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ST. NICHOLAS:

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FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

VOLUME XXXIX.

PART I.—NOVEMBER, 1911, TO APRIL, 1912.

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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XXXIX.

PART I.

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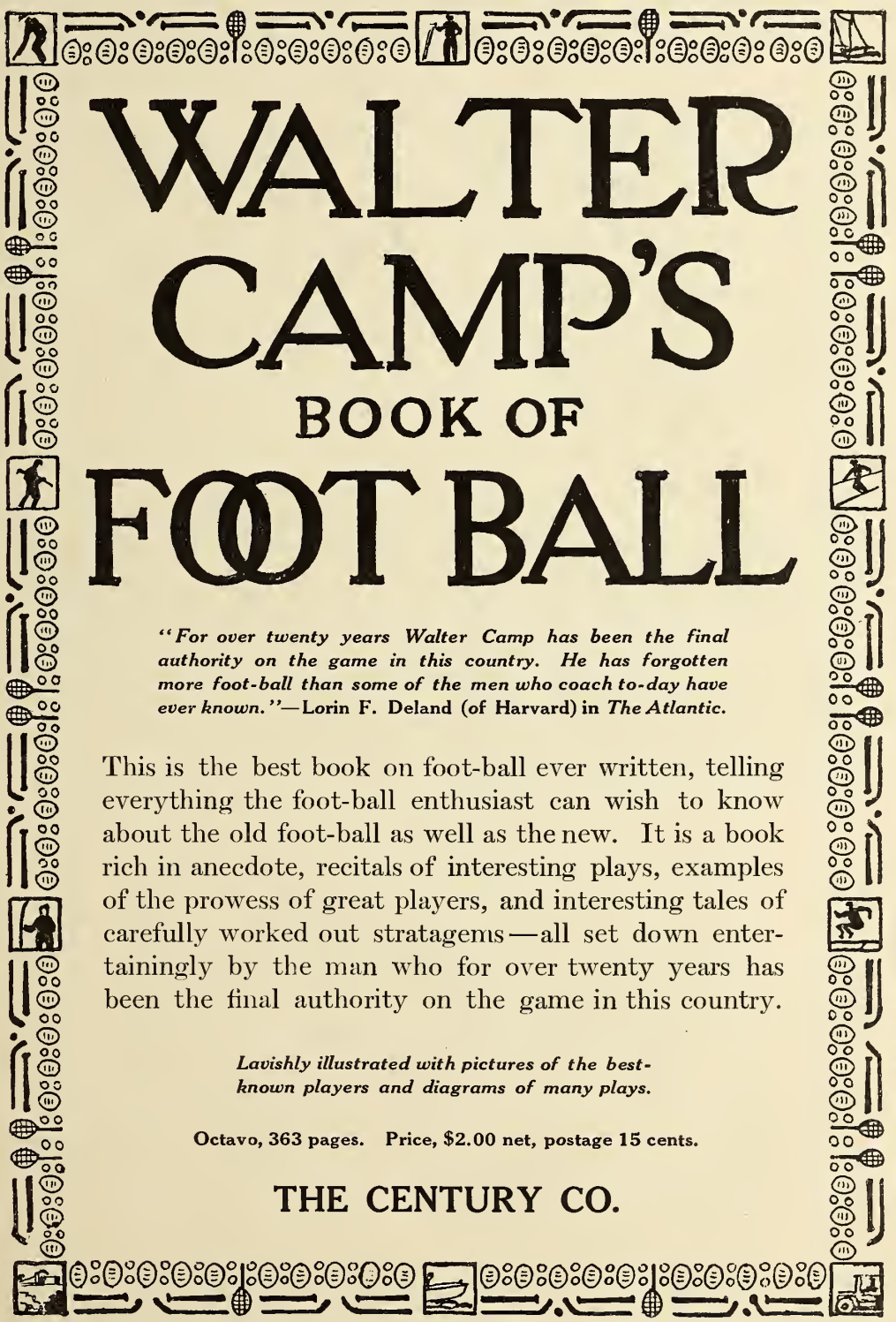
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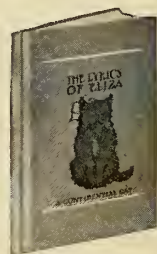
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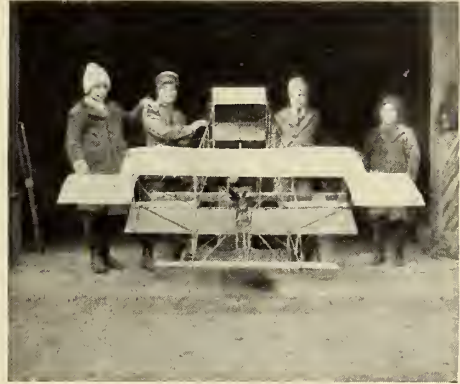
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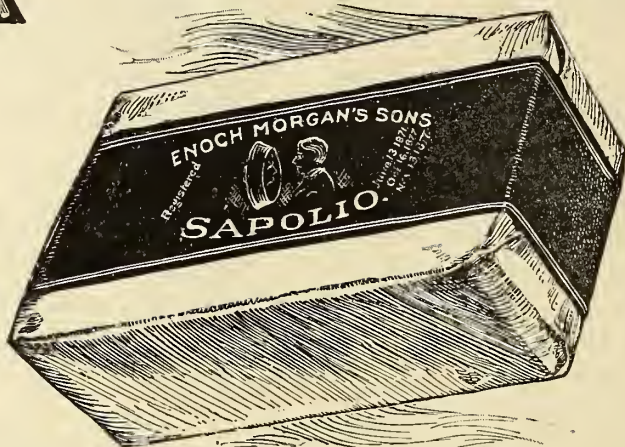
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THE MUSIC LESSON.

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CROFTON CHUMS

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CHAPTER I

BACK TO SCHOOL

"IN the good old foot-ball time,
In the good old foot-ball time!"

sang "Poke" Endicott, as he pulled a nice new pair of fawn-hued foot-ball moleskins from his trunk and reverently strove to smooth the creases from them. "Are n't those beauties, Gil?" he demanded.

His room-mate turned from the window as the beauties were held up for inspection.

"Rather! You must have spent a year's allowance on those, Poke."

"Huh!" Poke folded them carefully and then tossed them in the general direction of the closet. "I 'd hate to tell you, Gil, what they stood me. But they 're good for ten years; anyhow, that 's what the tailor man said. Those trousers, Gil, will descend from generation to generation, down through the ages, like—like—"

"A mortgage," suggested Gil Benton, helpfully, as he turned again to the view of autumn landscape framed by the open casement. Just under the window, beyond the graveled path, the smooth turf descended gently to the rim of the little river which curved placidly along below the school buildings barely a stone's throw away. Joe Cosgrove, base-ball captain, had once engaged, on a wager, to place a base-ball across it from the steps of Academy Hall, and had succeeded at the third attempt. As Academy stands farthest from

the stream of any of the buildings, Joe's throw was something of a feat, and many a perfectly good base-ball had been sacrificed since by ambitious youths set on duplicating his performance. The Academy side of the river was clear of vegetation, but along the farther bank, graceful weeping willows dipped their trailing branches in the water and threw cool green shadows across the surface. Beyond, the willows gave place to alders and swamp-oaks and basswood, and then, as the ground rose to the rolling hills, maples, already showing the first light frosts, clustered thick. Here and there the white trunks of paper-birches showed against the hillside.

Gil—his full name was Gilbert, but no one ever called him that—viewed the familiar scene with eager pleasure and satisfaction. To-morrow began his third year at Crofton Academy, and he had grown very fond of the school; how fond he had scarcely realized until this minute. To the left, a quarter of a mile away, the old covered bridge was in sight, its central pier emerging from a wilderness of bush on Bridge Island. To his right, a little distance down-stream, lay Biscuit Island, a tiny round mound of moss-covered rock with here and there a patch of grass, and, in the middle, a group of four white birches a-sway in the westerly breeze. Opposite the island was the brown-stained boat-house and the long float, the latter as yet empty of the canoes and skiffs and tubs that would later gather there. By bending forward a little, Gil could catch a glimpse of

a corner of the athletic field and the roofed portico of Apthorpe Gymnasium, the last of the buildings that formed a crescent along the curve of the river.

He smiled companionably at the blue and green world, sighed once—why, he could n't have told you—and breathed in a lungful of the warm, scented air. It was good to be back again; good indeed! He wondered—

Footsteps crunched the gravel beneath the window, and Gil leaned out. Then he turned and called to his chum:

"Say, Poke, come and see 'Brownie.' He 's got a suit of 'ice-cream' clothes on, and a Panama hat! Me, oh, my! Who 'd ever think Brownie could be so frivolous?"

Poke stumbled over a pile of clothing and hurried across to the casement, leaning out beside Gil. Almost directly below was a tall man of thirty-odd years, attired modishly in light homespun. When, in answer to Poke's "Hello, Mr. Brown!" he looked up at the window, his face was seen to carry a rich coating of tan from which his very light blue eyes twinkled with startling effect. He waved his hand to them.

"Hello, Endicott! Hello, Benton! You 're back early, it seems."

"Could n't stay away, sir," replied Poke, laughingly. "Missed Greek awfully, sir!"

"And not the first time you 've missed it—'awfully,'" retorted the instructor, with a broad smile. The boys chuckled. "Don't forget the meeting to-morrow evening, fellows."

"No, sir; we 'll be there," said Gil.

"He 's a dandy chap," he added heartily, as the instructor passed on toward his room in the next dormitory. Poke nodded.

"One of the best. That 's why 'Plato' 's the best society in school. What time is it?"

"Nearly one," replied Gil, with a yawn.

"I don't suppose we can get anything to eat here, eh?"

"It 's not likely. We might try, but as we 're not supposed to come until after dinner, it would look rather cheeky."

"Right O! Besides, it will be more fun eating in the village. Are n't you going to unpack?"

"Yes, but there 's no hurry. Let 's get dinner now, Poke. We 'll go to Reddy's; he has the best menu."

"Wait until I get some of this mess picked up. How 's that for a swell suit of glad rags, Gil?" Poke held up the jacket for inspection. It was perceptibly green in color and decidedly "loud" in style. Gil grunted.

"If you had a gray silk hat, you could march in the minstrel parade with that, Poke. You must

have sent your measurements by mail with a ten-dollar bill."

Poke looked highly offended, and draped the garment over the back of a chair. Then he drew away and admired it silently.

"That," he announced finally, "was made by one of the best tailors in New York."

Gil grunted again. "We would n't wear a thing like that in Providence," he said.

Poke laughed rudely as he hung the coat up. "Providence! I believe you, Gil! Providence never saw anything like that."

"That 's no joke," replied the other. "But you 're well named, Poke. Don't be so poke-y. I 'm hungry."

"All right. Put that in the drawer for me, will you? Where 's my hat? Come on now. I could eat an ox!"

They closed the door of Number 12 behind them, scuttled down a flight of well-worn stairs, and emerged on the granite steps of Weston Hall. They looked along the fronts of the buildings, but not a soul was in sight. Gil chuckled.

"I 'll wager we 're the first fellows back, Poke."

"Sure. They won't begin to get here until the two-twenty train."

They turned to the right, passed between Weston and Rogers, traversed a few rods of turf, and took a path leading downward through a grove of maples and beeches. The path turned and twisted to accommodate itself to the descent. Gil walked ahead, hat in hand, since it was close and warm here in the woods, and Poke lounged along behind, hands in pockets and his merry, good-humored face alight with anticipation of the good things awaiting him at Reddy's lunch-counter.

Poke's real name was Perry Oldham Kirkland Endicott, and the nickname had been the natural result of the first view of the initials on the end of his suitcase. In age he was sixteen, one year his companion's junior. He was well set-up, with a good pair of shoulders and a depth of chest that told of athletic training. He had brown hair and brown eyes, a good-looking sunburned face, and a general air of care-free jollity. Like Gil Benton, Poke was a member of the Upper Middle Class, and consequently had two more years to spend at Crofton.

Gilbert Benton, seventeen years old, was a good two inches taller than his chum, and somewhat slimmer. But the slimmness showed wiry muscles and a healthy body. Gil's hair was darker than Poke's, and his eyes were gray. His face spoke of determination and fearlessness. Seeing the two boys, you would have said that Gil was the sort to lead bravely a forlorn hope, and Poke the sort to shrug his shoulders, laugh—and follow.



"WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT!" EJACULATED POKE."

Gil's home was in Providence, Rhode Island, and Poke's in New York City. The latter had taken an early train and Gil had joined him at Providence, and the two had reached the station at Crofton well before noon. To arrive at school early and get settled before their fellows arrived had struck them as something of a lark.

The woods ceased and the path led them out onto Academy Road, where Hill Street turned off, and where the village residences began. Hereabouts most of the trim white-walled structures were used as boarding- and rooming-houses for the Crofton students who were unable to secure accommodations in the school dormitories. At the corner was Mrs. Hooper's; across the road from it, Jones's; farther up Academy Road toward the school, Mrs. Sanger's. To their left as they leaped the tumble-down stone wall was a comfortable-looking residence whose outbuildings nestled in the edge of the woods.

"I wonder who has the Timberlake place this year," said Gil. "I see it 's rented."

"Why did Mrs. T. give it up?" asked Poke, idly.

"She went out West to live with her son, I believe. I don't believe the old lady ever made much money here."

"Well, what do you think of that!" ejaculated Poke, stopping in his tracks and staring at the house in question. Perched on a short ladder was a boy of about Poke's age, nailing a sign over the front steps. A girl in a white dress and with a long braid of yellow hair aglint in the sunshine was steadying the ladder. As the boys stopped to look, the last screw went home and the sign stood forth for all to see:

SUNNYWOOD COTTAGE

The boy descended from the ladder, and he and the girl stepped a little distance down the short walk toward the gate to admire the result of their labors. Gil and Poke went on, the latter chuckling.

"Sunnywood Cottage," he murmured. "There was n't anything very sunny about the place when Mrs. Timberlake had it. I wonder who the girl is."

"Miss Sunnywood," replied Gil, instantly.

"Thanks," said Poke, turning to steal another look at the young lady. "You 're a veritable mine of information, Gil. The house is looking rather nice, is n't it? They must have re-painted it."

"Yes, and her hair is very pretty," laughed Gil.

"Oh, you run away," Poke retorted. "I wonder who the chap is. I rather like *his* looks."

"You seem mightily interested in the family. Would you like to call there on the way back?"

"That 's not a bad idea! We might make believe we wanted to rent a room."

"We might," Gil laughed. He, too, turned for a glance at the cottage. "A fellow could be pretty comfy at Sunnywood. Funny, is n't it, how some houses look homy and comfy and others sort of give you the creeps. Look at Jones's; I would n't live there for a hundred dollars a month!"

"I wonder if a fellow has more fun living in the village," mused Poke. "Of course it 's nice being in Hall when you know there are loads of chaps envying you your room, but, after all, we don't have much chance for larks, what with study hour, and being in at ten, and all that. I believe I 'd like to try a house next year, Gil."

"Sunnywood?" asked Gil, slyly.

Poke grinned and nodded. "I would n't mind. That corner room in front on this side ought to be pretty nice. You 'd get lots of sun and light—and that 's more than we get in Number 12."

"Well, never mind about sun and light now. What I need at the moment is food and drink. Let 's hit it up, Poke. Thank goodness we 're nearly there! It 's pretty hot for September, is n't it?"

"I don't know how hot it is for September," replied Poke, with a smile, as they turned into Main Street, "but it 's uncomfortably hot for Poke!"

CHAPTER II

AT SUNNYWOOD COTTAGE

"It 's a perfectly jimmy sign!" declared the girl delightedly.

The boy turned with an amused smile. "What 's a 'jimmy' sign, Hope? One made by Jim?"

"N-no, not exactly. Jimmy means awfully nice—something very—very pleasing—quite *darling!* See?"

"Of course," answered her brother. "It 's as plain as the nose on your face."

"My nose is n't plain," was the retort. "It 's a real Hazard nose, just like yours and Lady's."

"Sort of a jimmy nose," laughed the boy. "Sis, if you keep on coining words, you 'll have to publish a vocabulary or no one will be able to understand you. What was it you called the back room up-stairs yesterday?"

"Snudgy," replied Hope Hazard, gravely. "And that 's just what it is; small and hot and—and *snudgy!*—the snudgiest room I ever saw, Jim."

"Well, don't let Jane hear you call it snudgy. She might leave. But, honest, Sis, that 's a pretty good-looking sign, is n't it? I don't believe any one could tell it was home-made, eh?"

"N-no, not unless they looked very closely. I think that Y is a little bit wipsy, though, Jim."

Jim Hazard frowned intently for a moment at the letter in question. "Well, maybe it is a bit out of plumb with the others," he acknowledged. "Just the same, I think I 'm a pretty good sign-painter, Sis. Now what 's to do?"

"Curtains in the front room up-stairs; the rented one," replied Hope, promptly.

"Oh, hang the curtains!" grumbled Jim.

"That 's what I meant," laughed Hope. "Never mind, they 're the last ones. And we really must get them up because our star boarder may come at any moment."

"All right," he answered resignedly, "but I 've got to cool off first." He seated himself on the top step and Hope perched herself beside him. Jim fanned himself with the screw-driver, and they both laughed. Then the boy's smile died away, and his forehead puckered itself into lines of worry.

"Hope, we 've got to do better than this or Sunnywood will be vacant again. Four rooms to rent and only one taken! Did n't you think, from what Mr. Gordon said, that we 'd get all the fellows we wanted?"

"Yes, but maybe they don't look for rooms until they get here," she answered cheerfully. "And you know they don't begin to come until this afternoon."

"I don't believe that," he answered. "Fellows would n't come and not know where they were going to live. I don't think Mr. Gordon has treated us fairly, Hope. That lady over there—"

"Mrs. Sanger—"

"Took the sign out of her window this morning. I 'm sure that means that her rooms are all taken. I 'll bet Mr. Gordon has been sending the fellows to the other houses and leaving us out of it."

"Oh, he would n't do that," Hope protested, "after all the nice things he said to Mama."

"You can't tell. Besides, we don't know just what nice things he did say. You know very well that if a person does n't actually call Lady names she thinks they 've been as nice as pie to her. I wish I had her gift of thinking the very best of everything and everybody. Well, if something does n't happen pretty soon, I 'm going to see Mr. Gordon and tell him what I think about it. One thing we do know is that he wrote Lady that if she took the house she would n't have any trouble in renting the rooms."

"Well, let 's hope for the best, Jim," said his sister, laying a small brown hand on his shoulder and giving him a reassuring pinch.

"That 's you, Sis," said Jim. "They knew what they were about when they named you Hope."

"Well, they did n't name you Despair," she laughed, "so don't try to pretend that they did. It 's time Lady was back, is n't it?"

Jim nodded and looked down the street toward the village a half-mile away. "There she comes now, I guess; away down by the big elm. See?"

"Yes, it is. Let 's go and meet her, Jim. She 's probably got a lot of things to carry."

"All right!" Jim laid down the screw-driver and pushed the ladder aside. "You 'd better put on a hat, though."

"Nonsense! The sun won't hurt me. Come on."

They went out of the gate together, and walked briskly down the sidewalk. Jim was half a head taller than his sister, rather thin, a bit raw-boned, in fact, but strong-looking, and good-looking, too, in spite of a smudge of dirt across his forehead and a generally begrimed appearance due to the fact that he had been sign-painting, carpentering, and house-cleaning all the forenoon. Besides this, he wore the very oldest clothes he owned; and that he managed to look prepossessing in spite of these handicaps, speaks rather well for him. He had brown hair and brown eyes, but the hair was light, extremely light, in places, as though it had been faded by sun and weather, and the eyes were very dark. Hope had told him once that he had perfectly lovely eyes, they looked so much like sweet chocolate! For the rest, Jim was tanned and hardy-looking, with more often than not a little puckery frown on his forehead, for at sixteen years of age he had already been head of the family for three years.

Hope Hazard is n't quite so easily described, and I 'd flunk the task if I might. She was fourteen, slender, golden-haired, gray-eyed, light-hearted. As Jim had said, she had been well named, for hopefulness was the key-note of her nature, and Jim, who was somewhat prone to borrow trouble if he had none of his own, called her "frivolous" in moments of exasperation. But Hope came honestly by her sunny optimism, for her mother had always been the most hopeful, cheerful soul in the world, and even Mr. Hazard's death and the immediate collapse of the family fortunes had failed to change her.

Mother and daughter looked much alike. Mrs. Hazard was quite tall, still young-looking, and still pretty. She had gray eyes, like Hope's, and if they were a trifle more faded, they still twinkled brightly at the slightest provocation. Jim was more like his father, a little more serious, with something of New England granite showing in his face, a heritage from a race of coast-dwelling Hazards. The Hazard nose, which Hope fondly believed she had inherited, and which was

a straight and stern appendage, well-shaped but uncompromising, was his, while Mrs. Hazard's nose was an undignified, even flippant affair that looked for all the world as though, had it had proper encouragement at an early stage, it would have become tip-tilted. Truth compels the admission that in Hope's case the Hazard nose was more a matter of anticipation than realization, in spite of the fact that she religiously pulled it and pinched it in the attempt to make it conform to Hazard requirements. Perhaps it is a mean thing to say, but Hope's nose was more remarkable for the cluster of three big freckles on the end of it than for beauty of contour.

Mrs. Hazard yielded her packages to the children and gave an account of her shopping expedition. "It 's lots of fun buying things in Crofton, my dears; quite exciting. You never know when you ask for a thing what you are going to get. I tried to buy some scrim to make curtains for Jane's room, and what do you suppose I got? Why, some muslin for a next summer dress for Hope! It was really very sweet and pretty."

"And I suppose," said Jim, with a smile, "that when Hope is n't wearing it, Jane can hang it up at her window."

"I think you 'll have to do the shopping, Jim," continued Mrs. Hazard. "They don't take me seriously, I 'm afraid. If I want a wash-board, they smile at me humoringly and sell me a nutmeg-grater! And two or three things I meant to get, I forgot all about!"

"Did you get the blankets, Lady?" asked Jim, anxiously.

"Oh, yes; and the toweling, and the mat for the front door. But I forgot bluing, and soap, and meat for supper."

"Well, if we don't rent some rooms we won't be able to afford supper," replied Jim, grimly. "I don't think Mr. Gordon has been treating us decently, Lady."

"Oh, I 'm sure he has done all he could, dear. I can't doubt that after the nice way he talked."

"Talk 's cheap," growled Jim. "Why does n't he send some boys here to rent our rooms?"

"He will, I 'm sure. You wait and see."

"That woman over there has taken her sign down already."

"But she 's been here for years, Jim, dear, while we are only starting. It 's going to take time, of course. Meanwhile we have that Latham boy—"

"And he 's a cripple," interrupted Jim, "and I dare say no one else would take him!"

"I don't think that at all," protested his mother, as they entered the gate, "for Mr. Gordon said that he was sending him to me because he wanted

a place where the poor boy could be well looked after. Oh, how nice your sign looks! I suppose it is perfectly all right to have a sign, Jim, but I see none of the other houses have any."

"That 's the point," replied Jim. "This is going to be different. Fellows who come here are going to be at home; this is n't going to be just a plain boarding-house, Lady. Is n't it about dinner-time? I 'm pretty hungry."

"You shall have it right away. I 'll tell Jane I 'm back." She hurried through to the kitchen, and Jim, with a sigh, picked up his step-ladder and, followed by Hope, trudged up-stairs to hang the curtains in the corner room.

"I wonder what sort of a cripple he is," mused Hope, as she paired the strips of flounced muslin. "I do hope he will be nice."

"I wish Mr. Gordon had sent his cripple somewhere else," muttered her brother as he worked the brass pole through the heading. "Anybody can impose on Lady."

"Jim, you 're perfectly awful to-day! You 're just one long wail of despair. You need your dinner, I suppose. Boys are always grumpy when they 're hungry. Here 's a hole in this curtain. I 'll draw it together after dinner."

"It 's good enough for him," growled Jim, who was working himself rapidly into a fit of ill-temper. "I dare say we 'll have to lug him up- and down-stairs, too."

"Oh, I don't believe he 's that kind of a cripple," responded Hope. "And he has a perfectly jimmy name, has n't he? Jeffrey Latham; it 's quite a—a romantic sort of name, Jim."

"He 's probably a pasty-faced little milksop. There, that 's the last, thank goodness! My, it 's no wonder I 'm hungry!" he added, as he looked at his nickel watch. "It 's half-past two and after!"

"It can't be!"

"It is, though. Hello, what 's that?" He pushed the new curtains aside at a front window and looked out. "It 's a carriage—with a trunk—and bags! I 'll bet it 's the cripple, Hope! Run and tell Lady!"

His sister hurried down-stairs, and Jim, lugging his step-ladder with him, followed more slowly, grumbling as he went. "It 's a wonder he could n't stay away until the room was ready for him." He put the ladder out of the way and went out onto the porch in time to see the driver of the carriage open the door and the rubber-tipped ends of a pair of crutches appear. Still resentful, Jim went down the path and reached the gate just as the occupant of the vehicle swung himself nimbly to the sidewalk.

"This is Mrs. Hazard's, is n't it?" he asked.

"Yes. I suppose you 're Latham," Jim replied.

Jim's tone was not very gracious and the newcomer looked a little surprised. He was a slight, nice-looking boy of fifteen, with big wistful brown eyes set in a somewhat pale but cheerful face.

"If you 'll tell the man where my room is he will take my baggage up," said Jeffrey.

Mrs. Hazard met him on the porch, while Hope, frankly curious, hovered in the background.

"I 'm so glad to see you," said Jim's mother as she shook hands with Jeffrey.

"I 'll show you your room, and then you must come down and have some dinner with us. This is my daughter Hope, and my son you 've already met. And I am Mrs. Hazard. I almost forgot to introduce myself, did n't I?"

Jeffrey bowed to Hope. "Thank you, ma'am," he answered, "I 'd like to go to my room, but I 've had my dinner. I stopped at the lunch-room."

"Lunch-room! Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Hazard, "that 's no dinner for a grown boy! Of course you 'll have something with us; although we 're hardly settled yet, and our meals are still rather skimpy."

Jeffrey murmured thanks as he followed her up-stairs, abandoning one of his crutches and helping himself along by the banister. The driver followed with his trunk, and Jim and Hope were left alone in the hall.

"Is n't it a perfect shame?" cried Hope, indignantly, when the star boarder was out of hearing. "He 's such a nice boy!"

"Is n't what a shame?" growled Jim.

"Why, his being like that! Having to go about on crutches! We must be awfully kind to him, Jim."

"Huh!" Jim picked up the boy's bags and started up-stairs. "I 'd be willing to use crutches if I could wear clothes like his and buy bags like these!"

"Oh, Jim!" protested Hope. "That 's an awful thing to say! You should n't talk like that even—even in fun."

Jim grunted and went on. "I 'll wager," he said to himself, "that he will kick about his room. The carpet 's worn out and it needs new paper."



THE ARRIVAL OF LATHAM AT SUNNYWOOD COTTAGE.

He was dressed extremely well, even expensively, and was quite immaculate from the crown of his Panama hat to the tips of his smart tan shoes. As he turned to speak to the driver, he looked like any healthy, normal boy, for he appeared well-built, straight of back and limb, and it was only when he crossed the sidewalk to the gate that Jim saw how one foot, the left one, swung clear of the ground by several inches.

But if Jeffrey Latham observed these things, no one would have suspected it.

"What a bully room!" he was saying as Jim entered. "Is n't it nice and sunny? May I keep my trunk in here, Mrs. Hazard?"

"Why, certainly. Between the window and the bureau would be a good place, would n't it? I'm so glad you like the room. It's the pleasantest in the house."

Jeffrey took out a pigskin purse and opened it, exhibiting what looked to Jim like a good deal of money. "How much do I owe you?" he asked the driver.

"One dollar, sir. Fifty cents for you, sir, and the trunk and bags extry."

"Nonsense!" said Jim, sharply. "He's trying to do you, Latham. Seventy-five's all it ought to be."

"With a heavy trunk and two bags like them!" demanded the driver, incredulously. Jeffrey laughed.

"I dare say the trunk was heavy," he said as he paid the amount asked. "Thank you very much."

The driver, mollified, touched his hat and took his departure. Jim looked his disgust at such a reckless waste of money.

"Dinner is ready, but you need n't hurry. The bath-room is just down the hall on the left," explained Mrs. Hazard. "Your name is Jeffrey, is n't it? You see, I must know what to call you."

"Yes 'm, it's Jeffrey, but I'm generally called Jeff. I'll just wash a bit and come right down, although I'm really not hungry."

Perhaps Hope was right in her theory that what Jim needed was food, for after he had had his soup he forgot his peevishness. Mrs. Hazard did most of the talking, although Hope showed unmistakable symptoms of being quite willing to help out. Jeffrey answered questions unreservedly. They learned that his home was in Poughkeepsie, New York; that he was entered in the Lower Middle Class; that he had never been away from his folks before, although he had evidently traveled about a good deal; and that while others might pity him for his infirmity, he wasted no pity on himself, but was quite cheerful and contented.

"Yes 'm, I like reading pretty well," he said in answer to one of Mrs. Hazard's questions, "but I like to be out-of-doors better. There is n't much I can do myself, but I like to see other fellows have fun. I'm crazy about foot-ball and baseball and things like that. At home I'm always running around to the games."

"It must be very hard," murmured Mrs. Hazard, sympathetically, "not to—to take part in them. But I do think you get about wonderfully."

"I ought to," laughed Jeffrey. "I've been practicing all my life. I've had this leg ever since I was born, you see. Oh, you get used to it; used to not being able to do things like other fellows, I mean. Besides, I've seen chaps worse off than I am. I *can* row a little."

"I wish I could," said Jim, making his second remark of the meal.

"You could if you tried," answered Jeffrey. "It is n't hard. I suppose there are boats here?"

"Lots," said Jim. "They have crews, too, you know."

Jeffrey nodded. "Yes, that's partly why I came here. I've always been fond of boat-racing. At Poughkeepsie, you know, we have a lot of it every year. Are you—do you go to Crofton?"

"Yes," answered Jim, passing his plate for a second helping, "I begin to-morrow. We're in the same class, too."

"Really? And are there other fellows here?"

"In the house? No, not yet. We've got three other rooms, but yours is the only one taken."

"We hope to rent the others," explained Mrs. Hazard. "This is our first year here. We have always lived in Essexport; that's on the coast, you know; but when Jim decided that he'd rather go to Crofton than anywhere else, we decided that we could n't do without him. So we rented our house at home and took this. My husband died three years ago and since then Jim has looked after us. Hope and I are simply babies; are n't we, Hope?"

"Speak for yourself, Lady! Jim and I—Listen! There's somebody going up-stairs!"

"I'll see who it is," Jim laid aside his napkin, pushed back his chair, and hurried out. In the hall he was just in time to see the end of a bag disappear about the turn of the landing. He ran up the stairs, wondering. At the open door of Jeffrey's room stood, bag in hand, a big, thick-set boy of apparently seventeen years of age. He had a good deal of color in his cheeks, very dark eyes, a mass of unruly black hair under the funny little crimson cap perched on the back of his head. He turned at the sound of Jim's approach, and scowled at him across the banisters.

"Hello," he growled.

"Hello," replied Jim, taking at the instant a strong dislike to him. "Do you want a room?"

"No, I'm looking for four-leaved clovers," he said with an unpleasant laugh. "Who are you?"

"My name is Hazard," answered Jim, beginning to lose his temper, "and I happen to live here, if you don't mind."

"Oh, I don't mind," sneered the other. "What I want to know is why is n't my room ready?"

"Your room? First I've heard of it."

"Sure! Are those your things in there? If they are, dump 'em out, Bunker—or whatever your name is."

"If you want a room I 'll show you one," said Jim, "but that room 's taken."

"Taken? Of course it 's taken! I took it last year, and if you don't dump that trunk and those bags out, I will," the new-comer retorted angrily.

"That room is rented to a fellow named Latham," answered Jim, bristling with indignation, himself. "Who the dickens are you, anyway?" he added.

"Who am I? I 'm Brandon Gary, that 's who I am. And I engaged this room from Mother Timberlake last June. And what 's more, I mean to have it—and to have it right now!"

(*To be continued.*)

THE RHYME OF DOROTHY ROSE

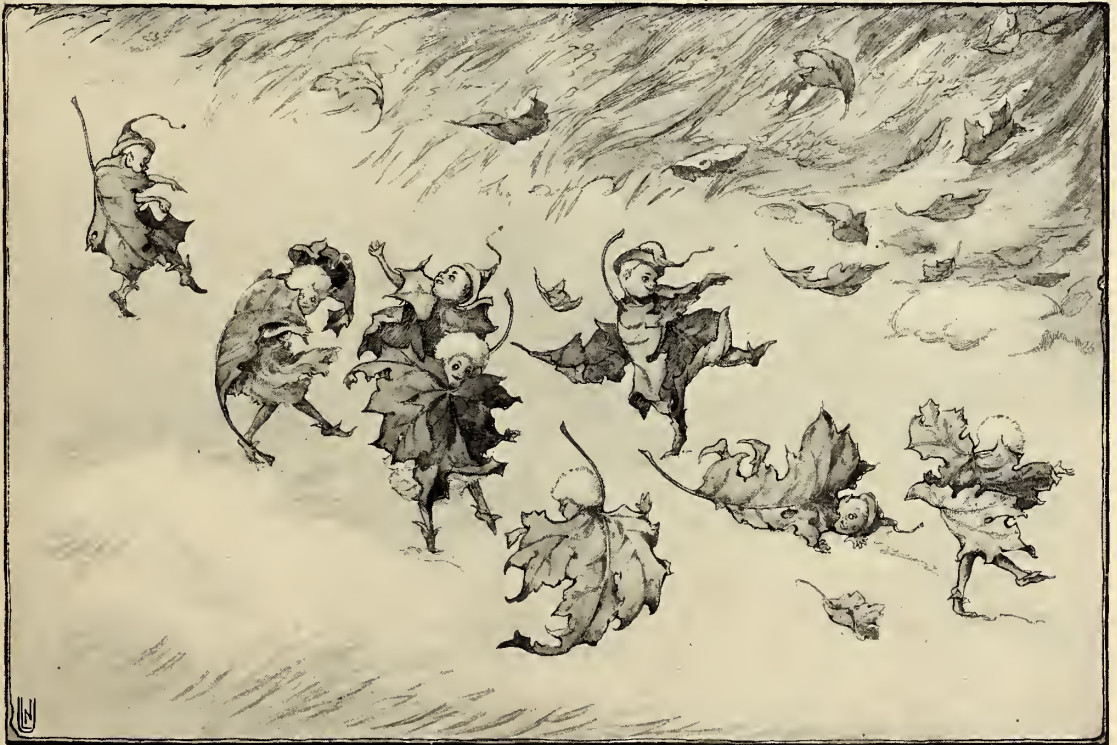
DOROTHY ROSE had a turned-up nose.
Did she worry about it, do you suppose?
Oh, no; but a plan she began to hatch,
To make the rest of her features match.

First of all, she trained her eyes,
Turning them up to the sunny skies.
Look at the mud and the dust? not she!
Nothing but sunshine would Dorothy see.

A flower that droops has begun to wilt,
So up went her chin, with a saucy tilt.
An ounce of pluck 's worth a pound of sigh,
And courage comes with a head held high.

Lastly, her lips turned their corners up,
Brimming with smiles like a rosy cup.
Oh, a charming child is Dorothy Rose,—
And it all began with a turned-up nose!

Pauline Frances Camp.



"DANCING LEAVES." DRAWN BY NELLY L. UMBSTAETTER.



IVAN EXPECTANT—"TOWERING TO A HEIGHT OF NEARLY NINE FEET."

IVAN THE MIGHTY

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

"IVAN? I can tell you what he is in two words: he 's a natural-born clown!" Such is Keeper Ferguson's opinion of his hugest charge. But slight observation of the great Alaskan brown bear at the New York Zoölogical Park is necessary to convince us that Keeper Ferguson is right.

Viewed at a distance, Ivan resembles an animated load of hay. At nearer range, he looms the most magnificent specimen of bearhood in captivity in this country, barring a possible rival in the Zoölogical Park at Washington. His behavior, however, does little to support the dignity of his position. On the contrary, he longs to appear before the public only in the character of "a natural-born clown!"

Approach his cage any moderately mild day, and behold Ivan seated in his tank, only his monstrous head visible above the water, gazing about on the landscape with a bored and weary expres-

sion. When he has tired of inaction, he churns the tank water to foam and splashes it far and wide. Then, if the spirit moves him, he heaves himself out of his bath and lumbers heavily, but with astonishing speed, about the big cage, to aid the process of drying off. After that, he assumes his favorite position, lying flat on his back, all four legs in the air, from which position he occasionally raises himself to a sitting posture by the simple process of grasping his hind paws with his front ones.

But let his keeper appear with the daily meal, and all is changed. At his familiar whistle, Ivan backs off, rises slowly on his hind legs to the height of nearly nine feet, and remains, towering and expectant.

"Come now," shouts the keeper, holding up a tempting morsel, "what do you say?" Ivan raises one massive paw above his head and beckons

with it appealingly, nodding his head at the same time, as if he would say:

"That 's the stuff! Hand it right in!" But th's does not bring the expected titbit, so gathering himself with a great effort, he claps both paws together till the five-inch claws fairly click, and the keeper's heart is softened. The chunk of meat or fish is hurled over the high railing and lands, in all probability, on Ivan's head. But he claws it off thankfully, and if more food remains, he cheerfully goes through the performance again and again, till he has earned his entire meal.

Ivan is now eight years old, but he was by no means born in captivity. In April, 1903, Mr. Belmore Brown, the artist, was on a hunting expedition in Alaska near the Bering Sea. On the tenth of the month, he caught his first glimpse of Ivan, then a wee cub, playing with his twin-sister. The mother was close by, and she had evidently seen fit to punish Ivan for some piece of misconduct, for it was his howls of distress that revealed the presence of this interesting family group to the enemy. In order to capture the cubs, the mother's life had to be sacrificed, but her skeleton and skin are now on exhibition in the American Museum of Natural History in New York City.

The sister cub managed somehow to escape, and Ivan, too, gave Mr. Brown a long chase, but he was finally rounded up in a glacier-stream and hauled ashore. He proved, however, to be a "game" little chap, and positively refused to be led along in the wake of his captor, catching at and clinging desperately to every alder-bush, and yelling till the mountains echoed. At last Mr. Brown muzzled his mouth and tied his paws with a pair of heavy woolen socks, rolled him in a pack-strap, slung him on his shoulders, and so carried him many miles to camp. Later he was crated and sent on his long journey across the continent, to his future home in New York.

A year or so ago, Mr. Brown was standing one day before big Ivan's cage. Addressing a stranger who stood beside him, he casually remarked:

"Do you know, I carried that bear once for fifty miles, on my back." The man looked him over a moment, then coolly retorted: "Oh, yes! I can see you doing it!" And we can scarcely blame him for doubting Mr. Brown, as they were then gazing upon the gigantic Ivan of to-day.

In eight years, Ivan has certainly done some growing. His cage-mate is a husky grizzly, but beside his vast bulk she looks almost insignificant. Ivan's size is certainly apparent, but his strength cannot, perhaps, be accurately estimated. One or two instances may, however, afford some vague idea of it. His earliest manifestation of it was in this wise: in the cage next to his own was a bear whom he for some reason chose to consider his hated rival. As he had made several attempts to damage this rival, it was deemed expedient to place between the cages a large panel of interwoven flat iron bars. This panel was an experiment, and Ivan very promptly demonstrated that the experiment was a failure. In ten minutes, with his front paws, he ripped out and trampled scornfully underfoot what it would have taken eight strong men with two ropes and four pulleys to have torn out by sheer strength!

In his tank is a flight of stone and cement steps, to make easy entry to and exit from that bathing and drinking place. Ivan decided that he preferred one step less, so it was but a few moments' work to tear away the top one. There is in his



IVAN IN A COAXING MOOD.

cage, leaning up against the rocks at the back, a huge dead tree, placed there to give the bears another means of climbing. In search of some brand-new diversion one day, Ivan managed, partly by rolling, pulling, and carrying, to drag this great tree down and place it across the edge

of his tank. Then he stood on the middle of it, and rocking back and forth, found that he had invented a highly successful see-saw. His keeper was shortly obliged to deprive him of this new plaything, but—it took *ten* men to replace that tree! And then it had to be clamped to the rocks with iron bands, lest he should sometime be minded to repeat the performance. Keeper Ferguson avers that did this bear know his strength, he could make a creditable attempt at wrecking the entire row of bear dens, were he so inclined. But very fortunately Ivan does *not* realize his immense physical power, and beyond a doubt he never will.

Ivan's diet in the Zoölogical Park is all that he can desire, and far more than he could hope to achieve were he still roaming his native wilds. And besides, it is infinitely more regular. His daily rations are several pounds of raw meat or fresh fish, and five or six loaves of stale bread. If he considers any particular loaf too hard, he takes it to the tank and swashes it about till it has attained a proper degree of mushiness. In the season he is also treated to green grass, pumpkins, tomatoes, corn, and such other vegetables as may tickle his palate.

Ivan may be a monster, but he is considered a good-natured and fairly gentle captive, nevertheless. His keeper enters his cage with cheerful confidence and a large club, and hustles the big brute around as though he were the smallest and meekest puppy. The writer can also boast of having been in the cage with his majesty (accompanied by the keeper and two large clubs!), and has watched him put through his paces at very close range. Two things, however, a keeper must observe with rigid care: he must never let the big creature get *behind* him, and, if Ivan has entered his inner rocky den, must not approach too near that opening. For some reason unknown, a bear fiercely resents such an intrusion if he is in his retreat. Therefore the keepers give the opening a wide berth when his lordship has retired to it.

With such magnificent proportions and a becoming dignity of manner, Ivan might easily pose as the romantic captive monarch of the Alaskan forests. But he infinitely prefers to collect a crowd about his cage by means of the foolish antics already cited, and he shares with certain inmates of the monkey house the doubtful honor of being one of the *clowns* at the "Zoo"!

WHAT ONE BOY IS DOING

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN



HE boy may be seen any day in the New York Zoölogical Garden at Bronx Park, and his place is always before the den of the great Alaskan brown bear "Ivan," or the cage of the largest lioness. So young in appearance is he, and so unusual his occupation, that about him there never fails to gather a curious and admiring crowd.

There is an air of self-contained and habitual dignity about this quiet lad who stands before his clay figure on the modeling-stand and works away undisturbed by the gaping throng collected about him. He appears indifferent to general remark or criticism, is polite to well-meant inquiries, and never fails to respond modestly to the genuinely interested spectator who questions him about himself or his work.

The work itself is really astonishing in a lad of but fourteen. His models betray a forceful-

ness of touch and accuracy of line that would do credit to a far maturer hand. Little wonder that they have gained a youth of such promise a scholarship in the Art Students' League of New York.

His name is Avard Fairbanks, and he comes from Salt Lake City, Utah. His artistic skill is inherited, for his father and two brothers are painters and sculptors well known in the West. Up to the age of twelve, no one had realized that Avard himself possessed any special artistic tendencies. But in his older brother's studio, one day, chance led the boy to start fashioning a rabbit with a stray bit of modeling-clay. The brother was at once struck with the ingenuity of the rough work, and advised Avard to bring his pet rabbit to the studio and give the subject some careful attention. The result was a model so creditable that it was decided to send it to the county fair, where a prize had been offered for the best work of that kind. Avard's model chanced to be the only one offered. He never received the prize, however, for the inadequate reason that the committee decided to withdraw it, as he was the only contestant and *under age!*

But out of the disappointment grew better things. The family decided that Avard should have every opportunity to cultivate his undoubted talent. He was sent to New York, where another brother has a studio, and began his course of training by copying animal statuary in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. In this he did such creditable work that he became an object of interest to, and finally the protégé of, a lady prominent in the artistic world. It was she who suggested that, instead of copying from models, he should work from living subjects in the "Zoo." The permission for this privilege was easily obtained from the kindest of directors, Dr. Hornaday, and for a year Avard has been a familiar figure to the frequenters of the Zoölogical Park.

During the past months, the young sculptor has concentrated his whole attention upon the two models—the bear and the lioness. The latter he has chosen to model in a strong and characteristic attitude,—the one assumed in eating or drinking,—low-crouched, with the muscles standing out under the tawny coat. But the lioness can rarely be found in that particular position except at feeding-time. Hence, during the brief half-hour following that event, Avard devotes himself to this model, carefully observing the line of each tense sinew in the lithe and powerful creature.

But with Ivan another problem presents itself. The great bear is represented in a sitting posture, a not unusual pose. This figure was begun far back in the winter months, and for a long time it was (with the keeper's assistance) a matter of no great difficulty to persuade his bearship to assume the desired position and keep it for a commendable length of time. This Avard effected by inducing him to come to the front of the cage, drawn by pieces of a loaf of stale bread. Ivan would consent to pose for hours, just to be rewarded by morsels of this (to him) tempting food. But as warmer weather approached, and spring laziness, combined with a slight loss of appetite, overcame him, it became an increasingly difficult task to bring him to a proper "posing" frame of mind. He infinitely preferred to soak in his commodious tank, or, having soaked, to lie on his back drying off, all four legs in the air—a ludicrous and undignified posture!

The model had now reached the stage where it needed all the fine and delicate touches that precede completion. Poor Avard was compelled to spend most of his time inducing Ivan to assume the proper pose, which big Bruin would reluctantly consent to do about twice in a long, hot morning, and then for not more than a minute and a half at a stretch. Clay-modeling animals from life may at times prove a thorny road to



THE YOUNG SCULPTOR AT WORK.

travel for a young and conscientious sculptor. But fortunately for Avard, that thorny road is smoothed as much as possible for him by the devotion of the keepers, who take an immense amount of pride in his work. Mr. Ferguson will cheerfully stand half the day (and would all of it, had he not other duties!) trying to induce Ivan to pose in proper fashion. When whistling, coaxing, and bribing with food fail to arouse a spark of interest in the beast, then will the keeper enter the cage and drive him down to the front, where the boy can see him to better advantage.

These two excellent figures, after they have been entered in another competition, are to be cast in bronze and exhibited for sale.

But Avard, while working steadily at his chosen art, is not neglecting other things. Though he cannot attend school as do other boys of his age, he is studying conscientiously at night, and expects to pass his examinations for high

school shortly. The tireless zeal with which he pursues his work and his studies, is really surprising in a boy of his age. Even during the hot summer months, when it would seem that any lad, be he ever so ambitious, is entitled to some long weeks of rest and recreation, we find this boy still at his accustomed task. The summer is no period of idleness for him, and, regardless of heat and discomfort, he comes into New York daily from an attractive country home.

He is, with it all, a typically American lad, a trifle shy, but exceedingly courteous, and one cannot but admire his attitude toward the curious throngs that constantly surround him, the thoughtless children that often annoy him, and the outspoken comments and criticisms that he cannot help but hear. And as one leaves him there quietly pursuing his beloved occupation, it is with the certain conviction that the future is full of promise for young Avard Fairbanks.

OUR DARLING

(An Alphabet Acrostic)

BY JOHN COX, JR.

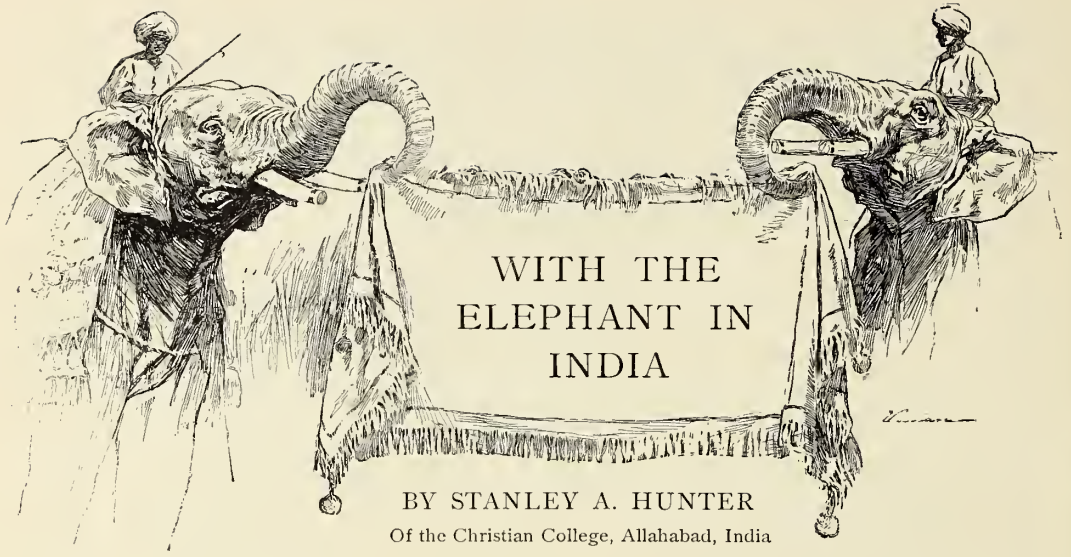
ALWAYS running round the room,
 Bringing book or box or broom;
 Calling Mother in to see
 Daughter busy as a bee.
 Every night she waits to hear
 Father's footstep coming near,
 Goes to meet him with a kiss—
 Healthy, rosy little Miss!—
 In her laughter and her play,
 Just a comfort every day;
 Kindling in her eyes appear
 Love and mischief, hope and fear.
 Martha, may thy years be fair,
 Not o'ercast with grief or care;
 On, thy little feet may go
 Past the limits that we know.
 Questing knowledge good for men,
 Righting wrongs with word or pen,
 Singing as the linnet sings,
 Tranquil, strive for higher things.
 Unaffrighted, come what may,
 Venture bravely in the fray;
 When defeated start anew.
 (Xenophon retreated, too!)
 Youth and womanhood and age,
 Zeal and worth and counsel sage.



From a painting by C. Fröschl.

OUR DARLING.

By permission of V. A. Heck, Vienna.



WITH THE ELEPHANT IN INDIA

BY STANLEY A. HUNTER
Of the Christian College, Allahabad, India

THIS morning, at breakfast-time, I looked out from the veranda of Princeton Hall, one of our college dormitories, and saw two elephants under the campus trees, leisurely enjoying their morning meal. Now, elephants are far from being a novelty in India, but it is not every day that they come to breakfast on our lawn, under the shadow of the mission walls, and I was a little surprised. One must not be astonished in this country at their mahouts driving them within a compound, for the rights of trespass in this part of the world are all on the side of the trespasser, and when two hungry elephants pass by a fine, shaded compound of forty-odd acres, and breakfast is half an hour late, they go in for their food and siesta whether a college happens to be there or not. They were munching their large portions of breakfast food, and acting altogether as the ordinary elephant of the circus behaves. It takes two hundred pounds of fodder a day to keep an elephant in good nature, and the pair evidently were consuming the greater part of their allowance at one time.

The mahout invited me to have a seat on the back of one, to witness the performance from above, and indicated his wishes to the gray mountain under his command. The beast responded and knelt, but even then a step-ladder was almost necessary to mount. He called it Moti, which is the Hindustani word for pearl. Indian mahouts or their owners often adorn the animals with the finest names. The other one's name I did not catch when first introduced, for it takes more than a half-year's Hindustani to understand all the queer titles bestowed upon the animals. But

I think it was "Garden of Flowers." "Silver Star" is a popular elephant name, and there are many "Lilys" and "Roses" among them.

Moti was a very unwieldy elephant, and a hard one to scramble up. He was not nearly so elegant as his title. Charles Dickens has said that the most ridiculous position possible for a man ever to be in is to pursue his hat across a wet and slippery street. I believe Mr. Dickens never mounted an elephant in India. You step on the beast's hind foot, then push yourself up the way climbers in the Alps meet a precipice, and, to your dismay, discover that your efforts have given the impulse to the beast to rise. As a result, you dangle for a moment holding on to the tail, then make one final upward shove, and find yourself on top.

The Indian elephant differs from the African species; his ears are smaller, and he has much smaller tusks. The tusks are cut off the captured ones.

The African elephant has great, big, flapping ears, but he can hear no better than his Indian cousin. He also has more ivory in his tusks, and in addition his skull is rounded out, whereas the head of the Indian elephant has a cavity in it at the top which makes a comfortable seat for the mahout. However, the Hindustani variety is just as intelligent, even though his brain seems smaller.

If Mr. Roosevelt came to India, he would have to pay a large fine to the government for every one he shot. The government has a monopoly on elephants. It has formed itself into a trust, and only leases out the privilege of capturing them to certain people. Thirty-two years ago, a law was

passed preserving them and forbidding the destruction of any except those which were officially pronounced dangerous to the community, a menace to the peace, or destructive of the crops. A fine of five hundred rupees (there are three rupees to the dollar) is the punishment for even attempting to kill one. Every one captured from its wild state is a great help to the government, for it secures part of the money necessary to meet the expense of the state in this way. Besides, the government itself uses about twenty-five hundred elephants.

The method employed in taking them is interesting. A *kheda*, or inclosure, is built of small tree trunks, and the wild animal is encouraged by trained ones to go inside. Then it is n't fed with any elephant luxuries whatever until it is ready to submit. After this, the elephant which has been specially educated for the purpose of taming and teaching these newly captured ones their duties, takes it in hand, and in a little while it is sent out into the civilized world to work for its living.

In India, one often sees elephants asleep at night, but slumbering on their feet, perhaps lean-

adept at picking his way, and he can go where other animals fear to tread. He is also a sure worker, and on this account is most valuable.

One sometimes thinks that the principal use of the beast in our part of India is for the purpose of display. Nothing commands such respect in the retinue of a rajah, or chieftain, as the elephant, and a good part of the available supply is bought up for this purpose. There are nearly half a thousand rajahs whom the country still recognizes and who, without really ruling, are allowed to have all the pleasure and attention that they can obtain from their hereditary position. Much of India, however, is composed of native states, and in these the British government's direct control is often limited; but in places where the British rule, the descendants of the royal houses, when they travel on the elephant, still command respect among the villages. Now, however, civilization is destroying romance, and the rajah of to-day uses the motor-car. This is very disappointing to one looking for the romantic grandeur of the East. Sometimes, however, a rajah drives by our college in full state, arrayed in robes of gold and many colors, and



THE TWO ELEPHANTS IN THE COLLEGE GROUNDS.

ing against a large tree. Their sleep is only about four hours out of the twenty-four. They are bedded under the trees along the highways, wherever they happen to be when night falls. They may be met on the road in any part of the land, but more commonly in the mountainous regions. On narrow mountain roads, the elephant is an

wearing all the insignia and jewels of office. He will have lancers in the most gaudy uniforms riding ahead on horseback, and behind his state carriage will be four servants in the brightest livery imaginable.

Mr. J. Lockwood Kipling, the father of the author of the *Jungle Books*, tells, of his knowledge,

of one rajah living in the Himalayas whose salary was very small, but who nevertheless devoted four fifths of it to the support of one elephant, by which he maintained a firm grasp on the dignity of his position among his poor dependents, to whom it was the true symbol of authority. Usually the running expense of keeping an elephant is twenty-five times as much as that of his keeper. It used to be said that when the King of Siam had a grudge against a courtier, he would give him a white elephant, whose expenses would, in the end, deplete his resources. Whether this be true or not, it is certain these albinos were much prized in that country; and history records that the chief white elephant in state processions was always given the place of honor next the queen, and ahead even of the Siamese crown prince. But such days are passing, and, no doubt, the royal family of Siam all have motor-cars by this time, and probably American ones, too. The Allahabad representative of one such company told me he had sold five big touring-cars of United States manufacture last month.

Just how it came about that the elephant should be so highly regarded for purposes of pomp and pageantry is easy to understand, for, as some one has said, "the beast is a spectacle in himself, and when arrayed as only the Oriental knows how, he is splendid in color and majestic in mass." When a Decoration Day comes—and there are many in a country that loves nothing better than a show, a parade, or a display of some sort—the elephant is richly dressed and arrayed in the most gorgeous equipments. He is built for this purpose by nature. "The elephant is made for display, as a mountain-range for sunset." To decorate him in all the finery of state ceremony, needs the artisans of many crafts. The "laundryman" first takes him in charge, and the flesh-brush used is a brick; then he is moved over to the painter, who decks him out in a temporary tattoo that makes him look as if covered with wall-paper, the head and ears being the places where the artist lavishes his highest skill. The silversmith and groom are ready, and they see that the howdah, or bed and canopy arrangement in which a whole household can ride, is put on correctly. The howdah is always an extravagant affair. I saw some that had been used by the kings of Oudh that were made of wood covered over with the finest beaten silver, all done in marvelously quaint, artistic designs, at what must have been an enormous outlay. The trimmings, also, are costly—hanging ornaments of gold and silver catch the glitter of the sun, and bits of mirrors mounted with jewels and set in gold-embroidered cloth add to the general effect. When the silversmith sees

that all the decorations are in place, the mahout gives the elephant a prod with his goad-hook, and mutters words in his ear that restrain him from his usual custom of blowing dust through his trunk onto his back. Then comes the veterinary surgeon, or "dentist," and an old pair of tusks, used on state occasions, is produced and fitted on for the day, adding greatly to the pomp of the occasion.

It is a curious fact that the general rule in India of letting the weaker sex do the work holds true for animals as well as humans. Rajahs insist on having males for the parades, while the British government, in its manual of instructions concerning the care of elephants, has gone on record as preferring the lady for hard work, and, where possible, only such are employed. The male has a temper, and, though he may live a little longer, for many attain the ripe age of a hundred and thirty or so, yet the female enjoys a decided preference when it comes to strenuous labor. She pulls guns over districts where there are no roads, clears forests, piles logs, or rams down obstacles with a battering shove from her forehead.

The skill with which elephants handle a task set before them is truly marvelous. "Hathis piling teak" on the road to Mandalay must be worth watching. The meaning of the word itself is significant. "Hathi" really means "one with a hand," and thus the animal's title came from his ability to use his trunk skilfully. He can pick up our smallest silver coin—half the size of a dime—or wield a log that twenty men could not budge. A powerful elephant can lift and carry on its ivory arms a tree trunk weighing half a ton.

The animal also uses his tusks for purposes of offense and defense. The distance that an attacking tiger was tossed when caught by these weapons has been measured in one instance and found to be thirty feet. Occasionally, even nowadays, in a hunt, for all tiger hunters use elephants, descriptions are given in the daily papers of the tiger springing on the elephant and attacking the party of shooters in the howdah above; but such cases are rare. When the elephant is attacked by a tiger, he will carry his trunk as high out of reach as possible, for he knows it is the weak spot in his armor. It is this that the tiger makes for, and the element of danger enters when the trunk is injured and the elephant's temper and pain get the upper hand, causing him to run riot.

But it does not always take a wound to set off an old hathi's temper. Rogue elephants, as is well known, are those that, because of their bad tempers, have been voted out of the herd they run with, and that ever afterward live a solitary life, with an evil disposition growing steadily worse



SURRENDER OF KING PORUS OF INDIA TO ALEXANDER THE GREAT. DRAWN BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.
"TWENTY-TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO ALEXANDER THE GREAT MARCHED FROM GREECE TO CAPTURE INDIA."

as the days go by. Good treatment keeps them genial, but there are often cases when their sourness results in fatalities. When I returned from my ride this morning, and told how I jumped twelve feet to terra firma without ceremony or

roadside. He had had words with the beast under his control, and had been seized from his seat and trodden underfoot in the twinkling of an eye.

The reports of the elephant's remembering years that you have injured him "are



"ALL ABOARD FOR 'SILVER EAR.'"



"GARDEN OF FLOWERS" DECIDES TO RISE.



RIDING ON THE "LILY" PAD.



AN EXCURSION ON MOTI, "THE PEARL."

waiting to bid the driver good-by, when the beast's trunk came inquisitively near, the head of the table told us a story: in her first year as a missionary in India, within shouting distance of that very spot where I had my first ride, one day in driving by she had seen a mahout lying by the

aggrated," but he may take up the grudge with his keeper. And let me tell you another thing: like the camel, it has a little separate compartment not connected with its stomach at all, where ten gallons of water can be stored—and this connects with the trunk. If the elephant has drunk re-

cently, and he has if there are boys earning a free ticket by carrying water, he can give you a shower-bath to pay back ill treatment. Also, children must be careful what they say before him. It is well. That is what his large ears are

we all know of what animals can do in Jungle Land through Mr. Kipling's celebrated Jungle Books.

Doubtless Æsop got many of his famous stories and fables from the tales of India and



A FEW OF THE FIVE HUNDRED RAJAHS OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE.
 "Twenty years ago they were riding elephants, but they all have motor-cars now."

for. If what the Hindu teaches be true, and nobody is supposed to doubt it, the animals have a language of their own, and, according to legend, the elephant, like the cobra and the snake, even knows what you are thinking of before you say it. Elephants never will speak to you in English, but

Persia, and some that the boys and girls are studying in their readers this very day, in India, are like the ones that are told in the nursery to you at home.

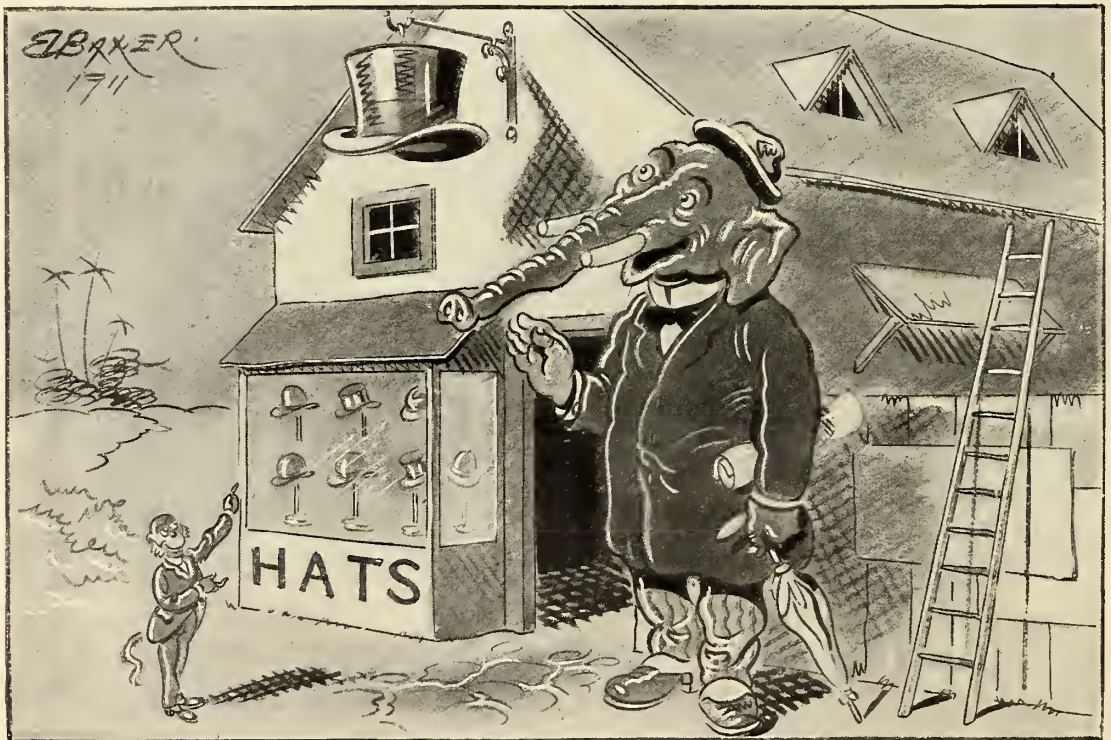
Elephants have had a place of note in history. It was something over twenty-two hundred years

ago that Alexander the Great marched from Greece to capture India, and saw for the first time the kings of Hindustan fighting with these four-footed armored battle-ships. On the elephants were built lookout towers from which thirty archers could shoot without being injured. On the beast's back the rajahs themselves used to fight. But like an Indian invention in centuries after the introduction of gunpowder, they were unsuccessful. The later scheme was this: somebody discovered a plan by means of which small cannon could be fired from the backs of camels, but the result was disastrous to the wrong party. The camel always turned as soon as the fuse was lit, and the shot went in the wrong direction. Alexander's Greeks used their swords on the trunks of the elephants, and there was confusion twice confounded in which Indian soldiers were trampled underfoot.

In the myths of long ago, scholars say, the elephant was supposed to be the cause of thunder by his trumpeting. And there was another very ancient belief, that four of these animals sup-

ported the four corners of the earth. To-day, one sees on the garments of the "holy men" of India a drawing of this design, but it is painted on calico and was manufactured—well, probably in Maine!

We have heard a good deal about the elephant, but to appreciate the animal you must see him in his own country. A circus life is at best a makeshift for so stately a thing. The elephant's proper place is on a highway in India, crowded with the traffic of the Orient, and those who see him there will pause and admire him as the real Colossus of Roads. I, for one, am ready to honor him as one of the bulwarks of the Indian Empire. And when two of them come in again to stay a day on our college campus, they will be made welcome. Only, next time, we shall have somebody to keep them off the tennis-courts, for one weighs three tons, and each footprint, I regret to report, represents fifteen hundred pounds avoirdupois. And they did eat up a good deal of our scenery! However, I enjoyed my first ride to-day, even if it was cut short by a hasty and undignified jump when the beast got restless.



THE HATTER (POINTING TO THE SIGN): "I 'M AFRAID, SIR, THAT 'S THE ONLY HAT WE HAVE IN STOCK THAT WILL FIT YOU."

SIMPLE THOUGHTS ON GREAT SUBJECTS

BY GEORGE LAWRENCE PARKER

I.—SUCCESS AND FAILURE

No thought is quite so big as the thought of success; nor does any idea keep after us so persistently. It will not do to deceive ourselves by saying that we do not care for success. That will not do at all. So, right at the beginning of our talk together, let us say at once that we believe in success, that we cannot entirely trust the people who say that success makes no difference, and that even if we fail in many things, nevertheless we want our very failures to be successes. We may say it is better to have tried and failed, than never to have tried at all, and in saying that, we still have at the bottom of it the real idea of success. The same thing is seen in that well-known line of Robert Browning's, "Not what a man does but what a man *would do*—that exalts him." That is, success holds on to a person who really holds on to success, until it finally raises him to its own level. The appearances may show failures and half-successes, but success finally crowns the man who holds fast. We reach our "would-do."

Well now, if this is true, there are some very important matters to make clear about this great thing. If we are all hunting for success, if, as I believe, we honestly think that nothing really counts except success, and that some way or other each of us, down in his or her heart, is determined to succeed,—if these things are true, then it is quite time that we find out what success is. For if we are deceived in our idea of success, if success itself is something else than what we consider it to be, then, indeed, we are all in for one big failure; everything is a failure.

In the first place, then, while we are not entirely wrong in our thought of success, we must in all fairness say that a great many people are mistaken about it, entirely mistaken. More failures come through a wrong idea of success than through any other cause in the world. If you should look in a dictionary and find that the word red is defined as the color which we see in the sky at noon on a clear spring day, and if no one was ever honest enough to tell you that the sky is blue, just think how many mistakes you, and thousands like you, would make! And this is why countless people, numberless boys and girls, fail in life; not because they cannot succeed, but because, somehow, they have got hold of an absolutely wrong definition of success. They are wrong from the start, just as wrong as if the

points on a sailor's compass should point in the reverse direction. When scientific men discuss anything, they begin by saying, "First let us define our terms"; that is, let us see if we each mean the same thing by the words we use, otherwise we cannot reach any conclusion.

So then, as life is a matter of success and failure, we have no right to begin it, or to go on very far in it, unless we first define our terms. It won't do to say at the end, "Oh, I thought you meant something else." It will never do to go on in life and say after every mistake and failure, "Oh, I thought this was what you meant by success." This will not do at all.

Success, what is it? Is it doing what we want to do? No, because my own two eyes can see many people who do what they want to do, and they are far from being successes. And there are other people whom I see every day who do not seem to want to do anything. Certainly they are not successes, even in their own eyes; they would not claim to be.

Is success the same as riches and money? Here is where we come very close to our subject, and very close to both the right and the wrong of it. I must ask you to remember that even here we are talking not of riches nor of money but of success. Keep that in mind. We commonly say a man is successful when we hear that he is wealthy—but to call wealth success is about as bad as to call the blue sky of noonday red. Money is a success as money when it does the things money ought to do, but money is a failure when it tries to do what money was never intended to do. Money is a great success when my neighbor and I agree to use it for each other. It is a great success when I ask it to buy me a loaf of bread, for then my neighbor can buy himself a pair of shoes with the same money. Here wealth is a success. But suppose I ask money to cure me of sorrow, to tell me an interesting story, to buy love for me, to make me have blue eyes, to smile at me the way my friend smiles at me, to keep me from being lonely. In all these things money is an absolute failure. It may help a little, to be sure, in some of them; it may help me to get a start toward them, but there its success stops. Beyond that point, money says, "I'm a failure, for I was never intended to do those things. You ask too much of me! That is something I cannot do."

Furthermore, in this matter of riches, no one has yet discovered that, in proportion to their number, there are any more successful men among wealthy people than among ordinary well-to-do, or even among poor people. What I mean to say is that money by itself is not success, can never be success, and really has nothing to do with success. Yes, it has some connection with success. It is a good medal to show that I have worked hard, a bad medal to show sometimes that I may have gained it by dishonesty; it may be a reward of merit, or a reward of evil, as in a bribe. In neither case is it more than a sign, and it may be a sign of failure as easily as it may be a sign of success.

If you will think over other things, such as fame, reputation, comfort, position, you will find that we can say of them just about what we have said of money. None of them are what we mean by success.

If these are what success is not, what is the thing that success is? We cannot get away from the question.

Here is the way to begin our answer: we say a man is successful. Yes, but successful at what? Here is my friend the engineer on the railroad. Can I call him a successful doctor? Certainly not. He would be a perfect failure if I asked him to cure my headache or set my broken arm. Thackeray was a successful novelist, but he was a complete failure as a banker. Oh, but you say, he was not a banker at all! No, that is just my whole point. He could not fail at banking, for he never tried to be a banker. Success is not a *thing by itself*; you must put some other word after it if you are going to make it mean anything at all. Here, then, is my definition: success is the quality in me that I can work out and make visible in the thing I do. If the thing that I do is not like me, then it is a failure. And I am a failure unless I work myself out into something that I recognize as myself.

Now, you see, this leads us right back to our main point. If I am a bad man, I can be a successful bad man. But you will not agree that this is success. No, neither will I. No bad man ever called himself a success. I never heard of one who did, did you?

Then you can go on with me and say that by common consent a successful man is one who works out the *good* part of himself so that in what he is doing he recognizes that good portrait of himself. A bad picture of myself is no picture at all. Is n't it wonderful that although we have so mistreated this word success, nevertheless it keeps on coming back, and *refuses* to separate itself from what is *good*? It seems to me very

wonderful that, after all, success and real goodness are so close kin to each other.

Well, who then is the successful man or the successful woman? Our answer is very easy to find. The successful man is the one who is successful *as a man*. He cannot fly like the eagle, nor live in the sea like a whale, but he succeeds *as a man*. He can, as Shakspeare says, "do all that may become a man." Here is the whole story—something tells us plainly that we are in the world to be successes, and successes in only one thing, our manhood or our womanhood. We may have some small rewards such as money or fame if such things come our way without interfering with manhood and womanhood. But success is ours without these if manhood and womanhood gain their right position. If manhood gains ground steadily as we go on, there is no other success; no other is needed; no other is really possible. The successful man is he who is successful as a man; successful in those things which tell him that they are good for manhood.

But suppose I start out to be some one special thing, say an artist, or a doctor, or a scientist; and suppose I really seem to fail? What then? Well, still I need not fail as a man, for I began to be a man long before I began to be any of those other things. The rule of success here is that motto, taken in a good sense, "First come, first served." And do we not all know many doctors and artists who are not world-wide successes as doctors and artists, but who are magnificent successes as men? They may not be heard of as successes, but doing well what they did, we know them as successful men. They served their own manhood and with that served others. I know an old country physician who will never be known beyond his village, but he has saved many lives from death nevertheless, and his manhood will never be forgotten.

Just one word more and we will close this chat. You may have to try several things before you find the *thing* at which you can be successful, but you have only one thing to try in order to be a success. That one thing is manhood or womanhood. You can be a success with *yourself* even though you sometimes fail at *things*. Every moment we can work at making a success, but it 's a very poor boy or girl who is every moment worried over being successful; except, as I have said, in the one thing that counts.

Here, then, is success. Here is the one place where nothing can really cause us to be failures. For my part, I am glad that success does count, that it 's the only thing that counts, and that we can, every one of us, say truly: "Nothing except myself can prevent me from being a success!"

THOMAS AQUINAS JACKSON LEE

by Robert Emmet Ward



THOMAS AQUINAS JACKSON LEE
Was about as black as boy can be.
His father, during the springtime rush,
Set him to work with a whitewash brush.

Thomas Aquinas, out in the sun,
Splashed away till his task was done.
Most boys freckle in sunshine bright—
Thomas Aquinas freckled *white*.

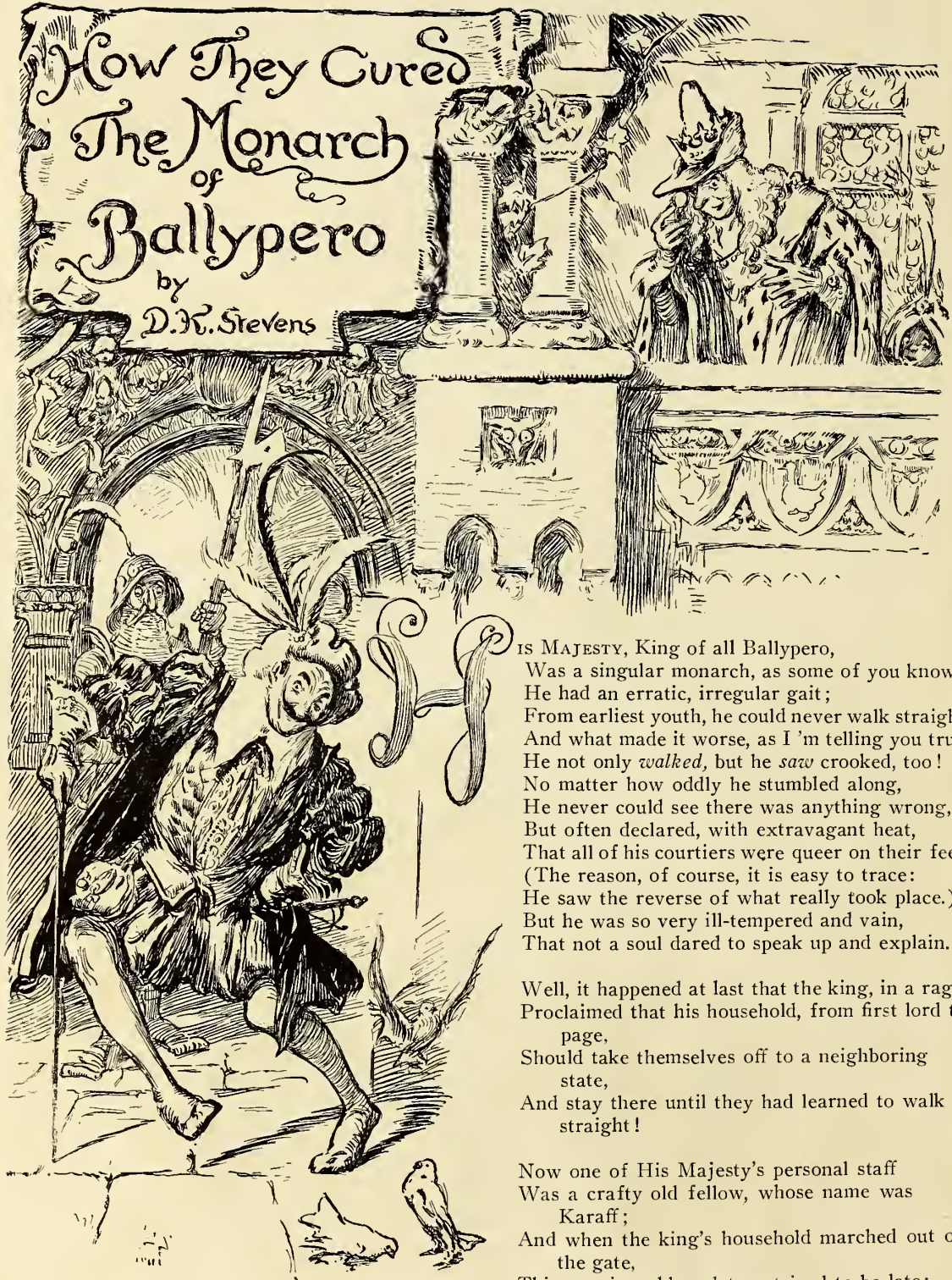
When he had finished, he was a show—
Speckled with whitewash from top to toe.
"Chile!" cried his mother, staring hard,
"You looks like Sis' Annie's new foulard!"

Here is his picture, so you may see
Thomas Aquinas Jackson Lee.



How They Cured The Monarch of Ballyperero

by
D. K. Stevens



IS MAJESTY, King of all Ballyperero,
Was a singular monarch, as some of you know.
He had an erratic, irregular gait;
From earliest youth, he could never walk straight.
And what made it worse, as I'm telling you true,
He not only *walked*, but he *saw* crooked, too!
No matter how oddly he stumbled along,
He never could see there was anything wrong,
But often declared, with extravagant heat,
That all of his courtiers were queer on their feet.
(The reason, of course, it is easy to trace:
He saw the reverse of what really took place.)
But he was so very ill-tempered and vain,
That not a soul dared to speak up and explain.

Well, it happened at last that the king, in a rage,
Proclaimed that his household, from first lord to
page,
Should take themselves off to a neighboring
state,
And stay there until they had learned to walk
straight!

Now one of His Majesty's personal staff
Was a crafty old fellow, whose name was
Karaff;
And when the king's household marched out of
the gate,
This cunning old varlet contrived to be late;



And when he *did* come—bless your stars, what a sight!
For he lurched to the left, and he lurched to the right,
Precisely as though he were learning to skate—
“My wig!” cried the king, “there’s a man walking
straight!”

Then he instantly sent for Karaff to remain,
And made him directly his Lord Chamberlain,
Commander-in-chief, and Serene Folderol,
And something besides which I cannot recall,
And put him in charge of the household affairs,
From signing death-warrants to sweeping the stairs.

Well, the months passed away on the usual plan,
And Karaff grew to be a most sorrowful man;
For the king, like some others, I’m sorry to say,
Was very exacting, and very poor pay.
His temper was fierce, and he revelled in strife—
Believe me, Karaff led a terrible life!

But in course of events something novel occurred:
A famous old doctor most luckily heard
Of the royal affliction, and being a man
Of excellent learning, straightway took a pan
And mixed up a potion according to rule,



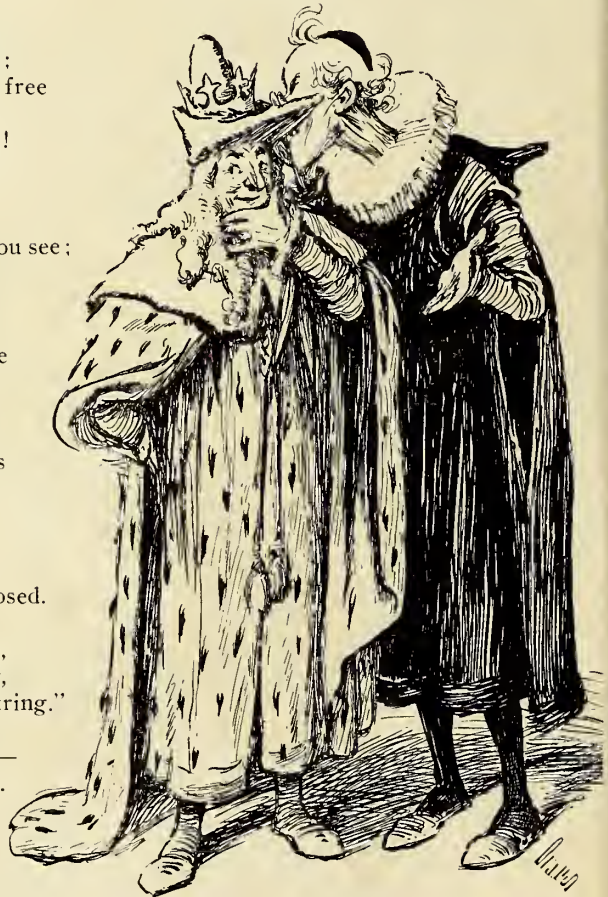


And steeped it, and strained it, and set it to cool:
 "Now, that 's for the *king*," said the doctor, sedate,
 "And I 'll warrant at least it shall make him *see* straight!"

Then he took up the pannikin under his arm,
 And went to the palace, to try the new charm.
 Of course he pretended he 'd just come to call,
 And ask for His Majesty's health, that was all;
 But while they were lunching, the doctor made free
 The potion to drop in the king's royal tea.
 His Majesty drained the last drop—and behold!
 He straightway became, as I 'm credibly told,
 By the art of this worthy old medical sage,
 Precisely like all other men of his age.
 (But the *king* never knew what had happened, you see;
 He only perceived a queer taste to his tea.)

Well, when the old doctor had started to go,
 The king said: "How 's this, sir? 't would please
 me to know
 How it happens you walk so exceedingly
 straight—
 When you came here you had a most scandalous
 gait!"
 "Oh, Sire," said the learned but wily M.D.,
 "It often occurs, as you 'll presently see,
 That cases like mine are not well diagnosed,
 And it frequently happens the wrong man is dosed.
 So to cure *my* erratic and wandering legs,
 I gave *you* a dose which you drank to the dregs,
 And now you 'll observe—'t is a singular thing,
 But I 'm walking as straight as a well-behaved string."

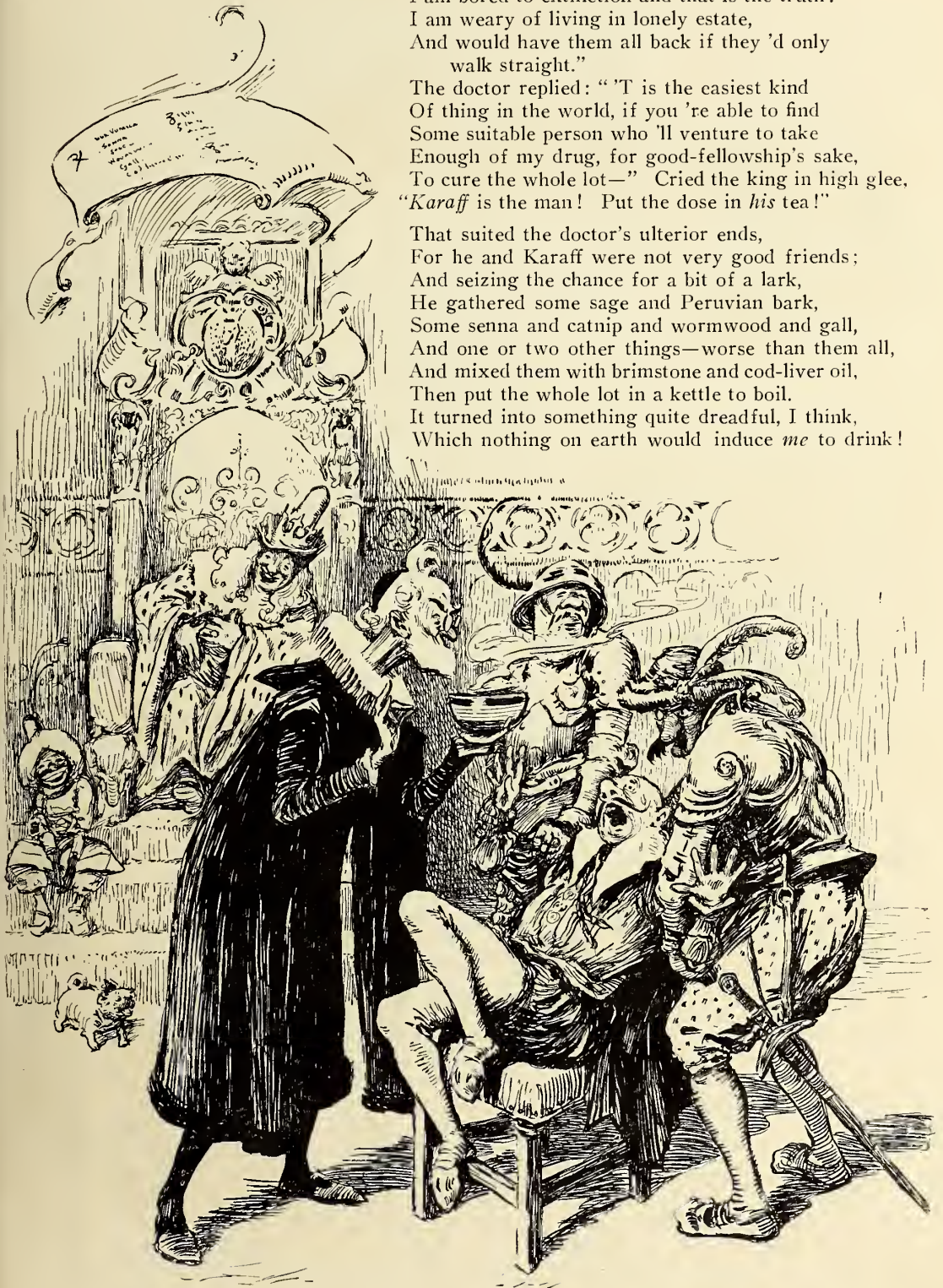
When all this was explained—in His Majesty's ear—
 He engaged the wise man at a thousand a year.
 (Of course that was very much more than it
 sounds,
 For when I say "thousand," I 'm talking in
 pounds.)
 "You shall doctor my court!" quoth the king, "for, in sooth,



I am bored to extinction and that is the truth!
I am weary of living in lonely estate,
And would have them all back if they 'd only
walk straight."

The doctor replied: "'T is the easiest kind
Of thing in the world, if you 're able to find
Some suitable person who 'll venture to take
Enough of my drug, for good-fellowship's sake,
To cure the whole lot—" Cried the king in high glee,
"Karaff is the man! Put the dose in *his* tea!"

That suited the doctor's ulterior ends,
For he and Karaff were not very good friends;
And seizing the chance for a bit of a lark,
He gathered some sage and Peruvian bark,
Some senna and catnip and wormwood and gall,
And one or two other things—worse than them all,
And mixed them with brimstone and cod-liver oil,
Then put the whole lot in a kettle to boil.
It turned into something quite dreadful, I think,
Which nothing on earth would induce *me* to drink!





Then they summoned Karaff, and the wonderful plan
Of this substitute treatment directly began.
Karaff took one swallow and fell on a chair,
He gasped, and he gurgled, and tore out his hair;
He begged, and implored, and protested in vain,
The bowl was refilled and presented again.
And three times a day for a week did Karaff
That infamous mixture reluctantly quaff!

The doctor meanwhile was instructed to wait
Forthwith on the king of the neighboring state,
And have it proclaimed that the exiles were free
To return to their king, who was anxious to see
If the wonderful doctor's most marvelous cure
Had worked as predicted; and you may be sure
They made haste to go (for the artful M.D.
Had privately told them the whole scheme, you see).
They returned, and the king was completely assured
That his people were, every last one of them, cured.



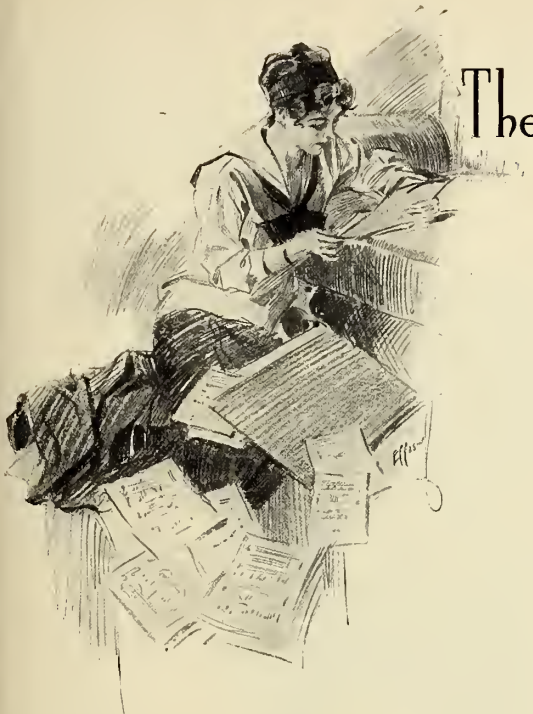
They lived very happily, so I am told,
And loaded the doctor with silver and gold;
The king made him several dukes and an earl
And gave him a snuff-box of mother-of-pearl.
Karaff (as the doctor had doubtless fore-
seen)
In less than a month became yellow and
green;



His Majesty could n't endure such a sight,
And hence he was banished, which served him
quite right.

