands' country and able to go by steamship to some Californian port. This latter consideration alone would have decided them, and they headed for Acapulco.

By daylight, spurred by the fear of possible pursuit, they had covered more than a third of the distance, and found themselves so exhausted that it seemed impossible to proceed farther. Pipo, however, encouraged them to continue.

"Only for one mile more," he urged; "that will be much better."

They demanded his reasons; but Pipo could be obstinate when he wished. He would make no other reply than, "It will be much better."

"Let us follow Pipo's advice," said Mr. Hamilton. "He is familiar with the country, and he is to be trusted. He says that it is a mile farther we should go, and I have faith in him."

So in obedience to Mr. Hamilton's desire they trudged onward, the weight of their burdens seeming tons. That last mile through the jungle appeared endless; but at length they came out on the bank of a rapid stream.

"Wait you here," said Pipo, dropping his pack and darting up-stream at a pace that showed he

was as fresh as ever. The others watched him enviously—and sank down on a fallen tree trunk, thoroughly tired out.

Pipo seemed to be a long time absent and they were becoming anxious, when Larry uttered a shout. Down the stream in mid current Pipo was



"LOADED WITH A SMALL SUPPLY OF FOOD, THEIR WEAPONS, AND AMMUNITION, THEY STOLE OUT OF THE NEW TUNNEL."

returning; and, joy of joys! he had a boat large enough to carry them and their loads.

"I did not tell you," said Pipo, as he landed, "for I was not sure. But it is very much better, not? So, if the mountain-men follow us, it will be no more tracks they will find."

"How did you get the boat, Pipo?"

"By a small nugget of gold from my pack. Nugget of gold will do much, *Señores*, with a peon cattle-herder."

They loaded their packs on board and then stretched themselves out full length in the boat, letting the current bear them away under Pipo's guidance. The jungle was quickly left behind, and they came to a stretch of water where the banks were lined with graceful cocoanut-palms. Here Pipo ran the boat ashore and, procuring a number of half-ripened nuts, split them open and passed them around. The heat had become intense, for the sun was high in the heavens and they were nearing sea-level, but the sweetish milk of the nuts was as cold as if drawn from shells of ice; nothing could have been more refreshing.

Farther on they plunged over a rapid, through which Pipo skilfully steered them; and shortly afterward they began to drift between coffee and sugar plantations.

They took turns at sleeping through the day—all but the indefatigable Pipo, who held his place at the steering-oar letting no one relieve him.

Near nightfall Pipo ran the boat ashore, roused the sleepers, and said, pointing down a well-travelled road, "Two leagues to Acapulco!"

Thoroughly rested, they resumed their packs, and with light and hopeful hearts undertook the last stage of their journey. The road was good and its hills were as nothing to limbs as well seasoned as theirs. At nine in the evening they registered at a civilized hotel and ate a civilized supper. Nor, when they lay down in comfortable beds, did any of them neglect to offer a prayer of thanksgiving. Even Tomson was heard to mutter sleepily, "God bless that thar little cuss, Pipo!"

CHAPTER XIX

THE MESSAGE—FROM ONE END OF THE LINE TO THE OTHER

On Board S.S. *Colima*,
Off Mexico, Feb. 14, 18—.

Dear Elsie:

It has come to me with something of a shock that this is Saint Valentine's Day, and that a year ago I promised you a valentine. Moreover, I promised that you should hear from me.

I am tardy in fulfilling both promises; but this has not been caused by forgetfulness. I have thought of Plainfield often, but the days have been so full of incident, labor, and danger that I scarcely have realized how the time has flown.

This is the last place on earth from which you might expect to hear from me—though if Larry were asked, he would say that at present we are a long way from being on earth at all.

When this reaches you, you will wonder how we came to be here. To tell you the great news all in a lump: we are on our way home with a fortune.

How we got it is a long story that I will reserve for your future entertainment. The short of it is, we have been mining gold in Mexico. We have had to endure many hardships and perils, but I feel that it has made men of us.

Larry is still with me. Of course you will remember Larry, who was with me at Plainfield just before I left the Land of the Free.

There are three other good friends with us: a Mr. Hamilton, our firm friend, our partner in the mine, and, when he's home in Paso, a high official on the Mexican Central. Number two is a dear old prospector named Tomson, who has stuck to us through thick and thin, and who, now that he has made some thousands, will go to rail-roading with us. The last of the three is Pipo. You would like Pipo tremendously, I know. Strong as an ox, faithful as a dog, innocent as a child is Pipo. He is a young Aztec Indian peon, whom we redeemed from slavery in the pueblo of Yautepec. We all think so much of him that we are taking him home with us and shall give him an education.

We shall return to Paso from Frisco after we have sold our gold to the mint. Mr. Hamilton has promised to make me assistant train-despatcher when we get back. I had thought of going to college, but the position he offers is such a very good one that I do not feel I can afford to throw it over. My "trick" will be an eight hour one, so I shall be able to find considerable time to pursue the studies which I most need.

Larry is promised an agency, and seems very happy at the thought of getting back to the old key and sounder.

My love to your father and mother, and a kiss to each of the little ones.

The *Colima* is a coasting vessel, touching at all important ports. Our next place of call will be Guaymas; and as that is a railway terminus, I hope to be able to mail this letter there.

Your old friend,

ROBERT BELVILLE.

* * * * *

It was a long time indeed before Elsie received Belville's letter; but it was not the fault of the western mails.

It was more than a year later, during Belville's vacation, part of which he was spending at Plainfield. They were looking over the interesting things that he had brought with him from Mexico: the costume of a mountaineer, serapes,

rebozas, pictures made from the plumage of birds, pieces of Aztec pottery, Mexican draw-work and laces, bits of silver filigree, and other curious odds and ends; it was while examining these, I say, that Elsie received Belville's letter; for when showing them his old money-belt, he came across it, carefully folded with the outlaw's chart in one of the pockets.

"And Chita?" asked Elsie, when Belville had finished recounting his adventures.

"Chita and Lucy Hamilton are at college. They will return home for the holidays, which will gladden more hearts than Larry's. Larry

has risen faster than I. While I am still assistant despatcher, Larry has secured the agency at Paso—or 'Juarez,' as they call it now. He and I room together. Tomson has charge of a section crew, and keeps bachelor's hall for Pipó, whom he is sending to school in El Paso, and whom he has practically adopted, though we're all of us his 'godfathers.'"

"And all this," said Mrs. Smith, beaming, "has come about because you used the ground-wire!"

"Also," Belville added thoughtfully, "also, I guess, because I somehow managed, with Larry's help, to resist a good many temptations."

THE END.



A BIT OF GOSSIP IN HIGH LIFE.

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

A TREE THAT GROWS WHILE YOU WAIT

BY A HYATT VERRILL

How many boys and girls have ever *seen* a plant grow? Not the kind of plant which springs from the seed planted by a magician or an East Indian fakir, but a real, bona-fide plant with green leaves, stout stalk, and roots embedded in old mother earth. It sounds like a fairy tale, and reminds one of Jack and his bean-stalk to think of such a thing; but, nevertheless, if the readers of *St. NICHOLAS* should visit the West Indies, they could actually watch a tree grow. The name of this tree which grows while you wait is familiar to every one, and its fruit may be seen in nearly every grocery store and at every fruit-stand, for this tropical "hustler" is the banana.

The banana-tree is a very interesting tree in many ways, but the rapidity with which it grows, under certain conditions, is its most remarkable peculiarity.

Even under ordinary conditions the banana-tree grows very rapidly, and in less than a year from the time that the tiny "sucker" is planted



A BANANA-STALK JUST CUT, AND THE SAME STALK TWENTY MINUTES LATER, SHOWING CENTRAL GROWTH.

a tall, banner-leaved tree develops and bears its great bunch of luscious fruit; but even this marvelous growth (which would be like planting an apple-seed in the spring and in autumn of the same year picking apples from the tree produced by this seed) is slow and commonplace compared to that which the tree can attain under certain conditions.

If a good-sized, healthy banana-tree is cut off a few feet above the ground during the wet season, the tree will not die, but, nine times out of

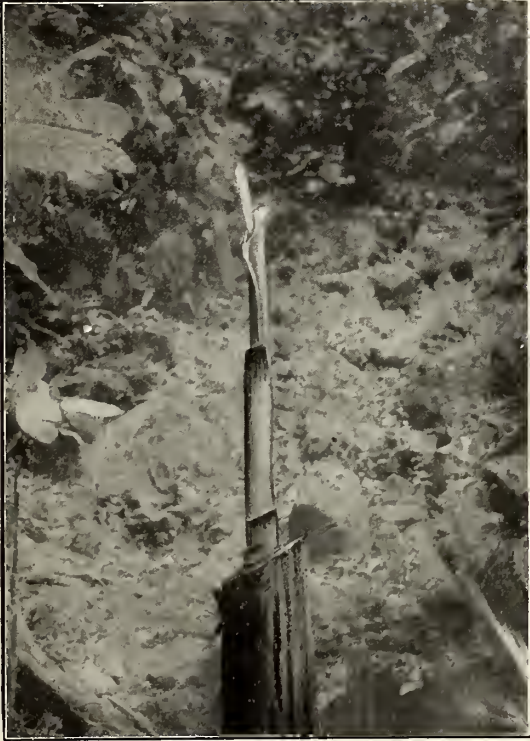
ten, will send up a new shoot from the centre of the trunk and will grow fast enough to make up for lost time, for within forty-eight hours it will rear waving green leaves triumphantly above the severed trunk.

It is when first starting this new growth that the tree can actually be *seen* growing, however, and the accompanying photographs were taken in order to show how rapidly the tree recovers from an injury and the manner in which the remarkable feat is accomplished.

In the first picture the big fleshy stalk, or trunk, is shown as it appeared when freshly cut at ten o'clock in the morning. Twenty minutes later, the centre of the trunk had pushed itself above the smooth surface of the cut and had grown nearly an inch in height, as shown in the second picture. Owing to a heavy tropical shower, no more pictures could be obtained for several hours, and I was obliged to seek shelter and leave the tree unobserved. At five in the afternoon the tree was again visited, when, lo and behold! a green shoot several feet in height rose proudly from the centre of the stalk, as shown in the third photograph. By the following afternoon the smooth, green shoot had unrolled, and four broad and perfect leaves waved above the old trunk as if in defiance of our efforts to check the upward growth of this ambitious tree. Thus, in thirty-one hours the plant had overcome an injury that would prove fatal to most trees, and had developed to a fairly respectable height, as shown by the fourth picture. A month later the new tree was as large and flourishing as before it was mutilated, and it was impossible to discover where the old trunk had been cut off.

Perhaps you wonder how it is that the banana-tree can thus produce a new growth from the centre of its trunk. The secret lies in the fact that the trunk of the banana-tree is not hard and woody like other trees, but is really composed of undeveloped leaves wrapped tightly together in a spiral form. When the tree grows, these rolled-up leaves push upward and merely unroll; thus no time is lost in forming buds and growing leaves as do ordinary trees. When the trunk is cut off, it does not interfere with the growth of the leaves, because they are always pushing up from the centre of the stalk. If you will roll a sheet of paper tightly and push against one end, you

will see exactly how the leaves are pushed up from the trunk of the banana-tree, and, if you



THE BANANA-STALK EIGHT HOURS LATER.

cut the roll in two, you will find that it does n't prevent you from pushing out the centre of the roll as before.

Although the banana-tree repairs an injury so rapidly and well, the shoot formed from the cut stalk seldom bears fruit or flowers. As these shoots are taller and stronger than the original trees, however, they are much better adapted to withstand wind and storms, and the natives frequently cut off the banana-trees in order to force them to produce the strong, fruitless growth and to serve as wind-breaks for other crops.

Perhaps, now that I have told you about the rapid growth of this interesting tree, you may be anxious to learn more of the banana and its uses.

In the north we think only of the banana as a fruit, but, by the natives of the countries where it grows, it is used for a great many other purposes. The broad leaves, before they are torn and frayed by the wind, are often cut and used as umbrellas, and it is a funny sight to see a long line of natives walking along the road, each carrying a big, green banana-leaf above his head. After being dried, the leaves are made into thatch for houses and buildings, they are

used as padding for harness and saddles, for packing about fruit and fragile articles, as bedding for horses and cattle, for chafing-gear on vessels' rigging, and for many other purposes. The fleshy trunks of the trees form a rich fertilizer for gardens and fields, and the fibres are made into ropes, lines, and cordage. In fact, the famous Manilla hemp is really the fibre of a species of banana. The fruit is eaten raw when ripe and cooked while green, and, in addition, it is dried and made into excellent flour. When fermented, bananas produce excellent vinegar, and a fiery liquor is also distilled from them.

We seldom see more than two varieties of bananas in the north,—the common yellow fruit and the red variety. Unfortunately these are two of the most inferior kinds. No one knows just how many varieties of bananas exist; but over three hundred occur in the West Indies, and among these may be found kinds to suit every taste and use. The most highly esteemed for eating when ripe are the tiny "fig bananas"



THE BANANA-STALK THIRTY-ONE HOURS AFTER CUTTING.

or "lady-fingers," a dainty variety scarcely four inches in length, with a skin as thin as paper and with sugary, highly-flavored pulp. There are also orange bananas, green bananas speckled

with brown and red, bananas with streaks and spots of black, bananas with rough, warty skins, and scores of varieties of red and yellow bananas of every imaginable shape and size. The natives laugh at the idea of eating red bananas and think them the coarsest and most worthless of all, using them only as vegetables, when green, or as food for cattle and pigs. Unlike the ordinary banana, the red variety requires two years to mature, and, for this reason, they are not so widely grown and command a higher price than the yellow fruit.

Bananas have been cultivated for so many ages that they are now found throughout the tropics of the whole world, and, like many other

curve back and drop off, leaving behind each one a tiny "hand" of young and undeveloped fruit. Within nine to twelve months after the sucker is set out, the tree is fully grown and the big bunch of fruit is ready to cut. But, instead of cutting off the fruit, the entire tree is felled,



A BANANA-TRAIN IN GUATEMALA.



LOADING BANANAS ABOARD SHIP.

cultivated fruits, the banana has almost lost the power of producing seeds. If you look carefully at the central part of the banana, you will find traces of tiny seeds, but these will not grow if planted, and nowadays bananas are all grown from the shoots, or "suckers," which spring from about the roots of the trees.

In planting a banana-tree, one of these shoots is placed in a hole in the earth, and, within a few months, it becomes a stout tree ten or twelve feet in height and six inches or more in diameter. Very soon a big conical pink bud appears among the leaves. Daily the bud expands and the flower-stalk grows outward, while the petals

for the banana bears but once in its lifetime. Long before the tree is cut, however, new stalks have sprung up around the base of the trunk, and each of these, if left undisturbed, would grow into a tree, bear its fruit and die down, while around each parent-stalk other suckers would spring up. As this would go on indefinitely until the soil was exhausted and the trees formed a veritable jungle, the banana-

planters remove all but four or five of the shoots in each group. In thinning out the suckers, care is taken that those left are of various sizes and ages so that, while one is in fruit, another will be blossoming, another will be half grown, and still another will be just sprouting from the ground. In this way, the planter keeps a continual succession of bearing trees, which makes bananas a very profitable crop—even though each tree bears but once.

Bananas have many advantages over other trees and fruits aside from the rapidity of their growth and the fact that a crop may be gathered every month in the year. They are wonderfully

free from disease and insect enemies, and a worm-eaten banana is rare indeed. Locusts are almost the only insects which injure the trees, and even these pests rarely cause serious damage. Weeds affect bananas very little, and, among the parasitic creepers, plants, and choking vines of the tropics, the banana-tree is able to hold its own, and flaunts its broad leaves and bears its bunches of golden fruit in defiance of its enemies.

Few people realize the enormous numbers of bananas which are brought into the United States, for we seldom see more than one or two



FULL-GROWN BANANA-TREE WITH FRUIT READY TO CUT.

bunches hanging in a shop at one time, and the price remains about the same at all seasons. If we visit the docks at Boston, New Orleans, Philadelphia, or New York, where the banana ships unload, we will be filled with wonder and surprise at the number of bunches which fill the holds of the ships. Each year there are some fifty million bunches brought into the United States, and, allowing one hundred bananas to the

bunch, this means that over *five billion bananas* are consumed in our country each year. Most of these bananas are brought from Central America and Jamaica, but great quantities come from South America, Mexico, Cuba, San Domingo, and the other West Indian islands, and great fleets of steamships, thousands of miles of railways, countless river steamboats, enormous wharves, armies of men, and even entire towns and villages are devoted exclusively to the banana industry.

So abundant are bananas in their native lands that they form the chief article of food for many of the natives, and practically all the inhabitants of lands where the fruit grows eat bananas in one form or another at least once a day throughout their lives. A native must be poverty-stricken indeed to be so poor that he cannot afford a few banana-trees, and nearly every dooryard or garden contains at least one banana- or plantain-tree.

Plantains are species of bananas which lack the sweet, delicate taste, and are eaten as vegetables either boiled, fried, baked, or mashed like potatoes; and as plantains and bananas may be purchased in their native lands at ten cents a bunch, the wolf finds few doors at which to knock in banana-land.

THE DESPOILERS

BY N. M. FAIRPOINT

THE nest in the sycamore-tree had been added to year by year, until it now towered above all surrounding objects, and in the soft, early spring night, a gentle, shrill murmur came from the expectant mother-bird as she moved slightly and again settled back upon the eggs.

Presently the dawn came, and the light that flooded the shore and bay roused all nature's choristers to their morning hymn of praise; and, as a deep accompaniment to the robins and song-sparrows, came the "Caw-caw" of the crows, over beyond the hilltop.

This nest had been home to many generations of sea-eagles, and, as each bird died, the remaining one of the pair had re-mated and inherited the nest.

Very peaceably had they lived with their neighbors of the near-by thicket, the herons, and they had always been ready to join in shrill rejoicing when the hoarse "Quark-quark" had announced some extra luck in the way of frogs or newts in the near-by marsh.

Three speckled eggs lay in the nest, and the mother-bird surveyed them with special pride, after the sun was well up, before she flew off to the bay for her morning meal.

The herons had long been gone, following the

receding tide, standing like statues, knee-deep in puddles, then with a sudden jump, almost too swift to be seen, seizing some unwary chogset who had ventured among the grass roots.

The sun was up, and the air was still. It promised to be the warmest day of the season, so there was no anxiety in the mother-birds' minds about leaving their precious eggs longer than usual, for the season was well advanced, and the eggs must cool at least once a day.

The first of the herons came flapping up from the marsh, leisurely, as is their way, with head indrawn and straight-out bill pointing the direction in which they are going, their long legs trailing out behind. She flew straight to the thicket of small oaks where the colony of nests was located.

As she came to the trees, instead of alighting near her own nest as usual, she rose again sud-

Her cries, as she circled above the thicket, brought all the members of the flock who were within hearing distance. Cry after cry went up, and herons flocked from marsh and shore, all joining their frantic screams to those of the first comers.

They flew from nest to nest in the thicket; they walked with outstretched necks and clamorous cries over the ground round about the nesting-place; but no explanation of the disaster seemed to present itself.

The excitement was still at its height when the mother osprey leisurely came up over the trees from the bay, and she paused on steadily flapping wings and outstretched neck to watch the commotion among her neighbors, then dropped down slowly to her own nest.

She alighted on its broad edge, and for a moment seemed dazed at the broken eggs and the disturbed condition of her home.

Then, as the realization of the loss of her young ones seemed to be borne in upon her, she uttered shriek after shriek, rising into the air, and circling round and round above the deserted nest.

In a very few moments, her cries were answered from the direction of the bay by other shrill cries with a clear note of anxiety in them, and her mate came rushing from his fishing to learn the cause of the trouble.

Together they circled round and round, making the surrounding hillside ring with their shrieks, then settled on the branches of the tree and regarded the nest with unremitting screams.

They flew above the nest and below it; they settled on the tree itself, again and again; they settled on other trees near by; but still they did not seem to decide about the trouble.