And so, thus it was, since you wanted to know,
That they cured the old monarch of Ballyperero.

There's a moral concealed—though, perhaps,
you don't care—
And neither do I—but it's certainly there!



The LULLABY of CICELY



By Pearl Howard Campbell

"It's no use to try any longer. The inspiration's gone. The poem's a flat failure without the music, and I *cannot* get that right! I'm *so* tired!"

The pencil dropped from Antonia's fingers, and down went her head with its brown coronet upon her plump, young arms. Sheets of white music-paper, lined and ready for the notes that would not come, were close at hand. The early hour, the fresh spring breeze laden with perfume from the flowers in the school garden, the morning sunshine falling across the keys of the open piano, the pictures of her favorite composers, all tempted her to work. Yet try as she would, the haunting, tricky melody which seemed to float straight out from the windows of fairy-land, to lodge in her brain, refused to be transcribed.

The floor of the study, the keyboard of the piano, and the table alike were littered with scraps of paper on which she had scribbled a bar or two, only to fling them aside when they refused to chord rightly.

To win the honors in the music department of Cheltenham Academy; to write songs without number for the Glee Club; to be hailed in the affectionate parlance of the girls as the "Chaminade of the West," and then to have one's brain refuse absolutely to work, like a run-down clock, the moment something worth attempting appeared on the horizon,—oh, it was exasperating!

The prize was the wonderfully generous offer of a thousand dollars for a lullaby, made by Madam Schroeder when she sang for the girls of

the academy. She was fond of searching for things in strange places, this madam of the husky, sweet, contralto voice; and when she looked into the girlish faces lifted so eagerly to hers, it suddenly occurred to her that deep in the heart of one of them might lurk her song.

"'A rosebud garden of girls,'" she quoted to the music master; "but one is a pansy, one a primrose, one a lily, and"—suddenly she caught sight of Antonia—"ach, a nightingale, if I make no mistake?"

"She does n't sing," explained Herr Weiss. "She plays and composes little things. They call her 'Tone' in the school."

"Ach so, a Merry Tone!" exclaimed Madam, vastly pleased with her wit. "Perhaps there slumbers my song in her head or heart."

And so the offer was made, straight from the warm, generous thought of the singer. She wished to stir the girls' ambition to its very utmost. Also, she wanted a new song. Any student in the State might compete. The time limit was four months. It was now the middle of June, and no song submitted after the first of September would be considered.

Yet, though she wanted to win, more than she had ever wanted anything in her life, Antonia Burleigh leaned back in her chair and faced defeat. The poem was done, a perfect little gem her English teacher pronounced it, but the music to which she had sacrificed so many hours, steadily refused to be written.

"I'm glad school's so nearly out. I simply could n't stand another week of it," she said aloud. "I never was nervous like this before. Won't Uncle Doctor scold when he sees me!"

She rippled into a moment's impish laughter as she pictured her guardian uncle feeling her pulse, listening to her heart, and sounding her lungs. They had only each other in all the world, these two, and it was partly on her uncle's account that she had been so anxious to secure the prize. Dearly as he loved her, Dr. Burleigh took small stock in her musical ability, and none at all in what she was pleased to term her "career."

"Be the light of your old uncle's life. Cheer him when he's lonely. Sew on his buttons. Mind his household until the fairy prince comes and

whisks you off to his palace. That is career enough for one small maiden!" he would say, pinching Antonia's satin-smooth cheek. "Leave piano-strumming to mountebanks and foreigners."

Yet that was the very thing she did not want

"You 've pitched it too high, girls," she called critically from the window.

"We don't care," answered the leader of the chorus. "It 's pitch-and-toss with us anyway."

"Come, Tone, Merry Tone," called Bud, "and



"THE POEM 'S A FAILURE WITHOUT THE MUSIC, AND I CANNOT GET THAT RIGHT!"

to do. She was restless, ambitious, and she loved to attempt the impossible.

Through the open window came the mellow "plunk, plunk" of a banjo and the gentle tinkle of a guitar, played by the unskilful fingers of Rose Little and Rosamond Cary.

"'Bud' and 'Bloom' out for a last serenade," she commented, as a dozen or more voices took up the favorite chorus:

"Oh, joyous hours of work and play,
Be these our song to-day."

play for us, there 's a dear. We are going to the chapel for a last warble before the seniors leave us."

"Oh, fare ye well, sweet joyous time,
No more we 'll hear the belfry's chime."

Antonia hesitated, remembering with a frown of displeasure her wasted morning.

"If I can't write songs of my own, I can at least play those of other composers," she said, as she joined them and fell into step with Bud.

A WEEK later she listlessly climbed the stairs and sought refuge in the cavernous leather arm-chair assigned to visitors in her doctor uncle's office. Like a wilted white rose she looked, with all her snowy petals limp and lifeless. The shadows of her hair, the faint tinge of color in her lips, served only to increase the pallor of her face as she leaned back among the cushions.

The "verdict chair" she had whimsically named it one day as she waited for Dr. Burleigh and watched the long line of people who sat there to listen to his counsel. Now it pleased her tired little brain to recall their faces and to try to fancy what had become of them after they left his office.

Some of them girls like herself, and young men facing the sunrise dawn of life, had looked just once into the calm, merciful face of the physician, and read their doom, though he tried in the gentlest language possible to soften it. Others had gone forth to life and quickened health. To which class did she belong, she wondered.

A quick, firm step put to flight her thoughts. The doctor uncle emerged from the inner room, and, grasping her weak little hands in his strong, skilful ones, said in his hearty voice:

"Now, child, I am ready to give you my undivided attention. What is wrong with you, little Tone? You were all right at Christmas. Tell me exactly what you have been doing."

"I have n't done anything." The color flamed momentarily in Antonia's face. Her eyes danced with mischief. "I've just had a good time. I've worked and studied and played. You know you always tell me to play when I play and work when I work. I have simply followed your advice, that is all."

"Tut, tut, my advice was all right. You have been burning the candle at both ends, I can see that, my firefly. You have used a minimum of strength for a maximum of industry."

"There were things to win," said Antonia, reminiscently, "and I won them! You should see the basket-ball cup, the golden arrow, and the silver oar in the Trophy Hall, which I won for the honor of the school. I should have captured Madam's prize for the song and convinced you of my musical talent, if I had n't given out."

"You have convinced me that you are a little goose," he said, glaring at her from under his bushy eyebrows.

He made a quick promenade of the room. When he faced her again, he was no longer angry. So childishly small and white she looked.

"What are you going to do with me?" Antonia asked breathlessly, trying to keep the anxious note out of her voice.

"Send you down to a sleepy little place hid-

den among the hills. Ladiesburgh, it is called. You are to sleep twelve hours a day, eat plain, wholesome food, and give that busy little brain of yours a rest until you have gained forty pounds in weight. If I forbade your touching a piano, I suppose it would only tempt you to disobey. I guess I am safe, though," he chuckled, "for I don't believe there 's any instrument beside Miss Lucy's spinet and her hired man's accordion in all the town."

Antonia drew a long breath of relief. The prescription was so much pleasanter than she had dared to hope it would be.

She found Ladiesburgh just as her uncle had described it. It was quiet and serenely beautiful, with its shaded grass-grown streets and its quaint, many-gabled houses. It reminded you of a nice old lady with white hair, and a snowy apron spread over her stiff black silk, settling down for a long, long nap.

The people were friendly to "Dr. Burleigh's niece," and for a while she had a very good time, doing nothing at all, only getting well. Then one day she woke up to the fact that she was lonesome for girls to talk to.

"If I only had a young person of at least forty years to gossip with, I'd be satisfied," she wrote to Uncle Doctor. "If you can't supply one immediately, send me down a gramophone. I'll dress it up in a hat and coat and play it 's a girl friend."

"You seem not to have met my friend Dorinda," wrote back the doctor. "She is about your own age, and a treasure. I advise you to cultivate Doria."

A few days later Antonia walked farther than she had ever been before, quite to the suburbs of the town, and paused entranced before a pretty cottage. Some one was playing inside on a worn old instrument, but playing with deft, practised fingers that slurred over the jingly strings and coaxed the melody out from its feeble old heart. The selections were well-chosen ones, things from Grieg and the classics.

"It 's surely Dorinda, bless her," said Antonia, making vigorous use of the old-fashioned knocker.

The girl who answered her imperious summons was of the sort that you look at twice and like.

"Why, I do believe it 's Dr. Burleigh's Tone!" she exclaimed, giving both her hands in welcome. "I have been longing to see you! Come in this moment."

For an hour or two they chatted away like magpies, of everything and nothing. Then Dorinda, rising, put into Antonia's hands a portfolio and a case containing a daguerreotype.

"I am supposed to resemble Father's youngest sister, Cicely," she said. "She had a passion for

music, poor little aunty, though she never in all her life heard a pipe-organ, and the only instrument she ever owned was a five-octave melodeon. In those days people did n't go to Boston to hear concerts very often. Instead, they came here to listen to her playing. She used to put tin cans under the eaves, because she loved the tinkle of raindrops falling into them, and she had wind-harps all over the house. Was n't she sweet?"

Full of eager interest, Antonia opened the case and exclaimed over the beauty of the portrait; for very fair and winsome in her full, old-fashioned muslin gown was the Cicely of the picture.

"She died when she was nineteen, poor, pretty, little aunty," said Dorinda. "If only she had lived and developed her talent! I have built so many castles in Spain on just that foundation."

"What 's the mountain top of your highest ambition?" asked Antonia. "To be the most famous pianist in the world?"

"No; oh, no! I only want to study a year at the Ormsby Conservatory. Then I 'd be fitted to teach. You may not believe it, but there are actually girls here who take lessons. I should find plenty of work, if I had that diploma."

Antonia looked very grave. She was used to wanting things and having them, yet here was a girl turning away from a very beautiful world because she had n't the golden key to unlock it. She saw Dorinda at work, happily, tunefully so, touching other lives and expanding in the sunlight of hope.

"And if you don't go?" she asked at last.

"Then I shall just stay on here," she answered, repressing a sigh, "with the aunts who brought me up, and earn a little money, sewing, cooking, and gardening. I am not a burden to them, only—"

She left the sentence unfinished, but Antonia guessed it was something about the monotony of Ladiesburgh, her own hunger for comradeship, for work that was never drudgery.

"I want to help her; oh, I do! Surely there must be a way," she thought.

When Antonia went home she carried with her the portfolio over which Cicely Hamilton had spent so many blissful hours, years and years ago. It was like a jewel casket, reflecting every mood and fancy of its girlish owner. There were mournful little songs and dances so quick and lively that one longed to try them, but for the most part they were fragmentary.

"Just buds of music that never opened!" sighed Antonia. "I—oh, but what 's this, I wonder."

Down at the very bottom was a longer composition, covering several sheets, and entitled, "Where Dreamland Poppies Blow."

"A lullaby! Oh, the deary! Perhaps it will fit my words."

She hummed it under her breath, then down she sped to try it on the organ in the parlor. So must Cicely Hamilton have played it, crooning softly to the dream children, playing among the poppies in the Never-Never Land. It was the tenderest, sweetest cradle song imaginable, and yet it had lain forgotten among the yellowing papers for nearly half a century.

While she played, Antonia resolved upon a very daring plan.

"It 's for your own niece Dorinda, dear Miss Cicely," she said. "If I told her now, she might be disappointed, and it would break her heart. I will tell Uncle Doctor, though, and he is sure to approve."

The result was a letter to Madam inclosing both music and words. It was a very long letter, for she explained everything most thoroughly. First she told about Cicely and Dorinda, then about her own failure, and her enforced stay in Ladiesburgh.

Next there came a waiting time that was hardly to be endured, and at last the mail brought a note from Madam.

"You have won, my merry little Tone," it began without other preamble; "you and the sweet, dead Cicely. Give my compliments to the niece of so accomplished an aunty, and tell her when she comes to the city, she shall hear me sing the lullaby. *Ach*, so sweet it is, it makes me cry! I inclose also the check. Can I not guess how you will spend it?"

For one rapturous moment Antonia pressed the letter and the check to her lips. Then she hurried through the town and dropped both into the lap of a very bewildered Dorinda. It took a long time to make her understand it all, that her little aunt's work had at last received the recognition it deserved, and that the check was hers. At first she declared she could n't possibly take it, and then she wanted to share it equally with Antonia, who laughingly, but resolutely, refused to touch a penny of it.

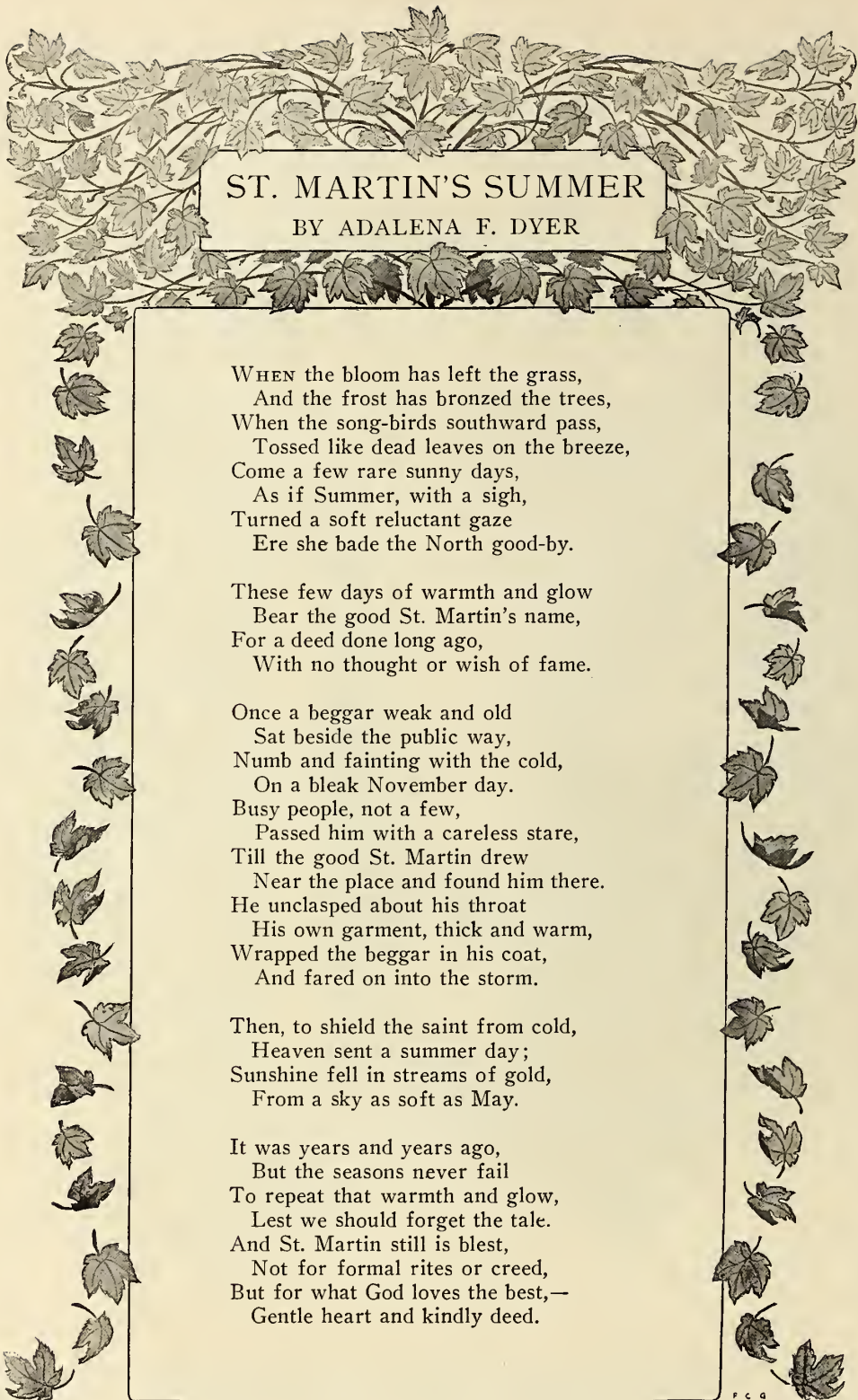
"I have been paid, ten times over, in happiness!" said Antonia. "Also, when I show Uncle Doctor Madam's letter, I think he 'll stop raising objections to that year of study I want abroad."

And so it proved.





"WHEN ANTONIA WENT HOME, SHE CARRIED THE PORTFOLIO."



ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER

BY ADALENA F. DYER

WHEN the bloom has left the grass,
And the frost has bronzed the trees,
When the song-birds southward pass,
Tossed like dead leaves on the breeze,
Come a few rare sunny days,
As if Summer, with a sigh,
Turned a soft reluctant gaze
Ere she bade the North good-by.

These few days of warmth and glow
Bear the good St. Martin's name,
For a deed done long ago,
With no thought or wish of fame.

Once a beggar weak and old
Sat beside the public way,
Numb and fainting with the cold,
On a bleak November day.
Busy people, not a few,
Passed him with a careless stare,
Till the good St. Martin drew
Near the place and found him there.
He unclasped about his throat
His own garment, thick and warm,
Wrapped the beggar in his coat,
And fared on into the storm.

Then, to shield the saint from cold,
Heaven sent a summer day;
Sunshine fell in streams of gold,
From a sky as soft as May.

It was years and years ago,
But the seasons never fail
To repeat that warmth and glow,
Lest we should forget the tale.
And St. Martin still is blest,
Not for formal rites or creed,
But for what God loves the best,—
Gentle heart and kindly deed.

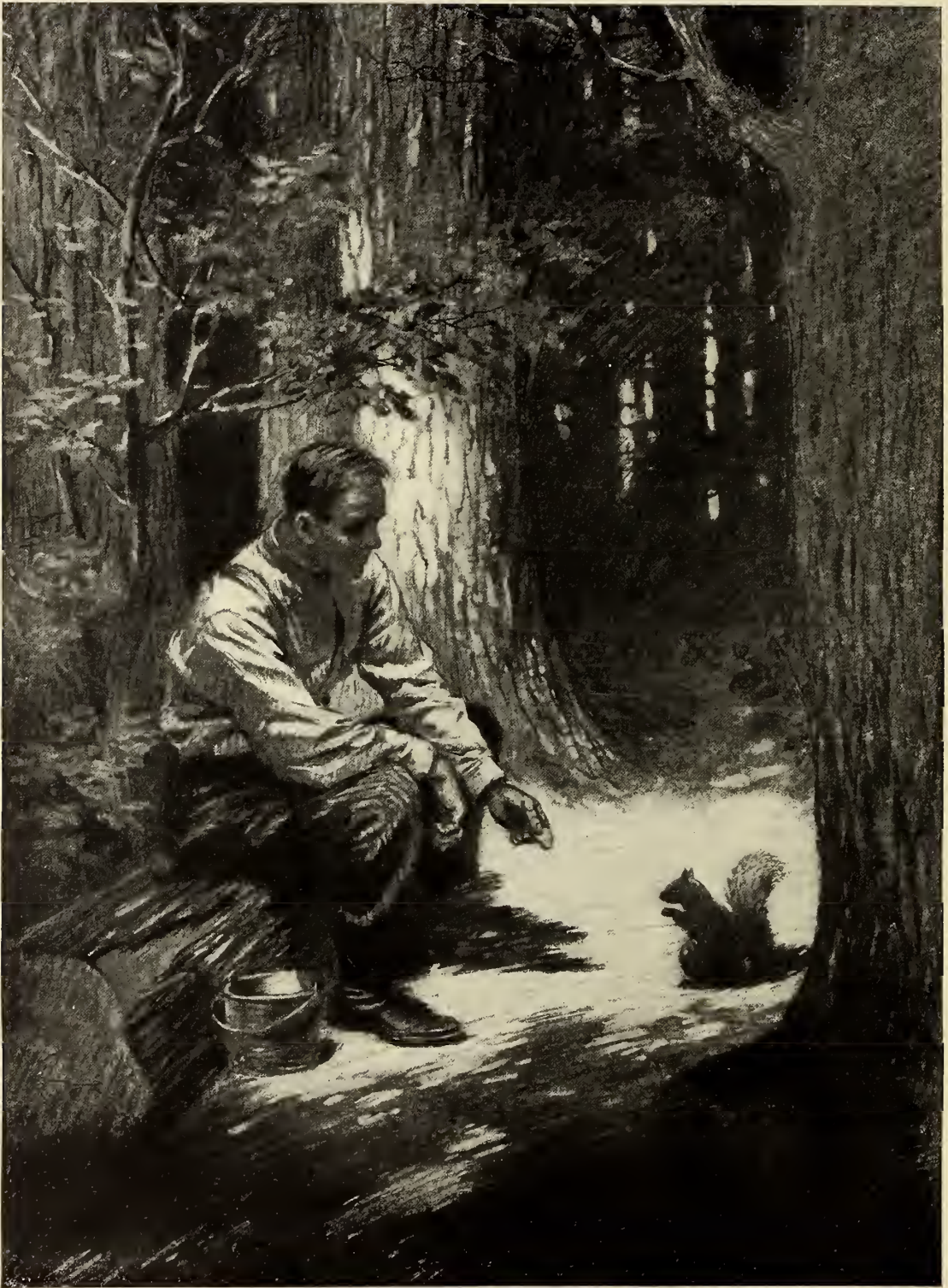
F. C. A.



From a carbon print by Braun & Co.

ST. MARTIN SHARING HIS CLOAK WITH A BEGGAR.

FROM THE PAINTING BY VANDYCKE IN THE CHURCH AT SAVENTHEM.



LUNCH HOUR I

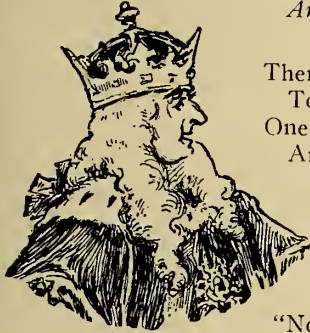


THE BALLAD OF KING FUZZYWUB AND CERTAIN AFFAIRS OF STATE



BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS

*Fuzzywub was a jolly old king;
A jolly old king was he;
That is the way some ballads begin,
And it's good enough for me.*



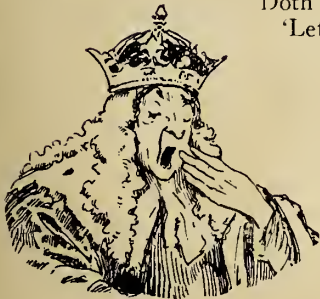
There came to him his councilors four
To talk of affairs of state,
One thin, one tall, one fat, one small,
And all of them very sedate.

"Hast heard," said one, "what your dog hath done?
He swallowed a watch to-day.
Now what shall we do to get the watch?
Shall we kill this canine, pray?"
"No," responded King Fuzzywub,
While he thoughtfully knit his brow;
"With the timepiece running inside of him,
He'll make a good watch-dog now!"

"The cobbler, sire, two sweethearts hath,"
The second councilor said;
"A sweetheart old, and a sweetheart new.
Now which shall the cobbler wed?"



"M-m, let me think," said King Fuzzywub,
By perplexity much harassed.
"Doth not the ancient proverb say,
'Let the cobbler stick to his last?'"



"Sire," said the third, "a petty thief
Hath stolen some calendars.
Shall we give the rogue for this heinous crime
A twelvemonth behind the bars?"
"Decidedly not," said King Fuzzywub.
"It would not justice be.
If the knave hath stolen the calendars,
He's got twelve months, you see!"

"Sire," said the fourth, but the king cried, "Stop!
I'm weary, I must confess.
Wilt play me chess?" he asked of the fool,
And the fool he answered, "Chess!"

*Oh, Fuzzywub was a jolly old king;
A jolly old king was he;
That is the way some ballads end,
And it's good enough for me!*



Cippings from the Barnyard Post

By Pauline Frances Camp.



THE TURKEY

He solemnly assured me, when
I missed his usual gear,
That feathers were not worn at all,
At this time of year!

THE GAME

THE game between the brahmas and
The cockletops, they say,
Was stopped because each side accused
The other of fowl play.

HOLIDAY WEATHER

"ROASTING!" cries the turkey;
"Chili!" says the sauce;
"Freezing!" moans the ice-cream,
"Mild!" calls the cheese across.
"Frosting!" the cake declares it;
"Clear!" vows the jelly bright;
"Pouring!" the coffee gurgles.
Now which do you think is right?



THE turkey is a stylish bird,
And always is well dressed;
Thanksgiving is, perhaps, the time
To see him at his best.

TED'S UNKNOWN LAND

BY MINNIE LEONA UPTON

GEOGRAPHY is Ted's strong hold—
His marks are always "A."
They envy him at school, I'm told,
As, really, well they may.

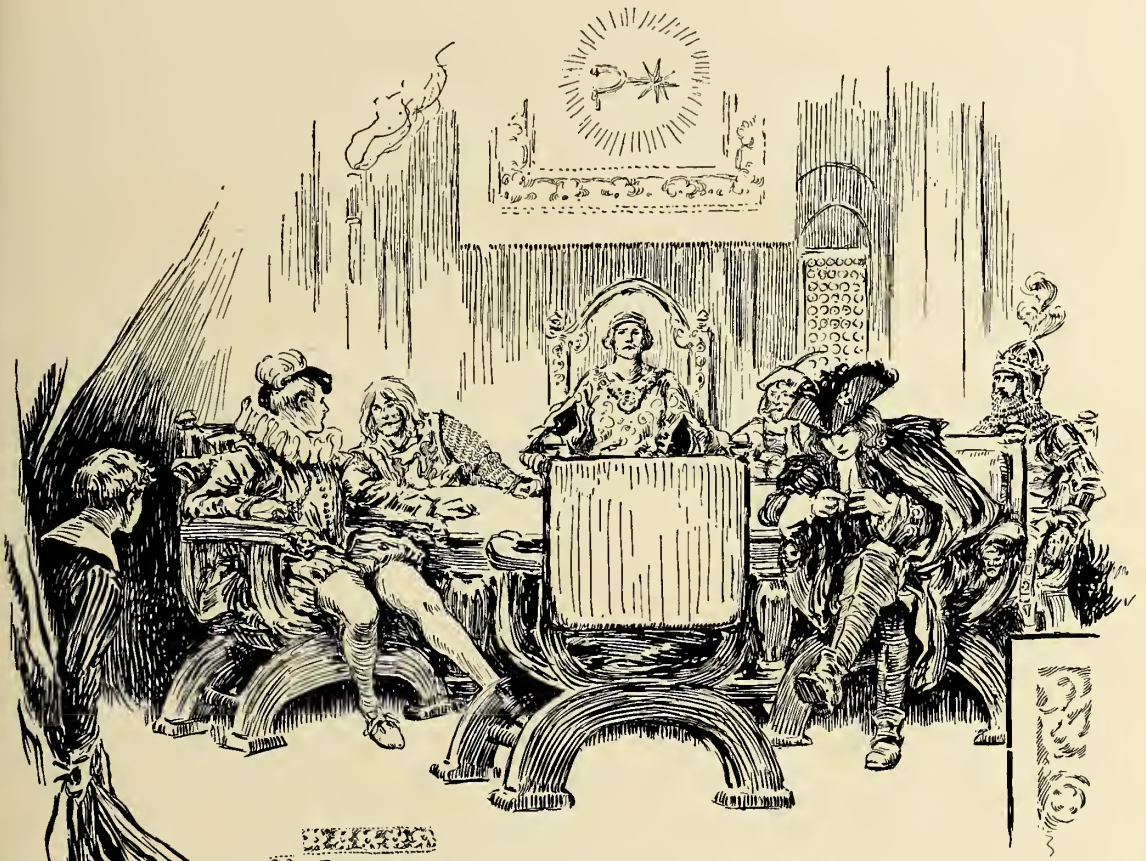
And that is why it seems so queer
That this should be the case:
He fails perpetually, I hear,
To find the Proper Place.

He's always tearing madly 'round,
To find his cap or ball;
Then by his mother they are found—
If they are found at all.

"Ah, Ted," she'll sigh, as off he flings,
At a behindhand pace,
"If you would *ever* put your things,
Dear, in the Proper Place!"

"I will, next time!" he'll gaily shout;
"It really is too bad!"
That Ted does mean this, there's no doubt.
Our Ted's a truthful lad.

But "next time" things are just the same;
And so the fact we face,
That Ted, for all his "Mark-A" fame,
Can't find the Proper Place!



The Knights of the Golden Spur

by Rupert Sargent Holland

Author of "Historic Boyhoods," "Historic Girlhoods," etc.

CHAPTER I

HOW ROGER FOUND A TABLE OF STRANGE MEN

THE boys who lived in the neighborhood of West-over House were always glad to go there on a rainy day. They liked to lie on the great, striped, yellow-and-black tiger rug that lay before the fireplace in the library, and watch the sparks fly up the huge chimney from logs fully as long as they were. Four boys could lie on the rug at once, and one of them could rest his shoulder on the tiger's head and stroke the great soft nose, and put his fingers between the hungry jaws. The firelight gleamed on suits of armor that stood in niches about the dark library walls, and

each of the boys was certain in his innermost heart, that if only he had the courage to come into the great room about midnight, and lift the vizor of one of the helmets, he would see the swarthy face of a man staring out at him. But that was a secret each boy kept to himself.

Above the mantel was carved the coat of arms of Roger Miltoun's family, three greyhounds' heads with circlets about their necks, and the crest at the top was a fourth greyhound wearing a crown. That seemed strange, but the boys knew that crests and coats of arms were singular things, and came from an age when all sorts of queer things happened. To the right and left of the carving hung great armories of weapons of

the olden days, pikes and battle-axes, spears and javelins, daggers and petronels, and each had a thrilling history. There was a battle-ax that had hewn an English path on the French field of Poitiers, and an harquebus that had flashed fire for Charles the First at Marston Moor. Yonder old longbow, high up in the corner, had shot cloth-yard arrows before the days when Queen Elizabeth had sat upon the throne, and that little dagger with the embossed leather scabbard had hung at the belt of a prisoner in the Tower. Roger Miltoun's father knew a great deal about such fascinating things, and he had often told the boys the stories that belonged to each of his many treasures.

An east wind, bringing rain, had driven the boys to the rug before the fire. Fresh logs had set the throat of the great fireplace to roaring, and lighted the stately figures of the men-at-arms in the distant corners until they really seemed to be standing guard about the room. Edmund Hethcote sat on the tiger's head, and the three other boys lay on his silky back. Roger was staring at the fire.

"I wish I 'd lived long ago," said he, "when people did n't have to learn lessons or go to church, but just had adventures all the time. That must have been lots of fun!"

Edmund clasped his knees in his hands. "Think of defending the last tower—Cæsar's tower—of a great castle," said he, "and pouring melted lead down on people's heads!"

"And burning oil that crackled as it fell!" added Jack Machen.

"And rolling huge stones down on their scaling-ladders!" put in Roger.

The fourth boy squirmed about on the rug. "But suppose the lead or the oil or the stones fell on you!" he said. "That would n't be fun!"

"That 's the fortunes of war," answered Edmund. "Of course you could n't always be on the winning side."

"You might have been one of the little Princes in the Tower," suggested Eric, the fourth boy.

"Yes," agreed Roger, slowly; and a short silence fell while each of the boys thought of the lonely little fellows kept in the great stone prison. "However," he added, "most likely I 'd have been a knight on a great white charger and fought in tournaments at the Field of the Cloth of Gold."

"I wish," said Jack Machen, "that I 'd been one of Robin Hood's men, and hunted through Sherwood Forest, and worn Lincoln green, and outwitted that old Sheriff of Nottingham. I 'd like to hear Friar Tuck tell stories and Alan-a-Dale sing songs."

"I 'd have liked," put in Edmund, his eyes fixed

on the blue and yellow flames that licked the big back log, "to have ridden 'cross country with Bonnie Prince Charlie, and hidden in trees and shepherds' huts in the daytime, and mounted and dashed on at night. My great-great-great-great-grandfather was a cavalier."

Jack turned to Roger. "What do you wish?" he asked.

Roger was sitting up straight now, and running his hand through his curly brown hair. "I don't know," he admitted doubtfully. "I 've always wanted to be one of those crusaders with Richard Cœur de Lion, but sometimes I 'd rather have lived when Philip Sidney and Walter Raleigh did; and then there were the Knights of the Holy Grail. They had wonderful times in those old days."

"Except when they were licked," said Eric; "and then they had a horrible time."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Jack; "you can get kicked black and blue at foot-ball any day."

"Yes, but that is n't like having your teeth pulled out slowly, one by one," objected Eric.

"Well, that 's just the luck of the game," said Roger. "You have to take a chance."

The great clock in the far-away corner of the room boomed out six slow strokes. "I 've got to be going home," said Edmund, rising reluctantly. "Just when it was getting so interesting, too."

"Come over to-morrow if it rains," said Roger, "and we 'll talk some more. Father gave me a wonderful book that tells all about knights and such things—a very old book."

The other boys agreed, and followed Edmund out of the library and down the great winding stairs of Westover House.

Roger sat looking at the fire for a few moments after his friends had gone, and then got up and took a book, bound in green and gold, from the library table. He placed it on the rug close to the fire. It opened at a page he had marked with a slip of paper. For the sake of company he read the page aloud, slowly, as though he liked the very sound of the words. And this was what he read:

"Ye proven knight hath subtletie,
And courage in a high degree,
Patience, and mind above belief
In evil rumors of his chief,
Ye strength to fight, ye skill to yield
With least of loss a beaten field;
A modest manner, and one fit
To please a lady; withal, wit—
Such are ye qualities requite
To furnish forth ye proven knight."

The words were set on a page by themselves, and Roger read them over and over, until he could almost recite them from memory. There

was something fascinating about them. Presently he turned over the page, and went on reading half aloud. "And inasmuch as there may be times," he read slowly, "when we may wish greatly to meet with knights and heroes, it is said they may be met if one have an amulet of jade, green of color, and veined with a white cross. With such a charm in hand and these words on the lips one may await the knights with faith."

"I wonder," said Roger, speaking to himself, "if that can be true? Father says this book is very old, and was written by a very wise man."

He stood up and went over to a cabinet that was near one of the suits of armor. He opened the doors. Within were shelves filled with old coins and medals, chains of curious workmanship, and relics of many kinds. He knew which were the amulets. He took out a box of them, and looked closely. Then suddenly his eyes gleamed. There was a dark green stone, and there was the faint tracing of a white cross in its center. He picked it up, and putting the box back, closed the cabinet.

Roger sat down on the rug, and with the little amulet clutched in his hand, read over the verses again. It was very exciting. When he had finished, he laid the book down and stared at the fire. It was still crackling merrily.

He thought he heard the sound of voices back of him. Slipping the amulet into his pocket, he turned around. Yes, there were voices, and they seemed to come from the other side of the curtains that hung in front of the big bow-window.

Now he was on his feet, walking boldly across the floor. He came to the curtains and pulled them apart. Then he stood stock-still, drinking in the scene before him.

Where the windows should have been was another hall, square, and lighted by torches that were set in iron rings about the walls. The ceiling was very high, and seemed to taper to a point. But Roger scarcely noted these things: his eyes were fixed on a table, round in shape and made of some dark wood, that stood in the very center of the hall. About the table were seven high-backed, curiously carved arm-chairs, and in six of them sat men, and the men were the most singular of all the strange sights in the room. Roger devoured each in turn with his eyes.

Directly across the table from where he stood at the break in the tapestries, sat a man clad in what looked like shining gold. He was a tall, straight man, with fair hair, and eyes that shone in the torch-light. Over the cloth of gold that fitted his supple body like a glove, hung a collar of jewels, dark red stones that gleamed like so many drops of blood. The golden cloth came down upon his arms and ended in points across

the backs of his hands. He looked to Roger like a figure stepped out of one of the books with the colored pictures his father told him the monks used to make.

In the chair to the right of this splendid figure sat a big man with long, yellow hair that almost reached his shoulders. He wore a leather jacket of dark brown, and on its breast were sewn three lions rampant. His face was fair, his eyes were blue, and a smile, parting his lips, showed a row of splendid teeth. Roger knew at a glance that he was by far the strongest man in the room.

Next to the long-haired giant, sat a young man, fair of face, and with brown hair cut square at the sides, just above his ears. On his head he wore a flat, purple velvet cap with a large amethyst at one edge. His doublet was of purple also, with a row of tiny gilded buttons running down the front. A short cape hung from his shoulders, and where it was turned back, it showed a lining of dull scarlet. About his neck was a great ruff, stiff as a board, and marvelously fluted. His head set into this as into a sort of frame. His eyes were dreamy, and he looked like a man who might be a poet and soldier, but was first of all a courtier and a gallant.

Then Roger turned his eyes to the men who sat on the other side of the man in gold. In the chair on his left hand was a sturdy youth in a tight-fitting jerkin of Lincoln green. This was cut low at his throat, and showed a strong, sun-burned neck. He was almost as tall as the big man with the lions on his coat who sat opposite him, but he looked much more supple. His face was deeply tanned, as if he had lived out-of-doors, and there was a freshness about him that made Roger think instinctively of forests and streams and life under the greenwood tree.

There was a startling contrast between this forester in green and the figure next him. This was a knight of old England, beyond any chance of doubt. He was more splendid than any except the one in gold, and he shone even more brightly in the flaming torch-light. He wore armor from top to toe, and it was made of glittering black and silver scales, so finely joined that every time he moved, ripples of light ran from scale to scale. Even his right hand, which lay upon the table, was gauntleted in silver. On the top of his peaked helmet stood three curling ostrich-feathers, white as snow. His vizor was raised, and Roger noted his dark face and brilliant eyes.

So Roger came to the last of this strange company. This was a pale man with black eyes and lips that smiled at the corners. He wore a great plumed hat, and a heavy cloak that almost hid the rich blue coat beneath it. His hands were

stretched before him on the table, one was covered with a yellow gauntlet, but the other was bare except for a great seal-ring which he kept twisting and turning so that he might catch the light full upon it. There was something very fascinating to Roger about this man; his face was not so strong as many of the others, but he had a charm that drew the boy to him. Again and again Roger looked at the circle of strange figures, but each time he looked longest at this man in the black-plumed hat, and wondered most of all who he might be.

The empty chair stood with its back toward Roger, and his eyes traveled from it, now around one side of the circular table, now around the other to the man in gold who sat across from him. Then, looking up above the table, he saw a great banner which hung directly down from the peak of the high ceiling. Its background was of white, and in its center there blazed a spur of gold. This must be the banner of all the men who sat at the round table.

For a long time he stood looking out from the divided curtains. The knights were talking among themselves, but although he heard their voices, he had not yet caught any words. He was too busy studying them to think of anything else, but finally a great desire came over him to step into the room and sit down in the empty chair at the table. Summoning all his courage, he stepped forward.

Suddenly, just as he could put out his hand and touch the arm of the chair, he felt the eyes of the man in the cloth of gold fasten on him. He stopped, and at the same instant he knew that all the men had turned to look at him. There was a silence, during which Roger tried to keep his eyes fixed on those of the man across the table. Then, after quite a time, the man spoke, and his voice, raised higher than the former murmur, was deep and soft, and clear as a bell.

"What wouldst thou have of us, young sir?" said the man in gold.

There was another pause, and then Roger found voice to say, "I wanted to sit down in this empty arm-chair."

The knight smiled. "Thy name?" said he.

"Roger Miltoun, son of Edward Miltoun, of Westover House," answered the boy. "I thought I was in my father's library till I looked through the curtains," he explained.

A little murmur ran about the table, and Roger saw the courtier turn and speak softly to the big man beside him.

Then the golden knight spoke again. "This is not thy father's library, Roger Miltoun," said he, "nor know I aught of it. Thou hast come, all

unawares it seems, to the Hall of the Round Table, where have gathered for centuries our circle of Knights of the Golden Spur. Yonder is our banner, here sit we ourselves, and the chair thou fain wouldst sit in awaits the coming of the last proven knight."

Instantly Roger's thoughts ran back to the lines he had been reading by the fire, and the words sang themselves over in his ears. He glanced about the circle of curious faces. They all seemed interested in him. A wild courage seized him.

"May I try to win the seat?" he exclaimed. "I know what a knight should be. I've got it all in my head."

But he read doubt in the faces ringed about him, and the silver scales of the man with the ostrich-feathers scraped as he shrugged his shoulders in surprise. Then the young man in the great cloak who sat nearest to Roger raised his hand with the signet-ring upon it.

"Why not, brothers?" said he; and Roger liked his voice, soft and calm, as much as he had already liked his face. "We have found our knights in most unlikely spots before. May it not be that this lad, stepped from another age, may prove himself the very one we seek? At least let us try his worth."

Then the great man with the three lions on his breast smote the table with his huge fist. "So say I," said he. "He looks a likely lad, and that is more than could be said of some of us once on a time."

Two or three of the knights laughed. The man in Lincoln green bent slightly forward. "We each have need of aid at times. Let him go forth with us in turn, and when we next meet in council, each can say whether he found him worthy of the seat." The dapper courtier with the jeweled cap nodded his head, and said: "The idea likes me well."

The knight in gold looked about the table at his fellows, and each in turn nodded his head in assent. He fixed his eyes on Roger, and spoke slowly. "We take thee as our novice, boy," said he. "Thou shalt go forth with each of us in turn on an adventure. Whether or no thou shalt sit in the vacant chair depends upon thyself." He turned to the others. "Our meeting endeth, brothers. I will take the boy abroad with me."

Roger stepped back a pace, and waited. He saw the knights rise. The big man with the lions strode down the hall and vanished through a curtained doorway at the farther side. He in Lincoln green followed, talking to the courtier in the purple suit. The man in silver armor stepped heavily after them, and his white plumes brushed the lintel of the door. Close at his heels went

the one in the great cloak. The table was empty save for the man at the farther side.

This man rose, and for a moment Roger admired the straight strong figure clad all in cloth of gold. The knight lifted a mantle of the same stuff from the back of his chair.

"Come," said he; "now we will go to Camelot."

He turned, and Roger followed, and so they went down the hall and through the curtained doorway at the end.

It was early morning in Camelot, and the sky was the soft pink shade of the inside of a seashell. There was no noise except the sound of their own footsteps as the knight and Roger went up a rising road. A great castle stood before them, crouching like a giant watch-dog on the height. Its windows were like eyes keeping constant watch over the moor country that stretched on all sides from the little village. Only the one road led up to it, and that was swallowed by the great stone jaws of the gate.

The knight went under the frowning arch of the portal, Roger at his heels. They crossed a stone-flagged court and mounted an outside circling flight of stairs. Then Sir Lancelot opened a door in the thick wall, and they came into a great room, unfurnished except for the rushes that were strewn upon the floor and the skins that hung at the sides. A page was leaning on the lintel of a window. "Stir thyself, lad," said the knight, "and say that I would speak with the king."

The page hurried away, the long points of his hose flapping against the stone floor. Roger looked down at his own feet, and then, in great surprise, at all his body. He wore loose, brown leather boots that came above his knees, and brown hose and jerkin, with a belt at his waist that bore a long thin knife sheathed in some polished skin. He started to draw the knife, but a noise at the curtain of rushes across a door made him pause. A man was coming into the room, and claimed all his attention.

The knight stood by the window, and the newcomer walked toward it. He was bearded, and his hair was a tawny red. His eyes were blue, deep, and steady, and his brow high and broad. He wore a dark red mantle with a gold lion painted on the breast. Roger saw the knight bend his head as their eyes met.

"Welcome, Lancelot," said the king, in a deep voice. "I have been lonely for thee. Knights I have in Camelot who come and go, but none like thee, oh best beloved of all!"

"Fain would I stay, my lord. But thine own words have taught me otherwise. They who

would seek the Holy Grail may not rest." Sir Lancelot bent his head at mention of the sacred name, and the king did likewise. Roger kept his eyes fixed on the bearded man, whom he now knew to be King Arthur.

"Even so," said the king, after a moment. "But what adventure calls thee now, Lancelot?"

"I seek the false Sir Monteagle, Lord Arthur, the son of Pepin-le-Fay. In his castle on the western sea, he holds as prisoner the Lady Isabeau, while her poor mother has grieved for her three years. I go to try to free her."

The king's broad brow clouded. "I know the tale right well," he muttered. "Sir Monteagle was once a gallant knight. But dark powers came to him, his witch-mother tempted him, and he fell away. I know his castle, Forfars-by-the-Sea. I know he lies there like a grisly dragon. I know his witch-mother's spell, that when the shadow of the great oak's bough crosses the top of the gate, all armed enemies in Forfars perish. Lancelot, it is a perilous task. Bethink thee well."

"He who would seek the Holy Grail must achieve much more."

"Even so," said the king, with bent head. "I am wrong. There is no safe path to that goal." He stepped forward, and placed his hands on the knight's shoulders. So they stood for a moment, looking into each other's faces. "Remember, Lancelot, I love thee best of all," he added.

Bowing to the king, the knight turned and went to the door, Roger following him. They descended the circling stairway and came into the stone-paved court again. A number of men-at-arms were lounging here now, trying to rub the sleep from their half-opened eyes. Sir Lancelot clapped his hands, and two of the men hurried toward him. "My horse, and one for this lad," said he. "My armor, sword, and shield, and a pennon for my squire."

In less than five minutes the two were fitted. A cap of fine chain mail hid the knight's flaxen hair, and swept down like a cape upon his shoulders. His feet were shod in iron, and steel gauntlets covered his hands and stretched to his elbows. At his girdle was fastened his huge two-handed sword that looked fit to cut through stone itself, and on his left arm he bore his shield, broad at the top and tapering to a point, half the height of a man, and painted with blue lions crowned with gold. In Roger's hand was a slender spear that fastened into a loop in his leather belt and bore a small flag with the same crowned lions. Before the knight and the boy stood two fine horses, fit to carry their riders far in a day.

FAMOUS PICTURES

FOURTH PAPER—ANIMAL PICTURES

BY CHARLES L. BARSTOW

NEXT to our own friends and relatives, animals are nearest to our hearts. Nearly every household has its dog, or cat, or bird. The usefulness and beauty of the horse, the faithful friendship of which a dog is capable, are proverbial.

In a corner of one of the finest parks in London is a cemetery where little city pets may be buried, and where many interesting monuments have been erected. In another similar place is an epitaph, "Our Sydney. Born a dog, lived like a gentleman, died beloved."

We cannot wonder that many artists have chosen to paint only animals.

If you will try to make a drawing of your favorite dog or cat, you will find that they do not keep still long at a time. To draw a dog or horse in action is not easy, yet the skilful artist can suggest this action far better than any instantaneous photograph can. Among the great pictures by animal painters we find battle scenes, hunting scenes, and many others in which animals play a part.

Cattle have been a favorite subject with some of the greatest artists. Paul Potter's "Bull," a very big canvas which hangs in the gallery at The Hague, is one of the world's famous paintings.

Then there are the lions and tigers by Delacroix, and the wild and domestic animals by Gérôme and Rosa Bonheur, to name only three great French painters who have given much of their time to depicting animals.

"THE HORSE FAIR"

By Rosa Bonheur of the French School
(Born 1822, died 1899)

THIS picture, painted by the artist when she was thirty years old, is, by general consent, called her masterpiece. It is sixteen and a half feet wide by seven feet nine inches high, and is said to be the largest canvas ever produced by an animal painter. It hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, having been purchased for \$55,500 and presented to the museum in 1887.

The scene represents something quite different from what we understand by a horse-fair; probably horse market would describe it better to us. The magnificent animals pass before us at a trot, kicking up the dust under their feet. They have probably just reached the market, and there seems

to be an inclosure, perhaps a speeding ground, at the back, to which they are being hurried. There are fine trees at the right, under which dealers and spectators are taking their places. Far at the left in the distance, and obscured by the dust, is the dome of a church. In the center of the canvas are horses, brown, sorrel, and gray, and several grooms attending them, one of whom is nearly carried off his feet by the mettlesome beast. The horses are neither saddled nor bridled, but are controlled by halters with rope bits.

As you look at the painting, or even at a reproduction of it, the first impression is that it is a scene taken from real life. Rosa Bonheur was a realist, yet she was a realist with a great deal of imagination. She went to Nature for the truth of her productions, but did not ignore the requirements of art. Notice in the picture the irregular arrangement of the horses, their different positions and movements, which, like the different spots on their coats, are so placed as to balance one another, giving that variety and contrast so restful to the eye.

These things show plainly the technical artistic skill which can produce a grand and harmonious whole. The free and vigorous work of the brush gives additional evidence of the strength of execution of which the artist was capable. There is a strong, spirited touch and powerful drawing.

When the painting was exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1853, it was a matter of general wonder that any woman should possess the power to accomplish such a vigorous work—one of which but few men could have been capable. It attained an immediate success, and was awarded all the honors of the Salon, and Rosa Bonheur was declared exempt from future examination by the Jury of Admission.

It did not, however, find a purchaser. Later on, it was exhibited at Ghent, and again failed to sell. In 1855, the artist sent it to her native town of Bordeaux, and offered to sell it to the town for \$2400. When, at this time, a dealer offered to buy it to take to England, she said: "I wish my picture to remain in France, but if my countrymen will not buy it, you may have it for \$8000." Thus it happened that the picture went traveling over England, while Landseer made an engraving from a quarter-size copy, or replica, which the artist painted. This smaller painting was after-

ward purchased and presented to the National Gallery in London, where it now hangs. Another still smaller copy was sold in England for \$20,000. Very many engravings, photographs, and other reproductions of the painting have been made, and are still being made, and, in one form or another, almost every one interested in pictures has seen it.

It is plain, at even the first glimpse of the picture, that the artist knew what she was doing; that her work grew out of thorough knowledge. This she had acquired by work, work, work—the kind of work that could never be endured but for love of the work itself. She says herself: "I

no action of alertness or intelligence, no motion showing the animal's intent or disclosing its peculiarities, that escaped her. With this knowledge and her skill in execution as a foundation, she was able to work out her great ideas.

ANECDOTES OF ROSA BONHEUR

ROSALIE MARIE BONHEUR was born in Bordeaux, France, in 1822. Her father was a painter who had in his youth taken high honors at the exhibitions of his native town. Rosa was the eldest of four children. She was active and impetuous, and not fond of study. She disliked her books as much as she loved Nature. Her chief delight was



ROSALIE BONHEUR'S CELEBRATED PICTURE "THE HORSE FAIR."

loved to catch the rapid motions of animals—the reflection of light and color on their coats, their different characteristics. Therefore, before undertaking the study of a dog, a horse, a sheep, I tried to become familiar with the anatomy of each of them. Another excellent practice is to observe the aspect of plaster models of animals, especially to copy them by lamplight, which gives more distinctness and vibration to the shadows. I owe all that I know to such patient and conscientious exercises."

This knowledge of anatomy, which would be neglected or half understood by a merely ordinary artist, was of the greatest value to her. It enabled her to show the structure of her animals—it made the difference between greatness and mere excellence. The result was worth while, although it took this determined woman to unpleasant places and among disagreeable people, and subjected her to annoyance and insult. There was no movement of the muscles, no slightest change in expression,

to play in the fields, to draw, and to experiment with the wet clay in her father's studio.

When Rosa was seven, her father removed to Paris in the hope of improving his fortunes. When she was eleven, her mother died. Then for two years she was put to school with two of her sisters. Here her love of outdoor life led to many reprimands.

Her father, having married again, apprenticed Rosa to a seamstress in order that she might learn to make a living. As we can quickly guess, this was a sort of slavery to such a girl as Rosa. When her father came to visit her, she would throw herself into his arms and beg to be taken away. Being too fond of her to see her suffer, he next found a place for her in a boarding-school. This delighted Rosa at first, for she quickly made friends and enjoyed the freedom from the work which she disliked. But it was hard for her to study. She preferred to make drawings and caricatures of her teachers. These

were well done and often colored, and the teachers, although they were obliged to punish the poor girl continually, kept them carefully in an album, where, it is said, they show them to this very day.

One thing, however, clouded her pleasure while at the school: her father was still very poor, and the cheap calico dresses which Rosa was obliged to wear looked shabby beside the handsome gowns of the rich men's daughters who were her school-mates. They had plenty of pocket-money, and the difference was very plain to the sensitive child. But it developed her character quickly. For it is said that even then she determined she would "rather *be* something than *have* something." The school itself, however, was not a happy place to her, and finally her father saw that it was best to take her home.

She now spent her days in her father's studio, happy in copying everything she saw him do. As long as she had a pencil or a piece of clay in her hands, she needed nothing more to amuse her. Here she began to have longings for the career that was to be hers, and the restless idleness of school-days was transformed into a life with a high purpose. Her father helped her to improve in drawing, and she, in turn, helped her father by working on the drawings which he made for publishers. So untiring was her zeal, and so rapidly did her work improve, that it was soon plain to her father that her true happiness lay in art.

It was almost unheard of in those days for a woman to engage in painting. It was looked upon as unwomanly, and the friends of Bonheur did everything to dissuade him from allowing his daughter to embark upon such a career. But Rosa's own determination alone would have been hard to overcome, even if her father had not nobly stood by her. He gave her his best in the thorough training he was able to supply. He did not keep her always at work upon the drawings he so much needed to make in order to provide for his now large family, but sent her to the Louvre to copy. These copies were so good as to attract the notice of many of the people who saw them, and naturally this deepened her love of art and her ambition to succeed.

In her studies she was sincere and thorough, and, like all great artists, her desire was for truth. She was fond of all kinds of animals, and her studio and home were always full of them.

When success came, its greatest happiness was in sharing it with her father, whose encouragement had been everything to her.

Every one knows that Rosa Bonheur sometimes donned the clothing worn by men, and at the time she was living and working, many people were ready to say that she did it to attract attention.

Now that she is dead, and the petty jealousies that her success caused are forgotten, she is no longer censured for this. When she planned her great picture "The Horse Fair," she knew she would have to make her sketches in and about the horse markets and on step-ladders, and she decided to wear men's clothes for convenience. She was a woman of great power and ability, and her costume helped her work, by making it easier for her to go about. She should not be judged in the same way as we would judge any one who might do it merely to be peculiar.

In 1855, she visited England, where her work had made her famous. She had now received honors and acquired fortune. She moved from one studio in Paris to a larger and a larger one, as her requirements and wealth increased, until finally she purchased a fine estate at By (pronounced Bee), near the forest of Fontainebleau, where she could find settings for her pictures in endless variety. At this château, surrounded by Newfoundlands, Spaniels, St. Bernards, sheep, goats, cows, lions, boars, rare birds, deer, gazelles, elk, indeed a menagerie of animals for models, she was destined to live for nearly fifty years. Here she led a happy life, rich in honors, retired from the world, receiving only a few intimate friends now and then, and, as she herself said, "working my very best."

"SUSPENSE"

By Sir Edwin Landseer of the English School
(Born 1802, died 1873)

ALMOST any picture by Landseer might be called a "famous picture," for his popularity has hardly ever been rivaled. His pictures, by means of the engravings made of them and circulated far and wide, are known and cherished in thousands of homes in England and America. They are pictures that touch the heart.

Like most of Landseer's works, the one we have here, "Suspense," tells a story. Perhaps you have heard that pictures that tell a story are not good art. Many people, especially artists, are inclined to think little of such pictures. This is because they are chiefly interested in the method of putting on the paint, the technical side of the picture, the side which we spoke about in connection with Velasquez's painting.

This technique, or "how it is done," is, of course, very important, and an artist may naturally feel jealous of introducing outside interest, such as stories, or "morals," or hidden meanings, into paintings; but we find that great artists have frequently done it, and we know that many pictures make their strongest appeal to people just



PLOUGHING IN THE NIVERNAIS.



From a Perry print.
AN OLD MONARCH.



In the Metropolitan Museum of Art.
DEER IN THE FOREST.



From photograph by Hanfstaengl.
A SHEPHERD'S DOG.



HAY-MAKING IN AUVERGNE.

A LITTLE GALLERY OF ROSA BONHEUR PICTURES.

because they do tell a powerful or affecting story, or awaken emotions that stir the heart. And even those who complain that Landseer's paintings are story-telling pictures, admit that he had also fine technical ability.

Not only the poor in their cottages, but the great men of the time, loved these works of Landseer. Sir Walter Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray

an artist, with an artist's eye, but that the dog he painted as a friend.

So this dog was a true friend of his master, although shut out of the room where he was.

The master has been brought home wounded, and lies groaning beyond the closed door. If we could see the original picture, the blood-stains on the floor would lead us to guess this.



"SUSPENSE." BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

were all warm friends of the artist, and ardent admirers of his pictures. And so, if we feel that we like them all the better for the stories they tell, let us go on liking them.

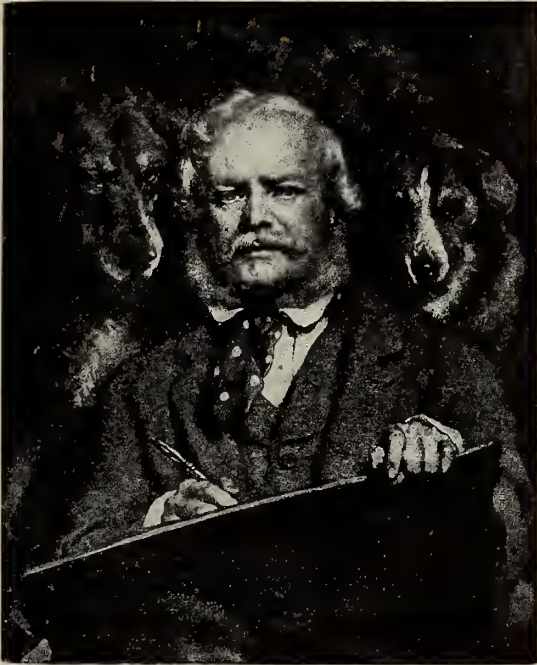
All this time the beautiful dog has been waiting in "Suspense." See if you can guess for yourself what gives him that look of loving anxiety. It must be something about his master, for only the dog's master ever causes him real concern. We have all had a dog for a friend, and we know how faithful he can be. We know how he mourns when we go away, how happy he is when we return.

It is said that Landseer painted all animals as

As we look at the heavy door studded with nails, we think that the room is in some great castle, and that the master is a nobleman. The gauntlets on the table and the plume on the floor suggest those medieval times "when knights were bold and barons held their sway."

Our dog's master may have been off hunting, or he may have been wounded in battle, but it is all the same to the dog. He never questions the right or wrong of our acts, even when we are unjust or severe with him, and we know that whatever happens to the master, the dog will always be true.

Landseer had a peculiar power over dogs, as



LANDSEER'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.



"DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE."



"DIOGENES AND ALEXANDER."

A LITTLE GALLERY OF LANDSEER PICTURES.

one is likely to have over things that one loves. He once said they loved him because he had peeped into their hearts.

He sometimes represented them in humorous scenes, but he reached his greatest success in showing pathos and dramatic power, as in "Suspense."

The sculptured lions on the base of the Nelson monument in London are also the work of Landseer, and have the imposing dignity that we always associate with this noble animal.

ANECDOTES OF LANDSEER

LANDSEER was born in London, in 1802, and his father, who was an engraver, took a keen interest in his art education. Like many great artists, Landseer was not a good student at school, "always running away from his teachers, and always drawing." But his drawings were worth while—perhaps partly because his father encouraged him in doing them, and was able to understand and appreciate the boy and his work.

Some of his earliest sketches are preserved in the South Kensington Museum at London. Many of them were made when he was only six or seven years old, and at eleven, he won the prize of the silver palette of the Society of Arts for the best drawings of animals.

At thirteen, he was allowed to exhibit two pictures in the Royal Academy, and the following year he entered the Art School, where he became a favorite pupil. As early as the rules would allow, he was made an associate of the Royal Academy, and his pictures met with ready sale.

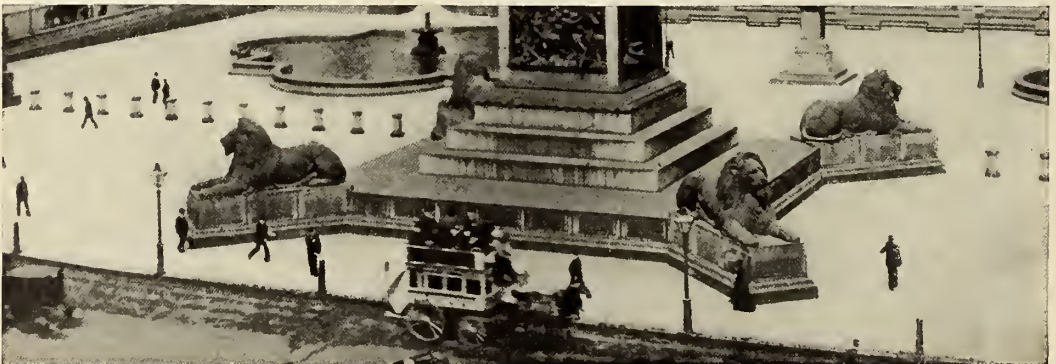
He bought a house at No. 1 St. John's Wood Road. Here he lived the remainder of his life, nearly fifty years, and here he entertained his hosts of friends. For he was of a happy and companionable disposition. He used to call his studio his workshop. It was visited by the élite of London society, and by men of wit and talent.

Landseer was very modest. He once said, "If people knew as much about painting as I do, they would never buy my pictures." It is also said that he was never envious or jealous of other painters.

Most of his pictures were of animals. One of his friends used to say, as he opened the studio door, "Keep your dogs off me," meaning the pictures that were scattered about. He was a very rapid worker, and remarkable stories are told of the swiftness with which he executed his paintings. Some important works he is said to have finished in a few hours. He spent a good deal of time in thinking out his pictures beforehand. It was his custom to place an empty canvas on his easel, and then, before he touched a brush, to decide not only what was to be painted, but how it was to look when completed. It is a very good plan, not only for painters, but for all people who are making things or doing things, to first see in their minds the finished products as they wish them to be when they are done.

A story related of Landseer tells of his once doing two pictures at a time. Some one had been remarking upon his rapid work, when a young lady said that at least he could do only one at a time. Then and there, Sir Edwin, taking a pencil in each hand, drew with one a stag, and with the other a horse.

Among his greatest admirers were Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, who sometimes used secretly to give him commissions for paintings designed as presents for each other. Once the queen rode unannounced to his house, and sent for him to accompany her on a ride. Another incident connected with royalty occurred when he was introduced to the King of Portugal. "I am so very glad to meet you," said the king, "for I am very fond of beasts." In 1850 the order of Knighthood was conferred upon him, and in 1865 he was elected president of the Royal Academy.



THE LANDSEER LIONS AT THE BASE OF THE NELSON MONUMENT, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON.



"WHERE THE COOKIES ARE KEPT." DRAWN BY GERTRUDE A. KAY.



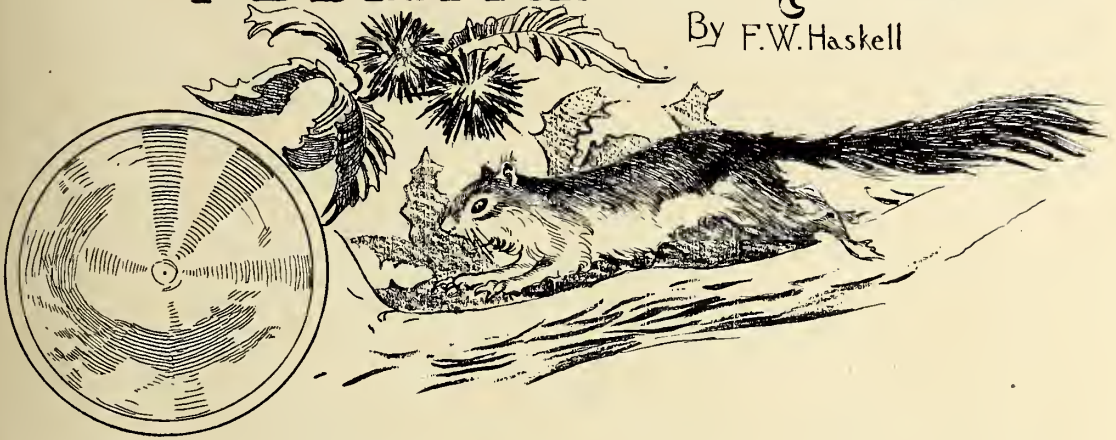
STORM-BOUND

Oh, Mr. Owl, whatever shall we do?
I never did see such a storm—did you?
I'm feeling very, very, *very* blue!

It's quite a gale, my dear—Tu whit! Tu whoo!
But if we stay right here and see it through,
I think it's sure to clear *some*time—don't you?

THE BEAUTIFUL RED SQUIRREL

By F.W.Haskell



ONE day in the early spring little Ben found, near the barn, a rat-trap which had lain under the snow all winter and had become badly rusted.

This trap was not one of the cruel kind that catches the rat by snapping together its two jaws of pointed teeth. That kind of a trap sometimes snaps the poor rat in his neck or body and kills him; but sometimes it catches his leg and breaks it, causing the poor rat great pain. And then sometimes the trap catches only the tail of the rat.

The trap that little Ben found was not one of those cruel ones, but was a nice big wire cage with a little platform something like a front porch. A piece of cheese or meat is put on the little porch, Mr. Rat steps on the porch to get the dainty morsel, when, flop! the porch drops from beneath him, and he falls into the cage; and, flop! the porch flies back, and he can't get out.

When Ben found the trap he thought it would be a great thing to catch a rat, so he put some cheese on the little porch, and then he watched the trap to see a rat go into it; but the rat did not come, and Ben grew tired, went away, and soon forgot all about the trap.

Late that afternoon Ben's governess was looking out of the window, when suddenly she said: "Oh, Ben, there is something flying around in your rat-trap. It looks like two or three birds!" Ben looked, and, sure enough, there was something in the trap flying around at a great rate.

Ben and his father ran out on the lawn, and what do you suppose they found in the trap? A rat? No! A beautiful red squirrel with a big, bushy tail!

Ben carried the trap into the house so that his

mother could see the squirrel. Mr. Squirrel flew madly around in the trap, up and down, back and forth, around and around, so fast that you could not tell which end was his head and which was his tail, for they seemed all jumbled up together.

Ben wanted to keep the squirrel in a cage; but when his father told him how Mrs. Squirrel and the little squirrels were anxiously waiting at home for Mr. Squirrel, he willingly consented to let Mr. Squirrel go.

So they took the trap outdoors again and put it on the grass. Then Ben opened the door in the trap, and Mr. Squirrel was free to run home. Mr. Squirrel was, however, the most badly frightened squirrel that ever lived. He was so very much frightened that he continued to fly around the trap so fast that for quite a while he did not see the open door. Finally he turned a little, darted through the door, and, zip! there was a little red streak across the lawn and up a tree!

Poor little Mr. Squirrel reached the topmost limb of the big elm-tree, and there he sat, trembling with fear, until it was dark, when with great caution he went slowly home; and when he reached home, I *think* this is what happened:

As Mr. Squirrel entered the round front door of his house in the southeast limb of the horse-chestnut tree, Mrs. Squirrel ran quickly to him and said: "Oh, Red Coat! I am so glad to see your dear face again! You have been gone so long that I feared something had happened to you."

"Well, Scamper, I should say something has happened to me. I have had the most wonderful adventure that ever befell a squirrel."

"Oh, you noble squirrel! You must tell me all about it. But you must be tired and hungry. Lie right down here on these leaves, and eat these lovely chestnuts I have saved for you; and when you are fully rested I will listen to the story of your adventures."

After Mr. Squirrel had eaten his chestnuts and had rested himself, he called Scamper to sit by his side, and told her his adventures in the following words:

"When I left you this morning I determined to bring you something unusually fine for dinner, so I started out by the tree-limb boulevard and went all through the great woods, and then I ran down to the ground and went all around the forest, hunting under all the leaves which fell off last fall."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Squirrel. "Were n't you awfully tired?"

"Not a bit," said Mr. Squirrel. "On my trip I found several very good nuts, but nothing fine enough to bring to you, for I was determined you should have the very best there was in the world."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Squirrel.

"I was feeling rather disappointed, and had reached that great, bare field to the north of our tree, when I noticed something I had never seen before. It was a peculiar structure made of great bars, and was about twice as big as our house."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Squirrel.

"I approached the structure and found it was very handsome and was made of bars of the strongest steel, each bar being about as big around as my rear legs."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Squirrel.

"At one end of the structure was an arch, under which was a large, smooth platform; and lying on the platform was a large piece of the most delicious-smelling food I have ever smelled."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Squirrel.

"I thought, 'This is just the thing for my dear Scamper,' so I stepped boldly onto the platform, when it suddenly gave way under my great weight, and I was violently precipitated into the lower part of the structure."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Squirrel. "What does 'precipitated' mean?"

"Thrown down," said Mr. Squirrel.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Squirrel.

"In some strange way the platform flew back, and I was locked in a large room whose walls, floor, and ceiling were made of terrible steel bars poked so close together that I could not even poke my nose through them."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Squirrel. "Were you terribly frightened?"

"Not a bit," said Mr. Squirrel, condescendingly.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Squirrel. "You are certainly the bravest squirrel in the whole world."

"I am," said Mr. Squirrel. "Well, I looked carefully around the room and was just about to commence to escape, when two of those queer two-legged giants came across the field. One of the giants was about half as high as our tree, while the other was so big that his head reached to the top of the trees."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Squirrel.

"The two giants made noises like thunder, and then the biggest one picked up the iron house in which I was confined, and carried it away, the smaller giant following, all the time keeping up the awful noises which those giants make."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Squirrel.

"The giants carried me into an enormous cavern, which I am sure is another world. Some parts of it were very dark, and some parts were light. The grass in some places was red, and the sky was yellow. It was wonderful."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Squirrel.

"The giant who was carrying the steel house with me in it must have become tired, for he finally put the house down and called two other giants. The four giants then looked at me in the most ugly manner. They kept up their horrible noises all the time, and then the biggest giant came close to the steel house with the intention of killing me."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Squirrel.

"Just as the great giant was about to put an end to me, I fixed my eyes upon him and gave him a very stern look. He started back in fright. I continued to gaze upon him so fiercely that he became filled with alarm, and roughly catching up the iron house, carried it out of the great cavern, placed it in the field, and ran away in terror."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Squirrel. "You certainly are the fiercest squirrel that ever lived."

"I am," said Mr. Squirrel. "As soon as I had frightened the giant away, I started to cut the steel bars with my teeth; but the bars were covered with something that did not taste good, so I simply took one bar in one paw, and another bar in the other paw, and exerting my great strength, pushed the bars apart, which made a space large enough for me to walk through."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Squirrel. "You certainly are the strongest squirrel that ever lived."

"I am," said Mr. Squirrel. "After leaving the iron house, I waited near by until dark, hoping the giant would come again so that I might frighten him to death; but he did not come, and as I feared you would be anxious about me, I came home."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Squirrel. "Did you bring

home the delicious-smelling food you found on the platform of the iron house?"

"No," said Mr. Squirrel. "It did not taste good, after all; and so I did not bring it."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Squirrel.

Well, the next day Scamper told Mrs. Gray Tail and Mrs. Fuzzy all about Red Coat's wonderful adventures; and they told Mr. Gray Tail and Mr. Fuzzy, and they told all the other squirrels, and then they told their cousins, the chip-

munks; and gradually the woodchucks, and the foxes, and hares, and all the other animals heard of Red Coat's great fight with the ugly giants. And one day all the animals of the forest held a great convention, and it was resolved that Red Coat was the bravest, the fiercest, and the strongest animal that ever lived, and they all wanted to do him honor; and that is how it came about that the king of all the forest is a beautiful red squirrel with a great bushy tail.



THE MUSIC LESSON

BY FRANCES W. MARSHALL

"WHEN the world is full of flowers,
Birds, and bees,
When the leaves are dancing gaily
On the trees,
I must leave these pleasant things
And come away,
Sit before my harpsichord,
And learn to play.

"While I 'm counting one and two
And three and four,
I can see the golden sunshine
On the floor.

And the breeze comes stealing softly
Through the room,
To remind me of the roses
All a-bloom.

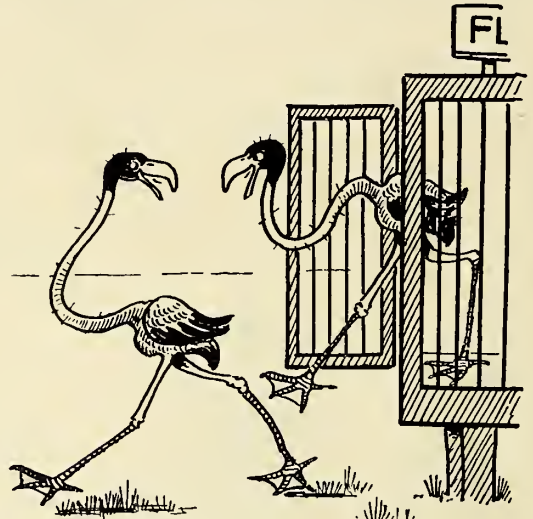
"As my master sits beside me,
Beating time,
I am list'ning for the distant
Clock to chime,
That will say my task is ended,
And I may
To my corner in the garden
Slip away."

THE GRATEFUL FLAMINGOS

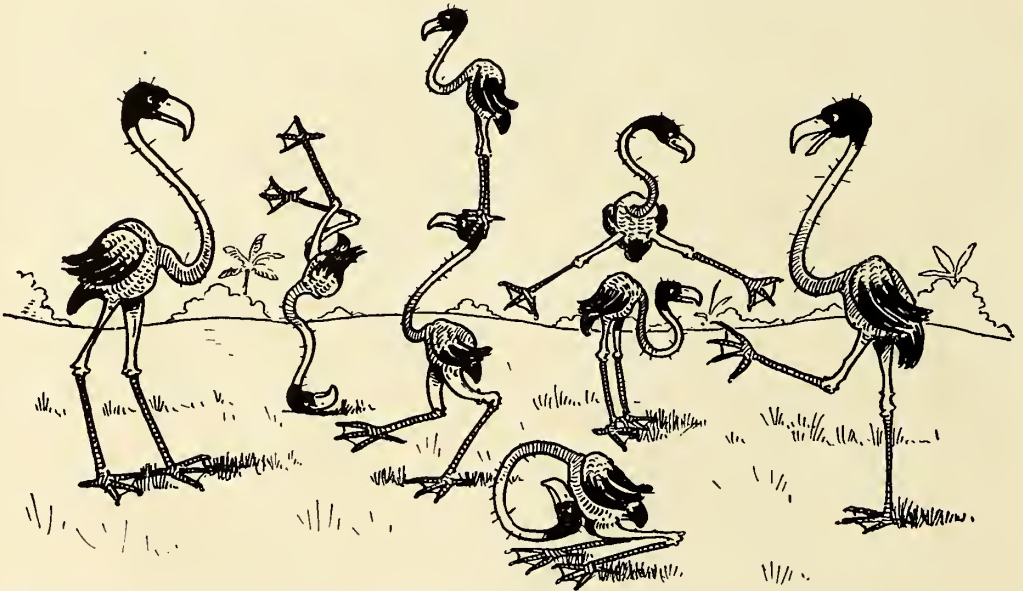
BY DE WITT C. FALLS



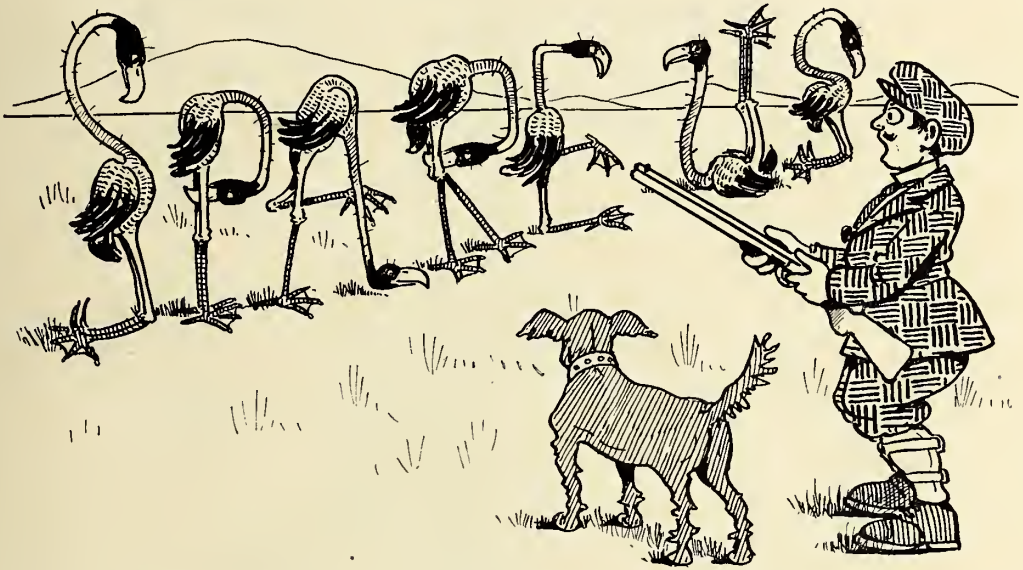
Mr. and Mrs. Flamingo
lived for many years
in a circus



Until one day some one left
their door open so off
they ran



But they did not forget all they had seen in the circus,
and taught their children many of the wonderful tricks.

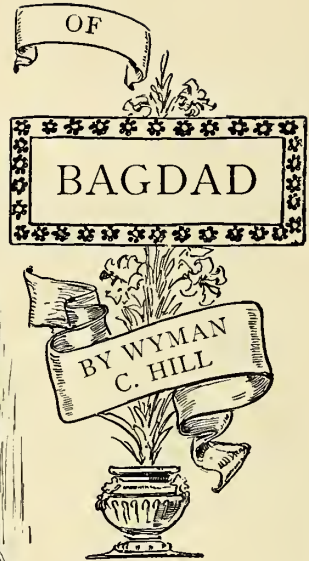


Which proved very useful when a hunter came their way and they had no time to escape.



He was a kind-hearted hunter so he granted their request, and the Flamingos being very polite at once showed him how much they appreciated his kindness.

THE MERCHANT



ABEN HASSAN BEFORE THE CADI.

"ONE often travels far afield to find that which, if one but knew it, is close at hand. This is a saying of the wise men of old times, and many men have found it to be true."

Thus spoke the sage, Jussuf of Balsora, to his pupils, and he illustrated this saying by the following tale:

In the times of the Caliph Haroun al Raschid, there dwelt in Bagdad a merchant named Aben Hassan, renowned for wealth and piety. Now, as this merchant grew old he began to think of retiring from business, for in truth he had labored for years without any interruption, and he had completed all arrangements, waiting only for the outcome of certain ventures in which he had invested a great part of his fortunes. Then there came news that these ventures had failed, and that he was well-nigh penniless. Indeed, when he had settled with his creditors, he had nothing left save a small house that had belonged to his ancestors and enough money to buy himself a small stock in trade, by means of which he eked

out a living; although he dealt now in cheap cloths instead of silks and satins, and with the poor fishermen and laborers instead of the rich nobles of the court.

So time passed over, the former wealthy merchant walking the streets by day with his goods, for he could not afford to hire a stall, and sleeping by night in his little house, upon a cot so hard that, in his happier days, he would not have had his humblest servant sleep upon it; but, for all that, he slept as well as when he was rich, nor, despite his evil fortunes, did he repine at his lot, for he said: "Allah hath given, Allah hath taken away; and if it be his will, Allah may give again. Allah be praised!"

Now it came to pass, after a year of this life, that as he lay sleeping one night, there came to him a vision, and in this vision he saw an angel, and the angel spoke to him, saying:

"Aben Hassan, Allah hath desired to test thy patience and piety under adversity as well as amidst good fortune. Right well hast thou borne

the test, nor shall the reward thereof be wanting. Repair to Cairo and there thou shalt recover thy lost wealth."

Speaking thus, the vision vanished, but in the morning the memory of it was so clear, that it seemed to Aben Hassan that he had actually seen an angel in the night; and the more he thought of it the more he was inclined to go to Cairo and see what awaited him there, for he thought that, in any case, he would be no worse off in Cairo than he was in Bagdad.

So, without saying anything to any one, he collected such money as he could, and took passage with a caravan which chanced to be just leaving Bagdad for Cairo.

The journey was a long one and the caravan moved but slowly, while Aben Hassan was impatient, so that after the caravan had crossed the desert and come into a settled country, where the danger from robbers was not so great, Aben bought a horse, and galloping on ahead of the caravan, arrived in Cairo some days before them. In fact, so rapidly did he travel, that on the last day of his journey, pushing on so as to arrive in Cairo before nightfall, he foundered his horse, and, as he could not secure another one, was obliged to finish his journey on foot. On account of this misadventure, he did not arrive in Cairo until after nightfall, when, trying to gain admission to an inn, he found it full to overflowing. In vain he begged to be admitted, but it was unlawful to receive more than a certain number of guests. From this inn he went to others, but at all of them he met with the same reception.

At last, wearied with wandering about the city, he chanced to pass by a mosque, the door of which was open; he entered, reflecting that in the house of Allah true believers should be welcome at all times. With this thought in his mind he first reverently went through his devotions, then, sitting down in a corner, fell fast asleep.

He was awakened by confused cries, which developed into shouts of "Help! Thieves!" coming from the house next to the mosque. These shouts were followed by the sound of running feet and blows, and still more shouts, until at last all was quiet again, and Aben Hassan composed himself to sleep. But this was not to be, for, just as he was becoming unconscious, a torch

flashed into his eyes, a gruff voice woke him, and he was seized by his shoulders and pulled to his feet by the soldiers of the Cadi, who, in searching for the fleeing robbers, had entered the mosque and now mistook the merchant for one of them.

The merchant, thoroughly terrified, was dragged before the Cadi, who, without hearing his story, ordered him to be bastinadoed, and then to be confined in a dark cell and fed on bread and water until he confessed who his confederates were; and in this cell Aben Hassan spent several weeks. Now it happened, one day, he sat in his cell, thinking of his misfortunes, and, for the first time, he bewailed his fate aloud.

"Why," said he, "did I leave Bagdad, where, if I was not wealthy, I, at least, was free, to pursue a dream, which promised much, but fulfilled naught?"

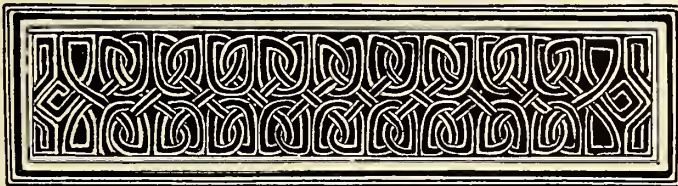
In this strain he continued for some time, until the guard overheard him and told the Cadi, who ordered Aben Hassan to be brought before him. When the merchant had told his story, the Cadi lay back on his couch and laughed aloud.

"Truly," said he, "the fools are not yet all dead. Why, look ye, if I were as simple as you are, I would have been in Bagdad long ago, for I have dreamed, not once, but three times, that in a certain house in Bagdad is buried a treasure. In even such and such a place is it buried." And with that, he proceeded to describe the house which Aben Hassan still owned in Bagdad.

The merchant, perceiving that in this way his dream was being fulfilled, said:

"Of a truth, you have convinced me that I was a fool ever to have left Bagdad, and I should return immediately, but I have no money."

Now the Cadi was a good-hearted man, and seeing the distress of the merchant, gave him a purse of money by means of which he was enabled to regain his native city. Upon arriving there he went directly to his house, and, digging in the place described by the Cadi, found considerable treasure, which had been hidden there by one of his ancestors. This treasure was so ample that, not only was he enabled to live in comfort the remainder of his days, but also to send a large present to the Cadi, who, it is safe to say, thereafter had more faith in dreams.



THE LITTLE BROTHERS OF THE Y. M. C. A.

BY DAY ALLEN WILLEY

DID you ever think how many boys and girls there are in our country? In 1900, the census-taker counted eighteen million of them between six and sixteen, and at the rate we were then growing, the census-taker predicted that he would find twenty million when he made the count of 1910. The boys and girls, oddly enough, are very evenly divided, so we can say fully ten million of the men of the future who are now between these ages are living in the United States. If you live in the city you may count them by the thousand. If you live in the village there may be hundreds of them. The "set" or the "crowd" the boy goes with in his ward or district averages anywhere from a dozen to fifty, and if a neighborhood ball-game is "on," he may see a hundred and more of the ones he knows "rooting" for his nine or the other. No introduction is needed for boys to get together, and they may become chums before one boy learns who is the other's father, or even where he lives.

But many a boy has no father. Many a boy has no mother. Many a boy has no home fire by which to warm himself when the nights are cold, no one to sew on his buttons or patch the holes in his trousers. He's the boy you see on the street. Sometimes he "shins" under the fence to get a look at the ball-game if the policeman does n't chance to see him. But he is not in the home boy's crowd. He is in a gang if he is any sort of a fellow. This gang meets in vacant lots, down in the railroad parts, sometimes in back alleys. The members crawl under lumber-piles or shop awnings when it rains, if they cannot sneak into some empty warehouse or barn. They have their fun, too—such as it is. They will wrestle and run races, steal rides on the back end of the wagon, but pitching pennies—the best pitch winning the penny—is more to their liking; also smoking cigarettes and playing craps for money. Not the sport that the home boy, the neighborhood boy, might enjoy, but it amuses them. It kills time for them. They must have something to do, and—what chance has the street boy to do anything better? How has he been influenced for good? How much aid has he had from father or mother or brother?

The boy of the street is a big part of the city boy. You find him in every place of over fifty thousand people. In New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, Philadelphia, and a score of our great centers, they range from a thousand up.

Patsy the bootblack and "Skinny" who sells the "wuxtra" morning or evening paper are only part of them. Some work a week or so as errand-boys, or as cash-boys, to get a little money and then go back to the gang. The youngster with his wits sharpened by constantly rubbing against the rough corners of city life gets enough to live on, not only by odd jobs, but by taking the windings in pitch-penny; or he will get something to eat by doing a bit of work for the corner lunchstand, such as carrying coffee and sandwiches to the factory girls. The newsboy you see selling the "midnight 'dition" on New York's Great White Way, when the theaters have dismissed their crowds, is but one of a thousand "newsies." An army of boys have their blacking-cases on vacant door-steps, cellar ways, and street corners. Hundreds of the blue-capped telegraph messenger boys have no actual home—lucky enough to get this work instead of something worse. And among the "boys round town" are always some more idle, more vicious, lower in morals than the others, their example constantly tending to drag their associates down. So it is the chances are two to one that the little fellow who gets into "de gang," as he calls it, is going to have uphill work to make a man of himself, for he must have the ability to do it without help, and in face of the evil surroundings and associations to which he is exposed.

The outline of the life of the homeless boy of the city is worth giving, for the thought of it has at last caused a hand to be stretched out—the hand of the "elder brother" to "little brother." Only a few years ago did the hand begin to reach out into the slums, but already it has so affected the career of the boy that it is really changing his life by inducing him to give up bad habits and his former haunts. The result is that to-day an army of no less than thirty thousand "boys round town" have been reached by that helping hand and are under influences that are bettering their condition and uplifting their lives.

Four letters of the alphabet are perhaps better known to us than any others—even as well known as our own initials. They are Y. M. C. A. At once comes to mind the definition—Young Men's Christian Association. But we will not stop to say all that. The quartet of letters is enough. Even the newspapers usually save their type and space by printing it in the condensed form. True, it is a religious body—the word Christian indi-

cates that—but its religious policy is so broad that its membership has always been open to old men and young men of any belief, and some who had no belief in religion. All sorts and kinds were permitted to sign its rolls and enjoy the privileges of membership, provided they obeyed its rules and conducted themselves as they should. The result of the wide-open welcome has been remarkable. All that can be said of it here is to quote

merely with the sermon, the hymn, the study of the Bible, but because it believes in amusing, entertaining, educating them, if necessary, and, above all, providing home life for those who have none and for those who may be away from friends and family.

The visitor to a city of any considerable size is usually shown the Y. M. C. A. building, since it is generally among the most attractive places and



"GETTING TOGETHER." A BANQUET OF THE LITTLE BROTHERS OF THE Y. M. C. A., NEW YORK CITY.

just a few facts to show what a power for aid is the Y. M. C. A. to the boy. What this body has accomplished in swelling its membership, filling its treasury, and in the work of its many branches which have so rapidly spread over America, would fill a book. Such has been its expansion that it now has centers in nearly one thousand American communities, and in them can be found nearly every nationality that peoples this country, from the Syrian and Pole to the native American. Within a period of five years the Y. M. C. A. spent, in its various centers, fully fifty million dollars for new buildings, costing from \$50,000 to \$500,000 each.

It has been said that the Y. M. C. A. is the greatest organization in this country for benefitting and uplifting young men. The reason for this is that it gets control over its members, not

is classed among the sights worth seeing. Going inside, he finds the comfortable lounging-room with its easy chairs and sofas. The reading-room has its tables strewn with newspapers and magazines. In the restaurant he can get good food at a cost less than the "cheap lunch-room" serves it. Physical culture appeals to every one who has good red blood in him, and the Y. M. C. A. well knows this. Some of the largest and finest gymnasiums in the country are in its club-houses, and when one has put in an hour or two at vigorous exercise, he refreshes himself with a shower or tub-bath, or plunge in the swimming-pool. And the outdoors is not neglected. With the coming of summer the base-ball diamond, the tennis-courts, and the foot-ball field are opened. And the walkers, the runners, the jumpers put on their working-clothes and get into the open. In short,

nowhere can one get such a variety of occupation for mind and body as has been planned by the Y. M. C. A. It aims to give an all-round training that will bring out the best in a man. He can

Josiah Strong. He believed that "the impulse to play is as natural and normal as the inclination to sleep or the desire to eat; and when we learn its meaning, we see that it is not simply a permissible thing, but a divinely ordered thing. In God's kindergarten, as in man's, play is the medium of education. Without it, the child cannot be normally developed. With every power of body and mind, use is the inexorable condition of growth. Nothing is more characteristic of a healthy child than unceasing activity; and to insure this sustained activity, nature gives him the impulse to play. A healthy boy will work at play twice as hard as he will work at work or at study, because he is

make up for lack of "schooling" in his early days in the classes provided. His leisure time after work can be spent in learning some of the trades taught, which form a part of the course of instruction, or he can fit himself for an electrician, a draftsman, a farmer, a bookkeeper, if he wishes to take up any of these callings. Given such a program, it is not strange that he becomes a worker in all the activities of the association.

If you can thus get the man, why not get the boy? He is the coming man; why not think of his welfare? Ten years ago the Y. M. C. A. began to play the part of the elder brother to the boy who needed it. Some of the branches enlarged their buildings to make room for him. Others raised the money for separate buildings for the little brother. The plan they followed is

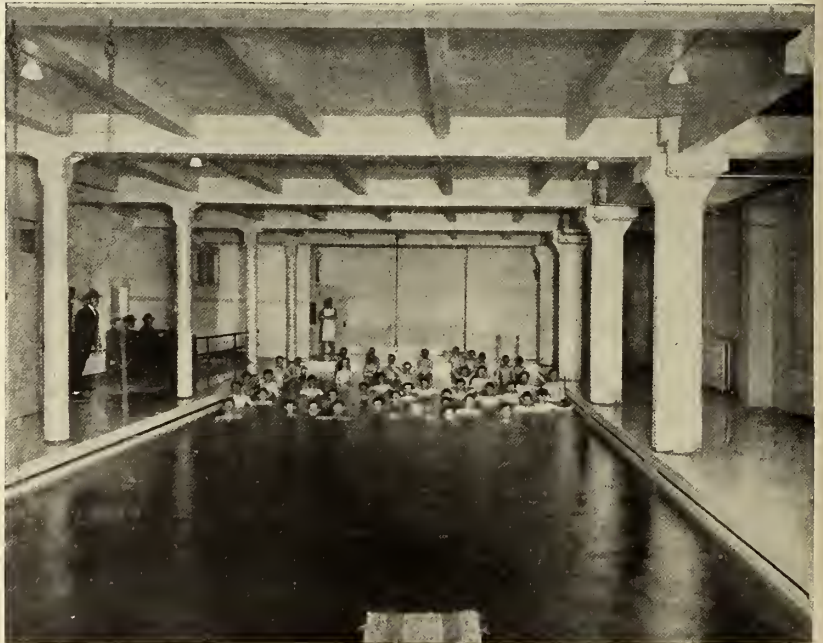
very similar to the one which has been so successful with the man. They believed in the theory of that great friend and student of the boy, Dr.

twice as much interested in play as in work study; and it is perfectly natural and right that this should be."

When the doors of the Y. M. C. A. opened to



A BOYS' CLUB OF THE PORTLAND, OREGON, Y. M. C. A., STARTING ON A SUMMER OUTING.



THE SWIMMING-POOL OF A MODERN Y. M. C. A.

welcome the boy round town, the association men did not wait for him to come in. They went after him. Night as well as day they followed him up.

In the dingy alleys outside the newspaper press-rooms they talked to the shivering groups waiting to get the first copies of the midnight or the morning edition. They patrolled the streets to find the boy looking for a shelter. They went through the nickel and dime lodging-houses where the street boy "bunked" by the side of the tramp and the criminal. No matter who he was, where he was, or how he looked, the boy was a

astonished at the number of the homeless. Even in places of but a hundred thousand people the juvenile branches of the Y. M. C. A. have a membership that runs into hundreds of newsboys, bootblacks, little store and factory toilers, all homeless or worse than homeless. Of course New York would have a throng of them, but such has been the success of the association in their rescue from the evils of the underworld that one



THE ELECTRICITY CLASS OF THE Y. M. C. A. BOYS' CLUB, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

welcome guest, and he was made to feel he was welcome. If hungry, he was fed. If dirty, he was given a bath. Sometimes a group of youngsters would be found back of the gas-house or in an empty freight-car playing cards. They were asked to come to the Y. M. C. A. and see the moving-picture show or hear the lantern-slide talk.

Thus the search for the boy continued, and in the day as well as the night. Those who began coming regularly or who joined the boys' branch were sent out after others, and thus the membership was further increased. The workers were

center alone, the Twenty-third Street Y. M. C. A., has a juvenile membership of nearly a thousand. Among them are forty-two nationalities. That quaint old New England city New Haven, with its 125,000 people, seems a village in contrast with New York, yet the Y. M. C. A. there sent into the highways and byways and formed a boys' auxiliary with a membership of over six hundred. An entire section of its beautiful home is for them. Here are the headquarters of the E. B. C. Club, many of whom sell papers and black boots by day, but are back when their work is ended. Why? Because a big gymna-

sium with baths, billiards and pool, bowling-alleys, a library and reading-room are theirs as much as if they owned them, and if more diversion is wanted, they can listen to the lecture or the concert, get up a minstrel show or friendly boxing-match. As the boys say, there 's "some-thin' doin'," and that keeps them off the street.

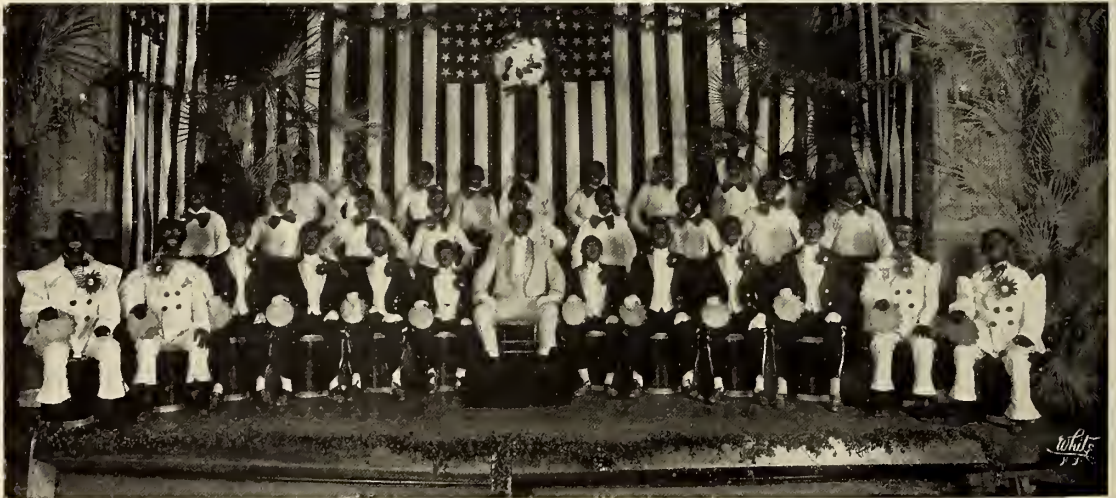


THE READING-ROOM OF THE BOYS' CLUB,
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

The Y. M. C. A. of Washington has its center in a half-million-dollar building that is one of the finest in the country, yet the big brothers did not hesitate to spend a hundred thousand and more for a second club-house open to boys who needed such a place. The life here is almost the same as in New Haven, and has caused the club to have a membership of over three hundred. In the city of Troy is a \$90,000 building solely for the care and training of the boy, to make him a true man.

Cleveland, one of the great industrial towns of the West, with its scores of mills and shops filled with boys in their teens, has three Y. M. C. A. centers for them, with over a thousand on the rolls. But these are only a few of the centers where the man of the future is being given the thought he deserves. To-day six hundred and twenty-five associations in over six hundred of our towns and cities have either opened their doors or have built structures for what we might call the boy-at-large—the one who is adrift on the sea of life, without anything to guide or check him except his own will.

Our nation is a curious mixture of different people. More have come here from other lands to make homes and become a part of us than have gone to any other country in the world. But the Y. M. C. A. has barred no one on account of his birthplace, and it is the same with the boys. So it is that in the running or swimming race, the spelling-class, in summer "hikes" across country, Luigi may be side by side with Dennis, and next to François is Heinrich. But there is no prejudice, no race feeling. All play together like the members of one family. The daily life at these club-houses is not only building up the boy in body, training his mind, making him a good boy morally, but getting him acquainted with companions who may have been born across the sea. Each sees the good points of the other. They become friendly, sometimes chummy, and in the rivalry of sports and the studies of the classroom compete only as friends. And so the association is doing the nation a second great service in bringing together the races who are to be our future citizens and making them understand each other.



MINSTREL SHOW GIVEN BY THE BOYS' CLUB AT A NEW YORK Y. M. C. A.

“ONE!—TWO!—THREE!”

BY ANNA MATHEWSON



“ONE!”



“TWO!!”

WHEN Father took the photograph
Of Spottykin and me,
He said: “Now, kid, if you should laugh,
The camera might crack in half—
All ready? One,—two,—three!”

And so I held the puppy’s head,
And thought he was all right;
But “That won’t do,” my father said.
“Does he suppose that he ’s in bed?
He kept his eyes shut tight!”

So Mother had a spool she swung
To make the puppy look;
But Father said: “A pup so young
Who ’s rudely putting out his tongue
Can’t have his picture took!”

Of course that made me laugh right out—
I had to; would n’t you?
And Father says that ’s why, no doubt,
The puppy thought ’t was time to shout,
’Cause—see?—*he* ’s laughing, too!



“THREE!!!”

BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE



THE MEN WHO WERE THERE

You all know how interesting it is to listen to any one telling a personal experience, some adventure that has befallen him, something he has himself seen or done or struggled with. Even those who are not natural story-tellers can usually make such a subject alive and worth while; especially when it is an experience outside the common lot, and unlikely to happen to more than a very few out of earth's millions.

There is an old phrase, "Adventures to the adventurous," that seems to be borne out by the facts of life. Certain characters attract out-of-the-way occurrences. A man like George Borrow, for instance, could not wander along the quiet lanes of an English county without encountering all sorts of odd matters and queer people. There are men who drift toward danger and exciting adventures as their brothers do to the office or the bank, men who are drawn to the wild ways of sea and land as steel filings are drawn to a magnet.

Now and then, these sons of adventure put some of their life into a book. When they do, such books are sure to make good reading. They possess some of the same spirit that lured their author on to meeting danger lightly, to going with his life in his hands among wild beasts and men, where peril and hardship were the only certain comrades of his trail. They are the talk of a man who has sat by many camp-fires in strange lands beyond far seas, a man who is familiar with the thoughts and customs of many and various peoples, and who has come to understand a great many things. Unluckily, there are not a large number of such books, because the adventurous

life does not offer easy opportunities for authorship, and also because many men of this type have not the power of expressing what they know in words, written ones at least. So it is that many curious deeds in savage lands are never heard of by the rest of us. It is only when the writer happens to be one of those rare persons who can do two things excellently well at the same time: meeting his adventures and writing about them all in one swoop, as it were;—or when he manages, like *Othello*, to survive the many dangers he has passed, and turns in his old age to the telling of them,—that a real book of adventure gets written and comes at last into our hands.

It is of three or four books of this kind that I am going to speak this month; books good for "drear November," fine for reading before a wood-fire, when the smell of the smoke adds to the illusion, bringing to your very hearth the heart of the wild woods, snapping and crackling its own strange story in a language we are not yet wise enough to comprehend.

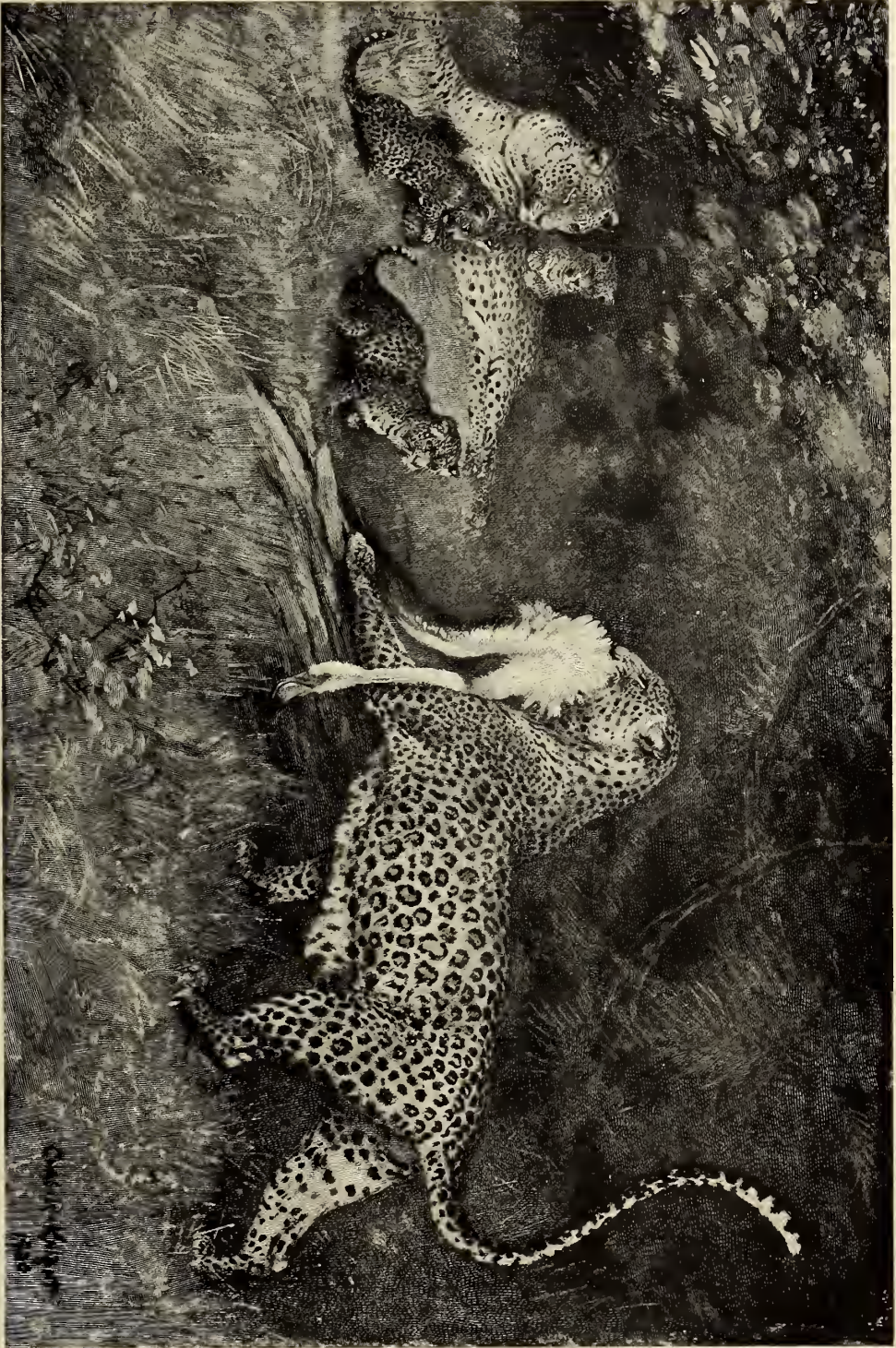
One of these records of personal adventure is William T. Hornaday's "Two Years in the Jungle." A two years spent in the most wonderful wanderings through India, Ceylon, Borneo, and the Malay Peninsula, and told about by a man with a passion for the wilderness in a style as delightful as his subject. This is what he says in his introduction:

The green forest, the airy mountain, the plain, the river, and the sea-shore are to me a perpetual delight . . . he who loves the green woods and the rippling waters, and has felt the mystic spell of life in "a vast wilderness," will appreciate this record of my experience.

But one needs not to know the mystic spell of wilderness life in order to appreciate this enchanting book; while, if you do not already love trees and running water and the mighty ways of nature, you will not get very far into its pages without learning to do so. There are all sorts of exciting experiences, as you may imagine, startling customs, things beautiful, and things ugly, for the book is a true book.

Mr. Hornaday writes of animal life in the jungle from the standpoint of a master, for on this subject his knowledge is amazing, the result of many years of arduous study and discovery. What tales we get of trained elephants, of tigers in their jungle freedom, of animals whose very names are unfamiliar to us! There is the manis,

IN THE JUNGLE. FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT.



for instance, a species of ant-eater attired in a coat of mail, a gentle creature, but both obstinate and determined. No cage or box could keep him safe; no rope could be fastened to him. When he was disturbed, he would roll himself neatly up and clamp matters with his tail. He adopted this attitude when Mr. Hornaday wanted to measure him, and though the naturalist got three men to help, the whole of them were not a match for that tail; the struggle was tremendous, but the manis maintained his position—"One would have thought that tail was riveted in place," says Mr. Hornaday.

It is unwise in real life to rush from one extreme to another, but in books this rule does not hold good. You will find only pleasure in turning from the hot and humid lands of the Hornaday book to George Kennan's "Tent-Life in Siberia." It was forty years ago that this trip was taken—another two-year jaunt—but in all that time little more has been discovered relating either to the country or its fierce population. Rugged and arduous, it is not a place to attract even the most hardy. It was practically an unknown world when Kennan went there, and so it remains, except for this thrilling book.

The expedition was one of several undertaken in the interests of the Western Union, which had decided to establish an overland telegraph route to Russia. The plan was a failure, and, with the success of the Atlantic cable, was finally abandoned, but it was one of the great enterprises of the world, and attended by countless adventures, hair-breadth escapes from multitudinous dangers, deeds of daring and what-not of the splendid and the stirring.

The book contains a description of the horse-express across those desperate plains—the greatest horse-express in the world—which alone is worth the reading of the entire book. The customs of the Cossacks take you back to the Middle Ages; there is a marriage by capture that you won't find surpassed in any romance. You get the actual scent and look of things. You meet the arctic mosquito, beside which his New Jersey brother is a poor thing indeed. This little northerner has only a short time to operate, but he makes up in activity and power for that deficiency; just as, to take a more agreeable example, the wild flowers have a beauty and variety undreamed of in more temperate zones.

There is one man of adventures who knew well both the tropics and the frozen north, and who wrote of them in several volumes. This was a French Creole, Paul du Chailly, and whether you begin with his "Equatorial Africa" or his "Land of the Long Night," you are sure of a good time.

He has a picturesque and colorful way of writing, and can get the picture in his memory so clearly on his page that it glows vivid as life. His travels were extensive and remarkable, and he was the first white man to get to several places.

I used to know him when I was little more than a child, and delighted in listening to his recitals of adventure on some wild African hunt or along the snow-bound trail of an arctic winter. He was the first man to bring back information of the existence of the gorilla and the pygmy tribes of Africa, and never quite recovered from his wrath at having had his stories doubted. He was a short, powerful man, dark and extremely ugly, with glowing eyes, and he liked to sit on the floor when he told his stories, with an attentive circle around him. When he got thoroughly worked up over a gorilla hunt, he would thump his deep chest and produce much the same sound the gorilla sends booming through the forest; it was unforgettable. He would let out a perfect flood of words, with a strong French accent—he spoke French and English equally badly, but most picturesquely—until you seemed to be actually there with him in the dark jungle, with the terror of the great fierce beast oppressing you, surrounded by savages, the only white within a radius of hundreds of miles.

These books are stories of forest and plain and mountain; there remains the sea, most marvelous of all, eternal mystery, an adventure in itself, a story without beginning or end. There are several great sea tales by men who lived in ships and who learned to know the ocean as well as a man may. One of these is Frank T. Bullen's "Cruise of the Cachalot," the story of a round-the-world hunt after sperm-whales, or cachalots, to give them their proper name.

Bullen's life has been as romantic as that of any hero of fiction. He ran away to sea at twelve, after floating around London streets as a waif. It was six or eight years afterward that he started on this cruise, leaving New Bedford, Massachusetts, as mate of the ship. The tale is an absorbing one; it is one of the great stories, and you will not come across a better in many a year of reading. A tale so true, so grim, so thrilling with adventure, so salt with the sea and strange with its life, so outspoken, it almost takes your breath away.

To-day the sperm-whale industry is almost dead. Of the hundreds of ships that fared gallantly from New England and Long Island ports upon their deep-sea hunting, few survive. But here in this book, salt and strong and vivid, it lives for all time. On heaving decks, to the creaking of mast and spar and rigging, the sting of

the windy spray and the slap of angry waves, you go after the mighty creature of the five oceans, who spouts and plunges and dies in a mad churning of air and water. The life of the ship surrounds you as you read on and on. The men are uncouth, interesting, good and bad, but never indifferent. You make perilous ports and lie in

Silently they would pass each other, dumbly waving their arms; and the captain, at least, enjoyed it thoroughly.

It has always seemed to me that one ought to know as much as possible of this world. We are in it for only a limited time, and it is an extremely interesting and wonderful place. To let any chance to know it better slip by is as foolish as it would be to go to an exposition and then refuse to look at most of the exhibits. It is, of course, impossible to do or see everything there is to be seen or done. We have to spend some time growing up, and a lot more in keeping ourselves going; and after a while we are not able to be very strenuous. Still, we have about thirty or forty years during which we can do a good deal; and by helping out with the records of what other persons have accomplished, we can come to a pretty fair notion



CUT IN TWO! A WHALING INCIDENT.

of most things. Only, we need to use our time with some sense. If you spend all your time reading about boys who are leading precisely the same sort of life as your own, or of girls who have n't an idea you are not familiar with, you are n't going to get much of an outlook; when the time comes to pass on to some other existence, you will hardly have begun to know this one, whose mysteries lie buried between the covers of books within our very grasp. To neglect taking at least a peep would be almost like going to a feast and leaving most of the dishes covered, while you content yourself with ham and eggs or even beefsteak.

still harbors. Other ships are sighted and spoken. You have passed into a new world, brimful of mad action, or lost in long hours of calm, a place of danger and of peace, an extraordinary mingling of the immensities of ocean and the narrow bounds of the ship. When the time comes for you to disembark, you will be mighty sorry; you will be homesick for days, in fact.

Another good sea yarn that relates actual experiences is the diary of Captain Slocum's journey round the world in the little boat he built and sailed entirely alone. That was, indeed, a great adventure! In addition to writing the story, the captain gave talks that were delightful. I forget whether it was in one of these or in the book that he tells of the place where the benighted inhabitants still believed the earth to be flat, and of how he labored, in vain, to correct this error. There were excited discussions, neither side yielding an inch. At last, however, there was nothing left unsaid, and the opponents gave up in despair, confining themselves to gestures whenever they met, the captain describing circles in the air, his opponents spreading out their hands in order to designate huge, flat spaces.



NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW



A FLIGHT OF DUCKS, OF MIXED SPECIES, SETTLING FOR THE DAY IN THE MARGIN OF A MARSHY LAKE.

WHERE DO THE BIRDS GO?

EVERYBODY knows that most of our birds come north to their nesting grounds in the spring, and go south in the fall. Many observers have kept



THE CONNECTICUT WARBLER.

In going north in the spring, this warbler takes a widely different route from that which he follows in going south in the fall.

records, spring and fall, for many years, and in many parts of the country. These records, while interesting, do not yield their full value unless they can all be studied together, as each one tells only what time the birds come to one region. Mr. W. W. Cook, at Washington, has spent many years collecting such lists and encouraging observers to make them, and in carefully studying out the facts of the "migration" for each North American bird—its route, its speed, and a great many other things that have until now been only hazily understood. Although most of his work is still unpublished, he has printed some of his most remarkable discoveries, and brought to light some very unexpected things concerning the migration of birds, one of the truly difficult as well as delightful puzzles in nature and science, for young folks and grown-ups alike.

Some of the longest journeys are made by the tiniest birds. The humming-birds go from the Middle States to Mexico, and even South America, and back every year. Blackburnian warblers were still common at the equator in Colombia, on April 27, 1911, though they arrive in New York by the tenth of May, and most of them breed still farther north.

Some birds, for reasons hard to learn, take a different course coming north from that going south. The Connecticut warbler, fairly common

in September and October in the Atlantic States, is never seen there in the spring, invariably making its northward journey west of the Alleghany Mountains. Most small birds make their long flights at night, and feed and rest during the day, but the swallows reverse the rule.

Generally the northward flight is rapid, condensed, and soon over, but the return movement begins for some birds as early as the fourth of July, and it is in progress until nearly Christmas. Some birds move over a wide area, spread nearly across the continent, while others have a narrow channel out of which they seldom go. The redpoll warblers wintering in Louisiana come northeast up the Atlantic seaboard to Labrador, while those from Florida start northwest for Alaska, their paths crossing in Georgia at right angles.

A few species leave the far north in August and September, making enormous flights over the ocean to winter homes in the southern hemisphere. Thus the golden plover leaves Nova Scotia, and flies without a stop straight to South America, wintering on the pampas of Argentina, a journey of some 5000 miles, 2500 being over the ocean, without a stop even for food. On the Pacific side, the golden plover leaves the Aleutian Islands and goes 2500 miles to Hawaii without a rest, and winters in the southern hemisphere from the Society Islands to Australia. With this bird it is the northward trip that is slow, and the eastern group crosses the continent of South America, Mexico, the Great Plains, and across Canada to its arctic nesting grounds, while the western birds go up the Malay Peninsula and along the Chinese and Siberian seaboard.

Wonderful as is this enormous journey of 12,000 to 15,000 miles each year, there is at least one bird whose annual trip exceeds the plover's by several thousand miles. The arctic tern nests

from Maine to within eight degrees of the north pole, spends its summer in the land of continuous day, and in its migration goes to a region in the antarctic equally near the *south* pole. In



THE GOLDEN PLOVER.

The plover makes "a journey of some 5000 miles, 2500 being over the ocean, without even a stop for food."

its round trip it may cover as much as 22,000 miles—nearly equal to flying around the world at the equator! In all the year, the only time it experiences full darkness is during the few nights passed in the neighborhood of the tropics, for its summer about the north pole is one long day, as is its winter about the south pole. But, although this is much the longest journey made by any bird, it is not in some ways as remarkable as the



THE FALL FLIGHT OF SHORE BIRDS ON THE MASSACHUSETTS COAST.

plover's, for the tern is a seabird, and can at any time dive into the water and feed on the abundant supply of fishes and other marine animals, while the plover is really a land bird, incapable of feeding at sea. So it has to fatten up before leaving its summer home, and make half of its enormous autumn journey without food.

These are only a few of the interesting features that the study of migration has brought out. We think little about the birds after they have left us, but it would be a delightful thing if we could only follow some of these brave little globe-trotters on their trips, and see what a varied



THE ARCTIC TERN.

This bird makes the longest known flight—from the Arctic Ocean to the Antarctic Ocean.

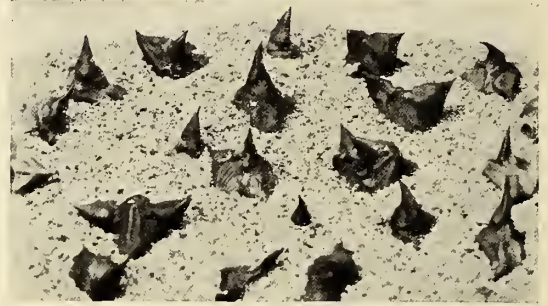
life they lead in their many different surroundings. It gave me a peculiar thrill of companionship last spring to find our own little Blackburnian, hooded and Canadian warblers in the luxuriant forest of the Colombian Andes, as much at home among the orchid-festooned branches and gorgeous sky-blue butterflies as were the magnificent trogons, the curious toucans, the parrots, and the big, red, howling monkeys!

LOUIS A. FUERTES.

SOME OF NATURE'S CRUEL SEEDS

Most of us are familiar with the various forms of harmless, even if annoying, seeds, such as sticktights, burdocks, and avens, that have tiny hooks or barbed points by which they cling to our clothing, or to the hair or fur of animals, and so are carried to fresh fields and pastures new.

The ugliest and most painful method of seed dissemination is that of various kinds of plants known as caltrops. This word, as most of you who have studied Latin know, means a cruel in-



CALTROPS PARTLY HIDDEN IN THE SAND.

strument of war having four spikes so arranged that when any three are on the ground the fourth will stand upright. These were scattered on the ground where an enemy's horses were to pass, the purpose being to hinder them by wounding their horses' feet.

Certain plants have fruit similar to caltrops in their varied arrangements of sharp spines. The name of the land-caltrop, *Tribulus terrestris*, is suggestive of tribulation on land.

But perhaps the most effective of all, with the most cruel method of dissemination, is the water-caltrop, whose nut-like fruits are armed with four curved spines so arranged that one spine points upward. These, as well as other varieties of caltrop, lie concealed like a trap in the sand.



CALTROPS WITH THEIR CRUEL SPINES ALWAYS POINTING UPWARD.

The sharp points stick into the feet of animals that chance to step on them, and often inflict painful wounds.

The common burgrass (*Cenchrus*) of our sandy fields and waste places has its fruit so spinous, and the points are so stiff and sharp, that they will pierce the side of a shoe and wound the foot, as the writer knows from experience.

If our common sticktights were firm enough to penetrate one's flesh, instead of merely the clothes, they would be even more cruel because they are not only sharp-pointed, but barbed.

REMARKABLE SUGGESTIONS OF FOOTPRINTS IN ROCKS

HERE is an interesting photograph that was sent to us by Mr. Harry G. Phister, of Vernon, New York. He says that it shows what is known locally as "the footprint rock." This rock is about one mile from Munnsville, New York, on the



THE QUEER "FOOTPRINTS" IN THE ROCK.

summit of a hill that overlooks Stockbridge Valley. It bears what appear to be the imprints of human feet and the hoof-marks of animals, as may be plainly seen in the photograph. Professor J. F. Kemp, of Columbia University, New York City, says that they are not actual footprints, but only remarkable resemblances. The depressions are made by the action of the rain on the limestone.

The water dissolves parts of the limestone, and leaves these strange cavities that often look like footprints, but almost as often do not. The action of the water is hastened because it flows rapidly over the inclined surface of the rock, and the soft parts of the stone are thus quickly carried away.

The wind, too, may help the work of the water in producing these strange resemblances to footprints.

A BIG MARBLE MADE BY NATURE

IN a rock slide which came from the mountains into the Animas Cañon in southern Colorado, Mr. H. C. Wilcox, a bridge foreman on the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, found an almost perfect sphere of "bird's-eye" granite, fourteen inches in diameter and one hundred and thirty pounds in weight. He valued his discovery, but, while his car was being moved at night, he awoke to find that the stone was rolling from side to

side, and threatening destruction to everything in its vicinity. He was therefore glad to give it to me, as I was better prepared to care for it.

Long ago, perhaps thousands of years ago, a more or less angular piece of granite was dislodged and sent adrift. How it was set free from its resting-place, we cannot positively know, and we can only guess at the way in which it traveled, and how it was treated by nature. It may have moved slowly, and have had its angles and corners ground off by the ice of a glacier; it may have been rolled and buffeted among the stones of some deep and rapid river; it may have lain for ages at the foot of a great cataract, and been pounded and rounded by the water into this huge sphere, until it became like a marble with which



A HUGE "MARBLE" OR "PEBBLE" GROUND
BY GLACIAL ICE.

a giant's boy might play. But as a specimen of the beautiful work that nature can do, if left alone and given plenty of time, this stone ball is almost perfect. The photograph shows it in its present situation. It deserves the place of honor that it has received.

H. A. ROGERS.

A STRANGE FREAK OF NATURE

THE accompanying photograph shows an egg that was formed within an egg, a circumstance that is very rare, but has happened three times between June 15 and July 4, 1911, within forty miles of New York City. In each case there has been no



THE SMALLER EGG WAS WITHIN THE LARGER.

yolk in the outer shell, the inner egg taking its place, and being floated in the white, or albumen, of the outer one. The inner egg was perfect in each case, and in the one illustrated the shell was of a darker color than that of the outer shell. The dimensions are as follows:

The large shell was three and one eighth inches long, two and one fourth inches wide, and six and one half inches in circumference; the inner one was two inches long, one and one half inches

wide, and five inches in circumference. In color, the outer shell was a light cream, while the inner one was of a brown, or coffee, color.

The first one was laid at the farm of Mr. Vincent C. Tate, Oscawana-on-Hudson, New York; the second (according to a newspaper clipping) at the henery of Mrs. Alva DuBois, 77 West Thirtieth Street, Bayonne, and the one above described at the home of Mr. Fred Fulton, West Orange, New Jersey. The first and last mentioned were observed by the writer, and were of about the same size, while the other is reported to have been eight inches in circumference. It is strange that these three instances should have occurred within so short a time, and so limited a territory.—FRED T. OAKES.

A LARGE TURKEY FARM

HEREWITH is an illustration of a turkey farm in Livingston, California. This farm raises as many as two thousand five hundred turkeys in one year. It is said that the climate of this part of California, on account of the long dry summers, is ideal for turkeys. They are allowed to range over several square miles. The proprietors use horses and dogs to herd them. Temporary corrals are made in which to protect them from coyotes, for these animals are the most serious enemy with which the poulterer there has to contend.

With sufficient range, turkeys can be raised in this locality with little expense, as they get so much of their food free of cost to their owner.



A LARGE SUPPLY OF THANKSGIVING TURKEYS ON ONE FARM.

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

St. Nicholas
 Union Square,
 New York

WHY YOUR QUESTION WAS NOT ANSWERED

If you did not receive an answer to your question, it was probably for one of these two reasons:

1. It was not of sufficient general interest for publication, and you neglected to inclose the required stamped and self-addressed envelop for a personal reply by mail.
2. A letter to you was returned by the Post-office because you did not include street and house number in your address.

WHIPPOORWILL CALLS NEAR A HOUSE

TORRINGTON, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There are some woods back of our house. Every evening soon after dark, when the lamp is lit, a whippoorwill comes and calls under our dining-room window. If he is disturbed, he flies off a short distance and comes back soon after; indced, he often spends a good part of the night there.

We have tried several times to see him from the window, but he got so close to the wall that it was almost impossible. However, one evening I sat upon the back door-step, and soon back he came and began to call. A few minutes later another bird came and alighted a short distance off, which, I imagine, was the first one's mate.

Will you please tell me what attracts them to the house?

Yours truly,
HELEN ASHLEY (age 11).

This is a well-known habit, and I do not know that any one has undertaken to explain it. I have never heard any theory. The birds like to perch on flat, elevated surfaces, oftentimes on fences, and I presume a door-step or the top of a roof answers that purpose. I cannot think of any other possible reason.—HERBERT K. JOB.

REMARKABLY TAME AND ATTRACTIVE QUAIL

ALAMEDA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have the dearest little pets. They are all shy and wild by nature, but have become very gentle and tame, as I feed them every day and have taught them to understand that I will not hurt them. My Californian quail are very pretty, and have nice topknots on their heads; but Papa got some bob-white quail eggs and hatched them in an incubator, so that I now have thirteen dear little brown fellows.

They are two months old, and are just crazy for meat. They fly to the front of their cage when they see me with a package, and poke their little beaks through the wire and beg. I put my quail in the Pet Show last year and got a ribbon and a medal, because everybody said they were so tame and pretty. Papa has lots of pretty pheasants. They are very tame, too, and fly all over him when he feeds them. People buy them to eat,



RUTH DIRKS AND HER PET QUAIL.

but I would not eat one; they are too gentle and pretty. I should like to hear of some other little girls' pets.

Your friend,
RUTH DIRKS (age 9).

These photographs show us a beautiful example of the influence of kindness upon birds naturally wild. They are, in their way, the most remarkable pictures that we have ever seen.



OTHER INTERESTING AND LOVING EXPERIENCES WITH THE QUAIL.

FORMIDABLE BITING MOUTH

STONEBURG, TEX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending by mail a spider which my sister found while working in the garden. The people around here call it a "vinegaroon," and the



THE SPIDER FROM A TEXAS GARDEN.

Mexicans are very much afraid of it. I wish you would please tell me its right name and some more about it.

I have been taking the ST. NICHOLAS for three years, and enjoy it very much.

Yours truly,

DOROTHY ANDERSON.

The animal represented is one of the desert or wind spiders (Solpugida), and represents a species of *Eremobates*. These spiders wander principally at night and catch beetles and grasshoppers



THE REMARKABLE, BITING JAWS OF A WIND SPIDER.

pers in their large jaws. They are not poisonous, although they can bite severely. A dozen or more kinds of these spiders occur in the western part of the United States, and there is also one species found in Florida.—NATHAN BANKS.

IS THERE A SEA-SERPENT?

CENTERVILLE, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A member of our physical geography class recently brought an old magazine ("The Wide Awake," for August, 1892) containing an article discussing the probability of the actual existence of sea-monsters or serpents resembling, from all accounts, the ancient plesiosaurus and ichthyosaurus. Being out of reach of all libraries where we might gain any information, we would like to ask you if any new facts on the subject have been discovered, and if such animals are still believed to exist, or whether all of the tales about them are now regarded as "sailors' yarns."

Yours sincerely,

MARGARET E. CUMMINGS.

There are marine snakes that actually occur in the Indian and Pacific oceans. They belong to the subfamily *Hydrophidæ*, which is made up of a great number of species, all of them very poisonous. These snakes have a compressed body and a flat paddle-like tail to assist them in swimming. Some are brightly colored, and a few attain a length of seven feet, although the greater number of them are about half this size. These are actual sea-serpents, although they hardly relate to "the sea-serpent" that we hear so much about.

When I was in Europe, two years ago, I was talking with Carl Hagenbeck about the possibility of the existence of a marine monster. We discussed the chance of a whale or a great mass of seaweed or various other marine phenomenon being mistaken for a great sea-reptile, when finally Mr. Hagenbeck said that it was possible that there still existed in portions of the ocean, where the water is of great depth, some of the prehistoric creatures that we see so generally represented in the museums by massive fossil remains. He said that if there might be some of these big creatures yet alive, they naturally preferred water where the pressure was very high, and only came to the surface on an occasional dash for air. This appears to be the only probability, if any marine monsters exist.

The world has been so scoured for new species, and we are so familiar with the general requirements of mammals and reptiles, that there seems to be little possibility of any animal so large as we see described in romantic assertions, to really exist.—RAYMOND L. DITMARS, New York.

There is at the present time among zoölogists generally, no belief that a sea-serpent or similar monster of the deep occurs. Most of the appearances recorded have been identified as certain large and well-known fishes (like the oar-fish, *Regalecus*), lines of floating seaweed, whales, and the like.—BASHFORD DEAN, New York City.

THE SPEED AND REASONS FOR A SNAIL'S
"CRAWLING"

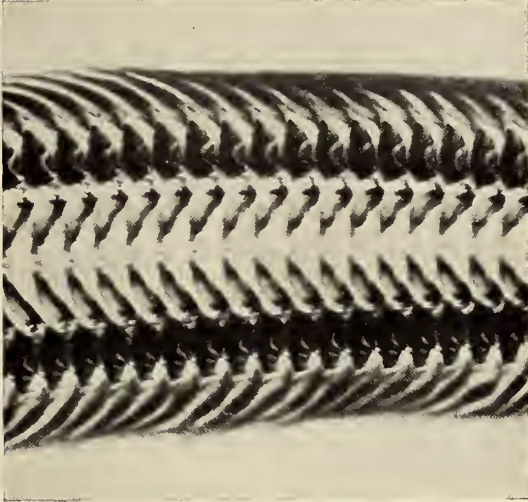
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please answer this question for me. Do snails eat as slowly as they crawl?

Yours truly,

MARGARET C. BLAND.

A snail eats by rasping off small particles with the tongue. This tongue is a narrow band, or



A SECTION OF A SNAIL'S TONGUE.
Greatly magnified to show the rasping teeth.

ribbon, with pointed teeth set in rows across it. The common slug, often found in damp places, has more than twenty-five thousand teeth on the tongue, which act like the ridges on a file, and scrape the food into the mouth. I once watched, with a magnifying lens, a small water-snail feeding as it slowly crawled up the side of an aquarium, and although I made no very accurate count, the tongue seemed to be pressed against the glass about forty times a minute.

PRAIRIE-DOGS AND MOST OTHER RODENTS DO
NOT DRINK

FRANKLIN, NEB.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me where prairie-dogs get water to drink? There is no water near a town here that is about one fourth mile long and half as wide. I have often wondered how they could live this way.

Your friend,

CHARLES F. CYR.

Prairie-dogs in captivity here never drink water. In the ten years or more that the park has been in existence, there has never been a drinking-dish in their inclosure. Prairie-dogs, and in fact most of the rodents, feed on vegetables, lettuce, grass, etc., containing sufficient water for their needs. Possibly they do drink some water in their native state.

We have a cage in the Reptile House containing rats, some of which have been in captivity for seven years, and there has never been a drinking-dish in this cage. Generally speaking, rodents of all kinds do not require water.—H. R. MITCHELL, Acting Director New York Zoölogical Park.

AN ENORMOUS MASS OF FOAM

MORRISON, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw a picture of a mass of foam on a creek, in the July ST. NICHOLAS. As the contributor seemed to think the one he described was large, I would like to have him see this one, photograph of which I am sending herewith. The picture was taken by Mr. Joseph Delph, on Rock Creek, which runs through Morrison. The old mill in the background is called the Old Unionville Mill. The foam was about eighty-five feet wide, forty feet deep, and four hundred and fifty feet long. The ground was covered with snow and there was a heavy rain, and the water was greatly disturbed the day before the mass of foam began to collect below the dam. It lasted about three days, and then gradually broke up and drifted away. It stayed at its greatest dimensions for about two days. It was visited by hundreds of people from Morrison and the surrounding country. Hoping that this will interest you, I remain

Your interested and delighted reader,

JULIAN SEYMOUR GALLETINE.



THE HUGE MASS OF FOAM.

Four hundred and fifty feet long, eighty-five feet wide, and forty feet deep.



MAGGIE'S VERY OWN SECRET

By

SARA JOSEPHINE ALBRIGHT

(For Very Little Folk)



Mr. and Mrs. Squeaky were two little, gray mice. They lived away back in the corner of a great, big, empty box in the cellar.

One morning Mr. Squeaky went up the cellar stairs on tiptoes, to hunt for some bread and cheese in the kitchen.

All at once he heard some one talking, and he hid behind the broom and was as still as he could be.

It was the little boy Johnnie, who lived up-stairs. He had a big hammer and a saw in his hand, and he was talking to his little sister.

"I think that big, empty box down cellar would make a fine dolls' house, Maggie. I can fix a little porch on it, and make an up-stairs and a down-stairs," the little boy said.

"Oh, Johnnie, that will be lovely," his little sister said. "I'll do something for you sometime. Maybe—maybe—I'll draw a whole slate full of el'phants, for you to look at!"

Then they started down the cellar steps.

Mr. Squeaky was so frightened that he almost tumbled down the stairs.

"Oh, my dear," he whispered, "they are going to break up our house with a big hammer and a saw, and make a dolls' house out of it! Let's run as fast as we can!"

Poor little Mrs. Squeaky began to cry.

"Where shall we go?" she whispered. "Oh, I am so afraid, and there are always those dreadful traps around to catch us!"



But they ran as fast as they could to the darkest corner. Mrs. Squeaky's sharp little eyes saw a hole, and she ran into it, and Mr. Squeaky squeezed in after her.

Now where do you think they found themselves? Right inside of an old shoe! The hole that they came through was just a hole in the shoe and made a nice little door. And there was another hole a little higher up that made a nice little window to peep out of.

"Why, this is the dearest little house, so cozy and warm," Mrs. Squeaky said. "Nobody will ever find us in here, I know."

After they lived there a while, a whole family of little pink baby mice came to live with them. The papa mouse and the mama mouse were so proud and so glad, they got little bits of cotton and soft paper and rags, and made the nicest little beds you ever saw.

The little pink baby mice could only say, "Squeak! Squeak!" and cuddle up under the warm covers, but Mr. and Mrs. Squeaky laughed, and thought they were the smartest babies in the whole world.

"Why, I feel like 'The Old Woman Who Lived in the Shoe and had so many children she did n't know what to do,'" Mrs. Squeaky said one day. She was sitting by the little window rocking the baby mouse and taking a little rest.

Mr. Squeaky had gone out to hunt for some supper, and the four other little mice were peeping out of the little hole in the toe of their shoe house, for Papa to come home.

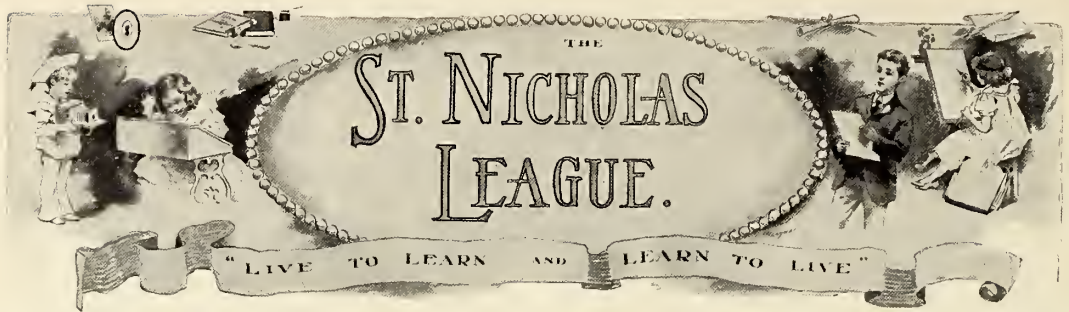
All at once, Maggie, the little girl who lived up-stairs, ran into the dark corner to hide from Johnnie, just for fun. And what do you think she saw?

The four little mice peeping out of the door, and the poor, frightened mama mouse and the little baby at the window.

Maggie stopped just a minute to whisper gently to little, gray Mrs. Squeaky, "Don't be frightened, 'Little Old Woman Who Lives in the Shoe.' I'll never, never tell anybody where you live. No, I won't even tell Johnnie or my kitty. They might try to catch you. It shall be my VERY OWN SECRET — and yours!"

So nobody but little Maggie ever knew about Mr. and Mrs. Squeaky, and their little pink babies in the old shoe — until long afterward, when she told me the story, as I have told it to you.





HATS off, this month, to our young poets! For they have sent us a sheaf of verses that are a most creditable tribute to "Autumn" and the glories of the harvest season,—a series of little poems, richly varied in form and meter, and all deserving of high praise. Several of these contributions, indeed, are really notable, and may justly challenge comparison with the work of grown-up and experienced

writers, for skill in the handling of rhyme and measure. Gold badges would have been awarded to two or three of these young poets if they had previously won the silver badge. But having now amply earned that decoration, they are ready for the gold badge "next time."

The young photographers again distinguished themselves; and many admirable drawings were received.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 141

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Helen D. Baker** (age 14), Nordhoff, Cal.
Silver badges, **Claire H. Roesch** (age 14), Philadelphia, Pa.; **Jane Perry Clark** (age 12), New York City; **Elizabeth Eliot** (age 13), Cambridge, Mass.

VERSE. Silver badges, **Hattie Anundsen** (age 17), Detroit, Minn.; **Marion E. Stark** (age 16), Norwich, Conn.; **Ben Sleeper** (age 16), Waco, Tex.; **Grace Noerr Sherburne** (age 15), Melrose, Mass.; **Marjorie Skiff** (age 13), Boulder, Col.

DRAWINGS. Silver badges, **Gladys C. Mead** (age 16), Montclair, Col.; **Casper van Breugel-Douglas** (age 15), The Hague, Holland; **Rosella M. Hartmann** (age 17), Junction City, Kans.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold badge, **Ann Corlett** (age 13), Cleveland, Ohio.
Silver badges, **Betty Humphreys** (age 10), New Rochelle, N. Y.; **Mary Roxana Stark** (age 12), Louisiana, Mo.; **Blanche Dudley** (age 13), Louisiana, Mo.; **Marguerite A. Steber** (age 14), Utica, N. Y.; **Sylvia Warren** (age 15), Boston, Mass.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badge, **Ruth Kathryn Gaylord** (age 12), Terryville, Conn.
Silver badges, **Charles A. Stickney, Jr.** (age 9), St. Paul, Minn.; **Margaret P. Spaulding** (age 10), East Gloucester, Mass.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badge, **Carl Giese** (age 17), Newark, N. J.
Silver badges, **Constance Guyot Cameron** (age 10), Princeton, N. J.; **Eleanor M. Kellogg** (age 15), Ridley Park, Pa.; **Edith Sprague** (age 17), Palmyra, Mich.



"ON PLEASURE BENT." BY BETTY HUMPHREYS, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)



"ON PLEASURE BENT." BY MARGUERITE A. STEBER, AGE 14 (SILVER BADGE.)



"ON PLEASURE BENT." BY SYLVIA WARREN, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

AUTUMN

BY DORIS F. HALMAN (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

Is that you, old Mother Winter, knocking, calling, at my door?
 But my house is not yet ready; wait a few short moments more.
 I have yet to fix things for you, clean, and brush, and dust, and sweep,
 Dress my children for cold weather, send the little ones to sleep.
 Cease your knocking, now, I pray you; I will haste to set things straight.
 Now I go to see my flowers and my— Mother Winter, wait!

TO THE FLOWERS

Your long summer day is over; low droops every weary head;
 Little ones from field and forest, it is time you were in bed.
 See! beneath the earth I tuck you; warm and cozy, there you lie;
 I will set the north wind crooning, crooning you a lullaby.

TO THE BIRDS

Come to me, my older children, you of graceful, fleet-ing wing;
 How I love to mark your soaring! how I love to hear you sing!
 Fly—about me now, caress me, brush my face with soft, bright wings;
 You must be off to the southland, learning, seeing other things,
 Other places, other people, other thoughts and ways of men.
 Go! but in a year, my children, I will see you all again.

TO THE LEAVES

How fare you, up in your tree-homes, little, tumbling, merry things?
 Do you fear the north wind blowing, feel the cruel cold he brings?
 See the warm coats I have made you, red and yellow, brown and gray!
 Put them on and leave your branches; kiss me; now go forth and play!

TO THE VISITOR

Now I think that all is ready: I have veiled the sky with gray;
 And the harvests have been gathered, fruits and grain, and stored away;
 I have cleared the air with frost-chill; plants and leaves are brown and dried;—
 Wait a moment, Mother Winter!—now I come to open wide!



AN AUTUMN ADVENTURE

BY HELEN D. BAKER (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge)

I WAS only seven years old, and consequently neither very large nor very experienced, but Daisy was the fattest, laziest old horse imaginable, and I was wild to ride. So I started off one afternoon, feeling very big,



"ON PLEASURE BENT." BY ANN CORLETT, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

but looking, no doubt, very small, perched, as I was, on top of the big, fat horse.

But even yet there was one indignity which I must undergo. Until I should become a more expert rider, I must always be accompanied by my brother. He probably found this harder to put up with than I did.

This cool October afternoon, his horse, Topsy, was feeling especially frisky, and would *not* keep back with Daisy. Thus it happened that when we decided to turn homeward, I had fallen behind.

Daisy, in her youthful days, had been a race-horse, though, at her present age, she had never shown any inclination to go faster than necessary. But this afternoon, as we turned around, Topsy broke into a gallop, and dashed up behind her.

The next thing I knew, Daisy was tearing down the road, and I was hanging on to the saddle, nearly going off at every step. As we flew along, I was conscious of being whisked past vehicles whose inmates stared



"ON PLEASURE BENT." BY FANNY JUDA, AGE 15.

in amazement. I wondered what my brother was doing, and how it would feel when I fell off. And all this time I was trying my best to keep my seat. I had lost my stirrups at the very first, so, as my legs were short, and Daisy's back broad, my only way of staying on was



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY HARRY R. TILL, AGE 15.

by holding to the pommel,—and hold to the pommel I did, with all my might.

Fortunately Daisy was heading for home, and at last we arrived there—though how we got safely around the corners is a mystery, for not once did she slacken her furious pace until she reached the barn.

And thus ended my first horseback ride, which, for one of my age, had been quite an adventure!



"VISITING." BY BERYL MORSE, AGE 15.

IN THE ORCHARD

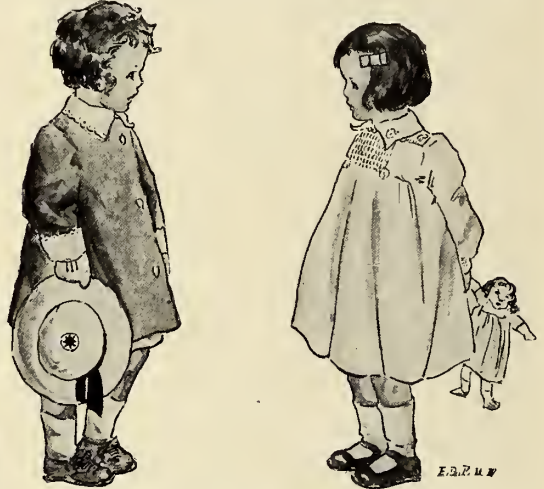
BY CLAIRE H. ROESCH (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

ONE day of the first autumn in our country home, I was just finishing my breakfast, when I heard the gardener say to Mother, "There 's lots of apples in the orchard, ma'am; shall I bring them in for the winter?"

I heard my mother answer, "Yes," and then I darted off, for I wanted to see the field in all its beauty.

It happened to be a glorious day. The sky was a clear, deep blue, the grass was just turning brown, and in some places showed a streak of red. As soon as I had climbed the wooden fence that separates the orchard from the garden, I stopped with amazement. I had expected to see a beautiful picture, but nothing like this had ever occurred to me. The leaves of the trees were gently rustling in the breeze, making dark-green spots in the picture. The grass was, as I have said before, brown, tinged with red. About the foot of



"VISITING." BY EDITH BALLINGER PRICE, AGE 14.

each tree lay a pile of apples, some waxen pink, some scarlet. A cloud had just gathered in the sky, small enough to show plenty of blue above it, and setting off the dark green of the trees to more advantage, and, in the distance rose the hills, showing a cloudy blue. No one can rightly describe such a scene. I longed to paint it, to describe it, to do anything to keep that beautiful scene in my mind, and I think my unspoken prayer was answered that day as I stood with bared head in the sun, for I have never forgotten it—that beautiful day in the orchard, and never shall.



"ON PLEASURE BENT." BY ELLEN K. HONE, AGE 16.
(HONOR MEMBER.)



BY MARY ROXANA STARK, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY BLANCHE DUDLEY, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY HATTIE A. TUCKERMAN, AGE 14



BY EUGENIA K. CASSATT, AGE 13.



BY ANNIE S. REID, AGE 17.



BY LOUISE A. WIGGENHORN, AGE 14.



BY KATHRYN ALLING, AGE 12.



BY NELLIE MELROSE, AGE 13.

"ON PLEASURE BENT."



BY CAROLYN D. ARCHBOLD, AGE 15.



BY EUGENE SCRIVER, AGE 14.



BY LAWRENCE QUANTE, AGE 10.

“ON PLEASURE BENT.”

IN THE ORCHARD

BY EDITH R. ARCHER (AGE 16)

It is a hilly old orchard, and rises steeply from the back of a rambling white farm-house that nestles secure among its guardian pines and hemlocks. But, to me, it is a land all my own, where only friends I dearly love may enter.

On a morning in spring, my orchard is the pleasantest place in all the world to lie and day-dream; and here, on the hilltop among the long green grass softly rustling in every passing breeze, I nestle, and gaze deep, deep into the wonderful blue sky above, that is

almost hidden by clouds of fluffy white apple-blossoms. One might well imagine one's self on the top of the world here, for the house is hidden from view, and all around the sky gently reaches down as if striving to take the earth in its beneficent embrace. But gazing, one grows drowsy, and then it is that my friends, friends who never misunderstand, appear.

Look! don't you see bold Robin Hood, in his suit of Lincoln green, behind that gnarled old apple-tree? He promised to come to-day, and he never breaks his word. And surely, surely it is Lorna Doone's own sweet face, with her sympathetic brown eyes.



“ON PLEASURE BENT.” BY A. G. WEBSTER, JR., AGE 16.

AUTUMN

BY MARION E. STARK (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

SEE, the leaves are coming down,
Yellow leaves, and red, and brown;
Gold the forest monarch's crown;
Golden gay September's gown.

Autumn 's here!

Yellow goldenrod; and blue
Gentians; “black-eyed Susans,” too;
Asters that in garden grew;
Summer birds that southward flew:

Winter 's near!

Silver hair and brow serene;
Blue eyes mild that once were keen;
From low-stooping, humble mien,
Steps that totter oft unseen—

Autumn 's here!



“A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER.” BY GLADYS C. MEAD, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

'T is the autumn of his age;
He the strife no more can wage,
No more lift the battle's gage;
Almost written his life's page,—
Winter 's near!

I see smiling out at me from among the blossoms of yonder old pear-tree.

Hark! what is that? Afar off I hear the sound of horns and soon King Arthur and his court, gaily dressed in holiday attire, sweep past, intent on the hunt. A forester has brought word that a milk-white hart has been seen in the forest, and fair lady and gallant knight are alike eager for the first glimpse of it.

But was that the blast of a horn, or is it—? It is Aunt Doris's dinner-bell, which calls me back to the land of to-day, and an appetizing country dinner.

IN THE ORCHARD

BY JANE PERRY CLARK (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

SILENCE hung over the orchard as it lay bathed in the mellow, fading sunlight of a late autumn afternoon. It was Indian summer, and the breeze that gently whispered through the trees was a warm one. The waning sunlight peeked through the luxuriant foliage of the apple-trees and lit here and there in bright patches on the grass. A few red-cheeked apples hung on the trees or lay on the green carpet of the grass. The trees were young, but their foliage was abundant and beautiful.

In a far corner of the orchard, a graceful young tree spread its branches upward. On this glorious afternoon, children in large skirts and pantalets came to frisk under this tree. Their laughing voices floated back to the little mother in the large, white porticoed house. Soon the sun sank like a great ball of flame beyond the western horizon, and the page of that day and generation had been turned and in its place is another.

The twittering of birds heralds the coming of spring. The trees are old, but covered with apple-blossoms that shed their fragrance over all. The sun shines brightly and casts a radiance around it.

A tree, gnarled and old, rears its giant branches to the blue sky, where fleecy clouds sail on. Soon some snatches of song are heard, and laughing, white-clad children come from the old mansion to make merry under this tree. A little, snowy-haired lady comes with them, and they gather around her to hear of the days when she romped under that same old tree, when it, like she, was young.

So children of the present and past have played in this orchard, and still its aged trees stand waiting for future generations.

AN AUTUMN ADVENTURE

(As told by Mr. Porcupine)

BY ELIZABETH ELIOT (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

It was a warm September afternoon. I had just eaten a huge dinner and had rolled myself up under a flaming sumac bush by the side of a logger's road for my afternoon nap. I had slept for, perhaps, an hour, when I was awakened by footsteps and voices coming along the road.

Then I unrolled myself a tiny bit and peeked out of the corner of my eye, to see who was coming. It was a boy and a girl.

Now, though I am exceedingly distrustful and rather afraid of boys, I was too sleepy to pay any attention to this one. So I rolled myself up into a tighter ball than ever, and was soon dreaming peacefully of tender maple buds and sweet-tasting blossoms. Suddenly I was awakened by the sharp prodding of a stick under my ribs.

I quickly jumped up—I bristled—I slashed ferociously with my stubby tail, but could not succeed in driving off my attacker. Finally, I took to my heels toward the thicker woods, and as I ran I stole a glance backward to see who my wicked pursuer was. It was that horrid thing,—my enemy, the boy! I reached the safe haven of the woods at last, and having curled myself up to resume my afternoon nap, I was soon drifting once again in the pleasant land of dreams.

AUTUMN

BY HATTIE ANUNDSEN (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

THE autumn is a gipsy, when the frost is in the air;
A joyous, tattered wanderer, with sumac in her hair.
She passes field and meadowland, and hangs her banners
there;

At night her crimson camp-fire wafts its perfume
everywhere.

The autumn is a priestess, when the leaves are brown
and sere;

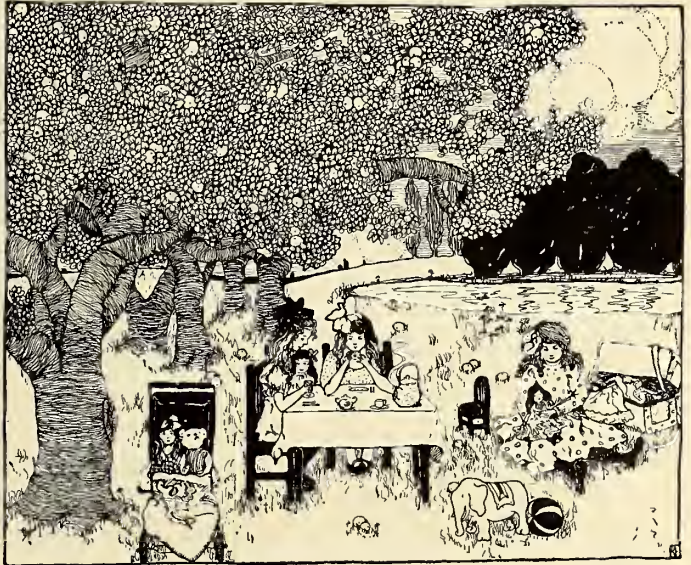
She takes her forms of worship from a faded yester-
year.

Her robes of mist float round her as she burns an
incense sweet,

And bows before her woodland gods who do not know
defeat.

She plucks the flaunting banners down that once she
hung so high,

And sets their blazing colors on her altar in the sky.



"VISITING." BY ROSELLA M. HARTMANN, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

AUTUMN

BY GRACE NOERR SHERBURNE (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

THE autumn leaves glow crimson, bronze, and gold,

Gay summer's last farewell doth seem to come
In the belated insects' drowsy hum

From meadows where the faded flowers grow old.

The bluff east wind doth blow full brave and bold,

Forever cold doth shine the lovely moon,

For summer gone, gold autumn passing, soon

Will come the winter, ah! so icy cold!

But now the air is sweet with melody

Of feathered songsters southward flying far,

Across the fields, beyond the harbor bar,

Through autumn woods, and o'er the sunny lea.

Oh, Autumn, thou art dearer far to me

Than summer, glorious time of all the year;

As thou doth die I fain would drop a tear,

That all thy golden glory for so long I shall not see.

IN THE ORCHARD

BY MARGUERITE SISSON (AGE 11)

ONE glorious day in autumn, "Mr. Bachelor" (my dog) and I went to the orchard.

I got into an apple-tree, by the means of a ladder. I told Mr. Bachelor to get out of the way, but, nevertheless, he stayed under the tree. But I did not know it.

I got on a limb and shook it with all my might. The apples fell on poor Mr. Bachelor's head, and, to add to the calamity, the limb I was on broke, and I fell on Mr. Bachelor. Then I ran to the house.

The limb had knocked over some beehives; they stung poor Mr. Bachelor dreadfully,—so now Mr. Bachelor always minds what he is told.

AUTUMN

BY BEN SLEEPER (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

VOLUPTUOUS summer's reign is o'er,
And autumn, clad in crimson state,
Ascends the throne of time once more,
With royal mien and step elate.

The boundless wealth at her command,
Lavish, she scatters far and free,
And practises on every hand
Her magic art of alchemy.

The purpling grape beneath her smiles
Fast ripens into juicy prime,
While she contrives, with countless wiles,
The joyous scenes of harvest time.

IN THE ORCHARD

BY MARY SWIFT RUPERT (AGE 14)

Being Extracts from the (Imaginary) Diaries of my Mother, Grandmother, and Great-grandmother

May, 1800.

THE orchard, *our* orchard is planted! Father at last found a man willing to sell us some young apple-trees, and they came this morning, packed in a great box, and almost dead for want of water, as they had been a long time on the road. All the neighbors came and helped us plant, and we made quite a festival of it. There are many kinds of trees: King, Pippin, May Blush, Golden-glow, and divers others, but the trees are just now so small and so forlorn out in the great field behind the house, that it is hard to believe they can ever hold apples as big as some of the names indicate.

September, 1840.

I AM eating apples as I write; we all eat apples these lovely September days—apples, and apples, and apples! Mother can remember when the orchard was planted, and how slowly the trees grew, and how long it was to wait for the first apple. The first apple! There are great red-and-golden heaps of them around me now, and in the house are jars upon jars of apple-butter and apple-jelly, and Dinah says she is "worn to a thread" making apple-pies; but apples are things you don't get tired of!

May, 1880.

I AM sitting in the biggest apple-tree, and above and below me is a beautiful pink sea of apple-blossoms. Every one of the gnarled, knotted old trees has put on a lovely, frilly gown of bloom, and no dress could be so becoming. Of course, despite this, we will probably

have almost no real apples; we never have had harvests such as Mother remembers, perhaps because there have always been seven or eight children to play here, and there is only one of me, but I love the orchard—apples or no apples!

THE FOREST GLOW

BY HOWARD BENNETT (AGE 16)

THE sun had well nigh run his course,
His beams were growing dark;
Quoth he, "Before my time is up,
I 'll have a little lark.

"These little leaves, so young and green,
Who think I 'm old and quaint,
Who say I only scorch and burn—
I 'll show them I can paint."

His golden rays were still quite bright—
From out his bounteous mint
He sent them down—some leaves became
A brilliant yellow tint.

The night was closing o'er the earth,
O'er hill, and field, and glade;
He quickly stained some other leaves
A somber brownish shade.

The reddish haze was gathering fast,
The night was almost due;
He dyed the last remaining leaves
A glorious crimson hue.

"Aha!" said he, in bed at last,
"My trick 's well done, I trow,
And many hearts will now be glad,
To see the forest glow."

AUTUMN

BY BRUCE T. SIMONDS (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

A SOUND of swiftly galloping feet;
The mellow note of a hunting-horn;
Then nearer and nearer, through dewy dales,
Through forests and meadows and verdant vales,
In the first faint flush of the rosy morn,
Comes Autumn upon his horse so fleet.

He is clad in russet from top to toe;
His fair, frank face wears a friendly smile;
On his silver horn he winds a blast,
The dogs follow after him, close and fast,
Through many a country, for many a mile,
Though they chase no game as onward they go.

And as through kingdoms they take their way,
Behind them, the trees turn to scarlet and gold;
The purple grapes hang low on the vines;
Nuts fall from trees, apples redden,—signs
Of a bounteous harvest; the mountains are rolled
In a cloud of haze like a blanket gray.

They pass, they vanish, the curious train,
And e'er they go, Autumn winds his horn;
The breeze blows the echo o'er dell and dale,
But the sound grows dim, as stars grow pale
At the first faint flush of the rosy morn,—
One long, dying call—and 't is still again.

AUTUMN

BY MARJORIE SKIFF (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

A BLUE haze o'er the mountains hangs;
Bright colors deck each bush and tree;
The yellow grain waves in the wind;
Oh, autumn is the time for me!

Along the wayside, tall and fair,
The goldenrod and aster grow;
And in the field, 'mid shocks of corn,
The mammoth, golden pumpkins glow.

The autumn sun, high in the blue,
Smiles down upon each bush and tree;
The sunflower, by the fence, smiles back;
Oh, autumn is the time for me!



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER" BY CASPER VAN BREUGEL-DOUGLAS, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

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

Elizabeth Elliot
Margaret E. Beakes
Clement H. Watson
Marian Snyder
Hedwig A. Koenig
Frances Dohoney
Fredrika W. Hertel
Nora Bell
Selma Brenner
Elizabeth Stockbridge
Mary Eager Lloyd
Frances Fender
Dorothy Buell
Dorothy H. Edgerly
Eleanor T. Middleditch
Arthur Nethercot
Caroline F. Ware
Alice Heyl
Dorothy M. Rogers
Charlotte Chichester
J. Kennedy Moorhead
Hilda F. Gaunt
Margaret Beattie
Eleanore C. Sullivan
Louise Guernsey
Edith Scott
Ruth Z. S. Mann
Beatrice B. Smith
Katherine E. Albert
Vi Nelson
Margaret Kent Beard

Dorothy Sachs
Catherine W. Henderson
Ruth Rogers
Gladys K. Williams
Nina Hansell
Leroy Salzenstein
Adela M. Pond
Helen Sachs
Frederyck Lowell
Charlotte L. Bixby
Anna Laura Porter
Merle C. Johnson
Isabel Worthington
Martha H. Cutter
Helen Ludlow
Bingham
Mary Franklin
Constance Arbaugh
Edith Valpey Manwell
Dora Hohnyard
Louis I. Knight
Katherine Kitabjian
Louis J. Auerbacher
Anna De Witt
Adeline C. Moore

PROSE, 2

Geraldine Goodman
Frances Woodworth
Wright

Marguerite Bernard
Dorothy Dickinson
Foote
Helen Younker
Ruth Merrill
Archihald Oboler
Eleanor Graham Millar
Albert Reynolds Eckel
Alice Trimble
Helen G. Rankin
Charlotte Bartlett
Eliza MacLean Piggott
Ruth Rachel Cook
Constance De Beust
Watkin
Marjorie Moses
Emily Lormore Knight
Harriet Henry
Dorothy Deming
Charles H. Smith
Ruth Saxine
Laura Mildred Martin
Katherine Herreshoff
De Wolf
Mary Gregory
Dorothy Tovey
Ruth Wineland
Alma Rosenzi
Frances N. Tucker
Guy Ballard
Helen McNary
Elizabeth Tally
Katherine Levy

Edith M. Levy
Rosalind Wadley
Jennie E. Perkins
Naomi Lauchleimer
Selden Falvey
Sydney R. McLean
Louise S. May
Joseph Kaufman
Martha Coleman
Eldora Ellsworth
Jennie E. Everden
Mildred Longstreth
Katherine Braman
Lois W. Kellogg
Alice B. Young
Henry Young
Grace Hanks
William Berger
Rebecca Johnson
Anna Payne
Helen Hoffman
Eleanore Maule
Mary W. Rustin
Margaret Hoffman
Elizabeth S. Tomlin
Hazel K. Sheridan
Ethel C. Litchfield
Clara L. Hunter
Anna Goddard
Julie M. Emery
William J. Cordick
Janet L. McQueen
Helen Rees
Millient Carey
Clarice Lewis
George M. Enos
Mary Daboll
Hazel B. Conors
Margaret Olds
Ethel W. Kidder
Mary E. Van Fossen
Agnes H. Smith
Margaret Burkett
Elizabeth Finley
Dorothy C. Mason
Agnes Nolan
Ethel E. Blythe
Helen Brown
A. W. Young

Elizabeth C. Kriffer
Doris R. Wilder
Helen Page
Loudenslager
Coradegli Antinori
Nathan Spekofsky
Julester Shardy
Agnes Gray
Lillie G. Menary
Dorothy Hebersham
Louise A. A. M. de
Bregel Douglas
Margaret P. Sutphen
Helene M. Roesch
Anna G. Eberbach
Mary Borland Thayer
Marjorie Cohn
Alba Ezdorf
Bertha Tilton
Ethel Landon
Helen Creighton
John C. Farrar
Lucy Andison Mackay
Grace Martha Linden
Eugene W. De Kalb
B. H. Cresswell
Rose Safran

VERSE, 2

Annette Eaton
Margaret Richmond
Elaine Scherer
Frederick Schmidt
Meta D. Yarnall
Gertrude Russell
Mildred G. Wheeler
W. Robert Reud
Charlotte Ullman

Nora Mohler
Venette Milne Willard
Eliza Gordon
Woodbury
Margaret Reeve
Theodora Muldaun
Lily King Westervelt
Charlotte J. Tougas
Cleo Damianakes
Jean Hopkins
Marion Robertson
Frances Vandercook
Ora E. Tyrivier
Helen Finley
Helen F. Morgan
Laura C. Sadtler
Bodie Hornemann
Margaret E. Knight
S. Dorothy Bell
Edith Howell
Margaret Brate
Lily A. Lewis
Joseph B. Kelly
Frederick Oakleigh
Repplier
Mabel L. Howell
Edward Verdier
Jeanette Reid
Elizabeth L. Wilder
Carl Edwin Ohlssam
Marion Wheelock
Genevieve Farner
Harold Schwartz
Edith M. Maurer
Geoffrey V. Azooy
Margaret A. Foster
Eleanor Morgan Neely
Agnes I. Prizer
Esther Rosenthal

VERSE, 1

Charlotte Malsbary
Rachel Lyman Field
Winifred Sackville
Stoner
Eleanor Johnson
Alice Chaffee
Vernet Lee
Rose Schwartz
Harriet Burnside
Foster
Helen Sewell Heyl
Mary Jane Dundon
Lilian M. Miller
Jane Huson
Bertha E. Walker
Justine Pritchard
Alice M. Hill
Janet Hepburn
Phoebe Schreiber
Lambe
Fred Frick
Dorothy J. Bogart
Winifred Ward
Mary Virginia Farmer
Lucie Morton
Frances Moyer Ross
Muriel E. Gammons
Olga V. S. Owens
Marion F. Hayden
Ruth Eveline Lewis
Isabel D. Weaver
Margaret Osborne
Priscilla Hovey
Louise Stockbridge
Helen J. Barker
Virginia Sledge
Irma A. Hill
Jean Healy
Andra Bickel
Hortense Lion
Elizabeth C. Walton
Marian Louise Smith
Muriel Earley



"A VISITOR OF DAYS GONE BYE." BY BERYL M. SIEGBERT, AGE 11.

Edith Silver
Hazel Sawyer
Lucy E. Fisher
Rosaie Landman
Jane Chalker
Caroline I. Lyder
Angela Magel
Ruth Kupfer
Margaret Weldon
Winifred Worcester
Ruth Hoags
Winifred Knickerbocker
Banny Stewart
McLean
Mary Ellis Stevens
Sadie Cadoo
Anita S. Dalberg

Elizabeth Haseltine
Marie F. Maurer
Genevieve K. Hamlin
Margaret Pierce
Mildred Davenport
Eleanor Powell
Katharine Conley
Smith
Walter K. Frame
Gwendolyn
Frothingham
Alice M. Crook

DRAWINGS, 2

Verna Neidig
Katharine H. Seligman
Flora Nelson
Elizabeth C. Sypher
William Falkner
Theodore Haupt
Dorothy Belda
Delphine Turner Heyl
Philip Williams
Isabel Ardrey

DRAWINGS, 1

Florence Billstein
Agnes Abbott
L. C. Drummond Wolf
James Sinclair

Dorothy Cole
Bess Winston
Virginia Nirdlinger
Dorothy L. Todd
Hope Gravely
Elizabeth Baker
Minnie Grimshaws
William Girmshaw
David Fell
Secile Baer
Catharine Wharton
Morris
Marguerite S. Pearson
Seaber Duming
Margaret Motter
Addie R. Dorsey
Elsie Stuart
Millie W. Langley
Gladys B. Furst
Welthea B. Thoday
Dorothy L. Macready
Elizabeth La Boyteaux
James W. Frost
Hattie G. Sampson
Copeland Hovey
Mary Cushing Howard
Harry Clark Barrett
Fanny Hampton Craig
Dorothy Hughes
Julius Gottlieb
Harriet Williams
Adeline Belle Moore
Henrietta Hunt
Henning
Woodworth Wright
Margery F. Morgan
Frances Leggett
Beatrice Wineland
Margaret Miles
Beatrice Maulr
Catharine Harley
Grant
Agnes Gross
Zelina Conegys
Marie Merriman
Stephanie Damianaker
Lillian Werner
Julia L. Montgomery

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Helen M. Folwell
Ina Hancock
Mildred Sawyer
Beatrice Spencer
Mildred M. Russell
Marcia E. Edgerton
Edith Van Toor
Margaret Boyd
Arthur Blue
Francis C. Lathrop
Henry H. Blodgett
Helen Wilkinson
Margaret Dart

Jessie L. Colville
Helen M. Child
Elizabeth Adsit
Ruth Liddle
Margaret Kershaw
Eunice Stanley
Arthur Tilton
Marie Blick
Stephen Wheatland
Adele Noyes
Marguerite Ellis
Allison V. Dunn
Mary I. Lancaster
Richard Wainwright
Thornington
John Barrows
Frances Camp Duggar
Edward Millon
Harriet E. Walsh
Louise Bruchholz
June Delight Edwards
Quinta Cattell
Katherine F. Kemp
C. Lane Poor, Jr.
Deane W. Malott
Elizabeth P. Warts
Alma de Gerstorff
Herbert Traut
Margaretta Archbald
Paulina Ayers
Constance Guyot
Cameron
Mary Lawrence Post
Priscilla Densmore
William Paul Jacob
Virginia Nirdlinger
Martha Simpson
Gissiejo Eckford

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

R. Hugh Alcorn
Rebecca M. Hart
Miriam Hizar
Leigh Stoek
John A. Chapman
Albert Milton
Adelina Longaker
Ethel du Pont
Barksdale
Dorothy Peters
Dorothy Van Llyck
Rebecca McD.
Hickman
Irma Summa
Alesander Scott
Mary O. Sleeper
Louise Hammon
Margaret Lindabury
Ruth Coggins
Eleanor Jean Fleming
Anita Delafield
Sidney B. Dexter
Ralph S. Hayes

Donald Studholme
Katherine Cohen
Harry Dole
Agnes McCreery
Helen M. Turner
Florence M. Seward
William Walter Smith
John Million
Paulyne F. May
Ralph G. Brown
Mary Bancroft
W. Coburn Seward
Helen Moore
Lancaster
Laura Hamilton
Katharine Tumberman
Margaret Pratt
Margaret Kew
Andrey Thorne
Mary Shannon
Webster
Elizabeth Rust
Douglas H. Mackay
Lawrence H. Flett
Edith Hunter
Sarah E. Hodson
Rosalie Wacker
Edmond Poor
Esther Detmer

PUZZLES, 1

Helen L. Beach
Margaret M. Benney
Edith Pierpont
Stickney
Gladys Naramore
Angeline Loveland
William Rush Farr
Helen L. Bolles
Mary Flaherty
Margaret Billingham
Duncan Scarborough
Carl Giese
Mary Frain

PUZZLES, 2

Pearl Miller
Stella Johnson
Elsie G. Hun
Marion L. Hussey
Dorothy W. Abbott
Alice Moore
Dorothy Crane
Fannie Ruley
Mary Corning
Farwell G. Bennis
Wallace L. Cassell
Jessica B. Noble
Walter Boronow
Elizabeth and Austin
Gordon

INSUFFICIENT ADDRESS. Helen Ashton, Mary B. Tuttle, Marian Hunter, Mary P. Gould, Theodore L. Richmond, Jr., Dorothy Clement, Rita Fuguat, Christopher G. La Farge, Jr., Julia R. Melcher.

WRITTEN IN PENCIL. Sarah Marimon, Katherine Waddell, Sam Logan Sanderson.

LATE. Richmond Nyman, Ethel Goldstein, Marie Louise Jackson.

NOT ACCORDING TO RULES. Frances Burr, Charles Jordon Post, Carl Muckenaupt, Elizabeth Dukes.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 145

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 145 will close **November 10** (for foreign members **November 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in **ST. NICHOLAS** for **March**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Across the Snow," or "The Old Desk."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "The Goal," or "The Wishbone."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "The Best Place in Winter."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "My Idea of an Airship," or a Heading for **March**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of **ST. NICHOLAS**. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

RULES

ANY reader of **ST. NICHOLAS**, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
Union Square, New York.



"A VISITOR." BY MALCOLM C. SHERMAN, AGE 15.

ROLL OF THE CARELESS

A LIST of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be properly entered for the competition.

NOT INDORSED. Catherine A. Small, Cary Hoge, Geneva Harrison, Ruth Watrous, Daniel B. Benscoter, Alice D. Shaw, Ruth Hyde, Walter L. Chapin, Lewis W. Knowles, F. Marie Brown, Margaret Blythe, Velora B. Pilcher, Wilmina Sheppard.

NO AGE. Dorothy M. Schick, Clara Abney, Huldah Judd, Eva Carson, Wyllys P. Ames, Frances Rhoads, Margaret R. Gest, Elizabeth G. Hieb, Ruth Anna Brown, Edward Robertson, Elizabeth P. Phillips, A. D. Harvey, Alvan C. Hadley.

THE LETTER-BOX

OMAHA, NEB.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In order that you might be able to appreciate this little picture, I am going to tell you its story.

One day last summer, two mountain boys and their mother started up a steep and lonely trail in the very heart of the Rockies. They each carried a sack, for they were after wild honey. These young fellows,



although only twelve and fourteen years of age, knew as much about the mysteries of nature as we could learn in a lifetime. Soon they came to a somber and trailless forest, where they dismounted, and leaving their bronchos to wander at random, they went in search of the honey. Their three dogs pranced on ahead, but suddenly they stopped, and bristling up their hair and growling low, they slunk back to the children. The boys ran on ahead, thinking that it might be a porcupine, when, to their intense surprise, they saw two little lion cubs nestled down in the hollow of a tree, too startled to run, and blinking at them out of beautiful big violet eyes. Throwing discretion to the winds, they were about to pounce on them with great glee, when suddenly they heard the snapping of dried twigs at their side, and, looking up, they saw the ferocious mother standing on her hind legs, and, with front paws extended, mouth wide open, and tail lashing from side to side, she was about to spring upon the startled boys. The mother of the boys urged the dogs upon the infuriated animal, and they sprang at her throat. She saw that it was hopeless to try and withstand the attack of three husky dogs, and, to the utter amazement of her enemies, she turned and bounded off into the woods, followed by the persistent dogs. Meanwhile the boys had caught both of the cubs, which were quickly thrust into one of the bags, where they harmlessly snarled and growled.

The three got on their horses and rode happily home with their valuable prizes. The news spread rapidly, for even among the oldest mountaineers a lion cub is a rare sight, and for the rest of the summer the baby lions were exhibited to many interested visitors.

The poor little animals, that have to be kept chained all the time, pace up and down their quarters and snarl warningly at too inquisitive spectators.

Sometimes at night a low, peculiar sound is heard that I can only describe as being between a wail and a whistle, near the shed where the cubs are kept.

It may or may not be the lonely mother coming after her babies, for no one has seen or heard of her since.

To me it seems like a tragedy in animal life for the motherless little cubs who pace ceaselessly their tiny cell, listening longingly to their loved "call of the wild" which they are not able to answer.

I took this picture just after they were caught, and although they are still "wild" and in their "native home," you may not consider it qualified for the League. I know it is n't very clear, but I hope you can use it.

Sincerely your loyal reader,

KATHARINE DAVENPORT (age 17).

HAMPSTEAD, LONDON, ENG.

DEAR FRIEND ST. NICHOLAS: I think it was very kind of you to print my first letter; it was such a pleasant surprise for me. I think you are such a splendid magazine.

I am going to tell you something that amused me, and no doubt some of your readers would be amused too.

I have not been very well lately, and our doctor said he thought a change of air would put me right. So for a week my mother and I went to Malvern, where my eldest brother is at college. But the funny part was when I got to Paddington Station for the Great Western Railway.

I love looking at engines, and finding out what their names are; and as we were walking along the platform to our carriage, I saw a large and beautiful engine steaming slowly past one of the other platforms. Of course I looked to see what it was called. And what met my eyes was, "St. Nicholas!"

I wondered how many miles that St. Nicholas had traveled. But was n't it funny?

I thought I *must* write and tell you about that, although it is only in last February's magazine that my first letter was printed.

When we were at Malvern, we stayed at the Abbey Hotel, for it is next to a very ancient abbey. It was built about 1000, or in some time of the reigns of William I or II. I think it most wonderful to think of the many things it must have seen.

Now I must stop; and I hope this letter is not too long.

From your very affectionate reader,

LUCY A. MACKAY (age 12).

MONTEREY, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for about seven years, and I hope I may be able to take you seven more years. We all look forward to your coming, and the first thing I do when Brother comes home (after the fifteenth of each month) is to go to the wagon and look for the "mail-bag"; then I unbuckle it and get my dear ST. NICHOLAS. I don't get much time that day or that evening either, but the next day I generally have plenty of time to read.

I live on a farm—its name is "Sunset Ridge." We named it that on account of its beautiful sunsets, and we live on a ridge.

I am very much interested in "Team-Mates"; also in "The Forest Castaways," the Letter-Box, and the League.

Monterey is very beautiful. It is surrounded on three sides by wooded hills and on the other is the beautiful bay. There are many old houses there. There are also two picturesque missions: the Carmelo Mission and the San Carlos Mission.

Your loving reader,

WILMOTH S. LASHER (age 11).

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you a little about Egypt. It is very difficult though, because Egypt is one of those places you can feel but not describe.

We arrived in Cairo at night and consequently had the pleasure of opening our eyes to see a strange land into which we had been transported by a magic carpet. There, walking the streets in the company of camels,

donkeys, and electric trams, were Arabs in their queer, long robes, turbaned heads, and slippereed feet. Then we see the women riding on the queer little donkey carts with their black coverings and half-hidden faces.

In Cairo we saw the mosques and the pyramids. How wonderful are the pyramids! They are not only monuments of the kings who built them, but of a people who were able to do such things. Often we have said, "How lucky it is for us that the Egyptians were so proud and boastful," for many of the monuments have been erected by some one in praise of himself!

We went by train to Luxor, returning by boat.

Luxor! How many wonderful things does that one word recall to my memory. The stately temple of Karnak; the smaller but equally beautiful temple of Luxor,—the Ramesseum, with the huge fallen colossal figure of Rameses,—the tombs of the queens, of the nobles, and the kings, the great colossi sitting with their hands on their laps, waiting—but for what?

Many, many are the wonders which Egypt holds; wonders still hidden; wonders which we cannot understand, though we have learned to read the various writing of that wonderful people.

Your faithful reader,

MARGARET HALE.

FORT LAWTON, SEATTLE, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your delightful magazine is so very interesting, that I thought I must write and tell you how much I enjoy it. I have taken you now a little over two years, but my father took you when he was a boy, so you are like an old friend to me. Your serial "Team-Mates" is fine, and "Dorothy, the Motor-Girl," gives promise of being one of your best stories.

My father is an army officer of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, and we are now stationed at Fort Lawton, near Seattle. I ride into town every day, to the Queen Anne High School.

With best wishes from an interested reader,

MARGARET ELIZABETH RUSTIN (age 15).

SEATTLE, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just returned from Paris, where I have been attending a French boarding-school. I have lived in Paris for four years, but have only been going to boarding-school for two years. I find it very hard to write an English letter after having written French for so long. I am only stopping in Seattle for a short time and expect to go back to France soon, where I will make a study entirely of music. I enjoy your new serial, "Team-Mates," very much, but I have not been able to procure all the numbers as we were only allowed to read fifty pages of English a month when I was at school. Often I have read ST. NICHOLAS in bed, after lights were supposed to be out. They are very strict in these French schools, so you can see how much I must have appreciated you to run such a risk of discovery.

Wishing you all kinds of success, I am

Yours sincerely,

JEANNE HARRIET JOHNSTONE.