Back they went to the home tree, and the mother-bird settled on the nest again, and had carefully turned over the one remaining egg, when the excitement in the heronry attracted their attention.

It seemed as if they both decided at the same moment that these hitherto quiet and peaceable neighbors had taken advantage of their absence, and had caused the damage.

Apparently with a single impulse, both great birds sprang into the air, and hurled themselves upon the demoralized herons. Down they crashed through the thicket, striking at the startled birds with beaks and claws, and driving them from nest and branch.

The herons dived and flew into the underbrush, where the larger birds who were attacking them could not follow, and lay hiding while the ospreys circled over the deserted nests with shrill shrieks,



ONE OSPREY ON GUARD WHEN THE OTHER GOES, IN SEARCH OF FOOD.

denly into the air with cries of "Quark-quark," filled with consternation, for in her own nest, and in all the others around hers, the eggs were broken, the nests torn down, and havoc everywhere.

and with savage dives wherever they fancied a heron might be.

Presently, as the herons had disappeared, the ospreys returned to their own nest, and with many shrill protests began to repair damages.

A few sticks were brought and arranged round the edge, and the one remaining egg carefully moved round before the mother-bird again settled down, now with thin, gentle murmurings as if to assure the bird to be of safety and protection.

The other bird hovered near, sometimes in the branches above, sometimes in a near-by tree, then again flying off with a savage cry when one of the disconsolate herons ventured to return.

The next day, the little osprey hatched, and both parents stayed on guard, savagely driving off any heron who dared venture into the vicinity.

Night and day they guarded it, one always staying while the other went to the bay for food for itself, and to bring back some for the baby, and always with senses keenly alive to any movement near the old heronry.

One day, the mother-bird had just returned and brought a fish for the baby. While preening her feathers and crooning contentedly beside the nest, a disconsolate heron ventured by and settled for a moment near its old nest in the oak thicket.

In a moment the osprey saw it, and with a harsh scream flew at the bird.

The heron, with startled cries, flung itself into the underbrush at the foot of the trees, and the osprey circled above it.

The heron then worked its way through the bushes and, at the other end, flew for the next thicket beyond.

The mother's rage was still so strong she followed, blind to everything but her desire for revenge on the offending herons.

On she flew, sometimes almost reaching her fleeing enemy, and striking at it with beak and claws as the lighter bird dodged out of her reach.

They doubled back and forth, shrieking and screaming in their fear and rage, when a sound reached the mother-bird that made her forget her flying enemy before her.

She turned abruptly back toward the nest and flew with all her strength and force, for she could hear the shrill screams of her baby, that told her it was in danger of its life.

Back, back, she rushed, and, as the nest came in sight, she saw her baby clinging to the outer

edge as a great black crow from the colony which was over the hill was striking at it with deadly aim.

It was only the baby's squirming and his struggles that had saved it, and so intent was the crow upon its prey, it failed to see the



THE MOTHER OSPREY STRIKING WITH BEAK AND CLAWS.

mother-bird until the moment she hurled herself upon him.

He fought desperately as they fell together from the edge of the nest, and managed to wrench himself clear of her claws with the loss of half his feathers. Once on the ground, he held his own and flung himself among the bushes, just as the father-bird arrived and hurled himself against the shrubs.

But the battle was over, and the crow managed to hop and fly from bush to bush until the ospreys had lost him. Then very slowly and painfully he made his way back to the flock, which he regretted having left.

The mother-bird was already consoling the frightened young one and assuring him that there were no more enemies who wanted to meddle with him.

A COLLEGE FOR WILD-ANIMAL ACTORS

To M. Paul Bourgeois, a young French animal-trainer, belongs the distinction of organizing and directing the first dramatic school where wild animals are prepared for the moving-picture



THE TRAINER AND A STAR-PUPIL.

stage. The graduates of this remarkable institution, which is located near New York, are now appearing in films all over the country, their services being rented to the various motion-picture companies for use in such of their productions as call for the presence of jungle inhabitants.

M. Bourgeois credits much of the success he has achieved in the motion-picture world to his own system for training animals. Infinite patience, firmness, and kindness, he says, give him more complete control over his protégés than any number of whips or red-hot irons.

With a few slight exceptions, the principles of animal posing and human acting are the same.



"FELLOW-PLAYERS."

When a film requiring beasts is to be made, the animals are first trained regularly in their simple movements until the performance becomes a habit, since they can respond only to instinct, not to intelligence. Originality must be used by the trainers to make their charges do the right thing at exactly the proper time for the camera man.

For this purpose, common devices are coating tree branches with honey to keep Bruin aloft the entire length of a scene, or exposing a chicken off the stage when the fox should jump out of a window.

A marvelous circumstance of the profession, for which M. Bourgeois himself can hardly account, is that these so-called dangerous beasts rarely attempt to harm their fellow-actors. Women, maintains the director, seem even more fearless than men. To prove this assertion M. Bourgeois describes a recent film depicting life in the jungle. In one scene, a small young ac-



DOING THE RIGHT THING AT THE PROPER TIME.

truss with complete security nestled up to a huge tigress, while several stage-hands and moving-picture employees, with less confidence, nervously held revolvers leveled at the animal.

ROBERT H. MOULTON.

A JAPANESE VOLCANO IN ERUPTION

The volcano on the island of Sakuragima has again begun to spout smoke and ashes high in the air, causing the people in the surrounding country to flee for their lives.

This is the same volcano that did so much damage last year when, before it broke into eruption, over five hundred earthquakes were recorded by the government seismograph, and ninety-one were felt by the inhabitants of the town nestled

below it. In the town of Kagoshima, across a narrow strip of water, the 70,000 inhabitants were in a state of terror, and a thousand people were killed.

The roaring alone was enough to create a panic of fear, and continued for one week without interruption before the volcano became silent.

Alarming and destructive as has been the activity of this volcano, however, it has affected a comparatively limited area by comparison with the tremendous eruption which occurred in 1883 on the Island of Krakatua, between Sumatra and Java. Not only was the whole northern part of the island blown away, but an enormous volume of pumice and fine ash was hurled to a height of twenty miles, and, caught by the aerial current, was wafted around the entire world. The tidal wave that followed drowned over thirty thousand people on neighboring and far distant islands, and was even observed at the Cape of Good Hope, seven thousand five hundred miles away.

Equally marvelous is it that the noise of the explosion was heard on the island of Rodriguez, in the direction of Madagascar, three thousand miles distant; the air-wave caused by it traveled three times around the earth before its force was spent.

L. M. EDHOLM.

SOMETHING NEW ABOUT THE CRAB

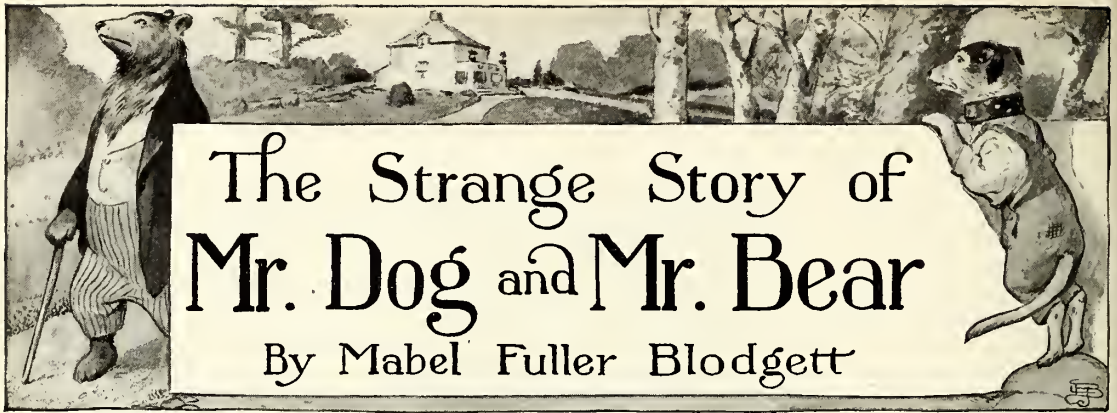
Who would believe that, among creatures having well-developed domestic instincts, we must include the humble crab—the “spiders of the sea,” as Victor Hugo calls them? Once under water, we might expect one part of the sea to be as homelike as another, but that only shows how little the average human being understands a crab’s point of view. Some one, however, suspected them of the homing instinct, and so tried

the experiment of catching a pair of them on the Yorkshire coast, in England, and, after marking them, carrying them south fifty miles or more, returning first one and then the other to the water at different points on the shore. Then the



THE VOLCANO ON THE ISLAND OF SAKURAGIMA, JAPAN.

Yorkshire crabbers carefully searched their traps as they made each haul, on the lookout for the possible return of the wanderers. Strange to relate, one day not one, but both of the crabs were caught a second time, having made their way back across the intervening miles of seabottom to their Yorkshire home.



The Strange Story of Mr. Dog and Mr. Bear

By Mabel Fuller Blodgett

(FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK)

VI. MR. BEAR TELLS A STORY

You remember how very badly the young children of Mrs. Jack Rabbit acted the only night they went to school in Mr. Bear's woodshed? Well, the next morning, they woke up and began to talk things over. Peter Rabbit was rather ashamed of himself, for one, and he reminded the others of how kind Mr. Bear had been to them, and how, though he spoke so gruffly, he generally had a few choice carrots in his coat pocket for them when they met. The others hung their heads, and even Benjamin Bunny, who was the most mischievous of them all, seemed really sorry for having bothered good Mr. Bear. So, when Peter Rabbit proposed they should carry to him that very day a jar of preserved blueberries, and beg his pardon, they one and all agreed.

Mr. Bear was strolling up and down his gravel

walk watching Mr. Dog, who was sitting on the front porch, book in hand, saying over and over to himself, "d-o-g—dog, b-e-a-r—bear," and other words his new teacher had given him to learn to spell before evening.

Mr. Bear saw the young rabbits marching along two by two, and at first he scowled, for he thought they must be up to some new mischief.

But Peter Rabbit, cap in hand, came forward politely. Giving Mr. Bear no time to speak, he told his errand; and before he had done, Mr. Dog had stopped lessons to listen, and Mr. Bear was beaming on the whole party. He accepted the jar of blueberries, and invited them up to the house. He was looking about for something with which to entertain them, when Mr. Dog suggested that Mr. Bear tell his famous story.

"A story! a story! O dear good Mr. Bear,



THE REPENTANT RABBITS MARCHING ALONG TWO BY TWO.

please do tell us a story!" said all the young rabbits, and in no time two of them had drawn Mr. Bear's favorite rocker out on the porch, and in another minute every little rabbit present was seated as close as possible to the story-teller—some on the piazza steps, some on the walk, and others overflowing onto the grass. Mr. Bear, seated comfortably above them with Mr. Dog, who was now preparing the potatoes for dinner, looked down on a row of eager furry faces, every ear lopped forward, every pink eye fixed on Mr. Bear, who began, as every good story-teller should, with "Once upon a time."

"Once upon a time, my dear young rabbit friends," said Mr. Bear, "there lived in a magic wood far, far away, another bear who was a relation of mine. I am cinnamon color, as you see, but he was snowy white. This was the more strange because he was the only one of his family to be like that. All the others were black, or dingy brown; and while their fur was rough and shaggy, Polo's fur (for that was what they called him, his real name being Roly Polo) was very soft and silky. This vexed his brothers and sisters and even his father and mother, and they treated poor Polo cruelly. They pretended to be ashamed of him on account of his white coat, they made him do all the disagreeable work, and nothing pleased them so much as to make him tend the fire and then send him out into the forest covered with soot and ashes."

"Shame!" said Benjamin Bunny, and the other rabbits nodded their heads.

"Yes," went on Mr. Bear, "it was a shame! And after a while, if you will believe it, the bear family really got to thinking their own coats the handsomest and were dreadfully mortified if any of the neighboring wood-folk saw Polo when, as it sometimes chanced, he had had a good bath and was white and shining. They kept him out of the way as much as possible, and they never let him play any games with them, unless it was to be something that none of the others liked to be. Poor Polo was very unhappy and wished every day that he had been born just a plain, ordinary, brown bear. If he could have changed himself over he would have done so; but as he could n't, it did seem rather hard to have his whole family dislike him for something that really was n't his fault."

"I should think so!" said Peter Rabbit.

"Well, one day, who should ride by," continued Mr. Bear, "but the King of the country. He caught sight of Polo, who was doing the family washing on the back porch of the Bear House, though he could n't see the little white bear very plainly, because there was a latticed screen in

the way. The King reined in his horse and called out to Mr. Father Bear to come out.

"Mr. Father Bear did so at once, bowing down to the ground as he approached the King.

"My good bear," said the King, 'I have long been looking for some one of your kind to take to court with me to be my friend and companion. For such a one I have a diamond collar, a bed of down with a satin cover, and much honey on a silver plate, besides a purse of gold which may



"YOU WOULD THINK URSUS WAS ALREADY THE KING'S FAVORITE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

be spent freely, as whenever it is gone I shall fill it full again.'

"Mr. Father Bear could hardly believe his ears.

"Myself and my family are yours for the taking, great King,' he said hurriedly.

"Oh,' said the King, 'that is very good of you, I am sure! But I want something a little different from the common run of bears. Have you by any chance a very handsome son?'

"Yes, indeed,' answered Mr. Father Bear promptly. 'I have a very handsome one. Ursus, my eldest, is both strong and beautiful.'

"'Well,' said the King, 'I am busy to-day, but to-morrow I will come and inspect your family.'"

The young rabbits shivered with excitement. "I just hope he sees Polo!" said one.

Mr. Bear smiled at the delighted interest of his hearers and continued.

"So the King rode on, while Mr. Father Bear

that he was already the King's favorite, and he gave himself such airs that Roly Polo had to go out of the room and hold both paws over his mouth to keep from laughing out loud, which would not have been a good thing to do, of course.

"The next morning was one of the busiest in the little white bear's life. It was 'Polo, bring this,' 'Polo, get that,' with never so much as a 'thank you,' but a shove here and a cuff there, till he was ready to sit down and cry.

"Fortunately, before it was very late, up rode the King. At the first sound of the Herald's silver trumpet, Polo had been hurried into the coat-closet and locked up there for safe keeping, while Ursus came forth looking very fine indeed, as he thought, with his orange and red ribbon rosettes.

"When he saw him, the King burst out laughing.

"'Surely,' he said, 'this is n't the handsome son you promised me! Bring out all the family.'

"In a moment there they all stood for the King's inspection, Mr. Ursus Bear in the background furiously biting off his gay ribbons, and the others, black and dingy brown, all bowing and showing their white teeth in the very pleasantest smiles they could manage.

"But the King appeared much annoyed, even cross, and he spoke sharply to Mr. Father Bear.

"'Is this *all* the family?'

"'All?' said Mr. Father Bear, hesitating.

"'Did you not hear my question?' said the King, sternly.

"'Y-yes, your Majesty,' stammered Father Bear, trying to think of some excuse to give about Roly Polo. Mr. Father

Bear could n't make up his mind to let the King see that one of his children was so very unlike the others, with not even one spot of brown to take away from the staring whiteness of his furry coat.

"The King wondered at Father Bear's confusion, but he began to think he might have been mistaken after all in thinking he had seen something so different the day before. So he signed to his guard to start, and picked up the reins which had been hanging loosely on his horse's neck."



"'THE KING REINED IN HIS HORSE.'"

went into his house, and, calling the family together, told them the great news. Even Polo, on the back porch, heard it also.

"Then Ursus was combed and brushed, and had yards and yards of bright orange and red ribbon made into bows and pinned all over his best clothes, in order to make them still more beautiful.

No one paid any attention to Roly Polo, but Ursus was made much of and given the best of everything to eat at supper. You would think

"Oh dear!" sighed a young rabbit.

"Don't talk!" said another; "we want to hear what happened."

"And then," said Mr. Bear, "then there came the funniest noise, a scratching and squealing. And now I'll tell you what nobody there knew:

"The coat-closet door did not fit quite tight.

"In fact, there was as much as half an inch of space at the bottom, and, the windows of the Bear House being open, Roly Polo had heard every word.

"What's that?" asked the King, pausing. "That noise seems to come from inside the house. Herald, search!" he commanded.

"O your Majesty!" pleaded Mr. Father Bear in a great state of fear and excitement, "please don't! I think that noise may come from my unhappy son. He is so very ugly I did n't want to offend your Majesty's eyes with the sight of him."

"How dreadful!" murmured Peter Rabbit.

"So it was," agreed Mr. Bear, "but as you will see, it did n't do a bit of good. For the King paid not the slightest attention to Mr. Father Bear's entreaties, and the royal commands were at once obeyed.

"In a few moments the gorgeous Herald in blue and silver came forth leading by the ear a little white bear, none other than our friend Roly Polo. The King liked his looks immensely, for he was a very attractive little bear, and his dark eyes were full of intelligence. His pink tongue showed just a little, for all this was so surprising that he forgot and kept his mouth open, and the King thought his smile very sweet, and that it showed an amiable disposition.

"Meanwhile, Mr. Father Bear was trying to edge away, and all the Bear family were looking guilty and most unhappy. In a few words, for Kings are apt to come straight to the point, his Majesty told Mr. Father Bear exactly what he thought of him, and then he ordered him and his whole family sent into the neighboring country with strict orders never to return. That is, all but Roly Polo, who was first to have a perfumed

bath, and then to be installed in the palace as the King's high favorite.

"The whole Bear family wept and wrung their paws—"

"Served them right!" said Benjamin Bunny, interrupting in his excitement.

"So Roly Polo, who had a sweet forgiving



"THE HERALD CAME FORTH LEADING BY THE EAR A LITTLE WHITE BEAR."

nature, begged the King to pardon them and then went back with the King to the palace, and lived happily forever after."

"My!" said the young rabbits, "that was a fine story!" and they one and all thanked their kind host and were preparing to take leave in their best manner, when out came Mr. Dog with a plate of lettuce sandwiches, and a big pitcher of lemonade, and that at once really turned the whole thing into a party.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

HATS off to the picture-makers this time! and hearty huzzas besides! For, from this Hallowe'en heading, with its gleaming Jack-o'-Lantern circled by sheeted ghosts, to the dainty, Dresden-china figure on page 1148, as well as in scores of equally clever and charming drawings which (alack!) we have no room to print—our young artists have covered themselves with glory. And when we come to the contributions of the camera girls and boys, their work this month has made this October department a veritable pictorial magazine in itself. Even with one more page than usual, we can do no sort of justice to the argosy of beautiful photographs received in response to the subject "Where I Live." From the twenty-nine here shown, however, some idea may be gained of the whole rich array, hundreds and hundreds of them, a bewitching succession of charming scenes and residences. As will be seen at a glance, there were pretty, cozy homes, and homes almost palatial; mansions like manor-houses, with terraces and gables "overlooking heath and holt," and cabins and chalets crowning some mountain vista; quaint, old-time-y homesteads, snuggled under oaks and maples, and rambling cottages with vine-clad arbors; pillared porches leading to high-walled gardens, and lovely old farmhouses, facing quiet, shady lanes; here a rustic "lodge in some vast wilderness," and there a stately villa, "fair with orchard lawns and bowery hollows crowned with summer sea." St. NICHOLAS and the League could ask no better advertisement than these pictures; and they will have an added interest for every reader of the magazine as showing what beauty and peace surround the habitations of many American young folk of to-day. Assuredly we ought all to rejoice that they are fairly typical of the comfort and prosperity that distinguish the homes of our favored land.



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY SARAH M. JOHNSON, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 188

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Lucy M. Hodge** (age 13), New Jersey. Silver badges, **Clara M. Farrell** (age 12), Canada; **Anna Rogers Lay** (age 14), N. C.; **Evelyn Howard** (age 11), Cal.; **Theo. E. Wright** (age 15), British Columbia.

VERSE. Gold badge, **Elizabeth Peirce** (age 14), California.

Silver badges, **Christine E. Williams** (age 11), Ohio; **Amelia Lapham Bush** (age 15), Ohio.

DRAWINGS. Gold badge, **Alta M. Davis** (age 15), Nebraska.

Silver badges, **Sarah M. Johnson** (age 12), N. J.; **Otto Tennigkeit** (age 17), N. Y.; **Betsy Flagg** (age 15), N. Y.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badges, **Esther B. White** (age 12), New York; **Jean Southam** (age 11), Canada.

Silver badges, **Lucy Pomeroy** (age 14), New York; **Margaret J. Burt** (age 12), Illinois; **Matthew Pugsley** (age 15), New York; **Katherine S. Thomas** (age 13), Massachusetts; **John K. Weeks** (age 9), New Jersey; **Elizabeth Fleming** (age 13), Arizona; **Clarke Costikyan** (age 13), New Jersey; **Margaret Alice Keith** (age 15), Ohio; **Elizabeth J. Norton** (age 12), Colorado; **Ruth Broughton** (age 12), New Jersey.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badge, **Edmund Burke** (age 13), Texas.

Silver badges, **Katharine V. R. Crosby** (age 17), New York; **James Stanisewsky** (age 17), Illinois.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badges, **Katherine D. Stewart** (age 17), Me.; **Elinor Porter Childs** (age 16), Conn.

Silver badges, **Ellen R. Chisholm** (age 14), Nova Scotia; **Ruth J. Blodgett** (age 13), Vermont; **Augusta Morhart** (age 16), Ohio.



BY LUCY POMEROY, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.) "WHERE I LIVE."



BY MARGARET SOUTHAM, AGE 14.

A SONG OF SUMMER

BY ELIZABETH PEIRCE (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won October, 1909)

MORNING

The birdlings sing on a summer morn:
 "Awake, and hear us trill!
 The sun has shone on snow-capped peaks,
 And we 're no longer still!"

The streamlet sings on a summer morn,
 And runs o'er the stones along;
 "Wake, ev'ry one, the sun is up,
 Awake and hear my song!"

The gentians sing in the cool green glen:
 "We 're budding for you, wake up!
 We wave and bend near the bubbling spring,
 Each flow'r with its deep blue cup."

EVENING

The sun goes down in a rosy glow,
 The birdlings cease their song,
 The trees stand black by the rainbow lake
 Like sentinels, tall and strong.

The merry song of the rushing stream
 Has changed to a lullaby,
 The stars come up o'er the dark moraine,
 And shine like lamps on high.



"WHERE I LIVE." BY MARGARET J. BURT, AGE 12.
 (SILVER BADGE.)

The moon keeps watch among the stars,
 The owl hoots low, "Sleep on!
 In the starry cool of the mountain night
 Sleep, till the dark be gone!"

A HALLOWE'EN STORY

BY CLARA M. FARRELL (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

MARJORIE and her mother were sitting by the open crackling fire just the day before Hallowe'en.

"I 'm so tired of Hallowe'en parties, they are so silly," said Marjorie.

"What!" said Mother, looking up in surprise, "tired of Hallowe'en. Perhaps you do not know its story. I will tell it to you.

"This custom of having Hallowe'en came in centuries ago, even before Christianity. People were in the habit of lighting bonfires thinking that of all nights in the year this was the one when witches and ghosts were most likely to wander about.

"The Druids, who were the ancient fortune-tellers in

England celebrated their autumn harvest and lit bonfires in honour of the Sun-God who had been kind to them.

"In Rome, at this festival, nuts and apples representing the Roman's stores were the principal symbols. This is the reason why people duck for apples and crack nuts at Hallowe'en parties. You see there is more in this occasion than you thought, girlie."



"WHERE I LIVE." BY MATTHEW PUGSLEY, AGE 15.
 (SILVER BADGE.)

"Yes, Mother! and now I will go and accept this invitation to Marion Fairfield's."

Next day at the party Marjorie ducked for apples and cracked nuts with the best of them. At night, when her mother tucked her comfortably in bed, she was able to say that she had never enjoyed Hallowe'en so much before, and would never forget the story of its origin.

A HALLOWE'EN STORY

BY LUCY M. HODGE (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won February, 1915)

'RASTUS WATTS was a funny sight as he stood at the door of his little cabin at sunset. His woolly hair was tied up with white thread, and between his bare toes could be seen more thread. His overalls were rolled up to his knees, showing his black legs, which were like two sticks. His shirt sleeves also were rolled up, and on each bare arm there were three or four rubber bands.

But 'Rastus did not care how he looked, for it was



"WHERE I LIVE." BY KATHERINE S. THOMAS, AGE 13.
 (SILVER BADGE.)

Hallowe'en, and the only way he knew of to keep the witches off was to tie his hair and toes with white thread, and wear rubber bands on his arms.

He watched the sun set, and then turned back into the cabin, and eating his solitary supper, went to bed.

About eleven o'clock, footsteps pattered softly around the cabin, and stopped at the door. Then a hollow voice moaned,

"E-ras-tus Wa-atts!"

Up jumped 'Rastus, his teeth chattering.

"Oh, don' hurt me!" he moaned. "I 'se never done nothing to harm you, Mr. Ghos'. I 'se allers been your friend. You ain't gwine back on a feller now!"

"E-rastus!" moaned the voice again, "you stole a water-melon, you stole a cabbage, an on-ion!"

"But, Mr. Ghos', it war n't your watermillion, nor your onion!"



"WHERE I LIVE." BY MADELAINE R. BROWN, AGE 16.

"That does n't matter, it was so-omebody's, o-oh! If you do it again you 'll be punished, o-oh!" and the voice died away.

'Rastus burrowed his head into the bedclothes. How long he stayed there he did not know, but when he looked up, the sun was shining.

"MOTHER," said Bobby Herring next day, "I gave 'Rastus such a scare I bet he 'll never steal any more of our 'water-millions.'"

And indeed he never did.

A HALLOWE'EN STORY

BY ANNA ROGERS LAY (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

"I 'M not afraid of those things," thought Billy. "They think they 're goin' to scare me, but they can't."

As he turned from the bright yellow pumpkins he had been looking at, he remembered that there were such things as ghosts on Hallowe'en, and he hurried to get home before they noticed him.

When he reached the rose garden, there from behind one of the tallest ramblers crept three big white things that swayed in the breeze and made queer noises.

Billy started to scream but suddenly he remembered his mother's advice, "Don't scream at ghosts because it won't do any good, and besides some ghosts are nice." He did n't think they were nice, but he walked on with his head down to the ground and did n't scream.

The ghosts were getting nearer and nearer, and the faster Billy walked the faster they walked. But suddenly they began running and ran and ran until they caught him. Well, it was rather scary for him but he knew it would do no good to make a noise, so he kept still.

The ghosts screamed and moaned and did all sorts of things to scare Billy but at last they gave up, and dropped their sheets. Now who do you suppose they were? I guess I will have to tell you: they were his

sisters. Well, each one gave him a nice big box of molasses candy kisses and a real kiss besides. Billy looked up at his ghost sisters and said with joy and relief: "Well ghosts are nice things, sometimes, are n't they?"

A SONG OF SUMMER

BY CHRISTINE E. WILLIAMS (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

SING a song of summer,
Roses pink and red
Blooming underneath the window,
In my little flower bed.

Daisies white and golden
Are nodding in the fields;
And the fragrant honey-suckle,
To the bee, its honey yields.

Buttercups so golden
Dancing in the sun;
And evening primrose opening
Its petals, one by one.

Pink and white petunias
Around the flower beds,
With the south wind fanning them,
In thanks, they nod their heads.

Sing a song of summer,
Vacation time is here;
We wish that good old summer
Would last throughout the year.

A VACATION STORY

BY EVELYN HOWARD (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

DOROTHY and Frank had long dreamed of finding buried treasures, and this summer they were at last going to try. In the morning they started out in high spirits. "I hardly believe, though," said Frank, "that we 'll



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY KATHARINE E SMITH, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

find pieces of eight in the Sierra Nevada Mountains; pirates don't usually bury their treasures in the mountains, but in islands." "We might find some, though." Dorothy at least was hopeful.

As they were about to wade a stream, Dorothy said they might as well look in one place as another, for they had no guide but the hope that there was a treasure somewhere. Frank agreed, and they were soon diligently digging in the banks of the stream.



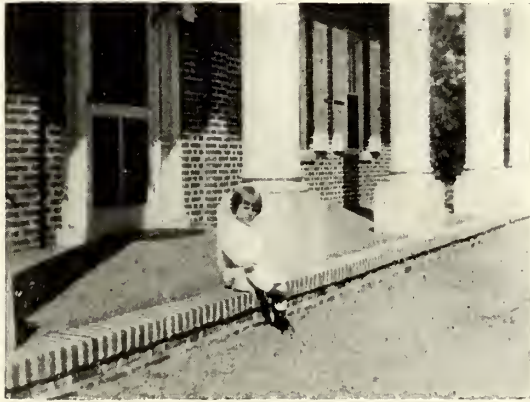
BY MARY LUCILLE REEVES, AGE 14.



BY KATHARINE F. FITCHER, AGE 14.



BY ALETHA DIETRICH, AGE 14
(HONOR MEMBER.)



BY JOHN K. WEEKS, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY ELIZABETH FLEMING, AGE 13
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY ELIZABETH W. GRAVES, AGE 16.



BY ARTHUR C. JOHNSON, AGE 13.



BY CLARKE COSTIKYAN, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY MARGARET W. DODSWORTH, AGE 10.

"WHERE I LIVE,"

After about an hour's hard toil, Frank wanted to give up, but Dorothy persisted, and suggested having lunch before they went to work again. "For we might be *just* above a whole box of treasure." This was accordingly done, and they fell to again with renewed vigor.

They worked till sundown, when Frank started home.



"WHERE I LIVE." BY MARGARET ALICE KEITH, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

As Dorothy was about to run after him, she perceived, in the earth which they had thrown back, a dark yellow stone, about the size of a hen's egg. "Oh! Frank! Come here this minute!" It was a *gold nugget*. "Oh, Dorothy! This is better than pieces of eight. Did you ever see anything so fine?"

A long time has since gone by, but Dorothy and Frank have never forgotten their joy over this gold nugget. No other so large has ever been found in that vicinity, though it is now quite a wealthy mine.

A HALLOWE'EN STORY

BY THEO. E. WRIGHT (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

ONE Hallowe'en my sister and I, accompanied by several friends and several pumpkins, went out to give the "Hallowe'en Scare" to some of our neighbors.



"WHERE I LIVE." BY RUTH BROUGHTON, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

We started merrily down the street, stopping at every house and arranging our pumpkins on the veranda steps, ringing the doorbells and then hiding among the bushes to see what would happen.

Sometimes the people were rather grumpy, and refused to pretend to be frightened, and they would go into their houses again with various impatient exclamations. Others came out and tried to catch us. Of

course they always succeeded and we would be taken indoors and given candy and cake, and sometimes little Hallowe'en gifts.

But at one house we gave a real "scare." We put our pumpkins on the steps and along the path leading up from the gate, rang the bell and hid. A Chinese servant (who was rather timid) came to the door in answer to the bell, and we saw him start at the awful sight, and then, with a funny little gurgle of terror, he disappeared with a bang of the door. We waited a few minutes to see if he would return, but he did not, and we went to fetch our pumpkins; but as we went up the steps the people of the house came out, and we were captured. The lady told us that the poor little Chinaman had rushed into the dining-room where they were at dinner, with his eyes bulging out of his head with fright and horror.

"Miz Brown," he gasped, "quick, go see! A debel on a door-step! Oh, awful!"

We were so pleased with the success of our "Hallowe'en Scare" that we did not visit any more houses that night, but went home and had a feast.



"ALL DRESSED UP!" BY ALTA J. DAVIS, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JULY, 1915.)

A SONG OF SUMMER

BY FRANKLIN MCDUFFEE (AGE 17)

As across the brooding ocean
Steals the moon's first beam,
Painting on the heaving bosom
Lines of golden gleam,

So has Summer softly stolen
From her southern home,
Over laughing hill and valley
To the northland come.

In her rosy path the flowers
All unbidden spring;
Once again the woodlands waken
And the brooklets sing.

Once again the merry fairies
Hide in every flower,
Dance in silvery glades at midnight,
Where the moonbeams shower.

Once again the world has wakened
To the Joy of Life,
And in every throbbing bosom
Love has conquered strife.



BY FELIX TURNER, AGE 14.



BY CORA LOUISE BUTTERFIELD, AGE 14.



BY ESTHER B. WHITE, AGE 12.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE
WON DEC., 1914.)



BY ADELAIDE HATCH, AGE 13.



BY JEAN SOUTHAM, AGE 11.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE
WON MAR., 1915.)



BY EMMA V. N. McDONALD, AGE 13.



BY ROSE PARKER, AGE 13.



BY HENRIETTA E. FRAZIER, AGE 9.



BY ELIZABETH D. TERRY, AGE 15.

“WHERE I LIVE.”

A SONG OF SUMMER

BY AMELIA LAPHAM BUSH (AGE 15)
(Silver Badge)

COME, ye mortals tired and weary,
Frenzied by the lust of gold,
Come with me from out the city,
And I 'll show you wealth untold.

Not the tall and grimy factory,
But the kingly forest trees;
Not the ceaseless sounds of labor,
But the drone of lazy bees.



"WHERE I LIVE," BY ELIZABETH J. NORTON, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE.)

Not the wide and muddy river,
But a laughing little brook;
Not the hot and dirty pavements,
But a quiet shady nook.

I will show you where the primrose
Hides its head from passers-by;
I will show you ferns and mosses,
And the gold-winged butterfly.

You shall hear the merry bluebird,
As unto his mate he sings;
You shall hear the squirrel's chatter,
And the sound of flutt'ring wings.

Oh, ye mortals, do not linger,
For the summer waxes old;
Come unto the mighty forests,
There you 'll find your sought-for gold.

A VACATION STORY

BY LILLIA LYMAN (AGE 16)

It was a hot, sultry, summer day. The lake was dotted with the gaily colored caps of the swimmers, and the "would-be's." Peggy Smallen a little girl of fifteen was a good swimmer. Winifred Jenkins a girl of nineteen tho' not as good a swimmer as Peggy, was swimming out far beyond her depth. Suddenly amid the shrieks of laughter there came a different shriek, a shriek of fear.

"Help, I 'm drowning, help, help!"

The laughing faces of the girls changed to terror-stricken ones. It was Winifred, who had gone out too far and was exhausted. Swift as an arrow Peggy's form was seen to shoot out toward the drowning girl.

The watchers saw her swim out to Winnie, who in-

stantly caught her around the neck and drew her beneath the surface of the water. They held their breaths until they saw them both rise to the surface. Winifred had realized that she was imperilling her rescuer's life, and had released her hold and made one final struggle for life. This time she was successful, and slowly she swam back to shore with Peggy at her side.

That night when Peggy said "good night" to the swimming-teacher who had instructed her in swimming, and had seen the rescue from the shore, she said to her, "My dear little Peggy, that was a very brave thing you did this afternoon."

"Why, no, she saved her own life. I did n't do anything."

"Yes, I know, but it was n't so much what you did as your brave thought in doing it. You never once thought of yourself, only of Winnie's peril. Besides, it was your bravery that helped Winnie to save her own life."

A VACATION STORY

BY RUTH AVA BARCHER (AGE 15)

THE sun had just peeped over "Spotted Mountain" and was casting his warm yellow rays upon my bedroom wall, in our camp at Lake Kennebeco, Maine. The "chore-boy" had made a roaring fire in the open grate, and the crackling hickory knots sent a warm red glow through the room, which I was loth to leave when the gong summoned us to breakfast in the main camp. After breakfast, Mother, Papa, a few friends, our guide, and I were to go on a deer hunt, far into the forest.

We rowed up the lake until we reached the side of the dense woods. Disembarking, we tramped for an hour or more, until we were terrified at sight of an approaching storm. The sky grew darker and darker. The wind howled, and with a terrific peal of thunder, followed by sharp strokes of lightning, the storm, in all its drenching fury, burst upon us.

After groping about in the blinding rain awhile, the sky cleared, and we discerned the outlines of a rude hut, nestled among the pines. Thence we hastened, and an aged mountaineer bade us sit by the fire and dry our wet garments.

When the storm had abated, we began to walk again, through mud up to our ankles! Reaching the beach where our canoes were landed, we were about to push off, when our astonished eyes beheld a beaver, with three baby beavers, splashing into the water from a bank where they had been gnawing a young birch-tree!

Quite a contrast to what we expected to see, but an adventure, nevertheless, for beavers are timid, and rarely is man accorded the privilege of seeing them at work.



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



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY OTTO TENNICKEIT, AGE 17.
(SILVER BADGE.)

A SONG OF SUMMER

BY STERLING NORTH (AGE 8)

VACATION 's come,
And in the trees
The birds are singing.
I hear the hum
Of golden bees
On daisies swinging.

By grassy stream
The long-legged crane
Is deeply wading.
In pink and cream,
Beyond the lane,
The sun is fading.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

- Dorothy V. A. Fuller
- Elliot Ballintine
- Dorothy Arnold
- Richard de La Chapelle
- Katharine Van R Holste
- Richard W. Frost
- Theresa Katz
- Claire H. Roesch
- Agatha McCaffery
- Blanche Jacobs
- Marian B. Mishler
- Marion Norcross
- Julia C. Abbe
- Louise Cohn
- T. Weston
- Margaret Carlson
- Frank T. Baldwin
- Walter Hanlon
- Enid I. Hutchison

- Eloise G. Re Qua
- Muriel Cavanaugh
- Miriam Chalmers
- Margaret Connert
- Julia Hammerslough
- Alvyna Croter
- Sophie Koppel
- Helen Brooks
- Florence Brugger
- Virginia M. Allcock
- Margaret Warrin
- Georgia C. Greer
- Mary Hulse
- Nabel Amos
- Maude Martin
- Jean F. Black
- Isabelle Craig
- Rebecca Chalmers
- Edna Harley
- Sarah Graham
- Frances B. Brooks
- Mary R. Steichen
- Margaret C. Bland

- Henrietta P. Clunet
- Faith Bemis
- Eliza A. Peterson
- Margaret E. Fenlon
- Susie Busch
- Mary P. Bray
- Gwenfread E. Allen
- Vinton Liddell
- Dorothy Wayland
- Octavia F. Sheldon
- Ann Phelps
- Yolette M. Finsterwald
- Elizabeth L. Clement
- Jean Tolman
- Brayton Blake
- Bernard Weiss
- Katharine Seymour
- Lyda Langford
- Elsie B. Huske
- Isadore Solkoff
- Mabel C. Warren
- Dorothy Colvin
- Ruth Memory

- Harry Chatain
- Frances Gillmor
- Margaret M. Lacey
- Mary L. Brown
- Norma K. Gullette
- Gertrude Woolf
- Helen E. Prizer
- Ignatius Vado
- Dorothy Bonar
- Bessie Rosenman
- Marion Taylor
- Marion McNeil
- Maebelle Brooks
- Helen A. Morgan
- J. Frederic Wiese
- Baldwin S. Maull
- Morgan S. Callahan
- Eleanor Schermerhorn
- Ruth Horning
- Maude O. Ross
- Muriel B. Hodge
- Mary C. Ballard
- Minna Feibleman
- Elizabeth Fisher
- Helen Davis
- Frances Lincoln
- Marjorie S. Banks
- Aliene Hattorf

VERSE, 1

- Edith Emerson
- Mildred E. Bernheim
- Elizabeth Helmer
- Eleanor Johnson
- Marie Mirvis
- Elizabeth D. Thomas
- Dorothy Arter
- Henry S. Redmond
- Estella I. Fox
- Margaret M. Boeltes
- Helena Soule
- Marcella H. Foster
- Gladis Day
- Clinton Campbell
- Katharine Conner
- Ann E. Sheble
- Ruth Flinn
- Dorothy Levy
- Lucy L. Thom
- Louise Pott
- Marguerite Sisson
- Marion Byrns
- Evadne Scott
- Rita Fuguet
- Miriam Simons
- Nathan Chabrow
- Barbara Prosser
- Christina Phelps
- Marion Whiteside
- Jessie M. Thompson
- Ruth M. Cole
- May E. Wishart
- Gertrude Kraus
- Elizabeth Kieffer
- Florence M. Treat
- Nell Adams
- Ruth E. Jeffrey
- Bertha Haas
- Margaret Winfield
- Elizabeth Warren
- Margaret Kilpatrick
- Lucy De Groat
- Hannah Ratisher
- Susannah Platt
- Emilie U. Goode
- Aline E. Hughes
- Therese Rosenstein
- John D. Cox
- Dorothea Dresser
- Mary C. Sherman
- Helen F. Corson
- Agnes H. Barnard
- Sarah Slevin
- Mary B. Copeland
- Gertrude H. Hardy
- Alice Bever
- Holly F. Wilcox
- Dorothy Milne
- Alice Card
- Mary R. Evans

VERSE, 2

- Caroline L. Ingham
- Margaret Phelps
- Esther Rowland
- Anna R. Payne
- Joseph Adamowitz
- Catherine T. Rose
- Marthedith Furnas
- Elizabeth Stern
- Florence Pearce
- Lena Becker
- Sarah E. Crowell
- Sarah F. Borock

PROSE, 2

- Ben H. Larrabee
- Bradley Fish
- Annabel L. Dixon
- Burns Jones
- Elizabeth H. Davidson
- Maria Chamberlain
- Catherine Keyes
- Rosamond Tucker



"WHERE I LIVE." BY CATHERINE FELTON, AGE 12.