ANN ARBOR, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have only taken you since January, this year, and I like you very much. I take my ST. NICHOLAS to school, and the children like it very much. The teacher reads from it to the children. The girls take it home with them to read. I like the stories of "Dorothy, the Motor-Girl," and "Team-Mates." We live on a farm two miles out of Ann Arbor, on the

most traveled roads leading to the city. We have a fine lawn and lots of room to play.

Yours very truly,

DOROTHY DEPUE (age 12).

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As you see, I am an Australian and live in Melbourne. Some people used to think Australians talk Latin, and others that we were black, but I assure you that is not the case. The aborigines are mostly black, of course, but they do not live near the big towns, and there are not nearly so many of them as there are of whites.

Melbourne is a fairly large city and possesses Zoölogical Gardens which strangers say are very good. It is rather hot here at Christmas and New-year, so every one who can retires to the country or seaside.

My father owns a place called "Marida-Yallock" in the Western District of Victoria. By the way, there is no accent on "Marida-Yallock" at all, as it is a native name. We only go there at Christmas and for Easter, as it is too cold at other times. When we *are* there we enjoy ourselves to the full, riding all day, working, that is, driving, drafting, dipping, or trucking, or *eating*, for there is a garden full of fruit: figs, grapes, mulberries, strawberries, raspberries, and gooseberries.

At the end of the holidays we regretfully depart for town and school.

I have taken you for seven years, and wish to join the League, so if you will send me a badge and leaflet, I shall be very pleased.

Hoping that you will have perennial success, I remain,

Your ever interested reader,

HILARY KINROSS MACKINNON.

WINNSBORO, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think all of the stories in ST. NICHOLAS are fine. I can't tell which I like best, and I wish they never would end.

I live in the "sunny Southland," and it gets too "sunny" to suit me sometimes. Our home is in the country, six and one half miles from Winnsboro and two and one half miles from the village of Crowville. (We go to school at Crowville.)

I love to listen to the mocking-birds when they sing. There is one that stays in our front yard all the time, and he sings almost all night every night.

Your devoted reader,

RUTH R. COOK (age 13).

EASTON, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read you ever since I can remember, and have looked forward to your coming every month. Both Mother and Father took you when they were little, and we have from the first copy up to the last one. When Mother was very young, her mother subscribed to the magazine for her.

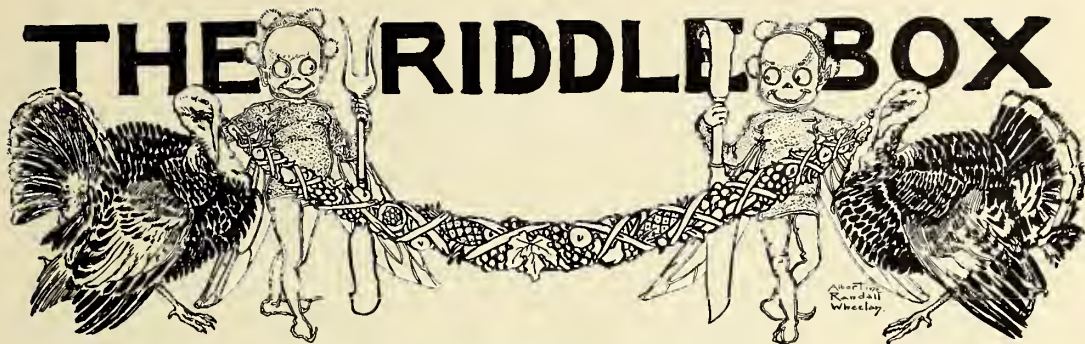
My grandfather took you for my father and his brothers until they were too old for you. When my eldest brother was only three months old, Father subscribed for you for him; and after trying very hard for several years, succeeded in getting the intervening numbers at an old book-store in Boston, and so we have all of the copies bound.

I have read the first "Betty" stories that were printed, and I thought they were fine. I have also read lots of the continued stories, such as "Lady Jane" and "Tom, Dick, and Harriet."

Your affectionate reader,

HELEN SHERRERD.

THE RIDDLE BOX



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Marathon, Syracuse. Cross-words: 1. Museum. 2. Abydos. 3. Rarefy. 4. Acacia. 5. Tocsin. 6. Haunts. 7. Ossify. 8. Needle.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Dare. 2. Area. 3. Rear. 4. Earn. II. 1. Side. 2. Idea. 3. Dear. 4. Earn. III. 1. Earn. 2. Agree. 3. Russ. 4. Nest. IV. 1. Nest. 2. Echo. 3. Shin. 4. Tone. V. 1. Nest. 2. Emir. 3. Sire. 4. Tree.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Cornell.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Cast. 2. Anna. 3. Snap. 4. Tape.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Rembrandt. Cross-words: 1. Early. 2. Queer. 3. Comma. 4. Urban. 5. Error. 6. Plain. 7. Minor. 8. Laden. 9. Bath.

ZIGZAG. Pronghorn. Cross-words: 1. Proud. 2. Irate. 3. Chore. 4. Crane. 5. Swing. 6. Right. 7. Boone. 8. Trout. 9. Niece.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-Box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received before August 10 from Cary Hoge—Carl A. Giese—Eleanor M. Kellogg—Helen Hotchkiss—Laura M. Clarke—Frank Black—Edith Sprague—Constance Guyot Cameron—Marjory Robie—Hazel Welch—"Marcapan"—Midwood.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received before August 10 from Alan D. Bush, 9—Elizabeth Burgess, 7—Judith Ames Marsland, 10—Marion L. Hussey, 10—Lois R. Fowler, 5—Theodore H. Ames, 9—Edward C. Heymann, 9—Lillian Palmer, 10—Edna Meyle, 10—Dorothy Wilcox, 9—Arthur Poulin, 7—Dorothy Talbot, 9—Frederick W. Van Horne, 8—Lucile Herkenrath, 10—Alexander C. Bartley, 9—Arnold Guyot Cameron, 5—Lucile Wolf, 2—Helen Louise Wightman, 4—Calista P. Eliot, 2—"Anglo-Indian," 9—Amy Dinkelspiel, 2—Elizabeth B. Williams, 4—Anna H. O'Reilly, 3—Harriet Allen Butler, 2d, 8—Harmon N., James O., and Glen T. Vedder, 10—Helen E. Travis, 6—William D. Woodcock, 9—Philip Franklin, 10.

ANSWERS TO ONE PUZZLE were received from T. C.—H. G. Z.—K. P.—M. R.—G. B. P.—I. C.—M. W.

DIAGONAL

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

*	.	28	3	.	.	5	30
17	*	14	.	7	.	.	8
23	31	*	.	.	.	10	22
9	1	.	*	24	19	.	4
15	.	.	13	*	.	27	11
6	18	26	21	.	*	.	25
16	.	2	20	.	.	*	.
.	.	.	12	.	29	.	*

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Uniting closely. 2. Noted in history. 3. Reproves. 4. A marsupial. 5. A place where valuables are kept. 6. A botanical term meaning the lip. 7. An institution of learning. 8. Kind.

The diagonal gives the surname of a famous author; the figures from 16 to 22 his Christian name; from 1 to 10, and 11 to 15, two of his books; from 23 to 31 he graduated with high honors.

CHARLES A. STICKNEY, JR.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a famous warrior.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Caper. 2. To purvey. 3. A rude shed. 4. A model of excellence. 5. To sink. 6. Fastened with strings. 7. To come in. 8. To wander.

KATHARINE SKINNER (League Member).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of forty-four letters and form a quotation from George MacDonald.

My 3-18-13-31-43 is to sew slightly. My 15-6-37-9-29 wrote a history of Greece. My 38-21-41-1-33-39-16 is a near relative. My 22-23-28-25-40-12-24-10-35-19 is to commend. My 44-17-5-20-8-32-4-11 is abhorred. My 42-14-26-7-34-36-27-2-30 is appraisal.

M. B.

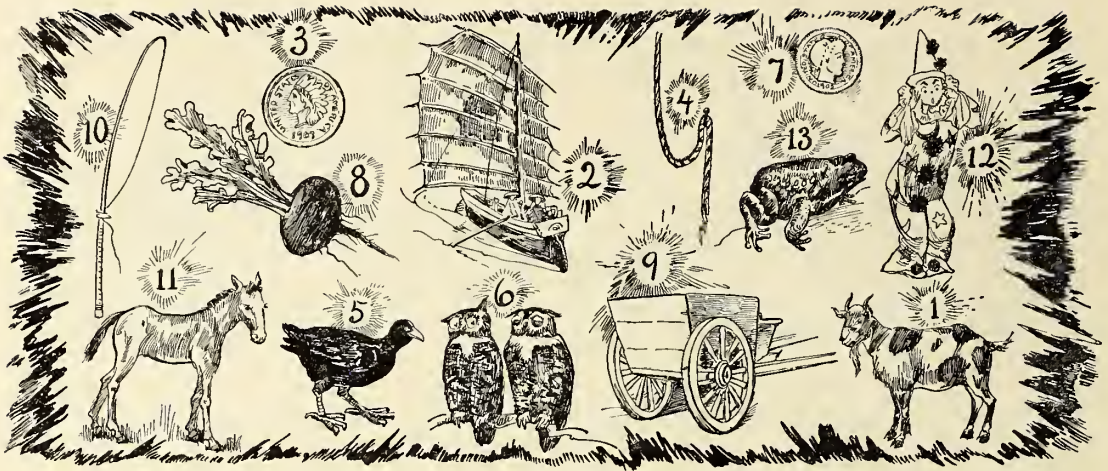
QUADRUPLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

EXAMPLE: Quadruply behead and curtail neglect to pay, and leave a word of assent. Answer, non-payment.

In the same way behead and curtail: 1. Self-acting, and leave a floor covering. 2. Pertaining to the laws of motion, and leave an article. 3. Tending toward the center, and leave a rent. 4. A noble, and leave a preposition. 5. Expelled, and leave a preposition. 6. Self-governing, and leave an adjective. 7. Inoffensiveness, and leave smaller. 8. By night, and leave a vase. 9. The office of one next below a captain, and leave a number. 10. Relating to erythema, and leave the border of a garment. 11. A whipping, and leave a girl's name. 12. Temperateness, and leave to censure violently. The initial letters of the twelve middle words spell the name of a reformer born in November.

MARGARET P. SPAULDING.



ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG

EACH of the thirteen numbered objects may be described by a word of the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name of a notable conspiracy.

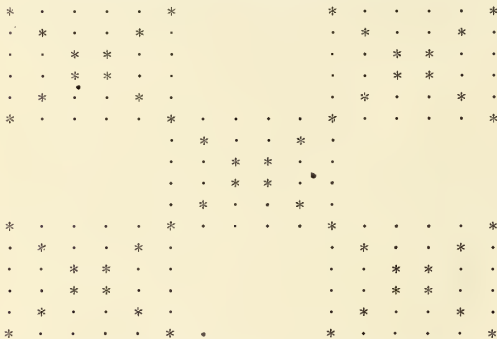
WORD-SQUARE

- I. A SPHERE. 2. A continent. 3. A savage animal. 4. A narrow road.

DOROTHY ROGERS (League Member).

CONNECTED GEOGRAPHICAL SQUARES

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)



- I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A city on Lake Superior. 2. A city of Middlesex County, Massachusetts. 3. A seaport of Peru. 4. A small island off the northeast coast of Florida. 5. A highland of South America. 6. A famous Grecian city. Diagonals: A city of northern Texas; a large city of central Montana.
- II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. An arm of the Atlantic Ocean, indenting the western coast of Europe. 2. Native of Germany. 3. A city and river of Idaho. 4. The largest lake in Europe. 5. A famous city of Germany. 6. A summer resort on Massachusetts Bay. Diagonals: A city of Wisconsin, on the Rock River; a town of South Carolina, famous in history.
- III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A kingdom of Europe. 2. An island in the Malay Archipelago. 3. A region of South America. 4. A Massachusetts town on the Connecticut River. 5. A city in Michigan called the "Maple City." 6. A city on the Hudson River, New York.

Diagonals: An arm of the Irish Sea, noted for its rapid tides; one of the Western States.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. An English possession. 2. A group of provinces in Spain. 3. One of the United States. 4. A town in Sussex, famous for its abbey. 5. The largest of the Marquesas Islands. 6. A county in Virginia. Diagonals: A large city of China; a city of central Texas.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A river of North Carolina. 2. A famous city of Scotland. 3. A town on the Ebro River. 4. An island not far from Malta. 5. A famous isthmus. 6. A city of Cuba. Diagonals: A river of Siberia; a Wisconsin city on the Fox River.

RUTH KATHRYN GAYLORD.

ZIGZAG

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning at the upper, left-hand letter) will spell the name of a character in a story by Dickens. He wanted "nothing but facts."

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Beauty of motion. 2. Eagerness. 3. To tremble. 4. Conceit. 5. To resound. 6. A silly smile. 7. String. 8. Beneath. 9. To entrap.

ELSIE CAMPBELL (League Member).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

My primals spell the name of a Scottish hero, and my finals name a battle won by him.

CROSS-WORDS (of unequal length): 1. A long bone. 2. A musical drama. 3. To start. 4. To prohibit by a judicial order. 5. Proportion. 6. Increasing the strength. 7. To obstruct. 8. A geometrical figure. 9. The black vulture. 10. To applaud. 11. A famous English school.

EMMA K. ANDERSON (League Member).

CHARADE

My *first* surrounds America;
 In books you 'll find it, too;
 And when you look upon this page
 It will gaze back at you.
 My *second* fathers always are,
 And brothers are the same;
 I won't say any more, or by
 Mistake I 'll tell its name.
 My *whole* upon my *first*, you know,
 Doth ever venture, ever go.

ELEANOR BALDWIN (League Member).



BEFORE THE GAME

Whenever you are hungry eat PETER'S.

No matter whether you are indoors or out, it is the most convenient, reliable, and satisfying food there is.

If you can't get lunches, you can always get Peter's.

Owing to the purity of its ingredients and the Peter Process of combining them, it is an ideal food for every one.

Peter's Milk Chocolate
Peter's Milk Chocolate Croquettes
Peter's Milk Chocolate with Roasted Hazelnuts

Peter's Almond Milk Chocolate
Peter's Bon-Bons

BEFORE you start to make the ice cream, look on the pantry shelf to see if your corn starch is the reliable Kingsford's package and not an inferior substitute for which you have paid the same price. It will make a great difference.

The value of Kingsford's is due to its fineness, its delicacy and purity. Even if you have plenty of cream use some Kingsford's to give a firm, smooth-grained ice cream that will mold well and dish well.

KINGSFORD'S CORN STARCH

Kingsford's Ice Cream—Sift together one-half cup sugar, one-half teaspoon salt, one level tablespoon Kingsford's Corn Starch. Add one pint milk and stir over hot water till it thickens. Cover and cook *twelve minutes*, stirring occasionally. Into one-half cup sugar, gradually beat the yolks of three eggs already beaten. Stir into the hot mixture and keep on stirring till it thickens. Pour into freezer when cold, flavor to taste and add one pint cream, and freeze as usual.

Send for Cook Book D—168 of the best recipes you ever tried *It's free*—just send your name on a post card.

T. KINGSFORD & SON
National Starch Co., Suc'rs
OSWEGO, N. Y.





Something Good in the Pantry!

Always ready to serve instantly from the package without cooking.

Delicious, appetizing

Post Toasties

Thin bits of corn toasted to a delicate light brown.

To be eaten with cream and a sprinkle of sugar — sometimes crushed fruit — either way

“The Memory Lingers”

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.





Boone Moon is November

According to my Buckskin Calendar this is the Deer Moon of the Indians, the Boone Moon of the Pioneers and Scouts, and November of the tenderfeet. It is also the opening of the Leaf Falling Season of the Redmen and backwoodsmen.

This is the Moon when the wanderlust most afflicted the old buckskin men, when they lifted their long, straight-stocked rifles tenderly from the forked sticks over the fireplace; carefully cleaned and oiled the barrel and flint-lock with rattlesnake oil or the much-treasured goose grease from the fat of the wild goose; carefully picked the flints for the lock, molded a new supply of bullets, melting the lead over the open fire, cut up old bits of cotton cloth for bullet patches and strung them all over the broad strap by which the bullet pouch was suspended from the stalwart shoulders.

Then the old cow-horn powder-flask, quaintly engraved with figures of "Injuns," "painters," and other "Varmints," was examined and filled with black gunpowder. And when the heroic, patient mother and all the swarm of tow-headed children were duly kissed, "Dad" was ready to start on his autumn hunt, to supply "Bar" bacon, jerked venison, and "bufser" meat for the winter. Maybe he was gone for a fortnight, maybe for a month, maybe the gloomy forest swallowed him and he never returned!

But the latter seldom happened. Our brave old American scouts knew how to take care of themselves under all conditions, as proved by the fact that they *died of old age*. They were "men with the hearts of Vikings and the simple faith of a child." It was this faith which made Daniel Boone the greatest scout and hunter in the world. Like the once almost forgotten but now famous "Appleseed Johnny" (Jothan Chapman), Boone had a mission. He was one of those men who have "Done things just for the sake of doing," who lived in the age of "the simple things, the true things, the silent men who do things."

Boone was the first man in America to frame and have enacted laws to protect game, and he always respected the game laws as every real sportsman should.

We have evolved from that age just as the Remington-UMC .22 Repeater, which stands beside me as I write, has evolved from the picturesque but crude long rifle of the days of Daniel Boone. The old flint-lock method of firing has given place to a hammerless action that is wonderfully simple, sure, and safe. The muzzle loading has given place to the automatic magazine that throws 10 to 14 cartridges into the breech ready to fire. And then the solid breech has been developed to protect your face and eyes when firing. In the Remington-UMC .22 a thick wall of solid steel stands between the shooter and the cartridge chamber. Think of the progress represented in this buoyant, perfectly balanced, accurate to a hair's breadth, little mechanical masterpiece.

Let us hope that we may represent as much advance as does this Remington-UMC .22 Repeater, which is so complete and finished that it seems strangely out of place here in my rough log-cabin in the wilds of the Pennsylvania mountains.

Dan Beard

WILD-LANDS-ON-BIG-TURK-PONG, PIKE CO., PA.





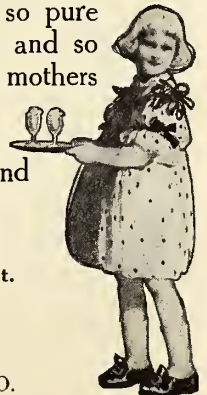
They Wanted Jell-O.

You remember, in the old days at home, how dreadful it was when mother brought on for dessert some baked apples or pieplant pie, or something else that was common—and you wanted shortcake or pudding. You didn't sulk, but somehow you found it impossible to look pleased. To-day the children want

JELL-O

and this famous dessert is so pure and wholesome, so dainty and so easy of digestion, that mothers let the children have it very often. It is good for them.

A Jell-O dessert costs ten cents and can be made in a minute by anybody.



Seven delicious flavors, at all grocers', 10c. each.

A beautiful recipe book, in ten colors and gold, free to all who write and ask us for it.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,

Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.

The name Jell-O is on every package in big red letters. If it isn't there, it isn't Jell-O.

Modelling That Makes Children Happy

Modelling is easier than either drawing or painting and there is heaps more fun in it for children. When you are at your wits' end for something to amuse the children with on rainy days, or if for any reason they must stay indoors, a box of Harbutt's Plasticine will solve the problem.

Plasticine is the only clean, safe, *antiseptic* modelling material fit for indoor use. It was invented by Wm. Harbutt, an eminent English sculptor, and is now used by him. No water is required—it's always ready for use. It is perfectly harmless and free from harmful ingredients.

HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE

is inexpensive, as it can be used any number of times and it keeps plastic for any length of time. Plasticine is something more than a mere amusement for children. It has its educational value by developing the child's artistic sense and accurate observation. It provides the *best* means whereby children can carry out their natural inclination to "make something."

Sold by leading toy dealers in all principal cities.

Send to-day for our interesting booklet "How to Use Plasticine as a Home Amusement." It fully describes this invaluable pastime for children. Write for it now—we send it free and tell you how to obtain the outfits conveniently.

THE EMBOSSING COMPANY, 12 Pruyn St., Albany, N. Y.

Manufacturers of "Toys that Teach"



64
Years Ago—
Quality

From the starting point back in 1847, when Rogers Bros. silver plated ware was first made and sold, there has been no reduction in the original superior quality. To-day the trade-mark

1847 ROGERS BROS. X S TRIPLE

represents the highest grade of triple plate. Our process of finishing closes the pores of the silver so that it is worked into a firm, hard surface that will stand years of the hardest kind of wear. This process has given **1847 ROGERS BROS.** the well-earned title of

"Silver Plate that Wears"

Sold by leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue "L-5."

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., MERIDEN, CONN.

(International Silver Co., Successor)

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO HAMILTON, CANADA

**TO-DAY—Quality, Beauty,
and a Reputation Unsurpassed**

SHARON

SALEM



**"Silver
Plate
that
Wears"**



Living by Knowledge

A little thought will make clear the value of skillful selection of food. High pressure days (and there are many now) tell on human body and brain.

Knowledge and facts help when ignorance would ruin.

Grape-Nuts FOOD

is made by knowledge; not by chance.

Wheat and Barley properly combined and cooked (as in Grape-Nuts) are rich in the elements required for human nourishment.

Grape-Nuts contains, in addition to the natural albumins, starches, and sugars of these cereals phosphate of potash (grown in the grain) and demanded by nature in rebuilding Brain and Nerve tissue.

Grape-Nuts is fully cooked at the factory. When served with cream or rich milk, it is an appetizing food, and affords ideal nourishment for all stages of Human Life from infancy to old age.

“There’s a Reason”

You can find it in the famous little book, “The Road to Wellville,” in pkgs.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 119.

Time to hand in answers is up November 10. Prizes awarded in January number.

For Competition 119, we shall give you a little bit of poetry; but we shall not give it to you in complete form. You will see that it contains certain blanks which you must fill in for yourself with the proper words.

After you have found the right words to complete the poem, you must make a neat copy of it all, and send it in.

The prizes will be awarded for the best work, considering correctness, neatness, and care; but allowance will be made for age in cases where there is otherwise meritorious work.

Here is the poem, with its blank spaces to be filled.

ABOUT OUR ADVERTISERS.

To polish things, and make a show
Our people use ———,
But for your hands you all, we hope,
Use ——— or ——— ———.
And when it is the breakfast hour,
Make biscuits from ——— ———.
As soon as Sister Ann awoke, "Oh,
Give me ——— ——— ———,"
She cried. But as for Cousin Nell, "Oh,
I'd prefer a dish of ———"
Was her request. When Papa wakes
He orders "Kellogg's" dish, ——— ———.
Except that in the month of March
When he likes ———'s fine Corn ———,
Meanwhile the Baby's voice grows louder,
He wants ——— ——— ———,
While Brother Bob so lively feels
Upon ——— ——— ———,
He rushes off to town and gets
A little box of sweet ———,
And chews them madly; ne'er a frown he
Shows when taken by a ———
In many a pose. Why should he, when
He owns an ——— ——— ———,
For use in school, and when he cuts
For home, he lunches on ——— ———.
But Mother's fretting. On her silk
Dress she's spilled some ——— ———,

The "Eagle" Brand. This father sees.
And, longing much his wife to please,
He brings a gift. See, in his hand he's
Brought a box of ——— ———.
While Cousin Nell's impetuous act
Was offering her some ——— ———,
Which though the thing to help with
sprains
Will hardly serve to take out stains!
But never mind, 't will soon be clean
When washed out with some ——— ———.
And then the family will go
Abroad by the aid of the S. S. Co.
Of course no boy or girl can fail
To guess its name, ——— ———.

Here are the rules and regulations:

- One First Prize, \$5.00.
- Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each.
- Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each.
- Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each.

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (119).

3. Submit answers by November 10, 1911. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing St. Nicholas League.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 119, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York.

(See also page 18.)

Ralston WHEAT FOOD



Ever Play "Fox and Farmer"?

It's *lots* of fun. Get your playmates together *to-day* and try a game — the directions below tell you how to play it.

It's natural for every boy and girl to want to romp and play outdoors, when they are feeling "fine and dandy." *You* will always feel like playing, if Mother gives you

Ralston Wheat Food

for breakfast. This delicious, nourishing food just makes you feel "great" — and it is *so* good. Just the sort of solid, wholesome food you children need as you grow up. It is the finest hard winter wheat, ground, with all the nutriment and fine sweet flavor of the whole wheat left in. Ask Mother to get some for your breakfast to-morrow. You'll like it better than any breakfast food you ever ate. Mother will like it, too, because it is so good and economical. One package makes 50 bowls.

How to Play "Fox and Farmer"

The children form a circle, the one chosen as "fox" standing in the center, and the "farmer" standing outside the circle. The farmer sees the fox in the circle and says, "What are you doing in my vineyard?" The fox answers, "Eating grapes." The farmer says, "I'll send my dog after you," and the fox says, "I don't care if you do." Then the fox runs in and out between the children in the circle, the farmer following in exactly the same way. If caught, the fox joins the circle and another fox is chosen; if not caught, another farmer is chosen and the fox may be fox again.

Look in next month's St. Nicholas for another good game.



REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 117

From the large number of answers received we are sure that you all liked the Honeycomb Puzzle. It was just as we thought—a great number of you boys and girls found more names of advertisers and advertised products than we found when we made the puzzle. That is one thing that always pleases us a great deal. Some of you also put in a lot of names that were not there at all. Every now and then we receive some suggestion from one of you regarding future competitions. We would like to have you all feel at liberty to write the Advertising Manager and make suggestions. The more interest you show in the Advertising Department of ST. NICHOLAS the more happy we become, and it makes our work both pleasant and interesting to get the opinions of ST. NICHOLAS readers in regard to advertising affairs.

We would like to have a number of the manufacturers who make and sell things which you ought to know about, advertise regularly in ST. NICHOLAS, because we believe that the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls and their parents and friends should know about advertised things just as well as anybody else. Don't you think so?

We also believe that ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE is able to bring these advertising messages

into your homes with a little more interest than some of the other magazines. We are very glad that so many of you young folks are working on these competitions, and we hope that each one of you will keep on working on all the ones that are to come.

The prizes this time were crisp new dollar bills. Here is the list of the twenty-seven prize-winners who had the largest and most correct answers to the Honeycomb Puzzle:

Leland Hunt, 12 years, N. Y.
 Ethel L. Cornell, 18 years, N. Y.
 Mary Hill, 14 years, N. C.
 Frances McCarthy, 16 years, Ill.
 Sibyl E. Carson, 13 years, Minn.
 Clara A. Graeffe, 18 years, N. Y.
 Mrs. T. T. Thain, N. C.
 Charles Smythe, 14 years, Col.
 James Hale Knowlton, 15 years, Col.
 Louise Cramer, 14 years, Ga.
 Martha C. Tucker, 14 years, Col.
 Winthrop M. Crockett, 14 years, N. Y.
 Portia Blackstone, 15 years, Col.
 Katharine Baetjer, 15 years, Va.
 Irene Smith, 11 years, Col.
 Anica B. Chambers, 12 years, Penn.
 Arthur L. Walker, Jr., 13 years, N. Y.
 Edith Smith, 13 years, Col.
 Virginia Hartwell, 12 years, Mich.
 Ruth K. Gaylord, 12 years, Conn.
 Margaret Sayford, 14 years, N. Y.
 Margaret M. McGregor, 13 years, Col.
 Elmer H. Van Fleet, 15 years, Mo.
 Henry C. Fenn, 17½ years, N. Y.
 Dorothy Livingston, 14 years, Mo.
 Florence L. Dinnu, 8 years, Col.
 Norman Barron, 10 years, N. Y.

(See also page 16.)

Playing Anagrams A New Prize Contest

Here is a little game, so simple, so liberal in prizes, and so interesting anyway, that we hope all St. Nicholas readers and their friends will join in. (Incidentally, this is a rare opportunity for you to get gifts for Christmas.)

AS TO PRIZES, we wish EVERY ONE to try,—those who do not generally go in for the St. Nicholas contests, as well as those who do. We therefore offer not a dozen or so, but actually

185 Prizes!

which are to be selected by the winners themselves from the famous pictures known as

The Copley Prints

THESE PRINTS are reproductions of American Art,—Abbey's *Holy Grail*, the paintings in the Library of Congress, Metropolitan Museum, etc. For their superior quality they received a gold medal from the French Government. They are indorsed by artists themselves as the best art reproductions made in America. The eminent artist Abbey said of them, "I could not wish better."



THE WHITE BUNNY.* By Lydia Field Emmet

NOW THE GAME,—the making of anagrams,—you of course know it. In this contest the game is to make as many words as you can out of "THE COPLEY PRINTS" by simply rearranging the letters in those words. Try your wits at it,—young and grown-ups all are invited.

CONDITIONS and rules are as follows: Write legibly, and on only one side of your paper. Arrange words in columns under each letter separately; use only English words; use no proper names; don't use phonetic spelling; make no words of less than three letters; plurals ending in "s," and other such slight grammatical changes as involve nothing new will not be allowed,—for example, "think" and "thinks" cannot be counted as two words. If any lists are identical in number of words, they will share in any prize won by them. All lists must be mailed by November 15; this gives you a full month, and allows time for you to make your selections for Christmas gifts. Contest is open only to purchasers of our Illustrated Catalogue,—which is practically a Handbook of American Art, containing nearly 400 cuts and 1000 subjects for you to choose from. It is sent upon receipt of 25 cents (stamps accepted).

THE PRIZES are as follows: First prize, \$20.00 worth of Copley Prints; second prize, \$15.00 worth; third prize, \$10.00 worth; fourth to tenth prizes, \$3.75 worth EACH; to the 25 competitors whose lists are next highest, \$2.50 worth EACH; to the next 50, a \$1.25 print EACH; and finally to the next 100 a 50-cent print EACH. Total value of prizes, \$246.25. Address all lists to the publishers, as below. Now let the play begin. *Copyright by

CURTIS & CAMERON 100 PIERCE BUILDING **BOSTON**
Opp. Public Library



Baby's
Health and
Happiness
is assured by
the proper use

of
**BORDEN'S
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED
MILK**

THE ORIGINAL
Send for Baby Book, "My Biography"
Borden's Condensed Milk Co., New York





“Mother, buy me an Educator Ark”

“All the girls and boys have ‘em to play with.”
 “Yes, my dear, you shall have one—full of those wholesome Educator Animal Crackers.”
 “And that reminds me. I must get a tin of Educator Wafers—the kind you butter as you eat. Father likes them better than bread.”

**EDUCATOR
 Animal
 CRACKERS**

are made from selected, slightly sweetened grains—wheat, corn, rye, barley and oats. They give the utmost in pure nutrition—a varied and perfect cereal diet.

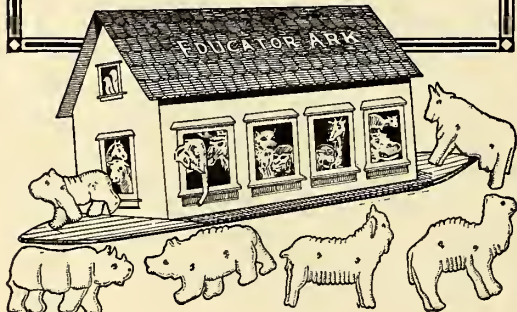
Rich in body and brain building elements, yet the children like them better than candy.

Amusing, instructive object lessons, they ease mother’s cares between meals—satisfy the child’s instinctive hankering for something to eat.

Filled to the roof with delicious, nourishing Animals, the pretty metal Educator Ark is only 50 cents at your grocer’s.

If he should not have it and will not get it for you, send us 75 cents and his name and we will forward the Ark prepaid. Educator Animal Crackers for refilling the Ark sold in 25 cent tins by your grocer.

**JOHNSON EDUCATOR FOOD COMPANY
 34 Batterymarch St., Boston, Mass.**



**Archarena
 Combination
 Game Board**

Nothing else you can buy at anywhere near so small a price will afford your family and friends so much enjoyment as will this splendid game board.

**58 Different Games
 for the Price of One**

Carroms, Crokinole, Chess, Checkers, Tenpins and 53 other dandy games can be played on this one board. Beautifully made and finished, and completely equipped with 48 pieces. Extremely popular with Y. M. C. A.’s and Boys’ clubs.

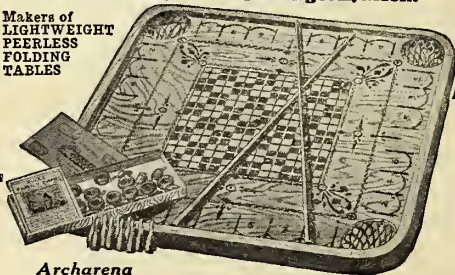
Sold by dealers everywhere. If you can’t find it, write to us for catalog and prices.

We make all styles of Carrom, Crokinole, and other Game Boards and home Billiard and Pool Tables. Also a new indoor Base Ball Game that’s a winner. Catalog free.

CARROM-ARCHARENA CO.

154 Rowe St. Ludington, Mich.

Makers of
 LIGHTWEIGHT
 PEERLESS
 FOLDING
 TABLES



*Archarena
 Combination
 Game Board*

PATRONIZE the advertisers who use ST. NICHOLAS—their products are known to be worthy of your attention.

**Educate Your Child
 at Home**

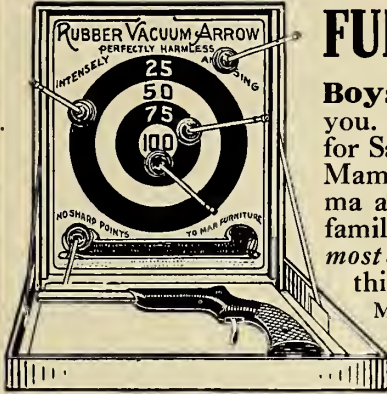
Under the direction of
CALVERT SCHOOL, Inc.

(Established 1897)

A unique system by means of which children from kindergarten to 12 years of age may be educated entirely 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, to

THE CALVERT SCHOOL, 14 Chase St., Baltimore, Md.
 V. M. HILLYER, A.B. (Harvard), Headmaster.



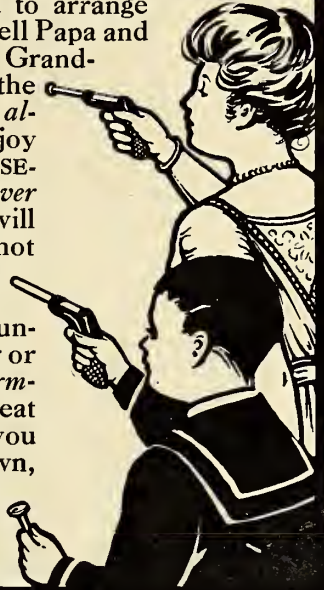


FUN FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

Boys and Girls, here is a *splendid Christmas gift* for you. Ask Papa or Mamma to arrange for Santa Claus to *bring it*. Tell Papa and Mamma and Grandpa and Grandma and everybody else in the family that *they will enjoy it almost as much as you do*. All enjoy this **GREAT FAMILY AMUSEMENT GAME**. You will *never tire of it* and neither will your *friends*. This is not a silly game of chance,

but *entirely a contest of skill*: To hit the bull's-eye you have to *shoot straight* and keep your nerves under control. The tip of the arrow is *soft rubber and harmless*. If you don't know how much you will like this great invention ask the novelty dealer in your town to let you try a shot. If you cannot find this game in your town, an outfit consisting of *Pistol, Target, Target-Holder and 3 Arrows* may be obtained from us on receipt of **\$1.00**.

Elastic Tip Co., 366 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.



Order Toys

by mail
from the

Schwarz

TOY STORE

Fifth Ave. and 31st St.
NEW YORK

*Illustrated catalogue
mailed free.*

This is the largest establishment in the world devoted exclusively to

Toys Dolls
Aeroplanes
Games Novelties

Our Mail Order Department ships promptly and safely to any part of the country.

F. A. O. SCHWARZ

Fifth Ave. and 31st St.
NEW YORK

For
Lively
Little
People

For Sale in Stores
Everywhere

Children's sample pair
16 cents postpaid
(Give Age)



It holds the stocking
firmly and neatly — will
not let go until released
— is easily managed
by small fingers.

Wears longest
because of
its superior
quality.



Have Your
Little Boys
and Girls Wear

Velvet Grip
(RUBBER BUTTON)
HOSE SUPPORTER

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, Makers, BOSTON.

The Coward Shoe

"REG. U. S. PAT. OFF."



For Children whose Ankles "Turn-in"

The heel-seat of this Coward Shoe hugs up close about the heel of the foot, holding the ankle in an upright position. The *extension heel* (see illustration) furnishes an extra support to the entire foot structure, centering immediately under the arch. This additional support is further helped by the broad tread, which provides room for five toes, without crowding, and encourages a *natural, sure-footed walk*.

Coward Arch Support Shoe and Coward Extension Heel have been made by James S. Coward, in his Custom Department, for over 30 years.

Mail Orders Filled — Send for Catalogue

SOLD NOWHERE ELSE
JAMES S. COWARD
 264-274 Greenwich St.
(NEAR WARREN STREET)
 NEW YORK CITY

MENNEN'S

"FOR MINE"



Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder

keeps my skin in healthy condition.

Sample Box for 4c. stamp.

GERHARD MENNEN CO.
 Newark, N. J.



Trade Mark

"A good pen is a conduit for the flow of thought, but a poor pen is a dam."

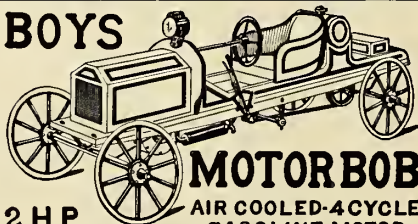
SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

are good pens—always, in all styles, for all purposes.

Sample card of 12 different styles and 2 good penholders sent for 10c.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.,
 349 Broadway, New York

BOYS



MOTOR BOB

2 H.P. AIR COOLED-4 CYCLE GASOLINE MOTOR

A PRACTICAL MINIATURE AUTO propelled by a small gasoline motor. The greatest instructive mechanical device ever invented. Boys all over the world now building Motor Bobs. Any boy of twelve years and up can build and operate the Motor Bob. Send 25 cents for our complete instruction booklet, "HOW TO BUILD A MOTOR BOB," which contains simple drawings, diagrams, pictures, instructions for building and operating, and list of parts.

Motor Bob Mfg. Co., Dept. 12, Main and Amherst Sts., Buffalo, N. Y.

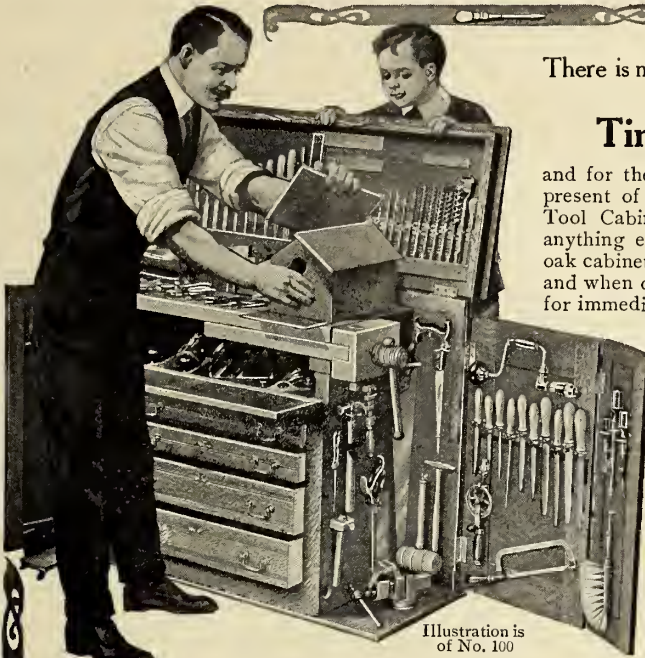


Illustration is of No. 100

There is nothing more fascinating to the average man or boy than

Tinkering with Tools

and for the man who is really handy with tools a present of one of our Combination Benches and Tool Cabinets will give him more pleasure than anything else you could select. It is a handsome oak cabinet containing 95 of the finest tools made and when open is a complete bench with vise ready for immediate use.

For one less expert, or for the boy, we suggest one of our smaller cabinets. All tools are the highest grade standard mechanics' tools, arranged in convenient sets for home use. The quality is the same in all. The higher-priced cabinets are larger and contain more tools.

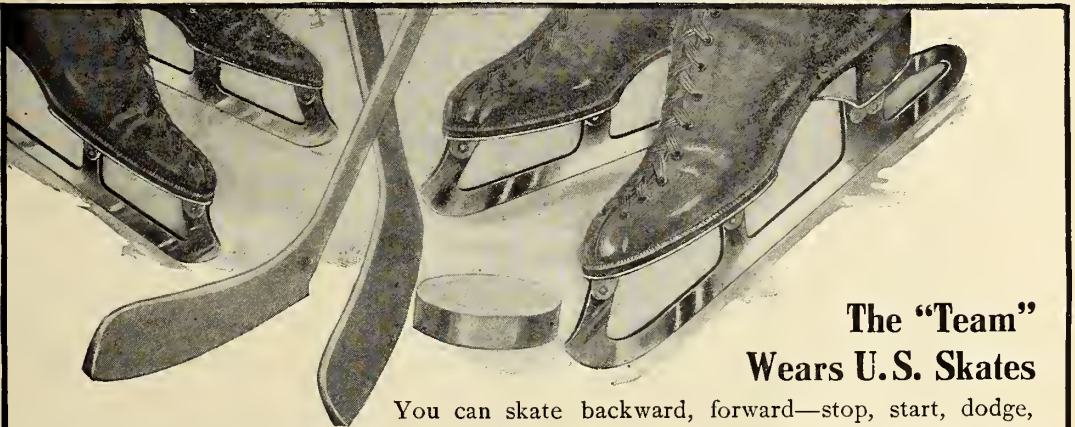
This Christmas or *this* Birthday give him one of our Combination Benches and Tool Cabinets, or a smaller Tool Cabinet and a Manual Training Bench.

No. 47	21 tools	- -	\$ 7.50
" 52	24 "	- -	10.00
" 53	36 "	- -	15.00
" 54	40 "	- -	20.00
" 55	52 "	- -	30.00
" 100	95 "	- -	85.00

We are pioneers in the sale of high-grade tool outfits for home use; every set bears our guarantee of quality.

Order direct (we have no agents) or send for Catalogue No. 2949.

HAMMACHER, SCHLEMMER & CO., NEW YORK Since 1848 4th Ave. & 13th St.
HARDWARE, TOOLS AND SUPPLIES



The "Team" Wears U.S. Skates

You can skate backward, forward—stop, start, dodge, and play a better game than you ever did before—on

U.S. SKATES

The lightest and strongest skates made, all steel—no malleable iron parts to bend under strain—and the "U.S. Hockey Player" model is the only skate made with the chrome-nickel-steel runner. It stays sharp.

All U.S. Skates are guaranteed to stand the hardest kind of wear; the nickel-plating will not chip nor peel.

P. Lowentraut Mfg. Co., 44 Brenner Street, Newark, N. J.

Send for **FREE CATALOGUE**

which illustrates our graceful Hockey, Club, Rink, Racing, and Ladies' models—and gives prices.

Ladies' Hockey, made in various steels and styles of finish.



Key Hockey, made in various steels and finishes.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

GREECE

THE new issue of Grecian stamps has now become familiar to most collectors. The series naturally attracted much attention and well-deserved



HERMES AND ARCAS.

comment. The designer has avoided the ornate and given us simple, yet striking, stamps. In color, in design, and in workmanship alike, the stamps make a strong appeal for popularity. The method of separation used, we think, will not long remain in favor. The saw-toothed roulette does not cut through the paper sufficiently for the purpose. It is only by the exercise of great care that separation can be

made without tearing the stamps or losing corners here and there. Nearly all stamps which have come to hand have been very badly centered. While this is not the fault of the roulette, we, nevertheless, look for a speedy return to the more common perforation. It might be advisable, therefore, for our readers to pick up the rouletted set before a change is made.

But apart from the beauty and make-up of his stamps, the true collector wants to know the meaning of things,—the why and the wherefore. Several inquiries have reached St. NICHOLAS, asking for information. Who is the gentleman with the queer hat and curious cane, or stick? What do the pictures represent? The design on all stamps except the two, twenty, twenty-five, and forty lepta are various representations of the Greek god Hermes (the Roman Mercury); the design on the four exceptions represents the goddess Iris. To all of my readers who are not familiar with the stories of Grecian mythology, let me, in passing, recommend Hawthorne's "Wonder Book." It is a source of never-ending delight to the young folk. But to return to Hermes: this god was the son of Zeus, and was the hero of many adventures, even in his earliest years. As a mere infant, he not only stole cattle from Apollo, but he invented the lyre, using the shell of a tortoise, or turtle, for a sounding-board. This was a fortunate stroke on the part of the naughty god, for Apollo, lover of music, was so delighted with the new instrument, that he forgave Hermes, became his friend, and later presented to him the famous wand, or caduceus, which appears upon the stamps. This caduceus, which Hermes bore as herald of the gods, is one of his principal attributes. It was gilded at the top, painted blue in the middle, and black at the handle; originally surmounted by white ribbons, these were afterward changed into serpents. The second most important attribute of the god is his broad-brimmed traveling cap, or petasus, which often has two wings to help him in his flight. But as the messages of the gods must be delivered quickly, he has, as a third attribute, a pair of winged sandals, which give him the speed of the wind over land and sea alike. The five-lepta stamp (and some of the others) represents Hermes in the act of fastening on his sandals. The one drachma (see top of this column)

represents him carrying off the infant Arcas. Space does not permit us to go into further detail.

Not only because he was messenger to the gods is Hermes entitled to appear upon message-carrying stamps. He was also the god of commerce, to which most of our letters are dedicated, and he was the fabled inventor of the alphabet with which we write our letters. His likeness is peculiarly appropriate upon Greek stamps, because he was the patron of the athletic games which made Greece so famous, and which are rather cleverly depicted upon some of the earlier issues of its stamps.



THE GODDESS IRIS.



HERMES.



HERMES TYING SANDAL.

Iris, the rainbow goddess, was a daughter of Zeus and mother of Eros, the god of love. She also was a messenger of the gods and bore a caduceus. It was her important mission to conduct across the river Styx the female shades, or souls, while Hermes acted as guide to the male.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

THE post-offices of the United States do not issue "certificates of posting," nor do they issue anything similar in nature. So far as the writer knows, these certificates are issued only in Great Britain, where for the cost of a cent the authorities give a certificate as evidence that you have posted a letter to the address stated in the document. The letter may or may not be registered. The postal authorities in the United States will, upon demand, secure for you a receipt for any registered mail, not only when addressed to parties in the United States, but also in many of the large foreign nations. A list of these latter may be secured at any post-office in this country where registered mail is received. ¶ The "lady" on the one-cent stamp of the Mexican Centenary series is Josefa Ortiz de Dominguez, wife of Don Miguel, Corregidor of Querétaro. The story goes that one of her daughters was engaged to be married to one of the Revolutionists; that through his influence, although she was the wife of a Royalist, Donna Josefa became one of the conspirators. She even tried to win her husband to the cause. She became possessed of valuable information, and lest she make use of it she was locked up by her husband. She managed to signal from the windows and one of the Revolutionists stole to her locked door. Through the keyhole she whispered her knowledge, which was at once carried to the priest Hidalgo, one of Mexico's national heroes. So important were her revelations that Hidalgo forced matters and the rebellion began in September instead of in October as originally planned.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY



BIG STAMP ALBUM, 10 CENTS.
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St. NICHOLAS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

Real Letters to St. Nicholas

"A Splendid Inheritance!"

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:
You are a splendid inheritance in our family. First you belonged to my sister, sixteen years of age, then to myself. I am twelve, and the twins are seven, a boy and girl; and they are deeply interested in every page. I sit and read to them untiringly, for we all love you dearly.

We always take ST. NICHOLAS with us when we leave town,—it is such a welcome guest in our home. "One is never too grown-up to read ST. NICHOLAS," says Mother. Very sincerely, M. H.

From a Parent

New York.

DEAR SIR:

I subscribed to ST. NICHOLAS because the little folks in my household, when they miss the most charming children's magazine, are deprived of one of their "inalienable rights," guaranteed by the Constitution—namely: "Life, Liberty, and—the Pursuit of Happiness."

Sincerely yours, H. E. R.
Named from St. Nicholas
Toronto, Canada.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

I thought it might interest you to know that I got my name from ST. NICHOLAS. When Mother was small, there was a serial running in the magazine called "Donald and Dorothy," and she was so much delighted with the story and the names that she never forgot them; and when she grew up and was married, she named my brother Donald and myself Dorothy, as it is in the story. I wonder if many other League members got their names from ST. NICHOLAS.

Yours sincerely, D. H. H.

From South Africa

Natal, South Africa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

I think your magazine is lovely. Grandma took it for Mother when she was a little girl, and now we take it. We have about thirty bound volumes. We live in the town of Pietermaritzburg, or, rather, just out of it. I think South African life must be rather like American, from what I've read in ST. NICHOLAS.

Your devoted reader, N. L.

St. Nicholas in 1912

The November number begins the thirty-ninth volume of ST. NICHOLAS, which is still, as for many years it has been, at the forefront in juvenile literature,—known everywhere as the world's premier magazine for boys and girls. During the next six months

An Important Serial or series will begin With Every Number

from November to April. These stories and articles will have a world-wide appeal, for, whether English or Americans may wander, or the English language is spoken, ST. NICHOLAS is known and loved. But, of course, ST. NICHOLAS is, first of all, *American* in its main contents, and in its character and ideals. It is made for, and addressed to, the great army of active, bright-minded American boys and girls, and dominated by the American spirit. Most of its serial stories are contributed by clever American writers, bent upon giving their young readers not only interesting pictures of American life, but stimulating ideas or situations that help these young readers to think for themselves.

Every young reader of ST. NICHOLAS will welcome the first chapters of

"Crofton Chums"

By Ralph Henry Barbour

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "Kingsford, Quarter," etc.

This will be quite as much an out-of-school narrative as a school-story. Mr. Barbour knows the boy of to-day as few writers know him, and stories which he has written as serials for ST. NICHOLAS have met with a wonderful sale in book form, and are in perpetual demand at the great libraries of the country. His new story promises to be most popular of all.



St. NICHOLAS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

St. Nicholas in 1912

A serial of last year that rivaled Mr. Barbour's "Team-Mates" in interest, and held its readers enthralled, was the stirring story of two boys lost in the woods of Maine, entitled "The Forest Castaways." This year its author will contribute a very different but equally clever serial for girl readers:

The Lady of the Lane

By Frederick Orin Bartlett
Author of "The Forest Castaways"

How the young daughter of the man who owns the great house on the hill called "The Towers" becomes the real "Lady of the Lane" is a story of absorbing interest, told with much humor, keen sympathy, and artistic skill. It cannot fail to interest every reader of ST. NICHOLAS, young or old.

A third serial will take the young folk back into some of the most romantic scenes of history. It is called

The Knights of the Golden Spur

By Rupert Sargent Holland
Author of "Historic Boyhoods," "Historic Girlhoods," etc.

Only the story itself can reveal the marvelous necromancy by which a boy of to-day is enabled to go back to other times, and share with each of half-a-dozen of the most famous knights in history, in some dangerous "adventure," before he wins "the golden spur," and becomes a member of their select little band. And, though the boys of to-day find plenty of "action" in the life and sports of to-day, yet the young hero will be envied by many of them for being permitted to "have a go" at some of the most thrilling contests of olden times. Incidentally it is a very truthful and vivid historical story, which teachers and scholars alike will welcome as a valuable aid and incentive to the study of history. It will be beautifully illustrated by Reginald B. Birch.

A fourth serial is a breezy, outdoor narrative of a summer camp:

The Townsend Twins— Camp Directors

By Warren L. Eldred
Author of "The Lookout Island Campus"

This is no story of the usual camp-narrative sort, however, but a study and presentment of boy-nature that will delight both boys and girls by its humor and picturesqueness, and keep them in a gale of laughter, through many of its chapters.

Real Letters to St. Nicholas

"Just Filled the Gap"

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

It is difficult to say how greatly I prize the magazine. Before beginning to take it, two years ago, my sister and I tried several others, but all were too childish or too grown-up to suit us. Then we saw ST. NICHOLAS and decided at once that it *just filled the gap!* Your constant reader, A. M. M.

St. Nicholas the Best

Alcatraz Island,
San Francisco Bay, Cal.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

Ever since I was a little girl my father has given me the ST. NICHOLAS, and before that my big sister always had you. We have kept every copy and had them all bound, and I have a special bookcase just for them, in my bedroom. Of all my books I am sure that I love my ST. NICHOLASES the best, and I care more for my books than anything else, so you can see how highly I value them.

Your loving reader, H. R.

A Parent's Word

Boston, Mass.

DEAR SIR:

ST. NICHOLAS is a fine magazine. I shall never forget something that my eldest daughter said years ago about a story that she had read in ST. NICHOLAS.

"Oh, Mama, if you have time, be sure and read 'A Bit of Color.' It is splendid!" I looked and saw that Sarah Orne Jewett had written it, and then said thankfully to myself: "I need n't worry about this child; her taste is all right. If she likes the best now, the mediocre will never appeal to her."

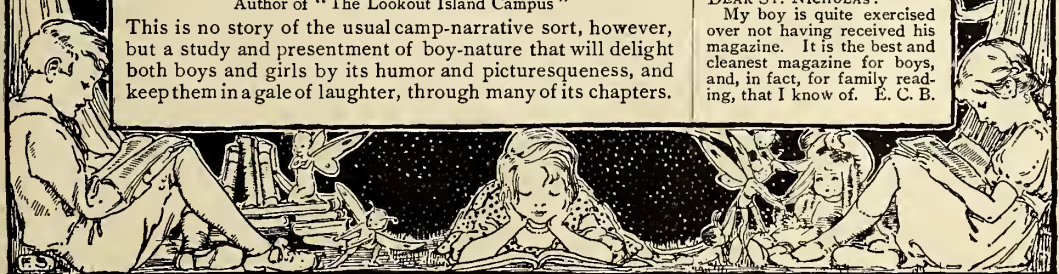
Very truly yours, C. K. B.

The Best!

Patton, Pa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

My boy is quite exercised over not having received his magazine. It is the best and cleanest magazine for boys, and, in fact, for family reading, that I know of. E. C. B.



St. NICHOLAS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Real Letters to St. Nicholas

"Father Took You When He Was a Boy"

Fort Lawton, Wash.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

Your delightful magazine is so very interesting, that I thought I must write and tell you how much I enjoy it. I have taken you now a little over two years, but my father took you when he was a boy, so you are like an old friend to me.

With best wishes from an interested reader,
M. E. R.

Her Companion in Paris
Seattle, Wash.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:
I have just returned from Paris, where I have been attending a French boarding-school. I have lived in Paris for four years, but have only been going to boarding-school for two years.

Often I have read St. NICHOLAS in bed, after the lights were supposed to be out. They are very strict in these French schools, so you can see how much I must have appreciated you to run such a risk of discovery.

Wishing you all kinds of success, I am,
Yours sincerely, J. H. J.

The Nicest of All Presents
St. Louis, Mo.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:
I was just wondering what I would do this year without you, when my dear Aunt Ella wrote that she had taken you again for me. She has given me lots of presents, but you are the nicest and best of all. I should n't like to miss a single copy.

Your loving reader, M. N.

An All-the-Family Delight

Chicago, Ill.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

When my father and mother were young, they were readers of St. NICHOLAS. Every Saturday after you came my mother's eldest brother would read you while his brother and sister and cousins listened. The first time Mother read "Jack and Jill," by Louisa M. Alcott, was in St. NICHOLAS as a serial story.

From your interested reader,
A. F.

St. Nicholas in 1912

The name of Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell is one to conjure with, for to thousands of people on both sides of the Atlantic he stands as one of the greatest and most heroic figures of our time, while in his chosen field he looms so large that "Who's Who" gives his address as simply "Labrador." There is a new story from him—one of his very best—for the boys and girls of St. NICHOLAS:

Brin By Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell

The story is of Dr. Grenfell's dog, "Brin," that he raised from puppyhood. You follow them across the trackless snows of that Northern land and scarcely know which to admire more—the cheerful, dauntless courage of the man or the marvelous instinct of the dog. And—thanks to "Brin"!—it ends happily, as Dr. Grenfell's adventures always do.

Not less notable than this story, however, is a remarkable article, entitled

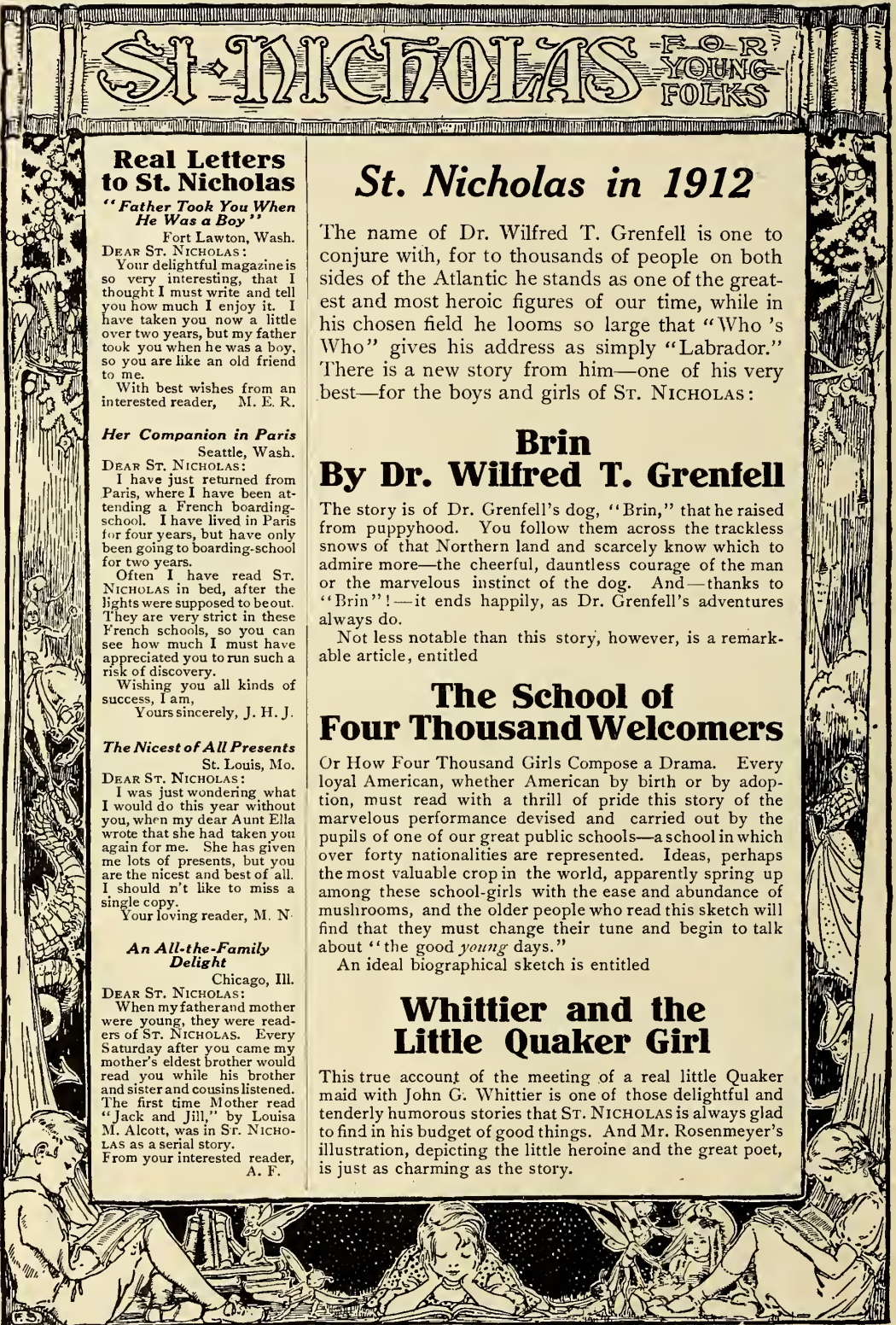
The School of Four Thousand Welcomers

Or How Four Thousand Girls Compose a Drama. Every loyal American, whether American by birth or by adoption, must read with a thrill of pride this story of the marvelous performance devised and carried out by the pupils of one of our great public schools—a school in which over forty nationalities are represented. Ideas, perhaps the most valuable crop in the world, apparently spring up among these school-girls with the ease and abundance of mushrooms, and the older people who read this sketch will find that they must change their tune and begin to talk about "the good young days."

An ideal biographical sketch is entitled

Whittier and the Little Quaker Girl

This true account of the meeting of a real little Quaker maid with John G. Whittier is one of those delightful and tenderly humorous stories that St. NICHOLAS is always glad to find in his budget of good things. And Mr. Rosenmeyer's illustration, depicting the little heroine and the great poet, is just as charming as the story.



St. NICHOLAS FOR YOUNG-FOLKS

St. Nicholas in 1912

When it comes to brightness and fun—just-for-fun's-sake—ask any reader of ST. NICHOLAS, young or old, whether he or she knows of any cleverer or better fun than the magazine constantly provides, both in text and picture, in its countless rhymes and jingles, and in its comical drawings. The inimitable OLIVER HERFORD will be represented in the new volume by several delicious bits of verse illustrated by himself with equally amusing pictures, and CAROLYN WELLS, MALCOLM DOUGLAS, and other well-known wits and versifiers will contribute rollicking rhymes that will bring mirth and smiles in plenty to every ST. NICHOLAS household.

No reader of ST. NICHOLAS can afford to miss the unique home-story of to-day, entitled

"Some Girl"

By Marion Hill

One of those breezy, "real-boy-and-girl" stories that help to make ST. NICHOLAS such a welcome visitor. It tells of a boy who dearly loves his slang, although he has to drop a penny into the charity-box for each offense, and of how he learned to appreciate his sister, and—but that's the story.

The Ballads of the Be-Ba-Boes

By D. K. Stevens

Is a mirth-provoking series of stories in rhyme, setting forth the remarkable adventures of a new set of little folk, in verses of exceeding cleverness and "go." The rhymes, indeed, have scarcely been exceeded in rollicking fun and literary merit since the famous "Bab Ballads"; and Mrs. Katharine Maynadier Daland has pictured these comical little folk to perfection.

The animal world, too, has to furnish its share of wit, wisdom, and jollity, in a series of brief tales from jungle-life, translated from the folk-lore of India:

Jataka Tales

Compiled by Ellen Babbitt

The entire series is accompanied by admirable illustrations in silhouette by Ellsworth Young, and these stories will appeal especially to teachers by opening up a new vein in the field of literature for younger readers.

Real Letters to St. Nicholas

From Germany

Munich, Germany.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

I have not had a good magazine since I left home, and I was so glad to find you at the American Church here at Munich, Germany. My papa took you for ten years.

Your devoted reader, R. J.

An Editorial Appeal

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

Here is an extract from an editorial in one of our papers: "Give children something of their own. The father who subscribes for ST. NICHOLAS for his youngsters is laying up a stock of mental health for them for all time. With such a periodical children will feel at home, and they have a sense of possession in it which the borrowed and the library paper will not give. In it goodness is interesting because it is real, not a manufactured article. Offer the children an attraction at home greater than the streets can give. Parents, too, will find their own youth coming back, as they learn to share the children's pleasure, without counting the day only begun when the youngsters are tucked in bed."

Yours sincerely, C. W.

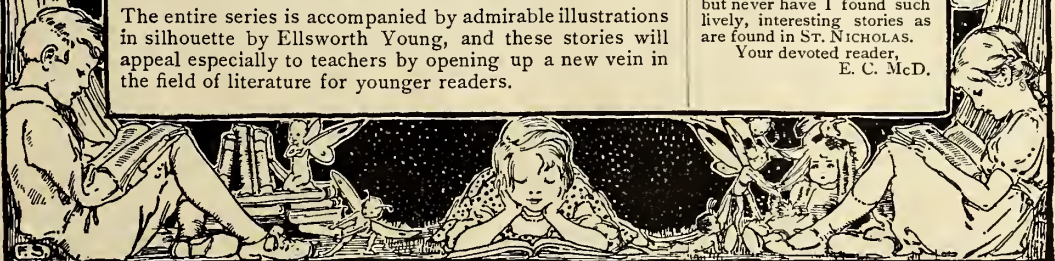
Nowhere Else Such Stories

Fordham, N. Y.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

Can any one who reads you do me a great favor, and find some new dictionary that contains a word that will describe my (and I am sure every subscriber's) joy when you arrive?

I read a great many books, but never have I found such lively, interesting stories as are found in ST. NICHOLAS.

Your devoted reader,
E. C. McD.



ST. NICHOLAS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.



Real Letters to St. Nicholas

A Friend for Thirty Years
Troy, N. Y.

DEAR SIRs:

After being a subscriber to ST. NICHOLAS for nearly thirty years, I want to send you just a word of regret and of appreciation now that we are giving it up. It was first given to me when I was seven or eight years old, and has come regularly ever since—being passed down the family until now, when the youngest of the seven of us (being twenty) thinks she is too old to take it longer. We have all loved ST. NICHOLAS, and say good-by to it with fond regret. I wonder if many families have taken it longer than we.

Sincerely yours, E. A. F.

Grandfather took St. Nicholas

Easton, Pa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

I have read you ever since I can remember, and have looked forward to your coming every month. Both Mother and Father took you when they were little, and we have from the first copy up to the last one. When Mother was very young, her mother subscribed to the magazine for her.

My grandfather took you for my father and his brothers until they were too old for you. When my eldest brother was only three months old, Father subscribed for you for him; and after trying very hard for several years, succeeded in getting the intervening numbers at an old book-store in Boston, and so we have all of the copies bound. Your affectionate reader, H. S.

St. Nicholas in 1912

But fun and humor and stories will not be all of ST. NICHOLAS during 1912. Among many other good things, there will be an inspiring and really notable series of talks with boys and girls:

Simple Thoughts on Great Subjects

By George Lawrence Parker

A single paper of a page-and-a-half, in the April number of ST. NICHOLAS, entitled "Locating a Claim," made so deep an impression and was so widely copied that its author was promptly commissioned to prepare a series of similar talks for the new volume. The first of these, "Success and Failure," appears in the November number; and others under such titles as "Care and Don't Care," "On Being Somebody," "Reading the Signals," "Yes and No," "The World We Live In," "Making Good and Making Better," will be sure of a warm welcome from all young readers and their parents. Very short talks, these, but full of pith and point, and the high impulse that sets the reader to thinking.

On the art-side, too—a magazine feature for which ST. NICHOLAS has always been preëminent—the new volume will continue to publish (in addition to a great many separate reproductions of great paintings) the series of

Famous Pictures

By Charles L. Barstow

which has been appearing at intervals, during the past twelvemonth. A unique attraction of these papers is the "Little Gallery" of paintings by each artist whose work is described, and the anecdotes told about the painter himself.

Another Base-Ball Series

It will be good news to ST. NICHOLAS readers, also, that the series of articles on "The Battle of Base-Ball," concluded in the October number, is to be followed in 1912 by a companion series, dealing even more minutely with the fine points of the great National game, and enriched by the experiences and incidents of the present race for the pennant in the National League—perhaps the most exciting finish in the whole history of Base-ball. The ST. NICHOLAS series printed during 1911 has evoked high praise from experts in the game, and in one instance, unfortunately, seems to have worked disaster to a local manager, for a resident of a Western town sends the magazine a letter stating that, after reading the ST. NICHOLAS articles, their club had promptly decided that their manager was a "bonehead," and had asked for his resignation!

ST. NICHOLAS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

St. Nicholas in 1912

Of the multitude of SHORT STORIES, SPECIAL ARTICLES, FUNNY RHYMES AND PICTURES, and other single attractions awaiting appearance in the next volume of ST. NICHOLAS, only the merest hint can be given as yet. Those invaluable departments—

Books and Reading The St. Nicholas League Nature and Science

will continue to delight the boys and girls who have already found them so inspiring and helpful. Miss Hildergarde Hawthorne's contributions to "Books and Reading" are really gems of literature in themselves, and of incalculable aid to young folk, month by month.

"Nature and Science" has won not only the highest praise, but the heartiest coöperation, from teachers, professors, curators of museums, and even the most distinguished scientists, who gladly give from their store of special knowledge any information that may be sought by young nature-lovers.

And as for the "League," the contributions by the boys and girls themselves, evoked by the friendly competitions in drawing, photography, and the writing of prose and verse, are continuously amazing in their merit and cleverness.

But, Best of All, St. Nicholas Occupies a Unique Place

in the magazine world. It not only holds the *interest* of its readers, but promptly becomes enshrined in their *affection*. The young readers of ST. NICHOLAS write to it as they would to a school-intimate or special chum, because they *love* the magazine for being just what it is. It is like bidding good-by to their dearest classmate when they have to give it up, and many thousands of them refuse to give it up at all.

"One is never too old to read St. Nicholas," is the burden of their cry.



A really, truly envelop which came to
ST. NICHOLAS.

A Real Letter to St. Nicholas

EDITOR,

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE:

I find the pages of your department the most discouraging reading—and I read them with despairing fascination every month. I cannot help drawing a parallel of my own work with that of your young people who are successfully getting on the rolls of honor, getting printed and winning silver and gold badges and the cash prize.

A Grown-up "Leaguer"

I sympathize with them, for I remember when my first story was accepted by a first-class magazine, and when the editor asked for and accepted more of them—my own silver and gold badge winnings; the publishing of my novel was my cash prize in real-life literary competition; when my name was included in "Who's Who in America," and a London publisher brought out my novel, was I not an honor member of the literary craft?

A Parent's Silver Badge

But I was nearly forty years old when my own silver badge was won; and I was forty-five years of age before I became an honor member in the literary world. After all the long drudgery and hard work implied in this, I see boys and girls—and chiefly girls, mind you!—aged fourteen to sixteen, doing literary work in your League pages which I can never hope to equal.

A PARENT.

Subscriptions

If this list of the good things that are coming does not move a subscriber to send in the earliest possible renewal, we cannot think of anything that will. *Do it now*, for later we are overwhelmed with new subscriptions. Send check, money-order, express order for \$3.00 to

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UNION SQUARE,
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.



The Man and the Factory Behind the Steger Piano

When you see the name *Steger & Sons* on a piano, remember that it means something more than mere name association. It means that the man who more than a quarter of a century ago built the first *Steger* piano supervises the manufacture of every *Steger & Sons* piano that leaves the factory. Under such conditions it is not surprising that their popularity has made the *Steger* factories the largest in the world—that these famous instruments sell at remarkably low prices, made possible only by the *Steger* policies of visible, audible result-valuation and small margin of profit.

Steger & Sons

The True Representatives of Supreme Piano Satisfaction

Pianos and Player Pianos

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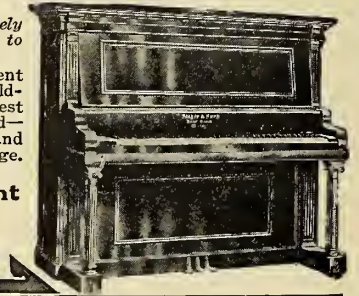
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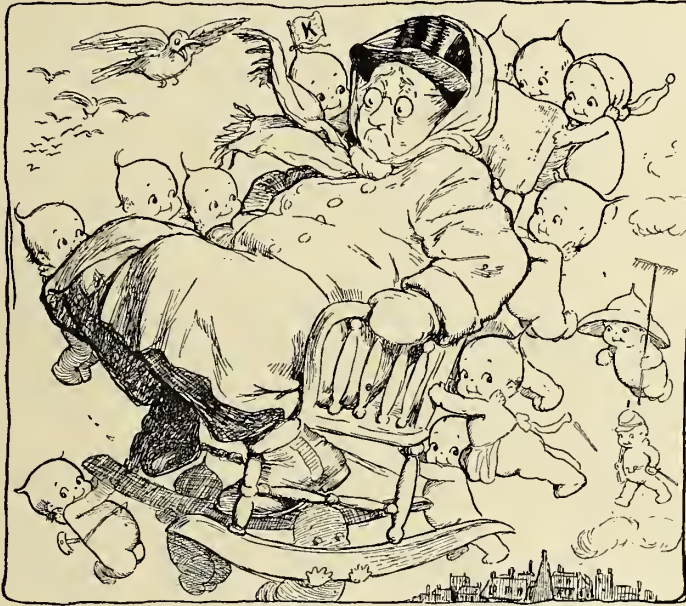
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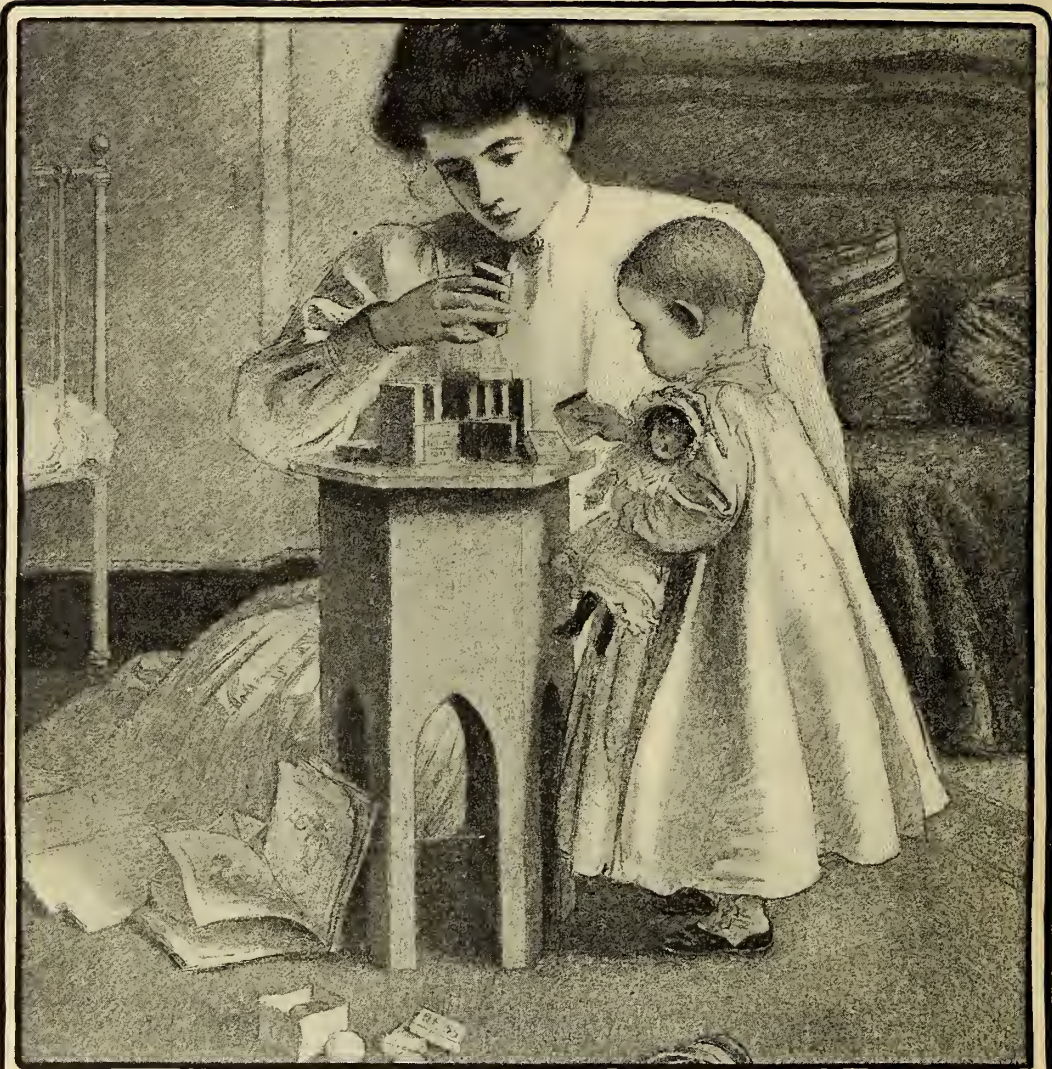
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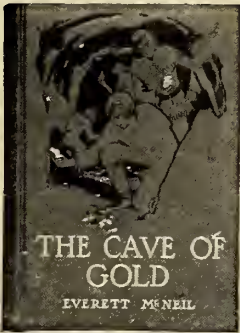
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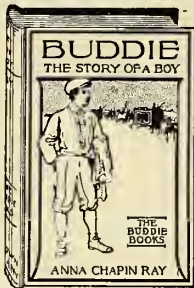
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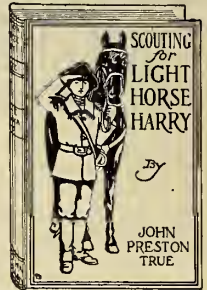
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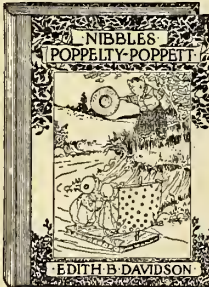
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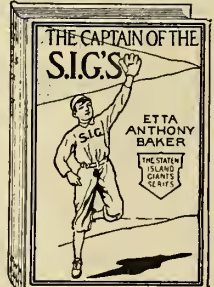
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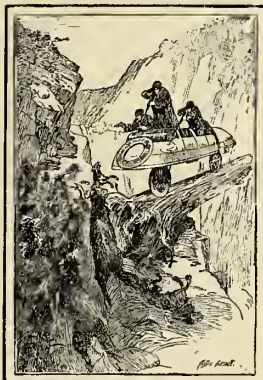
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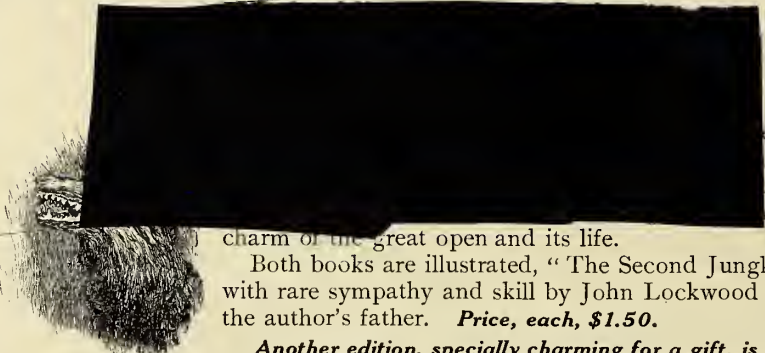
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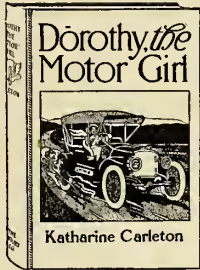
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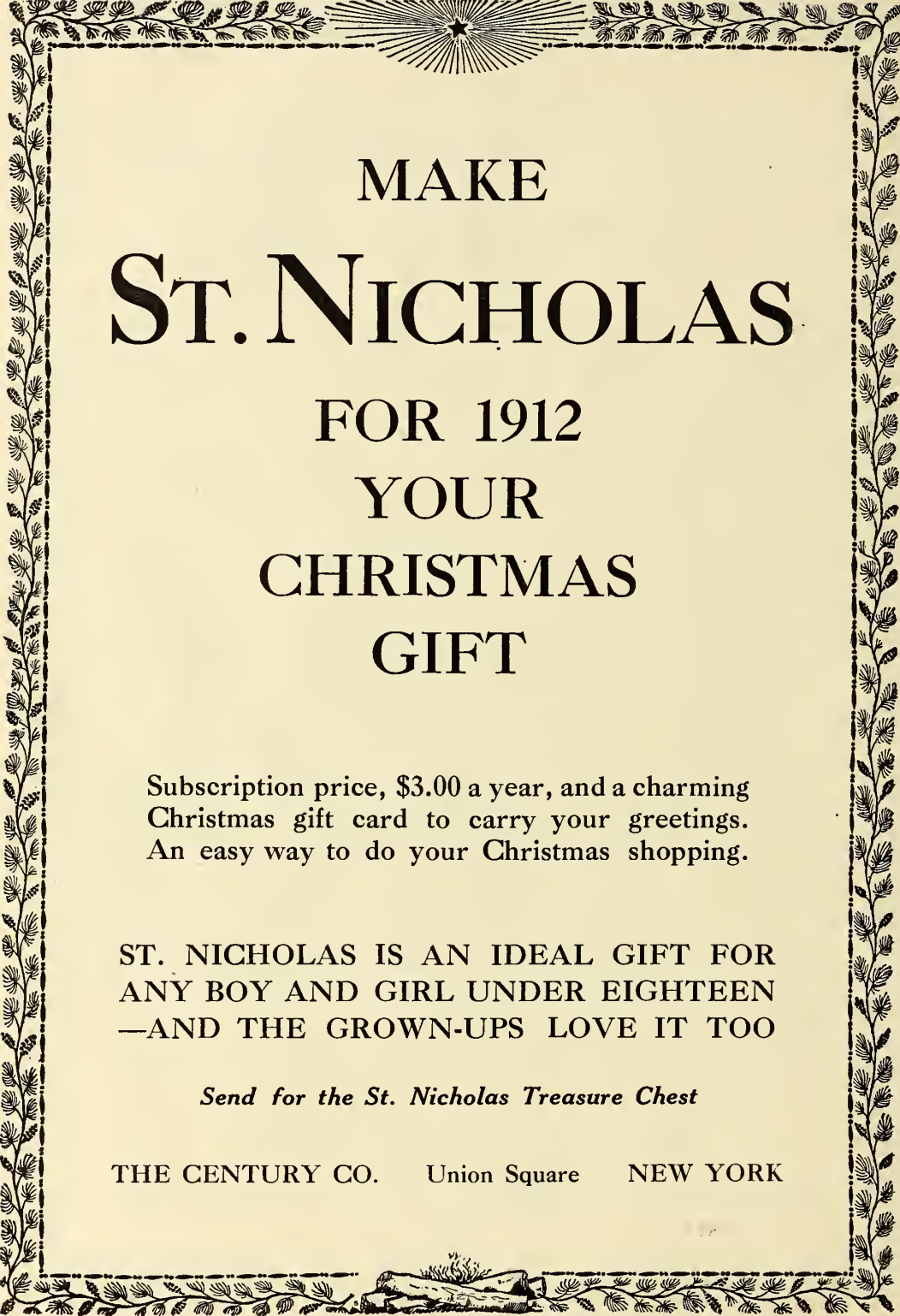
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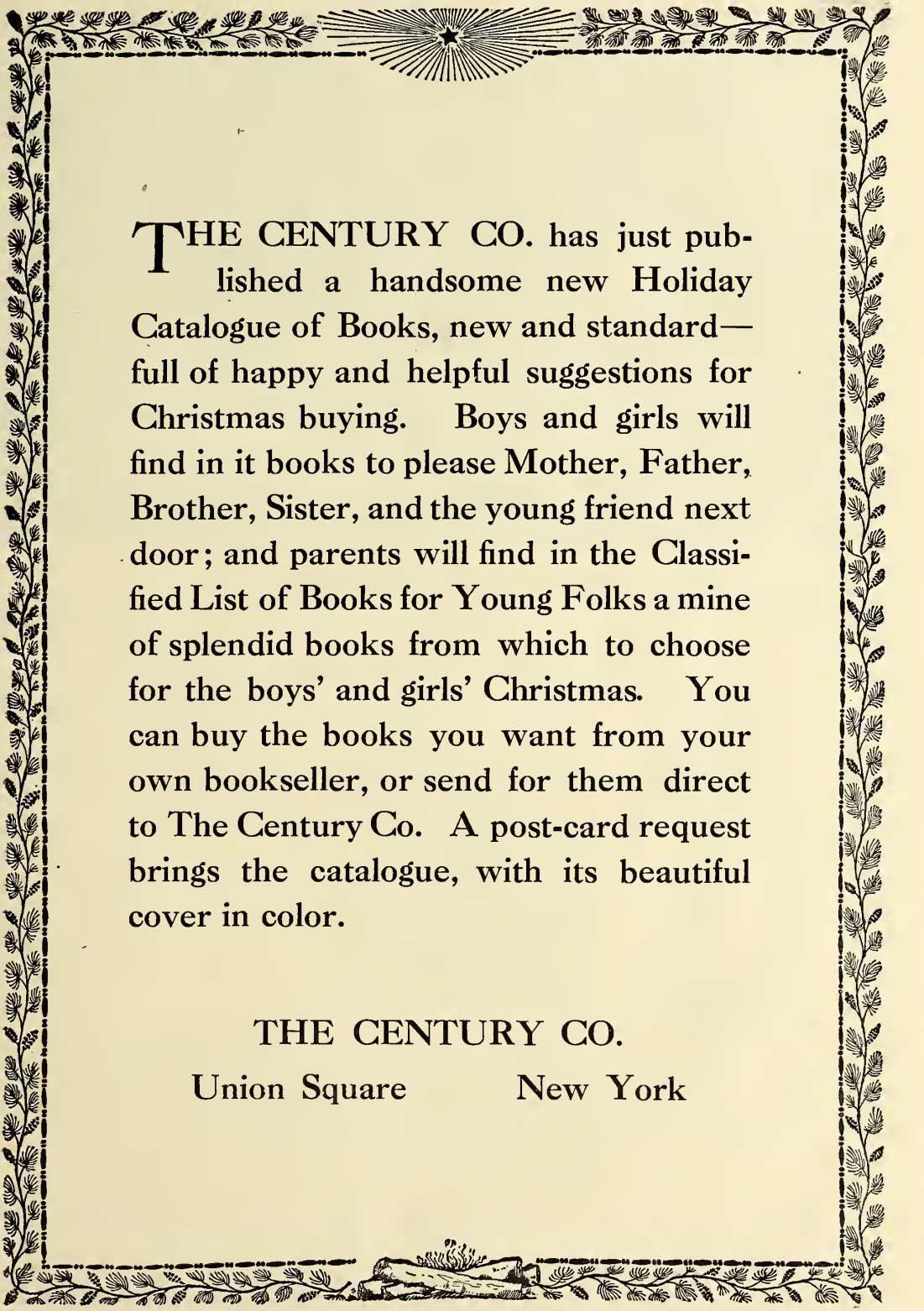
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"I WONDER IF THOSE CHILDREN ARE IN BED YET?"

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXIX

DECEMBER, 1911

No. 2



“BRIN”

By

DR. WILFRED T. GRENFELL.

WE were a hundred miles from hospital, on the west coast of the long promontory of north Newfoundland that lies between two branches of the polar current. A fortnight since, we had left our harbor of St. Anthony. As things had been quiet there, my new associate had decided to accompany me, in order that he might become familiar with the country which, next winter, he would have to travel alone. We were out giving our dogs an extra feed overnight, preparatory to starting back on the morrow.

It takes all the attention of two men to feed a team of husky dogs, if you wish to make sure that they share anywhere near alike. For not only is there a master dog, who takes all he wants anyhow, but each single dog knows exactly which of the others he can bully. It does n't in the least matter how good a piece may fall to him, if he sees another with apparently a better, he will

immediately fly at him. The result often is that before they have settled the dispute, both pieces have vanished to their mates, and only fresh assaults and batteries will save the two contestants from going supperless.

Thus it happened our minds were so occupied that the approach of a large team of dogs from the north escaped our notice. Stimulated by the well-recognized signs of a meal, the new arrivals, turning deaf ears to the cries of the man who was driving them, and who was now clinging to the sledge with both hands for dear life, simply leaped into the middle of the fracas. Before a word could be said, the sledge was capsized, the driver was sprawling beneath it, and heaving, writhing, yelping masses of fur were enjoying the one attraction superior to a meal—a good, straight fight, quite regardless of the fact that the champions of one side were still tied to their sledge, and were rapidly snarling up themselves

and everything else in an utterly inextricable tangle. It went greatly against the grain to have to whip our dogs off, but under the circumstances there was no alternative. Worse still, it left the victors in possession of the supper, when our sympathies were entirely with our own team.

This irritating incident had not materially helped us to appreciate the message that Joe, the driver of the new arrivals, blurted out as soon as the dogs were quieted.