- Eleanor Chisholm
- Ruth Hare
- Gertrude E. Wheeler
- Frances M. Ullmann
- Ernestine G. Maynard
- Mildred Palmer
- Elizabeth McCallie
- Arlone Dappert
- Fanny Rowlands
- Elizabeth Wright

- Ann Hamilton
- Helen M. Hines
- B. Bishop
- Dorothy Stewart
- Celestine Morgan
- Katharine Brooks
- Dorothy Cullen
- Bessie Radlofsky
- Louise Guyol
- Reba G. Gray

- Frances B. Baskin
- Harold Hill
- Mary S. Benson
- Mary Lockett
- Rebecca Emery
- Margaret H. Pond

DRAWINGS, 1

Joanna O. Holbrook



"ALL DRESSED UP" (TO FOOL THOMAS). BY VENETTE MILNE WILLARD, AGE 17.

Edith Walker
Betty Buffum
Amelia Winter
Branko Lazisch
Mary L. A. Bond
Frank Swatosh
James D. Richardson
Frederic D. Jewett
Katherine L. Sanders
Catharine S. Krupa
Louise S. May
Lionel Palmer
Dorothea Maack
Susan Frazier
Jane D. McIntyre
Janice Dunker
Evelyn Rosenthal
Sibyl Walcutt
Walter Berndt
Clare Richard
Ethel H. Wise
Marjorie L. Henderson
Mary Chandler
Mary Cunningham
Elizabeth F. Hopkins
Marian Allardt
Janet W. Campbell

Mary Foss
Virginia Hunt
Anne Johnston
Janet O'Hara
Elizabeth Loxley
Margaret Thomas
Gene Ward
Marguerite Munger

Rachel Trowbridge
Dorothea Cooke
Jessica B. Noble
Elizabeth Gelvin
Margaret J. Schmidt
Anne C. Sharp
Paul Birdsall, Jr.
Clara Frederichs

Ruth Wilson
Helen Burt
Jane E. Elkus
Hortense Case
Alice J. Loughran
Harriette Tipton

PUZZLES, 1
Hubert Barentzen

Edith Pierpont
Stickney
Donald Weaver
Edith Anna Lukens
Rodney Mason
Bertha Winkler
Roberta Taylor
Annette Fairs
Myrtle Winter
Elizabeth Palms Lewis
Ruth Browne
Dorothy Manheim
Gertrude Steele
Martha Lambert
William Penn
Margreta S. Kerr
Verna Peacock
Annie Bainbridge
Helen S. Paine
Irving Johnson



"ALL DRESSED UP!" BY BETSY
FLAGG, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

DRAWINGS, 2

Carl Aurin
Dorothy T. Butler
Pauline Phelps
Edith Weaver
Penelope P. Hubbard
Clarke T. Baldwin
Louise McElroy
Grace B. Cuyler
Grace Vesey
Catherine Watjen
Norman Trefethien
Anna Jessop
Robbins Miller
Doris E. Woodruff
Mary E. Steinmetz
Magnus Selinger
Virginia Babbitt
Eugenia Dodd
Gwendolyn Dorey

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Walter P. Yarnall
Elizabeth McIlvaine
Peggie Topliff
C. Everett Rhodes
Carolyn Dean
Harry Clow
Helena W. Jelliffe
Donald M. Bennett
Elizabeth Kimball
Howard Sherman, Jr.
Clara H. Addenbrook
Julia Brantley
A. B. Auchincloss

Ruth W. Ayres
Anne Driscoll
Beatrice Wormser
Julienne Devereux
Charles M. Rich
Stewart S. Kurtz, Jr.
Katharine Harker
Mildred S. Haines
Easton B. Noble
Elizabeth Ten E.
Brooks



"WHERE I LIVE." BY ELBERT DALTON, AGE 15.

Roberta Goodenow
H. Martyn
Kneeder, Jr.
Onig Arslanian
Virginia McCormac
Fannie C. Barnhart
Aileen Schnautz
Hortense L. Black
Elizabeth Mumford
Olive A. Smith
Eleanor Best
Marion Turner
Marian Hoyt
Marjorie Wilson
Ruth A. McBride
Dorothy L. Todd
Phyllis Haroun
Joseph Jackson

Belle S. Ballard
Nancy Jay
Nathalie G. Nelson
Katherine L. Perkins
Virginia Rust
Helen Belford
Elizabeth Brooks
Royden Burke
Leslie P. Moyer
Sewall Emerson
Annmary Seccombe
Ethel R. Geis
Dorothy Davis
Dorothy Burns
Howard C. Persons
Margaret Underhill
Carmen McKecher
Virginia du V. Brown

Evans Dann, Jr.
Henrietta E. Frazier
Martha Cooke
Horton H. Honsaker
Marion Lawrence
Barbara Westmacott
Mary Hopkinson

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Louise H. Freer
Jeanette Lewis
Audrey Sanders
Nancy Robinson
Martha H. Jennings
Henry A. Sherman
Virginia Hardy
Margaret Gilfillan

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 192

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

Competition No. 192 will close October 24 (for foreign members October 30). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for February.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Storm," or "After the Storm."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "The Open Gate."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "The Family Pet."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Shopping," or "Going Shopping," or a Heading for February.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: The St. Nicholas League,
353 Fourth Avenue, New York

THE LETTER-BOX

CHICO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy nine years old. I have been reading you for three years—Mother and I together. We take turns reading the stories out loud. Afterwards we talk about *Joyce* and *Cynthia* and *Peg* and *Marco* and the rest just as if they were live friends of ours. I like *Marco* best. So does Mother. My! but he was great—never getting mad or sassy, but always kind and polite.

My home is in Chico, a very beautiful city of 18,000 population, in northern California. Chico has very many beautiful trees. Years and years ago, a man, named General Bidwell, who loved trees, planted avenues and boulevards of trees all over everywhere round here. We are glad he did it now.

I have no brothers or sisters but I have a workshop and a gym and a wheel. Some summers I go to my grandmother's at East Aurora, New York. She has a farm called "Pratt Farm"—after me. I mean I am named "Pratt" after the Farm. It is some farm, with chickens and cats and calves and cows and a dog named "Teddy."

This year I shall spend my vacation at the San Francisco Exposition.

Yours sincerely,

PRATT DALY.

HILLBURN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending a picture of Father twice, as a puzzle. I took the photograph last year, and it occurred to me to send it to you.

I shut off half of the camera shutter and then took a picture with Father handing his cigar to space; then I



shut off the other half, and Father just moved over and took from space again. I took both on the same plate, and you see the result.

The puzzle was to find out how to do it.

EMILY B. STRONG (age 12).

GODALMING, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first letter I have written to you, though I have taken you in for four years. I think that you are far the best magazine of all, and many of my friends think so too. I think your stories are lovely. "The Lost Prince" excites me very much, and I like also the "More than Conquerors" series.

England is an exciting country to live in now, and it is specially exciting near us. We are quite near

Aldershot, the great army centre, and army aeroplanes are perpetually flying over us. Also we have a great camp near by of the New Army, and a great concentration camp of German prisoners. A good many of them seem happy enough, but there are a fair sprinkling of Teutons who are furious at being prisoners, and are burning to be back again. One day, my brother, who is a naval officer, went over to see them. At the sight of his uniform they became perfectly furious, scowling, and shaking their fists at him. He is an officer in the submarines.

I was very interested in the article on submarines in the February number, but I should like to point out something that was left out. It seems there are two ways in which ships that have size, speed, and weight can defend themselves. One is by steaming round in circles. It is extremely difficult to aim a torpedo at a ship which does that, and if there is a heavy swell on, practically impossible. That is what my brother says. Also, when one of our war-ships sees anything resembling a submarine now, it immediately rushes at it full steam ahead and tries to ram it before it can fire. If a submarine is rammed amidships, or its conning tower is carried quite away, it's done for. It is reported that even a steam yacht did this the other day.

I am feeling very much "in the war." My other brother is with the Territorial regiment, the Artists' Rifles, at the front. One way or another I have nineteen relations serving, but four are lost. My father is a master at the big public school here—Charterhouse. A great many of the "old boys" have gone, and we often hear that one of our old friends has been slain. Several masters have joined, as well as some of the sixth form. All the boys are being drilled, and have "march out" twice a week. If the war goes on long, they will grow up, and go, so it is just as well that they should begin training.

Your interested reader,

HONOR RENDALL (age 16).

ROME, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you would be interested in hearing some of my experiences after the earthquake of the thirteenth of January. The shock here at Rome occurred at about eight in the morning. Our house rocked like a boat for a few moments and then all was over. I certainly felt rather queer, I assure you. Twenty-four hours after the news of the great disaster in the Abruzzi a party of seven of us, including an American friend and my father, were on our way to the stricken region, equipped with medical supplies and rations for two days. It took twenty-three hours instead of four to reach Avezzano, the largest town that was destroyed. As sufficient help had arrived here, we continued our journey for seventeen miles up the track to the town of Pescara, which was in ruins. The few survivors were camping out in shacks made of planks, quilts, bales of straw or anything that could be procured, and a pitiful sight they were. A half hour's walk brought us to San Benedetto dei Marsi, a small town which was nothing but one expanse of ruins. I don't think the destruction of Carthage could have been as complete. The photograph I enclose only gives a faint idea of the damage done. Very little aid had reached here. We worked most of the day in carrying the wounded—and many there were—to the Red Cross station on rude, improvised stretchers. The misery we saw everywhere cannot be imagined. Only a few hun-

dred souls now remain from the former five thousand. That night our party slept under some wagons by the side of a shed, in which there were fifteen wounded whom we cared for. All the other relief parties had left, saying that wolves came down from the mountains



at night. We procured water for the injured from a stream and distributed bread among them. Next morning fresh parties arrived and helped in carrying the unfortunates to the railroad. At noon, being almost exhausted with fatigue and having witnessed numbers of heartbreaking scenes, we made our way in two hours to the town of Cerchio, also ruined by the earth-

quake. From here we took train for Rome with many of our patients, whom we cared for until we arrived. One man with us, who had been under the ruins for two days, lost eighteen of his family.

Two days later Father, in company with three other Americans, again visited Avezzano and S. Benedetto in two automobiles laden with clothes and provisions, bought for the most part with money entrusted to my father by our ambassador, Mr. Page.

Your constant reader,

CHAS. FAIRCHILD GILL (age 15).

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wrote this poem all by myself, hoping you would like it.

Truly yours,

HELEN FRANCO (age 7).

AH! The day is fine!
But I am ever so lonesome;
My heart is so sad
That I wish I was asleep.

The sun shines brightly,
And not a cloud is in the sky;
Yet still I am sad.

GREENVILLE, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On July 4 last year, we gave the beautiful little play "The Sleeping Beauty," as printed in ST. NICHOLAS. We gave it in a garden, and built a stage out from the pergola. It was beautiful, every one said.

The *Prince* was dressed in white and gold, the *Princess* in pale green and white, the *King* in crimson and ermine, the *Queen* in blue and ermine, and the pages in scarlet and white. The lords and ladies were dressed to represent flowers, and the fairies to represent the seasons.

Your interested reader,

CHARLES I. WATSON (age 11).



A GARDEN PRESENTATION OF THE ST. NICHOLAS PLAY, "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY."

THE RIDDLE BOX



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Caius Julius Caesar. Cross-words: 1. Recur. 2. Roast. 3. Reign. 4. Rouge. 5. Risky. 6. Rajah. 7. Rhumb. 8. Relax. 9. Raise. 10. Rough. 11. Rosin. 12. Ruche. 13. Reach. 14. Rheum. 15. Rests. 16. Roach. 17. Rural.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE. Mr. Smith was 18, Kate was 6, and the dog was 4.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, James Madison; third row, United States. Cross-words: 1. Journals. 2. Abnormal. 3. Moisture. 4. Entangle. 5. Shepherd. 6. Madhouse. 7. Abstains. 8. De-throne. 9. Imagined. 10. Satchels. 11. Overture. 12. Nestling.

A KETTLE OF FISH. 1. Gudgeon. 2. Bass. 3. Dab. 4. Skate. 5. Carp. 6. Angler. 7. Ling. 8. Sole. 9. Pike. 10. Drum.

CONNECTING WORDS. 1. Weak. 2. Akin. 3. Inca. 4. Cade. 5. Deed. 6. Edge. 7. Gear. 8. Arab. 9. Abba. 10. Bait. 11. Item. 12. Emir.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Wren. 2. Rate. 3. Etta. 4. Near.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Primals, Cooper (James Fenimore); from 1 to 8, Lawrence (James). Cross-words: 1. Camel. 2. Owllet. 3. Ounce. 4. Perch. 5. Eagle. 6. Robin.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received before July 24 from Katherine D. Stewart—Ruth D. Blodgett—Augusta Morhart—Elinor Porter Childs—Ellen R. Chisholm—Elizabeth Palms Lewis—Mary E. Gorham—Merle V. Raines—J. B. Fenno—Frances Knoche Marlatt—Marshall A. Best—Sam Cohen—Elizabeth Rogers—Claire A. Hepper—Orrin Grimmel Judd—Elizabeth F. Meyers—Arthur M. Brown—Everson Symposium—Isabel Shaw—Hubert Barentzen—Janet B. Fine—Midwood—Arthur Poulin—Allil and Adi—Marian E. Buck—R. Collins and F. Noble—Edmund Burke—Evelyn Hillman—Richard W. Sawtelle.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received before July 24 from Constance W. McLaughlin, 6—Rebecca Farnham, 6—Whitney Ashbridge, 6—Emily Hayne, 6—Edith A. Lukens, 6—H. J. Root, 6—Dwight C. Farnham, 6—Helen A. Vance, 6—Betty Lowe, 6—Helen A. Moulton, 6—E. Curtis Bennett, 6—Elisabeth Allen, 6—Ruth Voorhees, 5—Mayo Story, 5—Marion Richter, 5—Edwin R. Clark, 5—Ignatius Vado, 4—Luther B. Arrington, 4—Elizabeth Townsend, 4—“Neosho,” 3—Alice N. Farrar, 3—Elizabeth P. Hobbs, 3—Sterling Dow, 3—Joe Earnest, 3—Evelyn Foster, 2—Nathan H. Goldstein, 2—Elizabeth Whitney, 2—A. E. Griffin, Jr., 2—Helen H. Jones, 2—Ruth Lyon, 2—Harriet Dow, 2—P. V. Campagnoni, 2—E. E. Schnepf, 2—E. Porterfield, 1—R. Herzberg, 1—M. Howk, 1—F. Speer, 1—M. Turner, 1—S. Peitte, 1—G. C. and G. W., 1—J. Dresbach, 1—N. K. Kohler, 1—H. Gore, 1—C. Copeland, 1—D. W. Hausman, 1—E. B. Perkins, 1—T. M. Griggs, 1—M. L. Davis, 1—H. Dreyfach, 1—E. Wiener, 1—M. L. Mulhall, 1—E. Bell, 1—W. Forbes, 1—B. Haines, 1—P. Kett, 1—M. Kellogg, 1—I. Drummond, 1—E. M. Matteson, 1—C. Haste, 1—C. Carney, 1—J. de Van, 1—M. E. Seager, 1—H. K. Nichols, 1—A. B. Thompson, 1—K. Peterson, 1—D. Almy, 1—L. Lipschitz, 1—A. C. Crane, 1—L. F. Greene, 1—J. Vandeventer, 1—G. R. Pentz, 1.

NOVEL ACROSTIC

My primals spell the name of a famous writer; and another row of letters, reading downward, spells the title of one of this writer's books.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A kind of loose jacket worn by laborers. 2. To become visible. 3. Almost. 4. Lives. 5. To confirm. 6. The German name for a vowel-change in the Germanic languages. 7. Pickled. 8. Characteristics. 9. To command. 10. Pertaining to a noun.

EDITH PIERPONT STICKNEY (age 15), *Honor Member.*

SEXTUPLE BEHEADINGS AND SEXTUPLE CURTAILINGS

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

BEHEAD six letters and curtail six letters from

1. The state of being illimitable, and leave a tag.
2. In a comprehensive manner, and leave a fowl.
3. The quality of being invulnerable, and leave epoch.
4. The millionth part of a millimeter, and leave sick.
5. In a chronological manner, and leave a bulky piece of wood.
6. Heedlessly, and leave a fish resembling the chub, found in northern European waters.
7. Attended with disadvantage, and leave an emmet.

DIAGONAL. Labor Day. Cross-words: 1. Languish. 2. Calamity. 3. Imbecile. 4. Recorded. 5. Apparent. 6. Frigidly. 7. Festival. 8. Joyfully.

REVERSALS. Tennessee. 1. Mart, tram. 2. Time, emit. 3. Spin, nips. 4. Stun, nuts. 5. Live, evil. 6. Guns, snug. 7. Bats, stab. 8. Dine, Enid. 9. Ante, Etna.

SWASTIKA. From 1 to 2, example; 2 to 3, empty; 3 to 4, yew; 4 to 5, waste; 5 to 6, end; 6 to 7, dilemma; 7 to 8, axiom; 8 to 9, mar, 9 to 10, ravel; 10 to 11, law; 11 to 12, whisper; 12 to 13, rapid; 13 to 14, den; 14 to 15, novel; 15 to 16, lot; 16 to 17, tremble; 17 to 18, earth; 18 to 19, hot; 19 to 20, tramp; 20 to 1, pie.

THE HIDDEN VEHICLE. Cab (see a bee).

CONNECTED WORDS. George Washington. From 1 to 2, going; 2 to 3, gecko; 3 to 4, omega; 1 to 5, grain; 2 to 6, gnome; 3 to 7, Odeon; 4 to 8, along; 5 to 6, Norse; 6 to 7, Ellen; 8 to 7, gamin; 9 to 5, spurn; 6 to 10, endow; 7 to 11, niece; 8 to 12, Grant; 9 to 10, screw. 11 to 10, elbow; 11 to 12, event; 13 to 9, orris; 10 to 14, water; 11 to 15, ennu; 12 to 16, tench; 14 to 13, rhino; 15 to 14, inter; 16 to 15, hour.

8. The state of being commendable, and leave a small, soft lump.

When the foregoing words have been rightly beheaded and curtailed, the initials of the eight three-letter words remaining will spell the name of a famous epic poem.

JAMES STANISEWSKY (age 17).

IMBEDDED WORD-SQUARE

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won April, 1915*)

- | | |
|-----------------|---|
| 0 0 0 0 | I. UPPER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. |
| 0 0 0 0 | A feminine name. 2. A masculine |
| 0 0 * * * * . . | name. 3. A tall, grass-like plant. 4. |
| 0 0 * * * * . . | An island of the Dutch East Indies. |
| . . * * * * 0 0 | II. UPPER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: |
| . . * * * * 0 0 | 1. An allowance. 2. A watercourse. |
| 0 0 0 0 | 3. Terminates. 4. Trial. |
| 0 0 0 0 | III. LOWER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: |
| | 1. To encourage. 2. A hard substance. |
| | 3. Terminates. 4. Trial. |
| | IV. LOWER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Part of the neck. |
| | 2. Above. 3. A tiny island south of Greece. 4. A heroic poem. |
| | V. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A happy place. 2. A tropical fruit. |
| | 3. A famous volcano. 4. Tidy. |

EDMUND BURKE (age 13).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, one of the rows of letters will spell the name of an English general, while the primals spell the name of his opponent in a world-famous battle.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To graze. 2. A city of western New York. 3. A large city of Italy. 4. Corners. 5. A dove. 6. Entertains agreeably. 7. Plunders. 8. A city of Spain famous for its swords. 9. To enclose in a cyst. CHARLES B. JOHNSON (age 11), *League Member*.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG



ALL of the nine pictured objects may be described by words of equal length. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning at the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, left-hand letter) will spell the name of a famous English poet who was born in October, more than a hundred years ago.

ANAGRAM

A VERY famous man:
I PUSH LUMBER TO SCORCH.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS

EXAMPLE: Behead and curtail a domestic animal, and leave a vowel. Answer, c-a-t, a.
1. Behead and curtail utility, and leave a consonant. 2. A luminary, and leave a vowel. 3. A vase, and leave a consonant. 4. A limb, and leave a consonant. 5. A small number, and leave a vowel. 6. A conjunction, and leave a consonant. 7. A lyric poem, and leave a consonant. 8. A snare, and leave a vowel. 9. Skill, and leave a consonant. 10. A weight, and leave a vowel. 11. Astern, and leave a consonant. 12. To request, and

leave a consonant. 13. Possessed, and leave a vowel. 14. Part of a circle, and leave a consonant. 15. Fleshy, and leave a vowel. 16. Consumed, and leave a consonant. 17. A quagmire, and leave a vowel. 18. Since, and leave a consonant. 19. Not strict, and leave a vowel.

When the three-letter words have been rightly beheaded and curtailed, the nineteen remaining letters will spell a famous event of the Revolutionary War that took place in the month of October.

L. ELSA LOEBER (age 14), *League Member*.

CONNECTED SQUARES

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

- I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. Household pets. 2. An imaginary monster. 3. A broad smile. 4. To dispatch.
- II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A lump. 2. A pain. 3. To avoid. 4. To impel.
- III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. To throw. 2. A certain big lake. 3. A number. 4. Act.
- IV. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Achievement. 2. A river of Spain. 3. Mistakes. 4. A portion.
- V. LOWER SQUARE: 1. Exploit. 2. A feminine name. 3. To send forth. 4. To fix the time of.

KATHARINE V. R. CROSBY (age 17).

CHARADE

My first lives in the watery deep;
In my second children sleep;
My whole ill-natured is, and cross;
We let such go and feel no loss.
FREDA KIRCHWEY (age 12), *League Member*.

A POD OF PEAS

EXAMPLE: Take a pea from to goad, and make a haystack. Answer, p-rick.

- 1. Take a pea from to purify, and leave to drive.
- 2. Take a pea from position, and leave a filmy fabric.
- 3. Take a pea from to gasp, and leave an emmet.
- 4. Take a pea from to squeeze, and leave a measure of length.
- 5. Take a pea from to frolic, and leave a song.
- 6. Take a pea from an apologue, and leave fit for plowing.
- 7. Take a pea from certain tropical trees, and leave charity.
- 8. Take a pea from to argue in support of a claim, and leave to conduct.
- 9. Take a pea from to spring upon suddenly, and leave a measure of weight.
- 10. Take a pea from a caper, and leave station.

ALBERTINA L. PITKIN (age 15), *League Member*.

AN OCTOBER NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of fifty-seven letters and form a quotation from a well-known poem. The title of the poem may be spelled out by the initials of the first nine words described.

My 36-11-43-4-21 is a pile of sheaves of grain. My 33-46-38-25-16 is a direction of the compass. My 55-37-23-8-2 is frequently. My 29-19-30-53-48 is a garment. My 41-12-31-6-45 is a staff. My 27-57-49-52-24 are scents. My 34-40-50-22-5 is a flower-cluster. My 13-51-44-10-7 are small salamanders. My 3-42-9-54-20 is pulls along. My 35-56-26-15-32 is part of a saw. My 18-39-14-17 is to foreshadow. My 47-1-28 is a presuming person.

ELOISE M. PECKHAM (age 13), *Honor Member*.



The Modern Columbus

"Here's the land of Happy Days
Where care and work are lightened—
The tedious round of woman's ways
By Campbell's label brightened.

"Here Mother gets a chance to shine
At meals no more belated.
While Father's grouch and Sissy's whine
Are quickly dissipated.

"Here kids may stuff their very worst,
Committing no transgression.
So in the name of Hungry First
I herewith take possession!"

Have you too discovered this happy land?

The land of *Campbell's Tomato Soup*?

Do you realize how much practical every-day help it will give you if you only take the full advantage of it?

Always appetizing, always satisfying, suited to all sorts of occasions and ready on the minute, this nourishing soup should be on your table regularly and often.

Why not order it by the dozen and keep it handy?

21 kinds

10c a can



Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



Six Months' Service is Guaranteed in the Stockings These Boys Wear

They are wearing Holeproofs—light-weight, comfortable stockings which are *guaranteed to wear without holes for six months*. Such a guarantee comes with each box of six pairs, and if any of the pairs fail within that time you are given *new hose to replace them free*.

These wonderful stockings are made for *boys and girls*, so mothers who buy six pairs every six months for each child can end darning for all time. You may buy them, also, three pairs to the box, guaranteed for three months.

Thousands of children wear no other hose, for no hose are better looking.

We pay the top market price for a soft, long fibre cotton yarn—the strongest lightweight yarn that's sold. But we can offer these better hose at the price of common kinds because we sell so many pairs.

Millions of men, women and children wear Holeproofs, because of their comfort and fine appearance. You'll want *your* whole family to wear them as soon as you've tried a pair.

Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

The genuine Holeproofs are sold in your town. Ask for dealers' names. We ship direct where no dealer is near, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance. Write for free book that tells about these hose.

Note These Prices

Men's, 25c per pair and up.
Women's, 35c per pair and up.
Children's, 35c per pair.



Reg. U. S.
Pat. Office, 1906

Holeproof Hosiery Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Canada
Holeproof Hosiery Co., 10 Church Alley, Liverpool, England

The Newlastic Ribbed Top Stocking for Women

One of the newest features in Holeproof for women is a cotton or silk stocking with elastic ribbed lisle top—a top that stretches wide but always returns to shape—ideally comfortable for both stout and slender women. See this new Holeproof before you buy new stockings. Judge its quality and style. If your dealer hasn't it write us; we'll supply you.

A Supper Story for the Boy



Some night when the boy is eating his dish of Puffed Wheat in milk, tell him this story about it:

Each grain of that wheat contains 100 million food cells, made up of many kinds.

Each food cell is a globule which must be broken to digest. That's why we cook or bake it. Raw wheat would not do. But, until late years, no process was known which would break up all those food cells.

Prof. Anderson's Discovery

Prof. Anderson found that each food cell held moisture. He conceived the idea of converting that moisture to steam.

To do this he sealed up the grains in guns. Then he revolved those guns for one hour in a fearful heat. Then he shot the guns and the steam in each food cell exploded, blasting the cell to pieces.

Think of it—a hundred million steam explosions occur in every Puffed Grain. That's what puffs them into bubbles, eight times normal size. And that's how whole grains are made wholly digestible, so every atom feeds.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in Extreme West

**CORN
PUFFS**
15¢

The same story applies to Puffed Rice.

Tell it to children, boys or girls. 'Twill increase their respect for grain foods, which are better for them than meat. And for Puffed Wheat and Rice, the best forms of grain food.

These delightful morsels are scientific foods. They seem like bonbons—flaky, toasted, almond-flavored bubbles. But there's vaster reason for them than enticing taste.

Not all grains can be puffed. But those that can be should be largely served in this hygienic form.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(1004)



"YOU 'VE heard o' Bluebeard, ain't you?" said old Tom Thorpe. "Wal, thar was that old house the old lady had lived in, an' all alone except for her hired help, fur nigh on forty-five year. She cum here first when she was a young gal. Nobody knows where she cum from excep' the oldest inhabitants, but she must 'a' cum of a good fam'ly becuz she got John Wanamaker ter open a second post-office in the town an' name it 'Newman' after her. Mr. Wanamaker was Postmaster-General then.

"She dun a lot o' good in her time, did old Mis' Newman. An' she was a wonder—never had an ache nor a pain to amount to anythin' all that time.

"When she died las' spring, at the age of eighty-four, I went up to the house to sort o' look things over. They was a couple o' rooms what the village kids used ter call the 'Bluebeard Chambers.' Them rooms was locked up tight, an' nobody hed ever bin in 'em except Mis' Newman herself in all them forty-five year."



This is the way old Tom, the guide, started one of his stories. It was a wonderful moonlight night at the Ponds' camp by a lake in the Adirondacks.

After the trip to San Francisco, the children had gone right there for a week before returning to school, taking Bill and Molly Conley with them. They were having a glorious time, swimming and canoeing and fishing, and taking long tramps over the mountains. Fortunately, they had

POND'S EXTRACT

for the mosquitos, of which there was a special breed this year, unusually ferocious and untamable. Peter called them Zeppelins, but Bill insisted that they were Taubes. Anyhow, the ordinary kind of human being (old Tom did n't pay any attention to them) could n't have lived there without Pond's Extract, and plenty of it. Not that it kept the mosquitos away. They were n't afraid of anything or anybody! But Pond's Extract was the finest "first aid to the injured" that anyone could possibly imagine. It took the sting right out, *and prevented infection, too.*

Well, on this moonlight night there was nothing quite so much fun as to sit near the blazing campfire (with an anti-mosquito smudge near by) and listen to Tom's stories.

"Yes," he went on, "old Mis' Newman was some character, an' a mighty good infloonce in the country roun' here. There wa'n't a kid sick or bunged up, but what she was right on the job; an' say, she could fix their cuts and bumps and bruises up before you could say 'Jack Robinson.'

"Jabez Elliott he went up to the old farmhouse with me, an' I let on like the old lady had mebbe hid somethin' mighty interestin' down cellar. So while he was down rummagin' around,

I gets out my little crowbar an' pries open the door of the Bluebeard Chambers.

"Lots of women-folks roun' here had tried to worm out of old Mis' Newman what she was hidin' in them rooms, an' Mis' Alexander she went so fur 's to try the doors when the old lady, she thought, wa'n't lookin'. But they wa'n't much old Mis' Newman did n't see, and she giv' a snort and says: 'Mis' Alexander, I s'pose you an' the hull village 's dyin' to find out what I got in them rooms. Wal, when you get home, which I reckon you will in ten minutes if you start right sharp, you tell 'em what 's in that room is "outsides."'"

"An' thet 's all *anybody* ever got out of her about them rooms; but strange noises used to come from 'em on windy nights.

"Wal, that door was a right solid piece of oak, an' the hinges put on better 'n they do it now. I must 'a' worked like an Injun fer five blessed minutes, skeered to death fear Jabez 'd pop his head out 'n the cellar an' tell me what he thought o' me. But all of a suddint she gave way, an' fell in with an awful smash.

"It was sort o' dark and cobwebby, an' I did n't see nothin' at first, but finally I spied a lot of little shynlights. "'Jehoshaphat!' I says, outloud, 'that sparkles like it was jewels,' an' took a step furrard. That foot landed on somethin' round and hard that started to roll from under, an' down I went kersmash into as big a pile of bottles as ever you see.

"An' what do you think! Every blessed one of 'em was a Pond's Extract bottle, an' the pile reached from the floor right up to the ceilin', excep' near the door.

"Wal, when I picked myself up and got my bearin's, thar was Jabez Elliott standin' in the door, laughin' fit to bust hisself.

"'I got a hunch, Tom,' says he, 'thet mebber you c'n sell that pile of diamonds an' rubies, and retire,' says he, 'to pass a *green* old age under a solid gold vine an' fig tree.'

"'You mind your own business,' says I. 'What was in them bottles,' says I, 'was about seven hundred times as much good to humanity as your wuthless hide 'll ever be.'

"'Right you are, Tom,' says he. 'That 's the first sensible remark you 've made this year.'

"Wal, children, that 's the story of the Bluebeard Chambers that you 've heard so much about. Sort o' queer freak fer a fine old lady like that, wa'n't it?"

"I 'm not so sure," replied Peter; "it was probably Pond's Extract that kept Mis' Newman so well all her life, and she just naturally hated to part with what it came in."

"That 's true," said Polly. "I always feel as if I had lost something precious when I have to throw away an empty bottle of Pond's."

Next month you may learn something about Captain Kidd's treasure—to say nothing of the unfortunate experience Peter had.

(Continued in the November ST. NICHOLAS)

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S Vanishing Cream—
Cold Cream—Toilet Soap—Pond's Extract

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
131 Hudson Street New York





"Some" Light

Whether you're hunting, scouting, camping or hiking; if you're an out-of-doors boy who loves the woods and knows the value of real things, you will want an

EVEREADY FLASHLIGHT

A complete, *electric* light with a Tungsten Battery that furnishes the electricity, right inside the case. A touch of your finger instantly turns on a dandy, bright light which wind or rain can't dim or put out.

An EVEREADY can't blow up or set fire to anything. Finished like a fine tool, compact, clean, convenient to keep in your pocket or kit. Guaranteed by the largest makers of flashlights in the world. And best of all you can afford the price.

Tubular Pocket Light No. 2602, illustrated, is a great favorite. It is handsomely finished in vulcanized fibre, 1 1/4 x 5 in. in size, and sells for \$1.00 in U.S. and \$1.10 in Canada. Your pals will envy you when they see you with it.

Look in your dealer's window for the many handy styles—or send a postal for big, free illustrated catalogue No. 53.

AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS

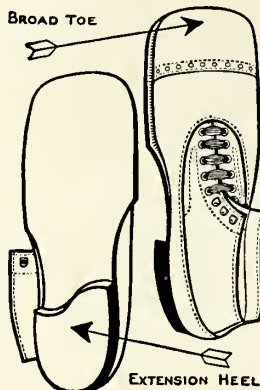
of National Carbon Co.

Long Island City
New York



The Coward Shoe

"REG. U. S. PAT. OFF."



Teach Your Children to Walk Correctly

If your children wear Coward Shoes they are sure to walk correctly. The Coward Shoe straightens turned ankles, prevents and relieves fallen arches and gives nature a chance to mold and shape the feet as they should grow.

The Coward Arch Support Shoe throws the weight of the body on the balls of the feet and gives the wearer a firm, confident step.

For your children's sake, see that they wear Coward Shoes.



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Did You Win a Prize?

IN the May issue of this magazine a poem-writing contest in which all ST. NICHOLAS readers under 18 years of age could take part was announced by the Dr. Lyon's Company that makes the famous Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder and Dental Cream. No sooner was this announcement made than the postman began to bring letters into the offices of the Company from every part of the country.

When the five chosen judges finally sat down to their task there were *one thousand three hundred and thirty-nine poems* from which they were to choose the best. It was n't an easy matter to select. Some of the poems submitted did not follow the rules of the contest. The rhymes of others were not well chosen. But when all the letters had been opened and read most carefully, the judges were practically unanimous in their decision that of all the poems submitted these six were best.

HERE ARE THE WINNERS

1st Prize, \$10. Lillian Stark, 11 years old, of Milford, Pike County, Pennsylvania.

Two 2nd Prizes, each \$5. Dorothea Derby, 15 years old, Englewood, New Jersey, and Sadie Lowenstein, 14 years old, 120 Monroe Street, New York City.

3rd Prize, \$3. Grace E. Lustig, 14 years old, 31 Elmgrove Avenue, Providence, R. I.

4th Prize, \$2. Albert Stockell McNeilly, 9 years old, 323 Fatherland Street, Nashville, Tenn.

5th Prize, \$1. Hope Colwell, 15 Greenough Avenue, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

In addition to these prizes, books were sent to twenty boys and girls.

The twenty book winners represented these places: London, England; Ontario, Canada; California; Colorado; Connecticut; Illinois; Massachusetts; Minnesota; Nebraska; New

Jersey; Texas, and Washington, D. C.—*Besides these prizes every one of the thirteen hundred children who sent in a poem received a dainty little package of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream.*

This is the poem by Lillian Stark that won first prize:—

D is for "dentifrice"; morning and night
 Rub every tooth till it's shining and white;
 Look for the label, and choose it with care—
 You are at fault if the wrong one is there.
 Once Dr. Lyon's is properly used,
 Never again will the teeth be abused;
 Substitutes offered will be refused.

This contest showed beyond all doubt that boys and girls everywhere prefer



Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder AND Dental Cream



to any other dentifrice made. And the parents of these children who themselves use Dr. Lyon's scientifically prepared dentifrice know how wise that preference is and see to it that their children are well supplied. If you did not enter the contest it is still possible to obtain a sample of either DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER or DENTAL CREAM, by sending a 2-cent stamp to

I. W. LYON & SONS, Inc., 533 WEST 27th STREET, NEW YORK CITY



You Can't Keep "patrick" Boys and Girls in the House

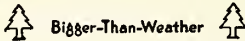
Put on a "patrick" and you want to kick up your heels and go out and play. It's warm and comfortable and doesn't interfere with your freedom of arms or legs.

Just like going out without an overcoat except that you are warm and dry.

"patrick" is the genuine mackinaw worn by hunters, trappers and woodsmen of the Northwest. All short coats are not "patrick's." You can see and feel the difference.



Wool Products



include other garments, all made from the long fiber wool from sheep that thrive in the snow — greatpatrick's (long coats), caps, auto robes, blankets, macka-knit sweaters and socks.

Send for The Patrick Book showing styles and colors — heather cloths, plaids and plain colors.

For sale at best stores.

PATRICK-DULUTH
WOOLEN MILL

440 Fifth Ave., Duluth, Minn.

"patrick" is the genuine
mackinaw

Buy a "patrick" where
you see this sign



THE BOOK MAN

"Book lore, my friend, is your pass to the greatest, the purest, and the most perfect pleasure that God has prepared for his creatures.

It lasts when all other pleasures fade.

It will support you when all other recreations are gone.

It will last until your death.

It will make your house pleasanter to you as long as you live."

—Anthony Trollope.

A good way to make sure of reading all through a few of the standard writers whom nobody wants to miss is to appoint a certain date a year or so ahead and make up one's mind that by that time one will have covered the whole of Dickens, say, or Thackeray, or George Eliot. One can even divide the time equally according to the number of books to be read,—one month or five weeks to each book, as the case may be. Another good scheme is to make it a rule to read two or three books by a certain author each summer and two or three by another author each winter. (I don't suggest spring and fall, because one is not apt then to be very faithful to reading schedules.) One reader tells me that she has been reading Scott in this way and is already, if I remember rightly, halfway through. Even if one does n't reach the end, or near the end, one will almost certainly read more than if one did n't have that incentive.

A girl of twelve tells me that she has actually read twice through the whole of Scott (and there is a good deal of Scott, you know) and the whole of Jane Austen, and that of the latter she has read "Pride and Prejudice" four times. That's an unusual record certainly, and it starts me thinking about the question of what is called *intensive* reading (that is to say, reading a few books many times over) and *extensive* reading (which means reading widely). Of course unless one is a great scholar and goes in for reading virtually as a profession one can't travel very far in both these directions; but on the other hand everyone ought to have read enough both intensively and extensively by the time he

THE BOOKMAN—Continued

is grown up to have some general familiarity with the great books of the world and a certain intimate familiarity with a few of them.