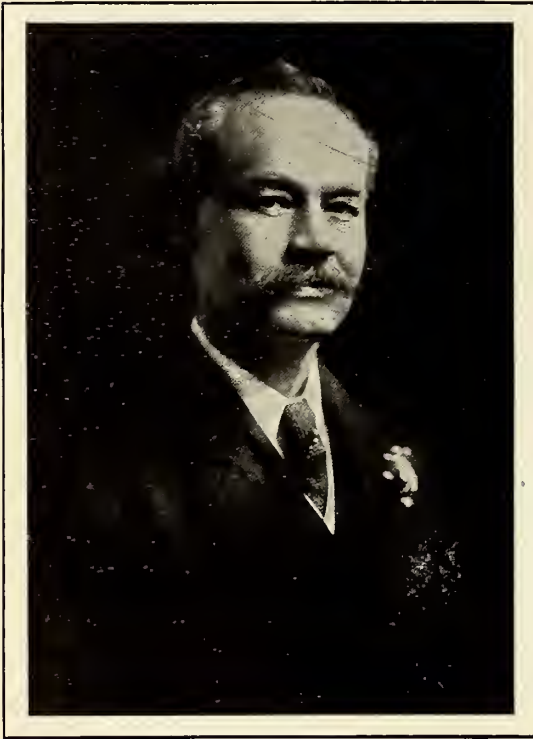
"They is wanting you in Island Harbor, Doctor. They does n't know what t' sickness be."

"Oh, that 's it—eh? How long since you left?"

"Only two days, Doctor. I got as far as the Green Ridge tilt (or shelter-hut) first night."

"Why, you came all around by the coast, did n't you?"

"Only as far as Caplin Cove Tickle. None of



DR. WILFRED T. GRENFELL.

us had ever been straight across the Cloudy Hills. There be no track, and it 's nigh impossible to find t' cut path through t' big woods from there out here unless you know every inch of it."

Now it could n't be more than sixty or seventy miles across country to the place we wanted to reach, and it would be nearly twice that distance to go around. We could count on covering the former distance in a day, if only we could follow

the trail. But that was just where the rub came. If you once lost it, it would be an endless task getting a team of dogs through the dense, stunted spruce forests with their windfalls of ages, which make them like one huge battle stockade, and with countless pitfalls, too, hidden under light snow coverings between the logs, where you only crawl over one to fall into the next. We had had more than one experience of that kind, and had had to abandon our sledges and exhausted dogs while, foot-sore and frozen, we struggled on without them.

It was a great dilemma. For not only did every sporting instinct cry out, "Have a fling at the cross-country route!" but success in the venture also meant that we should reach our desired haven a day sooner. *Could* we keep the trail?

Naturally, it was the topic of the evening as soon as our pipes were lit, and just as naturally half our friends were on one side and half on the other. But soon the crackling sound of footsteps on the crisp snow outside warned us of the approach of a new-comer.

The door was opened with the assurance of an old acquaintance, and a hearty chorus of welcome greeted the muffled figure that stopped to beat the snow off itself in the porch.

"Harry," said one, "you 've just struck it right this time. Here 's t' doctor wants to cross the country to-morrow. Can you help him?"

We found Harry had come in a hurry to get help to bring out two stags he had killed, and as he had not "scaffolded" them out of the reach of animals, he had to go right back in the morning.

"I 'll tell you what I 'll do, Doctor," he suddenly volunteered; "I won't see you left. If it is a bit of a round, I 'll come with you as far as the big white marsh, and then if you 'se don't get t'rough before dark, you 'll surely find one of the Gray Cove men's tilts." And I saw his keen black eyes fixed on mine as if the sudden inspiration had relieved him of a burden.

"Thank you, Harry. That settles it, indeed, and try it we will, whatever comes of it."

It was unfortunate that my fellow-doctor and I had decided to leave our usual driver at home on this trip, for he had crossed this very route the year previous. When we left, we had intended to return by the well-worn coast trail, in which case a driver's room would have been better than his weight on the sledges. We had left him, moreover, our good team of dogs, as there were a number of logs to be hauled home from the woods, more, indeed, than we could expect to handle before the going broke up. The result was, that of all our last year's team, we had only one dog with us, a yellowish brown dog with queer black-striped markings somewhat like a

Bengal tiger. These lent to his sinister face the suggestion that he was eternally grinning—an impression intensified by an odd way he had of turning up the corners of his mouth when he caught one's eye. He went by the name of "Brin."

I had reared this dog myself, and run him his second winter as my leader, though he was then little better than a pup. On several occasions he had displayed unusual instinct for direction. Very

and arranged them in order as he said the road led next to the right or left. It was a weird-looking picture when we finished it.

When it had received the final verdict, "It's as good as us can do," the company began to break up, and we lost no time in turning in, as we would have to be on foot before daylight if we hoped to "reach over" before dark.

The sky was overcast, and it was cold and still



"IT WENT AGAINST THE GRAIN TO WHIP OUR OWN DOGS OFF, BUT THERE WAS NO ALTERNATIVE."

soon after his first promotion, I had been compelled to run eighteen miles, mostly over sea ice, without seeing any intervening house, in a blizzard of snow and a head wind. It was quite impossible to do any steering, as the driving snow, with no wind-break, made seeing to windward out of the question. But the pup had proved his mettle by coming up without a hitch at the door of the house we wished to find, as it marked the spot where the shore trail turned to cross the neck of land. Thus, of all the party, Brin alone had ever seen the trail we were now proposing to take, and he had only crossed it once. It had, moreover, been very bad weather all the way. No one could say, of course, how much his memory could be counted on, but, personally, I was prepared to bank a good deal on it.

An hour or so more was spent in discussing the way. Indeed, I traced out a rough map of the trail according to Harry's ideas of it. Beginning with our present position, I drew in ponds, barrens, marshes, woods, as he called them out,

dark as we collected our dogs next morning for the long run across country. But they were well trained to respond to our call, and though hidden away in every conceivable corner, or under houses, or often buried in the snow, they were soon rubbing their noses against our hands.

Harry and his comrade, with a large team of their own that knew that section of the country like a book, made the running all morning, and as we were climbing most of the time, it was just as well for our teams that we had only one man on each sledge. Of course we had had to bring along our medical stores and food supplies.

Nothing of any particular interest transpired till we broke out from the woods by the Hanging Marsh about ten in the morning. Indeed, nothing well could, for the path was broken for us by our pilots. However, here they had to leave us, and we halted under some large spruce-trees to boil a "mug of tea," while we received our final instructions. "It is all easy enough if you know it," were Harry's last words, as he bade us good-by.

The main thing that interested me, however, while he was talking, was the fact that there was n't a mark of any kind on the face of the Hanging Marsh. I had noticed that even the blazes on the trees near the houses, which were far more numerous and fresher than any we could hope to find for many miles to come, were so obscured by glitter, that is, ice frozen on the tree stems, that had we been without our pilots, we should have lost our way a dozen times already.



"WE PASSED THE TOP RIDGE OF THE CLOUDY HILLS."

As we chatted over a cup of hot tea and a pork bun, that most delectable invention, as it won't freeze, however cold the day may be, we dragged out the map which we had made the night before.

Having pointed out that the direction in which we must steer across the marsh was toward a tall spruce that towered up in solitary state above the rest of the trees, our good-natured guides returned on their tracks. It was already obvious to both of us doctors that we had not the slightest chance of finding the trail. Our only assets were our pocket-compasses giving us the general direction,

our axes to clear a path when we should get stogged, a hopeful disposition which never spoiled for troubles till they came along, and—Brin.

Whether he knew his importance or not at the moment, I never could tell. But a light seemed to dance in his eyes, and his queer face assumed a fairly impish aspect as he strutted about at the end of his long leading trace. I remember he kept looking back and grinning at us as he waited for the word "go."

"Don't say a word," shouted my chum from the sledge behind. "Let 's see if he 'll head right,—across the marsh anyhow."

"All right," I called back. "Mum 's the word.—GO!"

And we simultaneously cut the lines holding the sledges back to keep the excited dogs from running away before we were ready.

Prosaic as it may seem to others, it was a moment of real excitement to us when Brin led off at a stretch gallop in an absolute line for the tall lone spruce. As we whisked by it, I can almost swear he looked back at me and winked, and although twelve fathoms away, I fancied I caught the sound of an unearthly chuckle from him.

The snow surface on these highlands was splendid, and the dogs were in a mood to go. So we just "sat tight" and let them. For the trail now led through wooded country, and we were Indians enough from years of experience, to notice that we were keeping to the old cut path, in spite of having to circumvent many snags in it. Shortly, however, we struck more open country, and as the trees were now scattered like those in an orchard, the path might have been anywhere. We could only watch the dog, who, though he had slackened somewhat, was still trotting along merrily, and as unconcerned as if he had n't yet discovered there was any problem to be solved. Somewhere about ten miles from the marsh, in just such a setting as we were now passing through, we had marked on our map that a forked juniper-tree was standing by itself in the middle of a long lead. The top boughs had been stripped from it, and the skull and antlers of an old caribou fixed in the cleft.

The utter inaccuracy of the map had led me to forget this landmark, and I was more than surprised to hear my chum suddenly shout out, "There she is!"

"There 's what?" I exclaimed.

"Why, the skull in the tree," he responded.

As we use no reins to guide the dogs, we rely entirely on our voices to swing them to the right or left. A good leader obeys instinctively even at top speed, without apparently taking notice otherwise. On this occasion we both thought

Brin looked around and laughed. But even if he did n't, we did, for our spirits went up with a bound as we realized we were still all right, and another ten miles lay behind us.

A little later we passed the top ridge of the

How much longer could we trust Brin? He had swung off almost at right angles after emerging from the pass, and was now guiding his followers along the upper edge of the woods. It seemed at last as if he were seeking something and was uncertain where to enter. But he showed no doubt about what to do a minute later, for, without even slackening speed, he dashed into the forest. I looked back and caught the eye of my companion, and I saw he also had noticed a half-covered blaze on the trunk of a birch to the side of us. Down—down—down we went, the cut path every now and again obscured by growing saplings or blocked by wind-falls which had to be carefully negotiated. But they counted for nothing beside the fact that every minute was shortening the distance, and we were obviously still on the track.

Time passes quickly steering a loaded sledge down through woods. You want all your skill and strength to steer clear of stumps and snags. Every now and again, even with the best of teams, some dog will turn the wrong side of an obstruction, and the whole team is suddenly brought up "standing." As a rule it is not a very long matter to haul back the prodigal, and sling him round after the others, though when he finds he is being dragged back, he just hauls for all he is worth, thinking he is going to be whipped. The presence of a new dog in the team, named Snowball, added a new and very definite element of trouble. For a sudden check would fling the dogs all together in a heap, and they seemed invariably to associate him with the cause of their last night's trouble, which they greatly resented. The unfortunate Snowball

was, of course, forced to defend himself, and the process of separating the contestants often enough drove several more dogs around tree trunks. So that the fracas had to end by clearing them all out and making an entirely new start.

At the foot of the first range, the valley contained a long lake onto which we ran out squarely at right angles. Facing us was a steep bluff, and the lake seemed to end below in a narrow defile through which we guessed the river escaped, and toward which we, of course, expected to turn. But no such notion apparently entered Brin's head. He made exactly for the opposite direction, and then, crossing a narrow portion of the



"BRIN CONTINUED TO GALLOP DOWN THE SLOPING HILLSIDE."

Cloudy Hills. Here the going was good, because there were no longer even scrub trees to worry us. Moreover, there could be no doubt of the right direction, as there was only one gap through which we could well go.

From the outlet of the gorge we should have seen the sea some twenty miles below us. But the shadows of evening were already drawn too close, and the sky was still overcast. There seemed to lie between us and our goal nothing but endless miles of rolling forest. It appeared folly to expect to get through before morning. Yet if we were going to camp at all, now was the time to get a shelter built while we could still see.

lake, started to climb the hill in front of us. The excellent engineering of this move only became apparent when, after a few moments, we were once more through a pass and discovered that we were at the head of a second valley that led in exactly the opposite way. No marks of any kind were visible, and it was now a long while since we had seen any indications that we were following a trail. We had hoped before this to see at least snowshoe marks of hunters from the coast. But nothing of that kind either was discernible. However, Brin continued to gallop down the sloping hillside, and there was nothing for us to do but "sit tight and look on."

As we swung around a big drift of snow, over an unusually large boulder, a very fresh fox track ran directly down "the bluff." Without once looking back, Brin jumped right into it, his unquestioning comrades following him only too gladly. The pace at once increased, and it seemed as if we were being made mere fools of, while the dogs had a good time hunting. It was mighty hard not to "butt in" and tell a "mere dog" which way to go. But then we did n't know which way we *did* want to go! I looked round, however, to see whether my comrade had noticed the turn of events. "It 's a case of walking by faith, I reckon," he shouted.

"Do you suppose Brin knows what he 's after?" The sound of his name evidently apprized the dog that we were discussing him, for even at the pace at which we were now going, he found time to fling his impish head around and fairly grin in our faces.

I never would have believed that an ordinary fox trail could cause so much worry for a man. But when we were still following that unspeakable beast's footsteps after a full mile had elapsed, it became almost impossible not to interfere. For the likelihood that a fox was really heading for the village we were seeking seemed absurd. All of a sudden this idea was apparently proven cor-

rect beyond the possibility of doubt, for we crossed the tracks of a man's snow-shoes at right angles to our path. It was too much for us, so we halted the dogs, and, donning our own shoes, we followed the marks each way to see if they gave any clue as to how to proceed. Luckily for us, we soon found signs that the man was hunt-



"GOOD NIGHT!" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

ing, for his trail doubled on itself twice, and we knew he at least was not going in or out of the country.

"What 's the best thing to do, John? There 's still time to make a camp before dark. That fiend of a dog seems cock-sure of his way. But I don't know if the devil is n't in the beast. Look at his face. He looks possessed, if ever a dog did."

Brin was sitting bolt upright on his haunches and was staring directly at us—for all the world as if he understood exactly what we were saying. As he caught my eye, he put his head on one side and actually poked out his tongue. It was surely quite unnecessary to begin to pant just at that

moment. But he maintained so inscrutable a mien, without even a blink, that though I half unconsciously picked up my whip as if to teach him to "quit fooling," I had n't the heart to flick it.

It was getting late, and I felt we really ought to do something at once. "What do you say to blindfolding him? Perhaps then he 'll leave this miserable fox track," I suggested.

"I 'm for giving him another chance," was the trustful reply.

"All right, then, 'Barkis is willing,'" and I threw myself onto the sledge with a "Hist" to the dogs to go "just where they jolly well liked!" Both, if they did n't again start off at a trot along that unspeakable fox track! But at last we came out onto the bed of the river, and I saw the fox tracks disappear into the willows.

It was with real relief that we proceeded to follow the river for a time. The low banks had allowed the wind to blow the snow away, and the resulting good ice surface, together with the drop of the stream, made it easy to cover the miles at our leisure. Moreover, we knew the river must lead to the sea sometime. Our hopes rose so high that we positively took the time to warm up the kettle and get our second "mug of tea" for the day. When we again started, the valley narrowed, and the river-bed was blocked with snow, while every here and there were great chasms that revealed the rushing water beneath. Worse still, the river ended abruptly in a huge lake with, at least, one large island in it. Nor was there the faintest indication now as to whether we should turn to the north, south, east, or west.

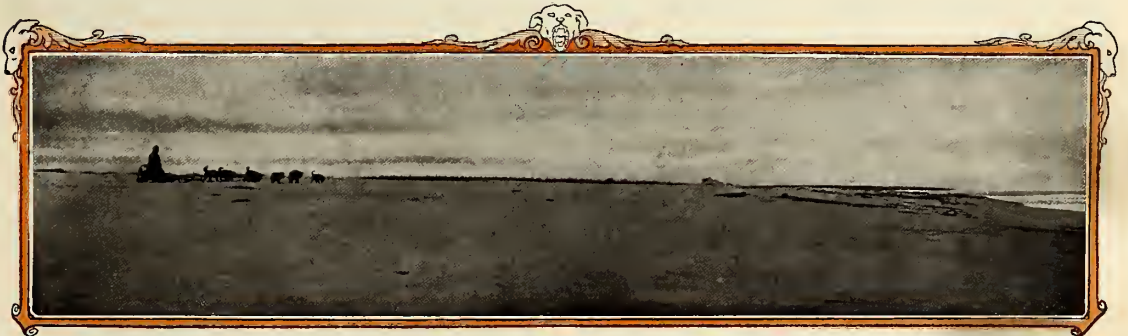
It seemed possible, however, to leave the east out of our reckoning, because in that direction we could see, across the lake, a high range of hills rising. Yet without hesitation Brin headed straight for them! On—on—on—till at last we came to the woods flanking the lake. The dogs instantly went straight into the forest, and in half a minute were on opposite sides of a dozen trees.

"That settles it, John. The sooner we make a shelter for the night the better," I said, as I started to find a dry tree with which to light a fire.

John stood ruefully looking at the dogs. Apparently, he had counted even more on Brin than I had, and he said afterward he felt as if the bottom had fallen out of his faith in everything. The dogs, glad of a rest, lay down where they were and started chewing the icicles out of their fur. Brin alone, who was at the end of the longest trace, had it stretched out to its full length, and so he was nearly hidden by the bushes. But I could see he was standing up and looking back as he used to when the team slacked and he was accustomed to come back and snap at them. His odd manner influenced me enough to start off in his direction after I had turned over the sledge. To my amazement I found he was standing in a well-cut path which ran at an acute angle up the side of the hill! He had tried a short cut into it, about ten yards before it opened onto the lake!

There was no trouble after this. Once over the hill, we struck the wood path of the Gray Cove men, and by eight P.M. had brought up outside my patient's house. We were both able to tell "what t' sickness was," and to be of some service.

Before turning in, I went out to see what the night was like, and to make sure that Snowball was safely fastened up. For I knew he would steal home again the moment he got the chance. Everything was all right, however, and the tired dogs were stowed away somewhere asleep. My hand was on the latch of the cottage door, and I was about to reënter and turn in, when something warm and furry rubbed gently against my leg. By the light that streamed out of the open door, I found myself looking right down into Brin's eyes. They were asking, in as plain English as could be written, "How did I please you to-day, Master?" I could n't help putting my arms around his neck and hugging him! Then we both went off to our beds the happier for it.





BRINGING HOME THE YULE-LOG.

The Arch Duchess & the Robber Baron



"And they at once made him
their prisoner"

BY DORIS WEBB

THE trouble began with the Archduchess's birthday. The Archduchess was eighteen, and very charming, being both arch and duchessy, so that it is only natural that she should have been the cause of the trouble.

On her eighteenth birthday, her father, the Archduke, gave a ball in her honor, and invited all the worthy folk in the neighborhood, and especially one Very Worthy Prince. The Archduke was so anxious that the Prince should come, that he sent him two invitations, and the Archduchess unwittingly sent him another. And when the three invitations came in his morning mail, the Prince felt highly complimented, and immediately turned over the two extra invitations to his two best friends. "For," said he, "I cannot use more than one invitation myself, and I do not like to see them wasted." So one of the best friends, whose name was Edward, accepted the invitation because he had a sense of humor, and the other, whose name was William, accepted because he had no sense of decorum.

But now the Archduke was greatly troubled, for, having invited all the worthy folk in the neighborhood, he felt grieved at leaving out the Robber Baron. The Robber Baron was most engaging, but many people did not like his ways. He lived in a well-fortified castle on the top of a neighboring hill, and he was very seldom asked to

tea-parties. The Archduke, pen in hand, pondered the problem a long time, but finally his kindly heart triumphed, and he addressed an envelop to the Robber Baron.

While the Very Worthy Prince was reading his three invitations at the breakfast-table, the most engaging Robber Baron was studying the outside of his single invitation at his own breakfast-table in the well-fortified castle. And, when he had puzzled long and unsuccessfully over the handwriting, he picked up a silver fork that had once belonged to a noble lord in the next county, and opened the envelop. And when he read the Archduke's kindly note, he was as pleased as the Very Worthy Prince. For the Robber Baron had always secretly felt a little hurt at being left out of all the tea-parties.

On the evening of the great ball, the Archduke's palace was glittering with beauty, and the Archduchess was the very heart of the brilliancy.

The Very Worthy Prince arrived first, with Edward, who had a sense of humor, and William, who had no sense of decorum, and after them trooped all the worthy folk of the neighborhood, followed by the unworthy Robber Baron.

The Archduchess was more charming than usual, so utterly distracting, in fact, that the Prince forgot his great title and thought of nothing but her, while Edward's sense of humor quite deserted

him, and William began to wish he had a sense of decorum. The Robber Baron gloomed in admiring silence, and in the course of time, asked the Archduchess to dance. And when he had danced once with her, he left the palace and went home.

On reaching the well-fortified castle, the Prince at once sent his calling-card, with Edward's, to the Robber Baron (William never used calling-cards, having, as you know, no sense of decorum), and the three were ushered into a magnificently



"THE ROBBER BARON ASKED THE ARCHDUCHESS TO DANCE."

Then an alarming discovery was made. The Archduchess was telling some of the worthy folk about the string of pearls her father had given her for a birthday present. "I will show them to you," she said, and, calling her maid, "please," said she, "bring me my jewel-box from the right-hand side of the second cupboard shelf."

But when the little maid came back to the Archduchess, "Your Highness," said she, "there is no jewel-box on the right-hand side of the second cupboard shelf."

So the Archduchess went herself to look and found no jewel-box at all on the right-hand side of the second cupboard shelf.

"My jewels are gone!" cried the Archduchess.

"The Robber Baron!" said William, who had no sense of decorum.

"Oh, it can't be!" cried the Archduchess.

"I'm afraid it must be!" said the Worthy Prince; "but do not fear, Your Highness, I will recover the jewels for you." And with that promise he left her.

The next morning the Worthy Prince set forth with William and Edward to recover the Archduchess's jewels. As they rode along toward the well-fortified castle, the Prince urged his followers to use tact and discretion, counseling William to make the most of what little decorum he had, and Edward to restrain his sense of humor.

appointed room. As they looked around at the gorgeous furnishings, the Prince's face fell. "That," said he, indicating a gold inkstand, "was once mine. I always wondered where it went."

"Good morning," said the Robber Baron, entering the room; "I see you are admiring my curios."

"We are, indeed," said the Prince, sadly.

"It must," said Edward, "have taken considerable skill and taste to have—er—collected such objects of art."

"I rather flatter myself that I am successful as a collector," said the Robber Baron, modestly, as he sat down, depositing on the table beside him a box wrapped in tissue-paper and tied with a blue ribbon. "I try to be discriminating in the little trifles I pick up. I am glad to have you enjoy with me the pretty things I possess. Unfortunately, as I have few friends, my social gifts are not great."

"On the contrary," said the Prince, warmly, "I have frequently heard it said that you have very taking ways. For instance, at the ball last night—"

The Robber Baron nervously laid his hand on the box beside him. "Please don't speak of it," he said; "a compliment always embarrasses me."

"Let us change the subject," said Edward, tactfully. "That is a very dainty looking package on the table beside you. Perhaps it contains some newly—er—acquired object of art?"

The Robber Baron carelessly drew forth a pistol, which he laid upon the box.

"What that package contains," he said, with his most engaging smile, "is a secret!" And at that the three friends exchanged hasty glances.

"In fact," continued the Robber Baron, "I was just about to send that box away," and calling a Little Retainer, he whispered a few words in his ear, and pressed the box into his hands.

As the Retainer left, in some haste, the Prince arose. "I am afraid, my dear Baron," he said, "we are taking too much of your time."

"That delights me," said the Baron; "people so seldom take anything of mine. Pray take anything you like."

"Then we will take our leave," said Edward, who had suddenly recollected his sense of humor.

"But before you go," said the Robber Baron, "I would like to give you each a little gift or souvenir. Let me see—I don't suppose now, that, by any chance, you often use skeleton keys?"

"Indeed we don't!" said the Prince, with dignity.

"Then," said the Robber Baron, "I must think of something else. Ah, I have it! To you," he said, turning to Edward, "I will give this jack-in-the-box, because I see that you have a sense of humor. And you," he continued, addressing William, "will, perhaps, like this decorative card-case. As you did n't send up your card, you will, perhaps, like something to take it home in."

He eyed the Prince doubtfully for a moment.

"I have not studied Your Highness's taste," he said slowly, and then, with sudden inspiration, "ah, I have it! This gold inkstand is the very thing for you! No, don't thank me! It is always a pleasure to return a—a—kindness, and in visiting me, you have been truly kind. Here is a token of my appreciation."

"It is the very thing I have been wanting for some time," said the Prince, accepting the inkstand cordially.

"And this card-case," said William, "will be just the thing for theater tickets."

"While my present," said Edward, tactfully, "will always remind me of you."

With these courteous words the three departed, and having mounted their horses, hastily set out

in pursuit of the Robber Baron's Retainer. They soon found him and made him their prisoner.

"Say not a word!" commanded the Prince. "I will take care of your box," and he pocketed the package tied with blue ribbons, and lifted the Little Retainer into the saddle before him.

A short, swift gallop brought them to the Archduke's palace, where they found the Archduchess and her father. "We discovered your jewel-box, in the possession of the Robber Baron," said the Prince, handing the package to the Archduchess with a magnificent bow.

But instead of looking pleased, the Archduchess seemed quite distressed. "Oh, surely not! surely not!" she kept repeating as she untied the blue ribbons and took off the wrappings. And then, as she opened the box, her expression changed.

"How sweet! How very kind of somebody!" she said. "Do n'ave some!" and she held forward to the astonished Prince a box of delicious candies.

"With the Baron's compliments," said the Re-



"WHAT THAT PACKAGE CONTAINS IS A SECRET!"

tainer, "and please may I thank the gentleman for bringing me here so quickly."

"I *knew* the Baron did n't take my pearls," said the Archduchess, delightedly. "He promised me last night never, never to rob any more, and to return everything to the right persons, as nearly as he could remember. I felt sure he would keep his promises. And besides," she added happily, "I found my jewel-box this morning on the left-hand side of the second cupboard shelf!"



WHEN the snow falls white from a sky of gray,
And we go for a ride in the brand-new sleigh,
When we roast red apples, and never tire
Of popping corn by the open fire,
When **Santa Claus** comes, with all good cheer,
What time of the year is that, my dear?

THE SCHOOL of 4000 WELCOMERS

OR
HOW 4000 GIRLS COMPOSE A DRAMA

By Jean Davidson



IF a member of the Board of Education came into your room this morning and invited the wife of your Governor to be your guest at a reception, you would expect the principal of your school to plan whatever entertainment the lady guest would see. The largest high school in the world does it differently. It is the Washington Irving High School in New York City. It is composed

of 140 teachers and 4400 girls ranging from fourteen to nineteen years of age. For nine years it has given in some form or other an annual reception to some woman of prominence: Mrs. George B. McClellan, Mrs. William J. Gaynor, Mrs. Charles E. Hughes, or some one who has done some special service for education or general improvement. The remarkable thing about these events is their management by young girls. You see a huge armory drill-hall an entire block square, its walls glowing with bright colors of a hundred large flags. You hear the music of the big regimental brass band playing a two-step. You see, all in white, more girls than you ever saw together before, dancing with one another,—four thousand of them. But nowhere on the floor do you see a single grown person. Only in the galleries can you find them: teachers, parents, and invited guests, fifteen hundred strong.

If you had come with me to the west entrance of the armory, you would have been met by

twenty girls, gowned in white. One, acting especially as hostess, greeted me the moment the door opened, and called one of the twenty, who took me in charge. It was very natural and sweet. She said: "My name is Hilda Ryan, and I am your escort for the afternoon."

She helped me off with my coat in the ladies' check-room, and then conducted me to a long chamber, where she presented me to Mrs. John A. Dix, who had come down from the executive mansion at Albany to be the guest of honor. There were, perhaps, a hundred ladies and gentlemen in this company, many wives of city officials, over thirty members of the Board of Education, and a number of ladies who have given time and money to this public school for several years.

Soon a girl of about sixteen stood up on a chair and clapped her hands. "Ladies and gentlemen," she said, "may I ask you to form in line behind Mrs. Dix and me, the ladies first and then the gentlemen?" It was very odd for us old folks to be marshaled by a young girl, but our white-gowned escorts so promptly offered us their arms that in no time at all we were all marching two by two down-stairs to the drill-hall of which I spoke a moment ago. When we appeared, the band stopped, and about twelve "policewomen," none over sixteen years old, carried a long piece of white rope down the floor, fencing off a clear space as wide as a city street, the entire length of the armory. At the other end we saw a procession of girls, two abreast. At their head marched a little miss with a large flag, the Washington Irving Daisy Banner, a rich combination of green and white and yellow silk, depicting a dozen beautiful daisies and a monogram of W. I. H. S. Behind this came four handsome girls with golden trumpets playing in unison; then, a hundred maids of honor,—what do you think?—all red-haired. You may call it auburn, or Titian, or auroral, or just plain red, but you cannot imagine how lovely a company it was. Five years ago,

a Washington Irving girl, Minnie Green, organized the Washington Irving Daughters of Good Fortune. She persuaded every girl, auburn-haired like herself, that according to all the greatest of the classical authorities, any girl endowed with the badge of good luck upon her head, has power to ward off evil spells, to end vexations, and to make every event she participates in a success. So this "Order of Aurora, born fortunate, wishers of good luck to all," officiate at all school functions. To the music of their trumpets they marched across to meet us. They turned; we followed. When we reached the farthest end of the hall, this radiant guard of honor separated into two lines, making a lovely avenue through which we marched, following our girl marshal to our seats in the "grand stand," or favored seats reserved for us.

Then the girl heralds sounded their trumpets, and a marvelous thing occurred: four thousand girls, all scattered as they were, suddenly formed themselves into twenty straight lines, each rank

"How many times did you have to rehearse that?" I asked my escort.

"We have never been all together until to-day," she said. "Until our new building is finished, we are divided among six old school-houses in different parts of the city. None of the new classes ever met together till now."

"Then however can they do a thing like that?"

"Oh, that 's the regular gymnasium formation. All the girls do that every day in classes of forty or fifty. It 's just the same for a hundred classes as for one."

A girl rose near Mrs. Dix and raised both hands. The trumpet sounded the first phrase of a song. Then the school-girl army sang:

"Welcome, honored guests. We are glad to see you.
We wish you a very pleasant afternoon."

Now that, when you come to think of it, is not only an unusual but a very pretty thing. These Washington Irving girls always do it. I have visited their assemblies. Some usher always picks me up, takes me to a good seat, and then in a few minutes, the pianist points her hand in my direction, the girls all stand up, and say to me in song that I am gladly met. For this reason, the editor of the "Sun" has christened the Washington Irving "The School of Four Thousand Welcomers."

Two girls spread out the national colors before us. Up went four thousand hands to four thousand brows. A trumpet note sounded, and then came this declaration in song: "I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Republic for which it stands, One Nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." Then they sang the "Star-Spangled Banner," and all at once disclosed acres of little fluttering stars and stripes pulled out of their sleeves or their belts or their collars, where they had been concealed for



SOME OF THE 4000 GIRLS! "HERE COME THE GUESTS!"

made up of two hundred girls, the whole four feminine regiments spaced upon the floor with the precision of veterans. There was no command given; there was no teacher in sight; just a musical blast from the trumpets, and like magic the lines were formed under our wondering eyes.

this surprise. All this time there had been no grown-up music-master leading them, only Mary Jamison, or Louise Henry, or some other girl beating time before them to keep them together. You find it in each of their daily assemblies, a girl opening school, a girl reading the Bible,

a girl conducting the singing, a girl managing the program, each day a separate group of girls doing this, not picked experts or talented volunteers, but each girl in her turn given practice

suddenly we heard from behind us: "She does, indeed!"

Looking around, we saw a hundred more girls who had perched themselves on a stairway with



"FOUR THOUSAND GIRLS SUDDENLY FORMED INTO TWENTY STRAIGHT LINES OF TWO HUNDRED EACH."

in managing others, because every woman will have to manage something, a Sunday-school class, a church social, a club committee, or the people of her own home.

Then they "initiated" Mrs. Dix into the School-girl Order of the Daisy. One girl could not have been heard asking the questions necessary, so they had a hundred. Their little captain had drilled them till they spoke as one voice. You could understand every syllable in any portion of the hall.

"Gertrude Dix," they said; "stand up."

Of course, all Mrs. Dix's party laughed as she stood up to pass her examination.

"Do you wish to keep," the questioners asked, "the young heart of a school-girl?"

We could see that the guest of honor nodded her head, but we could not hear her reply; but

their leader in front of them making signals with both hands.

So the initiation went on; the girls in front asking the questions, the girls behind repeating the answers. The lady guest promised always to be proud she is a girl, never to wish she could be a man, and always to try to make the world a brighter place to live in. When the inquisitors were satisfied, they declared, "Let Gertrude Dix be made a perpetual member of the order of school-girls, ever ready to learn, always young." Then a little girl ran up with a big daisy the size of your hand with two long white and green ribbons hanging from it. She pinned it upon the candidate's breast, and turning to the audience of school-girls, raised her arms. They gave the weird "Oo, Oo" cry. This is not like any school or college yell you ever heard. In the first place,

it is weird. In the second place, there is absolutely nothing masculine about it. Do you re-

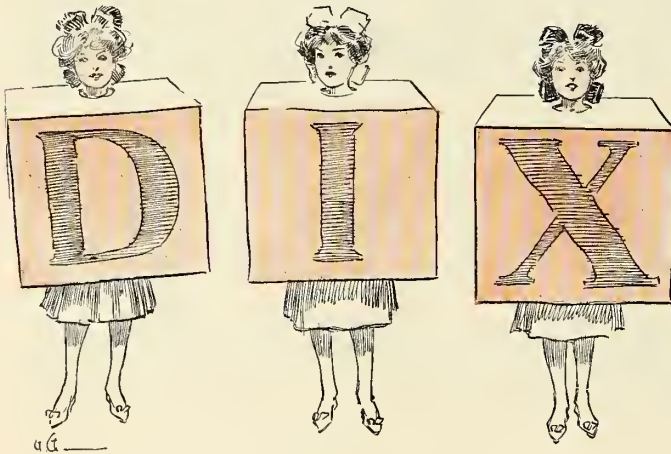
They have had many cheers in the big school during the past ten years, but this is the one that



FATHER TIME BECKONING THE TWO LITTLE CHILDREN, "YOU" AND "I," FROM THE KINGDOM OF CHILDHOOD.

member the noise a girl makes when she wants to attract the attention of her chum half a block away? Multiply this by four thousand and draw

lives. It came up, first, among a number proposed by a committee of girls in 1902. It is so truly feminine that it "belongs."



A MEMORY OF "TOY BLOCKS."

its sweetness out for ten seconds, and you get what we heard there:

"Oo, Oo; Oo, Oo!
Washington Irving,—
Ooooooooooo!"

I asked my little escort who planned all these things, and she named several of the scholars, but as I traced it back, I found that these ceremonies date back beyond the memory of any girl now in the school.

But you would like to know, I am sure, how a drama in which eighteen hundred girls actually take part, is composed by four thousand people. It is done every year. When you inquire into the way of it, as I did, you find it a simple matter.

For instance, a member of the Board of Education who had happened to be talking with Governor and Mrs. Dix about previous receptions, came into the Thirteenth Street division of the school and spoke at one of the assembly exercises.

"Girls," he said, "invite Mrs. Dix, the wife of the Governor of New York State, as your guest this year."

Of course that was enthusiastically agreed to. The girl chairman of the meeting appointed a

program committee to canvass all the six assemblies and find out what they proposed for the entertainment. At these assemblies the girls always stand and talk freely. They are accustomed to it from the first day of their high-school experience. In the composition classes, too, the committee had the English teachers call for "suggestions for the coming reception." In this manner the committee gathered together more ideas in a week than could be worked out in a year. They selected one proposal of a play showing the progress of a little maid from childhood to maturity. The rest was easy. Back to the six assemblies, back to the English classes, they went, and asked for scenes. "What shall we show in the life of the school-girl?" the committee asked. The secretary was there with her book. Teachers joined the girls in suggesting ideas. No one was ever told that her offering was not suitable. That would only close up many minds which were trying to imagine some new or suitable thing. By this method of canvassing there were evolved from the whole school so many pictures, scenes, and episodes, that almost any one could string them upon a thread of a continuous story. Then a committee of girls and such teachers as enjoy these things meet and talk. They arrange their outline. They post a copy upon every bulletin, and ask for classes that will volunteer to present the different scenes. They have discovered some important facts: each part must be a class affair; each class must choose

All the girls are regularly there at their regular time. You do not have to wait for anybody. The



MOTHER GOOSE.



FROM "THE VISION OF OVER-STUDY."

its teacher, or drill mistress, and one aide for her. In this way there is no interference with the daily work of the ordinary high-school recitations, for the rehearsals come at regular gymnasium hours.

teacher helps the leader conduct the scene. As everybody is in it, every one gets the full value of team-work, coöperation, self-management, and all the valuable accomplishments that belong to such exercises. For costume-making you have the regular work of the daily hour in the sewing-rooms. The teachers will not let you waste time or money upon any but simple and bright apparel. With pasteboard and paint, in the regular drawing classes, you make, under expert direction, what properties you need. And so, without any flutter or fuss, such of the hundred and twelve classes as choose a feature in the drama prepare their portion and rehearse it in regular order by themselves in gymnasium periods through the week. Then the committee on management prints the program, giving a number to every feature. Each class knows its number. In the armory, around the edge of the floor, are posted numbered placards, one for each feature of the play. The first thing every girl does on arriving there is to find where her group is to take its station when the play begins. At that station, she places any banner, sign, or property belonging to her part. Then she two-steps, waltzes, or polkas with her friends anywhere she pleases for the first part of

the afternoon while the guests of honor are assembling in the Colonel's big reception-room.

committee had not chosen for participation in the play, found points of vantage in the two



"MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY, HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?"

When the singing and saluting and initiating were over, the trumpet sounded, and the girls

great galleries reserved for them, running on each side the entire length of the armory. Then we looked at the large placard hoisted at the end of the hall, and saw that we were to witness "A Morality entitled the Vision of Youth."

The band played soft music, and gray-haired Father Time appeared drawing two little girls named "You" and "I" from the Kingdom of Childhood. They would fain return thither. Every time they broke away to run back, Time prevented them. Then they cried. But Time called Sweet Memory, a tall girl draped in an antique robe of white. She caressed the little maids and comforted them. She waved her arms and beckoned out of Childhood's Kingdom a number of delightful things. First tumbled out the finest lot of candies you ever saw: beautiful striped peppermint-sticks, two dozen of them; each was a pretty girl with a striped cylindrical hat as tall as she was. Then came fat chocolate drops, spearmint bars, lemon suckers, and wonderful lolly-pops. They danced and circled and rejoiced while the little maids ran from one to the other, tasting all. Then came a memory of Childhood's toys. There were life-sized jumping-jacks, elephants, tigers, camels, horses, drums, big alphabet blocks that hopped about and spelled out cheerful things. There were a hundred waving toy flags and a hundred bobbing balloons of all the colors of the rainbow. Next came the memory of Childhood games: little girls playing "Ring around a Rosy"; girls rolling



FROM "THE VISION OF MUSIC."

ran to their stations, leaving the center of the floor entirely open. All the classes which the

hoops bedecked with colored ribbons, girls skating on rollers, girls jumping rope, forty girls playing "grown-ups" strutting about with long trains behind them.

The memory of Mother Goose, her melodies, followed this. First the dear old lady herself, and then a long procession of delights: Queen of Hearts, Jacks and Jills, the Misses Muffet, Old Kings Cole, and fiddlers three times three, Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Stars, Baby Buntings, Ten O'Clock Scholars with big clock-dials pointing to ten, Peter Pumpkin Eaters, and the Pumpkins too, walking along as big as life. A little maid with a false face on the back of her head, to show that she was contrary, carrying a hand-bag marked "Mary," led, first a row of girls with silver bells for hats, then came girls with cockle-shell bonnets, and then a long row of pretty maids walking abreast. Last came about a hundred Bo-Peeps with their crooks. They held their hands up to shield their eyes and looked about for the sheep that none of us could see.

"Where did they get so many costumes?" I asked.

"They had 'em," my escort answered.

"How do you mean?"

"There are four thousand girls in this school. Among four thousand there must be many who have gone to a masquerade, or their mothers or sisters have gone to a fancy-dress party or have taken part in some festival. All you do is to ask what costumes there are at home. When you get the list you tell each girl into what group to go. Don't you see there 's no rehearsal necessary? All they have to do is to walk to the music or to do one of the regular gymnasium dances."

"But those candies?"

"Oh, the costume-design classes made them. They have to work out many original problems. We use them all in an event like this."

Now, Sweet Memory is beckoning again, it is to Childhood tales. They come dancing in: fairies, witches, Goldie-locks, Rip van Winkles, clever Alices, Beauties and Beasts, Nixies, and the whole story of Hansel and Gretel, house and all.

The last memory of Childhood is a troop of dolls that walk and dance, nod their heads, lift their arms, and say in squeaky voices, "Ma-ma!"

While all these different delicious things are coming and going, you may be sure the little



FROM "THE VISION OF OVER-DRESS."

maids are making the most of them. They are running back and forth, playing the games, han-



G.G.

FROM "THE VISION OF LITERATURE."

dling the toys, and wondering at the fairy tales. Both You and I captured one of the dear little

dollies, but Time would not have it so, and the liberated toy babies hopped back into the Kingdom of Childhood, and we saw them no more!

Then the little maids stood gazing into the Kingdom of Childhood with longing eyes, so Time

in horror, but Youth comforted them. There came a stately figure, "Prudence," with a whip, and drove the Over-studies away. Next came a most gorgeous procession: "Over-dress." There were hobble-skirts, huge muffs and boas,



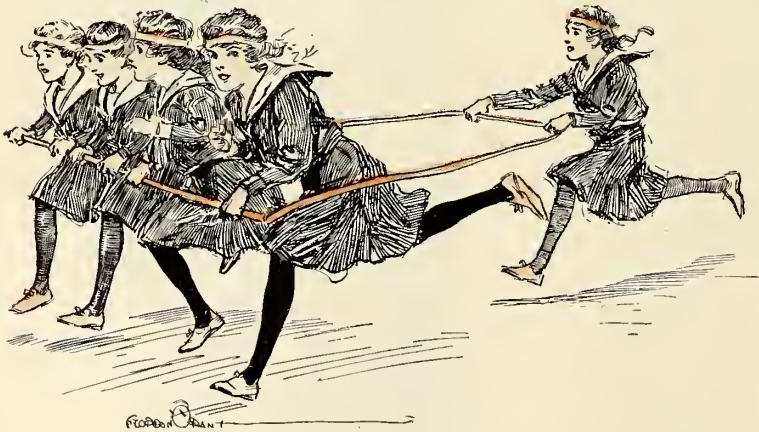
REHEARSING FOR THE QUADRIGA.

summoned out of the Future the beautiful, green-clad Spirit of Youth, who faced the two around, making them turn their backs upon the past.

You heard horrible strains of dismal music and

tremendous hats with whole flower gardens on them, a girl with enough rats and puffs to start a hair-store. The little maids were only too much impressed. Prudence restrained them, and

whipped the over-dressed ones all away. Then you heard the jingling of bells and the ripple of laughter. Fifty girls in yellow and white, with fool's caps on their heads, came galloping out. They represented Foolish Pleasures. They danced wildly. They dragged the little maids into their circle. Then they ran off and left them lying exhausted on the floor. Youth and Prudence lifted the children up, and admonished them. Then came Education, a queenly young woman, bearing aloft an antique torch. She led in her

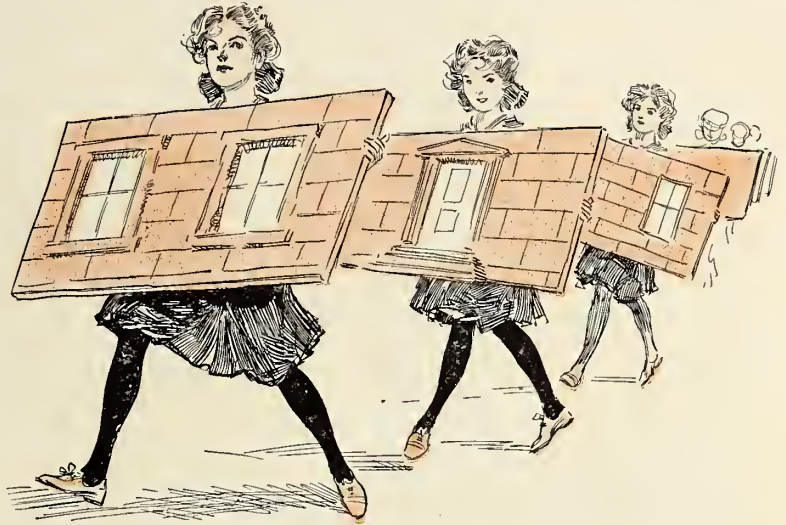


ONE OF THE QUADRIGA TEAMS.

saw the "Over-studies" coming. They were deathly pale, they were stoop-shouldered, they were hobbling along driven by a little red imp labeled "Exams." The little maids hid their eyes

company about a thousand girls divided into different groups representing her subjects. First came Literature. I cannot tell you what a beautiful progress it was. I am not poet enough.

Here marched the *Duke of Venice*, *Antonio*, *Bassanio*, *Shylock*, *Portia*, and all the characters of the "Merchant of Venice." All of the "Julius Cæsar" people were here, too, in their white stately togas. The "Midsummer Night" was indeed a dream with its Athenian nobility, its country clowns, its company of fairies, and its little red *Puck* capering about. As company after company came swinging down the long line to the "March of the Washington Irving Girls," the great audience in the balconies broke forth into cheers. There was French, there were German, Latin and Greek, Mathematics and History. Each group came marching in the proper order, fifty girls at a time, a kaleidoscope of color. The



FROM "THE VISION OF THE BUILDERS."

Art girls wore hats made of palettes daubed with color; they carried clever and picturesque posters, drawings, and designs of their own make. The Physical-Training girls kept time with barbells as they marched. To represent Music there was a band of girls with gold and silver instruments. The parade of Cooking girls carried like dignified soldiers the implements of their craft. For Science, we had Meteorology, a great group of girls in black with the jagged lightning across their skirts. They were the Storm Cloud. Then came Sunshine, a glorious creature in gold with the rays extending from her face, and then a lovely Rainbow, seven girls each in prismatic colors. You should have seen Biology: bees, butterflies, and grasshoppers, all personated by little girls flitting, fluttering, and hopping like the mischief. The Declamation girls were splendid; they seemed in unison to be arguing some weighty matter entirely by gestures without uttering a word; now their fists would clench, their warning fingers threaten; then they would express entreaty, exhortation, or indignation, and marching along meantime. Last came a huge book walking along as big as a house. There were two girls inside of it, but you could only see their feet. The Library class steered them around and a lot of book-binding girls with their stitching frames walked along behind. All the while the little imp Exams passed around and pestered all the subjects of education. At last this inspiring procession passed and the little maids caught a vision of Field Day. It was only the chariot-racers, the Washington

driven by a fifth. Each set had its own colors, fillets of ribbon on the hair, flowing sashes from the shoulder to the waist, and reins of the same hue. There is nothing I ever saw which com-



FROM "THE VISION OF ART."

pires in spirit and beauty with these quadrigæ races. Ten teams line up across the armory, the whistle sounds, the masses of different color spring forward, the surrounding girls cheer their friends, the band jingles its liveliest tune, up come

the runners dropping side-combs at every jump, and one glowing team comes out the winner!

Now Time makes passes with her wand about



"EDUCATION."

the little maids, and behold they begin to grow older. Their little white frocks grew longer, and while Prudence held the glass and the music

played, they did up their long curls and changed before our very eyes from little maids to young ladies.

Then came the Long, Long Thoughts of Youth, the tallest girls the school possesses. They brought with them a strip of gauze and held it up before the two girls' eyes. Time pointed away off down the armory, and there you saw a vision of graduation day: white-gowned girls in line going up a little flight of steps to receive from a benignant lady in cap and gown a beautiful white roll tied with green ribbon. The next picture in the distant future was a little maid herself grown tall and become a teacher. Her little charges were about her. Then you saw another distant event: the completion of the great building of the Washington Irving High School, which politics, panic, and change of plans have held off for ten years. The girls ran out with bricks, and to the sound of music quickly set up a fine, big building, large enough to hold four red-haired good-luck girls, who peered out over the top of the walls and waved triumphant flags.

And then, last vision of the day, you saw a wedding procession coming from the bride's home, four girl musicians playing the march, pretty bridesmaids with baskets of flowers, a little five-year-old girl strewing roses, and then the bride with her orange flowers and veil. You heard the wedding bells resounding through the hall, the procession passed on, the principal characters ran out, joined hands, and bowed to Mrs. Dix, and so the "Vision of Youth" came to an end.



THE FINAL VISION.



A MATTER OF TASTE

BY OLIVER HERFORD

SAID the Ostrich, "I fear if I ate
A mince-pie, it would settle my fate;
But this crockery ware
Has a flavor that 's rare!"—
And he passed back his pie for more plate!



GIVING AND RECEIVING

BY GEORGE LAWRENCE PARKER

THESE two old words are like the pendulum of a clock. They swing from one side of our life to the other, and go on ticking, always sounding out the two great parts of our life. If boys and girls are going to start right, they ought to learn these two great halves which make up the whole existence. While a pendulum swings from side to side, the hands of a clock go clear around the circle, from twelve back to twelve again. And just so we mark out a big circle in our lives, made up of many things; but they are all controlled by and included in these two words—giving and receiving.

Notice, too, that the swing of these words is like a balance. On one side is giving, on the other receiving. If you have ever seen a tight-rope walker, you know that he always carries a wand or light stick in his hand. He does it in order to balance, ever so slightly it may be, his weight as he leans a little too much to one side or the other. In the same way in eastern countries, water-carriers hang a bucket on each end of a pole, balancing one weight by the other. It is easier than to carry one. The perfect balance is a help, not a hindrance.

Now that 's the way with giving and receiving. These two make up what we call a well-balanced person; one who can walk without stumbling; one who carries double weight, but finds it easier than carrying only one. To give does not mean to make one's self poor. It only means that we balance what we receive. To receive does not mean to pile up, keep, or be selfish. It only means balancing the need we have to give out.

It seems hard to make this balance swing properly unless we put giving first. That seems the natural order of these words, and proves, I think, that our temptation is to do just the opposite. We naturally suppose that we must receive first, and then give. And I am going to speak of receiving first, if you will be sure to remember that we must do so because we begin our lives at the

very start with a gift, the gift of life itself. We have already received something, and though we must go on receiving for a while longer, our minds really strike the right balance by saying "giving and receiving" rather than "receiving and giving." Remember this as we go on.

Think of the number of things we receive before we ever get much of a chance to give! Think of the care bestowed on us in the very first year of life, when we are helpless to do anything for ourselves! No king ever received more than we receive. Our mothers give nearly their whole time to us. Our fathers work to provide for us. And everything seems planned just to give us what we need. If too much noise goes on in the house, some one says, "Don't do that, the baby is asleep." If a room is cold, it must be made warmer for the baby. Special things must be bought, special things done, all for the sake of a little person who cannot yet walk. He is a receiver. No one expects him to give. He is a king, or she is a queen, and no one disputes the commands he or she gives.

This goes on for a long time. And when this period is over, we still go on receiving. In school we receive knowledge,—science, geography, history, religion, poetry; all these are brought to us with the words, "Help yourself." Hundreds of teachers plan and work night and day to find out how we may best receive these things. It almost seems as if for many years we are like the crow who sat on the limb, and when the farmer sowed his grain, cried out, "All for me; all for me." And I may say right here that a boy or girl who just sits on the limb and cries out, "All for me," all the time, is very apt to remain as stupid as the crow; and you will notice that a crow walks crooked, and can only say a few words, if any. He has no balance and no knowledge. He 's one-sided.

Beside the care and love we receive at home, and the training at school, many other things are given to us; too many to mention. What this

really means is, that we have received something, and usually something good, which we shall never be called upon to pay for. In business this is called "capital." We all begin life with a large "capital" which we have received. We are set up in our business of life long before we really begin the business for ourselves. So full are our early years of this receiving, that almost every day is like Christmas Day.

Now before we leave this word, let me say this about it: we must learn how to receive. It is just as necessary as to learn how to give. We ought to open our hearts and minds very wide to take in just as much as we can. Some young people try to receive just as little as possible. They are like a boy I once knew who went to a friend's house to dinner. When things were passed to him he said, "No, thank you, I don't want that." This was bad manners. But it's worse than bad manners to go to school and say, "I don't want that," when history, or literature, or science, or any one of the great things I have named are passed to us. Some want just enough to get a good mark, but this, too, is wrong. What we want to do is, first of all, to learn to receive; get the receiving spirit about everything. We may not be able to receive all, but if we receive all we can, we shall learn more than the boy or girl who only works for high marks. To be glad, to feel the real pleasure of the things set before us, to enter into these splendid opportunities, to receive all we are able to, is to make hard things easy. It means also that we are gathering riches which we are intended to receive and at the time when it is easiest to receive them.

Now I am sure we are ready for the word "give." If every one could receive these things and never give, what a dreadful place the world would be! Each one of us would have to begin all over again where our grandfathers began, and the world would not move onward at all. Suppose Columbus, when he discovered America, had said, "This is my country. I found it. I'll just stay here, and not tell any one about it. If any one else wants it, let them come and find it the way I did." Suppose he had not gone back to give it to Spain and Ferdinand and Isabella. It's almost impossible to think that, is n't it? Yet he might have reasoned that way. Suppose any inventor should do that, or any scientist, or a doctor who finds a new cure for some disease. Think of Franklin and the lightning, Eli Whitney and the cotton-gin, of Milton and his poems, of Alexander Hamilton and the men who made our constitution. If they had said, "We know all this, but it is our knowledge, and we won't give it to any one else," where would we be now?

You see, the world would stop, if there were no giving. Think of each of us having to sit down and begin all over again, and you will see what we would be without the giving spirit. It's giving that keeps the world alive.

But, more than this, giving keeps the giver alive. What we receive acts like a poison unless we give it away. And, really, we only keep what we give to some one else. If I have good news, it dies unless I tell some one. And we all know that if we try to teach some one, that is the best way to teach ourselves. If you learn a poem to recite in school, you remember it longer than you remember another, simply because you learned it to give it to other people.

Giving is the swing of the pendulum from receiving, the other side of the same movement. The clock stops whenever the pendulum stops in the middle. If you receive and do not give, the weight is so rich and so heavy, that it will crush us if we try to carry it. We might remind ourselves that King Midas nearly starved to death just because he wanted to receive all the gold and give none away. In our days, especially, life is "so full of a number of things," as Robert Louis Stevenson says, that we may easily run the same danger.

The first part of our life is almost entirely made up of receiving; let us see that the latter part is made up of giving. And by the latter part I do not mean that we need to wait until we are old. The moment we understand that we receive something, however young we may then be, that moment we can begin to give.

Of course I can hear some one say, "I've nothing to give. I have no money, very little knowledge, very little of any of these things you speak of." But you have a great deal nevertheless; and much that other people want, and that you ought to give. You have a kind word somewhere, for you have received many. Give them away again, if you truly want to keep them. You have a cheerful face; give that to people; they need it. And best of all you have yourself. Give yourself to others. Have n't you often heard some one say, "Tell me all about yourself?" What they mean is this: "I really need you; give me some little part of yourself." To tell some one, frankly, and honestly, not boastfully, about yourself, is better than any fairy story.

A door is meant to open and shut. Our lives are meant to give and receive. We hang on two hinges: giving and receiving; the door is out of order if one hinge breaks. It is out of balance. Every life is out of balance, it is only half of a life, if it does not learn how to swing between these two great words.

WHITTIER AND THE LITTLE QUAKER GIRL

(A True Story)

BY REBECCA MIDDLETON SAMSON

"I WAS a very little girl when I first met the great poet John Greenleaf Whittier," said the sweet-faced lady to an eagerly listening group of young people gathered about her for one of her interesting stories; "but never have I forgotten him, and his birthday, the seventeenth of December, always brings with it the remembrance of an unusual rôle the gentle poet once played in a certain small tragedy of my young life.

"You know my people were Quakers," the lady proceeded in answer to clamorous appeals for the story, "and at that time we were living in Philadelphia, where we became intimately acquainted with John Greenleaf Whittier, who was then editor of an antislavery paper.

"We all attended the same Quaker church, of which the members of my family were loyal adherents, my mother being especially distinguished as a brilliant and forcible public speaker.

"About this time, my mother was called away from Philadelphia on business, and, taking advantage of her absence, my grandmother, who lived in the same house with my parents, decided to have torn down an old-fashioned, white marble mantelpiece that stood in my mother's bedroom, and to build in an open fireplace.

"This was done, and under the marble mantelshelf a handsome fireplace was set in with porcelain tiles. I can still recall the delight with which I surveyed the beautiful colors of this tile work, depicting a pastoral scene of English life.

"Before the workmen returned for the final touches, it was decided that the cement holding the tiles in place should be left to thoroughly harden, and it was while the fireplace was still in this soft and unsettled condition, that I stole into my mother's room, and, childlike, picked out one or more of the pretty tiles for playthings.

"My grandmother arrived to find me so occupied, and, in her indignation at the mischief I had done, exclaimed:

"Thee naughty child! Thee ought to be ashamed of thyself! A little more, and thy mother's mantel would have fallen upon thee!"

"And the enormity of my offense was still more forcibly impressed upon my childish mind by a proper punishment, for my Quaker grandmother was not of the kind to 'spare the rod and spoil the child.'

"Meanwhile, my mother returned from her business trip, and the episode of the mantel was,

for the time, forgotten in preparations for an event of great moment. This was the 'Yearly Meeting' of Quakers in Philadelphia, which continued for a whole week, during which several smaller meetings were to be held in private houses, one of them in my father's home.

"The important day arrived, and the big room where the meeting assembled was crowded with guests. So great, indeed, was the crush, that the smaller children, for whom places could not be found, were lifted up and seated upon a raised space or platform at one end of the room.

"I was among these children, and I remember how, as I sat between the legs of the wooden table, which, in accordance with Quaker simplicity, was of the plainest, I would timidly glance up to catch a glimpse of the 'Quaker Poet' as he stood just above me.

"He had a beautiful, gentle countenance; his hair was then very black, and never shall I forget the flash of his wonderful dark eyes as he spoke.

"Another privilege that fell to me upon this eventful day, was that of being chosen to present bouquets of flowers to Whittier and Lucretia Mott, who were the honored guests of the occasion.

"After the meeting, my mother, who had just closed a most beautiful and moving address, presented me to Whittier. He looked at me fixedly with those glorious and wonderfully piercing eyes of his, and, placing his hand upon my shoulder, he said with slow and solemn emphasis:

"My darling child, I sincerely trust that thy mother's mantle may some day fall on thee."

"Alas! this beautiful benediction, so thrillingly pronounced, turned me pale with fright; to my childish comprehension, there was but one '*mantel*,' and that was the mantel in my mother's bedroom, the one that my grandmother had already predicted might fall upon me. And now here was the great John Whittier voicing the same awful prophecy! Had my grandmother told my mother of my wicked act, and had my mother, in turn, told Whittier, and was this the public expression of the good man's righteous wrath? All this went through my mind.

"Crushed by shame and fear, I held my peace; for I dared question neither my mother nor my grandmother upon the subject; but my troubles were, as I found to my sorrow, far from ended."



"I TRUST THAT THY MOTHER'S MANTLE MAY SOME DAY FALL ON THEE!"

"During the week of the Yearly Meeting, my parents invited Whittier to dinner, together with the delegates and other prominent guests of the gathering, and I, as a child of the household, was, of course, expected to present myself at table with the others.

"The prospect of meeting Whittier, forever disgraced as I felt myself to be in his eyes, was more than I could bear, and hiding as best I could the anguish of my poor little tormented heart, I went to my mother and said:

"I do not think I am old enough to come to the dinner, Mother; I think thee had better let me wait until afterward."

"What!" exclaimed my father, who happened to pass as I made the remark; 'not come to the dinner, daughter! Why, we are going to have chicken-pie, and surely thee wants to hear John Whittier tell how he made his first chicken-pie!'

"I was very far from caring to hear John Whittier tell about anything just then, but Quaker children are brought up to obey; so to the dinner I went, and to my unspeakable consternation found myself seated next to Whittier, and directly facing the great Lucretia Mott.

"What I suffered during that dinner is one of the tragedies of my childhood; I struggled hard to hide my emotions, but so apparent was my distress, that my mother noticed it and, as soon as an opportunity offered, drew me aside to inquire into the cause.

"In a burst of tears, I made my confession; I told my mother of my naughtiness in removing

the tiles of the fireplace to play with, and how my grandmother, in her anger, had predicted that the mantel would fall upon me, and how on the day of the meeting, John Whittier had said that he *hoped* this dreadful thing would come to pass!

"How tenderly my dear mother sympathized with me! How lovingly she soothed me—and yet, how she laughed! And when she told the story to Whittier, how *he* laughed! And Lucretia Mott laughed! And all the company laughed! And though I wondered that everybody should make so merry, I was comforted, for I felt that, in some mysterious way, which I did not understand, everything was right.

"And when the big dinner was over and the company gone, Whittier went up-stairs with us, and, seating himself before the blazing logs in the new open fireplace, he took my sister and myself each upon a knee, and told us story after story.

"It has been a lifelong regret to me that I was too young at the time to remember these stories, and all I can recollect my mother saying about them, was that they were wonderfully beautiful, and that she had not the slightest doubt but that Whittier 'made them up' as he went along.

"I remember distinctly, too," said the lady, in conclusion, "how the 'Quaker Poet' was revered and loved by every member of my family for his gentleness and the religious beauty of his character; but the memory of the great man that has long remained with me, and always will remain, is the incident that so impressively connected him with my mother's 'mantel.'"

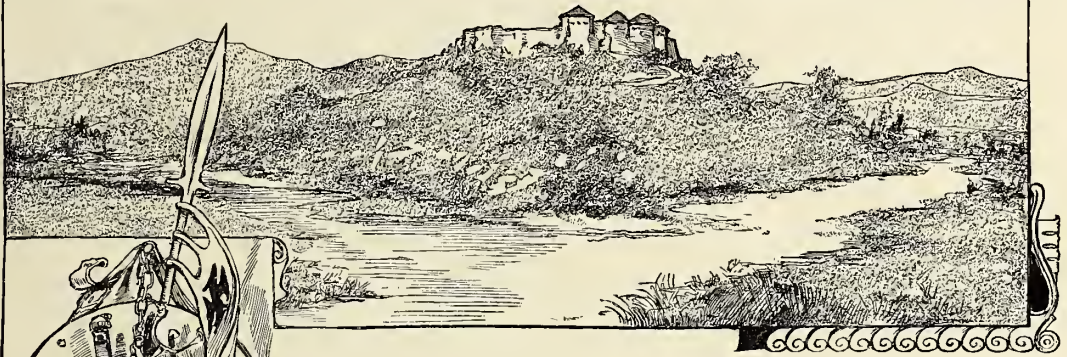


BY GLADYS HYATT SINCLAIR

SMILES on the faces as people go past,
Squeaks in the snow where they hurry so fast;
Meetings and greetings, so merry and glad,
Wishings and winkings—all "Santa Claus mad";
Laughter that bubbles, and dancing wee feet;
Holly wreaths hung all the way down the street;
See the green Christmas trees, frostily pearled—
Christmas is coming, there 's joy in the world!

Loving hands busy by day and by night;
Loving hearts beating, all buoyant and light;
Secrets and whispers and mystery rife,
Doors that dare close e'en between man and wife;
Parcels and packages, bundle and box;
Can't some one hurry these stupid old clocks?
Santa Claus waits on his trip to be whirled—
Christmas is coming, there 's joy in the world!

The Knights *of the* Golden Spur



BY RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

Author of "Historic Boyhoods," "Historic Girlhoods," etc.

CHAPTER II

HOW ROGER RODE TO THE CASTLE BY THE SEA

CAMELOT was waking as brave Sir Lancelot and Roger clattered through the gate-

way and down the hill. Wreaths of smoke were lazily coiling upward from rude stone huts that stood on either side of the road. Roger had never seen such simple houses, only one story high, with thick, thatched roofs that slanted from the peak of the gable almost to the ground. Men and women and children were stirring about, some gazing across their fields at the splendid figure of the knight on his gray charger; but Lancelot sent them no answering glance; instead, his eyes were fixed straight ahead of him, and he seemed lost in thought.

Hour after hour they rode silently, tending downward and always toward the west. At first they passed by apple orchards white with buds, and woods of oak, ash, and cedar. A brook kept them company for a time, rippling over ledges, but presently forsook them for the south. Then the woods ceased, and their view was over endless moors, purple with heather, yellow with the gorse, and unchanging to the horizon's edge. Now and then they passed a lonely hovel; once the knight stopped, and called loudly, "Goodwife,

bring us of thy baking!" and a woman brought them two loaves of black bread. Roger found he was very hungry, and ate all his loaf, in spite of its coarseness and its bitter taste. Then Sir Lancelot and he drank from an earthen water jar the woman offered them. When they were satisfied, they rode on again toward the west.

Sea-mists now began to sweep toward them, and the air grew damp and raw. The ground was bare except for the hardy heather and ledges of rock spread across their road. They were coming close to the wild western ocean, to the long lines of ghostly sand-dunes, to the great walls of giant cliffs, and the breakers that foamed in caverns and growled along the shore. Then Roger saw a towering mass of stone rise at the very edge of the ocean. He knew that they had come at last to the castle called Forfars-by-the-Sea.

Sir Lancelot raised his hand toward the stone walls. "Here ends our journey, Roger," said he. "Yonder is Forfars, and the Lady Isabeau is prisoned in that tower where the curlews are flying. Sir Monteagle will be in his tent before the gate, for his castle is old and moldy with the brine."

"And is that the oak King Arthur spoke of?" asked Roger, pointing to a great tree that stood alone near the castle.

"Aye, that is the oak," answered Lancelot. "Our work must end before that great limb pointing seaward casts its shadow across the top of the gate. May Fortune aid us!"

He touched spurs to his horse, and galloped forward. In a moment the riders were full in

front of the castle, and looking at a tent that stood in the center of an open space before the gate.

Lancelot reined up his horse, and spoke so that all the shore might hear him. "I am come, Sir Monteagle," rang out his clarion tones. "Sir Lancelot du Lac, of Arthur's Round Table. There has long been doubt between us as to which were stronger knight. If thou be not afraid to meet me, come forth from Forfars." His words, winged and clear, must even have reached the lady in the great tower, and Roger thought he saw a glimmer of white at one of the small windows.

Then the curtains at the door of the tent in the open space were flung aside, and a man stepped out. He was very big, with long black hair that fell upon his shoulders. He stood, his hands upon his hips, and smiled across at Lancelot. "Well met, brother in arms," said he. "Right glad am I thou art come. My sword is o'er-rusty and needs a polishing. I feared the Round Table was now made up of carpet-knights."

"Thy memory of Camelot is short," answered Lancelot.

"It may be so. I have forgot if men there use their steel for swords or plowshares." Then he threw back his head and laughed until his long locks shook and his teeth shone.

"I have come," answered Lancelot, "to show thee. To take the Lady Isabeau to her mother, and clear the stain that stands on thy escutcheon."

Sir Monteagle went on laughing, shaking like an oak limb in a gale. It seemed as if his laughter was echoed back from the massive walls of Forfars and was repeated in the loud breakers on the shore. "Oh, Lancelot," he said, when he could speak for mirth, "of old I knew thee for a simple youth, but now thy simpleness has grown so great, the very sea laughs at thy boasts." Then his manner changed, and, taking a few steps forward, he bowed low. "We will fight," he said, "here where the ground is level; but first I pray thee taste food and wine with me. Fasten the horses, and come hither to my tent. There is none here but a page and an old man to bear the wine-cups. I pledge thee none shall join me from the castle."

Lancelot, nodding his assent, leaped from his horse. "So be it, Roger," said he.

They tied their horses in a clump of cedars, and walked across the bare ground that lay before the tent. Sir Monteagle had now thrown open the curtains at the tent's sides, and they saw within it a large, well-furnished place, set with a table and couches,—a spacious room, indeed, more light and airy than any of the halls in Forfars.

When they had entered the tent, Roger took his stand by the couch on which Sir Lancelot had seated himself, and watched the old man and the boy prepare to serve the two knights. The boy set a platter of round wheaten cakes on the table, which Roger thought looked much better to eat than the peasant woman's black bread. He saw the old man raise a great flagon that was on a stand in a corner behind Lancelot and pour red wine into two silver beakers. Then he saw him slip one hand into his sleeve, pull out a little flask, and, unstoppering it, let a few drops fall from it into the nearer cup. The vial was in the old man's sleeve again almost before Roger realized what he had seen.

The old man set the two goblets on the table while Roger plucked at Sir Lancelot's sleeve. Sir Monteagle had turned away for a moment, and Lancelot glanced at his squire. Roger pointed to the nearer goblet, and shook his head positively, and then in pantomime went through the signs of pouring the wine upon the ground. Lancelot stared at him, and then suddenly smiled and nodded. He turned back to Sir Monteagle as the latter stepped to the table.

The knight of Forfars raised his cup. "Red wine maketh red blood, Lancelot. I trow thou wilt not find the spirit lacking to drink or fight with me."

Lancelot lifted his goblet to his lips, while Roger watched him spellbound.

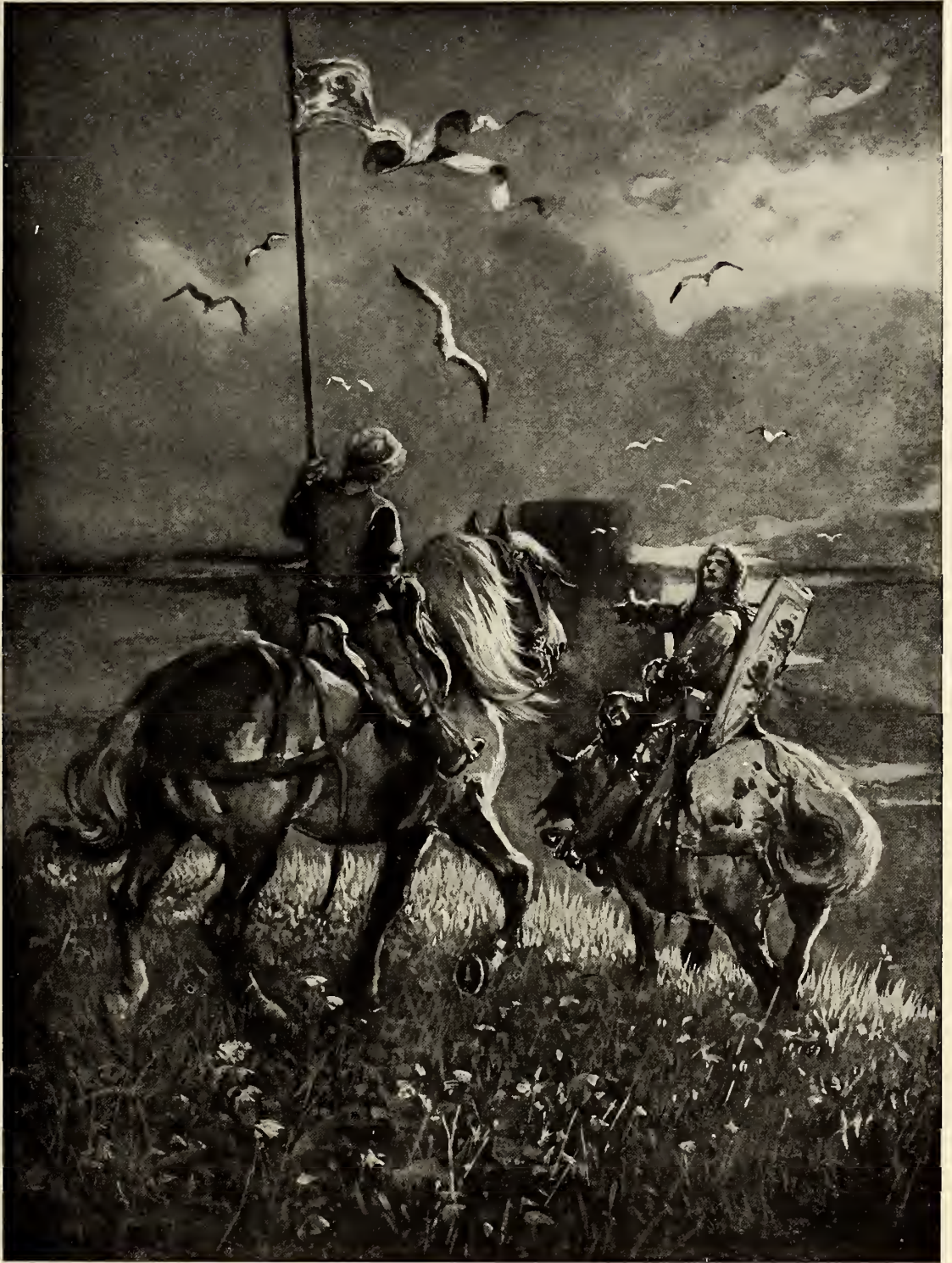
So he held his goblet for a moment. Then, "My Lord Monteagle," said he, "I have journeyed far in many countries and heathen lands, and certain customs I have learned abroad. When starting on a dangerous enterprise, the eastern peoples pour a libation to the earth. Take this not slightingly from me, but as a tribute to the worth in which I hold thee." Thereupon he poured the wine from his goblet on the ground. Then, looking sharply across at the old man in the corner, he commanded: "Fetch me the flagon straightly. I will pour for myself."

The old man brought the flagon, and Sir Lancelot filled a brimming cup. This he raised, and glanced over it at Sir Monteagle. "'T is safer now to drink. The earth has had its due."

Then both knights drank, but Roger thought Sir Monteagle took little relish of his draft.

From that moment, Roger followed the knight of Forfars, his servant, and his page, with hawks' eyes. But nothing further that was suspicious happened. The two finished their wine and ate sparingly of the cakes, and then, after a very short rest, took themselves out of the tent.

But now the strong sun of afternoon had sent the mists retreating out to sea. The level space



"SIR LANCELOT RAISED HIS HAND. 'YONDER IS FORFARS,' SAID HE."

between the tent and the gate of Forfars was to be the battle-field, a space not large, but level as a table. On the castle side stood Sir Monteagle, a cone-shaped helmet on his massive head, a great square shield upon his left arm, and a long, shining sword in his right hand. Before him waited Sir Lancelot, tall and straight as a sapling, alert and ready, the very figure of a perfect man trained to use each atom of his strength. Roger felt his heart thumping fast beneath his jerkin, and unconsciously his fingers tightened on the hilt of the knife at his belt.

Now the two knights had joined battle, feinting warily, and stepping quickly from side to side to test the distance and their eyes. Now Lancelot had struck Monteagle's shield, making it ring like a bell; now Monteagle had thrust at Lancelot, only to be met with a parry that sent both swords shivering up in air. Then they joined in earnest, and blow rang on blow and thrust was checked by shield so fast and furiously, that Roger could scarcely follow with his eyes while the knights circled round and round and the sun gleamed on a hundred facets of helms and shields and swords.

Seconds sped into minutes, and minutes rolled away while the knights battled. One seemed to have the advantage, when even on the instant the other wrested it away, and took the upper hand. Lancelot was the more lithe, and his sword, for all its weight, shot like a forked gleam of lightning about Sir Monteagle, but the knight of Forfars was very strong, and as often as Lancelot's point was at his breast, his shield had caught it, or the hilt of his own sword had sent it harmlessly jabbing at the sky.

Roger stood staring, his lips apart, too excited to think, conscious only of the unceasing give and take in front of him.

Then suddenly Sir Monteagle made a tremendous effort. He rushed to the attack, and his sword whirled in a circle, and then darted forward like a serpent's tongue. But Lancelot swerved, and the sword passed over the smooth neck-piece of his helmet. The same second he struck, leaping forward instead of falling back, as another man must have done on such a furious attack. His weapon just missed the edge of Monteagle's great shield, and plunged into his breast. In an eye's twinkling it was out again. Sir Monteagle stood swaying, like a statue set rocking in the gale, and then crumpled up, fell backward, and came in a crash to the ground.

Sir Lancelot rested a moment, leaning on his sword, his eyes upon the man lying before him. In that moment Sir Monteagle never stirred. Then Lancelot stepped forward, and stooping a little, made the sign of the cross above the other's

brow. "Thou wert once of King Arthur's Round Table," he murmured. "Let what lies after that be forgiven thee."

Then he turned to Roger. "Now I go into Forfars for the Lady Isabeau," said he. "Stay here till I return." He glanced westward to where the sun was already far on his journey toward the sea. "Time presses. If there prove to be too many gates for me to win through, too many steps to climb, wait here till the shadows fall, and then mount and ride back to Camelot with word of what I tried to do."

"May I go in with thee?" asked Roger, eagerly.

Sir Lancelot shook his head. "One will be enough inside. Thou must guard our horses until I return."

Roger watched Lancelot cross the cleared ground that had been the field of battle, and saw him disappear under the arch of Forfars's gate. It was some distance from there to the tower where the lady was imprisoned, and many doors might have to be passed. Roger would much rather have gone in with him than have stayed waiting outside, but Sir Lancelot's word was law. He moved away to the edge of the open space, and stood on guard there. He saw the old man and the boy come out from the tent, cross to where their master lay, take the helmet from his head, the shield from his arm, the sword from his hand, and carry him into the tent. Roger looked toward the west. The sun was sinking rapidly now, and already he could see the shadows of the dwarf trees and bushes lengthening across the nearer moors. He turned toward the great oak. Already the shadow of its long lower bough reached like a gigantic black sword across the lower part of the gate of Forfars.

CHAPTER III

"THE WITCH-MOTHER'S SPELL"

KING ARTHUR'S words echoed in his ears. "I know his witch-mother's spell, that when the shadow of the great oak's bough crosses the top of the gate, all armed enemies in Forfars perish." Now the line of the bough was rising, surely, steadily, from stone to stone, from seam to seam, toward the arch of the gate.

Roger glanced quickly about him. The sea was quiet, the moors were empty, no sound came from Sir Monteagle's servants behind the drawn curtains of the tent. He would rather there had been a great deal of noise and tumult, and a dozen enemies scowling at him from the castle. He was all alone, and this was black witchcraft he had to face, something that would happen as surely as the sun would set.

He wondered why Sir Lancelot was so long in coming back. Would he never find the lady and escape with her? The black line was rising, cutting higher and higher across the stones to either side of the gate.

Roger looked at the oak, then at the setting



"THE AIR WAS FILLED WITH ANGRY VOICES, BUT ROGER KEPT TO HIS TASK."

sun, then back at the walls of Forfars. No sign or sound of Sir Lancelot came from the castle. He knew that in another half-hour he would have to mount his horse and ride back to Camelot with the news that Sir Lancelot had perished. Then suddenly a new idea flashed into his mind, and instantly he ran to the oak.

The tree had no branches or boughs on any side near the ground, but its trunk was rough and gnarled with knots. Roger had climbed the trees at Westover House ever since he could remember, and this oak looked no harder to climb than many of them. He glanced at his feet. His leather boots, although they were soft and pliant, were not the things for this work, so he sat down on the ground and pulled them off. Underneath the

boots were close-knit hose. These would give him good purchase against the tree's trunk. He stood up again and looked the tree over carefully, planning how he would climb it. He had acted quickly, and but a few minutes had passed in these preparations.

The trunk of the oak was not very large round. He got his arms about it, and started to work his way up. His stockinged feet caught in the bark and gave him some support while he wriggled up. Yet busy as he was, he noticed that the sky had suddenly grown very dark overhead, that a bitter cold wind was blowing on him from the sea, and that the oak was trembling and groaning. He climbed as fast as he could, until his right hand clutched at the great bough. He pulled himself up to it, and threw one leg across a crotch of the tree, so that he could straddle it. He was just in time, for now the oak was swaying like a ship in a heavy sea, and he had to grip a branch in one arm to keep his balance. He looked at the gate of Forfars. Although all the rest of the sky was black with storm, a circle of light rested upon the gate, and the black bar was only a foot below the keystone of the arch.

There was witchcraft abroad. Sir Monteagle's witch-mother was fighting hard to have vengeance for her son. The oak groaned and writhed like a living thing, and the lowering sky, the booming sea, and the piercing wind all tried to frighten Roger. But he gritted his teeth, and twined his legs more tightly about the trunk, while he prepared to carry out his plan. He had not a moment to lose. He drew the knife from its sheath at his belt, and, choosing a place where the bough looked least gnarled, he plunged the blade into it. It was of well-tempered steel, and cut clean and true. But as it cut through the bark there came a cry of pain, as if the wood were flesh. The great oak shivered, but Roger kept his seat and lifted his hand to strike again and yet again.

As the knife fell, the bough cried out, and a sudden fork of lightning split the sky. The air was filled with a thousand angry voices, but Roger kept to his task, trying not to hear the voices, the cries, or the thunder, nor to see the lightning.

Now he leaned forward, putting all his strength into each cut of the knife. The cut widened and deepened. He did not dare stop to glance at the gate, each minute was too precious. Now he had sliced through the circle of clear white wood to the red-brown underneath.

Then his hand pushed too hard, there was a snap of steel, and the blade had broken. It dropped to the ground, and Roger was left staring

at the hilt in his right hand. He threw it away, and raised his eyes fearfully to the gate of Forfars. The black shadow was just there, just on the edge of the arch, and there was no sign of Sir Lancelot. The winds were shrieking at him. Quick as a flash Roger swung himself out of the crotch, stood on the bough on his side of the gaping cut, and then jumped sidewise, throwing out his arms to catch the limb in his leap. His hands clutched the wood, there was a terrible grating, shrieking, splintering sound, the world seemed all in flames, and then the bough broke and fell with Roger to the ground.

He lay there some minutes, deafened, stunned, almost blinded, staring up at the tree where the limb had been. The fall had not been far, but he had not given a thought to his landing. All his body ached, and his head was throbbing, but the bough was in his arms. He did not know how long he lay there before he heard a sound near at hand, and turned his head. Sir Lancelot was coming across the open space toward him, with a lady at his side. Roger struggled to get up, throwing the oak limb away from him. Sir Lancelot, bewilderment in his face, looked at the great bough, and then up at the tree. He turned and stared back at the gate. The whole wall of Forfars was in shadow now. The sun was just setting below the sea.

After a moment's silence, Sir Lancelot held out his hand to Roger. "Thy quick wit saved me, lad. Without it all my strength would have been but a snapped thread. But it needed more than wit to save this day. 'T was courage made thee leap upon that bough and bring it down. Rare courage too. And thou wast fighting witchcraft."

Then he added, "Art hurt? 'T is very hard ground here."

"I'm all right now," answered Roger, for both dizziness and bruises seemed to have vanished.

Sir Lancelot turned to the lovely, pale-faced lady who stood beside him. "My Lady Isabeau," said he, "some day I will tell thee what this boy has done. If I overcame Sir Monteagle, 't was he who saved us from the witch, his mother."

Then the lady, her deep blue eyes all smiles, gave her hand to Roger. "They will be proud of thee in Camelot," said she, softly, "but none so full of gratitude as I."

After that they left the castle of Forfars-by-the-Sea, the Lady Isabeau riding in front of the page. The moors were very still and empty, as they journeyed, but a crescent moon, hanging low in the sky, sent silver paths across the seas of heather. Roger was very happy as they rode swiftly over the white road to Camelot.

It was well into the night when they reached King Arthur's castle, and many lights were shining from the narrow, slit-like windows. Sir Lancelot and Roger rode up the hill, through the great gate, and into the court. "Hola!" cried the knight, and a dozen men came running, bearing torches. He leaped to the ground, and handed down the lady gently. "Come with me, Roger," said he. "The men will take our horses."

Sir Lancelot and the lady climbed the stairs, and Roger after them. They came into the hall where they had met the king that morning. It looked very different now. At the upper end sat Arthur in a great chair, and by him sat a lady in white and silver. At either side of them stood many ladies and knights, and all were listening to the slow, whispering music of a harp played by a white-haired man who sat before the king.

The music ended, and Arthur looked down the hall. He saw Sir Lancelot, and called in a glad voice: "Oh, Lancelot, can it be thou indeed? All day my thoughts rode with thee. Come hither!"

Sir Lancelot stepped forward, leading the Lady Isabeau by the hand, and Roger followed. They went between the lines of courtiers to the throne. "I have brought back the Lady Isabeau," said Lancelot. "Sir Monteagle has fallen, as may all false knights."

Guinevere held out her hands and drew Isabeau to her. "Now will her mother's heart be healed," said she, in a soft voice like music. "For years has she grieved, to-night shall she rejoice." Roger, looking at the queen's face and her long, golden hair, thought her the loveliest woman he had ever seen.

Again Sir Lancelot was speaking. "A page rode with me, Sire, and but for him we never would be here. He saved my lips from poison, and broke the great oak's bough. He has done yeoman service."

Roger felt the eyes of all the knights and ladies turned upon him. Then he found himself looking into the fine face of the king. "Well done, lad. We need such as thou in Camelot," said King Arthur, and added, smiling, "Men cannot live on valor. To table, both of ye, and have your fill."

Again Roger and Sir Lancelot crossed the hall, the knights and ladies smiling at them as they passed. And as he glanced from one splendid figure to another, Roger knew that he looked upon the greatest knights of Christendom, those who made up King Arthur's famous Round Table. He would have liked to ask which was Galahad, but already a page was drawing a curtain for Sir Lancelot and him to go to supper. So he followed the knight out of the audience-chamber.



BY MARION HILL

To be an invalid is sad, any way you look at it; but in

Mrs. Dargee's case, her invalidism had been turned into as much brightness as possible for her, and her boy and girl saw to it that her room was not only cheery with flowers and sunshine, but was pleasant with young companionship as well; for Oscar had moved his desk into it, and Helen her piano, so that the claims of their study hours should not rob the little mother of all the light-hearted squabbling chatter which was her best medicine.

She reclined in her chair by the window, and enjoyed every minute of it, a piece of sewing in her lap to be taken up in times of knit-brows and fearful silence.

"But with 'umpty-tumpty-tiddle-dee-dee' going on all through Virgil," murmured Oscar, scribbling his translation furiously, "it 's hard for a man to—" here he looked up swiftly to see if the classification had started a smile anywhere. Re-assured, he continued writing, also talking—"hard for a man to tell whether it is Chinese or Choctaw he is juggling with."

At his word "juggling," he glanced a trifle warily at a tin cup on a table just within reach of his mother's hand.

Nothing happening, he breathed easier.

"That a snorta or a shirt-so, Sister Helen?" he asked casually, his impudent young ear cocked critically in the general direction of a fine cascade of notes that had just rippled from her fingers.

Dignified silence from the earnest pianist.

"Or an ate-yude?" Several more lines of Virgil, then, dreamily, "or a nopus? I dote on nopus-ses."

More silence. More Virgil.

"Perhaps an intermeddlesome?" he suggested, the tip of his tongue extending dubiously toward some words he had just written and of whose fitness he was none too sure. The depth of this painful interest was such that he lost guard over his speech, and said recklessly: "Intermeddlesomes are certainly the limit. Cut them out."

Here his mother promptly reached over to her table.

"Mother, no, no; I beseech you," blarneyed Oscar, quite wholesomely in earnest. "Not the Red Flannel Nightgown Cup!"

"Two pennies," ordered his mother, unmoved, as she rattled the already half-full cup.

"Vun pennies; onully vun," besought Oscar, becoming Yiddish.

"Two. One for 'limit,' one for 'cut out,'" itemized his mother.

Oscar sighed, and went into his pockets, producing two copper coins, which he first kissed in pained farewell and then dropped into "the greedy maw of the slang-pan," according to his incoherently low murmur.

"I don't mind your taxing me for slang, Mother," he pursued. "And I think that red flannel night-gowns for the heathen are a pardonable (though too hot) use of the money; but I *do* object to the unworthy slur being placed upon the innocent words 'cut out.' Were I to say 'eclipse it,' you would let it slide—pass, pass! You would let it pass. Yet, *e, ex,* means out; *cliptere, cliptum,* to cut; and there you are. Oh, 'umpty-tumpty-tiddle-dee-dee!' Helen, what is the use of it?"

"Don't you really like music, Oscar?" asked Helen, turning around on her stool to look at him rather piteously.

More fond of him than he dreamed, more sensitive about melody than he dreamed, she would willingly have given away half her life for the pleasure of winning a word of praise from him through her one small gift.

"Why, what 's the use of it?" he insisted.

"What 's the use of anything?" countered Helen, rather helplessly.

Her spiritual small face and slight body showed the inheritance of weakness from her mother, as the coaxing sweetness of her voice showed an inheritance of love and cheerfulness from the same source.

"Lots of use," maintained Oscar, "of other virtues at large. Boating, swimming—"

Helen colored slightly, knowing all too well what girl's name would soon fall from her bro-

ther's admiring lips in connection with these brave and manly accomplishments. Not that she had any unworthy jealousy of Flora Tavistock, but she *did* envy the lively Scotch lassie the healthy skill in sports, the gift of boyish comradeship, which seemed to count for so much with Oscar's impressionable heart.

"Your little tra-las are all right in their way, Helen," he condescended to admit; "but what use would they be to you in case of earthquake, fire, or shipwreck, or other affairs which so often happen in weekly papers, to say nothing of monthly magazines? Think of Flora, now."

Yes, Helen was thinking of her. And Helen's loyal fibers all ached to be able to call up on her big brother's face even a meek one hundredth of the glow which now brightened it.

"Flora Tav would be a—a—" he obviously swallowed the word "peach" just in time to save another cent—"blessing on a desert island. She could hunt, shoot, fish, row a boat, put up tents, build fires, and haul wood."

Helen was promptly generous. "She could," she said.

"But would she?" asked the mother, quietly.

"Mother!" defended Oscar, vehemently. "Let me tell you, Flora is *some* girl!"

The tin cup appeared.

"Mither, Mither," wailed Oscar, in rebellion. "Seek not to tell me that the simple, sweet, and sony little word 'some' is slang. You 'll be taxing me next for saying, 'Hello, Central,' to that," and he waved indignantly toward the telephone at his mother's elbow.

"The word 'some,'" she said, in severe teaching, though her eyes danced cheerfully, "used as you just used it, is the latest and therefore most indefensible slang there is. One cent."

"Change for a nickel?" he asked humbly. Dropping the coin in the R. F. N. C., he got back four cents, at which he gazed ruefully. "My last dregs. Nothing till next pay-day. Well, happily that 's to-morrow. Still, it behooves me to make no more breaks. *Ach, Louie!*" And he parted with still another penny for "breaks."

The ringing of the telephone, which his mother answered, gave him a few moments of safety.

"Drew Tavistock," she explained, relinquishing the receiver, "wants you, Oscar."

Oscar sprawled gracefully over the instrument and entered into a grinning, comfortable, one-sided conversation. Drew was his favorite chum.

"Hello. That you, Drew? Oh, hello. Yes. 'Sme. 'TsI, rather. Um. Virgil. Got through? Good for you. No, not quite. Coming up with the car? Fine. Helen, too? Fine some more. Getting afraid of 'some,' Drew. Tell you later.

Comes cheaper in private. Yes; we 'll go. Oh, wait! Have to ask Motherkin first." Covering up the mouthpiece of the instrument, he asked, "Any objection to our going for a spin with Drew in his automobile, Mother? Want to go, Helen?"

Getting a no and a yes in the right place, he talked on to his friend:

"Glad to go. Hold! Mother asks who else? Just you and Flora? Good. Hold on again. Lady Dargee inquires into the itinerary. Did n't get that word? *Itinerary*. Fine word, eh, what? Only to the park and back? A half-hour spin? Lady Dargee perfectly satisfied. You 'll come right over? All right. Helen and I are ready. The rest in our near next. Goo'-by."

Oscar devoted himself to a finishing quarter of an hour with Virgil, and Helen bestowed the same time upon a stubborn minor scale, till the sound of a familiar "Honk! Honk!" at their front door started them both to their feet.

"Good-by, Mother," said Oscar, kissing her, for no matter how often he left her, nor for how short a time, he never omitted the caress which meant so much to her. "And don't ask us to wrap up, or even put on coats, for it is insufferably warm. Air and plenty of it is what we are going for."

Helen patted up her pillows and arranged the ice-water, books, and call-bell conveniently near on the table's edge. She even moved the little clock so that the invalid could consult it without effort.

"Five o'clock. We 'll be back at half-past, Mother."

"Honk! Honk!" came warningly again. So the young people cut short their farewells and flew out to the sidewalk, where Drew and Flora were waiting for them.

The little red car received most of the attention.

"She shines like diamonds, Drew," said Oscar. "What have you been doing to her?"

"Rubbing up the brasses a bit," said Drew, trying to keep his voice within bounds, not to betray too much of his pride of ownership. His merry, blue eyes and curling, sandy hair shone almost as gleefully as "the brasses." "Trying some new polish, and the result is *gude*, don't you think?"

"*Verra gude*," said Oscar, determinedly. "My, my! Andrew Tavistock, the 'hoot mon' ye arre! When he shakes his head," continued Oscar, as if to an audience, "you can sweep up oatmeal."

"And when I shake mine?" threatened Flora, her eyes flashing.

"Why, I pick up wee bits of bonnie sweet heather and wear it upoon me hairt," explained Oscar, bowing low to the mollified damsel.

"Cut short the poetry, Bobby Burns," said

Drew, imperturbably, "and hop into the car. Before we can get back we have to start."

"I 'm always so proud when you come for us, Drew," said Helen, gently, as she was being helped in beside Flora. "The car is the prettiest in town."

"She 's *some* car," declared the glad owner.

Oscar groaned in dismal envy.

"Oh, to be able to speak without cost," he moaned.

Drew looked a trifle abashed. "To get broken of the slang habit pays in the end, Oscar. My mother is already holding you up to us as a pattern and a marvel."

"But we refuse to look at you," announced Flora, vivaciously.

"Oh, *do* look at me!" besought Oscar, throwing much sentiment into the joke.

All through the ride Flora and Oscar exchanged volleys of laughing shots. Drew, beside whom he was sitting, was too busy "chauffing" to talk, consequently Oscar lolled over the back of the seat and bestowed his attentions upon the willing Flora, who grew saucier and saucier. Helen had a lonely sense of being left out, but she was generous enough to admit to herself that the round and dimpling Flora was an ideal traveling companion, even in spite of the trick she had of sarcasm, which struck the gentler Helen as coming rather too near at times to rudeness.

The flight through the park was so exhilarating that time sped unnoticed, and only a sudden ominous coolness which tinged the air made Helen dare ask Drew if he was keeping note of the hour.

He slowed up a little, looked at his watch, and then whistled surprisedly. "After half-past now. Who 'd have thought it? And we are miles out. How best to get back?" He frowned pleasantly at a cross-road at his right hand. "Flora," he demanded, "is n't this the road John Hayes described to us and told us to take? the one that gets us to town by way of an old red bridge?"

Flora cast a careless glance at it. "Of course it is," she pronounced. "Take it anyway, and find out."

"That 's the talk. Good sport," commended Oscar, looking at her with such honest admiration that Helen felt it would be almost impertinent to suggest that the safer course would be to return the way they had come, no matter how tame and "unsportsmanlike" the proceeding. She was already worrying over the certain fact that her mother was sure to be getting nervous, even then.

But with a jovial "Honk! Honk!" of his horn, Drew swung dashingly into the new road, whose unfamiliar beauties kept them so interested that

one and all felt the experiment to be worth the pains,—at least for a while. Then the road gradually became ruttier and ruttier, obviously a country road. Worse, the sky blackened over.

"If it rains, we 're *pulp*," said Flora, easily.

Oscar laughed uproariously. Influenced by her nonchalance, he, too, acted as though their unprotected condition was funny. The more sensible Helen locked her lips together to keep from protest. Not that she was afraid, but protesting at the moment was useless. All that they could do was being done—speeding.

From the black sky there fell one big splash of rain, the size of a dollar, and it chanced to fall on Flora's thin silk dress, a favorite one, spotting it.

"Drew," she cried sharply, "I wish you 'd stop your fooling and get us somewhere!"

This new tone in his divinity's voice quite startled Oscar.

"What more can poor Drew do?" he shouted, shouting being necessary, so loud was the sudden wind. More immense splashes spotted them.

"Can't you turn?" shrieked Flora, poking Drew from the back.

"I might," he yelled. "Though the bank is horribly steep. I don't know if 'Miss Sitting Quiet' back there would stand for it." And he glanced almost sulkily at poor Helen.

But Miss Sitting Quiet had been quickly using her young brains to advantage.

"Keep right ahead, Drew," she screamed reassuringly. "This sky is going to empty in just two seconds, and we 'd be drenched to the bone while you were turning. In that clump of trees is a curl of smoke. I think it 's a house. Make for it."

A tremendous flare of lightning shocked them all to silence, and with a roar of thunder, the skies emptied indeed. Blinded, but plucky, Drew kept his head and soon rolled triumphantly into a barn. In a trice the four of them had jumped from the machine and scampered breathlessly to the porch of the farm-house.

"But we might as well be in the barn as here," shivered Flora, her teeth chattering, her nose red. And she was right, for the porch was a-swirl with wetness and wind.

Made bold by the need of others, Helen timidly knocked at doors till she finally was answered. An old woman, an old man, and a shock-headed younger man, all apparently together, opened a door and peered curiously and stoically through its crack.

"Well?" ordered the old man at last. It did not sound inviting.

Feeling responsible for the happenings, Drew



"WHEN 'MOM' RETURNED WITH A TRAY, THERE WAS NO CHEERIER



ROOM IN THE COUNTY, NOR ANY HAPPIER PARTY." (SEE PAGE 139.)

was the spokesman who explained the predicament and their need of shelter.

"Pop," and "Mom," and "Sam," for such were the names they used among themselves, made private comments on the situation, but suggested no relief.

"So?" was all Pop produced.

"Why, you would n't keep a dog out in such a rain as this, would you?" demanded Flora, tossing her head.

"Oh, no," said Pop, at once. "We would n't do *that*."

The startling inference which made Helen and Oscar exchange an amazed and amused look passed right over Flora's head.

"Very well, then," she said haughtily. "We 'll come in."

"With thanks," said Helen, earnestly.

Mom unenthusiastically led the way into a damp and cheerless parlor, whose cavernous hearth, guiltless of fire, only made the chill more noticeable. There were but two pictures on the wall. One showed likenesses of a certain Zeke and Jenny, whose hands clasped above a rosebud, and who, according to inscription, had been "joined in holy matrimony." The other was of a pale girl called Lorella, who had "departed this life" at the sadly early age of sixteen. A funereal ribbon was hung on the corner of this frame.

It was undeniably a dank and dispiriting apartment. The clock showed the hour to be seven.

"Oh, Mother will be nearly insane!" cried Helen, wringing her hands. "If we could only telephone to her!"

"I would n't expect to find a telephone in *this* place," said Flora, without tact, if with truth. Then to Sam, sharply, "Have you one?"

"Does it look like it?" he demanded angrily. "You can use all the telephone you find." And he slouched indignantly away.

"Well, at any rate we can get something to eat, I hope," continued Flora, addressing Mom. "Serve some supper for four, please." She pulled out an ostentatious purse.

At the sight of it, Mom's old head began to shake with ill-temper.

"We don't keep no hotel, Miss," she said, with emphasis. "And if you 're hungry, you 'll have to *stay* hungry."

She hurried from sight, and shut the door upon herself with a resounding slam.

"Nice, amiable lot," whistled Oscar.

"And no escape that way," said Drew, pointing to the window. None, indeed, for the rain was pouring in torrents, and threatened to keep it up for hours. The road was already obliterated.

Their hunger actually gnawed them, and was tantalized by the appetizing whiffs of hot cake which crept under the door. They were dangerously damp, too, and all were already at the sneezing stage.

"I 've got my death," coughed Flora, furiously, as if she was the only sufferer and the others had done it.

Oscar, who had been lingering near her, less in devotion than in obedience to the instinct which makes one gaze at a smashed vase, said feebly:

"Cheer up. Make the best of things."

"Show me any best to make and I 'll make it," said Flora, so crisply that he backed away.

Helen, who had been furtively eying a piece of furniture like a desk with treadles, here got up and began to manipulate it, pulling out handles and shoving back sections, till she finally disclosed an old-fashioned organ of the most hopeless type. Smiling wickedly, she sat down and burst out with a rollicking lilt of "Wait for the wagon!"

Such vim and go as she put into it were soon too much for the others to withstand, and presently they were all marching fantastically around the room, warbling:

"*Wait* for the wagon,
Wait *for* the wagon,
Wait for the *wagon*, folks,
And we 'll all take a ride!"

At the end of this, the door widened a trifle, and Sam put in an amused head. His eyes were on Helen. "That 's all right. Will you do it over?" he asked.

"Certainly," she smiled. "Come on in, and 'do it over' with us."

Nothing loath, he entered and soon was singing louder than anybody.

"My, but you play hearty!" he said gratefully to Helen.

"I 'd play more heartily still," she sighed, "if I could only get some word to Mother, and to my friends' mother."

Sam looked down sheepishly, but hung on to his courage while he confessed, "Miss, we *have* a 'phone up in the hallway, and if *you* want to use it, you 're welcome."

"Oh, thank you," she said. "Come, show me where it is—please!"

When they came back into the parlor, her face was radiant.

"It 's all right," she announced happily. "I got word to both of our mothers, and each has promised not to worry, no matter how late we get back."

"Trump!" cried Drew, shaking hands with her.

"And now what do you want me to play?" she asked of Sam, as she sat down to the organ.

"Anything does for me," he explained widely. "But, Pop—he likes 'Yankee Doodle.' Play that, and you 'll fetch him."

She played it resoundingly, and, true enough, she "fetched" him, for Pop came in at once, his wrinkled face all smiles.

"That 's something like," he quavered delightedly, patting her arm. "But, 'Canary-bird,' you 're wetted to your skin. Tch! Tch!" He clicked commiseratingly and potted from the room, coming back at once with logs and kindling. The hearth was soon blazing with cheer, and their sneezes were fortunately nipped in the bud.

The laughter and singing ultimately wooed Mom from retirement. She brought, as her excuse, a lamp. But she stayed with it.

"Lorella played too," she told Helen. "Played just elegant. I 'd give most anything if you could play her piece 'Life in the Cloister.' Seems if 't would bring Lorella nearer a bit." She looked mournfully at the picture above the mantel.

"Have you a copy of the music?" asked Helen.

"Right handy," said Mom, taking it from the organ top. It was yellow with age and bore on the cover a deep blue picture of a prison-like convent, with big stars and a moon back of it, and a procession of bent nuns marching into it.

Without hesitation Helen started in to play, and in spite of the rather foolish style of the music, played seriously, and with all her tender young heart—to bring Lorella nearer.

"Night descends" was the printed direction to the first few bars, and night descended gloomily; indeed, with weird minor chords. "Convent bells" were indicated by a "twinkly-twink" up in the treble and a "boom-boom" in the bass. A succession of dreary scales were explained by the statement "Stars begin to appear." A continued twinkly-twink boom-boom showed that the bells were tolling without pause. "March of the nuns" took a whole accented page. Helen played on devotedly, without a smile, and when it came to the final description, "Hymns at the altar," she bent her head reverently, and made the old organ fairly throb with the grandeur of "Abide with Me" and "Lead, Kindly Light."

"I don't know but what you play as well as Lorella," said the old mother, her eyes dripping with tears. To hide these, she rose with the words, "I think I 'll bring in a bite of gingerbread."

While she was out, Helen prevailed upon Drew

and Oscar to sing college songs, under the inspiration of which Pop chuckled and cackled and poked the fire till it roared, while Sam joined in where he could, and turned the lamp up where he could n't. And when Mom returned with an immense tray heaped with hot cocoa, ham sandwiches, pickles, pie, and hot cake, there was no cheerier room in the county nor any happier party.

At the end of the repast, and after more music, they were almost sorry to find out that the rain was over and a summer moon was brilliantly pointing their way to them.

"Just take the first turn to the left, and you 'll be in town before you know," said Sam. He piled old coats and blankets upon them.

"And won't you come back and play for us some more?" asked Pop and Mom in a breath, their pleading eyes on Canary-bird.

Helen hardly knew what to answer.

"Why, this is not my car," she started to explain.

But her magical control over such creature comforts as fires, lamp, and gingerbread, had thoroughly won Drew's lagging heart; and he spoke in evidence:

"Helen Dargee, I 'll take *you* anywhere, any time!"

So Helen gladly promised. And everybody parted from everybody else like old friends tried and true.

BUT the very nicest thing, so far as Helen was concerned, happened in her own home, in her mother's peaceful room.

For then Oscar did an unusual thing: he put his arm around his happy little sister and held it there.

"Lady Dargee," he cried proudly. "Let me tell you what Helen did. But first let me tell you what she *is*."

He evidently knew exactly what he was going to say, for he made the thoughtful preparation of producing two coins from his well-nigh empty pocket.

These he tossed willingly into the Red Flannel Nightgown Cup.

"She 's *some* girl! And she 's *some* player!"

This last word, however, struck him as being inadequate. And he dove down into his pocket for his very last cent.

Clink! it went into the R. F. N. C.

"And she 's *some orchestra*, too!" is what Oscar cheerfully bought with it.



THE LADY of the LANE

B Frederick Orin Bartlett

Author of "The Forest Castaways"

CHAPTER I INTRODUCING ELIZABETH

THE grounds of the Bretton Country Club had been turned over to the girls of Miss Grimshawe's school one fair spring afternoon for their annual tennis tournament. The young ladies covering the velvet greensward around the clay courts looked like so many spring flowers. In snow white, in dainty pinks, and blues, and browns, they made a picture at which the matrons looked on with nodding smiles of approval. As usual, the two Brookfield girls were quite the smartest, though to some the pert sauciness and self-consciousness with which they paraded their gowns, detracted somewhat from their appearance.

"They seem a trifle too much like dressmakers' models," observed Mrs. Thornton to her friend Mrs. Oliver. "Compare them now with Elizabeth Churchill; is n't she exquisite?"

Mrs. Oliver glanced toward a group of girls to the left. Five of them were seated in a half-circle about a sixth, who appeared to be a few years their senior. The latter was dressed in a costume of hand-embroidered muslin of the finest texture and workmanship. Only the simplicity of its design prevented it from overdressing her fifteen years. Her brown hair was arranged as only the deft fingers of a French maid makes possible, and was surmounted by a lingerie hat. Her fine skin was clear, if a trifle lacking in color. Her dark brows were prettily arched, while her nose and mouth, though still undeveloped, suggested latent strength.

"Exquisite?" repeated Mrs. Oliver, thoughtfully; "yes, perhaps a trifle too exquisite."

"That would be true of almost any other girl in such a costume," answered Mrs. Thornton; "but Elizabeth wears her clothes; she does n't merely exhibit them."

"Does she do anything else?" questioned Mrs. Oliver, looking at her friend with a smile.

Mrs. Thornton considered a moment and then answered frankly: "I do not know."

She added after a second's further thought: "Somehow, you don't expect any more of her. If we were living in the days of old-fashioned princesses, I should expect her to be of the blood royal."

At that moment Roy Thornton, who, with some other young friends of the girls, had been invited to witness the tournament, came up to make sure that his mother was comfortable. He was a stalwart-looking fellow, with the color and bearing of an athlete. At the Bedloe School, which, among the boys, ranked in popularity with Miss Grimshawe's school for girls, he was easily the star of the games. He was an all-round man, playing a good game of foot-ball, a better game of base-ball, and even a fair game of tennis. While not heavy for his age, he was both quick and strong, and used his head quite as much as his body.

"You want to watch this next set," he informed his mother; "Nance Barton plays Miss Winthrop in the finals. Nance has been outplaying herself to-day."

Mrs. Thornton smiled at her son's enthusiasm. She knew he was rather fond of Nance.

"I hope Nance will win," she declared.

As she turned her eyes to the court to look at Nance, when the latter strode into position and tossed aside her white sweater, she again caught sight of Elizabeth. The latter was joining the general hand-clapping in, however, a rather perfunctory fashion.

"Does n't Elizabeth play tennis?" she questioned her son.

Roy followed his mother's eyes to the dainty figure on the side-lines.

"No," he answered, "she does n't. But I'll wager she could if she wished to."

"What makes you think that?"

"I don't know," he answered frankly. "She does n't seem to do anything, and yet she makes you feel all the time that, if she chose, she could star in everything. If she were a boy, I'd make

her come out and try for every team in spite of herself."

"She seems to be popular," commented Mrs. Oliver, turning her eyes toward the group.

"And yet she is n't," answered Roy, with a per-

Nance Barton was a brilliant but uncertain player. She was quick on her feet, nervous in her movements, and a trifle over-eager to make her points on single shots. Her antagonist, on the other hand, played a steady and consistent



"THEN HURRY UP AND TELL HER," REPLIED ROY, SPRINGING TO HIS FEET."

plexed frown. "The younger girls hang around her, but Nance says the girls of her own class don't like her. The boys call her Lady Elizabeth, you know."

Just then Nance served the first ball, and this put an effectual end to the discussion. Roy went off at once to watch the game, and, after a moment's hesitation, took a position near Elizabeth.

game, placing the ball with irritating deliberateness. She never made double faults, and attempted neither drives nor kills. She won the first set, six—five, and went off the court in much better condition than Nance.

Roy turned impulsively to Elizabeth.

"Some one ought to tell Nance to steady down," he exclaimed. "She's not doing herself justice."

"I thought she played very well," answered Elizabeth, indifferently.

"She 's playing herself all to pieces," answered Roy. "She won't last through another set at this rate. I wish I could see her."

Both girls, however, had retired into the club-house to rest after their efforts, and were inaccessible.

"Look here, Beth," exclaimed Roy, "you can get at her. I 'd like to see her win because she 's the better player. Why don't you go and tell her to take her time in the next set?"

Elizabeth settled back more comfortably in her chair. As a matter of fact, she and Nance were at present in the midst of one of those petty quarrels in which, with one girl or another, Elizabeth was almost constantly involved. These sprang, almost invariably, not from anything she said or did, but from a certain patrician air of superiority, which, after all, Elizabeth assumed more for the spice of its effect than anything else. The romance of her nature found vent in assuming the air of the princess, but she acted the part so sincerely that this was often mistaken for sheer snobbishness. She had given Nance the idea that she considered athletics for girls unladylike.

"Do you think it is quite fair to coach from the side-lines?" she answered Roy.

"Coach them both!" answered Roy, quickly. "Tell Miss Winthrop not to be afraid to run up to the net. I want to see them both play their best."

Through half-closed eyes Elizabeth glanced listlessly across the sun-beaten interval between her and the club-house.

"It 's so very warm!" she murmured.

"Warm!" cried Roy, looking at her in astonishment.

"And I don't believe in giving advice to people," she added.

"But you want to see Nance win, don't you? She 's in your class." Roy was as outspoken as Elizabeth herself. He said frankly whatever he thought at the moment, a quality that Elizabeth honestly admired.

"I don't mind if she wins," Elizabeth answered indifferently.

"Then hurry up and tell her," replied Roy, springing to his feet. "I know how it is when you get into a game. You forget that the end is going to count for more than the beginning."

Roy seemed to be so much in earnest that, to her own surprise, Elizabeth actually arose and started toward the club-house. She took her time, however, and walked in so leisurely a fashion that Roy, by her side, urged her to hurry.

"They 'll be out again in a minute," he pleaded.

"I need n't hurry," she insisted stubbornly.

"You 'll be too late if you don't."

"Then, very well—I *shall* be too late."

She walked with the stately gait of a princess, and daintily picking up her skirts (which did not need picking up at all), she moved on into the club-house. At the door of the dressing-room, however, she realized what she had undertaken to do. This meant not only the sacrifice of her pride, but it laid her open to a fine snub from Nance. For a moment she hesitated, but only for a moment. Roy was trusting her to deliver his message, and now that she had undertaken the mission, she would carry it through. In answer to her knock, she was admitted just as Nance was ready to go out. The latter looked surprised at Elizabeth's presence. Without explanation or apology, Elizabeth said to her:

"Roy has been watching the game, and he wanted me to tell you that you ought to steady down."

"Thank you," stammered Nance. "It—it was kind of you to come."

"Please don't mention it," replied Elizabeth.

"And you 'll thank him and tell him I 'll try?"

For a moment Elizabeth forgot her rôle of princess.

"Try!" she exclaimed. "If I were you, I 'd win. You can do it."

For a second Nance seemed upon the point of impulsively taking Elizabeth's hand, and there and then declaring a truce. But at this point, some imp of perverseness prompted Elizabeth to observe languidly:

"I 'm sure it won't be so exhausting to watch you if you do steady down."

Nance, with flushed face, hurried off without another word. Elizabeth had just time to repeat to Miss Winthrop the rest of Roy's message before the second set began. When she returned to her place, she found Roy in his old position, but her chair occupied by Helen Brookfield. The latter, in an attempt to make herself interesting, was asking of Roy one insipid question after another, but he was far too much interested in the game to give more than perfunctory answers. He saw with satisfaction that both girls were following his advice, and, in consequence, playing a much snappier game.

Nance won the set by the score of six—three.

The games stood five all in the third set, and the sixth went to Nance. But she was tired after this, and relaxed her efforts. In this mood she lost her spirit, and the seventh and eighth games went easily to her opponent. As Nance walked up to Miss Winthrop to congratulate her upon the victory, Elizabeth shook her head.

"Nance ought not to have given in," she exclaimed to herself.

She strolled to the front of the club-house, where she again saw Roy, as he was assisting his mother into his car. He mechanically removed his cap, bowed, and then clambered into his seat without another look in her direction. Elizabeth drew back a little into the crowd now fast gathering before the door. Roy had just started his machine when a groom drove up with two prancing young horses. At the sound of the barking motor, Elizabeth saw them rear, and then caught a glimpse of the earnest face of the young man in the rear seat of the trap. The next second she saw, almost in front of the horses, the group of young girls who had so lately surrounded her chair. With frightened screams they scrambled out of the way, but Louise, the youngest, tripped and fell. Roy had stopped and bolted to the ground, the young man back of the groom sprang out at the same instant and rushed forward to the side of Louise, and two or three others started for the horses' heads. But Elizabeth was already there. She seized the nearer animal by the bit and held on with grim determination. The horse jerked up his head, bolted to the right and left, but Elizabeth did not let go. In another second Roy was by her side. Still Elizabeth, with white face, held on.

"Beth," cried Roy, fearing she would be trampled, "let go!"

"Louise—" gasped Elizabeth.

But the young man who had borne Louise out of danger now came up. "She 's safe," he said quietly.

The horse gave another wild paw, and this time caught his shoe in Elizabeth's dress. Then she felt a hand close over hers, and found herself half carried back into the crowd. When she raised her eyes, the stranger was looking anxiously down at her. "I hope you are n't hurt?" he asked.

She did n't know whether she was hurt or not, but she was decidedly uncomfortable at the gaze of the crowd which, with excited queries, began to gather round her.

"You will allow me to drive you to your home?" questioned the young stranger eagerly.

But Roy pressed up.

"My machine is ready," he said with decision. "I 'll have her home in ten minutes."

Under his breath he whispered to Elizabeth:

"It was bully of you!"

The praise brought back the color to her cheeks. She lowered her eyes, and as she did so caught sight of the rent in her dress. It was this which restored her self-possession. She drew herself up with an exaggerated haughtiness of manner.

"Thank you both," she said coldly, "but our man is waiting. Will you call him?"

They both hurried off, and in a minute more returned with the machine. Then they assisted her to enter as all the girls and all the matrons looked on.

"I hope I may call to inquire after you to-morrow," said the stranger, deferentially.

As she sped out of the gate, the excited hum of the onlookers following her, Elizabeth found a bit of pasteboard in her hand and glanced down at it. It vouchsafed no further information than that the stranger's name was—Mr. Reginald Crawford.

CHAPTER II

THE LADY OF THE TOWERS

THE butler, who looked very much like the frog footman in "Alice in Wonderland," a book which Elizabeth in her younger days had read and re-read, came to the door of the big drawing-room. He sidled in, adjusted himself like a sentinel, leveled his eyes respectfully a few inches above his mistress's head, and made the announcement:

"Mr. Churchill wishes to see you in the library, miss."

Elizabeth lazily smothered a yawn, turned her pretty blue eyes, and stared at the man indifferently.

Martin repeated his announcement as mechanically as a phonograph:

"Mr. Churchill wishes to see you in the library, miss."

Elizabeth sprang to her feet.

"Ker-chug!" she exploded.

The butler started as though some one had prodded him from behind. He was not quite sure whether to interpret this very peculiar exclamation as a sneeze or a warning. However, he grimly determined to do his duty.

"Mr. Churchill—" he began once more, as soon as he was able to compose himself.

"You look exactly like the bullfrog in 'Alice,'" Elizabeth interrupted him.

Martin appeared relieved. After all, there was no harm in looking like a bullfrog. It was quite possible that, in his short trousers and white waistcoat, he *did* look like a bullfrog, but, as far as he knew, bullfrogs were honest beasts, or fishes, or whatever they might be, and so a man need n't take offense at such a comparison.

"Yes, miss," he answered respectfully, and stood aside as Elizabeth lifted an imaginary train and swept grandly out of the room. With her nose uptilted, she moved across the hall and knocked, not quite so grandly, at her father's study door. In reply to his abrupt "Come in,"

she dropped her hand, lowered her head to a more normal angle, and stole quietly to his side.

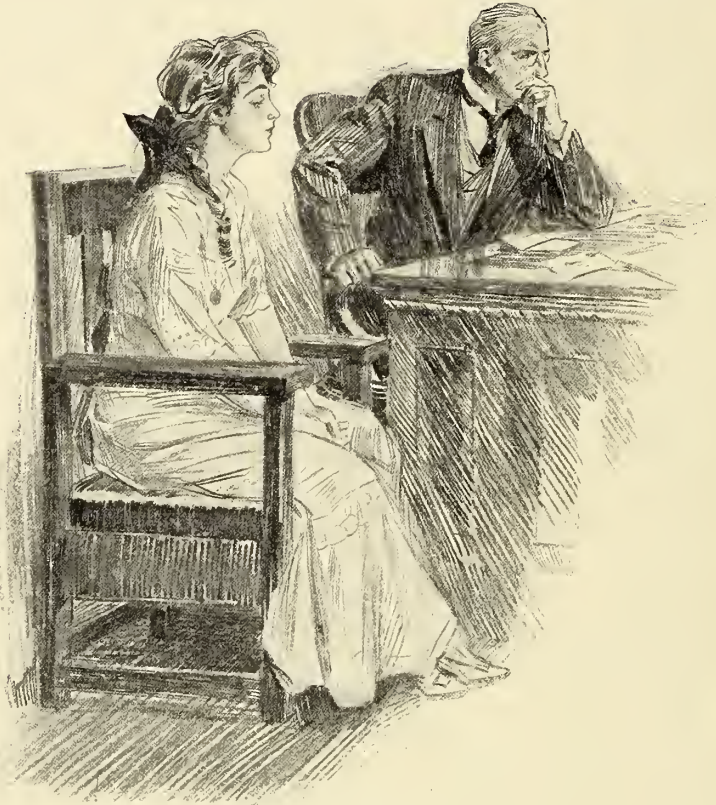
Mr. Churchill was, as usual, bending over a heap of papers. His strained, wrinkled face looked more than ordinarily care-worn this evening. He motioned his daughter to a chair beside his table, and went on with his work. She had been ready to cuddle up to him, but a quick glance at his brow warned her to obey his unspoken command in silence.

The curtains over the curved plate-glass windows were drawn aside so that she could see across the sweep of fields surrounding "The Towers" and all the way to the twinkling lights of the city, some three miles distant. In the foreground and within a hundred rods of where she sat, stood an untenanted farm-house. It afforded an odd contrast to the magnificent Churchill residence. But because these acres surrounding it, and now lying in the path of the growing city, had formed the basis of his fortune, and because into this farm-house Spencer Churchill had brought his bride twenty-five years ago, he had allowed it to remain undisturbed. Ten years later, when Elizabeth was born, the mother had died there, and further hallowed it. That he had preserved the old house was proof of more sentiment than he was usually credited with by his business associates. Men had come to look upon Mr. Churchill as a "human dynamo," and even his daughter could not help comparing him, at times, with the big touring-car which throbbed to the door every morning to carry her to school.

In the quiet of the spring evening and beneath the white light of a full moon, the rambling story-and-a-half structure looked more like some ghostly illusion than a reality. It was painted white, and the green blinds, now faded to a robin's-egg blue, took on a sort of phosphorescent hue. A low shed connected it with a barn which for years had stabled nothing but shadows.

Mr. Churchill finished his study of the legal-looking document in front of him, ran his finger through the clutter of other papers, and drew out a note so dainty that it seemed out of place there. He glanced up.

"I received this communication to-day from Miss Grimshawe," he informed his daughter.



"ELIZABETH SHUDDERED WITHOUT DARING TO LOOK UP."

Elizabeth turned scarlet. The principal, then, had at last carried out her oft-repeated threat. This had not occurred to the girl as even a possibility. Her expression changed instantly to one of genuine concern.

"Among other things," he resumed, "Miss Grimshawe writes this: 'While I find a great deal to commend in your daughter, she seems unwilling to exert herself in her studies. To speak very frankly, Elizabeth has shown herself so indolent and unruly, that I feel it would be not only for her good, but for the good of the school, if she were withdrawn, at least temporarily.'"

He tossed aside the letter.

"There is more," he said, "but those two sentences sum up the matter."

He turned his troubled eyes to the window, and rested them on the old farm-house. He always took his troubles there. Though to others this building, with its unlighted windows and its closed doors, stood only as a deserted house, to him it was still as fragrant with living memories as was the May garden with blossoms.

He turned his eyes upon his daughter. She sat now with her hands clasped in her lap, her head thrown forward a little, just as her mother used to sit at the end of the day. He was half thinking aloud when he said gently:

"I had hoped my girl was going to be like her mother."

Elizabeth shuddered without daring to look up. She had learned how deeply her father was moved whenever he referred to that past. Her firm mouth relaxed, and her throat ached with sobs forced back. To her this mother was only a shadowy figure growing out of her father's memory, and yet, vague in outline though the figure was, it stood ever in the background of Elizabeth's thoughts as something sacred.

"Your mother had none of your advantages," continued Mr. Churchill. "When I brought her to the little farm, we did not have much money. At the beginning, she had time for little else beside the housework. She cooked and swept and sewed all day, so that at night she was often too tired for anything but sleep. You, on the other hand, have always had servants, schools, horses, travel—"

He leaned toward Elizabeth as though, in one searching glance, he would discover the difference between his daughter and his wife. He gave it up, and, with a frown, once more sought the solace of the old farm-house. For fully five minutes he did not speak again.

Then he brought his big hand down upon the arm of his chair.

"I have it!" he exclaimed.

Elizabeth shrank back in fright. Her father stepped quickly to her side.

"Stand up, my girl," he commanded.

She obeyed, her blue eyes big and round.

"Elizabeth," he said, "I was wrong; it was your mother who had every advantage. It is you who have been handicapped, not she. I see it now. You are laboring under the heavy burden of having too much. It is weakening you. You are not strong enough to bear it."

Elizabeth did not understand. That sounded like a topsyturvy way of putting things.

"I have neglected you," he ran on; "I have deprived you of the great blessing of work. But it is n't too late to remedy this. I will begin at once. You shall have every opportunity your mother

had. You shall start where we started. You shall begin where we began—in the little house by the lane."

Elizabeth turned from him to stare again at the dim outlines of the old buildings below the house. They looked so somber and ghostly that she caught her breath.

"Not—not there, Daddy!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," he answered, "you must begin there. The house is just as it was when your mother came into it. I have kept it in repair, though, since we left it, no one has crossed the threshold but myself. You shall take up her life where she left off. You shall live her life until you grow strong as she was strong."

"You mean you want me to live there all the time?" she gasped.

"Exactly. I will give you for household expenses all I was able to give her when we started. Out of that your mother made a home. Out of that she bought her clothes. You must do the same. I will give you a cow and some chickens, as we had. I will have a man do for you the work I myself did around the place for her. But you must make your own butter, if you have butter; you must raise your own chickens, if you want to have eggs."

"I?" she cried. "But I don't know how to do any of those things, Daddy."

"No, you don't. It 's my fault that you don't. But you are no older than your mother was when she learned. She was taught, and you shall be taught. I have an old friend who is still living in the country. I will have her come and live with you and teach you whatever you wish to learn. Teach you, mind, not work for you. You must provide for her, too, as your mother provided for me."

"But I may have Marie," stammered the girl. "I may have Marie and—"

"You will have no more Maries to dress you," answered her father, abruptly. "You will dress yourself in such clothes as you may make for yourself."

Elizabeth stared blankly at her father. The scheme sounded so absurd and impossible that she could n't believe he was in earnest. She could n't even imagine getting along without Marie to do her hair and put on her things. And what would she do without Martin to open the doors and announce dinner for her? And what would she do without the chef to cook the dinner? Or Lizette to serve it? She was half inclined to laugh. But when she looked up again into her father's eyes she was checked.

"You are coming with me?" she asked.

He thought a moment. Then he shook his head.

"Make a home such as your mother made," he answered, "and then—and then I will join you."

Elizabeth broke down. She sank into the chair, and began to sob.

A light knock sounded upon the library door. In reply to Mr. Churchill's answer, the butler stepped in, assumed his usual rigid pose, and made the announcement:

"Dinner is served."

"Very well, Martin," Mr. Churchill answered.

He turned to his daughter and offered his arm, as was his cavalier-like custom.

"Come," he said, "you shall dine with me until Mrs. Trumbull arrives."

Elizabeth rose, but, lowering her eyes, turned a little away from him.

"You will excuse me, Daddy?" she begged. "I don't feel at all hungry to-night."

"Then," he decided, "you shall come and pour my coffee."

Mr. Churchill escorted Elizabeth to her place. As she seated herself, she caught the aroma of her favorite soup. Her father raised the cover of the tureen with the inquiry:

"A little soup, Elizabeth?"

It took courage on her part, but she answered firmly:

"No, thank you, Daddy."

It seemed as though the chef had prepared that night every dish which he knew was sure to please her. Following the soup there was some deliciously prepared fish, the very sight of which made her swallow hard. At the broiled chicken which she saw next, her eyes grew blurry in sympathy with her own martyrdom. Then what should appear but some pâtés which she herself had asked the chef to make. But, though sorely tempted, she bravely shook her head when her father offered her one of the delicious titbits. She had the satisfaction of seeing him start at this, but the next second his eyes narrowed in an uncomfortable way they had when he seemed to be reading her thoughts. She poured his coffee and watched him enjoy the pastry with a relish quite unusual for him. With the remark that it was the best he had ever tasted, he helped himself to a second portion. This he munched with every possible outward show of satisfaction consistent with good breeding.

As they rose from the table, he neglected to inquire further into the state of her health, and, with a brief good-night kiss, left her and returned to his study. In the meanwhile, Lizette had carried word to the chef of the indisposition of her mistress. It was the butler who ventured to steal into the drawing-room where Elizabeth sat before the fire gazing mournfully into the flames.

"I beg pardon, miss," he inquired; "you are not feeling very well?"

"No, Martin," she sighed.

"We all has our ups and downs," he returned philosophically.

"There 's nothing left for me but downs," she answered.

Running her hand over her forehead, she added resignedly:

"However, I sha'n't bother any one much longer."

"There, miss, I hopes you 'll be quite yourself in the morning."

"In the morning?"

She laughed harshly—forebodingly.

"In the morning I may be dead. Will you call Marie?"

Martin started.

"At once, miss," he said, eager to be of even this small service.

Marie came in immediately. Elizabeth leaned heavily upon her arm in going up the broad staircase to her chamber. But Marie, being more accustomed to such moods as these, appeared less worried than Martin. Furthermore, she held what she thought to be a ready solution to the present caprice of her mistress. As soon as she had undressed Elizabeth and helped her into a kimono ready to have her hair brushed for the night, she whispered her secret:

"Now, ma'm'selle, if you will excuse me for but a moment—"

"Where are you going, Marie?" inquired Elizabeth, as the maid moved toward the door.

"The chef has prepared a little tray," announced Marie.

Elizabeth hesitated.

"A little pastry," whispered Marie; "a bit of orange marmalade and a cup of chocolate."

Elizabeth swallowed hard. She was now genuinely hungry. In her mind's eye she saw the dainty tray with its sweet burden of tarts and golden marmalade. Of all things, too, she loved steaming hot chocolate with foamy whipped cream upon it, as the chef always prepared it. The mere thought of this whetted her hunger to an acute pain. But a new question entered into the acceptance of these things. She had pretended to her father that she was not hungry. To eat now seemed underhanded. To eat slyly, after playing upon her father's sympathy, was a deceit to which she would not stoop. She shook her head resolutely.

"No," she answered; "I will have nothing."

"But, ma'm'selle," protested Marie, now genuinely worried, "you must not fast like this; you will surely be faint before morning."

"Very well, then I shall be faint," answered Elizabeth.

In spite of Marie's coaxing, Elizabeth held firmly to her resolution and bade the maid do her hair.

ELIZABETH awoke the next morning with a good appetite. A warm morning breeze, fragrant with the perfume of the flowers over which it had blown, bulged in the white curtains at the windows. In front of her stood her pretty white bureau covered with her silver toilet articles; on the floor lay soft Persian rugs; on the wall hung the beautiful pictures which her father had bought on their trip abroad last summer; and, neatly arranged over a chair, was all her dainty apparel. It was impossible to believe that she would not always awake to find these things just as they were now. By the time Marie came in to dress her, she had convinced herself that her father had meant only to frighten her, though she knew such a thing to be against his whole nature.

"How does ma'm'selle feel this morning?" inquired Marie, anxiously.

"Much better, thank you," answered Elizabeth, with a little more than her usual courtesies.

"And ma'm'selle's hunger?"

Elizabeth frowned. This reminded her vividly of the incidents of the evening before. She was ravenous. It is a good deal harder to starve oneself when one is hungry, she thought, than it is when one has only an indifferent appetite.

"The chef told me he had a little bird for ma'm'selle this morning," coaxed Marie.

Elizabeth turned away her head.

"With a bit of jelly, and a cup of chocolate," continued Marie.

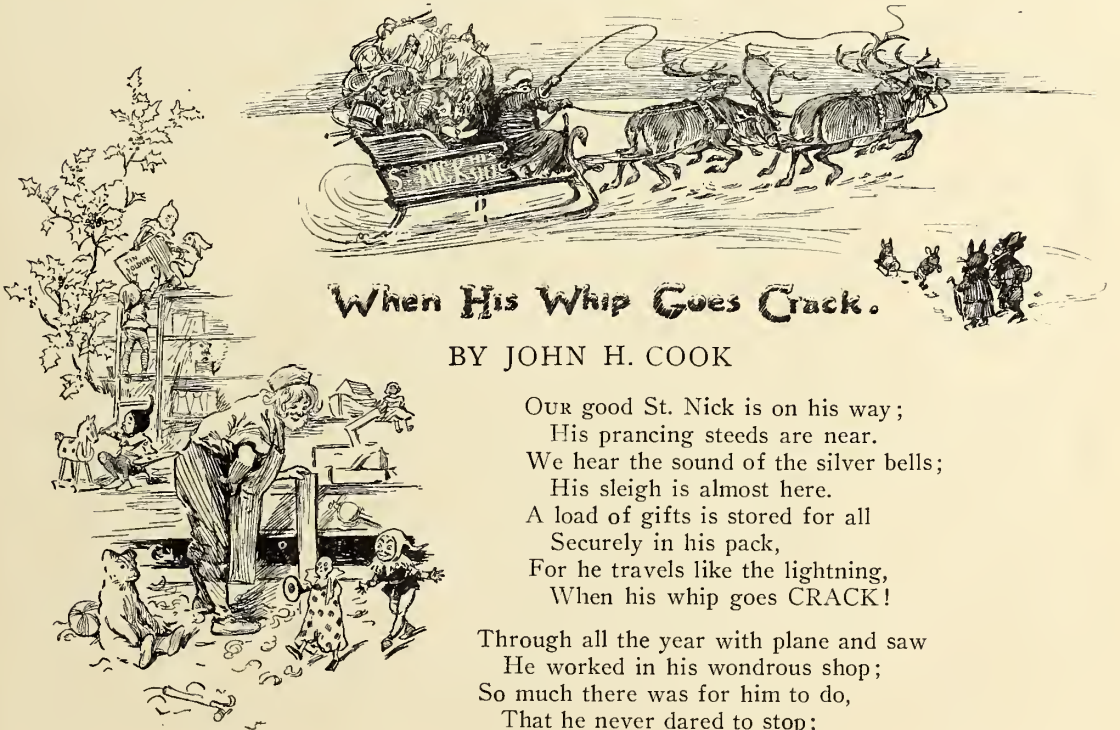
Elizabeth felt her eyes grow moist.

"Oh, Marie," she finally choked.

Marie could not understand. She finished dressing the girl as quickly as possible, so that she could send her down to her father. The latter was waiting for Elizabeth with his usual grave manner. He did not refer to the subject of last night nor to her indisposition. In her relish for breakfast she herself almost forgot it. Mr. Churchill left the house early, still without making reference to any change, and his daughter went about her usual preparations for the day.

At half-past eight Elizabeth stood by the door, dressed for school. Fifteen minutes passed, then a half-hour, but no motor came for her.

(To be continued.)



When His Whip Goes Crack.

BY JOHN H. COOK

Our good St. Nick is on his way;
 His prancing steeds are near.
 We hear the sound of the silver bells;
 His sleigh is almost here.
 A load of gifts is stored for all
 Securely in his pack,
 For he travels like the lightning,
 When his whip goes CRACK!

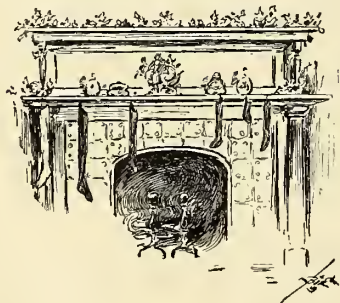
Through all the year with plane and saw
 He worked in his wondrous shop;
 So much there was for him to do,
 That he never dared to stop;



But when the gifts were all complete
They made a mighty stack,
He will surely bring them with him,
When his whip goes CRACK!

Now when we light our Christmas tree,
Oh, what a glorious sight!
With countless waxen candles lit,
And burning there so bright.
Our good old friend will load it down,
There will surely be no lack;
He always keeps his promise,
When his whip goes CRACK!

So hang your stockings, large and small,
Convenient in a row,
For they will look so tempting when
They're filled from top to toe.



Our generous saint will never fail;
He has a curious knack
Of giving right good measure,
When his whip goes CRACK!

CROFTON CHUMS

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "Kingsford, Quarter," "Team-Mates," etc.

CHAPTER III

GARY RECONSIDERS

THE sound of the talking had brought the others from the table to the hall below, and now Mrs. Hazard came up the stairs to inquire anxiously, "What is it, Jim? Is anything wrong?"

"This fellow says he engaged this room last spring, and means to have it," replied Jim.

"Engaged this room? But—but how could you?" said Mrs. Hazard in bewilderment, as she observed Brandon Gary. "We only took the house last month!"

The claimant had snatched off his crimson cap at Mrs. Hazard's appearance on the scene, and when he replied, his tone was much more respect-

ful. "I engaged it from the lady who had it last year, ma'am, and it has always been a rule here, that when a house changes hands, the—the new landlady takes it—er—subject to—to—"

"I understand," said Mrs. Hazard, helpfully, smiling her sweetest; "but I knew nothing about any reservations. You see, Mrs. Timberlake left early in the summer, and I took the house from an agent. And he said nothing at all about any of the rooms being taken, nor about any special rules. I'm awfully sorry. But there are three other very nice rooms for rent—" she paused and looked at Jim with a look of comical despair—"unless they're engaged, too!"

"I don't think they are," said Gary. He had set his bag down, thrust his hands into his pock-

ets, and dropped some of his aggressiveness, although it was plain to be seen that he meant to have his rights. "You see, ma'am, the fellows never liked Mother Timberlake much. I did n't, either, but I had always set my heart on this room, and so, when Kidder graduated last June, I made a streak over here and nabbed it. I had a chance at living in Hall, too, this year. I'm sorry you did n't know about it, but I'm afraid you can't expect me to give it up. This chap—" nodding at Jim—"says you've rented the room to some one else. Well, all he has to do is to take one of the other rooms. That's easy."

Gary picked up his bag, walked through the door, and took formal possession. Jim and Mrs. Hazard looked at each other, at a loss. Jim was angry clear through, and yet the new-comer seemed to have the law on his side. "I suppose," faltered Mrs. Hazard, "we might let Mr. Gordon decide." Jim frowned. Gary had set his bag on the table, opened it, and was now unpacking.

"I'd like to chuck him out of the window!" muttered Jim.

"Perhaps Jeffrey would just as soon have one of the other rooms," suggested his mother, weakly.

"I believe he'd take one and be decent about it," answered Jim, eying the intruder with strong distaste; "only I don't think it's fair to ask him to do it. I don't care what the—the custom is here; no one told us about this room being engaged, and I don't believe that fellow has any right to it."

At the back of the house a bell pealed, and Mrs. Hazard went and leaned over the banisters. Jim followed slowly.

"Have you any rooms left?" asked a voice at the doorway.

"Yes," replied Hope. "If you'll wait a moment, I will call my brother."

"Will you see who it is?" asked Mrs. Hazard. Jim nodded, and went down. Hope rejoined Jeffrey in the dining-room. Near the front door stood two boys talking together softly. They had no bags with them, nor was there any conveyance to be seen outside.

"You wanted to look at a room?" asked Jim.

"Please," replied the taller of the two.

"This way, please. There's a back room on this floor to rent and one or two up-stairs." Jim threw open the door of the chamber opposite the dining-room, and they looked in. It was not a very attractive apartment, however, and they did not enter.

"I think something up-stairs would be nicer," said one. He turned, crossed the hall, and looked into the dining-room. "Oh, I beg your pardon," he said; "that's not a bedroom, is it?" But, in

spite of his apology, he seemed in no hurry to withdraw.

"That's the dining-room," said Jim, shortly.

"I see." The boy gave a final look at the room and its occupants, and followed toward the stairway. "Is the corner room on that side rented?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Jim, grimly. "Very much rented!" Then he stopped on the landing, and faced the two boys. "By the way, you fellows are n't new here, are you?"

"No," replied the elder; "why?"

"I want to know something. We rented a room to a fellow about a week ago and he came to-day. That's he in the dining-room. Now another chap comes along and says he engaged the same room from the lady who had the house last year. It's the corner room you asked about. This new chap says we've got to stand by what Mrs. Timberlake did. I don't think that's sense. We never saw her, and did n't know anything about it. She may have rented all the rooms, for all we know."

The two boys looked at each other doubtfully.

"Well, the chap's right in a way. It is customary. But if he's a new boy, how does he know so much about it?" asked the taller of the two.

"He's not new," said Jim. "I think he must have been here two years or so from the looks of him. He said his name was—Gerry, or something like that."

"Gerry? You don't mean Gary, do you?"

"Yes, that's it."

The two boys exchanged glances, and began to chuckle. "'Bull' Gary! It sounds just like him! Is he here now?"

"Yes, in the room," answered Jim.

"I think, then, you had better let us talk with him. Hold on, though. Did you rent the house from Mrs. Timberlake?"

"No. She left early in the summer. We rented from an agent, Mr. Simpson."

"Ah, that simplifies the case, eh, Poke?"

"Muchly," was the cheerful response. "Lead us to him."

"You know him?" asked Jim, doubtfully.

"Rather! We're very dear friends of his. You leave it all to us."

They went on up, bowed to Mrs. Hazard, who still waited in the hall, and made for the corner room. Jim dropped back.

"Well, well; if it is n't Bull!"

Gary turned with a doubtful grin.

"Hello, Poke! Hello, Gil! Where did you fellows come from? Are n't living here, are you?"

"No, we're still at the old place," answered Gil. "Whose room is this, Bull?"

"Mine, of course. Not bad, is it?"

"No, it 's fine and dandy; but I understood that some one else had taken this. Did n't that chap down-stairs tell us that, Poke?"

"Verily, he did. I think Bull 's 'spoofing.'"

"I dare say he did tell you that," said Gary. "But I engaged this room last June from Mrs. Timberlake."

"Oh, I see!" Gil nodded his head. "Well, that explains it. Too bad, too, for it 's a mighty pleasant room. Still, there 's one across the hall that looks pretty decent, and I dare say you 'll be just as happy there, Bull."

"Me? I 'm staying here," said Gary, uneasily.

But Gil shook his head gently and firmly. So did Poke.

"No, you can't do that, you know," said Gil. "This room belongs to the other chap. You see, Bull, Mrs. Timberlake gave up the house. That canceled everything. Then Mrs.—Mrs.—I have n't heard her name yet—took it from Simpson. See the point? Your case is n't good, old scout."

"That makes no difference!" blustered Gary. "I engaged this room—"

"Tut, tut! Don't be dense, Bull. Have we got to explain it all over again to you? Honest, Gil, he 's the prize dunce, is n't he?"

"Oh, he understands all right. He 's just trying to tease us. Let 's have a look at the room opposite, Bull."

"I don't want to see the room opposite," Gary protested with vehemence.

"Then why not have a look at the back rooms? Of course, they are n't as sunny as this, but I 've no doubt they 're quite comfortable."

"I 'll stay just where I am," growled Gary. But there was a tone of uncertainty in his voice. Gil smiled indulgently. Poke flicked an imaginary speck of dust from his sleeve.

"Strange how dense some folks are, Gil," said the latter. Gary flushed, and tried bluster.

"You fellows think you can come here and bullyrag me into doing anything you like. Well, you 're mightily mistaken. I know my rights, and I intend to stand up for them."

"Noble youth! but you have n't any rights in this case, Bull. You 're just making a chump of yourself, and being disagreeable. Don't let 's have any bother about it, Bull." This from Gil.

"I rented this room—"

"S-sh! Remember, please, that there 's a gentleman present," remonstrated Poke. "Be sensible, Bull. You 've got your signals mixed."

Gary looked from one to the other for a moment, swallowed hard once, and yielded. "All right, but I don't have to give this room up unless I want to."

"You 're doing it, Bull," responded Poke,

sweetly, "because you are the soul of generosity. Ah, we know you, you rascal!"

"Let 's look at the other rooms," said Gil.

"Not for me," growled Gary. "If I can't have this room, I don't want to stay in this hole. I 'll go back to Sanger's." He began to pile his things back in his bag. Gil and Poke eyed each other dubiously.

"I—I don't believe I 'd do that," said Gil, finally. "This is a perfectly good house, Bull, and the landlady has n't let many of her rooms—"

"I don't care if she has n't! I hope she won't! You can make me give up this room, but you can't make me stay here!"

Gil and Poke recognized the truth of that. Gary slammed his bag shut, seized his cap, and strode wrathfully down-stairs and out of the door without a word to either Mrs. Hazard or Jim.

"I 'm afraid we 've lost you a—a tenant," said Gil to Mrs. Hazard. "We did n't mean for him to leave the house."

"That does n't matter. It was very kind of you to straighten it out about the room. We 're so much obliged to you."

"I 'm glad he 's gone," declared Jim. "I don't like him."

"Jim, dear," remonstrated his mother, "you must n't say that. He may be a very nice boy for all we know. Has my son shown you the rooms we have to let?" she added, turning to Gil.

"Er—yes; that is, he was showing them when—"

"This room over here is quite pleasant," she said, leading the way to the door across the hall. "It has only one bed in it, but we can set up another one if necessary. Were you both thinking of coming?"

Poke looked a trifle uneasy, but Gil came to the rescue.

"We 've been rooming in Hall, ma'am, and were just looking around to see what there was. We 've not decided yet." He looked at the room. "I suppose this gets the afternoon sun quite late."

"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Hazard. "It 's quite a warm room in winter, I 'm told."

Poke looked in over Gil's shoulder. It really was a very cozy-looking room. It was big and square, with two broad windows on the front, and a bay on the side. The furnishings were neither new nor elaborate, but there were a roomy bureau, a big library table that had seen better days, two good easy-chairs, two straight-backed ones, and a wash-stand. And, of course, there was a bed, a simple, white-enameled iron bed that looked both clean and comfortable. On the walls were hung several pictures, the windows had neat, dimity curtains, and the floor was covered with a cheerful red and gray carpet which, if it showed

wear in some places, was still quite presentable. There was a fireplace and mantel, too, and the fireplace looked as though it could be used.

"It 's a very nice room," said Poke, warmly.

"Dandy!" said Gil. "I suppose we—I suppose whoever had it could have a fire there?"

"Oh, I should think so," answered Mrs. Hazard. "But I hope that the furnace will keep the house warm enough without having to use the grates."

"How much would this room be?" asked Gil.

"Well, I suppose—" Mrs. Hazard turned to Jim for assistance—"I suppose for two it would be ten dollars a week."

"Eleven," said Jim, firmly. "But we don't charge for board, of course, when you are away. Then you just pay three dollars for the room."

"That seems reasonable," declared Poke.

"Quite," agreed Gil.

"I dare say if we wanted a fire any time, we could have it by paying extra?" Poke asked.

"Just pay for what you burn," said Jim.

"I see." Gil turned to Poke. "What do you think?"

"Why, we—we might think it over a little," gasped Poke.

There was a silence. Gil and Poke stared fascinatedly at each other. Finally, "Well, then," blurted Gil, "we 'll take it!"

"But, Gil!" cried Poke. "Don't you think—had n't we better talk it over a bit first?"

"Well, maybe we had. We—we 'll let you know in—in an hour."

"Much obliged," murmured Poke as they made their escape down-stairs.

Once out of sight of the house, Gil pulled up and leaned against the fence. "That—that was awful!" he gasped. "In another minute we 'd have rented the room!"

"Sure thing," agreed Poke, solemnly. "How the dickens did we get started?"

"How did we get started?" exclaimed the other, indignantly. "Why, you insisted on going in there to look at rooms, you millionaire!"

"Well, you asked how much it was, did n't you? It was all safe enough until then."

"Now, hang it, Poke, I feel as though we *ought* to take it; as though it was our duty! After all, you know, we drove Bull away."

"How can we take it, you simpleton? Have n't we got a room already? Honest, Gil, you ought not to be trusted out alone! If it had n't been for me, we 'd have been saddled with two rooms now!"

"Well, why did n't you help me? You could see that I was—was hypnotized!"

"I guess I was, too," laughed Poke. "I never knew before how easy it is to buy something you

don't want! Not that I would n't like to have that room, though. It 's a beauty, is n't it?"

"Yes, it 's about twice the size of Number 12. I wonder what it would be like to have all the light and sunshine you wanted."

"I 'm crazy about the windows," said Poke. "We could have a seat built in that bay, Gil."

"Sure. And with our pictures and stuff, to fix it up, the room would look dandy."

"Great!" sighed Poke.

There was a silence. At last,

"I don't suppose 'J. G.' would let us give up our room now," observed Gil, thoughtfully.

"We might find out," answered Poke. They turned by common impulse and stared at each other. Then Poke broke into a laugh.

"Let 's do it!" he shouted.

Gil grinned. "All right!" he answered.

They shook hands on it.

CHAPTER IV

MR. GORDON RECEIVES

At a quarter before five that afternoon, the expressman landed the last of Gil's and Poke's belongings in the corner room at Sunnywood Cottage. On his final trip up-stairs, the expressman carried a waste-basket filled with books and a crimson sofa-pillow embroidered with a gray C. Gil paid him, closed the door behind him, and then, with a shout of triumph, seized the cushion and hurled it across the room at Poke. As Poke was at that instant bent over a suitcase extracting a miscellaneous assortment of books, balls, pens, shoes, and so forth from it, and as the cushion struck him square between his shoulders, the result was interesting and spectacular. Poke's head went into the suitcase, and his feet flew out behind him. Gil, chortling gleefully, watched Poke recover his equilibrium. Then, by deftly dropping to the floor at the psychological moment, he escaped the rubber-soled shoe that sang across the room and banged against the door. He picked up the missile and tossed it back. Poke caught with one hand, swooped down, and tagged the suitcase. Gil waved his hand.

"Out at the plate!" he yelled.

Then they looked at each other and grinned.

"Get busy!" said Poke, finally. "It 's nearly five o'clock. You do hate to unpack, don't you?"

"Observe the trouble I saved myself at Hall," said Gil, pointing to his trunk. "If I 'd unpacked, as you did, I 'd have had it all to do over again."

"Well, as we are n't likely to move again today, you 'd better finish it this time. It was a great scheme of ours to get here early and be all settled ahead of the others, was n't it?"

"Marvelous," agreed Gil, ironically. "Behold!"

Poke looked over the room and grinned. "It looks as though it had been struck by a cyclone, does n't it? But this is a dandy big closet!"

"Well, don't take it all, old man. Have you seen my trunk key anywhere?"

"Yes, I saw it on the window-sill at Hall."

"Oh, feathers! Well, I 'm not going back for it to-night. Let 's try yours, Poke."

"It won't fit. You tried it last year. Get a hammer. Step out into the hall and yell for one."

"All right. Poke, were n't you surprised when J. G. let us off on our room?"

"Rather! but I dare say there are plenty of fellows who 'll be glad of it."

"Well, they can have it! I like this ten times better. Of course we 're paying a little more—"

"About fifty cents a week more," said Poke, scornfully; "and what 's that? I 'll wager Mrs. Hazard will give us better things to eat than we got at school. And, anyhow, it will be more—more homelike."

"Be it ever so humble, there 's no place like home,"

sang Gil as he opened the door. Then, "Poke, my boy, whom shall I yell for?"

"Yell for a hammer, of course."

"Hammer! hammer!" cried Gil, softly. "It does n't come, Poke! What 's the chap's name?"

"Hazard."

"His first name, I mean."

"I don't know."

"Well, maybe he would n't like to have me get familiar on so short an acquaintance," reflected Gil. "I 'll just go down and find some one."

"Don't get lost," advised Poke.

Gil did n't have to search far, for Jim was in the lower hall. Gil explained his quandary.

"I think I can get it open for you without prying the hasp off," said Jim. "Wait a minute, and I 'll get some keys."

Five minutes later, Jim lifted the lid in triumph. "There you are," he said. "Goodness, but you fellows have got a raft of truck, have n't you? Are you going to put all those pictures up?"

"We are, indeed," answered Gil, "if there 's room for them."

"Better let me help you, then," said Jim. "Tell me where you want them to go. I 'll get the step-ladder."

"He 's a good-hearted kid," observed Poke, as Jim hurried off.

"Your friend came back again," announced Jim, as he returned with the ladder; "just after you telephoned. He said he 'd decided to take this room. I told him we 'd just rented it, and he

was as mad as a hornet. You would have thought that we 'd cheated him out of it."

"Oh, that 's like Bull Gary," said Gil. "He has an overdeveloped sense of importance."

"He 's got an ingrowing ego," said Poke.

"I don't know what that is," laughed Jim, "but it sounds uncomfortable."

"It 's awful," Poke assured him solemnly. "Let 's put that picture over the bed, Hazard. Do you want any help?"

"No, you fellows go on and get your things unpacked. We have supper in about an hour."

"That 's a cheerful announcement," said Gil.

"I 'd like to know how you managed that fellow the way you did," said Jim, presently.

"Who? Gary?" asked Gil. "Well, not to make a mystery of it, Hazard, we all belong to the same society, the 'Plato,' and in Plato every fellow is supposed to act decently. Bull was n't acting decently, and he knew it."

"Oh, do you have societies here?" asked Jim.

"Four," was the reply. "There 's Plato, which is the best, and to which Endicott and I belong—"

"Also Bull Gary," said Poke, dryly. "But Bull was an accident."

"And 'Pindar,' 'Homer,' and 'Hesiod,'" continued Gil.

"Are they secret societies? How does a fellow get into them?"

"Yes, they 're secret. And a fellow does n't get into them; he 's taken in. Each society has from thirty to forty members. New members are taken in each year during winter term."

"I see," said Jim, moving the ladder to a new location. "I thought maybe you could be proposed and get in that way."

"Why?" asked Poke. "Are you at school?"

"I 'm starting to-morrow," replied Jim. "I 'm in the Lower Middle Class. I suppose you fellows are beyond that, are n't you?"

"One year," replied Gil. "I did n't know you were one of us, Hazard. What do you think of our noble seat of learning?"

"I like it," answered Jim, warmly. "I 've always wanted to come here."

"Do you know many of the fellows?" asked Poke. Jim shook his head. "Not a one."

"Wrong, Mr. Hazard," said Gil; "you know two, Mr. Perry Oldham Kirkland Endicott and Mr. Gilbert Benton, two of the academy's most prominent and representative members. Bow, Poke."

"Happy to make your acquaintance," murmured Poke, politely.

"Well, I know you fellows a little," laughed Jim, "and I know the chap who has the room across the hall in the same way. But that 's all."

"That does n't matter. You 'll soon know plenty of fellows. Who is the chap you spoke of? We got a glimpse of him this afternoon."

"Cripple, eh? That 's hard lines. What class is he in?"

"Lower Middle, same as the one I 'm in."



"WHAT IS IT, JIM? IS ANYTHING WRONG?" INQUIRED MRS. HAZARD.

"His name is Latham, Jeffrey Latham, and he comes from Poughkeepsie. He 's a sort of a cripple. One leg 's shorter than the other. He says he was born that way. He seems a nice sort of fellow, and I was mighty glad that Gary did n't get his room from him, thanks to you two."

shall wire, 'Poke moving to village. Am going with him. Wire permission.'

"And I," said Poke, "shall say, 'Gil moving to village. Am going with him. Wire permission.'" He winked at Jim. "Easy, what?"

"Well, I hope it works," laughed Jim. "Supper

"Then we 're all middle-ers here. Is the young lady your sister, Hazard?"

"Yes. Hope 's going to high school when it starts. It 's her first year. Father died about three years ago. That 's why we 're here doing this. Everything went to smash when Dad died."

"Too bad," said Poke, sympathetically. "Never mind the rest of those pictures. You 've done enough already. Besides, I 'm going to knock off work and get ready for supper."

"There are n't many more to go up," said Jim. "I 'll stick 'em under this bed."

"Don't forget that we must telegraph this evening, Poke," said Gil. "We can telephone to the office from here."

"That 's so," answered Poke, adding in explanation to Jim, while a broad smile enveloped his countenance, "you see, we 've got to get permission from home to change our lodgings."

"But you 've already done it!" exclaimed Jim. "Suppose—suppose your folks won't let you!"

Visions of having the room back on his hands, empty again, gave him an anxious moment. But Gil smiled reassuringly.

"Oh, that 'll be all right," he declared. "I

will be ready in about ten minutes. I must go and wash up."

"Much obliged for helping us," said Gil.

Sunnywood Cottage may be said to have formally opened its season that evening at supper. At one end of the table sat Mrs. Hazard, at the other Jim. Hope sat at her mother's right with Jeffrey Latham beside her, and across from them were Gil and Poke. Jeffrey was a bit shy at first, but by the time supper was half over, Gil and Poke had made friends with him, and the meal was a very jolly one.

"This certainly beats dining-hall," declared Poke, accepting a second dish of Mrs. Hazard's preserves.

"Well, rather!" Gil agreed. "We never had preserves like this, did we, Poke?"

"Nor cake like this, either," added Poke, looking politely expectant at Hope, in front of whom the cake-dish was reposing.

"Do have another piece," said Mrs. Hazard, smiling with pleasure. "I shall tell Jane that you like it. I can't trust her yet with all the cooking. I think she is going to do very nicely after she has had a little more experience."

"Yes 'm, experience is what counts," said Poke, gravely.

"Well, you 're getting plenty of experience with that cake," said Gil, dryly. "Mrs. Hazard, I ought to warn you against Poke's appetite! And an hour from now it will be playing havoc with J. G.'s ice-cream and wafers."

"By Jove," exclaimed Poke, "I forgot about that!"

"To-night, do you mean?" asked Jim. "Do you get things to eat at the reception?"

"Of a truth! Ice-cream and those sugar wafers that taste like blotting-paper. It's a good plan to go early, though; last year the food gave out about nine o'clock."

"Are you expected to go to it?" asked Jim.

"Yes," replied Gil. "Of course, you don't have to, but it's a pretty good idea to do it, Hazard. You get a chance to meet the fellows, you see. And the faculty, too. 'Boots'—that's Thurston, you know; physics;—will tell you about his trip to Europe; and 'Kitty' Clarke—he's chemistry—will talk fishing until your head spins. Besides, you'll meet Mrs. Gordon, and she's a dandy, is n't she, Poke?"

"Yes. We'll all go about eight. You're coming, Latham?"

"Yes, but I'll start a little ahead. I can't get along quite as fast as you fellows."

"Oh, we're in no great rush. We'll all go together. We'd better go by the road, though; you'd find it pretty hard through the woods.

Let's telephone those messages to the telegraph office now, Gil, before we forget it."

HALF an hour later, they were off, Gil and Poke ahead, and Jim and Jeffrey behind, all suiting their pace to Jeffrey's. He managed to swing himself along about as fast as an ordinary walk, and that was fast enough for any of them this evening, for all had supped well, and it was still pretty warm, although the sun had been down for a good half-hour, and there was a little breeze from the west. It was not quite dark as they followed the winding road, but when, presently, the school buildings came into sight beyond the trees, lights were agleam in most of the rooms.

"It seems funny not to be living up there," reflected Poke. "I wonder who'll get our room."

"Homesick already?" laughed Gil. "Much I care who gets it! I believe we're going to have a dandy time at—what's its name?"

"Sunnywood Cottage," replied Poke, as they turned onto the drive that led to the principal's residence. "Gil, I like Mrs. Hazard. She's rather like a fellow's own mother, is n't she? And she certainly has great preserves!"

The house was brilliantly lighted, and already fellows were arriving. Gil and Poke waited at the steps for the others to come up. Then, settling their collars and furtively slicking down their hair, they followed the stream, deposited their caps in the hall, and entered the big library, already half full of guests. Mr. Gordon, the principal, or J. G., as the boys called him, was receiving with Mrs. Gordon, and toward them the Sunnywood contingent made their way, Gil and Poke, however, stopping at least a dozen times to greet friends. On several occasions Jim and Jeffrey were introduced, but only one name stuck in Jim's memory afterward, that of a big, good-looking, broad-shouldered fellow of nineteen, who squeezed Jim's hand like a vise, and of whom Gil whispered a moment later as they passed on, "That's Duncan Sargent, foot-ball captain; one of the best!" Then Jim was shaking hands with Mr. Gordon and Mrs. Gordon, and the principal was saying:

"This is James Hazard, my dear. His mother has taken the Timberlake house, you know."

The principal was a sturdily built man of fifty-odd, clean-shaven, with a nice face, and a voice that made you like him instantly. In appearance he was more the businessman than the scholar. Jim had met Mr. Gordon several times already, but Mrs. Gordon he had never seen. She asked kindly about Jim's mother and how the house was prospering. Then another boy claimed her attention, and Jim stepped back out of the way, just as

Jeffrey, who had found difficulty in getting through the throng, reached Mr. Gordon.

"How do you do?" greeted the principal, shaking hands in his hearty way. "And what is your name? We have n't met before, have we? You

must come and take tea with Mrs. Gordon and me some evening."

As Jeffrey shook hands with Mrs. Gordon and turned away, Poke Endicott, who had been next him in line, dragged him aside.



THE FIRST SUPPER IN SUNNYWOOD COTTAGE.

must set me right if I am wrong. I confess that I sometimes forget a face."

"My name is Latham, sir; Jeffrey Latham. I came to-day."

"To be sure! And so you 're Latham, eh? I believe—yes, I think I might have known it, my boy, for there is certainly a strong resemblance to your father. And how is the senator? Well, I trust?"

"Yes, sir; thank you."

"I 'm pleased to hear it. A fine man, Latham. I have had the pleasure of meeting him once or twice in a casual way. I hope you 'll find your stay with us happy and profitable, my boy. You

"What did J. G. mean about the senator, Latham? Is he your father?"

"Yes," replied Jeffrey.

Poke whistled softly.

"Does n't that beat all!" he ejaculated. "Why, man alive, Senator Latham and my dad are regular old cronies. Have n't you ever heard him speak of Major Endicott?"

"Lots of times!" cried Jeffrey. "Is the major your father?"

"That 's the dad! Why, say, Latham, you and I are pretty nearly relatives, are n't we?" He grinned and stretched out his hand. "Senator, I 'm pleased to meet you!" he cried.

(To be continued)

Ballads of the Be-Ba-Boes. The Great Bowing Match.

by D. K. Stevens.

Now this is a tale that no one knows,
A truthful tale of the Be-Ba-Boes
(Which don't confuse with the Bar-Ba-Does,
For that 's another matter).
They live in a land which is all their own,
Not far from the edge of the Torrid Zone;
These facts are true—likewise unknown
(Especially the latter).



Katharine Maynard Daland 1911.

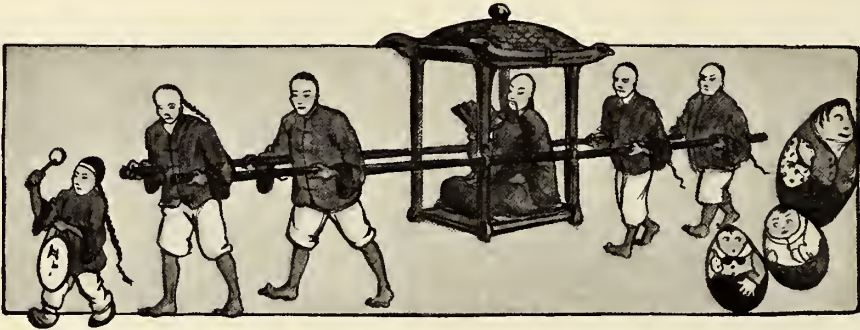
In words applied to the Japanese,
 They 're "a wonderful little people," these;
 Their manners never fail to please
 When one knows all about 'em.
 Your observation will disclose
 That they have no feet and they have no toes,
 But *that* does n't matter, goodness knows!
 They do quite well without 'em.



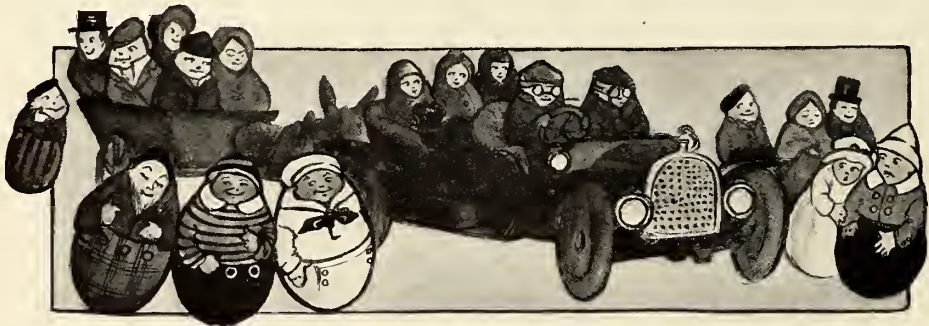
Among the charms that have won their fame,
 Politeness has a superior claim;
 A graceful bow is the laudable aim
 Of every well-bred native.
 And so they bow in the manner grand,
 The manner coy, and the manner bland;
 They bow in the manner haughty, and
 The manner dep-re-ca-tive.



Well, it chanced one day, no matter how,
 That a Chinese Mandarin named *Chow*,
 Renowned for his Chesterfieldian bow,
 Arrived with ostentation,
 And challenged any citizen there,
 To a Bowling Match in the Public Square,
 And advertised the whole affair
 By formal proclamation.



So the Be-Ba-Boes, from near and far,
 All rushed to observe this foreign star;
 They came by tram and motor-car,
 And other means of traction.
 A space for the contest then was cleared,
 The champion Be-Ba-Bo appeared
 And, according to rule, was loudly cheered,
 To his perfect satisfaction.





The signal struck! and they both turned to;
 They bowed till the face of each was blue
 (A kind of a dusky, indigo hue—
 Distinctly unbecoming).
 The Mandarin bowed with a studied grace,
 Right up and down at a terrible pace;
 But his rival bowed all *over* the place,
 Till the judges' heads were humming.

And faster yet the contest raged—
 There never was such a battle waged!
 Till both regretted they had engaged
 In such an occupation.
 Distress was shown by the Be-Ba-Bo,
 His heart would have been in his boots, I know,
 If he 'd had any boots where his heart *could* go—
 A painful situation!



When all at once, with a sudden snap,
 The Mandarin's head fell into his lap!
 And, through this rather grave mishap,
 The other emerged a winner.
 He bowed once more with an extra charm,
 While the Mandarin fled in a state of alarm,
 With his head tucked hastily under his arm;—
 And the rest went home to dinner.





"M^r. BLINKY"

by
R.H.M. Fillebrown

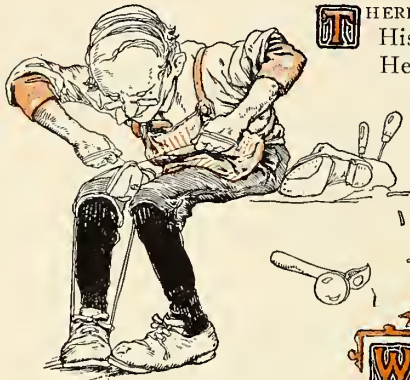


Piggy's name is
"Mister Blinky;"
'Cause his eyes
Are very winky,
And his skin
Is very pinky,
And his tail
Is very kinky -
So we call him
"Mister Blinky."



Jack
Pitts
5

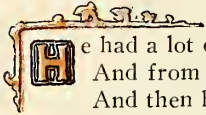
THE INGENUOUS COBBLER



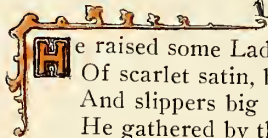
THERE was a poor old cobbler once who worked to earn his bread,
His name was Blucher Wellington Balmoral Waxentread;
He tacked and hammered, nailed and pegged; he waxed
and sewed,—and then,
He had a sudden, bright idea!—
and never toiled again!



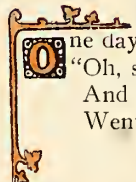
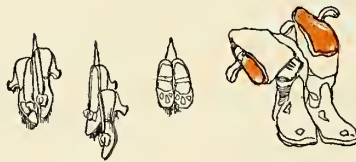
What did he do? Well, this he did: a garden bed he made;
He hoed it, and he raked it, and he dug it with a spade.
He planted many useful plants, and raised a wondrous crop,
And when his fruit was ripe enough, the cobbler stocked his shop



He had a lot of Shoe-trees, the boughs were loaded down,
And from them he plucked lovely shoes,—russet, and black, and brown;
And then he had some Rubber Plants,—and they hung full of fruits;
All sorts of rubbers, high and low, and even rubber boots!



He raised some Lady's-Slippers,—oh, such dainty things were they!
Of scarlet satin, beaded, or pearl-embroidered gray;
And slippers big enough for men, the finest in the realm,
He gathered by the basketful, from off his Slippery Elm!



One day a little child came in. He said: "What 's wanted, dear?"
"Oh, sir, I want some sandals,—they 're all the style this year."
And then, would you believe it? That cobbler, kind and good,
Went out and picked some nice and fresh, from his own Sandal Wood!

Carolyn Wells.



THE CHRISTMAS CONSPIRACY

A Christmas Play for Boys and Girls

By Elizabeth Woodbridge

CHARACTERS:

Real Children: Harry, Nell, Bobby, Dot.
Mother Goose Children: Jack, Jill, Miss Muffet, Boy Blue, Simple Simon, Jack Horner, Bo-Peep, Mistress Mary Quite Contrary.
 Mother Goose, Santa Claus.

SCENE: A dimly lighted sitting-room, showing a fireplace and at least one window. Leaning against the wall beside the fireplace, a huge book of nursery rhymes, with a picture of Mother Goose on the cover.

TIME: The night before Christmas.

ACT I

(Enter Harry and Nell, with stockings to hang up.)

HARRY. Come on! Let 's hang 'em here!

NELL. Where are Bobby and Dot?

HARRY. Hi, Bobby! Hi there, Dot! Come along! We 're going to hang up our stockings now. *(They go back to entrance and draw in with them two smaller children, the smaller the better, and help them hang up tiny stockings, then lead them out and return themselves—all this in dumb show, or the children may say a few words, whatever is most natural. It is better for them not to learn set speeches for this part of the business. After rearranging the stockings, Harry and Nell sit down by the fire.)*

HARRY. What do you s'pose he 'll bring us?

NELL. I don't know. Oh, dear! I wish it was morning!

HARRY. I want a new sled. Mine 's all broken.

NELL. I want a new doll's crib. My littlesst dolly has n't anywhere to sleep except a bureau drawer.

HARRY. Mother said you needed a new pair of eyes—ones that won't cry so easily.

NELL. She said you needed a new pair of hands—the kind that won't slap and pinch people.

HARRY *(reaching out and drawing the Mother Goose book over to him, and pointing to the cover)*. I think Mother Goose needs a new cap. Hers has never looked like much since we spilt molasses candy on it.

NELL. Oh, if Santa Claus ever brought the Mother Goose people anything—they all need things. *(She draws closer to Harry, and they open the book between them.)* Miss Muffet's footstool has holes through it, look! Mother says I poked those with the scissors when I was little.

HARRY *(turning a page)*. And Boy Blue needs a new horn. He must be tired of that tin one.

NELL *(turning another page)*. And poor Bo-Peep! She 's had that same ribbon on her crook ever since I was a baby!

HARRY *(turning again)*. And Jack and Jill have been banging that pail around down that hill for years and years. It must leak like everything.

NELL. I don't believe Santa Claus ever thought of them. If he did, he would bring them things, I know he would.

HARRY. How can he think of them when they don't hang up any stockings!

NELL. Poor things!

(A voice from outside calls, "Children!")

HARRY and NELL *(getting up)*. There 's Mother! *(They drop the book and get as far as the door, when Nell catches Harry's arm and turns back.)*

NELL. Let 's take the Mother Goose people with us. They 'll feel so badly to see Santa Claus stuffing our stockings when he does n't give them anything—

and most of them are children, too. (*She picks up the book, and Harry takes it. Both go out. Silence. Finally Jack and Jill appear in the doorway, looking in. After a careful survey of the room, they tiptoe in cautiously, go to the fireplace and look up it, feel of the stockings, go to the window or windows and peer out. All this time they hold between them an old tin pail.*)

JACK (*in a loud whisper*). He has n't come yet.

JILL. I suppose he might come 'most any minute.

and in the other hand a string, from which hangs a large, black spider.)

JILL. Why, here 's Little Miss Muffet, too! (*Jill goes over to door, takes her hand, and leads her in.*) I do believe she thinks she needs a new tuffet. Is that it, Miss Muffet?

MISS MUFFET. Yes. Look at it! And I need a new spider, too.

JACK (*examining the spider*). Why, that looks to



NELL AND HARRY HELP DOT AND BOBBY TO HANG UP THEIR STOCKINGS.

JACK. We do need a new pail, sure enough. Look at this one! We could n't carry a cupful of water in it, even if we did n't tumble down.

JILL. And we don't usually tumble down, of course. It was just that once.

BOY BLUE (*in the doorway, loud whisper*). Hello, Jack! Hello, Jill! Anybody else here?

JACK and JILL. Hello, Boy Blue! Come in!

JACK. We were just talking about Santa Claus.

BOY BLUE (*entering*). Oh, you heard what the children said. So did I.

JILL. And we do need a new pail.

JACK (*holding out pail*). Look!

BOY BLUE. Yes, I suppose you do. But look at my horn! It 's all battered up climbing stone walls after those tiresome cows.

JILL. Of course!

BOY BLUE. And once I dropped it down the well. I was helping Johnny Stout get that pussy-cat out that Tommy Green put in.

JACK and JILL. Horrid boy, that Tommy Green!

BOY BLUE. And it really has n't tooted very well since then.

(*Miss Muffet, a very little girl, appears at door. She holds a little stool or hassock under one arm,*

me like a perfectly good spider. What 's the matter with your spider, Miss Muffet?

MISS MUFFET. He 's black. I 'm tired of a black spider. I want a yellow one—a big, yellow one.

BOY BLUE. Well, I never knew Miss Muffet cared what kind of a spider it was.

(*Simple Simon appears at door, hesitates.*)

JACK. Oh, there 's Simple Simon! Come in Sim, my boy! We 're all talking about what we want. What do you want?

SIMPLE SIMON (*entering slowly and speaking with a drawl, or perhaps a stammer*). I 've always wanted lots of things—especially pie. But I never had any pennies.

BOY BLUE (*briskly*). Then what you want is pies,—or else pennies,—which would you rather?

SIMPLE SIMON. Pies.

JACK HORNER (*entering in time to hear the last two speeches*). Here! Take mine! I picked out all the plums years ago. (*Simple Simon takes the pie, and retires to back of stage to eat it.*)

BOY BLUE. Hello, Jack Horner! What do you need?

JACK HORNER (*turning to the others*). What I need is a new pie.

MISTRESS MARY QUITE CONTRARY (*entering*). And

what *I* need is a new watering-pot. (*Pettishly*)
Look at this old thing!

Bo-PEEP (*entering*). There 's Mistress Mary,
quite as contrary as usual! But, now really, chil-
dren, no joking, *I* do need a fresh ribbon. You all
heard what Harry and Nell said. They noticed it.
I suppose everybody has.

JILL (*patronizing but friendly*). Yes, Bo-Peep,
we all noticed, only we 've been too polite to speak
about it. (*Confidentially, with an air of wisdom*)
Have you ever tried dampening it and pressing it?

Bo-PEEP. Yes, Mother Goose does that for me
every little while.

JILL. But it *is* badly faded, is n't it?

Bo-PEEP. Of course it is! How could it help
being? *I* 've been chasing those sheep for *years*, out
in the hot sun, and hooking their legs—like—like
this! (*She reverses her crook and begins hooking*
it around the children's ankles. They hop and run
to escape her. Screams and laughter.)

MOTHER GOOSE (*entering, waving her stick at*
them). Children! children! What are you doing?
You 'll wake the house! And Santa Claus may pop
in any minute and catch you! And *then* what!"

ALL. Catch us! What fun!

JACK. Perhaps we 'd catch him!
We 'd make him give us a new
pail, would n't we, Jill?

Bo-PEEP. And me a new ribbon.

Boy BLUE. And me a new
horn.

MISTRESS MARY. And me a
new watering-pot.

JACK HORNER. And me a new
pie.

SIMPLE SIMON. *I* 'd like some
pie, too.

JACK. And Miss Muffet, here,
wants a new tuffet.

MISS MUFFET. And a new spi-
der—a yellow one.

MOTHER GOOSE. What children
you are! Poor old Santa Claus!
Has n't he enough to do now,
without your teasing him for
things?

JACK. But he never gives us
anything.

ALL. Harry and Nell said so,
too.

JILL. And they said he surely
would if he only thought.

JACK (*facing the rest, and striking an attitude*).
Let 's *make* him think!

ALL. How? how?

JACK. All hide here, and wait till he comes, and
then jump out at him, and capture him.

ALL. Oh, what fun! Let 's! (*They turn to*
Mother Goose.) May we? may we?

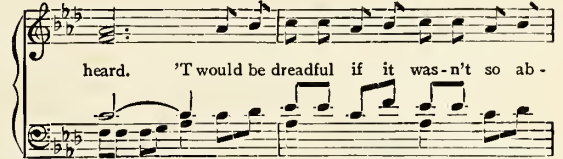
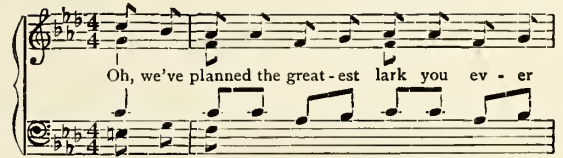
MOTHER GOOSE. If you promise you won't hurt
him.

ALL. Oh, we won't; we won't.

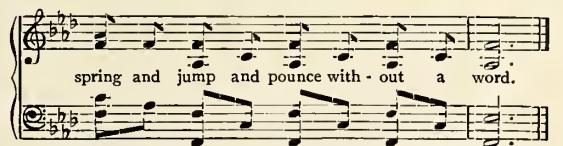
(*They prance with glee, then take hands and circle*
around Mother Goose, singing:

Oh, we 've planned the greatest lark you ever heard!
'T would be dreadful if it was n't so absurd.

From our lairs behind the chairs,
On old Santa, unawares,
We 'll just spring, and jump, and pounce, without a word.



BO-PEEP AND MISTRESS MARY.



He does n't know we 're waiting here to-night.
We 'll surprise him, so he 'll never dare to fight.