A book has just been published which takes my fancy and should, I think, take yours. It is called "The Fun of Cooking," and matter-of-fact people would probably call it just an unusual sort of cook-book for children. But it's really a story, the story of Jack, Mildred, and Katherine Blair, who are just as real as boys and girls in any other story and who have some quite thrilling adventures with pots and pans and flour and butter, making Christmas elves, gingerbread men, pop-corn balls and macaroons, as well as a great many other things less enticing but possibly more digestible and certainly more useful. They learn not only how to put up attractive lunches for school and for picnics, how to prepare dishes for sick people and things of that sort, but also how to cook for camping and other occasions where a knowledge of cooking is the one thing that makes the whole enterprise a success. The receipts are perfectly clear and simple and there are hundreds of them.

It may interest you to know that another book on cooking for children by the same writer has been translated into Chinese and is in use in schools all over China.

The question about "silly" girls' books has brought me quite a number of letters, but so far they have mainly agreed with what I wrote "Only a girls' book" seems to be a proverbial expression. But one of my correspondents, a girl herself, has turned the tables on this proverb. She says that among her friends the feeling is just the reverse. "O! that's only a boys' book!" is an expression she hears very often. So perhaps if books for girls are apt to be silly, books for boys are apt to have another fault which is equally bad. I wonder what it is?

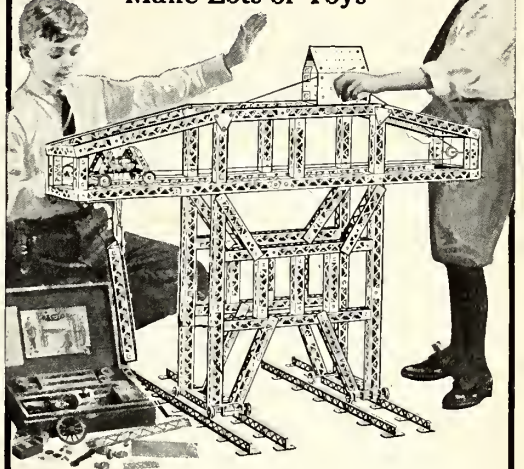
"You never mention poems nor tell about them in your pages," I read in one of my letters. "I love all sorts of poems, with plenty of rhythm, and so do most children, but you never ask what poems we like best. I wish you would. It would be great fun to see what poems are the favorites."

Very well then, I *do* ask; and I can't think how I could have ignored the subject of poetry so long. I wish very much that a great many of you would tell me your favorite poems, and also, if you can, why they are your favorites. Perhaps more than one reader would like to see whether his favorites are generally shared.

The Book Man

Hello Boys!

Make Lots of Toys



Fun! A chance to win a prize! Development of skill in mechanics and building construction! That's what you get when you buy Erector. Think of the hours and hours of fun you'll have, building over 500 different models.

ERECTOR

The Toy Like Structural Steel

I know what boys like. I made Erector girders with interlocking edges so you can build *big, strong* models. Erector is the *only* construction toy with girders that build square columns exactly like the columns and beams of real skyscrapers.

Powerful Motor Free.—With most sets I give the Erector motor free—the most powerful toy motor made. It runs your models, such as derricks, machine shops, inclined railroads. It's great fun!

Dealers everywhere sell Erector, \$1 to \$25. You'll especially like Set No. 4, which sells for \$5, has 571 parts and motor, builds 250 models and is packed in handsome oak cabinet.

Free Book and Boys' Magazine

Send for my Free Book (printed in colors and full of pictures of Erector models) and a free copy of my boys' magazine, *Erector Tips*, which tells all about my big prize offer.

I am going to give \$3000 in valuable prizes to the boys who build the best models.

Write me now for the Free Book and magazine, please give your dealer's name.

A. C. GILBERT
President

The Mysto Manufacturing Co.
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You Can Make

Railroad Tracks, Trestles and Bridges, Cars, Derricks, Turn-tables, Wagons, Carts, Trucks, Automobiles, Garages, Houses, Stores, Warehouses, Furniture, and in fact anything that is made of wood from the

"Sterling" Miniature Lumber



which reproduces on a scale of one inch to the foot the real

lumber a carpenter buys in the lumber yard. Plans go with it showing just how to make these things easily but correctly.

Write for catalogue "M"

This is only one of the "Sterling" ideas. Mr. Sterling is planning all the time in his shop in New York new things for boys and girls to build and to play with.

"Sterling Toys"

are for children of all ages. There are the Frisking Fish and the Spouting Whale for the water; the Waterproof

Animals, Terra Cotta Building Blocks for the sand or for indoors.



There are the Landscape Blocks, a beautiful set of large painted wooden houses, trees, autos, etc., to build villages with. All waterproofed with Valspar. And there is the



Trading Game which brings boxes, barrels, and bags of "goods" from everywhere in your wagons to your stores and warehouses.

These are only a few of the "Sterling Toys." If you want to know all about them and what you can do with them for yourself and for your smaller brothers and sisters, write for Catalogue "S" to

W. S. Sterling, Director

The Children's Gift Shop

The Home of the "Sterling Toys"

7 West 45th St.

New York

(You ought to see the new Roof Play-ground that Mr. Sterling fixed up for the Hotel Vanderbilt.)

Bonbons— Chocolates

Maillard confections hold the premier place in the estimation of connoisseurs the world over.

Dainty Bonbonnières of exclusive design are especially imported from Paris for Maillard Bonbons and Chocolates.

Your purchases will be packed ready for safe delivery and shipped to any address, on request.

Maillard

FIFTH AVE. AT 35TH ST., NEW YORK

For
you

When a cut, a scratch or a bruise comes, think first of Dioxogen, the pure peroxide of hydrogen that needs no questionable acetanilid to preserve it. Dioxogen prevents infection. Its use is the best health insurance. Don't take chances with cheap bleaching peroxides. To enable you to judge, we will gladly send you a trial bottle, this size, on request. Write today.

Ask for DIOXOGEN by name—at any drug store

The Oakland Chemical Co. 10 Astor Place, New York



"We'll be all dressed before mama calls us."

Velvet Grip Hose Supporter helps little ones to dress quickly. It is easily adjusted and released by small fingers and holds the stockings securely all day. *Velvet Grip* is the only child's hose supporter with the Oblong Rubber Button which prevents drop stitches.



Velvet Grip

**OBLONG RUBBER BUTTON
HOSE SUPPORTER**

Sold Everywhere

Child's sample pair (give age) 15c, postpaid.
GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter



AFTER the game your side will be hungry for Beech-Nut Peanut Butter sandwiches.

Don't they make the bulkiest kind of a lunch? Enough for your eleven in a ten-cent jar—enough for the girls on the side-lines too, in a fifteen or twenty-five cent size.

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO., Canajoharie, N. Y.

Boys! own a Man's Billiard Table!

Soon Paid at 10c a Day

Our handsomely illustrated billiard book—sent FREE to every boy—reveals the rousing sport thousands of boys are enjoying *right at home*. How their parents praise billiards and *pay to play* till the table is paid for. How any room, attic, basement or loft gives plenty of space for a real Brunswick Carom or Pocket Table—now made in sizes from 2½ x 5 feet to 4½ x 9 feet, regulation.



"BABY GRAND"
Combination Carom and
Pocket Style

Superb Brunswick "BABY GRAND"

"GRAND," "CONVERTIBLES" and
New Junior "DEMOUNTABLES"

Brunswick Home Carom and Pocket Billiard Tables are made of rare and beautiful woods. Not toys—but scientific tables, with accurate angles, ever-level bed—life! speed! lightning-action!

Yet our prices are low—due to mammoth output—now \$27 upward. For we are the world's largest makers and sell to thousands yearly.

Playing Outfit Free

Balls, Cues, Cue Clamps, Tips, Brush, Cover, Rack, Markers, Spirit Level, expert book on "How to Play," etc., all included without extra cost.

30 Days' FREE Trial Then 10c a Day

Our plan lets you try any Brunswick *right in your own home 30 days free*. You can pay monthly as you play—terms as low as \$5 down and 10 cents a day.

Our famous book—"Billiards—The Home Magnet"—shows these tables in all their handsome colors; gives full details, prices, terms, etc. The coupon brings it; send today.

Mail This for Billiard Book FREE

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
Dept. 17-G, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Send, free, your color-illustrated book—
"BILLIARDS—The Home Magnet"
and tell about your 30-day free trial.

Name.....

Address.....

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

NEW ISSUES

MANY of the provisional surcharged issues of Red Cross stamps for the French Colonies are



5 STOTINKI BULGARIAN POSTAGE- AND POSTAGE-DUE STAMPS

already obsolete, having been superseded by engraved designs. These issues are very similar to the current ten-centime stamps of the several colonies except that

the design there has been inserted an oblong or square in which appears a red cross and a figure 5. We have already illustrated several of the provisional designs. Bulgaria has issued in new colors three of the current series. The 5 stotinki is now issued in green and purple; the 15 st., in olive-green; the 30 st., in olive and brown. We illustrate the 5 st. of the new postage-due series. Bulgaria also has a new provisional. The current 25 st. has been surcharged in red—10 stotinki, with a red bar obliterating the old value. We illustrate also the new two-cent stamp of Trengganu, one of the Straits Settlements. A new and complete series in the usual values is issued by French Somali Coast. There are three designs: the lower values depict a native drummer; the intermediate values, a native girl; the higher values a railroad train crossing a high trestle or bridge. We illustrate two of the designs. As usual, most of the values are bi-colored.



ANSWERS TO QUERIES

PROBABLY all the German stamps of the various captured colonies which have been surcharged "G. R. I." will be scarce. So also will many of the various surcharges upon British Colonials for use in these captured German colonies. We find from our correspondence that quite a few collectors of moderate means do not intend to attempt a

complete collection of these. Many intend to get one or more of the cheaper stamps of each of the colonies, trying to obtain at least one stamp of each series of surcharges for each of the colonies. ¶ The cheapest series of which we know is that of Samoa upon New Zealand. This interesting set is easily within the means of all collectors, especially of those who do not collect beyond the shilling values. ¶ We understand that the current U. S. stamps 1c., 2c., and 5c. values have been found with compound perforation. We have not seen any of them as yet. These should be good stamps—worth watching for—especially unused in pairs and blocks. ¶ It would be impossible in our limited space to give a complete list of the Red Cross stamps. Many of our advertisers issue such lists which may be had free upon application. ¶ Briefly described, these Red Cross stamps have two values, a postage value and a cost value. For instance, a Red Cross stamp of France has a postage value of ten centimes (2 cents) but costs fifteen centimes (3 cents), the extra five centimes going to swell the governmental Red Cross fund. Stamps of this character have often been issued in times past. For the purposes of the present war, the first Red Cross stamps were issued by France. We believe these were issued, surcharged, within a month after the declaration of war. This surcharged type was soon followed by the permanent design. Many of the Red Cross stamps have increased in price already. ¶ The income derived from the sale of such stamps probably does not go very far toward liquidating the costs of caring for the sick and wounded soldiers, but the sale of the stamps enables many people to contribute small sums to the cause, and it is all needed. ¶ These Red Cross stamps have been issued by France and her colonies, by Monaco, Belgium, Russia, Austria, and Hungary. Possibly, also, by some of the smaller Balkan States.

A LUCKY BOY

SOME time since we suggested to the readers of Stamp Page that a fruitful field in which to search for rare stamps was the backs of old photographs. During the Civil War the law required a stamp to be affixed to the backs of all photographs. The value of the stamp was in proportion to the size and cost of the photograph. Several of our readers report small "finds" in this field. To-day we heard from a reader who signs himself "M. C." that his grandfather graduated from college in those stirring, far-off war-times, and still has all of his class photographs. A search through these yielded, among other interesting stamps, several copies of the rare three-cent green playing-card—a stamp which is catalogued at six dollars. This boy certainly was fortunate. But this photographic field is not yet exhausted. We believe that others of our readers would be well repaid by a search through all the old photograph-albums which grandfather or grandmother owns. And what a pleasure it is to find some good stamp in this way. A genuine collector really takes more intense enjoyment in one stamp which he discovers than in ten which he buys or obtains by trading.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

100 STAMPS—EACH FROM A DIFFERENT COUNTRY

Includes Bolivia, Crete, Hawaii, Transvaal, Venezuela, etc. Price only 50c. Send for big 80-page price list of sets, packets, albums, and supplies; also copy of monthly stamp paper free. We send out the finest approval selections at 50% discount. Write for a selection to-day.

SCOTT STAMP & COIN Co.,
127 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK CITY

SNAPS 175 different Foreign stamps for only 10c. 65 diff. U. S. incl. old issue of 1861 and revenues \$1.00 and \$2.00 values for only 1c. Our pamphlet, "How to Make a Stamp Collection Properly," free with order. QUEEN CITY STAMP & COIN Co., ROOM 32, 604 RACE ST., CINCINNATI, O.

FREE 5 Newfoundland with request for our 50% approval. 35 different West Indies. 20c. 30 different France, 10c. 500 different foreign, 90c. 1000 different foreign, \$2.25.

UNIVERSAL STAMP Co., MT. CLEMENS, MICH.

5 VAR. PERU FREE with trial approval sheets. F. E. THORP, NORWICH, N. Y.

Stamps 108 all diff., Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cuba, Mexico, Trinidad, Java, etc., and **Album, 10c.** 1000 **Finely Mixed, 20c.** 65 diff. U. S. **25c.** 1000 hinges, **5c.** Agts. wtd. 50%. **List Free.** 1 buy stamps. **C. Stegman, 5940 Cote Brillante Ave., St. Louis, Mo.**



104 different STAMPS, including U. S. 1861 Civil War, Japan, Argentina, etc., large Fidelity and sample New England Stamp Monthly only **5c.** Finest approval sheets. 50% discount. NEW ENGLAND STAMP Co. 43 WASHINGTON BLDG., BOSTON, MASS.

20 var. Newfoundland Stamps (Catalogue \$1.30).....52c.
40 var. Canadian Postage Stamps (Catalogue \$1.15).....42c.
THE SWINTON STAMP Co., P. O. Box 4, WETHERSFIELD, CONN.

Canadian Stamps, catalogue 50c., free if you write for my 50% approvals. S. J. FARMER, 349 ATLANTIC AVE., WINNIPEG, CANADA.

Can. War Tax, Postage apprs., Premium. Ref. necessary. MRS. OUGHTRED, 28 LINCOLN AVE., MONTREAL, QUE.

WAR SPECIAL. Montenegro, etc. 30 different for 12c., 50 for 25c., 75 for 60c. STERLING SUPPLY Co., TORONTO, CAN.

DANDY PACKET STAMPS free for name, address 2 collectors, 2c. postage. Send to-day. U.T.K. STAMP Co., UTICA, N. Y.



Stamps! War Packet Special Educational, interesting. Stamps from Servia, Belgium, France, Russia, Germany, Turkey, England, etc. 107 vars. for only **7c.** 1000 fine mixed only **20c.** New 32-p. List and special offers **free.** Agts. wtd. 50%. **1 Buy Stamps.** L. B. DOVER, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Listen: I collect stamps because I like the hobby. If you too like it, write for my European and European Colony selections. H. W. PROTZMANN, 1031 28TH ST., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

201 Different Foreign Stamps Free

If you remit 25c. for six mos. subscription to *Mekeel's Stamp Weekly*, 808 Kast Bg., Boston, Mass. All the news about stamps. Stories, pictures and stamp bargains. You are very unwise to collect without a stamp paper. Your choice of these premiums:—

201 diff. foreign	50 diff. Norway-Denmark	20 diff. animals
101 diff. U. S.	20 diff. Persia	20 diff. N. Zealand
50 diff. Sweden	25 diff. Canada	25 diff. Venezuela

Ten Weeks for 10c. and Your Choice of These:
42 diff. Japan 101 diff. foreign 50 diff. United States

Rare Stamps Free 15 all different Canadian and 10 India with Catalogue Free. Postage 2 cents. When possible send names and addresses of two stamp collectors. **Large wholesale list for Dealers free.** We offer these sets, great bargains, cheapest ever offered, no two stamps alike in any set, all different, fine condition. Postage 2c. extra. 50 Spain, 11c.; 40 Japan, 5c.; 100 U. S., 20c.; 7 Siam, 15c.; 50 Asia, 17c.; 20 Chile, 10c.; 4 Malta, 5c.; 13 Nyassa, 39c.; 3 Crete, 3c.; 10 Straits, 7c.; 10 Egypt, 7c.; 7 Persia, 4c.; 10 Ceylon, 15c.; 8 Hawaii, 20c.; 20 Denmark, 7c.; 30 Sweden, 10c.; 50 Brt. Col's, 6c.; 35 Austria, 9c.; 25 Persia, 25c.; 10 Brazil, 5c.; 50 Africa, 24c.; 6 Fiji, 15c.; 25 Italy, 5c.; 7 Iceland, 20c.; 4 Sudan, 8c.; 10 China, 10c.; 17 Mexico, 10c.; 10 Uruguay, 7c.; 6 Reunion, 5c.; 5 Panama, 13c.; 5 Zanzibar, 20c. **Remit in stamps or Money Order.** Fine approval sheets 50% discount, 50 Page List Free. We buy Stamps. MARKS STAMP Co., DEPT. N, TORONTO, CANADA.

Hawaii 10 different, 30c.; 10 different Canada, 10c.; Packet, 500 different, list over \$5.00, price \$1.00; 1000 different, list over \$20.00, \$2.30. C. F. RICHARDS, BOX 77, GRAND CENTRAL P. O., NEW YORK.

FOREIGN STAMPS FREE 52 different foreign, including China and Venezuela, to all who apply for our high grade approval selections. *Send two cent stamp for return postage.* THE EDGEWOOD STAMP Co., DEPT. S, MILFORD, CONN.

FREE—Eight Varieties Straits Settlements. With approvals. References, please. A. J. VOLK, 161 CHARLES ST., N. Y. CITY.

STAMPS 105 China, Egypt, etc., stamp dictionary and list 3000 bargains 2c. Agts., 50%. BULLARD & Co., Sta. A, BOSTON.

Premium of 111 free stamps is what I give to approval applicants. Try it! W. J. COLE, ELMIRA, N. Y.

BARGAINS EACH SET 5 CENTS. 10 Luxembourg; 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 15 Russia; 8 Costa Rica; 12 Porto Rico; 3 Dutch Indies; 5 Hayti. Lists of 7000 low-priced stamps free. CHAMBERS STAMP Co., 111 G NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

STAMPS 100 VARIETIES FOREIGN, FREE. Postage 2c. Mention St. Nicholas. QUAKER STAMP Co., TOLEDO, OHIO.

BOLIVIA-1894 Unused complete cat. 92c. for 15c. **SEEBECK'S**—40 varieties for 25c. **10 FOREIGN STAMPS** (mint) free for name, address 2 collectors, 2c. postage. W. H. SUYDAM, HIGHWOOD, N. J.

Greece in Turkey, rare, 1912-13, 8 var. for 40 cents. HUB POSTAGE STAMP Co., 345A WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

STAMPS FREE, 100 ALL DIFFERENT For the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 20 different foreign coins, 25c. TOLEDO STAMP Co., TOLEDO, OHIO, U.S.A.

STAMPS ON APPROVAL—Fine selections sent at 50% discount. LAUREN TREMPER, 136 No. DEWEY ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BELGIUM, FRANCE, ENGLAND and all other stamps on approval at 50% discount. MILTON P. LYONS, JR., 1631 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

1000 Mixed for 12c. This is our regular 25c. mixture containing about 200 varieties. Sold only to those applying for our 50% discount approval sheets. FAR WEST STAMP Co., TACOMA, WASH.



STAMP ALBUM with 538 Genuine Stamps, incl. Old Mexico, Malay (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc. **10c.** 100 diff. Jap. N. Zld., etc., **5c.** Big List, Coupons, etc. **FREE!** 1000 Fine Mixed 20c. 1000 Hinges **5c.** **Agents Wanted, 50%.** WE BUY STAMPS. HUSSMAN STAMP Co., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Pet Department



WE believe these advertisers to be reliable, and we hope you may find a suitable pet among those mentioned. But in case you do not see what you want, always count us glad to help whenever we can be of service. A pet is an ideal Christmas gift, but it is well to arrange for its purchase early in the season.