*From our lairs behind the chairs,
We will take him unawares,
And we're sure he'll have an awful, awful fright.*

After the song, they stop and listen. A sound of distant sleigh-bells is heard. The children scatter



SANTA CLAUS FRIGHTENS MISS MUFFET.

and hide behind the furniture or in dark corners. Mother Goose retires to entrance door and stands in its shadow.

The bells sound louder, then cease. The window is opened slowly. Santa Claus enters, sets in his pack, goes out again and brings in a big sled, closes window and comes forward to fire, rubbing his hands.)

SANTA CLAUS. Such houses! A fellow has to prowl and prowl around a house like a thief to find a place to get in. Look at that chimney! They'll expect me to come in on the telephone-wire next. Well—here are the stockings—one—two—three—four.

(At a signal from Jack, the children creep out and spring upon Santa Claus from behind. They pull him down, hold his hands and legs, and pull him to a big chair in the middle of the room. Meanwhile Santa Claus calls, "Help! help! murder!" Jack at length stops his mouth by winding a handkerchief about his head. This Jack does leaning over him from behind.)

JACK. Now, Santa Claus, it's no use to wiggle and scream. You're caught. Will you be good and quiet? If you will, hold up both hands, and waggle the fingers. *(Santa Claus does so.)* All right. *(Jack takes off handkerchief and comes around toward front.)* Now, listen. We don't mean any harm—

SANTA CLAUS. Oh, you don't, you young scamps!
JACK *(with dignity)*. We're not scamps, and we promised Mother Goose here not to hurt you, and we have n't.

(Mother Goose comes forward a little.)

SANTA CLAUS. You've hurt my feelings, terribly.

JACK. Not half so much as you've hurt ours.

SANTA CLAUS. What? What's this?

ALL. You never gave us a present.

JILL. Never in all our lives.

BO-PEEP. And we feel badly.

BOY BLUE. Terribly.

ALL. *Terribly.*

MISS MUFFET *(coming up to his knee)*. And I want a new tuffet, and a new spider—a yellow one.

JACK. Jill and I want a new pail. Look at this one!

BO-PEEP. And I need—I really need—a new ribbon for my crook.

BOY BLUE. And I need a new horn.

MISTRESS MARY. And I need a new watering-pot for my garden.

JACK HORNER. And I'm just starving for a new pie. There were n't any plums left in mine, and I gave it to Simple Simon here.

SIMPLE SIMON. I've been wanting pie for a long time. But I never had any pennies.

SANTA CLAUS *(looking about at them, half amused, half vexed)*. Why, you midgets! you little ruffians! Do you mean to say you're holding me up for presents! Me! Santa Claus! The children's friend! Held up here by force, in the dark—by a set of—of highway robbers! Are n't you ashamed?

ALL *(gathering around and pointing fingers at him, very impressively)*. Are n't you ashamed?

MISS MUFFET. I want a new spider—a yellow one.

SANTA CLAUS. You do, you little minx, you little Muffety minx! Come here! Do I look as if I kept yellow spiders in that bag?

MISS MUFFET. I want a new spider.

SANTA CLAUS. Listen to her! A yellow spider!

MISS MUFFET. And a new tuffet.

SANTA CLAUS. And a new tuffet! dear! dear!

JACK *(severely)*. You promised to be good.

SANTA CLAUS. Mother Goose, what do you think of the way you've brought up these children?

MOTHER GOOSE. Well, Santa Claus, I can't help it. Children take things pretty much into their own hands nowadays.

SANTA CLAUS. So you won't stand by me! *(To Miss Muffet)* And you stand there waiting for your new spider!

MISS MUFFET. And my tuffet.

SANTA CLAUS. And your tuffet.—Jack, bring me my bag.

ALL. Hurrah! He's going to! he's going to!

(Jack, with the other boys, brings over the pack and sets it down before Santa Claus, who opens it and begins to feel about in it. He pulls out a new little stool or hassock.)

SANTA CLAUS. Here, Miss Muffet! Here's your new tuffet. Sit down and see if it fits you. *(Miss*

Muffet sits down between his knees, facing audience. Santa takes out large yellow spider on string, and dangles it down over her head, lowering it slowly until she catches sight of it. She screams, and runs to the far corner of the room.)

SANTA CLAUS. Why, Miss Muffet! I thought you said you wanted a yellow spider!

MISS MUFFET (coming slowly back). I was used to a black one. (Takes new spider by the string, gingerly, and sits down on new tuffet at Santa's feet.)

SANTA CLAUS. Here, Jack, here 's a new pail. And be more careful with it this time. Don't bang it around downhill so. (Jack takes it, starts to carry it over to Jill, stumbles, and falls flat, flinging pail all across room.)

SANTA CLAUS. There you go again! What 's the use of giving you a new pail? Jill, take care of it for him! (Takes out fresh ribbon.) Here, Bo-Peep, here 's your ribbon. (Bo-Peep takes it, curtsseys, and goes back beside Jill, who helps her take off the old ribbon and tie on the new one.)

buy more. Don't let the pie-man cheat you. You have had a rather hungry time, have n't you?

SIMPLE SIMON. Yes, sir; thank you, sir.

SANTA CLAUS. Here you, Boy Blue! Here 's a new horn. See how it sounds.

(Boy Blue toots horn, marches around Santa. Children all fall in and march around him once or twice. Then horn stops, and they sing the same song as earlier, only with changes of tense:

*Oh, we planned the greatest lark you ever heard,
It was dreadful, but oh, was n't it absurd?*

From our lairs behind the chairs,

On old Santa, unawares,

We just sprang, and pounced, and jumped, without a word.

He did n't know we waited here to-night,

We surprised him, so he did n't dare to fight.

From our lairs behind the chairs,

We all took him unawares,

And we 're sure he had an awful, awful fright.)



"OH, WE 'VE PLANNED THE GREATEST LARK YOU EVER HEARD!"

SANTA CLAUS. Here, Mistress Mary, here 's a new watering-pot for you. Now let me see you smile. (Mistress Mary smiles and curtsseys.) Here, Jack Horner (giving him a pie). There are lots of plums in this. But you must n't pick them all out first. You must take it just as it comes. Did n't your mother ever tell you that?

MOTHER GOOSE. Of course I 've told him.

SANTA CLAUS. Here, Simon, my boy. Here 's a pie all to yourself. And here are some pennies to

SANTA CLAUS. Here, you rascals, help me fill these stockings! Make yourselves useful! (They fill stockings. Sled and doll's bedstead are set up beside the fireplace.) Now, run! Scamper! It 's almost morning. Get back into your book, or you 'll get caught. Run! Off with you! (They all run out.)

SANTA CLAUS (after a moment's pause). Mother Goose did n't ask for a new cap, but I think she needs one. That molasses candy does make it look

rather queer. (*Goes through door, returns with Mother Goose book. The picture of Mother Goose on the cover now has a bright red peaked cap instead of a brown one. Santa Claus sets book up beside fireplace, and turns to the audience.*)

SANTA CLAUS. Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!

(*Exit. Sound of sleigh-bells, becoming fainter, then silence, or CURTAIN.*)

ACT II

(*Early morning. Enter Harry and Nell.*)

HARRY. There 's my sled! (*darts across room*

HARRY. I wonder if he heard me say you needed a new pair of eyes.

NELL (*looking at him, eyes very wide and excited*). Do they look new?

HARRY. Yes, awfully shiny. I might pinch you, and see if they cry.

NELL. Don't you dare! Anyway, maybe your hands are new, and if they are, they won't pinch people, of course.

HARRY (*looking at them*). They don't feel a bit like pinching now, really.

NELL. Let 's tell Mother, and show her the book. (*They run out with book. Return without it, run over to fireplace and take down their stockings. Holding these, they take hands, and coming toward*



"AND JUST LOOK AT BO-PEEP, WILL YOU!"

toward the sled. Nell runs after, snatches his arm, and pulls him back a little, pointing to the Mother Goose book with her other hand.)

NELL. Oh, Harry, wait a minute! Look!

HARRY. Look what?

NELL. It 's red!

HARRY. What 's red?

NELL. The cap. Don't you see? Mother Goose's cap.

HARRY. That 's so! Let 's see about the others!

(*They sit down side by side with the book before them. As they talk they turn the pages.*)

NELL. Look! Boy Blue has a new horn! It used to be tin.

HARRY. And Miss Muffet's tuffet has n't any holes in it!

NELL. And, sure as I live, her spider is yellow! It used to be black. And see! Jack and Jill have a new pail—there 's only one dent in it!

HARRY. And just look at Bo-Peep, will you! She has a pink ribbon instead of a blue one!

NELL. And Jack Horner's pie has n't any thumb-holes in it! And Simple Simon has a pie, too! Santa Claus must have heard what we said about their needing things!

the front, sing, to same music as before. As they sing, the Mother Goose children steal in behind them and join softly in the song:

*Oh, it 's Christmas Day, and we 're made over new,
Nell, and Hal, and Mother Goose's children, too.*

*We won't slap, we won't snap,
And we 'll never, never scrap.
It sounds as if we 're dreaming, but it 's true.*

*Old Santa Claus must certainly be wise,
For he knew we needed brand-new hands and eyes.
While we slept, in he stepped,
To our bedsides softly crept,
And he made us over just for a surprise.*

*Oh, we wish that we could tell him our delight,
Over all the things that happened in the night—
Tokens new for me and you,
Mother Goose's children, too!
He 's remembered everybody most polite.*

*Oh, Santa Claus has been a perfect dear,
And we 'd like to tell him so right in his ear.
Jack,—and you,—and Boy Blue,—
And the rest,—all know it 's true,
And we 'd hug him if we had him with us here.*

When the song is over the Mother Goose children run out quickly. Nell looks around, as though listening or looking for something. Looks puzzled.)

NELL. I thought I heard somebody.

HARRY. 'No, you did n't. Let 's look at our stockings!

NELL. All right. Only let 's get Bobby and Dot first. Maybe they 're made new, too!

HARRY. You could n't tell if they were. They 're almost new just as they are, you see.

HARRY and NELL (*go to door, call*). Oh, Bobby! Oh, Dot! Come along! Come and see your stockings!

(They go out and lead in Bobby and Dot. Grand scramble for stockings. Exit with stockings, or CURTAIN.)

GENERAL REMARKS ABOUT PRACTICAL DETAILS

THE play may be given without a curtain, but if one is available, it may be used at the beginning and end. In the middle, it is better not to use it, as the quiet, empty room is much more impressive than any curtain could be.

The two littlest "real children" may be two or three years old, as they can be piloted through their parts by Harry and Nell. The part of Miss Muffet can be taken by a child of five or six years. Harry and Nell and the other children may range from nine to fourteen years. Santa Claus and Mother Goose may be taken by a big boy and girl, or by "grown-ups."

COSTUMES

FOR the two smallest children, long nightgowns; Harry, striped pajamas; Nell, a long white nightgown and over it a gaily colored wrapper. The Mother Goose children to be dressed as nearly like their

pictures as possible. In general, the Kate Greenaway style should be followed. The boys wear tunics of cheese-cloth, over their own loose knickerbockers, the tunics loosely belted in. Broad white Puritan collars and cuffs may be cut out of stiff white muslin. Their edges need not be finished, as they hold very well.

Miss Muffet, pink and white, exactly like the pictures; Bo-Peep, a shepherdess costume of figured blue-and-pink cretonne over a blue skirt, and big white hat. Jill, a real Kate Greenaway girl, in blue and white; Mistress Mary, also Kate Greenaway, in yellow and white. Mother Goose, a black waist, with big white fichu, black overskirt over red underskirt, high-peaked hat, made by rolling stiff brown paper into a cone, cutting it even around the bottom, and fastening it to an old hat crown which has a narrow rim of black velvet. The joining is covered by a narrow band of gilt paper pasted on.

The Mother Goose book should be made for the occasion, out of Bristol-board or corrugated packing board, with pages made of brown wrapping-paper, and the cover picture of Mother Goose pasted upon the outside. The change in the color of the hat is easily effected in this way: the hat in the cover picture is painted red in the first place. Then a bit of brown paper cut the same shape as the peak is lightly pasted on over it. After the book is taken off the stage by the children, this bit of paper is pulled off, so that when Santa Claus brings the book in again, the hat is red. The inside pages of the book, of course, are never seen at all by the audience.

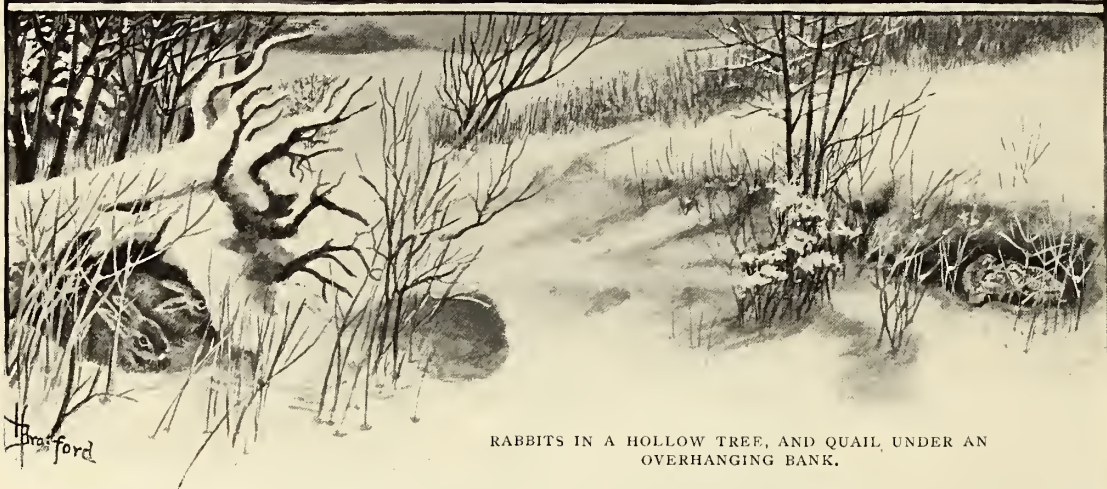
Real toys are put into the stockings, so that the joy of the "real children" in pulling the things out, especially of the two- and the three-year-olds, is entirely genuine and spontaneous.

If it were desired to use fewer characters, one or two of the Mother Goose children can easily be cut out. If more characters are wanted, they can be added, such as Old King Cole, needing a new bowl; Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son, needing a new pipe; the Queen of Hearts, needing a new batch of tarts, etc.



NATURE and SCIENCE *for Young Folks*

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.



RABBITS IN A HOLLOW TREE, AND QUAIL, UNDER AN OVERHANGING BANK.

HOW SOME ANIMALS KEEP WARM

ONE day in the early part of the winter, I had my camera pointed at the distant snow-covered woods, when my attention was attracted, and I was greatly surprised, by the sight of two rabbits

crouching together at the foot of a hollow tree. I had often seen rabbits sitting in this position in a cage, and knew that it was a habit among the members of the rabbit family to sit side by side for mutual warmth, sometimes heads together, and sometimes head to tail. Every naturalist is familiar with the fact that quail will cluster together under an overhanging bank. A naturalist told me that he once found quail in such a situation, partly imbedded in the ice and frozen. It appears that the birds went there for mutual warmth, then came a rain, and the water, trickling down the bank, thoroughly soaked the birds, froze before morning, and thus held them prisoners.

The thoughtful poultry man does not let his hens go around the yard in the winter as was the old-time custom, but keeps them in warm sheds with glass fronts. Hens dislike to have their feet touch snow or ice. If they do so, the hens try to keep them warm by lifting up first one and then the other, and holding it under the feathers. During the greater part of the day, hens, when left to run about the yard, will get on a piece of wood and seemingly go to roost. What they are trying to do is to keep their feet warm. The better method is to house the hens in a dry place where they can scratch clean straw, and thus have exercise, and at the same time keep their feet from the snow or the ice.

The cat has a similar habit of getting on a high fence, or a board in some sunny place, and then turning her paws inward so that no part remains uncovered by fur and exposed to the cold.



A HEN WARMING A FOOT IN ITS FEATHERS.

The dog that is apparently shivering with intense cold is not really shivering, but is voluntarily "flicking" his body muscles, and is thus aiding the circulation, much as the circulation in your hands is aided by rubbing them together or by rapidly opening and closing your fingers, or as the circulation in your arms is hastened by whipping them around your body.

The thick coat of wool on the sheep is the best protective covering, not only because it prevents the cold air from touching the surface of the body, but because the great amount of air entangled within it keeps the heat of the body from passing freely away, while the mass of wool itself keeps the external air from rapidly cooling the imprisoned warm air, and thus cooling the body. But, when the winter is unusually severe, even sheep show their desire for warmth by crowding against a shed or a haystack, to protect their faces and legs from the searching wind that

fur acts in a way similar to the wool of the sheep, by keeping the imprisoned air from getting suddenly cold, and so chilling the little animal's body.



A CAT FOLDING IN HER PAWS TO KEEP THEM WARM.

forces itself through the wool and forces out the warm air entangled there.

The gray squirrel is heavily furred in cold weather, but he delights to snuggle down in the nest within the hollow tree, amid the dry grass, dead leaves, and tree dust which he has collected to make his warm and cozy quarters. His thick



A DOG "FLICKING" HIS MUSCLES TO AID CIRCULATION.

Warm air is a poor conductor of heat. For this reason loose clothing is warmer than tight. The warm air between it and the skin prevents the heat of the body from escaping rapidly. Birds



SHEEP STAND CLOSE TOGETHER FOR WARMTH.

and other animals take advantage of this law of nature. A sparrow in the crevice of a wall is not

only warming his feet against the sunny stone, but he is pretty sure to have his feathers so "fluffed" up, that he seems to be much bigger than natural, because he is letting the air under his feathers get warm to protect his body. The



THE SQUIRREL KEEPS WARM IN HIS LEAFY BED.

sun helps, the wall helps, the feathers help, and the bird gets along pretty comfortably. Nature takes care of the lower animals. They suffer less from cold, perhaps, than we imagine.

YOUNG ELEPHANT-SEALS

THE large photograph below shows six young elephant-seals, or sea-elephants, which were received at the New York Aquarium last March. The picture was made at nine o'clock at night,



MALE ELEPHANT-SEAL, SHOWING THE CURIOUS "TRUNK" FORMATION.

after all the water, except about six inches, had been drained off, so that the animals might sleep and rest through the darkness. Such seals are so rare, and are so little known in captivity, that these are only the second lot ever seen in this country.

They are one year old, and came from Guadalupe Island, in the Pacific Ocean, 150 miles from the coast of Lower California.

The photograph of the male elephant-seal is remarkable as the second picture ever made of this rare and almost extinct animal. He, too, was



ELEPHANT-SEALS IN THE AQUARIUM TANK.

found on Guadalupe Island. He may attain a length of from sixteen to twenty-two feet. His proboscis, somewhat like an elephant's trunk, is two feet long. Three of these great seals, each sixteen feet in length, were brought to the American Museum of Natural History by the U. S. S. *Albatross*, in charge of Dr. Townsend, the director of the Museum and of the Aquarium.

STUMP HOUSES OF THE NORTHWEST

IN the Pacific Northwest (the home of big trees), many huge hollow cedar and fir stumps are to be met with.

In pioneer days these stumps were used as storehouses by the settlers, and even as shelters for live stock and human beings.

The giant stump shown in the reproduction is



A HOLLOW STUMP USED AS A HOUSE.

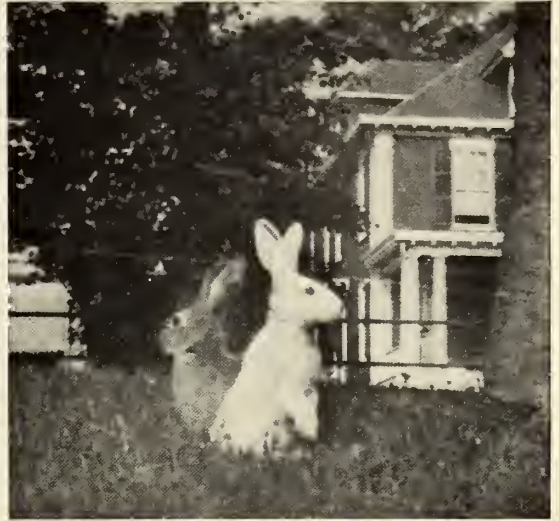
situated in Clallam County, Washington State. For some time it was used as a post-office, and at present serves as a shelter for cattle.

JAMES G. McCURDY.

A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF RABBITS

FOR many years I have kept rabbits, and have endeavored to obtain satisfactory photographs of them by using a first-class camera and fine lenses, but the difficulty is with the rabbit. Human beings show their self-consciousness when they get before a camera, and a rabbit, or any other form of four-footed pet, is often even more averse to assuming a natural pose. Therefore, the accompanying photograph, made by Muriel Stewart Folk, 46 Grand Street, White Plains, New York, appeals to me as being of remarkable

excellence. It was taken with a tiny camera, and the negative from which the print sent by my young friend was made was only one inch square.



A GOOD PHOTOGRAPH OF RABBITS.

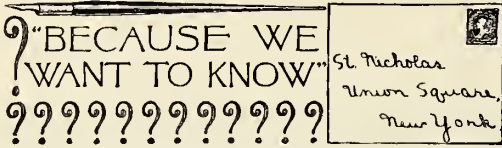
A GROWTH OF WOOD RESEMBLING A BIRD

THIS short section of a branch was found in a forest near Middlebrook, Virginia, by Warren Spittler, who firmly believes that it has not been carved. Not only is the resemblance to a bird



BRANCH AND KNOT OF WOOD RESEMBLING A BIRD.

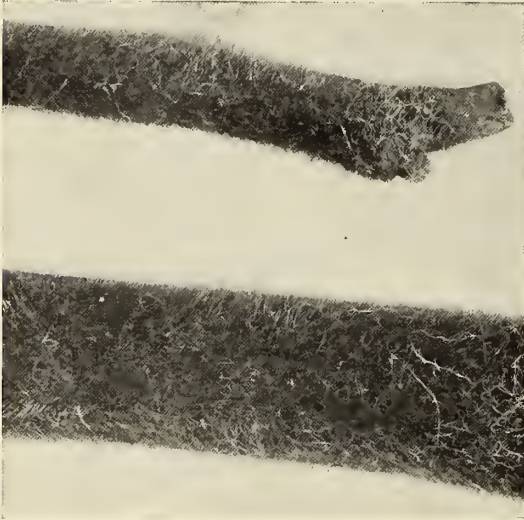
very striking, but the markings are intricate and curious. It is twelve inches in height, and ten and one half inches from head to tail.



THE VELVETY-HAIRY BRANCHES OF THE STAG-HORN SUMAC

ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I inclose two specimens of wood which I found in the woods near the Palisades. At the



THE VELVETY BRANCHES OF THE STAG-HORN SUMAC.

bottom it was just like other wood, but at the top it was fuzzy, like a young deer's horn. Will you please tell me what causes this?

Your interested reader,
MARGARET B. SPEER.

This is the stag-horn sumac which is often seen as a shrub, only a few feet high, but is also found as large as a tree, growing to a height of forty feet, with the trunk from twelve to fifteen inches in diameter. When leafless in the autumn, its velvety, spreading branches are quite suggestive of the antlers of a stag "in the velvet"; whence its name.

"SEEING STARS" BY PRESSURE ON THE EYES

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have often wondered why, when you put your hands quite hard on your eyes, you can see stars or round objects. They are usually in motion, and sometimes seem to dance. I wish you would please explain this for me.

Your loving reader,
HELEN ROBINSON (age 10).

The scientific man calls this appearance a phosphene. It is caused by the irritation of the retina

in the eye (the expansion of the optic nerve that lines the back of the eyeball), and is due to the pressure of the finger or other object. This pressure is carried to the retina by the outer coat and by the internal humors of the eye, and so excites the nerve that the bright spot results. The form of the phosphene is due to the shape of the object pressing on the eyeball, a round object making a round phosphene, a square one a square spot, or, when the finger pressure is very strong, the bright spot may be a ring, the form depending much upon the extent of the retina irritated. *You will do well to avoid such experiments on your eye, as there is danger of injuring the delicate organ.* The motion to which you refer is probably due to the movement of the eye, or to the varying pressure of the fingers.—A. C. S.

WATER FOR YOUNG BIRDS

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me how the duck-hawk brings water to its young?

Your interested reader,
ALICE JAREZEI.

The young duck-hawks, like most young birds, do not require water apart from the moisture in their food.—C. W. B.

A PLANT CONSTRUCTED LIKE A STEEL TRAP

WILMINGTON, N. C.

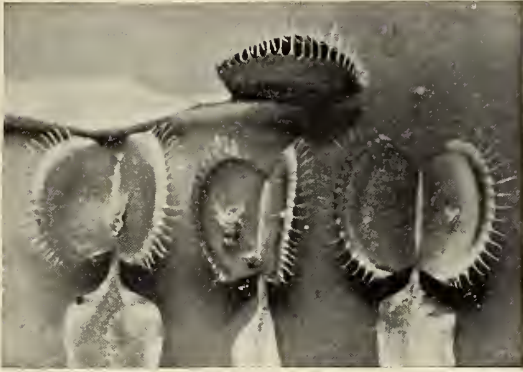
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think I can tell you a little about the Venus fly-trap. A great many of them grow in the woods near my home. It is found only in the eastern part of North Carolina. It cannot be raised anywhere else. It will give me much pleasure to send you some specimens.

Your devoted reader,
HELENA WEILL.

This is one of the most famous and remarkable of fly-catching plants. It is found in sandy swamps near Wilmington, North Carolina. The



THE VENUS FLY-TRAP.



VIEWS OF THE VEGETABLE FLY-TRAP.

The upper one holding a fly; the others with vestiges of flies that have probably been eaten.

leaf blade is constructed like a steel trap, the two halves snapping together, and the marginal bristles interlocking like the teeth of a trap. A few sensitive hairs, like feelers, are developed on the leaf surface, and when one of these is touched by a small flying or hovering insect, the trap snaps shut and the insect is caught. Only after digestion does the trap open again.—JOHN M. COULTER, A.M., Ph.D., in "Plants."

It is the current belief, as you state, that the plant will not grow in other places. But I have proved that it can be grown in Connecticut. The plant you sent us died down to the roots. Then new branches and "traps" grew from those. For several months it has been busy catching flies at my home.—E. F. B.

THE RUMBLING AND ROAR OF THUNDER

In explaining the cause of the "roar in shells" (page 1135 of "Nature and Science" for October, 1911), a comparison was made of the tiny repeated echoes within the shell with the familiar large echoes of thunder. These thunder echoes are thus well described by The Century Dictionary: "In hilly regions and where there are many clouds in the neighborhood of the discharge, the sound is *echoed* and *reëchoed*, causing a prolonged and more or less continuous *roar*."

While this reference to the echoes of thunder is thus a good illustration, by comparison, of the roar in shells, Professor H. L. Wells of New Haven, Connecticut, suggests that it may be misleading from the thunder point of view, because there are other factors in the rumbling of thunder, which were not referred to because not applying to the smaller roar in the shells. He writes as follows:

The lightning flash is practically instantaneous, but it is of great length, and the sound is produced all along its course. But this sound cannot all reach the hearer's

ear at the same time, since there is a difference, perhaps of miles, in the distance from the hearer of the different parts of the discharge. The sound first arrives from the nearest point of it, and then is continually heard from more distant points until the beginning is heard from, or is too far away to be heard. The rumbling is largely due to the zigzag course of the discharge, which causes the sound to come irregularly. The longest and most irregular rumbling is heard when a discharge passes overhead from one cloud to another, where the middle part of the flash is heard first, and then the combined rumbling of the two ends.

A MODERN MAMMOTH "BIRD OF PREY"

EDGEWATER PARK, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When Mr. Armstrong Drexel flew up the Delaware to Trenton last fall, a lady sitting on her porch on the river-bank had her attention attracted to him in this way:

Her neighbor's chickens uttered their calls of alarm and hastened to cover as if from a hawk. The lady looked up to find the hawk, and was astonished to see the aeroplane, which the chickens had mistaken for their enemy.

MRS. J. H. TERRIP.

QUEER GROWTH ON A PINE-TREE

BALTIMORE, MD.

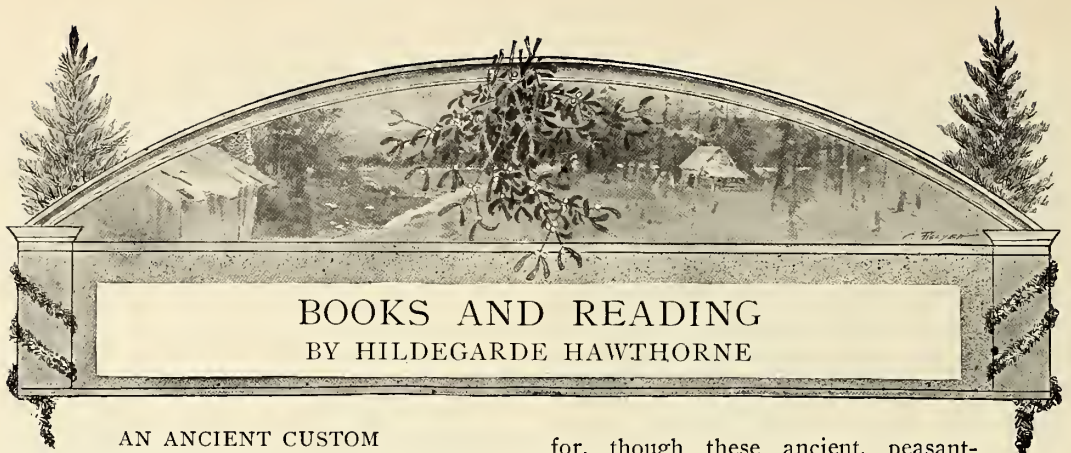
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While out walking I saw this queer growth on a pine-tree. I cannot imagine what it is. Will you please tell me about it? The little cells were closed, and when we shook it a yellow powder came out. Yours truly, MARGARET O. DUNN.

This interesting and beautiful growth is a misfortune of the Virginia pine. If a young twig becomes injured, the spores of a fungus or "rust"



THE BRAIN-SHAPED GROWTH ON A PINE-TREE.

may get into the wound and result in this formation. The scientist calls this fungus *Peridermium cerebrum*, because of its brain-like form.



BOOKS AND READING BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

AN ANCIENT CUSTOM

BESIDES getting and giving presents, decorating a tree, and hanging up stockings, many of you at Christmas time will also amuse yourselves by acting little plays or charades, or by singing fairy operettas, more or less linked, in plot and spirit, with the beauty and mystery of the season. In London, there is also a custom of bringing out a new pantomime at this time, very glittering and superb, full of marvelous transformation scenes, lovely dances, and splendid spectacles.

This pretty habit of acting plays of mystery or miracle dates back, as you know, to very old times. In the early Middle Ages, the miracle-play was as important a part of the Yule-tide as the holly wreaths and the church services. In all the towns and hamlets, villagers and country folk made up small companies and performed these plays; professional actors were not concerned with them. The plots, if they could be said to have a plot, were taken from the Bible, or from legends based on the story of the Nativity, or were simple representations of the life of man, with the temptations and the virtues belonging to him or encountered on his path. The acting of these plays was a religious observance, like to the performances given nowadays by the peasants of Oberammergau, children and their elders acting together with the same simplicity with which they ate or worked together. As to stage-setting and costuming, these were not even notable by their absence, for they had never been thought of—the people played in such garments as they possessed, while the stage properties consisted of a few necessary pieces of furniture, with a sign or two to suggest the scene; such as a few boughs to indicate a forest, a lantern for night, and such simple things, easily procurable in any house or cottage.

SHEPHERD ACTORS OF RUMANIA

It was from these early dramas rather than from Greek models that our modern theater developed;

for, though these ancient, peasant-played stories are, indeed, a world removed from a "production" of to-day, yet they had about them a close relation to the thought and feeling of their time: local allusions mingled with the religious story, and the actors did not try to disguise themselves; audience and players were not separated as was the case in Greek drama, so that these medieval plays and players were like those of to-day, reduced to the extremest simplicity, to be sure, but, none the less, akin.

But it is not only in the long ago that these quaint Christmas plays were given. This very season, in Rumania, the shepherds from the mountains will make up little companies and drift into the towns and the villages, acting dramas of the same character, with the same rough settings, the same simple spirit, as those of the thirteenth century. Each Christmas they celebrate in this manner, even as they have done through the centuries.

Rumania is a small country on the shores of the Black Sea, crushed in between Turkey and Russia, a mountain country whose existence has been one long struggle against oppression and invasion, ever since it was settled by the Roman Legions, from whom, with some mixture of other races, its people are descended. In spite of the overwhelming numbers of its enemies, it has managed to keep its integrity, its character, its liberty, and to-day it is flourishing famously, increasing in wealth, population, and industry.

A large part of the population are shepherds and small farmers, a wild but gentle people, who still wear the national costume of white wool, augmented in winter by sheepskin coats and caps, live in little whitewashed cottages scattered sparsely through the valleys and among the hills, and follow the ways of their fathers, with small knowledge of modern developments.

They are a poetic people, and they are wise with the wisdom acquired from a life lived close to nature. They know little of the rest of the

world, and less of literature; but they know their own wild history, and love it, and they have made its great incidents into poems which they chant,—beautiful poems, set to a short meter, and full of lovely appreciations of natural scenery, of trees, and flowers. There are songs of adventure, of battle, of love; songs of marriage, of home, of desolation, and of joy. They flow as a brook flows, as sweetly and as truly, and are beautiful to the ear even of those who do not know the language.

It is not strange that such a people should turn to acting as another means of expressing what they feel strongly. Their religion is to them a story fresh and near as their green meadows, and they take it in much the same literal way as did the medieval man. So, when Christmas comes, these shepherd people gather together and go from one place to another, acting practically the same play year after year, and welcomed in many houses as a part of the holidays. The play is based upon the old story of the slaughter of the Innocents, and contains several principal characters: *Herod*, the three magi, an angel, and a child, with two Roman soldiers. When the play begins, *Herod* is seated on his throne, and the soldiers are bringing the three wise men before him, having discovered them in the king's garden. One of the magi foretells the rise of a new king in Judea, who shall rule instead of *Herod*, saying, furthermore, that he has just been born; and the terrified *Herod* orders that all the little children shall be killed, to prevent the prophecy from coming true. It is with the saving of the child from this cruel fate, that the rest of the play is concerned.

Hung above the players is a large five-pointed star made of thin cotton stuff stretched on a frame and containing a candle. This is to represent the Star of Bethlehem, and roughly painted on the points are various scenes of the Nativity: the coming of Mary, the stable, the vision of the shepherds on the mountains, and others. These are about all the properties, and the costumes are those worn every day by the men: their sheepskin coats or woolen smocks, with a pasteboard crown for *Herod*, and helmets and a sword, or a spear of wood, for the soldiers.

Christmas after Christmas, all over Rumania, this play is given. It has practically nothing of all that has come to mean the giving of a play with us. Its actors are not really actors; they are without training, they have never seen a so-called "real play." There is practically no plot, no scenery, no "properties"; the language is of the simplest, and the audience is made up of persons who have seen the same thing many times. Yet the performance is often singularly moving, full

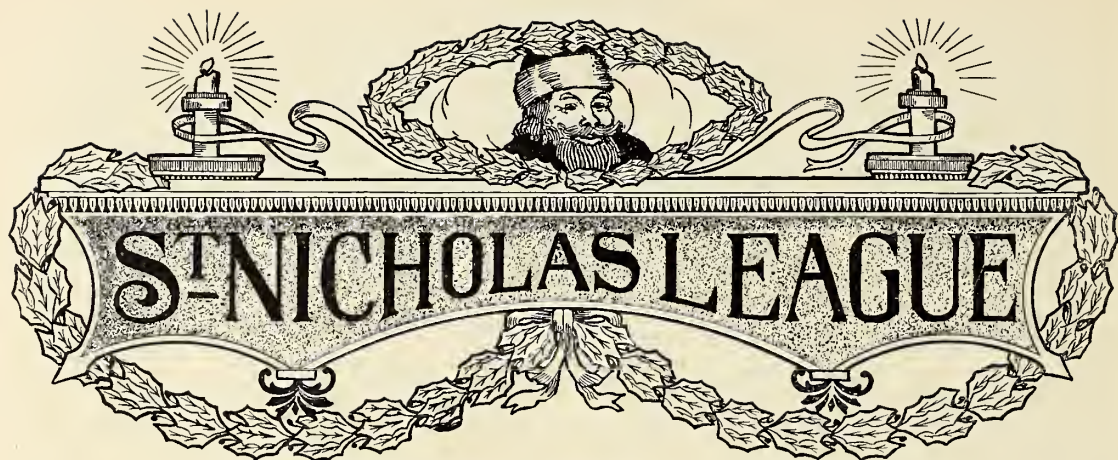
of a dignity, a power, and a poetry that are amazing. These untrained country folk manage to give a real and exquisite story that you cannot see without feeling it deeply; all the rough elements somehow combine together into something with life and meaning and beauty, and when they have finished, and gone away again into the snowy night, you will be left with an unforgettable impression, the impression that anything high and fine and true leaves behind it.

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

THE reason that makes these peasants succeed is the same reason that made the work of the Middle Ages and early Renaissance wonderful. What these people do is done for love, with entire unself-consciousness, and no desire for personal recognition. It never occurs to them to bother as to what other persons will think of it. The ancient worker carving a piece of marble put all his devotion and all his skill into the piece, without caring whether it were to be placed in the sight of all men, or to lie hidden in a dark corner quite unseen. It was the work for which he labored, not himself, and if it appeared beautiful to him, he was happy. He did not hurry with it, because he loved to do it; when it was finished, he neither signed it, nor troubled about it further. Content that he had made something lovely, he set to work on a new thing with the same pleasure.

Whatever is done in this spirit, be it painting, or carving, or writing, or acting, is almost sure to be enduringly good. You are hardly more likely to tire of it than of the natural beauties of the world; of a lake, or a tree, or the outline of a mountain.

Therefore, it is not so surprising that the acting of a few simple peasants can please and astonish people who have seen great plays beautifully given, although we all know how very bad the acting of what are called "barn-storming" companies here in America is sure to be. Yet these companies have a thousand times the advantages of the Rumanian peasant. But the peasant has put his soul into his part. He believes in it with a great faith and a perfect simplicity, as he believes in life and death. This it is that makes him, for the moment, a true player, while the third-rate actor, doing cheap parts in a cheap way, is bad even though he may have had much training and practice, because he is more concerned with his own small personality than with a great idea. It is the faith and worship in his own heart that the Rumanian peasant makes you feel, for they are bigger than himself, and they are his only reason for acting.



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY JOHN HILZINGER, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

ALL the young competitors have done well this month, prose-writers, versifiers, artists, photographers, and puzzle-makers. The little essays on "Gifts," or tales of "Cheerful Givers," are admirably written, and like these stories, the rhymes about "Kind Hearts" have the touch of sentiment that makes them appropriate to the Christmas season. The young artists remember it, too, in their clever drawings of "Good Friends"; and if it does not figure in the photographs, it is for the evident reason that the date of closing the competition was August 10, when the Christmas-tide was still more than four months away. But there is a variety and beauty in the many scenes and incidents so skilfully "Caught by the Camera"

that make the young photographers' contributions quite worthy to rank with the best sent in by their fellow-members.

As a whole, the League pages this month present an array of clever contributions in every department that has never been excelled in the work of boys and girls, and that fitly crowns a year of exceptional interest, effort, and perseverance. It has been a great year in every way; this final exhibit offers abundant promise that 1912 will be still greater and better; and so we enter upon another twelvemonth with the renewed zeal and ambition which will be sure to bring a rich reward of successful achievement to every industrious and loyal member of the League.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 142

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Silver badges, **Helen L. Eckel** (age 16), New York City; **William W. Ladd** (age 8), Talladega, Ala.; **Pearl Lukens** (age 17), Hudson, N. Y.; **Sophie Wolcott Stuart** (age 11), Lafayette, Ind.

VERSE. Silver badges, **Louise Stockbridge** (age 13), Upper Montclair, N. J.; **Deborah Iddings** (age 14), Brighton, Md.

DRAWINGS. Silver badges, **John Hilzinger** (age 17), Brooklyn, N. Y.; **Dorothy Calkins** (age 14), New London, Conn.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver badges, **Dorothy V. Tyson** (age 15), Pasadena, Cal.; **Clyde N. Kennedy** (age 14), Akron, O.; **Sherwin Kelly** (age 16), New York City; **Florence M. Seward** (age 17), Rochester, N. Y.; **Marjory A. Martin** (age 14), Canandaigua, N. Y.; **Mary Crocker Alexander** (age 16), New York City.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badge, **Edith Pierpont Stickney** (age 12), St. Paul, Minn.
Silver badge, **Dorothy L. Nichols** (age 17), Cohasset, Mass.



"CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA." BY MARJORY A. MARTIN, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)



"CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA." BY MARY C. ALEXANDER, AGE 16.
(SILVER BADGE.)

"A KIND HEART"

BY DEBORAH IDDINGS (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

WITH money wonderful things are made,
And beautiful houses wrought;
But a "home" is made by a true, kind heart,
And that can *never* be bought!

GIFTS

BY PEARL LUKENS (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

You have known people who have had gifts from notable persons. The fortunate recipients were, no doubt, eager to display their presents and tell all about them. Well, I have had a gift from—now, who do you suppose? Why, the great William Shakspeare! The funny part of the matter is that I have had it a long time, and not until a few moments ago, did I know that it *was* a gift from the famous Englishman, for I had bought it at the store with my own money. Let me tell you how I came to know. You see, I had been



"CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA." BY SHERWIN KELLY, AGE 16.
(SILVER BADGE.)

answering those questions our Editor had propounded. That made me think of the League, and of the subject for this month.

"Gifts—gifts—gifts?" I questioned. I hurriedly searched the pigeonholes of my mind, glanced inquiringly around the room, and finally sat, pen in hand, looking very fixedly at nothing out of the window. Then, because I was quiet, and the ears of my mind were wide open, I heard a voice. My eyes darted in the direction of the sound, and lit upon my little red copy of "The Merchant of Venice."

It lay open upon my desk, and the wind came through the window and gently rustled the leaves. That was

the voice, and it said so plainly that I don't think I shall ever forget, "What about me? You never paid William Shakspeare for me. He gave me to you. I 'm a gift out of his heart and soul, and I hope you 'll value—"

Just then a sharp gust blew the little book entirely shut, but I have the message—and the gift.



"CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA." BY CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER, AGE 11.

"HER BEST GIFT"

BY FREDRIKA W. HERTEL (AGE 14)

It was Christmas Day—"Christmas Day in the morning"—and in all its short span—'t was but a little after seven—it had brought nothing but happiness to bonnie Elsie Meredith, just fifteen.

The longed-for chatelaine watch with delicately traced monogram and jeweled pin, books that promised hours of delightful reading, and a score of dainty trifles, sent for "auld lang syne," had tumbled from their scarlet and white wrappings, and now she had come to the last and, apparently, the least of her gifts.



"CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA." BY FLORENCE M. SEWARD, AGE 17.
(SILVER BADGE.)

It was only a letter, quite a commonplace letter, it seemed, such as one may see any day in the year without experiencing any particular emotion; but it was not, for down in its heart it held a precious bit of news.

Notwithstanding her disappointment at the sight of apparently so meager a gift, Elsie read the letter. As

she read, her eyes sparkled and smiles wreathed the but lately sorry face, for this is what she read:

. . . and so, your Uncle William and I have decided to make our gift to you, this year, one that will give not only momentary, but never-ending pleasure—a companion of which you will never tire and one whose impressions will linger long after it has been passed on to those less fortunate; in short—ST. NICHOLAS!

It was a radiant face that she lifted from the page, a moment later, as she murmured, "the best gift of all!"

A CHEERFUL GIVER

(A true story)

BY MARJORIE D. COLE (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

I WAS in the toy department of a large store, admiring the various mechanical devices which always attract me at Christmas time, when I heard a footstep beside me. Glancing around, I beheld a little

store, admiring the various mechanical devices which always attract me at Christmas time, when I heard a footstep beside me. Glancing around, I beheld a little canvas bag hung quite empty at his side, and tightly clutched in his little palm was a twenty-five-cent piece. He was no more than a ragged little street urchin, but something in his glance interested me, so I watched.

Just then, another boy, not more than seven years old, appeared. He, too, was a newsboy, but, unlike the other, he had several unsold papers in the bag thrown over his shoulder. The two seemed to know each other, and after informal greetings, began



"GOOD FRIENDS." BY AUDREY COOPER, AGE 16.

to discuss the toys laid out before them. They examined them all, now exclaiming in delight, now finding fault. The smaller boy had thirty cents in his grimy little hand, and in the unintelligible jargon of the streets, they talked of their intended purchases.

At last a clerk, after deciding that they really meant to buy something, hurried up, and in a gruff voice asked them what they wanted. The smaller one spoke first, pointing out a toy boat that wound up. The clerk said it was fifty cents.

"W'y," exclaimed the little fellow, "I t'ought ev'ry-ting was marked down!"

The other gave a glance at his companion; then resolutely told the clerk to wrap the boat up—he would help pay for it. As the two passed out, the older said:

"Aw, dat 's all right, Bobbie; I did n't want de engine very bad, anyway." And he left the store grinning, and apparently just as happy as the smaller boy.

But his eyes were filled with tears.

"KIND HEARTS"

BY WINIFRED SACKVILLE STONER, JR. (AGE 8)

THERE are no bigger hearts for their bodies,
And no kinder hearts on this earth,
Than the big, juicy, red hearts of melons,
To mortals the greatest of worth.
The "King Water-melon," of big heart
Of all earthly melons the best,
He clings to the earth, his good mother,
And never once leaves her warm breast.
And so, when he 's grown, he 's a big heart
Which helps both the great and the small;
When fevers are burning our parched throats,
Or if we are thirsty at all,
These kind hearts are always so cooling,
And taste, oh, so good and so sweet,
I 'm sure that they once grew in Eden,
For our Father Adam to eat.

A CHEERFUL GIVER

BY SAIDEE R. SANDFORD (AGE 13)

I THINK of all the cheerful givers there are, the sun ought to be numbered first. It gives daily to people all over the world, and then, though it is not very often thanked, it still keeps on giving, giving all the time.

Think what the world would be if there were no sun: darkness all the time; no cheery flowers, because if the sun should stop shining, flowers could not grow; and no trees or plants of any kind, for the same reason.

No animals could live, because it is on plants animals live; and, last, no people, because if animals and plants should cease to grow, people, of course, would stop living; and what a place the world would be!

Just suppose that the sun should think it would stop shining for a while, since it was not being thanked



"GOOD FRIENDS." BY DOROTHY CALKINS, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

enough; just suppose it should. Would it not be surprised when it started to shine again? No people, plants, trees, or animals of any kind; all would have perished because it had ceased to shine.

Yet, perhaps some people have never thought of the sun as a cheerful giver. However, I have, and I hope you have also, because I should never want to have the sun stop shining, would you?



BY FAITH MORSE, AGE 15



BY ESTHER R. HARRINGTON, AGE 12.

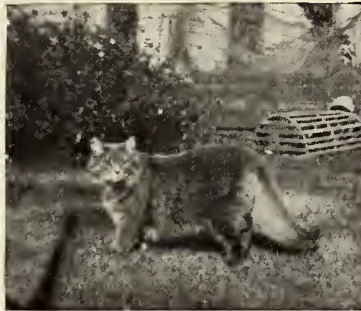


BY ACYONIA SCHILLING, AGE 15

CATS AND KITTENS "CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA."



BY CAROLYN F. RICE, AGE 13.



BY THEODORA ELDREDGE, AGE 12



BY HARVEY F. STEVENSON, AGE 16

THE GARDEN OF KINDNESS

BY DORIS ROSALIND WILDER (AGE 11)

CHILDREN, let us make a garden;
 Many seedlings will we sow;
 Flowers the world cannot remember,
 In our garden we will grow.

Children, let us plant some roses.
 Know you roses are for love?
 Let not weeds choke out our blossoms;
 Let them grow to light above.

Of our hearts we 'll make a garden;
 Children, little deeds of love,
 Little words, and acts of kindness,
 Are the flowers we send above.

GIFTS

BY SOPHIE WOLCOTT STUART (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

We seldom appreciate one of our greatest gifts—song-birds. I got up early one morning to practise on the piano, and after I had practised a little while, I grew more and more exasperated with myself for playing a certain easy piece so badly. It was because I had become nervous, and so I went out on the veranda to get quieted down. All at once I noticed that an oriole had alighted on the porch rail near me, and I heard a very sweet song, sung as only an oriole can sing.

Encouraged, I returned to my practising. After that, whenever I feel provoked at my poor playing, I think of the sweet song poured forth to me, and I try to make my music sound just as sweet as the oriole's.

A CHEERFUL GIVER

BY WILLIAM W. LADD (AGE 8)

(Silver Badge)

BARBARA LADD, age one, is a cheerful giver, but she always gives to "Brownie," the puppy.



THIS IS BARBARA, "THE CHEERFUL GIVER."

Barbara *lives* on the porch. She has one half of the porch fenced off. On the ground side is a wire net, and on the end are a couple of boards. Barbara has a box of playthings: a tin pail and cover, bottles, a rubber dog, a bunny, a Teddy-bear, and another rabbit. Just as soon as she gets her rubber dog on her porch, she goes to the end and calls, "Ta! Ta!" meaning dog.

She gives not only her own things, but Mother's, and Papa's, and my things. When Mother goes out to sew, Barbara comes and snatches the darning and goes to the end and calls, "Ta! Ta!" and down goes the darning to the dog.

Barbara gave her only two rattles to Brownie, who literally ate them up. I found Papa's stocking neatly hung on the back porch. Brownie had taken it and hung it there.

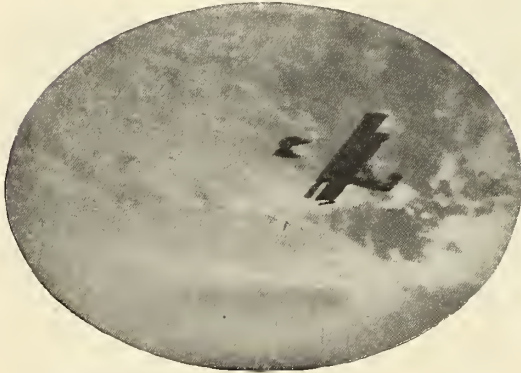
We could get along better if Barbara was not such a cheerful giver.

KIND HEARTS

BY LOUISE STOCKBRIDGE (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

RING the bells for Christmas!
 The day is dawning bright.
 Two kind-hearted people
 Went their rounds last night,
 Making all men happy
 With their Christmas cheer,
 Giving lavish presents,
 Distributing, this year,
 A horde of joyous blessings,
 And wishes good and kind.
 They bear the burden of each heart,
 Relieve each troubled mind,
 And leave behind them smiles
 On faces often sad;
 They, themselves, are happy,
 And make all others glad.



"CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA." BY CLYDE N. KENNEDY, AGE 14.
 (SILVER BADGE.)

THE CHEERFUL GIVER (WHICH?)

BY WINONA JENKINS (AGE 15)

"COMING shopping with me?" Louise asked the question, and I called a delighted affirmative down-stairs and soon followed, in my outside wraps and a mantle of content, not fashionable, but warranted to be secure from envy. For having been shopping with rich Louise, I thought I knew what her Christmas shopping would resemble. However, I found myself in part mistaken.

It was as we were lingering over a jewelry counter that I discovered what had troubled me, while Louise was shopping, as she said:

"Is n't Christmas shopping a bother anyway? I have spent all my allowance for presents, and so can't go to the theater for a month," and she, in payment for an expensive ring for her mother (who already had more than she could wear), passed over a roll of bills which would have paid for all my Christmas shopping.

It was while I was "counting ten" (ask any quick-tempered person why), that a small boy, attired in the raggedest of clothing, entered hurriedly.

"Say, mister, I want to buy something pretty," and the little fellow eagerly laid down—ten cents!

By questioning him we found out his story. He had wished to give his sister a Christmas present. It seemed almost impossible to get any money, but, by denying himself even necessary food as much as possible, he had, at last, saved the money. And now, under the

salesman's kind eye, he knew that his sister would have her gift.

Suddenly Louise turned to me. Her eyes were brimming with tears as she said:

"Will you go shopping with me *next* Christmas?"



"GOOD FRIENDS." BY MARIAN WALTER, AGE 17.

A CHEERFUL GIVER

BY HELEN L. ECKEL (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

A CHEERFUL giver! Who but Mother can claim that title? Think of her daily sacrifices, her endless gifts, her faithful devotion, and her loving, cheering words.



"CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA." BY MARION ROSS, AGE 12.

From the time her eldest is a wee little tot, to the time her youngest is a stately mother, her whole life is a sacrifice for her children. She gives—what? Her time, thoughts, everything to her children. She sews for them, plays with them, and teaches them the right way. She entertains for them; in short,—she gives her whole life, her whole ambition.

Those of you who have known a mother's love,

think this over, and I am sure you will agree with me that it would be vain to search the whole world for a more cheerful giver than "Mother."



"CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA." BY MARY D. ROCKOFELLOW, AGE 12.



"CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA." BY ELSIE Q. NICHOLS, AGE 13.



"CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA." BY WILLARD GOODWIN, AGE 11.

NOTE —The following story exceeds in length the limit set for all prose contributions to the League—(350 words)—and therefore, to our regret, it is debarred from receiving a prize, although it amply deserves one. We feel, moreover, that it ought to be read by all ST. NICHOLAS young folk, and so we are making an exception, in this instance, to the rule covering the length of contributions, by giving the little story a place in the League pages.

THE GIFT

BY ALBERT REYNOLDS ECKEL (AGE 15)

It was late Christmas eve. A young man, not long graduated from a famous university, sat alone reading. Instinctively he became aware of another presence in



"CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA." BY KENNETH SMITH, AGE 14.

the room. Glancing up, he saw a tall and stately figure gazing at him. The apparition spoke.

"I am the Angel of Inspiration. Every year at this time it is in my power to grant one mortal divine inspiration for a day, and in one branch of learning or science alone. You have a clear knowledge of right and wrong, and are, therefore, to be trusted to make good use of this gift. In what line do you desire inspiration? Choose well and carefully."

The young man thought long and deeply. Finally, he said: "I believe that I could reach more of the world with greater results if I might write as no man has yet written."

YEARS passed. The young man had become a great writer, yet so far had written nothing inspired; nothing which would live after him. He had waited and watched, but had found no crisis requiring the use of his gift. A war was imminent between the writer's country and another. It was to be the greatest war of history. The rival nations were all afire and the conflict seemed inevitable.

When the war clouds were darkest, the Christmas season again drew near. On the day after Christmas, all the leading publications of the rival countries printed an article entitled, "Let there be Peace." Two hundred million people read it, and all impulses toward war and carnage died within them. The writer had seized upon this crisis as the most needful of his gift; he had called upon the angel, and, receiving transcendent inspiration for one day, had wrought this miracle.

The statesmen who had advocated the conflict now came to look differently upon the dispute. The matter, important though it was, was submitted to arbitration, to the satisfaction of both nations. Billions of dollars and millions of lives were saved. This great struggle being averted, the day of warfare had passed.

When the world sought the author of the article to give him fame and praise, it was found that the work had not been signed. The writer, having received his divine gift, unselfishly passed it on to the entire world, and sought no reward. It was his gift to humanity.



"CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA." BY DOROTHY V. TYSON, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

KIND HEARTS

BY BRUCE T. SIMONDS (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

A DUCHESS sat in her chair of state,
 And ordered her servants about;
 "Twenty pounds for toys; go, order them straight,
 To give to the children without."
 Then back she sank in her chair, and sighed,
 "Thank goodness, that 's done!" and the people cried,
 "Long live the Duchess! at Christmas-tide,
 Her heart is kind, there 's no doubt!"

Ella Haynsworth
 Marion E. Rowell
 Althea R. Kimberley
 Katherine Dodge
 Helen Vineburg
 Sophie H. Duvall
 Kathryn Manshan
 Helen B. Tolles
 Frances Wolverton
 Madeleine J.
 Greenbaum
 Eleanore Maule

Henrietta Hoffmann
 Viola K. Kramer
 Barbara Latham
 Genevieve K. Hamlin
 Eloise P. Valiant
 Margaret Ballon
 Rosella M. Hartmann

Marion Robertson
 Margaret van Haagen
 Anna C. Gruber
 Marjorie Johnson
 Alma de Gersdorff
 Hazel Wichern
 Doris Silbert
 Eliza Gordon

DRAWINGS, 2

Rosemary H. Robinson
 Bodil Hornemann
 Beatrice Howard
 Robinson
 Elizabeth L. Wilder
 Eleanor Powell

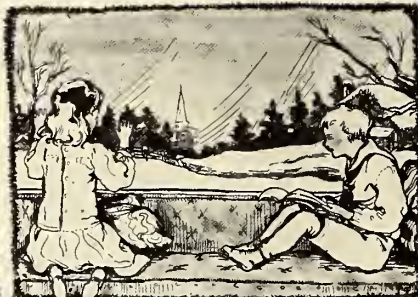
Adeline Rotty
 Lucy Blenkinsop
 Mary K. Pope
 Horace Graf
 Lempie M. Kallio
 Marie Krystof
 S. Dorothy Bell
 Gladys C. Mead
 Jean Hopkins
 Helen Coates
 Olive Nixon
 Helen Alexander
 Laura E. Hill
 Leo Swift
 Jeanette Reid
 Walter K. Frame
 Jacob C. White
 William C. Grant
 Dorothy Clement
 Henry I. Pieper
 Harry Foster
 James Sinclair
 John B. Matthew

Harold J. Harding
 Gwen Blenkinsop
 Charline M. Wackman
 Eleanor R. Wallingford
 Margaret E. Knight

Constance Arbaugh
 Fanny H. Craig
 Nancy Preece
 Helen Sinsheimer
 Joan Chadburn

VERSE, 1

Rosamond S Crompton



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY MARGARET A. FOSTER, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER)

A dressmaker sat in her garret room,
 On a weary winter night;
 Making gifts for the poor, amid the gloom,—
 For those who knew not delight.
 All night she labored so patiently,
 And never a soul was there to see
 Her face so pinched with poverty,
 Her room—a pitiful sight.

The duchess dozed in her chair of state,
 Lauded and praised by small and great;
 The dressmaker worked in her attic bare,
 And never a kindly friend was there.
 But who had the kinder heart within,
 Duchess or dressmaker, tired and thin?

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

Muriel Irving
 Bessie A. Chown
 Mary S. Rupert
 Myra Adams
 Mary E. Van Fossen
 Katharine Batljer
 Katharine B. Stewart
 Marjorie M. C. Kent
 Frieda E. Haden
 d'Arcy Holmes
 Margaret Hinkley
 Velona B. Pilcher
 Watson Davis
 Elizabeth Ferguson
 Harriet B. Foster
 Marian Wightman
 Mary C. Williams
 Henry B. Van Fleet
 Mary Daboll
 Elizabeth Weld
 Julia A. Krenzel
 Helenka Adamowska
 Margaret E. Beakes
 Jennie E. Everden
 Currie D. Mathews
 Mabel Mason
 Randall P. Stewart
 Miriam McHugh

Minnie Reveano
 Esther A. Love
 Julia D. McMahon
 Emily Frankenstein
 Virginia L. Frazier
 Bernard Bronstein
 Dorothy W. Lord
 Mary Elizabeth
 Hershey
 Anita Dalberg
 Hannah Cummings
 Pauline Robinson
 Rebecca H. Wilder
 Eleanor Boswell
 Gladys K. Williams
 F. Marie Brown
 Mary Fagan
 Anna De Witt
 Elsie Terhune
 Elinor Frazer
 Dorothy Speare
 Adelia Smith
 Henry Wilson Hardy
 Edith Shaw
 Lucy Andison

PROSE, 2

Dorothy M. Rogers
 Anna L. Porter

Bee I Knerr
 Mildred Thorp
 Katharine P. Cox
 Ada C. Robinson
 Ethel N. Pendleton
 Susan B. Sturgis
 Lucile Frank
 Lillian Goldstein
 Marianne L. Wurlitzer
 Alice Heyl
 Jeannette E. Laws
 Hattie Wulke
 Adelina Longaker
 Charlotte Bartlett
 June Delight Edwards
 Naomi Lauchheimer
 Alma Rosenzi
 Helen D. Smith
 Virginia W. Hunter
 Elizabeth Talley
 Doris G. Tipton
 Margaret Burkett
 Edith M. Levy
 Elizabeth Walter
 C. Marina Foster
 Rebecca Johnson
 Alicia H. Glenn
 Madeline Van Dorn
 Mary Gregory
 Caroline S. Brown

VERSE, 2

Mildred Longstreth
 Helen J. Barker
 Cora degli Antinori
 Max Reiss
 Ethel C. Litchfield
 Helene M. Roesch

DRAWINGS, 1

Robin Hill
 Louise F. Dantzebecher
 Zaida C. D. Wolf
 Theodora Martini
 Margaret F. Foster
 Lily King Westervelt
 Audrey Hargreaves
 Alison M. Kingsbury
 Agnes I. Prizer
 Grace T. Richards
 Evangeline Clark
 Gwendolyn
 Frothingham
 Margaret Kelsey
 Isabella B. Howland
 Hazel Halstead
 Anne Lee Haynes
 Aline M. Crook
 Rosalie S. Schunckler
 Esther Hill



"GOOD FRIENDS." BY DORA GUY, AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER.)

Marie F. Maurer
 Gertrude E. Bowen
 Helen F. Patchelder
 Welthea B. Thoday
 Rosalie H. Seligman
 Ethel Warren Kidder

Naeve Trench
 Gretchen Hercz
 David B. Tyler
 Charles F. Gill
 Violet Nelson
 Marie Sanderson

Louise J. Spanagle
Mabel M. Coutts
Mary Vance
Virginia B. R. Harris
Ruth Livingood
Duncan Hagan

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Mary Dawson
James C. Maples
Hildegard Diechmann
Hattie A. Tuckerman
Margaret Kew
Earl Andrew
Oliver S. Hawes, Jr.
Mary E. Lang
Sylvia Warren
Christy H. Mueller
Esther Detmer
Robert V. Banks
Helen Lewengood
Philip S. Otis
Pauline Flach
Paul Jacob
Eleanor S. Foster
Grace C. Lotheridge
Roland F. Hussey
Esther Marie Daly
Mildred Curtis
Elizabeth Adsit
Betty Comstock
Hinton F. Longins
Paul A. Yaple
Hilda F. Gaunt
Ruth Thayer
Emerson P. Smith
Dorothy Burns
Ethel F. Frank
Mildred Bishop
Margaret C. Jones
Katherine Putnam
Ruth Ripley

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Margaret M. Phillips
Phillip T. Hawes
Ralph G. Brown
Eric Henry Marks
Margaret Pratt
Marion Knowles
Lucile Struller
William J. Phillips, 3d.
Isabella L. Carey
Marjorie Sime
George Fleming
Marion H. Barbour
R. Marshall French
Irma Summa
Julia F. Brice
Fanny Bradshaw
Richard S. Ely
Frederica Smith
Louise Jefferson
Beatrice Seligman
Harold R. Whaley
Margaret F. Boyd
Mary T. Wilson
Priscilla Smith
Madeline Massey
Florence H. Barker
Donald Saunders
Adelaide Pyle
Walter L. Pyle, Jr.
Phoebe Smith
Elizabeth Cains

ROLL OF THE CARELESS

ALIST of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be properly entered for the competition:

NOT INDORSED. Mabel M. Thomas. Helen Ledoux, Harriet B. Pratt, Frances Scoville, John C. Cole, Mildred E. Whiteman, Florence Anderson, Gilpin Allen, Page Williams, Lois Gubelman, Helen Anderson, Mac Arrowsmith, Ernest Schwartz, Catharine Tarr, Minerva Murray, Benjamin Levy, Walter Hoffman, William J. Corrick, Jr., Elizabeth Kales, Jack Gibbs, Lucille Bowman, Paul Ross, Muriel Avery, Martha Coleman, Jeanie Wyo, Ethel Hahn, Elizabeth Hahn.

NO ADDRESS GIVEN. Guiliana Antinori, Emily Hedleston, Adelyn Joseph, Esther Carter, Julia March, Minna Fox, Alice Murray, Rita Fuguet, F. K. Hunt, Margaret Sharp, Esther Barfield, Warwick Beardsley, Cornelia W. Tomlin, Carlton Bogart, Helen Kay.

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Adele Lowinson
Alfred E. Poor
Frederick W.
Henderson
Helen Carvalho
Rawson Robbins
C. Lane Poor, Jr.
Joe Javoszynski
Valeria Foot
Drew R. Martin
Helen H. Wilson
Edward Montgomery
Elsie Nichols
Leo Lackamp
Mary L. Deputy
Dorothy Steffan
Margaret Kershaw
Hester Barber
Frances Adair Labaw
Marie H. Wilson
Mary I. Lancaster
Tilly Javoszynski
Marion Roos
Alice D. Rubelman
J. K. Lynch

PUZZLES, 1

Margaret M. Benny
Marjorie K. Gibbons
Prudence K. Jamieson
Wyllys P. Ames
Nancy Purchas
Ingle B. Whinery
Miriam Keeler
Phoebe S. Lambe
Eugene Scott
George L. Howe
Alma R. Layson
Ruth K. Gaylord
Dorothy Coleman
Charles A. Stickney
Helen L. Beach
Alice Moore

PUZZLES, 2

Mary Flaherty
Margaret Houghton
Helen M. Rohe
Katharine Drury
Jessica B. Noble
Mary A. Porter
Dorothea Fluterman
Hugh Alcorn
Katharyn M. Turner
Helen P. Turner
Dorothy W. Abbott
Edward Stead
William T. Smith
Priscilla Ogden
Dorothy Griffiths
Edith N. Coit
William Waller
Martha W. Ely
Lois B. Perley
Francis S. Megargee
Anna H. Kahan
Rachael Barker
Isabella L. Ward
Adeline M. Most
Dorothy G. Gerson
Marcel Stieglitz
Anne Townsend
Caroline F. Ware
Catherine H. Livermore
Elizabeth Baker

NO AGE. Violet Roberts, Mildred Davenport, Meredith S. Fitch, Edith B. Price, Victor Carrara, Herbert C. Philpott, Agnes W. Bacon.

LATE. Eleanor Wells, Elizabeth Winston, Colburn Dugan, Mack Evans, Doris E. Campbell, Harry Haynes, Jr., Kathleen Trask, Joyce Barnes, Florence McGinnis, Frances Parker, Charlotte Skinner, Edith Cummings.

NOT ACCORDING TO RULES. Wilmarth W. Thompson, Louise McLaughlin, Mab Barber, Lu Barber, Mildred Davis, Madeleine Strauss, John Moscrip, Doris L. Huestis, Margery Aiken, Hazel E. Hardy.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 146

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 146 will close **December 10** (for foreign members **December 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in *ST. NICHOLAS* for April.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Winds of March," or "When the Days Grow Longer."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "Holidays at Home," or "A Holiday Adventure."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Where the Sleigh-bells Ring."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Just Gone By!" or a Heading for April.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of *ST. NICHOLAS*. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of *ST. NICHOLAS*, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
Union Square, New York.



ST. NICHOLAS HOUSE

O, dear Children!

I am so glad I have You to write to and tell all about HIM. Who, Dears? Why, TIM TURKEY. He wasn't eaten on Thanksgiving Day. No, he is alive and well this very moment. How did he escape? I will tell you. One day I was hungry.



I was very Hungry.

I was sitting at my Dinner Table, with my napkin tucked under my chin. "Yum-yum! bring me some Dinner," I called.

"GOBBLE, GOBBLE!" Somebody shouted. Flip, flap, flop, went two great, glossy-green wings, and THERE stood Tim Turkey, right on my Dinner Table, just as alive as a fine old Turkey likes to be. He was all puffed up and very grand and proud. "Gobble-gobble," said Tim again. "Gobble who?" said I, "Gobble YOU, YOU," replied Tim, more puffed up than ever. "O, please don't," I begged, tucking my napkin under Tim's bright red chin. "Very well," answered he,














I will not gobble YOU, if you promise to have a very poor appetite, for one whole HOUR. (I promised.) "Well, come then; we will run away from this Thanksgiving Dinner TABLE. I don't like the way it stares at me, and as for that PLATTER, O, what is the



matter with IT? With a very loud and
 proud "Gobble", Tim jumped off of Table
 and ran away as fast as a puffed-up and
 proud Turkey could run. I ran after
 Tim and Table came prancing behind
 me, (O, what a clatter his big
 wooden legs made.) At last, we
 came to a Place in the Woods,
 where there were Pine Trees and big
 Stones, and many nice Holes in the
 ground. "Sit down!", commanded Tim.
 So I sat down with a quick bump



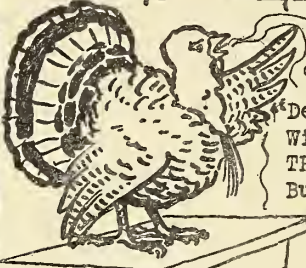
and Table stood stock-stone
 still, for Turkey stood on top of him,
 and very grand was he and very much alive,
 as a very grand Turkey should be. O, Dears,
 then, I heard a twittering and a chattering
 behind me. I turned to see who was there.

O, what a good sight, what a funny sight I
 saw. All your little Friends, of all the MONTHS
 were sitting behind me, some on Stumps and
 some on Stones and some on Sticks and
 Holes. There was Jan Bird  and Dud, 
 Bob Rabbit  and Pud,  May Boy 
 and June  Joy,  King Fisher 
 and Whip-poor-Will,  Bob Quail  and
 Squirrel . I knew by their  tails and
 their  noses that they were all thinking
 of You. And so they were, for this is what
 happened next. **OLD TIM TURKEY MADE**



THIS BEAUTIFUL SPEECH.

NOVEMBER											
S	M	T	W	T	F	S					
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31					



"Dear Brothers, here we are together
With Bill and Tail and Fur and Feather.
THANKSGIVING DAY is coming 'round,
But here I am, all safe and sound.

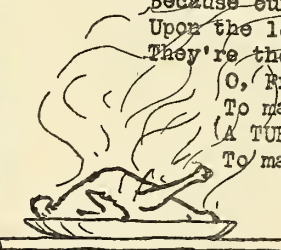
Please do not think that I am boasting
When I tell you that TURKEY ROASTING
Is not to be endured, so I
Stand right up here to tell you why.

Now, first of all, I like to give
A lot of THANKS because I LIVE.
And then it's FUN to make a noise,
And talk of Little Girls and Boys.

(I mention CHILDREN to you, Friends,
Because our happiness depends
Upon the loving sort o' way
They're thought of on Thanksgiving Day.)

O, Friends! it's GOOD and comfortable
To make this speech ON Dinner Table.
A TURKEY is not often able
To make a speech from Dinner Table.)

Perhaps you People all have heard
That I am kind NOVEMBER'S BIRD.
And I've a notion in my head----
I'd rather be ALIVE than DEAD.
I'm sure you feel the same about it--
In fact, I find it hard to doubt it.

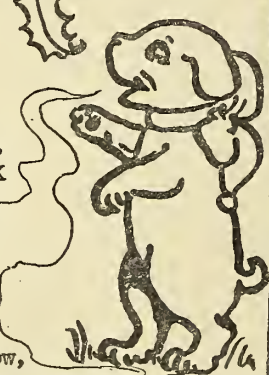


So, Brothers all, let's try to see
If folks as well and strong as we
Can't celebrate this jolly day
In quite a pleasant sort o' way.
That's all the speech I make to you.
So you must VOTE what's best to do.

Then up rose Doggie PUD, for he
Was fidgeting most restlessly.
His little tail was wagging so
I feared it might fly off, you know.
His speech began with one brave BARK
And then he said----

"DEAR PEOPLE, Hark!
I think the best and grandest way
To celebrate Thanksgiving Day,
Is, first to bow to dear OLD TIM;
For we are very fond of him."

(So, everybody made a bow,
For little Doggie showed them how.
And Tim bowed back and said, "Gib-gobble."
Which made the legs of Table wobble.)



L 15

"And then," said Little Dog, with pride,
I have a certain Heart inside,
Which tells me that Thanksgiving Day
Comes 'round to show us just the way
To make a CHRISTMAS DAY the better..

For You
From all of the
Little Animals
and John Martin.

So, let us write a CHRISTMAS LETTER
To all our Children Friends, and say
Just what we WISH on Christmas Day.
We'll wish for every happy Thing
That dear Old Santa Claus can bring.
And then we'll ask our good Friend TIM
To give our LETTER right to him.

For everybody knows, of course,
That Old Tim Turk knows Santa Claus."

"Hurrah! Hurrah! That's what we'll do.
And Little Doggie, as for you,
YOU are so smart, we think you'd better
Sit down and write our CHRISTMAS LETTER."

O DEAR CHILDREN, you should have heard the
little Wood People clap their paws and claws,
and it was as much fun as a CIRCUS to see the
somersaults they turned. They all love you, so
they were happy to know they could send you a

CHRISTMAS LETTER. Every one was
excited and scurried about to help
Little Dog. King Fisher pecked a Pen
from Crow. Duck got a bottle of
mud for INK. But Doggie insisted
upon using my nice, new Typewriter.
All your Friends gathered around Pud Dog,
and he wrote exactly what he was told to
write. While all this was going on, a
merry face was peeping out from under
Tim Turkey's table. It was SANTA CLAUS,
of course, for HE is always about when plans
are afoot that make Little Folks
happy. He smiled and winked at
me. **SO, MY DEARS,** turn over a
page and find all the Good Wishes
we ALL send to you in our
MERRY CHRISTMAS LETTER



THIS IS OUR GOOD WISHES LETTER

I WISH you FUN and HEALTH, my Dears,
Through all the MONTHS of all the YEARS. JAN-BIRD

I WISH a WISH a Woodchuck should.
I WISH you every sort of GOOD
From Field and Meadow, Cave and Wood. DUD WOODCHUCK

I WISH the Winds to toss your hair,
And whizz about you everywhere.
I WISH the Clouds to fly for you
Across a Sky all clear and blue. ROB RABBIT

I WISH for Rains and then for Sun
And lots of MUD PIES--just for FUN.
And then I WISH your Heart to see
What lots of LOVE there is in me. PUD DOG

I WISH you PONIES, TOYS and KITES,
And BOOKS, and CASTLES, SHIPS and KNIGHTS.
I WISH you Fun and Games and Noise,
With all the Host of Spring Time's Joys. MAY BOY

I WISH you every JOY you seek,
With Roses red on lip and cheek,
And DOLLIES dressed in pink and blue
That always seem to smile at you. JUNE-JOY.

I WISH you Water, clear and cool,
To make a jolly fishing pool. KING FISHER

I WISH that you shall listen when
I whistle through my silent glen.
And then, just know it's true as TRUE
That God's Good Night is loving you. WHIP-POOR-WILL

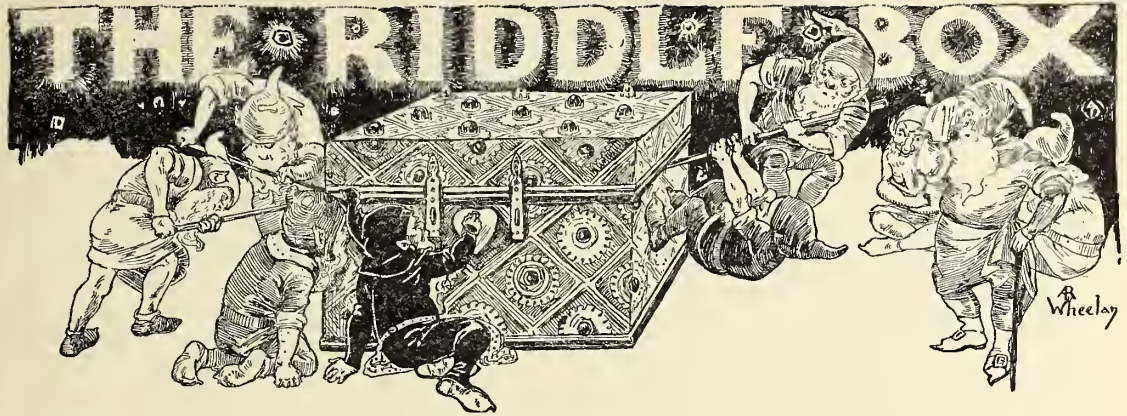
I WISH you all that Autumn brings
With many TOYS and other THINGS. BOB QUAIL

I WISH you lots of NUTS to crack,
And SWEETS to make your dear lips smack;
For NUTS and pleasant Things to eat
All help to make our JOY complete. SQUIRREL

I WISH THANKS-giving Days to come
And bless your blessed Heart and Home. TIM TURKEY

I WISH your LIFE all JOY to be.
And O, my Dears, keep loving ME. SANTA CLAUS

AND as for ME, dear Little Friends,
I am a loving man who sends
The World and all in LOVE to you,
To help each WISH to turn out true.
Each Wish you make, each Prayer you pray,
Will all be granted CHRISTMAS DAY
So, "MERRY CHRISTMAS," to you Dears,
I WISH you Blessings through the years;
And then, GOOD BYE~for here must end
This letter from YOUR LOVING FRIEND John Martin



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER

DIAGONAL. Kingsley; 16 to 22, Charles; 1 to 10, Alton Locke; 11 to 15, Yeast; 23 to 31, Cambridge. **Cross-words:** 1. Knitting. 2. Historic. 3. Censures. 4. Kangaroo. 5. Treasury. 6. Labellum. 7. Colleges. 8. Friendly.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Achilles. **Cross-words:** 1. Antic. 2. Cater. 3. Hovel. 4. Ideal. 5. Lower. 6. Laced. 7. Enter. 8. Stray.

QUADRUPLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. Martin Luther. **Cross-words:** 1. Automatical. 2. Mechanical. 3. Centripetal. 4. Aristocrat. 5. Eliminated. 6. Autonomous. 7. Harmlessness. 8. Nocturnally. 9. Lieutenantcy. 10. Erythematic. 11. Flagellation. 12. Moderateness.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG. Gunpowder Plot. **Cross-words:** 1. Goat. 2. Junk. 3. Cent. 4. Loop. 5. Coot. 6. Owls. 7. Dime. 8. Beet. 9. Cart. 10. Whip. 11. Colt. 12. Fool. 13. Toad.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Ball. 2. Asia. 3. Lion. 4. Lane.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received before September 10 from "Marcapan."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received before September 10 from Lothrop Bartlett, 9—D. Clement and R. Dodge, 8—Thankful Bickmore, 8—Margaret Warburton, 7—Constance Wilcox, 6—Theodore H. Ames, 8—Mervyn Humphrey, 7—Marjorie Ward, 5—Katharine B. and Mary L. Barrette, 7—Margaret Butler, 6—Samuel A. Nock, 2—Edith Sloan, 2—Lucile Wolf, 3—"Kalora," 4—Eleanor Stevenson, 6—Constance G. Cameron, 7—Stella Johnson, 3—Helen P. Bacon, 2—Zoe Dunnevant, 2—Frederick W. Van Horne, 7—Eleanor Foxcroft, 4—Jack Hopkins, 8—Harmon A., James O., and Glen T. Vedder, 8—Judith A. Marsland, 8—Phoebe Schreiber Lambe, 8—Katharine S. Thompson, 2—Edna R. Meyle, 2—Bessie B. Toon, 5—Helen M. Cameron, 7—Margaret M. Killmer, 7—Valentine C. Macy, Jr., 2—Marian Tuckerman, 3—Berry Fleming, 5.

ANSWERS TO ONE PUZZLE were received from H. R.—K. J.—R. D. C.—R. L. B.—M. F.—J. F. A. D.—G. H. K.—P. P.—D. E.—B. W.—G. R.—E. W.—D. W. A.—E. S.—K. M.—G. M. W.—L. H.—J. R.—C. N., Jr.—M. E. C.—M. J. G.—L. B. R.—P. B.—S. H. K.—E. A.—A. B.—I. M.—R. L. C.—B. W.—E. M. B.—E. L.—N. E. H.—G. D.

AN ENDLESS CHAIN PUZZLE

ALL the words have five letters, and the last two letters of each word are the first two letters of the following word. Example: hou-se, se-ver.

1. Connected links. 2. To bury. 3. Mistake. 4. Arrangement. 5. Eface. 6. A coarse grass. 7. Web-footed fowls. 8. Grasp. 9. An African quadruped. 10. A tract of land for rearing cattle. 11. Connected links.

NANCY PURCHAS (League Member).

DIAMOND

1. In parliament. 2. Object. 3. A fabric. 4. Human beings. 5. In parliament.

LEOPOLD D. MANNES (League Member).

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 an Athenian legislator.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To hinder. 2. To talk foolishly. 3. A fissure. 4. A long spear. 5. A famous elephant.

J. H. W., JR.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. To be trusted is a greater compliment than to be loved.

CONNECTED GEOGRAPHICAL SQUARES. I. 1. Duluth. 2. Malden. 3. Callao. 4. Amelia. 5. Andean. 6. Athens. 11. i. Baltic. 2. German. 3. Salmon. 4. Ladoga. 5. Berlin. 6. Nahant. III. 1. Sweden. 2. Borneo. 3. Silvas. 4. Agawam. 5. Adrian. 6. Albany. IV. 1. Canada. 2. Basque. 3. Kansas. 4. Battle. 5. Hivaoa. 6. Nelson. V. 1. Yackin. 2. Dundee. 3. Tudela. 4. Linsa. 5. Panama. 6. Havana.

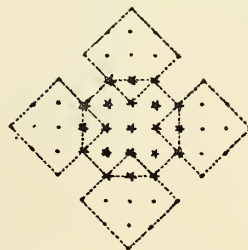
ZIGZAG. Gradgrind. **Cross-words:** 1. Grace. 2. Ardor. 3. Shake. 4. Pride. 5. Clang. 6. Smirk. 7. Twine. 8. Under. 9. Decoy.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Robert Bruce; Bannockburn. **Cross-words:** 1. Rib. 2. Opera. 3. Begin. 4. Enjoin. 5. Ratio. 6. Tonic. 7. Block. 8. Rhomb. 9. Urubu. 10. Cheer. 11. Eton.

CHARADE. Seaman.

OCTAGON AND DIAMONDS PUZZLE

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)



I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In crumbly. 2. Possesses. 3. A waterway. 4. Sorrowful. 5. In crumbly.

II. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In crumbly. 2. A beast of burden. 3. Customary. 4. Mournful. 5. In crumbly.

III. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In crumbly. 2. A descendant. 3. A motive power. 4. A salutation. 5. In crumbly.

IV. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In crumbly. 2. A male child. 3. Coin. 4. A snare. 5. In crumbly.

V. OCTAGON: 1. Sorrowful. 2. Auctions. 3. A famous fort at San Antonio, Texas. 4. An evil spirit. 5. A male child.

DOROTHY L. NICHOLS.

WORD-SQUARES

I. 1. SCARCE. 2. Overhead. 3. A product of turpentine. 4. To oust. 5. Torn places.

II. 1. To fluctuate. 2. To venerate. 3. Ballots. 4. Perpendicular. 5. Pauses.

PHOEBE SCHREIBER LAMBE (League Member).

“ Even Santa Claus
could n't give us any
candy that we like
better than Peter's
Chocolates.”



The Children's Candy



A Christmas Morning

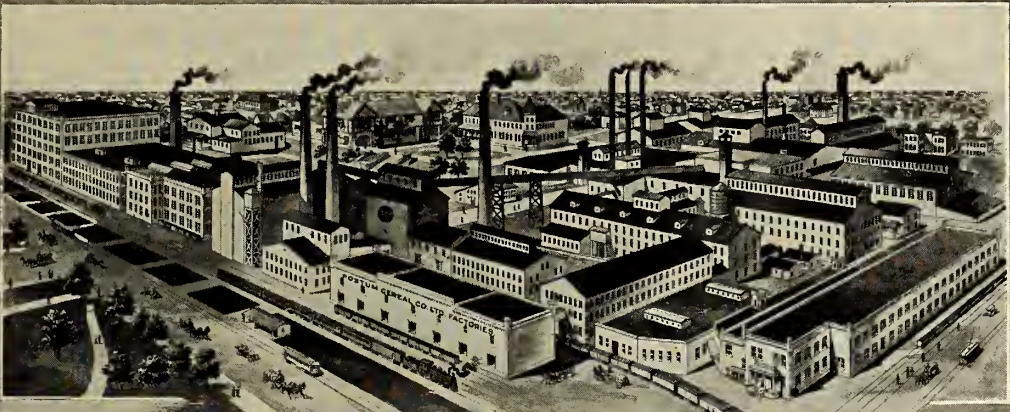
KODAK

All the child-world invites your Kodak. Wherever the children are there is endless opportunity for a Kodak story—a story full of human interest to every member of the family. And there's no better time to begin that story than on the *home* day—Christmas.

There are Kodaks now to fit most pockets and all purses and practical little Brownies, that work on the Kodak plan and with which even the children can make delightful pictures of each other. There are Brownies as cheap as one dollar and Kodaks from five dollars up—no excuse now for a Christmas without the home pictures. Write for our catalogue—or better still, let your dealer show you how simple and inexpensive Kodakery has become.

Make somebody happy with a Kodak.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*



Many Carloads
Daily
Of
Post Toasties

Leave the Pure Food Factories of the
Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.

They go to various parts of the world and supply
crisp bits of corn, delicately browned, for breakfast.

Many families have become accustomed to the
ease of service — no cooking being required.

It is difficult to conceive of a more palatable and
winning delicacy, particularly when served with
cream and sugar.

“The Memory Lingers”

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada





**REMINGTON
UMC**

TRADE MARK

**.22
REPEATER**
A Merry Christmas
for Any Boy

Give your boy healthful holidays in the open with
Remington-UMC .22 Repeater.

The solid breech hammerless features, found only
in *Remington-UMC* rifles, insure his safety.

Its accuracy, guaranteed by expert sighting and
rifling, insures his fun.

The *Remington-UMC* .22 Repeater
cleans visibly from the breech.

It shoots .22 short, .22 long and .22 long
rifle cartridges without adjustment.

Insist on the rifle in the red ball gun case.

Remington-UMC —the perfect shooting
combination.

**REMINGTON ARMS-UNION
METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.**
299 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

Dinah and Her Jell-O Dessert.

"There's yo' Jell-O and peaches, chile. Yo' goin' to like dat. Jell-O's fine for chil'en 'at likes good things to eat."

Dinah is a cook—a great cook—but even Dinah cannot make other desserts so dainty and delightful as those she makes of

JELL-O

They are "fine for children" and everybody else.

Any of the seven flavors of Jell-O may be used for these desserts, and for additional variety, peaches, pineapple, oranges, bananas, or other fruit may be added or used to garnish them. The Jell-O flavor is so delicious that it is never *necessary* to add anything to make it better.

A Jell-O dessert can be made in a minute by anybody.

The seven flavors are: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

All grocers sell Jell-O, 10 cents a package.

The beautiful recipe book, "DESSERTS OF THE WORLD," illustrated in ten colors and gold, will be sent free to all who write and ask us for it.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,

Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.

The name JELL-O is on every package in big red letters. If it isn't there, it isn't JELL-O.





CHILDREN!

—here's a *new* kind of tag game.

Just plain "tag" is worlds of fun, but *Japanese* tag beats them all. Get your playmates together to-day and try it—you can easily learn how to play from the directions below.

Games like this are just *great* for you growing boys and girls, when you have *plenty of strength* to romp and play. You will always feel strong and ready to play when Mother gives you

Ralston Wheat Food

for breakfast. It has all the rich, nourishing strength of *pure, whole* wheat, and its delicious flavor, too—a solid, wholesome food that makes children grow up strong and healthy. And, my, how you will *love* it—it's so good you will want it every breakfast.

Go to Mother *now* and ask her if she won't get a package for *to-morrow* morning's breakfast. Mother will be glad to buy it, because so good for you, and so *economical*—one box makes 50 bowls.



How to play "Japanese Tag"

You play this game like ordinary tag, but here's where the fun comes in: the player who is tagged must place one hand on the spot touched, whether it be his back, elbow, or ankle, and in that position must chase the other players. When he succeeds in tagging some player, that player is "it," and so on.

Look in next month's St. Nicholas for another good game.