PLEASE Get for us a **DODSON** Sheltered Food House



Dodson Sheltered Food-House \$8.- with copper roof \$10.



Dodson Feeding Car \$5.- with copper roof \$6.



Automatic Sheltered Feeding Table \$6.- with copper roof \$7.50

Hear The Message of The Birds:—

"We'll live near you and make life cheerier; we'll fight the insects on your plants and trees; we'll be friends."

Some of our most useful native birds stay north all winter, if provided with shelter and food

Write for the free Dodson Bird Book and learn how to win and keep song birds as your neighbors.

There are 20 Dodson Bird Houses, Feeding Shelters, etc. Get Genuine Dodson Bird Houses — and win birds.

The Great Dodson Sparrow Trap now catching sparrows all over America. Double funnel and automatic drop trap features—no other trap like this. Price \$6. f. o. b. Chicago.

Nature Neighbors—a library of fascinating books, chiefly about birds. John Burroughs says—"Astoundingly good." Write for free illustrated folder showing bird in natural colors.

JOSEPH H. DODSON
707 Security Building, Chicago, Ill.
Mr. Dodson is a Director of the Illinois Audubon Society.



Martin House \$2.25



Flicker House \$5.00



Bird Bath \$1.75

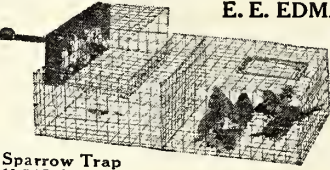


Bluebird House \$2.50

Join the Country-wide Crusade Against the Sparrow Nuisance

Sparrows are destructive. Eat seeds and grains; drive valuable birds away. U. S. Dept. of Agriculture advises destroying sparrows. Many states offer a bounty.

This is the cheapest and best trap. *Guaranteed to catch sparrows.* Order to-day. Delivered FREE. Catalog of Bird Houses and Food Devices free.



E. E. EDMANSON & CO.
626 S. Norton St.
Chicago, Ill.

KNOCK-DOWN BIRD HOUSES
Build them yourself. Lots of fun. Instructive. Write for Price List.

Sparrow Trap \$1.75 Delivered

SPRATT'S BISCUITS AND FOODS FOR ALL BREEDS

Send 2c. stamp for "Dog Culture."

SPRATT'S PATENT, LTD., NEWARK, N. J.

Snow White Esquimo Puppies



The smartest, handsomest and cutest dog on earth. Natural trick dogs. Just the thing for the KIDDIES. Playful as a kitten and very affectionate. After getting one many of my customers immediately order as many puppies as they have children. Ship anywhere and guarantee safe delivery. Send 5c. in stamps and get a nice pictorial catalog and full particulars.


BROCKWAYS KENNELS, Baldwin, Kansas.



Purr! Purr! Purr!

That's what "Prince" says contentedly as you stroke his silky hair. He is a Prince indeed—a beautiful Royal Siamese Cat—the most fascinating and affectionate of pets. Write for booklet. Kittens at moderate prices.


Black-Short-Haired Cattery
Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.
Tel. 110 M Hasbrouck Heights



**Book on
Dog Diseases
And How to Feed**

Mail free to any address by the Author
H. CLAY GLOVER, V. S.
118 West 31st Street New York

America's Pioneer Dog Remedies




Shetland and Larger Ponies

NO home complete without one. All ages, sizes and colors. Broken ponies with complete outfits.

Colts \$40.00 up. Yearlings \$75.00 up. Mostly mares for sale. Dept. B.

SHADY NOOK PONY FARM
Addison Co., North Ferrisburgh, Vt.



THIS IS ME

I may be little and soft and plump, But my heart is big and true. My mistress says now I'm quite big enough

To leave my dear mother—for you. From \$25 up for these wonderful little **PEKINGESE**

Address:
Mrs. H. A. Baxter, Telephone 418, Great Neck, L. I., or 489 Fifth Ave., New York City (Tel.)

Boys—You Can Beat Them All Now!

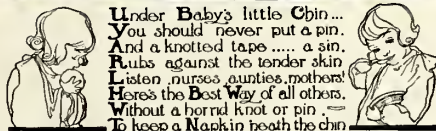


Easiest thing in the world with an Auto-Wheel Coaster Wagon. Roller bearings give the speed—you go down one hill and up like lightning. Steel axles and real auto type steel-tire wheels—mighty strong. The boy with an **AUTO-WHEEL COASTER WAGON** has a wagon that'll stand a lot of knocking around—it's built to last.

Write how to get one FREE

BUFFALO SLED CO.
141 SCHENCK STREET
No. TONAWANDA
N. Y.

In Canada, Preston, Ont.

Under Baby's little Chin... You should never put a pin. And a knotted tape.... a sin. Rubs against the tender skin. Listen, nurses, aunts, mothers. Here's the Best Way of all others. Without a horrid knot or pin. To keep a Napkin from the chin.

A GIFT FOR LITTLE FOLKS—Just what you've been looking for. A napkin fastener! In Pink, Blue and Rosebud pattern. Attached to decorated card in box—**50 cents** postpaid to introduce our Year Book. This wonderful book has 72 pages fully illustrated. Shows more than 1000 "real gifts." Sent for 6 cents in stamps.

POHLSON GIFT SHOP, 22 Bank Bldg., Pawtucket, R. I.

Trade **Vaseline** Mark

Mentholated Petroleum Jelly

For mother's nervous headaches. At drug and general stores everywhere. On request will furnish two nozzles to fit different size tubes. Write for free illustrated "Vaseline" booklet.

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
(Consolidated)

38 State Street New York

1916 Model

PRIDE a RANGER

bicycles and know you have the best. Buy a machine you can prove before accepting. **DELIVERED FREE ON APPROVAL and 30 days' trial.** No expense to you if you do not wish to keep it. **LOW FACTORY COST,** great improvements and values never before equalled in our 1916 models. **WRITE TODAY** for our big catalog showing our complete line of 1916 bicycles, **TIRES,** sundries and parts, and learn the wonderful new offers and terms we will give you. Auto and Motorcycle Supplies at factory to user prices. **Do not buy until you know what we can do for you.**

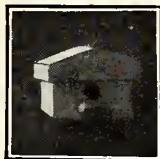
MEAD CYCLE CO. DEPT. C-15 CHICAGO

The **Prophy-lactic** Tooth Brush

Ask your druggist for "the brush in the yellow box"—he knows



Pets (Continued)



Once upon a Time

two little wrens tried to bring up a small family in *your* yard. But it was so hard, because big monsters like cats and squirrels, and mean neighbors like sparrows, made life almost unbearable. Then you sent for a dear little cement box with a removable lid and put it up in the Fall so that it could become thoroughly weathered. Early in the Spring Mr. and Mrs. Wren came to their new home and—there lived happily ever after.

Price \$1.50, 6 for \$7.50, f. o. b.

THE BIRD BOX, West Chester, Pennsylvania

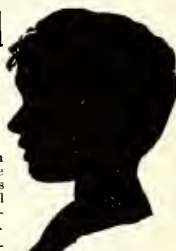
Schools

Educate Your Child In Your Own Home

Under the direction of **CALVERT SCHOOL, Inc.**

(Established 1897)

A unique system by means of which children from kindergarten to 12 years of age may be educated at home by the best modern methods and under the guidance and supervision of a school with a national reputation for training young children. For information write, stating age of child. Normal Department for training teachers. Circular on request.



THE CALVERT SCHOOL, 14 Chase St., Baltimore, Md.
V. M. HILLYER, A.B. (Harvard), Headmaster.

New-York, Briarcliff Manor.

Mrs. Marshall's School for Little Girls

A home-like boarding and day school for girls under fifteen, affording an abundance of healthful recreation and play in rural surroundings with elevating companionship. Booklet free on request.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington (Suburbs).

National Park Seminary For the higher education of young women. Extension courses of two years' collegiate work above high school. Thoroughly equipped departments of Home Economics, Floriculture, Arts and Crafts, Music, Painting, Dramatic Art, systematic study of the National Capital. Illustrated book on request to Registrar. Box 178, Forest Glen, Md.

Boys! Girls! Speak a Foreign Language!

Learn on your own talking machine, at home, during spare moments—**French, German, Spanish, Italian**—easily and quickly. No tiresome rules. Just listen to the native professor's voice pronounce each word and phrase until you know it. Study becomes play.



LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD
combined with
ROSENTHAL'S PRACTICAL LINGUISTRY
Send for our free "Treatise on Language Study," particulars of free trial and easy payment plan. Write to-day
THE LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD, 979 Putnam Bldg., 2 W. 45th St., New York



WE TEACH YOU TO DRAW A GOOD SALARY

Most Art Schools merely teach you how to draw pictures—we teach you how to draw a good salary as well. *Practical and personal instruction.* Study during your spare time and learn how to make pictures that will sell. Artists earn from \$25 to \$150 a week. Send sample of your work for free criticism and 6 cents in stamps for illustrated catalog. Correspondence and local school.

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, 917-F St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Advertising Competition No. 166

Here is a part of a letter that came to St. NICHOLAS a while ago.

*I am having you bound
and I am going to have the ad-
vertisements left in as I enjoy
the advertisements just as (almost)
much as the magazine.*

From your loving reader

*Peggy Fay
age twelve*

WHEN we got this letter a certain Competition Judge began to think and think and think. Finally one day this Judge spoke his thoughts. The Judge to whom he spoke said: "Fine!—But do you think they will?" "I know they will if they know how much it will help ST. NICHOLAS," Judge A declared most positively.

"Let's make it the October Advertising Competition," suggested Judge B to Judge A.

So here is what they decided to ask you to do:

Write St. Nicholas a letter telling which ten advertisements appearing in St. Nicholas (from January to September, 1915, inclusive) you like best and why.

Those sixteen boys and girls who give the best reasons for their "likes" will receive the prizes listed below. There will also be a "Roll of Honor" list of those whose contributions show that they did very faithful work.

You know that the purpose of advertising is to *interest and inform*. If ST. NICHOLAS knows which advertisements its boys and girls enjoy most and get the most good from, we can tell the advertisers how to make their announcements even more interesting and valuable.

The advertisements you select need not be taken from *all* the issues mentioned. Those you prefer might all be in a *single*

issue of ST. NICHOLAS, but that is not likely. You can select different advertisements of the same product if you wish.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

Be sure to comply with all of these conditions if you want to win a prize.

1. Write a letter telling which ten advertisements from ST. NICHOLAS (Jan.—Sept., 1915) you prefer and why.
2. The prizes will go to those who give the most reasonable and interesting reasons for their preferences.
3. In the upper left-hand corner of your answer paper give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (166).
4. Submit answer by October 20, 1915.
5. Do not use a lead pencil.
6. Address answers:

ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 166,
ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE,
353 Fourth Avenue,
New York City.

There will be sixteen prizes awarded: One First Prize of \$5.00; Two Second Prizes of \$3.00 each; Three Third Prizes of \$2.00 each; and Ten Fourth Prizes of \$1.00 each.

Note—Prize-winners who are not subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS are given special subscription rates upon immediate application.

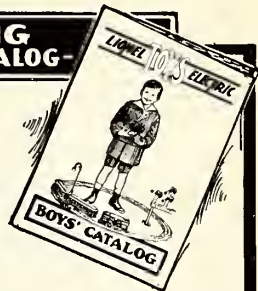
This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers to St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

Boys-Here's Fun



FREE BIG CATALOG

ASK DAD FOR ONE



WRITE QUICK FOR CATALOG

You'll have barrels of fun with a Lionel electric locomotive, Pullmans, freight cars, switches, semaphores, electric lights, track, etc. Make the trains scoot around with a touch of your finger—just like the big railroads. Run 'em on batteries or from electricity in your house with a Lionel transformer.

250,000 Boys Own Them—Join us—a quarter million of happy boys.

Lionel TOYS Electric are safe—no shocks. They resist hard, rough usage because they're steel—not cast-iron—and won't break. Are highest grade of material throughout, but *not high-priced*. Unconditionally guaranteed. Finished handsomely in rich, harmonious, non-chipping colors and gold. Models are faithful reproductions of originals seen on our prominent railroads. Locomotives, cars, etc., can be bought made up into trains—outfits—or separately as one's pocketbook dictates.

Write Quick for New Boy's Catalog—Do it right away. I've written this new catalog specially for YOU and crammed it full of pictures. No big words in it—you'll understand them all. New photos tell you why you'll have such a dandy good time with Lionel Trains.

Section of Lionel Rail Free—Most toy dealers, electrical stores and department stores sell Lionel Toys. If you'll go to your toy dealer, find out if he sells Lionel Trains, and tell me when you write for catalog, I'll include a special section of rail—free. Be sure to address Dept. 41.

J. LIONEL COWEN, A Friend of Boys, President

THE
LIONEL MFG. CO.

LIONEL TOYS ELECTRIC

Dept. 41, 52 E. 21st St.
NEW YORK CITY

JUST ONE CENT

postal will bring you a generous *free bottle* of 3-in-One Oil. Try it. See for yourself what a wonderful bicycle oil, gun oil, skate oil, fishing reel oil 3-in-One is.

3-in-One is equally good for three Boys' uses: It oils all bearings perfectly, making them fairly fly. It cleans and polishes all wood and metal surfaces, and it absolutely prevents rust.

We want you and every other boy to believe in 3-in-One. And after you give it this *free* test you certainly will believe in it.

At all good stores in 10c, 25c and 50c bottles.

SAY-BOY, YOU-

oil your bicycle frequently with 3-in-One. Will make it run much easier and prevent wear.

Also oil every part of your gun, inside and out, with 3-in-One, before and after shooting. 3-in-One is good for almost everything—skates, fishing reel, rod, catcher's gloves, mask and every tool. Won't gum and clog, contains no grease; no acid.

FREE — Write today for free generous sample. Sold everywhere; 10c, 25c and 50c bottles. Handy Oil Cans, 25c.

3-IN-ONE OIL CO.

42QB. Broadway New York



This Sturdy Boy was one of

BORDEN'S BETTER BABIES

Until Roderick was three months old, nothing agreed with him. Then his mother put him on "Eagle Brand" and he began to gain at once. You can see what a splendid child he is at the age of three years—a big, healthy boy whose strong body and firm flesh were built by Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

Even the frailest baby can easily digest "Eagle Brand." Always pure—always safe—always ready. No trouble to prepare.

Grand Prize (Highest Award) and **Gold Medal** awarded at Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco, on Borden's Milk Products.

Send Coupon for "Baby's Welfare."

Borden's Condensed Milk Company
"Leaders of Quality."

Borden's Condensed Milk Co., S.N.10-15
108 Hudson Street, New York City.

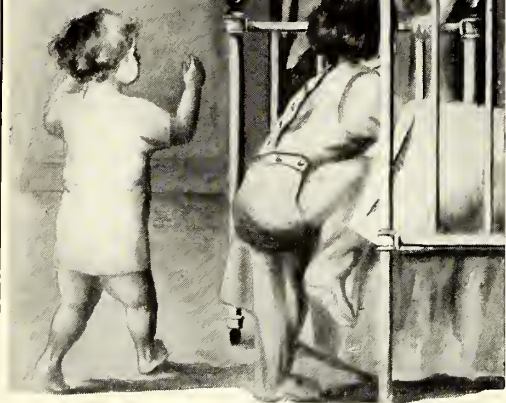
Please send me your helpful book, "Baby's Welfare," which tells me how to safeguard my baby and make him plump and rosy. Also send "Baby's Biography."

Name.....
Address.....



Gail Borden
EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK
THE ORIGINAL

"Mama
I want
My
Denton"



Dr. Denton Soft-Knit Sleeping Garments

protect your little ones at night and give
you unbroken sleep.

Dr. Denton Garments cover body, feet and hands. Feet are part of the Garment. Hands are covered by cuffs that turn down and close with draw-strings. Made from our Dr. Denton Hygienic, Double Carded, Elastic, Knit, Mixed Cotton and Wool Fabric, specially devised to give most healthful sleep. We use only clean, new, high-grade cotton and wool; no waste, no dyes and no bleaching chemicals. Our Soft-knit fabric carries off perspiration and keeps the child warm even if bed covers are thrown off. Prevent colds that often lead to pneumonia.

Eleven sizes for one to ten years old. Prices, 50c to \$1.10 according to size and style.

**Soft, Elastic, Durable.
Do not Shrink.**

Write for booklet giving Dr. Mary Wood Allen's practical ideas "Healthful Sleep for Children." Be sure you get the genuine Dr. Denton Garments. Our trade mark, shown here, is attached to each garment. If you cannot get them of your dealer, write us.



TRADE MARK

**DR. DENTON SLEEPING GARMENT MILLS,
791 Mill Street, Centreville, Mich.**

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION, No. 164

If ever Uncle Sam wants to add some more officials to his Secret Service we shall recommend the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls. We shall say something like this: "Uncle Sam, we never knew *anybody* who could beat them solving problems and ferreting out hidden mysteries. Perhaps you think because they're not as old as some people, they can't do as well. But we know better. We know they have Patience and Pluck and Persistence and Pride. We know they work Quickly and Quietly and Quitlessly (if there is such a word). And in all other ways they mind their P's and Q's until the job in hand is accomplished."

Uncle Sam would, we feel sure, listen very respectfully. And perhaps he would say: "Well, who solved the last advertising competition correctly and wrote the best letters about their vacations?"

Then we would say: "Here is the list of those who had every answer right and every punctuation mark properly placed and who also wrote the most descriptive and detailed letters. We wish we could thank every one of those who wrote us, for their excellent work and splendid letters."

Then we would give this list of the prize winners:

One First Prize, \$5.00:

Helen C. Kirkwood, age 17, Canada.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each.

Betty Thorley, age 13, California.

Margaret D. Kittinger, age 15, New York.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each.

Robert W. Rogers, age 14, Massachusetts.

Lucile Sanders, age 13, Virginia.

Lucy Olcott, age 13, New Jersey.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each.

Dorothy M. Washburn, age 15, Massachusetts.

Phyllis Young, age 15, Canada.

Ella Theodora Riske, age 14, Missouri.

Edith M. Johnston, age 15, Washington, D. C.

Julian L. Ross, age 12, Pennsylvania.

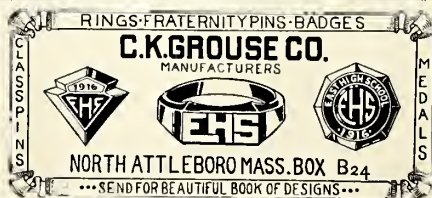
Katherine Thomas, age 13, Massachusetts.

Dorothy Whiting Hawes, age 13, Massachusetts.

S. Virginia Donaldson, age 16, Pennsylvania.

Gladys Hostetter, age 10, Illinois.

Charlotte Peace Speakman, age 16, New York.



LOOK up last month's ST. NICHOLAS for our tempting offer and if you did not reply then, write now. For ST. NICHOLAS children we have prepared three specials:

Football Outfit 1 F is designed after the suits used by leading college players. Trousers padded at hip and knees, cane reeds at thighs, black leather belt, jersey plain navy blue, or gray, or maroon. Striped sleeve jerseys: Yale blue and white, black and orange, maroon and white. Sizes from 6 to 16 years. Price complete **\$5.00**

Basket-Ball Outfit No. 1 B, consisting of good quality basket-ball, khaki padded pants, worsted shirt, wool stockings and black leather belt. Shirts in the following colors: plain navy blue, or Yale blue with white stripes, or maroon with white stripes. Sizes from 6 to 16 years. Price complete **\$6.50**

Gymnasium Outfit No. 1 G, most complete in every respect. Includes 1 gym. shirt, gray flannel gym. pants with black stripes, black leather belt, wooden dumb-bells and Indian clubs, elastic exerciser and chart. Sizes 6 to 16 years. Price complete . . . **\$4.00**

F. A. O. SCHWARZ

Established 1862

303 Fifth Ave. (at 31st Street) New York

Have You Got Your Aerial Navy Yet?



IF SO, WE SALUTE YOU ADMIRAL!

If you don't know what we mean by "admiral" look on page 27 of last month's ST. NICHOLAS. The plans for a whole fleet of model aeroplanes (3 feet long)—exactly like man-carriers—cost only \$1.60. (See September page 27 for single model prices.)

But maybe you'd rather have a racer to go after prizes and glory with:



This "IDEAL" 3-ft. RACER flies over 300 feet, can be put together in 15 minutes and costs only \$2.50

Go to the toy and game dealers or department stores in your town and say: "I'd like to see your Ideal Model Aeroplanes." If they say: "We don't keep them," why, then, send us their names and we will send you our large catalog free. It is full of interesting facts. If you do not send the dealer's name, send us 5c. when writing for this valuable catalog.

You haven't forgotten that Christmas is coming, have you? Your folks will be glad to have you "wish for" an Ideal Model Aeroplanes, because practising aviation and making models is instructive as well as piles of fun.

The construction parts (with plans) cost \$4, \$5 and \$6; the ready-made aeroplanes cost from 65c. to \$25; and a Loop-the-Loop glider costs only 25c. Ask us anything you want to know.

IDEAL AEROPLANE & SUPPLY CO.
84-86 West Broadway, New York



"Here I am again!"



"Let me help you do your Christmas shopping easily.

"YOU remember me, don't you?

"I am the ST. NICHOLAS Christmas tree, and my purpose in life is to make Christmas buying easy.

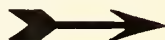
"While you have been reading the advertisements in which you found me, didn't you often think, 'That would make a fine present for Brother or Sister or Cousin (or me!), but I wish I could find out some more about it'?

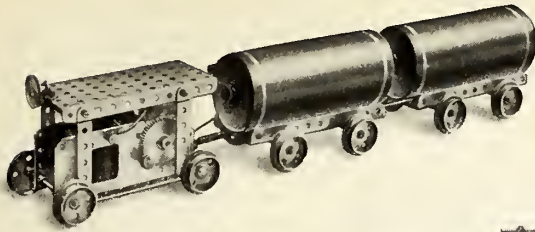
"Next time you are in a store where Christmas things are sold ask if they won't please show you what you saw advertised in ST. NICHOLAS. This is the way to find out best about it.

"But the next best thing to do is to sit down now and write a letter to these advertisers asking them please to tell you exactly what you want to know or just to send you more information. They like to receive letters from you and enjoy answering them.

"However, if you don't like to write letters, you can get all the information you need without writing even one letter. On the other side of this half page it tells just what to do. Be sure to fill out the spaces clearly and correctly and mail the half page to St. Nicholas (Catalog Dep't), 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City."

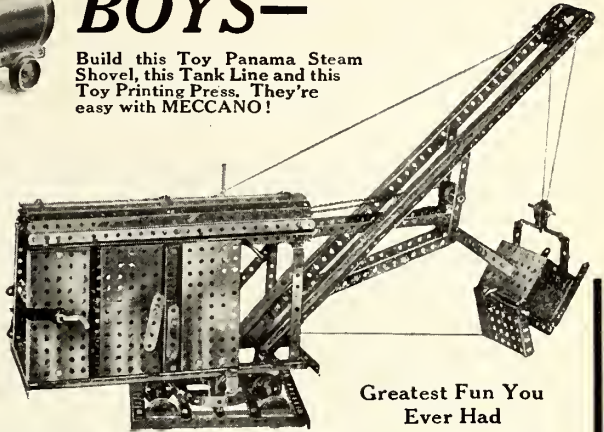
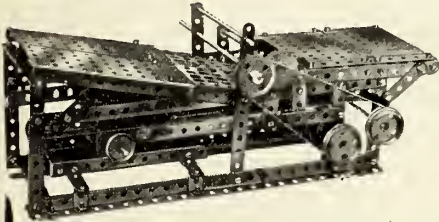
Now turn over the page. 1,2,3—OVER!





BOYS—

Build this Toy Panama Steam Shovel, this Tank Line and this Toy Printing Press. They're easy with MECCANO!



Greatest Fun You Ever Had



MECCANO



Toy Engineering for Boys

BOYS—you can build thousands of big, strong models, or small complicated ones, with MECCANO. There's no end to the fun you'll have because there's no end to the things you can make. You can build anything you can think of; correct models that you can operate like real machinery. It's the greatest sport you ever had!

10,000 MODELS

were entered in the last prize contest. Just think how many different things you can make with MECCANO—and all the fun you can have.



\$1,000.00 Prize Contest

for good models is now on. Get an Entry Blank at the Toy Department. It tells you just what to do to win a prize.

MECCANO builds the most models because it has the most inter-change-able parts; and unlimited inter-change-ability of all parts. It builds better models; builds them quicker and easier; because it is mechanically correct. MECCANO this year is bigger and better than ever. The MECCANO Electric Motor is a new improvement and the most powerful toy motor made. It works your models like real machinery.

Outfits with Electric Motor as Low as \$3.00

The MECCANO Spring Motor is a dandy! \$2.00. The new Girder Strips build big things better. Find out all about MECCANO. See the outfits at Toy Departments. If you have MECCANO, get the Inventor's Accessory Outfit, \$2.00. Get MECCANO-wise!

Meccano Prices

- Outfit No. 0 \$1.00
 - Outfit No. 1 2.00
 - Outfit No. 1x with Elec. 3.00
 - Outfit No. 2 4.00
 - Outfit No. 2x with Elec. 5.00
 - Outfit No. 3 6.00
 - Outfit No. 3x with Elec. 7.50
 - Outfit No. 4 with Spring 10.00
 - Motor free
- Others at \$14, \$18 and \$36



BOYS—Get This Book—FREE

Here's the "great" story of a hustling boy and how he invented a toy, patented it, made and sold it, and finally won success and fortune. Tells his whole history. A gripping, interesting story for every live boy. You can get the story Free. Just tell five other boys about MECCANO and send us their names and addresses with 4c. in stamps for postage, and the book is yours. It has 144 pages; cloth bound; illustrated. *Do it To-day!*

Frank Hornby
President

MECCANO CO.
Room 30, Masonic Hall,
West 23d Street
New York City

ST. NICHOLAS NEWS NOTES



© E. MULLER, JR.

THE NOVEMBER NUMBER

Begins a New Volume of
the Magazine

Among the most notable contributions will be the opening instalment of an important and delightful new serial—

“The Boys’ Life of Mark Twain”

By Albert Bigelow Paine

What American boy does not revel in the stories of “Tom Sawyer” and “Huckleberry Finn,” and rejoice that our country produced, in the author of these and so many other immortal stories, a world-famous humorist and philosopher? Mr. Paine was Mr. Clemens’ chosen biographer, and through years of close and intimate companionship with him, as well as by natural gifts and sympathies, was peculiarly fitted to tell anecdotes of, as well as by, Mark Twain, and to record the marvelously varied stages of a

career that is unique in the world’s history. The complete biography in three large volumes which Mr. Paine published a few years ago has received the warmest commendation from grown-up readers and critics all over the world; and now he has set out to re-tell the wonderful story, or the essence of it, for the especial benefit of the American boys and girls of today. It will be profusely illustrated with photographs and with drawings made especially for the magazine.

FIGHTING SHIPS. Do you know the difference between a “protected” cruiser and an “armored” cruiser? If not (or even if you happen to be wiser than most people and can give the answer), Frank E. Channon, late of the United States Navy, will tell you all about them in the November ST. NICHOLAS. Not only that, but

ST.
NICHOLAS
353 Fourth Ave.,
New York City

Gentlemen:

Please find enclosed \$3.00 for which send me ST. NICHOLAS for one year, beginning with thenumber.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

he also tells in a most interesting way about dreadnaughts, super-dreadnaughts, torpedo-boats, destroyers, submarines, and all the different kinds of vessels that go to make up our Navy. While written for boys and girls, your fathers and mothers will read it with as much interest as you will.

A continued story for girls will also begin in the November St. NICHOLAS. It is entitled

“THE SAPPHIRE SIGNET”

and is written by

AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

author of “The Boarded-up House,” which has been so popular with the girl-readers of St. NICHOLAS during the past year. Like that engrossing serial, it is a mystery story, and it deals partly with the life of today and partly with an historic episode of a hundred years ago. The scene is laid in a street of old Greenwich Village; and the development and unravelling of the mystery alike present many chapters of thrilling interest.

The November number will also contain one of the finest stories for girls that the magazine has ever published. It is entitled “**THE END OF THE ROAD,**” and though the plot of the narrative involves a journey half around the world, it culminates in a railway accident on a New England train. It is a very human story and with a very real heroine.

The eyes of the whole world, in these days, are turned to the east—to **CONSTANTINOPLE**, the golden key which will unlock the great treasury of supplies sought by the warring nations. In the next number this wonderful and picturesque city will be described by an American girl (a former resident of the city), and illustrated with intimate views from the author’s own photographs

The article by Parke Davis on “**NATIONAL STARS OF THE GRIDIRON,**” which appears this month and presents some thirty portraits of the leading football players of the colleges of the United States this season, will be concluded in the next number by another paper under the same title, giving portraits of the players who are likely to prove best, or who have the best records, in the respective positions of the football field. This is the first time that anything like so comprehensive a view has been taken of the leading heroes of the great autumn game—for it covers not merely one section, but the whole country from coast to coast and from Canada to the Gulf.

Miss Hildegard Hawthorne will resume her entertaining articles on “**BOOKS AND READING**” with an ardent tribute to Charles Kingsley, the author of that noble story “Westward Ho!”

ST. NICHOLAS

PENNANT NEWS

The ST. NICHOLAS pennant has proved so successful that our supply has been used up more than once. But it is not yet too late! The pennants are made in the colors of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Pennsylvania and Dartmouth. Surely you have a favorite among the big universities, and certainly you want one of these pennants! They are thirty inches long, and the scene on the January cover-page of ST. NICHOLAS is carved into the felt with sharp knives. Each is in two colors, the colors of one of the universities named above. If you send in your own name or that of someone else as a subscriber, please use the coupon on the corner of the opposite page; if you wish to have the whole story of the ST. NICHOLAS pennants, use the coupon on the corner of this page. Why not write to-day? You have nothing to lose, something to gain.

FOR REGULAR READERS OF ST. NICHOLAS

ST. NICHOLAS
353 Fourth Ave.,
New York City

Gentlemen:
Please send me all the details of ST. NICHOLAS'S plan for doubling our family, and how I can earn a carved felt pennant in my favorite college colors.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

(ST N.-10)

Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

You know this trade-mark through National Periodical Advertising

YOU have heard of "letters of introduction," have n't you?

When a man in one city is going to another city, either for a long or a short stay, his friends give him letters of introduction to friends of theirs in the other city. When he presents these letters in the new city, people who know nothing at all about him receive him into their clubs and their homes just as if they had known him for a long time.

Now why is that?

Simply because he is well recommended and properly introduced.

They know they can trust him because he is a friend of their friends.

The same thing is true of those advertisers who put their announcements in good magazines. They are well recommended and properly introduced. That is why the people who subscribe for these good magazines know they can safely take the advertised products right into their homes.

Good magazines are very careful not to introduce bad products, just as good people are very careful not to give letters of introduction to bad people.

Once in a long while perhaps a

new friend does something you think is not right. You talk to him about it, and he not only tells you he *meant* to do right, but he does something nice for you to show that he means what he says. Well, once in a long while an advertised product may have some flaw in it, no matter how hard the maker tries to see that only perfect things are sent out. You tell the manufacturer (or his representative, the storekeeper) about it, and they make everything all right.

Whenever you read a ST. NICHOLAS advertisement, think of that old quotation, "A friend in need is a friend indeed," and say to yourself: "The advertisers are my friends because they are ST. NICHOLAS'S friends."

Remember last month we promised to tell you what the Quoin Club *does*? This is a very good time to tell you, because it fits in very nicely with what you have just read. The Quoin Club investigates all kinds of products. If the club finds the products are good they are very glad to introduce you to these products through advertising them in the magazines. That is a good service rendered to you who want good things and to the manufacturer who has good things to sell. The close and friendly relations between these magazines and their advertisers is a very fine thing because it helps to secure what both desire so much, and that is the maintenance of the very highest standards.

ST. NICHOLAS

MEMBER OF THE QUOIN CLUB

THE NATIONAL PERIODICAL ASSOCIATION



Copyright, 1915, Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co.

SOMETIMES the liking for Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes shows itself very early in life. And the littlest member of the household is the most clamorous of demand!

It's a grand way to get youngsters to take plenty of good top milk. And the tender golden flakes have just the crisp consistency for little teeth to crunch.

Then too there is the **WAXTITE** package that keeps the fresh, good flavor in—and all other flavors out.

When mother says "Corn Flakes" she means *Kellogg's*—and *not* one of the three hundred or more imitations and substitutes.

Baby knows the difference at once—simply refusing to eat flakes that are tasteless and tough.

Remember, *please*, that you don't know Corn Flakes unless you know Kellogg's—the original Toasted Corn Flakes—their goodness insured by our responsibility to over a million homes.

W. K. Kellogg





This
Taste

or
or

This
Effect

Which Appeals the Stronger
In Delicious Quaker Oats?



Millions of people, every morning and in every clime, breakfast on Quaker Oats.

Millions of mothers consider this dish both a duty and a delicacy.

Not only because it is vim-food. That's true of any oats. But because we make this spirit-giving food enticing.

Oats are eaten because of their effect. Every mother knows that every child should have them. Quaker Oats are chosen because of their luscious flavor. Folks now consume a billion dishes yearly of this single brand. Oat lovers of a hundred nations send to us to get it.

Quaker Oats

Energy Flakes Made Enticing

Why not serve this wondrous food in its most inviting form?

Quaker Oats costs no extra price. Yet we make it of queen grains only. We get but ten pounds from a bushel, because we reject all the small, unsavory grains.

Our process enhances that flavor. Thus we have created the most famous oat dish in existence. It is the reigning dish even in Scotland.

For the sake of goodness, specify Quaker Oats. Nothing else has done so much to foster the love of oats.

10c and 25c per package
Except in Far West and South

Quaker Cooker Offer

We have made to our order—from pure Aluminum—a perfect Double Boiler. It is extra large and heavy. We supply it to users of Quaker Oats, for cooking these flakes in the ideal way. It insures the fullness of food value and flavor. See our offer in each package. This present cooker offer applies to the United States only.

(979)



December ends "Two fairs for one fare" go early this fall to California

San Francisco Exposition closes December 4
 San Diego Exposition closes December 31
 Present generation will probably never see another world's fair. The very low excursion fares of \$62⁵⁰ from Chicago and \$50⁰⁰ from Kansas City will be in effect until November 30-stop at Grand Canyon of Arizona on your way - only \$7⁵⁰ additional railroad fare. Pullman sleeper to the rim. - - -

Four daily transcontinental trains including the California Limited. - - -

Ask for following booklets: "Grand Canyon Outings," "California Outings," "Sights to See," "California Limited" and "Both Expositions"-

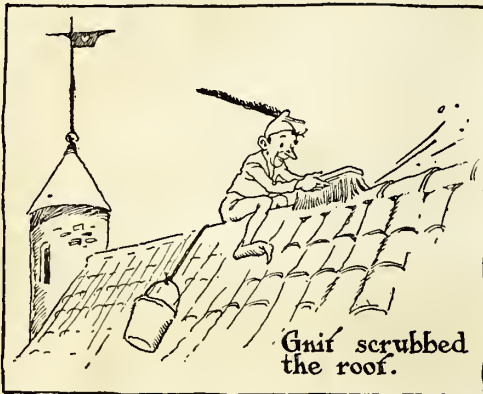
W. J. BLACK., Pass. Traffic Mgr. A.T. & S.F. Ry.
 1072 RAILWAY EXCHANGE, CHICAGO.

MORE ADVENTURES of IVORY SHIP.

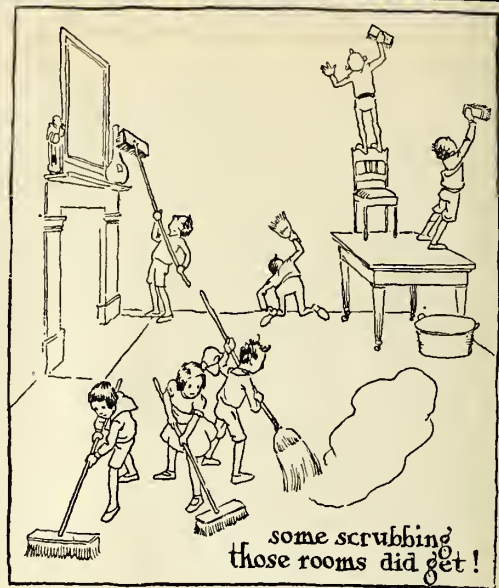
CHAPTER X.
NEW CONQUESTS TO MAKE

THE Baron's keep now underwent a thorough fall house cleaning, for thus his noble change of heart was quick to show its meaning. The Baron (now a snowy knight), since this was his domain, invited all his visitors and henchmen to remain. The springs and streamlets which for years had not been let to flow, were now released to wash the rocks and all the plain below. For water, which is such a friend to those of cleanly mind, to Baron Dirt had been a foe, most troublous and unkind.

Gnif Gnome with IVORY scrubbed



the roof, all mossy, dark, and vile, till 'neath his hands it soon became a thing of shining tile. The Dragon was most useful for, tight in his wavy tail, he'd hold his IVORY SOAP and beat the water like a flail. Then when the suds were foamy he'd inhale it through his nose, and pour it on the castle like a well-trained garden hose. The children swarmed through house and hall, led by our Bob and Bett. "Some scrubbing" with their four score



hands those castle rooms did get. Outside, the robber and the slaves, with Dragon's timely aid, a veritable house of snow that grimy castle made. When all was done, and there it stood, a clean, majestic pile, the Baron summoned all his aids and said with bow and smile.

"I'm not a man of many words, but I beg leave to say, I've never seen such good work done as I have seen to-day. I'm now preparing to invite you all, as friend to friend, unto a celebration feast, I hope you will attend. Then after that, I would suggest that each good henchman bold go home with loads of IVORY SOAP to clean his own stronghold. Our brave ex-robber will rejoin his former mates, while I propose to take our heroes and the Witch of Dirt defy. I want to tell you that this witch named Mistress Dustygrime, has needed your good services most sorely for some time."

So, after feasting sumptuously, our heroes said farewell, and started out, Gnif at the wheel and Snip for sentinel.

*You see my dears, how vain it is for dirt to try to cope
With happy hearts and willing hands, well-covered with IVORY SOAP.*

Reprinted by special
permission of
JOHN MARTIN'S
BOOK
(a Magazine for
little children)

IVORY SOAP IT FLOATS

-all good because they're

Libby's



Relishes That You'll Relish

Catchup
Chili Sauce
Sweet Mixed Pickles
Sweet Gherkins
Pimientos (Sweet Spanish Red Peppers)
Sour Mixed Pickles
Sour Gherkins
Canned Kraut
Pickled Onions

Libby, McNeill & Libby - Chicago

We are one of the thirteen National Advertisers who can furnish you with the latest fad—the game “Going to Market.”
Send 10 cents in coin or stamps, address Libby, McNeill & Libby, Dept. 6, Chicago.

HOW TOM
SPENT HIS 50¢



PRESCRIPTIONS

SODA
10¢

CANDY
10¢

5¢

50¢



Anybody's Money

Some of anybody's money is well spent when it goes toward purchasing Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream—the safe, sane, efficient dentifrice that tastes good while it does good.

Good Teeth—Good Health is more than a mere phrase—it is a scientific fact. And with good health come both better work and better play—for young and old.

Invest some of *your* money in Ribbon Dental Cream and use it faithfully night and morning—every day. Then see your dentist twice a year and you will have done your duty to your teeth.

Sold everywhere—or a generous trial tube sent for 4c in stamps

COLGATE & CO.

Dept. 60 199 Fulton Street New York

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined

**IMPORTANT
NOTICE**

There was an error in the Colgate Advertisement in the September St. Nicholas—the puzzle cut out. There are four words to make—not five, as printed.