March

**THE
KEY**

**If You Are
Off Key**

From coffee drinking,

Quit

And try

POSTUM

The world pays well, those who are

"In Tune"

In the Business, the Household,
the Factory, the Profession,

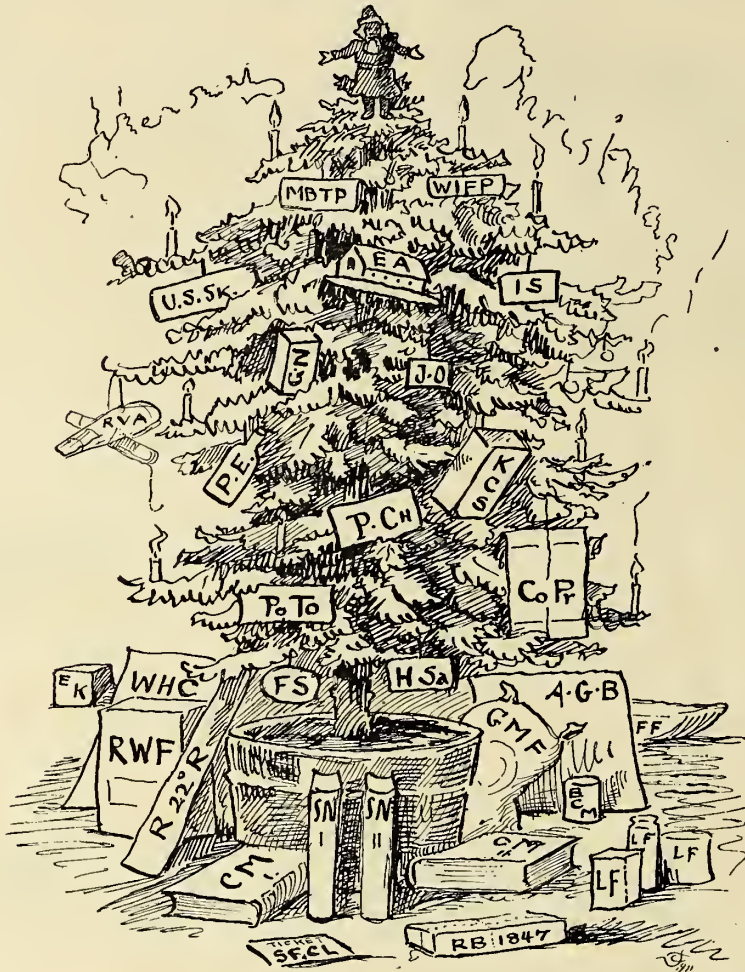
"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 120.

Time to hand in answers is up December 10. Prizes awarded in February number.



Here is a puzzle which was submitted to us by our boy, "Alexander the Little."

He has planned out a Christmas Tree which he thinks ought to satisfy any reasonable family. But, when he showed it to us, we said, "What do the letters stand for?"

"Why," said he, "they stand for things you have seen advertised over and over. You ought to know what they are. Each one has appeared in ST. NICHOLAS at some time during the year 1911."

"Well," we said, "we know who *can* guess them, every one!"

"Who 's that?" he asked.

"Why, the ST. NICHOLAS Boys and Girls," we said. "We 'll make a prize competition of it and you 'll see."

Now please send us a list of the presents shown in the picture, arranged alphabetically

and numbered. There are twenty-eight different advertisers represented.

Here are the rules and regulations:—

This month there are Twenty-seven Prizes of One Dollar each.

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (120).

3. Submit answers by December 10, 1911. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 120, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, Union Square, New York.

(See also page 34.)



The one big Wish for Christmas—an EDISON PHONOGRAPH

Every boy wishes for it—every girl. Wish hard! Make every one in the family wish. Your parents want it just as much as you do. If they don't yet, they will when they've gone to the Edison dealer's with you and heard it—heard Sousa's Band play the great march tunes, heard Harry Lauder and Stella Mayhew and all the other great show people sing their wonderful and funny songs.

And when the dealer shows you and your parents how **you can sing and talk into the Edison Phonograph and then hear yourself just as true to life as if it were actually you,**

You'll wish twice as hard for the Edison as ever before. Be sure to have the dealer show you how to make records at home.

Start *everybody* wishing *now*. For the Edison is *everybody's* gift—playing *everybody's* choice of music on the long-playing Amberol Records which play twice as long as ordinary records.

Every girl and boy should send for catalogue and complete information today.

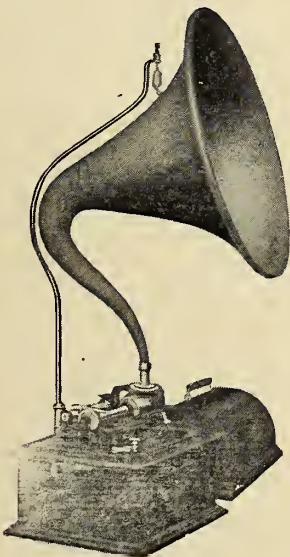
We have a large handsomely illustrated catalogue showing all types of Edison Phonographs, with descriptions and prices, which we will send free to any boy or girl who will write for it.

Edison Phonographs

from \$15.00 to \$200.00; and are sold at the same prices everywhere in the U. S. Edison Standard Records 35c, Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long) 50c, Edison Grand Opera Records 75c to \$2.00.

Thomas A. Edison
INCORPORATED

81 Lakeside Avenue
Orange, N. J.



REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 118



There must have been something very attractive about the list our office boy prepared, because almost from the time the October number of dear old ST. NICHOLAS reached you, replies to the competition began to arrive, and as the days went by and the postman each morning came in with a large package of letters addressed to "Advertising Competition No. 118," the Judges began to wonder how long it would take them to select the prize winners from the great pile of answers, because every paper has to be gone over and carefully checked.

As the Judges gathered around our big table, we thought it fitting to first summon our office boy and in a very stern manner censure him for his carelessness in preparing the list of words. We pointed out clearly that he had written the word "value" instead of "valve" and had thoughtlessly included the word "borated" twice. We must add that he showed deep humiliation and promised more care in future. However, we feel it our duty to apologize for him and also to say that we were very much gratified to see that most of you refused to be misled by these errors.

There were some other points, however, about which you were not so careful. The first was in the matter of

apostrophes. Now, get ready for a surprise. After looking carefully over every one of your papers, the Judges found only one absolutely correct list; that is, one which not only had the right names neatly arranged in alphabetical order, and correctly spelled, but which also gave all the punctuation marks with absolute nicety just as they appeared in the magazine advertisements. Of course, this paper was given the first prize.

Then too, when alphabetical order is called for, be sure that every word is properly placed with reference to the word next to it: it is not sufficient to group all words beginning with the same letter together without further reference to their spelling, and consider you have followed the rule in this respect.

Then finally, some of you are careless in your spelling. This, you know, is just a question of using a little care, and of course the Judges cannot overlook carelessness.

We are telling you these things so you can guard against making the same mistakes again. Every one of you who did n't win a prize made some of the mistakes mentioned above. Some of the prize winners even did not have absolutely correct papers. Now see what you can do on this month's competition.

HERE ARE THE PRIZE WINNERS:

ONE FIRST PRIZE, \$5.00:

Katharine M. Doyle, age 12, Penn.

TWO SECOND PRIZES, \$3.00 EACH:

Jessica B. Noble, age 11, Cal.

Elizabeth Bixler, age 11, Conn.

THREE THIRD PRIZES, \$2.00 EACH:

Raymond T. Rich, age 12, Mass. Anna R. Dubach, age 13, Mo.

Elsie DeWitt, age 12, Conn.

TEN FOURTH PRIZES, \$1.00 EACH:

Adelaide Elliott, age 14, Ohio.

Alice Packard, age 16, Mass.

Anna B. Stearns, age 15, Mass.

Edith Monro, age 16, Mass.

Elizabeth Michael, age 16, Miss.

Mabel Mason, age 20, Conn.

Mrs. Caroline L. Osborne, Penn.

Irene Simon, age 16, N. Y.

Virginia R. Dunn, age 10, Minn.

Louise Pope, age 12, S. C.



(See also page 32)

Let Your Judgment Show in Your Table Silver



A table with beautiful decorations should have attractive silver - or there is a lack of harmony. Knives, forks, spoons, etc., - rich in quality and beauty, should grace your dining-table.

Articles of table silver bearing the trade mark

1847 ROGERS BROS.  **XS TRIPLE**

are recognized as the highest grade of silver plate. Our process of finishing closes the pores of the silver so that it is worked into a firm, hard surface that will stand years of the hardest kind of wear. This process has given 1847 ROGERS BROS. silverware the well earned title of *"Silver Plate that Wears."*

Gifts of Silver

Its unvarying quality and richness of design make it especially favored for holiday purposes.

For sale by leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue. M-5.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY

(International Silver Company, Successor)

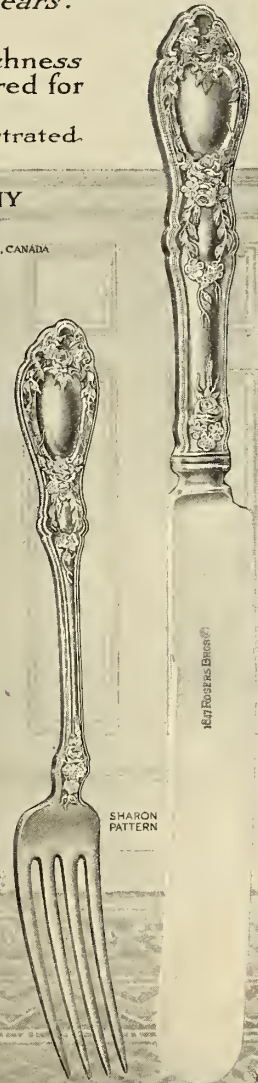
Meriden, Conn.

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

SAN FRANCISCO

HAMILTON, CANADA



Make Your Child Happy With a— *Fairy*

Here is a Christmas present that is *sure* to please the Boy or Girl—the famous “Fairy” Velocipede, Bicycle or Tricycle. Settle the question of “just the thing” now. Get a “Fairy”—or “Fairies”—for both or all of the children.

For twenty years the “Fairies” have been the aristocrats of vehicles for children.

They are made of the highest grade of steel, richly and tastefully finished—with full nickeled parts. Every “Fairy” is ball-bearing—the easiest running imaginable. Our strong guaranty covers each machine.

“Fairies” are the great successes in *safety* and *correct design*. Exercise on a “Fairy” can be only beneficial. It is so built as to cause the child to sit comfortably and to bring the muscles into play without fatigue. Physicians approve the “Fairies.”



See the “Fairies” at Your Dealer’s

“Fairies” are sold at most of the large stores of the United States. If you do not find the “Fairies” at a store near you, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

The prettiest, most durable, most serviceable Tricycle ever built.



“Fairy” Ball-Bearing Bicycles have the *style* that makes a hit with the boy.



Upholstered seat, adjustable to rider.

Be Sure You Get a Genuine “Fairy”

The success of the “Fairies” has brought out several imitations. Genuine bears the word FAIRY (our registered trademark) in the lettering shown at the top of this advertisement.

Send for Free Booklet, illustrating these high-grade children’s machines.

THE WORTHINGTON COMPANY

493 Center Street, Elyria, Ohio

(6)

MENNEN’S

“FOR MINE”



Mennen’s Borated Talcum Powder

keeps my skin in healthy condition.

Sample Box for 4c. stamp.

GERHARD MENNEN CO.

Newark, N. J.



Trade Mark

CHRISTMAS FAVORS



Miniature Crepe Paper Stockings and Crepe Paper Bells, containing Favors, 5c. each; Velvet Poinsettia on stem, 15c.; Christmas Stockings filled with good toys, 5c., 10c., 25c., 50c., \$1.00; Red Flannel Stocking, holly trimmed, to put presents in, 19 inches, 25c.; Celluloid Bird holding dinner card, to balance on glass or anything with an edge, 15c.; Red Santa Claus on chimney, 10c. each; Red Coat Santa Claus Figures, 5c., 10c., 25c., 50c.; Miniature Santa Claus, 2½ inches, 5c.; Clay Pot, with Christmas Tree, 5c.; Miniature Favor Tree on Gold Stand, 15c.; Holly Sprays, 10c., 20c., 30c. doz.; Larger sizes 5c., 10c. each; Holly Vines, 36 inches, 15c. each; Mistletoe Sprays, 5c.; Tinsel Garlands, 12 yards for 25c.; Tree Candleholders, 15c. doz.; Christmas Snow, 5c. box; Patent Wax Tree Candles, 10c. doz.; Tree Sparklers, 5c. box; Snowball Box, 10c.; Red Sled Box with holly, 10c.; Small Cotton Snowballs, 30c. doz.; Red Midget Case, holly trimming (for salted nuts), 90c. doz.; Red Christmas Bell (box), holly trimming, 25c.; Red Paper Folding Bell, 5c.; Paper Folding Garlands, 10c.; Holly Flapjacks, containing Favors, 15c.; Christmas Snapping Mottoes, 25c., 50c., \$1.00 per box of 1 doz.; Holly Jack Horner Pie, 12 Ribbons, \$4.00; Holly Paper Napkins, 40c. package of 100; Holly Tally Cards or Dinner Cards, 30c. doz.; Santa Claus Ice Cream Cases 60c. doz.; Icicles 5c. per card.

We make up \$2.00, \$5.00 and \$10.00 assortments of CHRISTMAS TREE OR TABLE FAVORS

B. Shackman & Co., Dept. 14, 812 Broadway, New York



Illustration is of No. 100

There is nothing more fascinating to the average man or boy than

Tinkering with Tools

and for the man who is really handy with tools a present of one of our Combination Benches and

Tool Cabinets for Christmas

will give him more pleasure than anything else you could select. It is a handsome oak cabinet containing 95 of the finest tools made and when open is a complete bench with vise ready for immediate use.

For one less expert, or for the boy, we suggest one of our smaller cabinets. All tools are the highest grade standard mechanics' tools, arranged in convenient sets for home use. The quality is the same in all. The higher priced cabinets are larger and contain more tools.

No. 47	21 tools	..	\$ 7.50
" 52	24 "	..	10.00
" 53	36 "	..	15.00
" 54	40 "	..	20.00
" 55	52 "	..	30.00
" 100	95 "	..	85.00

We are pioneers in the sale of high-grade tool outfits for home use; every set bears our guarantee of quality.

Order direct (we have no agents) or send for Catalogue No. 2960

HAMMACHER, SCHLEMMER & CO., NEW YORK Since 1848 4th Ave. & 13th St.
HARDWARE, TOOLS AND SUPPLIES

For Lively Little People



For Sale in Stores Everywhere

Children's sample pair 16 cents postpaid (Give Age)

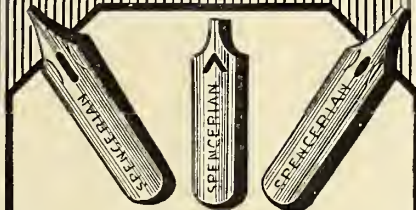
It holds the stocking firmly and neatly — will not let go until released — is easily managed by small fingers.

Wears longest because of its superior quality.

Have Your Little Boys and Girls Wear

Velvet Grip
(RUBBER BUTTON)
HOSE SUPPORTER

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, Makers, BOSTON.



There's Science in the Shaping and Tempering of a Pen.

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

have the correct design that means even feeding of ink without splotch or splutter; the proper tempering that means just the right combination of elasticity and firmness; and the smooth points that mean easy writing on any paper.

Pick Your Proper Pen

We will send you for 10 cents a card of 12 different pens and 2 good penholders, polished handles, from which you can select a pen that will fit your handwriting.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.,
349 Broadway, New York.




The Man and the Factory Behind the Steger Piano

When you see the name **Steger & Sons** on a piano, remember that it means something more than mere name association. It means that the man who more than a quarter of a century ago built the first **Steger** piano supervises the manufacture of every **Steger & Sons** piano that leaves the factory. Under such conditions it is not surprising that their popularity has made the **Steger** factories the largest in the world—that these famous instruments sell at remarkably low prices, made possible only by the **Steger** policies of visible, audible result-valuation and small margin of profit.

Steger & Sons

The True Representatives of Supreme Piano Satisfaction

Pianos and Player Pianos

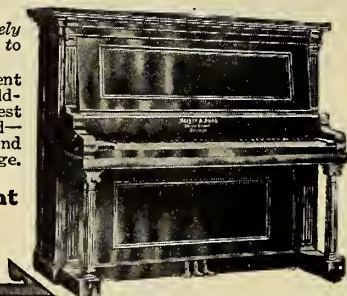
FREE We want every music lover to have our handsomely illustrated free catalog, which is a real necessity to those contemplating the purchase of a piano.

The **Steger & Sons** Piano is in a class by itself—each instrument is the supreme effort of an enormous corps of expert piano builders—under the personal supervision of J. V. Steger, the greatest master piano builder in the world—in the largest piano factory in the world—at Steger, Ill.—the town founded by J. V. Steger. The **Steger & Sons** Pianos and Player Pianos are delivered anywhere in the United States free of charge. The greatest piano value offered, within the easy reach of all.

Our Plans For Payment Make Buying Convenient

Liberal allowance made for old pianos. Write today for new Catalog—yours for the asking—and will give you some wonderful information.

Steger & Sons, Steger Building, Chicago, Ill.



19 Story Steger Bldg.



Order Toys

by mail from the

Schwarz

TOY STORE

Fifth Ave. and 31st St. NEW YORK

Illustrated catalogue mailed free.

This is the largest establishment in the world devoted exclusively to

Toys Dolls
Aeroplanes
Games Novelties

Our Mail Order Department ships promptly and safely to any part of the country.

F. A. O. SCHWARZ

Fifth Ave. and 31st St. NEW YORK



Educate Your Child at 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 entirely 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, to **THE CALVERT SCHOOL, 14 Chase St., Baltimore, Md.** V. M. HILLYER, A.B. (Harvard), Headmaster.

WANTED BOYS and GIRLS to sell a very useful article which we are introducing. Cash paid for services. \$1.00 per evening easily earned.
DOMESTIC SUPPLY CO. BUTLER, PA.

The Agassiz Association

SOUND BEACH, CONNECTICUT

For Adults as well as Young Folks

Under Management of Edward F. Bigelow, with Efficient Assistants. Send 10c. for "The Guide to Nature" for Adults.



CRA

are interesting and instructive object lessons — satisfy that instinctive hankering for knowledge.
 And the pretty, metal Educator Animal Models are beautifully lithographed in twelve colors. They have a sharp corner to cut or scratch.

Filled to the roof with Educator Animal Models, prepaid on receipt of 75c. Educator Animal Models.

JOHNSON EDUCATOR ANIMAL MODELS
 34 Batterymarch



A DANDY CHRISTMAS GIFT



"Ideal" Wright Aeroplane

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED TO FLY

Complete materials, ready to assemble, with plan and instructions of the only 3 ft. Biplane Model of its kind **\$6.00**

25 cts. will bring you the Plan and Directions (no materials) for building this Model.

Complete materials, ready to assemble, with plan and instructions of 3 ft. Model Bleriot Monoplane **\$3.00**

15 cts. for Plan and Directions (no materials) for building this Bleriot Model.

Ask your father or mother to give you a Model Aeroplane this Christmas. Send stamp for interesting Catalog illustrating and describing our complete supplies for model aero builders.

IDEAL AEROPLANE & SUPPLY CO.

84-86 West Broadway :: :: New York City

Motor Bob Mfg. Co., Dept. 12, Main and Amberst Sts., Lutha, N. Y.

NOVEL SURCHARGES

THE variety of surcharges is wide, and the reason for such surcharges almost equally so. But recently Nicaragua has given us a new reason, accompanied also by an overwhelming flood of surcharged stamps. This nation has always been a flagrant offender in the matter of over-printing stamps for one reason or another, and she now outdoes herself. The Nicaraguan government is far from being a stable one, and the funds in the treasury are often very low. Recently the stock of postage-stamps on hand needed replenishing; when the post-officials sought to obtain a fresh supply, the various printers to whom they applied refused to get out a new issue on credit, and asked for cash. But there was no cash! Then followed a perplexing variety of surcharges. When the supply of old issues of postage-stamps was exhausted, revenue and telegraph stamps were surcharged for postage. Finally these were all used up; but there were on hand some railroad labels which could be converted to postal use. As these already bore a surcharge, it was impossible without creating confusion to surcharge them again on the face, so they were surcharged *on the back*. Just how these are to be used is not fully known. One authority says that the stamps are to be only partially fastened to the envelop, so that the post-officials may examine both sides for proof of genuineness. Another authority states that all letters to be mailed with such stamps are to be taken to the post-office and the stamps there affixed in the presence of some official. Whatever the method of use, Nicaragua certainly has given us a novelty. One could change the old proverb and say "Nicaragua (not necessity) is the mother of invention."

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

YES, there are people in the United States whose mail, incoming as well as outgoing, requires no postage. There are only three who hold this privilege: Mrs. James A. Garfield, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, and Mrs. Grover Cleveland. It is a privilege which can be conferred only by special congressional enactment.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY



BIG STAMP ALBUM, 10 CENTS.
8 x 5 1-8 inches; 546 spaces, 160 pictures; heavy covers. Bargain! Other albums 30c. to \$55.00. Send for list and copy Monthly paper free. Scott's Catalogue, 800 pages, paper covers, 60c.; cloth, 75c. 108 all different STAMPS, Paraguay, Turkey, Victoria, etc., only 10c. 17 different *unused* Nicaragua, Cuba, Salvador, etc., 10c. Approval sheets 50 per cent commission. SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO., 127 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK.

U. S. REVENUES

START A COLLECTION with a packet of 50 var. for 50 cents. A Continental Postage Stamp Album, postpaid, for 14 cents. Send reference for a nice selection on approval at 50% discount. NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO.
43 WASHINGTON BLDG. BOSTON, MASS.

STAMP ALBUM with 538 genuine stamps, incl. Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., only 10c. 100 dif. Japan, India, N. Zld., etc., 5c. Agents wanted 50%. *Big Bargain list, coupons, etc., all Free!* We Buy Stamps. C. E. HUSSMAN STAMP CO., DEPT. I, ST. LOUIS, MO.

RARE Stamps Free. 15 all different, Canadians, and 10 India, with Catalogue Free. Postage 2c. If possible send names and addresses of two stamp collectors. Special offers, all different, contain no two alike. 50 Spain, 11c.; 40 Japan, 5c.; 100 U. S., 20c.; 10 Paraguay, 7c.; 17 Mexico, 10c.; 20 Turkey, 7c.; 10 Persia, 7c.; 3 Sudan, 5c.; 10 Chile, 3c.; 50 Italy, 19c.; 200 Foreign, 10c.; 10 Egypt, 7c.; 50 Africa, 24c.; 3 Crete, 3c.; 20 Denmark, 5c.; 20 Portugal, 6c.; 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.

SET OF 8 OLD U. S. COINS, 65c. 1-2c, 1c big, 1c eagle, 2c, 1c and 3c nickel, 3c and 5c silver. Stamp and coin lists free. R. M. LANGZETTEL, 154 ELM ST., OPP. YALE GYMNASIUM, NEW HAVEN, 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! CHEAP! 333 GENUINE FOREIGN Missionary stamps, 5c. 100 foreign, no two alike, incl. India, Newfoundland, etc., only 5c. 100 U. S. all diff., scarce lot, only 30c. 1000 fine mixed, 15c. Agts. wtd., 50%. List free. *I buy stamps.* L. B. DOVER, D-6, ST. LOUIS, MO.

BARGAINS EACH SET 5 CENTS.
10 Luxembourg; 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 15 Russia; 8 Costa Rica; 12 Porto Rico; 8 Dutch Indies; 5 Crete. Lists of 5000 low-priced stamps free. CHAMBERS STAMP CO., 111 G NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

STAMPS 108 ALL DIFFERENT. Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cape G. H., Mexico, Natal, Java, etc., and Album, 10c. 1000 Finely Mixed, 20c. 65 different U. S., 25c. 1000 hinges, 5c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. List Free. *I buy stamps.* C. STEGMAN, 3941 COTE BRILLIANTE AV., ST. LOUIS, MO.

SNAPS 200 ALL DIFFERENT FOREIGN STAMPS for only 10c. 70 All Dif. U.S., including old issues of 1853-1861, etc.; revenue stamps, \$1.00 and \$2.00 values, etc., for only 10c. With each order we send our 6-page pamphlet, which tells all about "How to make a collection of stamps properly." QUEEN CITY STAMP & COIN CO., 7 SINTON BLDG., CINCINNATI, O.

STAMPS 100 VARIETIES FOREIGN, FREE. Postage 2c. Mention St. Nicholas. QUAKER STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.

FREE! 3 DIFFERENT SOUDAN, 5 DIFFERENT TUNIS, or Nicaragua 1878 5c., cat. 25c. One of these sets, big lists, and details of \$1000 prize stamp contest for 2c. postage. Fine 50% approvals. W. C. PHILLIPS & CO., GLASTONBURY, CONN.

DANDY PACKET STAMPS free for name, address 2 collectors, 2c. postage. Send to-day. U.T.K. STAMP CO., Utica, N. Y.

STAMPS 105 China, Egypt, etc., stamp dictionary and list 3000 bargains 2c. Agts., 50%. BULLARD & CO., Sta. A, BOSTON.

5 VARIETIES PERU FREE. With trial approval sheets. F. E. THORP, NORWICH, N. Y.

FREE! 5 good Foreign or 3 fine U. S. Approvals. Bargain prices. Postage 2 cts. J. B. PRESCOTT, TOPEKA, KAN.

1000 Mixed Foreign Stamps, 15c. Approval Sheets 75% discount. F. J. STANTON, NORWICH, N. Y.

1000 finely mixed foreign stamps, 15c. 4c. var. Malta, 8c. H. C. BRADLEY, Randolph Ave., DORCHESTER CTR., MASS.

THE "RIGHT" AIRSHIP FOR THE BOY'S XMAS ONLY 30c

Leader of Aerial Toys. Sails like a real one. Easy to operate. Complete for ascension. 5 1/2 ft. 30c, 8 ft. 60c, postpaid. 12 ft. by exp. 75c, with name printed on sides \$1. BRAZEL NOVELTY CO.
1739 Ella St., Cincinnati, Ohio



Class Pins

FLOWER CITY CLASS PIN CO., 656 Central Building, Rochester, N. Y.

For School, College or Society. The right kind are always a source of pleasure. Why not get the right kind? We make them. Catalog free.

IF YOU STAMMER

attend no school till you hear from me. Largest school in the world, employing the advanced natural method for the cure of stammering, stuttering, etc. No sing-singing or time-beating. If let run, stammering will wreck your life's happiness and handicap your endeavors. I cured myself and thousands of others by my method and can cure you. Beautiful 88 page book and Special Rate sent FREE.

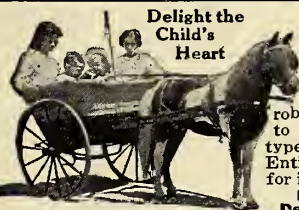


Leo Wells Millard, Pres., North-Western School for Stammerers, Inc., 889 First St., Milwaukee, Wis.

BLOCKS

What boy or girl ever had enough blocks to build what they wanted? We can sell you "nearly a bushel of blocks" for \$1.00. These sanitary blocks are not covered with paste, paper or paint. They are absolutely clean and fresh from the mill. A fine bag is sent to keep them in. Send your \$1.00 to-day.

STERLING SANITARY BLOCK CO., Box "S," MT. STERLING, OHIO



A Shetland Pony

—is an unceasing source of pleasure. A safe and ideal playmate. Makes the child strong and of robust health. Inexpensive to buy and keep. Highest types here. Complete outfits. Entire satisfaction. Write for illustrated catalog. BELLE MEADE FARM, Dept. 9, Markham, Va.

COMFORT BUNNY Prepaid Patented \$1.50

A Rubber Hot Water Bag Shaped and covered like White Rabbit. Also Patty Comfort Hot Water Dolls. Send for pictures of Bunny and Dolls. MISTRESS PATTY S. COMFORT, Andover, Mass.



ST. NICHOLAS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

Real Letters to St. Nicholas

"A Splendid Inheritance!"

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:
You are a splendid inheritance in our family. First you belonged to my sister, sixteen years of age, then to myself. I am twelve; and the twins are seven, a boy and girl; and they are deeply interested in every page. I sit and read to them untingly, for we all love you dearly.

We always take ST. NICHOLAS with us when we leave town, it is such a welcome guest in our home. "One is never too grown-up to read ST. NICHOLAS," says Mother.

Very sincerely, M. H.
From a Parent
New York.

DEAR SIR:
I subscribed to ST. NICHOLAS because the little folks in my household, when they miss the most charming children's magazine, are deprived of one of their "inalienable rights," guaranteed by the Constitution—namely: "Life, Liberty, and—the Pursuit of Happiness."

Sincerely yours, H. E. R.

Named from St. Nicholas
Toronto, Canada.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:
I thought it might interest you to know that I got my name from ST. NICHOLAS. When Mother was small, there was a serial running in the magazine called "Donald and Dorothy," and she was so much delighted with the story and the names that she never forgot them; and when she grew up and was married, she named my brother Donald and myself Dorothy, as it is in the story. I wonder if many other League members got their names from ST. NICHOLAS.

Yours sincerely, D. H. H.

From South Africa
Natal, South Africa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:
I think your magazine is lovely. Grandma took it for Mother when she was a little girl, and now we take it. We have about thirty bound volumes. We live in the town of Pietermaritzburg, or, rather, just out of it. I think South African life must be rather like American, from what I've read in ST. NICHOLAS.

Your devoted reader, N. L.

St. Nicholas in 1912

The December number is the second of the thirty-ninth volume of ST. NICHOLAS, which is still, as for many years it has been, at the forefront in juvenile literature,—known everywhere as the world's premier magazine for boys and girls. During the first six months of the new volume

An Important Serial

or series will begin

With Every Number

from November to April. These stories and articles will have a world-wide appeal, for, whether English or Americans may wander, or the English language is spoken, ST. NICHOLAS is known and loved. But, of course, ST. NICHOLAS is, first of all, *American* in its main contents, and in its character and ideals. It is made for, and addressed to, the great army of active, bright-minded American boys and girls, and dominated by the American spirit. Most of its serial stories are contributed by clever American writers, bent upon giving their young readers not only interesting pictures of American life, but stimulating ideas or situations that help these young readers to think for themselves.

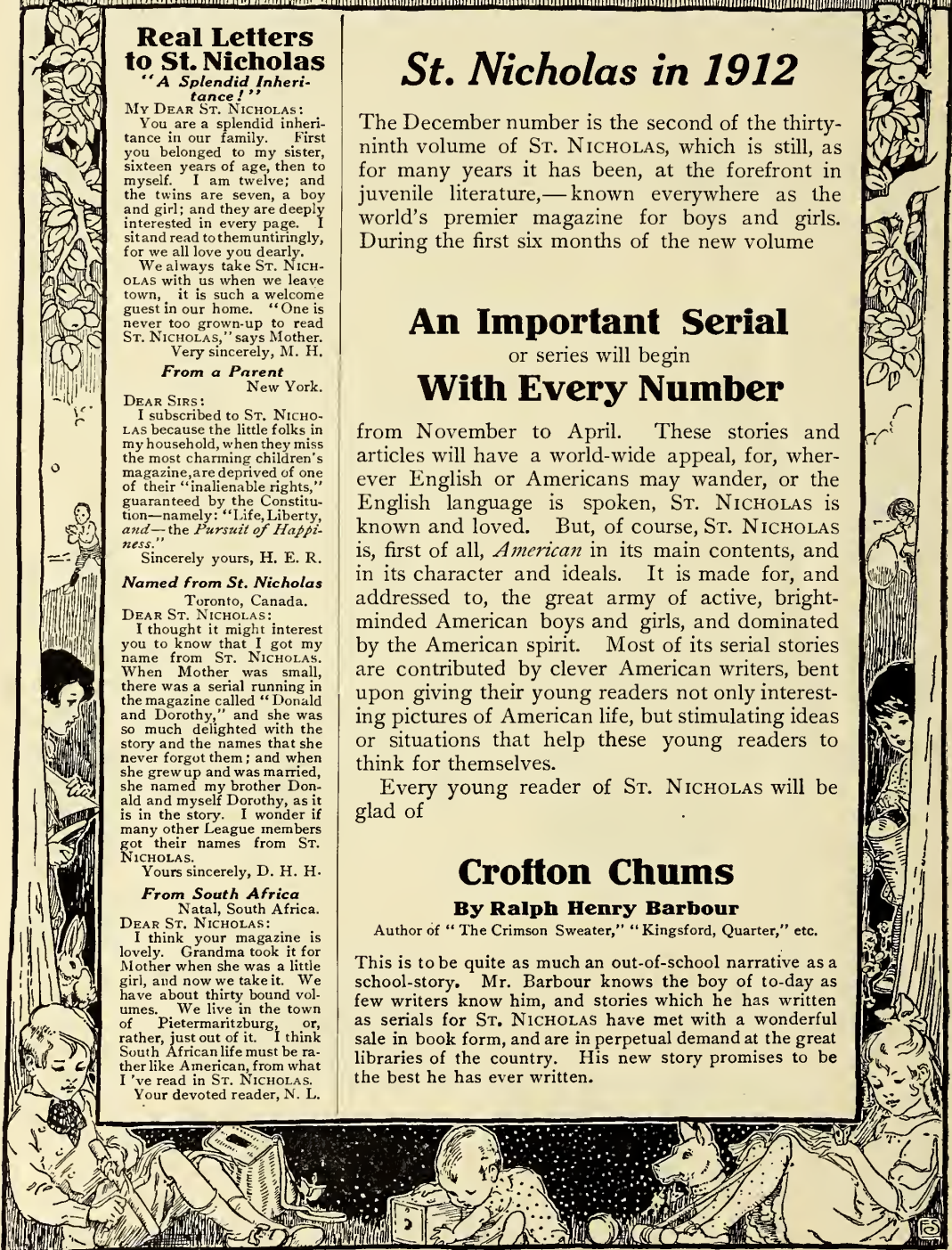
Every young reader of ST. NICHOLAS will be glad of

Crofton Chums

By Ralph Henry Barbour

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "Kingsford, Quarter," etc.

This is to be quite as much an out-of-school narrative as a school-story. Mr. Barbour knows the boy of to-day as few writers know him, and stories which he has written as serials for ST. NICHOLAS have met with a wonderful sale in book form, and are in perpetual demand at the great libraries of the country. His new story promises to be the best he has ever written.



ST. NICHOLAS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

St. Nicholas in 1912

A serial of last year that rivaled Mr. Barbour's "Team-Mates" in interest, and held its readers enthralled, was the stirring story of two boys lost in the woods of Maine, entitled "The Forest Castaways." This year its author is contributing a very different but equally clever serial for girl readers:

The Lady of the Lane

By Frederick Orin Bartlett

Author of "The Forest Castaways"

How the young daughter of the man who owns the great house on the hill called "The Towers" becomes the real "Lady of the Lane" is a story of absorbing interest, told with much humor, keen sympathy, and artistic skill. It cannot fail to interest every reader of ST. NICHOLAS, young or old.

A third serial will take the young folk back into some of the most romantic scenes of history. It is called

The Knights of the Golden Spur

By Rupert Sargent Holland

Author of "Historic Boyhoods," "Historic Girlhoods," etc.

Only the story itself can reveal the marvelous necromancy by which a boy of to-day is enabled to go back to other times, and share with each of half-a-dozen of the most famous knights in history, in some dangerous "adventure," before he wins "the golden spur," and becomes a member of their select little band. And, though the boys of to-day find plenty of "action" in the life and sports of to-day, yet the young hero will be envied by many of them for being permitted to "have a go" at some of the most thrilling contests of olden times. Incidentally it is a very truthful and vivid historical story, which teachers and scholars alike will welcome as a valuable aid and incentive to the study of history. It will be beautifully illustrated by Reginald B. Birch.

A fourth serial is a breezy, outdoor narrative of a summer camp:

The Townsend Twins— Camp Directors

By Warren L. Eldred

Author of "The Lookout Island Campus"

This is no story of the usual camp-narrative sort, however, but a study and presentment of boy-nature that will delight both boys and girls by its humor and picturesqueness, and keep them in a gale of laughter through many of its chapters.

Real Letters to St. Nicholas

"Just Filled the Gap"

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

It is difficult to say how greatly I prize the magazine. Before beginning to take it, two years ago, my sister and I tried several others, but all were too childish or too grown-up to suit us. Then we saw ST. NICHOLAS and decided at once that it *just filled the gap!* Your constant reader, A. M. M.

St. Nicholas the Best

Alcatraz Island,
San Francisco Bay, Cal.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

Ever since I was a little girl my father has given me the ST. NICHOLAS, and before that my big sister always had you. We have kept every copy and had them all bound, and I have a special bookcase just for them in my bedroom. Of all my books I am sure that I love my ST. NICHOLAS the best, and I care more for my books than anything else; so you can see how highly I value them.

Your loving reader, H. R.

A Parent's Word

Boston, Mass.

DEAR SIR:

ST. NICHOLAS is a fine magazine. I shall never forget something that my eldest daughter said years ago about a story that she had read in ST. NICHOLAS.

"Oh, Mama, if you have time, be sure and read 'A Bit of Color.' It is splendid!" I looked and saw that Sarah Orne Jewett had written it, and then said thankfully to myself: "I need n't worry about this child; her taste is all right. If she likes the best now, the mediocre will never appeal to her."

Very truly yours, C. K. B.

The Best!

Patton, Pa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

My boy is quite exercised over not having received his magazine. It is the best and cleanest magazine for boys, and, in fact, for family reading, that I know of. E. C. B.



ST. NICHOLAS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

Real Letters to St. Nicholas

"Father Took You When He Was a Boy"

Fort Lawton, Wash.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

Your delightful magazine is so very interesting, that I thought I must write and tell you how much I enjoy it. I have taken you now a little over two years, but my father took you when he was a boy, so you are like an old friend to me.

With best wishes from an interested reader, M. E. R.

Her Companion in Paris
Seattle, Wash.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:
I have just returned from Paris, where I have been attending a French boarding-school. I have lived in Paris for four years, but have only been going to boarding-school for two years.

Often I have read ST. NICHOLAS in bed, after the lights were supposed to be out. They are very strict in these French schools, so you can see how much I must have appreciated you to run such a risk of discovery.

Wishing you all kinds of success, I am,
Yours sincerely, J. H. J.

The Nicest of All Presents

St. Louis, Mo.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

I was just wondering what I would do this year without you, when my dear Aunt Ella wrote that she had taken you again for me. She has given me lots of presents, but you are the nicest and best of all. I should n't like to miss a single copy.

Your loving reader, M. N.

An All-the-Family Delight

Chicago, Ill.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

When my father and mother were young, they were readers of ST. NICHOLAS. Every Saturday after you came my mother's eldest brother would read you while his brother and sister and cousins listened. The first time Mother read "Jack and Jill," by Louisa M. Alcott, was in ST. NICHOLAS as a serial story.

From your interested reader,
A. F.

St. Nicholas in 1912

The name of Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell is one to conjure with, for to thousands of people on both sides of the Atlantic he stands as one of the greatest and most heroic figures of our time, while in his chosen field he looms so large that "Who's Who" gives his address as simply "Labrador." There is a new story from him in this number, written specially for the boys and girls of ST. NICHOLAS:

Brin By Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell

The story is of Dr. Grenfell's dog "Brin," that he raised from puppyhood. As you follow them across the trackless snows of that Northern land you scarcely know which to admire more—the cheerful, dauntless courage of the man or the marvelous instinct of the dog. And—thanks to "Brin"!—it ends happily, as Dr. Grenfell's adventures always do.

Not less notable than this story, however, is the remarkable article in this issue, entitled

The School of Four Thousand Welcomers

Or, How Four Thousand Girls Compose a Drama. Every loyal American, whether American by birth or by adoption, must read with a thrill of pride this story of the marvelous performance devised and carried out by the pupils of one of our great public schools—a school in which over forty nationalities are represented. Ideas, perhaps the most valuable crop in the world, apparently spring up among these school-girls with the ease and abundance of mushrooms, and the older people who read this sketch will find that they must change their tune and begin to talk about "the good young days."

An ideal biographical sketch is the one of

Whittier and the Little Quaker Girl

This true account of the meeting of a real little Quaker maid with John G. Whittier is one of those delightful and tenderly humorous stories that ST. NICHOLAS is always glad to find in his budget of good things. And Mr. Rosenmeyer's illustration, depicting the little heroine and the great poet, is just as charming as the story.



St. NICHOLAS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

St. Nicholas in 1912

When it comes to brightness and fun—just-for-fun's-sake—ask any reader of ST. NICHOLAS, young or old, whether he or she knows of any cleverer or better fun than the magazine constantly provides, both in text and picture, in its countless rhymes and jingles, and in its comical drawings. The inimitable OLIVER HERFORD will be represented in the new volume by several delicious bits of verse illustrated by himself with equally amusing pictures, and CAROLYN WELLS, MALCOLM DOUGLAS, and other well-known wits and versifiers will contribute rollicking rhymes that will bring mirth and smiles in plenty to every ST. NICHOLAS household.

No reader of ST. NICHOLAS can afford to miss the unique home-story in this issue, entitled

"Some Girl"

By Marion Hill

One of those breezy, "real-boy-and-girl" stories that help to make ST. NICHOLAS such a welcome visitor. It tells of a boy who dearly loves his slang, although he has to drop a penny into the charity-box for each offense, and of how he learned to appreciate his sister, and—but that's the story. Turn to page 133 and read it.

The Ballads of the Be-Ba-Boes

By D. K. Stevens

Will prove a mirth-provoking series of rhymes, setting forth the remarkable adventures of a new set of little folk, in verses of exceeding cleverness and "go." The rhymes, indeed, have scarcely been exceeded in rollicking fun and literary merit since the famous "Bab Ballads"; and Mrs. Katharine Maynadier Daland has pictured these comical little folk to perfection.

The animal world, too, has to furnish its share of wit, wisdom, and jollity, in a series of brief tales from jungle-life, translated from the folk-lore of India:

Jataka Tales

Compiled by Ellen Babbitt

The entire series is accompanied by admirable illustrations in silhouette by Ellsworth Young, and these stories will appeal especially to teachers by opening up a new vein in the field of literature for younger readers.

Real Letters to St. Nicholas

From Germany

Munich, Germany.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

I have not had a good magazine since I left home, and I was so glad to find you at the American Church here at Munich, Germany. My papa took you for ten years.

Your devoted reader, R. J.

An Editorial Appeal

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

Here is an extract from an editorial in one of our papers:

"Give children something of their own. The father who subscribes for ST. NICHOLAS for his youngsters is laying up a stock of mental health for them for all time. With such a periodical children will feel at home, and they have a sense of possession in it which the borrowed and the library paper will not give. In it goodness is interesting because it is real, not a manufactured article. Offer the children an attraction at home greater than the streets can give. Parents, too, will find their own youth coming back, as they learn to share the children's pleasure, without counting the day only begun when the youngsters are tucked in bed."

Yours sincerely, C. W.

Nowhere Else Such Stories

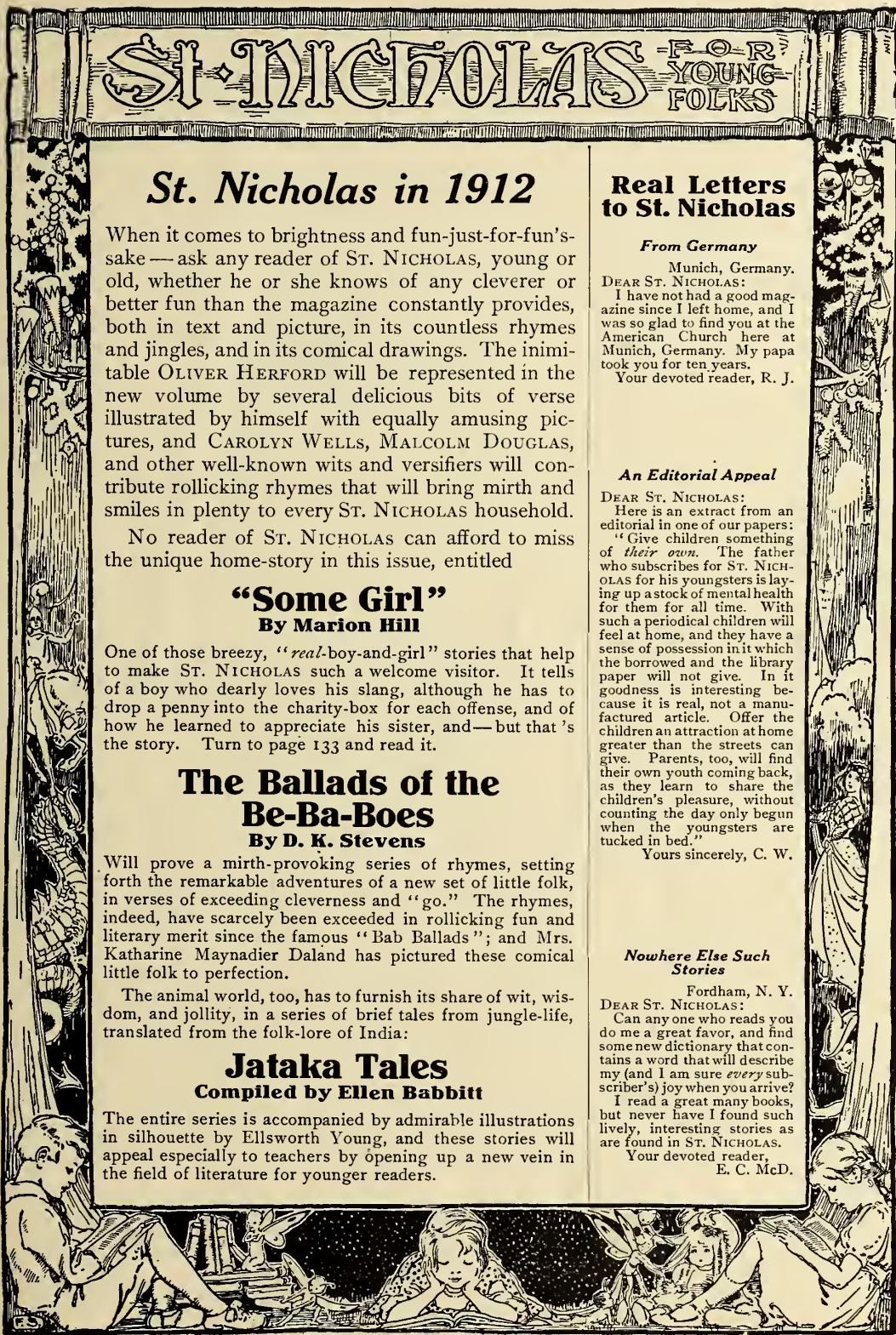
Fordham, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

Can any one who reads you do me a great favor, and find some new dictionary that contains a word that will describe my (and I am sure every subscriber's) joy when you arrive?

I read a great many books, but never have I found such lively, interesting stories as are found in ST. NICHOLAS.

Your devoted reader,
E. C. McD.



ST. NICHOLAS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.



**Send
in
Renewals
Early**

**Send
in
New
Subscriptions
Early**

**Send check,
money-order,
or express-order
for \$3.00 to**

**THE
CENTURY
CO.,
Union Square,
New York**

St. Nicholas in 1912

But fun and humor and stories will not be all of ST. NICHOLAS during 1912. Among many other good things, there will be continued that notable series of talks with boys and girls:

Simple Thoughts on Great Subjects

By George Lawrence Parker

A single paper of a page-and-a-half, in the April number of ST. NICHOLAS, entitled "Locating a Claim," made so deep an impression and was so widely copied that its author was promptly commissioned to prepare a series of similar talks for the new volume. The first of these, "Success and Failure," appeared in the November number; and others under such titles as "Care and Don't Care," "On Being Somebody," "Reading the Signals," "Yes and No," "The World We Live In," "Making Good and Making Better," will be sure of a warm welcome from all young readers and their parents. Very short talks, these, but full of pith and point, and the high impulse that sets the reader to thinking.

On the art side, too—a magazine feature for which ST. NICHOLAS has always been preëminent—the new volume will continue to publish (in addition to a great many separate reproductions of great paintings) the series of

Famous Pictures

By Charles L. Barstow

which has been appearing at intervals during the past twelvemonth. A unique attraction of these papers is the "Little Gallery" of paintings by each artist whose work is described, and the anecdotes told about the painter himself.

Another Base-Ball Series

It will be good news to ST. NICHOLAS readers, also, that the series of articles on "The Battle of Base-Ball," concluded in the October number, is to be followed in 1912 by a companion series, dealing even more minutely with the fine points of the great National game, and enriched by the experiences and incidents of the latest race for the pennant in the National League—perhaps the most exciting finish in the whole history of Base-ball. The ST. NICHOLAS series printed during 1911 has evoked high praise from experts in the game, and in one instance, unfortunately, seems to have worked disaster to a local manager, for a resident of a Western town sends the magazine a letter stating that, after reading the ST. NICHOLAS articles, their club had promptly decided that their manager was a "bonehead," and had asked for his resignation!

St. NICHOLAS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

St. Nicholas in 1912

Of the multitude of SHORT STORIES, SPECIAL ARTICLES, FUNNY RHYMES AND PICTURES, and other single attractions awaiting appearance in the next volume of ST. NICHOLAS, only the merest hint can be given as yet. Those invaluable departments—

Books and Reading The St. Nicholas League Nature and Science

will continue to delight the boys and girls who have already found them so inspiring and helpful. Miss Hildergarde Hawthorne's contributions to "Books and Reading" are really gems of literature in themselves, and of incalculable aid to young folk, month by month.

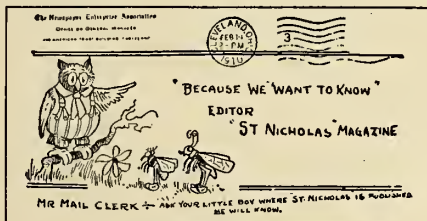
"Nature and Science" has won not only the highest praise, but the heartiest coöperation, from teachers, professors, curators of museums, and even the most distinguished scientists, who gladly give from their store of special knowledge any information that may be sought by young nature-lovers.

And as for the "League," the contributions by the boys and girls themselves, evoked by the friendly competitions in drawing, photography, and the writing of prose and verse, are continuously amazing in their merit and cleverness.

But, Best of All, St. Nicholas Occupies a Unique Place

in the magazine world. It not only holds the *interest* of its readers, but promptly becomes enshrined in their *affection*. The young readers of ST. NICHOLAS write to it as they would to a school-intimate or special chum, because they *love* the magazine for being just what it is. It is like bidding good-by to their dearest classmate when they have to give it up, and many thousands of them refuse to give it up at all.

"One is never too old to read St. Nicholas" is the burden of their cry.



*A really, truly envelop which came to
ST. NICHOLAS.*

A charming
"ST. NICHOLAS
TREASURE
CHEST"
sent to any
address
for the asking.
A postal-card
request to
The Century Co.
will bring it

Make
a Year's
Subscription
to
St. Nicholas
Your
Christmas
Gift to
the Boys
and Girls
You Love

THE
CENTURY
CO.,
Union Square,
New York

YOUR Trade-Mark Can Mean:

A guarantee of re-orders, if your product pleases at first trial.

A focusing of the scattered public confidence in you as manufacturer into a tangible thing of inestimable value.

The only part of your equipment which yearly increases in value instead of depreciating.

The Savings Bank of your Advertising Investment.

The insurance of your business against the day of adversity.

The preservation in "cashable" shape of every dollar you spend in making the public familiar with it.

An influential letter of introduction and recommendation for your salesmen everywhere.

To the public, proof of your confidence in your own goods.

To the dealer, an insurance policy given with every purchase.

To your business, the certainty of an honorable, absorbing, uplifting, constructive life work, rather than an endless series of tradings, bargainings, bickerings, and a daily scramble of immediate profits.

The evidence of your standing as one of the highest type of modern merchandisers.

An opportunity to stamp your individuality on something that will live after you, and be a monument to your memory.

DOES It Mean That NOW?

HERE is the modern science of merchandising: Make good goods—give them a distinguishing trade-mark—and make that trade-mark stand for the goods in the minds of all possible consumers.

Carry out these three simple requirements and your success is as certain as the shining of the sun.

You have probably already fulfilled the first two requirements, but in these modern days the third is absolutely essential. You yourself, your family, your friends, all people are today buying ten trade-mark products to one bought a few years ago.

This proves conclusively the absolute and increasing necessity for carrying out the third requirement in merchandising through efficient advertising, and the measure of your success depends more and more upon the thoroughness and completeness with which your advertising is done.

Mahin Service Brings Maximum Results

as has been proved by the many national advertisers who use our service.

What we have done and are doing for others we can do for you. Consider Gold Dust, Fairy Soap, Munsingwear, Mrs. Rorer's Coffee, National Oats, Welch's Grape Juice, Carnation Milk, Snider's Catsup, Snider's Pork and Beans, Berkey & Gay Furniture, Florsheim Shoes, Des Moines—"The City of Certainties," Dain Hay Tools, Lowe Brothers "High Standard" Paints, and many other trade-marked articles we have assisted in becoming familiar throughout the Nation.

Let us do this for *your* product.

Each day you delay lessens your prosperity for every day of your future years. Think of that. Better write or wire us now and make an appointment at your office or ours.

Send for a **free** copy of the July issue of The Mahin Messenger, devoted especially to discussions of the trade-mark and its practical and legal aspects. It reproduces 54 prominent trade-marks with interesting comments on same by G. H. E. Hawkins, Advertising Manager of The N. K. Fairbank Company. There is also a valuable article on the legal value of trade-marks by Edward S. Rogers.

We will gladly tell you, if you ask, how Mahin Service makes your selling expense very largely a permanent "good will" asset by using your trade-mark as an anchor.



Mahin Advertising Company

JOHN LEE MAHIN, President

WM. H. RANKIN, Vice-President

H. A. GROTH, Secretary

841.891 American Trust Building, 76 West Monroe Street, Chicago

Newspaper, Magazine, Farm Paper, Trade Paper, Street Car and Outdoor Advertising



DURING 1910, 2,623,412 CHICLETS WERE SOLD EACH DAY

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

The singer's tones are more dulcet, the speaker's voice more clear, when Chiclets are used to ease and refresh the mouth and throat. The refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. It's the peppermint—the *true* mint.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores
5¢ the Ounce and in 5¢, 10¢ and 25¢ Packets
SEN-SEN CHICLET COMPANY, METROPOLITAN TOWER, NEW YORK



Flexible Flyer

"The sled that steers"



Wins Every Race!


Every boy and girl wants one. It's the ideal Xmas gift. Nothing you can give the children will make them so happy! Don't buy simply a "steering sled." You want more than that. You want a FLEXIBLE FLYER—the safest, speediest, hand-somest and most economical sled made. With the ordinary "sled" you drag the feet to steer, but you steer the FLEXIBLE FLYER by the mere pressure of hand or foot on the steering bar. You can steer accurately in any desired direction, *past* all other sleds, and *around* every obstacle.

Just think of the saving this means in boots and shoes, as well as in doctor's bill! It prevents wet feet, colds, etc., and actually saves its cost many times each season.

The FLEXIBLE FLYER is light and graceful. Easy to pull up hill, yet so strong and scientifically made it

outlasts three ordinary sleds

Another important feature is our patented grooved runners which prevent skidding on icy hills or pavements. These grooved runners are far superior even on snowy surfaces to flat or rounded runners used on all other sleds. It also has more steering surface than other sleds.

Ask your dealer to show you its many other exclusive advantages. Don't accept a substitute. Insist on a FLEXIBLE FLYER and be sure to look for the name on the sled. It isn't a FLEXIBLE FLYER unless it bears this trade mark 

TRADE MARK

Card-board Model FREE also a beautiful booklet, illustrated in colors showing coasting scenes, etc. booklet." We will gladly send them both absolutely free. Write to-day before you forget it.

S. L. Allen & Co., Box 1101V, Philadelphia, Pa.



GOODWILL is often the most valuable part of a business. Goodwill follows prestige which is "Reputation for excellence, importance or authority."

The Century as a magazine enjoys the highest prestige; and the readers of The Century have the highest prestige in their communities.

If you want more goodwill use

The Century

Modelling at Home

Here is the greatest form of amusement in the home ever devised for the little ones. Nothing will arouse a child's interest quicker than the chance to "make something." Harbutt's Plasticine cannot be surpassed as a means for the fulfillment of this desire on the part of your children. It is just the thing for a rainy day when the children are "cooped up in the house" or for the little boy or girl who is convalescing from an illness—sometimes for grown-ups, too. And you need never have any fear when they are using



HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE

for it is *antiseptic*—indeed, the only clean, safe modelling material. Plasticine is a modelling material superior to clay, being a composition invented by Wm. Harbutt, a leading English sculptor, and now used by him. It's not mussy—no water is ever needed to make it soft and pliable. It is always ready to use, for it keeps plastic for an indefinite length of time.

The educational side of Plasticine should appeal to every parent. While the children are playing they are unconsciously developing the artistic side of their natures and training their minds for accurate observation. Thus you can see Plasticine has the combined merits of being an amusement

and an education. Sold by leading toy dealers in all principal cities.

Let us send you our free book "How to Use Plasticine as a Home Amusement." You will then understand why leading educators have so enthusiastically endorsed it. Write today. We tell you how to obtain the outfits conveniently.

THE EMBOSSEING COMPANY, 12 Pruyn St., Albany, N. Y.
Manufacturers of "Toys that Teach"



"A
Treat!"

Sample Can
Maillard's Cocoa
free on request

MAILLARD'S BREAKFAST COCOA

gratifies and satisfies.
Dainty yet sustaining food
with a delicate, delicious flavor quite
its own. Quickly prepared—easily
digested.

At All Leading Grocers

Maillard's
NEW YORK

Fifth Avenue at 35th Street

CHOCOLATES, BONBONS, FRENCH BONBONNIÈRES

The unique Luncheon Restaurant is a popular
resort for ladies—afternoon tea 3 to 6

Wanamaker's

Christmas Catalog is Ready

Wonderful Christmas merchandise, and 1000 toys and games. Let the kiddies see the pictures and you'll know instantly what will please them most.

Over 50 pages of our General Winter Catalog are devoted to Christmas suggestions. Ask for that, too.

Both are free on request.

Write us today: "Send Christmas Catalog No. 67."

JOHN WANAMAKER, New York



Haystack Rock, Cannon Beach, Oregon

To or From California

Double the enjoyment of your outing by traveling the trail of Lewis & Clark through the

Storied Northwest

See this Land of Fruit and Farms...Land of a thousand Scenic Surprises. See Glacial Peaks that vie with the Alps...Vineyards like those of Sunny France...Rivers that rival the Rhine.

See America First

Ride on the only exclusively-first-class Sleeping, Observation and Dining Car train to and from the North Pacific Coast:

"North Coast Limited"

Write for "Eastward Through the Storied Northwest" and other booklets of trip and trains. Address

A. M. CLELAND
General Passenger Agent
ST. PAUL, MINN.

Northern Pacific Ry

Only line to Gardiner Gateway,
OFFICIAL Yellowstone Park
entrance.



The Kind of Letters that Speak for Themselves

Perhaps some of the advertisers who are not using St. NICHOLAS NOW would write a letter like the following if they would only give St. NICHOLAS a chance:

Oct. 18, 1911

THE CENTURY Co.,
CITY.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find the amount of bill. It is a pleasure to pay St. NICHOLAS bills. We find the purchasing ability of the St. NICHOLAS readers (in our line) far better than any other medium we use, as the returns to cost has proved. We are

Very truly yours,
(Name will be sent upon request)

St. Nicholas appeals to the spirit of perpetual youth in fathers and mothers as well as in the younger ones. They all put their heads together in mutual enjoyment of its sparkling pages. In fact, St. Nicholas is always one of the family. Wise advertisers are sending their messages into the hearts of these families.

Special Sale of Useful Holiday Gifts



- No. 44—Boys' Rain Coats of best black rubber (guaranteed waterproof), fancy checked lining, 4 to 16 years..... **1.95**
- No. 44-a—Same model in best tan rubber on tan sheeting, double yoke..... **3.75**
- No. 44-b—Boys' Rubber "Sou'wester" Hats in black or tan..... **.95**
- No. 46—Girls' Rain Coats of English tan, gray, or navy blue silk finished rubberized cloth. Guaranteed waterproof. 6 to 16 years..... **4.95**

- No. 46-a—Girls' Rainy Day Hats of camel's hair felt, in navy blue, brown or oxford, with velvet band, 6 to 16 years..... **2.95**
- No. 48—Boys' Blanket Robes with fancy figures and border, in blue and white, maroon and white, navy and red, blue and gray, brown and white, 4 to 16 years..... **2.75**
- No. 50—Misses' and Girls' Robes of crepon eiderdown, in cardinal, light blue or pink, trimmed with satin to match, 2 to 4 years.. **1.85**
6 to 10 years..... **2.50**
12 to 20 years..... **3.25**

Franklin Simon & Co.

FIFTH AVENUE, 37th and 38th Streets, NEW YORK

*“And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The patter and pawing of each little hoof.”*

It is all very well to hear the patter and pawing of that kind of little hoofs, but there are other little Dears in the house whose pattering and pawing become at times so loud that they almost make us forget the pleasure the children are having.

As soon as the child gets old enough to discard spring heels, put on

O'Sullivan Heels of New Live Rubber.

They will enable the child to play as hard as he wants to around the house without making any undue noise with his feet.

They will save the hardwood floors from many a scratch, and will act as little shock absorbers to the child himself.

They will give him as an early acquirement that graceful tread which we recognize as one of the possessions of the trained athlete.

This suggestion is one that can be adopted with benefit by mothers throughout the country.

The heels cost 50c. attached at any shoemaker's.

“HAVE YOU A LITTLE ‘FAIRY’ IN YOUR HOME?”



White and Pure

Purity is the first requisite in a toilet and bath soap.

Fairy soap is pure because it is made from choice edible products. Besides, its floating, oval cake is a distinct advantage over other white toilet soaps. Costs but 5c, but you cannot get better soap at any price.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
CHICAGO



Send 10 cents, in stamps, for copy of Fairbank's "Juvenile History of the United States."—Interesting, instructive. 56 pages: 28 illustrations in colors, by Denslow. Address The N. K. Fairbank Company, Dept. 7-f, Chicago, Ill.



Polly and Peter Ponds

have arrived in Peking, China, on their trip around the world. They had planned to stop at Shanghai, but on account of the fierce fighting in this city between the Revolutionists and the Emperor's soldiers, it was thought best to go on to Peking. Here foreigners were protected by the International authorities. On account of the unsettled conditions, their father and mother would not let them go sight-seeing by themselves.

Polly and Peter wanted to see some of the quaint shops, so they got a faithful Chinese guide, named Yen Su Sang, to go with them.

They were very much interested in the funny signs and queer animals which hung in front of the shop doors.

"Oh, look at that one," exclaimed Polly, as they were passing a Chinese drug-store. "I wonder what it says!"

"I don't know," replied Peter. "Let's ask Yen Su Sang."

Yen smiled when Peter asked him and said, "That velly fine Melican sign. He say

POND'S EXTRACT

velly good when Chinaman hurt himself."

"Well, what do you think of that!" said Polly. "The Chinese invented gunpowder and lots of things, but they could n't make anything as good as Pond's Extract."

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
78 Hudson Street - - New York

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S Vanishing Cream
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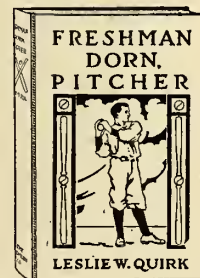
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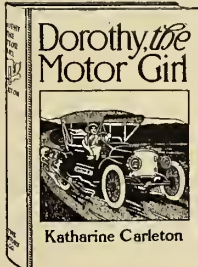
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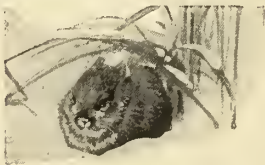
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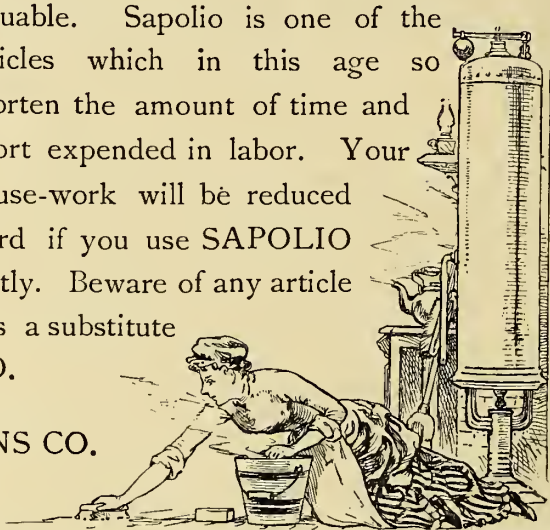


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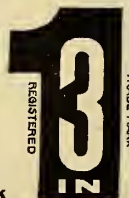
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“JOLLY LOOKING PAIR, YOU TWO!”
(SEE STORY OF “THE BAYBERRY CANDLE,” PAGE 196.)

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXIX

JANUARY, 1912

No. 3



"BY THE CHRISTMAS CANDLE-LIGHT."

AWAY back in August it was, that Jessica had declared herself as follows: "You must n't laugh, but that 's just what I should like to have happen to me at Christmas time: a big express-wagon rumbling to the door on Christmas eve or Christmas morning, I don't care which, a rousing pull at the door-bell, an express package for me, the big book to sign in my own handwriting, and all the excitement of having the very first right to open the wrapper myself, and see what 's inside. All the packages come directed to Father or Mother, even if something is in them for me.

This year I 'd like to have it different for once. How important I should feel!"

Jessica threw herself back in the hammock and looked smilingly up at the sky, while the three pretty, young lady cousins on the porch steps smoothed their fresh muslins, patted their dainty ribbons, and exchanged sly glances, even delicate nods and winks.

It was a very jolly Jessica that had given vent to this effusion, under the sultry sky of August, but now, on this afternoon before Christmas Day, it was a sober-faced little maid who stood before

the open drawer of her bureau, and looked down upon piles of pretty gifts, all hidden under snowy wrappers, and bound about with shining ribbons, all save one. That one gift lay quite apart, and it was this that caught and held Jessica's regretful eyes and thoughts.

"If any one had ever told me that Lou and I would ever quarrel, I should n't have believed it," she mused mournfully. "And now there 's her collar-and-cuff set that I worked on all through the fall, and I can't give it to her because we 've had this wretched fuss. About almost nothing, too. But Lou was wrong, just the same," with a reminiscent flash of her brown eyes; "and I can't make up till she owns it. But I sha'n't give that set to anybody else, even if it lies there till next June."

"Ho, Jess!" came from the foot of the stairs. "Look lively up there. Mother 's asking for holly. Has to trim the parlor. Wants wreaths and long branches. It 's up to you to go along by your brother's side, like a good little lambie, and help to pick out the stuff. I 'm all there when it comes to carrying the stickery branches, but I 'm no good selecting. It takes a lady for that, and it 's yourself, Jessica Moore, that has the decorative eye in your head."

Jessica was not proof against her brother's good-natured blarney. Her face brightened, the drawer went shut with a jolt, and with praise-worthy speed she flew into her wraps and joined the whistling youth in the hall below. They swung down the street together, in the best of spirits and good comradeship, for there was a strong bond of congeniality between them.

"Is it Wick's we 're bound for, Jess?" asked Joe, deferring to her feminine judgment. "They had heaps of holly when I passed there an hour ago."

"Don't you think Mercer's would be better?" suggested she. "They always have the prettiest wreaths, and Wick's berries are generally so thin and scattered."

"Mercer's it is, then," was the reply; and thither they bent their steps, chattering volubly every inch of the way. Joe stood by in passive admiration of Jessica's ability, as she chose the wreaths critically and selected with care the sprays that appealed to her as most graceful and abundantly adorned with scarlet berries.

They turned away, he with his arms full of boughs, she with her wrists hung with wreaths, a very festive-looking pair. All along the village street, the farmers' wagons and buggies were drawn close to the curb. In the middle of the thoroughfare, passing vehicles threaded their way cautiously. On the narrow pavement, foot pas-

sengers jostled one another good-humoredly, for the Christmas spirit was abroad, and every one took inconveniences lightly.

"Jolly looking pair, you two," struck on the ears of Joe and Jessica, as they were crossing the street in a small, clear space. "Looks like Christmas, sure enough." Looking down from an express-wagon, which he had drawn to a pause while he greeted them, Will Evarts grinned amiably upon the holly bearers.

"Well, did you ever!" cried Joe, as he recognized his school chum in a new capacity. "What are you doing with that load, Will? When did you take up the job?"

"Just to-day, to help out," drawled Will, slow and easy-going as ever. "Things are hustling, down at the office. You never saw such a stack-up in your life. So Father 's pressed me into the service, and"—

"Look out, Will! Move up, quick!" shouted Joe, interrupting him excitedly. But it was too late. A grocer's cart had backed suddenly and locked wheels with the express-wagon. It drew off as hastily, and with a grinding, wrenching sound took with it a hind wheel of the latter, and splintered the end of the axle. The loquacious William was jolted unceremoniously from his seat, and half fell, half scrambled to the ground. Down poured an avalanche of boxes and packages, light and heavy, big and little, in an indiscriminate mass.

With an exclamation of dismay, Will hurried to the rear, leaving his horse to stand unhitched. Joe threw down his holly, and hastened to his assistance.

"Here 's a nice mess," ejaculated the amateur expressman, with chop-fallen countenance. "What will Father say! Serves me right for not tending to business."

"Never mind about that part," said the practical Joe. "Leave that till afterward, and see about righting this damage, if you can."

A crowd had gathered to speculate and offer advice. Examination soon showed that the wagon was useless for the time being.

"We 've got to have a blacksmith to fix this," groaned Will, "and I 'll have to hunt up another wagon."

"Go ahead, then, and do it," urged Joe. "I 'll guard your stuff, and the horse will stand."

Will accepted his offer gratefully, and scuttled away on his quest. Joe took up his position, saying to Jessica, who had been waiting patiently meanwhile, "Guess you 'd better run on, Jess. You don't want to wait in this crowd. There 's no telling when Will can get back, and I ought to stand by him. He 's in a tight place."

It was just as Jessica was turning away that the horse took a notion to do a little backing on his own account, and with the first step, he encountered Joe's bunch of holly, where he had hastily laid it down. The spiked leaves pricked

"Don't dare to strike him!" she cried indignantly. "Can't you see he 's frightened? He don't know what 's the matter." A warm lover of horses, she knew no fear, and Dobbin was a friend of years. She grasped at the bridle with a leap in the air, caught it, and jerked him forward with a steady hand. The horse swayed her from side to side, but she held on for dear life. "Come, Dobbin. Come, old fellow," she said soothingly, and then to the bystanders, with an imperative note, "One of you snatch away that holly! Quick! Now, while he 's quiet. I can't hold him more than a minute."

For Dobbin, in spite of her friendly clutch on his rein, and the voice that he recognized through all his mingling of fear and anger, showed signs of further activity, and Jessica was in a precarious position.

Seizing the favorable opportunity, swift hands whisked away the broken branches and pricking twigs. Meanwhile the girl kept a firm grip on the bridle, calming the frightened animal with her gentle words. Upon the removal of the cause of his excitement, Dobbin grew less restive, and before long stood perfectly quiet, but trembling from head to foot, while the brave little maid patted and caressed him, talking to him in a voice that quivered from her strenuous exertions, and the high pitch to which she had been strung.

Joe, full of anxiety for his sister's safety, had started forward when he saw Jessica leap to the horse's head, but, perceiving at once that she held the situation bravely and intelligently, and that others stronger than himself stood ready to come to her rescue if need be, he had retreated to his own post of responsibility.

Thus they stood when Will, a few minutes later, appeared with a blacksmith and an empty wagon. "What 's up, now?" he queried anxiously, perceiving the signs of a more recent disaster than the one of which he had been a witness.

Jess handed him the bridle and stepped quietly to the pavement, leaving Joe to explain, while she gathered up her scattered wreaths, and turned to purchase a fresh stock of boughs.

But she was checked by a pair of loving arms that enveloped her in a warm embrace, and a soft voice in her ear, crying, "Dear, brave Jess! You are the bravest girl in all the world, I 'm sure! But oh, how afraid I was that you might be hurt when Dobbin was plunging that way. How could you do it?"

Jessica's brown eyes looked into Lou Evarts's blue ones, which were full of admiring tears, and said simply, "Why, Lou, dear, I could n't see old Dobbin thrashed. It was our holly that scared him, so I felt responsible. And then the dear



"'SIGN HERE, PLEASE,' SAID WILL, IN A VERY BUSINESSLIKE MANNER." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

the horse's legs sharply. Out flew his hoofs, only to make matters worse. The sharp holly pierced him yet more keenly, angering the usually gentle animal. With vicious kicks and plunges, he reared in the shafts, backing steadily upon the scattered mass of boxes and bundles. In desperate haste, Joe began to drag and pull as much out of harm's way as possible, shouting lustily, "Whoa there! whoa! Get hold of his head, somebody, won't you, while I tend to things back here."

Several sprang forward at his cry. One, with uplifted whip and harsh voice, snatched at the bridle-rein, but Jessica was before him.

beastie knows me so well, I was sure I could quiet him. You know you and I have played with him ever since we were little tots. It was n't really courage at all."

"It 's what other people call courage, if you don't," insisted Lou, still clinging affectionately to her friend; "and, oh, Jessica, darling, please forgive me for being cross the other day. I 've been so unhappy about it, you can't think."

"Yes, I can," answered her friend warmly, "for I 've been unhappy myself; and if I 'd done as I should, I 'd have come straight over to you, to make up at once."

On Christmas morning, Jessica, in a flutter of delight, was turning over the many gifts she had received, and making herself a little acquainted with them. There had been the great excitement of opening them all, exclaiming over them, and handing them from hand to hand to be admired. Then had come the busy half-hour in which she and Joe had tidied the paper-strewn floor, gathered up the bits of ribbon and string, and sorted each one's presents into their separate piles. Now she had drawn up a chair before her own possessions, and, buried in its depths, was peeping into a book that she had long yearned to have.

So absorbed was she, that she took no note of rumbling wheels outside, nor of the sturdy pealing of the door-bell.

"Wake up, Jessica," cried Joe, appearing in the doorway. "Here 's a package for you. Come out and sign."

Up sprang Jessica, all in a tremor of pleasurable surprise, throwing down her book as she went. Sure enough, her wish had come true, and Will Evarts himself delivered to her a plump brown paper parcel, plainly directed in her cousin's handwriting to Miss Jessica Moore.

"Sign here, please," said Will, indicating the proper space in a very businesslike manner, as he offered her a pencil, and then added, as Jessica placed her name on the page which he held open for her, "This must be your reward of virtue, Jess, for coming to the front in the way you did yesterday. You had splendid nerve, and you have my grateful thanks, I can tell you."

"Nonsense, Will," she answered modestly; "there was n't any virtue in it. Besides," with a roguish twinkle, "this package came all the way from Massachusetts, and must have started some days before Dobbin gave his initial kick."

With all the importance that she had anticipated, Jessica severed the string that bound her first express package. Very proudly she opened the pretty gifts sent to her from the eastern home of the three young lady cousins who had been her mother's guests during the preceding summer.

But there was one that she puzzled over for a moment or two, before she unwrapped it. It bore a card inscribed to *Jessica and Company*.

"What can that mean?" she wondered, turning it over and over, and then saying, with a laugh, "Well, I guess I 'll find out if I undo it," she broke the string. Inside lay a long, slim box, and fastened to it was a tiny note that read:

DEAR JESSICA:

We know your social nature, and that you love to share your pleasures with a friend. Follow the instructions on this little box, light the mystic candle, and may the sign come true.
YOUR COUSINS THREE.

In colored script on the white box-cover were the words:

What is read on Christmas night,
By the Christmas candle-light,
Casts a charm o'er every night
Through the year.

Inside was a beautiful bayberry candle, aromatically fragrant, dull green, and molded by hand.

"Jessica and Company! Oh, that means Lou and me," she decided, and laid the candle carefully down, with a wise, little nod. "I 'll think about what we 'd like to have come true." But though she remembered many beautiful things that they might read together on that Christmas night, she could not see how any of them could "cast a charm o'er every night through the year."

It was not until Lou herself came in at dusk, glowing from the cold outdoor air, to thank her friend for the daintily embroidered collar-and-cuff set, and whispered: "I 'm so glad, dear, that we 're together again, and that our quarrel is over," that a sudden light rose in Jessica's face.

Then, taking the long box in her hand, and putting an arm around Lou's waist, she drew her gently to the door, saying, "Come up to my room, Louie. I want to show you something."

On Jessica's writing-desk lay a small morocco-covered volume. Beside it she placed a low brass candlestick, stuck the bayberry candle in its bowl, and lighted it carefully, with a grave, sweet smile.

"Read this," she said, slipping the verse into her companion's hand. Lou's eyes ran slowly over the lines, and then were raised questioningly to the girl at her side.

"And now, Louie, dear," continued Jessica, softly, as she opened the little volume on her desk, "read this with me."

The delicious fragrance of the bayberry floated toward the two girls, as, side by side, and bending their heads over the book, they read by its flickering light the words that Jessica's forefinger traced: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."



HER CHRISTMAS LIST

BY MRS. JOHN T. VAN SANT

A SQUEAKY lamb for Baby Bell,
 A lovely vase for Mother;
 A doll for Madge, a book for Nell,
 A Teddy bear for Brother.

A dainty cap with ribbons blue
 Will make Grandmother glad;
 A pair of gloves for Aunty Sue,—
 But,—what *can* I give Dad?

Of handkerchiefs he has a score;
 And such a lot of ties!
 To go and buy him any more,
 Would surely not be wise.

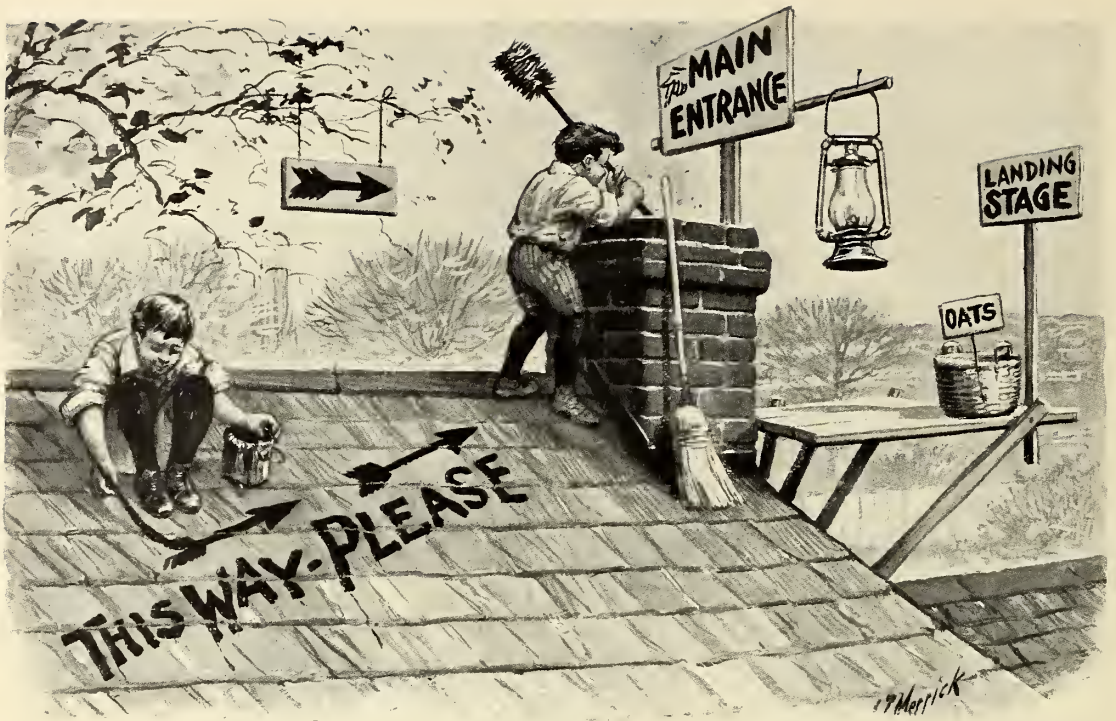
He has a muffler for his neck,
 He has a fountain-pen;

He will not use a smoking-sack,
 But that 's the way with men!

He has a new umbrella, too;
 He has just everything!
 Oh, dear, I don't know what to do,—
 He *will* not wear a ring!

A squeaky lamb for Baby Bell,
 A lovely vase for Mother;
 A doll for Madge, a book for Nell,
 A Teddy bear for Brother.

A dainty cap with ribbons blue
 Will make Grandmother glad;
 A pair of gloves for Aunty Sue,—
 But,—what *can* I give Dad!



MAKING IT EASY FOR SANTA CLAUS.

SANDY BROWN

SANDY BROWN is always happy,
 You can't make him cross and glum;
 Tease him, and he won't be snappy,—
 He 's a dandy for a chum.
 Does n't care if boots are muddy;
 Though his eyes and wits are keen,
 He 's no such a "fuddy-duddy"
 As to ask if boots are clean.

If your coat is patched or ragged,
 Sandy never cares a mite;
 If you cut your bread off jagged,
 Sandy won't refuse a bite.
 Does n't notice tan and freckles,
 Nor get fresh about your hair.
 What 's a red head or brown speckles,
 If a chap is straight and square?

Sandy saved my life last winter;
 I thought that the ice was sound
 And fell through; but he 's a sprinter,
 And soon had me on dry ground.
 Not a single streak of yellow
 In *him* can you ever strike;

Sandy 's just the kind of fellow
 That a fellow 's bound to like!

He sticks closer than a brother;
 Right by me you 'll see him jog
 Rain or shine. There 's only Mother,
 Good as Sandy Brown, my dog.





LITTLE TOYO AND UME BIDDING EACH OTHER GOOD-BY.

UME'S NEW-YEAR'S DAY

BY EMMA SAREPTA YULE

"Is it really New-Year's Day?" asked little Ume, when she awakened on the first day of January.

"Yes," said her mother; "and Little Flower must hurry and dress."

Ume crept out of her kimono-shaped blankets and comforts, and off of the sleeping cushions, in her haste upsetting the little, padded, wooden pillow on which her head had rested all night, filled with happy dreams of the good times of the New-Year.

She ran across the soft matting to look out-of-doors. Not through a window, for Ume lived in Tokio, where houses have no windows, but, instead, sliding screens, or doors, covered with white rice-paper. Ume slid the pretty, latticed, paper door open.

With almost a sob, she cried: "Oh, dear, dear, it is raining, Mother, and I 'll have to wear my old kimono."

"Never mind, little one, even if it is raining, you may wear your lovely, new, warm kimono

which has the beautiful red and yellow chrysanthemums on it."

"Oh, goody!" said Ume, her face brightening. "And when I go to school for the ceremony, may I wear my new, purple, school skirt? And, Mother, dear, won't you comb my hair beautifully on top of my head?"

"Yes, Ume, dear."

The mother combed up her pretty daughter's long, black hair, rolling it over a circular band of red cardboard, so it was in two cushion-like rolls on top of her little head. The fringe of straight bangs she combed down over her forehead, and then pinned a large bow of blue ribbon in front of the roll, and put in some bright hair ornaments.

"How pretty I look!" said Ume, as she knelt in front of her mother's dressing-glass. "I know that my best friend, Toyo, will think I am dressed very nice. And now, because it is raining, may I wear my new, red lacquer *geta*,¹ Mother?"

¹ Wooden clogs worn always when the streets are wet. Pronounced *gā ta*.

"Yes, yes; but now little Ume must eat her breakfast."

Ume knelt down on the yellow-and-brown plaid cushion before her little, red lacquer table, and, taking up her chop-sticks, began to eat her cup of rice and the good New-Year's *mochi* (rice-cake).

"Oh, I cannot eat this morning. I am afraid I'll be late to school."

You see it was the first time that Ume had seen the New-Year's ceremony at school.

The mother, busy with preparing for New-Year's callers, and with the sending of the New-Year's gifts, was glad to have her excited, chattering, little girl start for school. She put on her



UME ON HER WAY TO SCHOOL.

feet the new snow-white *tabi*, which go on just like mittens on the hands, the large toe in the place for the thumb. Then Ume stepped out of the house, onto the steps, slipped her feet out of her sandals and into the beautiful, new, red geta, putting the strap between the first and second toes. She bowed low to her mother, saying "*Sayonara*."¹ Japanese children never kiss their mothers. Then she put up a quaint, oiled-paper umbrella, and, without stopping to look at the odd-shaped little pine-trees in the garden, went through the street gate. She did not stop, even here, to look at the fringe of rice-straw, with ferns and queer-shaped pieces of white paper tied

on it, which was stretched above the door, or at the tasseled knot of rice-rope, with an orange and a lobster tied to it, which was just over the middle of the door, or the tall, graceful bamboo-trees and the pine-tree, which, tied together with rice-rope, were at each side of it.

True, Ume had seen these New-Year's decorations for the past two or three days, and this morning her little mind was too full of the new things.

As she clattered off down the street on her pretty, wooden clogs, she was careful not to spatter mud on her white *tabi*, and to keep the rain off her beautiful gay-colored kimono.

Soon she was one of dozens of children hurrying through the streets to the school. When she went into the entrance, a kind servant took off her geta and put on her straw sandals, and away she pattered to the school-room.

In a short time, all the children marched down to a large room, or hall. The boys marched in rows on one side of the hall, and the girls in rows on the other side.

At last, the whole nine hundred little children of the school were properly arranged. Many teachers were standing in the front of the room, and many were at the back.

Little Ume was right in the front row, for she was in the youngest class. Beside her was her dear little chum, Toyo, who looked at Ume with adoring eyes and slipped her hand into hers.

As the teachers and visitors were taking their places, Ume's eyes shone very bright, and her heart beat with joy; for she saw no kimono with flowers on so large and gay as those on hers. She pulled the edge of her under-kimono down to show it more; for was it not pink, a really more stylish color this year than the bright scarlet of Toyo's? Even the excitement of a teacher taking his place at the organ could not keep her from thinking of the wonderful new silk *obi*, or sash, which she would put on when she went home and took off her school skirt.

"It is very nice to have such pretty clothes," she thought.

Just then, two chords were struck on the organ. Every head was bowed low at each chord. Then a man with a short stick stood on the platform, and all the children sang the beloved "*Kimigayo*." How little Ume did sing! For had not her teacher, Hayama-san, taught her that it was the song of her country, Japan, and her glorious Emperor?

Then the master stepped upon the platform. He bowed low in front of a dear little bamboo screen-curtain which hung under a lovely shelf,

¹ Sayonara is Japanese for "good-by."

from which was draped a purple cloth with the crests of the Emperor and Empress on it. Then the master got upon a stool and began to roll up the curtain.

Ume's little heart was beating so fast that the lovely braid ornaments on her kimono bobbed up and down.

When the curtain was rolled up, the master stepped down, again bowed low and slowly, and came down from the platform. Then Ume saw the pictures of her gracious Emperor and Empress.

At the signal from the organ, all bowed very low in reverential salute to Their Majesties. Ume forgot how pretty she looked, and bowed her little head very, very low. Tears came into her eyes, and her throat had a big lump in it.

Again the master went upon the platform and took up something rolled on an ivory rod. He bowed low over the roll, then solemnly and slowly began to untie it. As he unrolled it, he read.

Ume did not understand what he read. But her teacher had told her that it was the loved Emperor's words to his people. It told them to be faithful and loving to their parents, to study hard and learn much, and then they would please their Emperor, and be loyal to their country.

When the man finished reading and had tied up the roll, all sang the New-Year's song, which said something like this:

“Place beside the wide home portals
Fragrant pine, and bamboo graceful,
Emblems of Eternity.
Honor this, the New-Year's birthday,
As our fathers have for ages.

“Radiant, bright, the sun is shining,
Over all our land so peaceful;
So our Emperor's reign is glorious,
Gracious over all his loving,
Grateful, true, and loyal people.”

The master then told them why they should be happy on New-Year's Day. Ume kept her eyes fastened on him; but she was getting rather tired standing so long, and she thought of many things to say to Toyo. She was quite ready to sing with great vigor the last song, which was about the rising sun.

This ended the New-Year's ceremony. Ume trooped out with the others, receiving at the door the pretty New-Year's box of candies.

No umbrellas were needed now, for the sun was shining over the great city, gay with holiday decorations. The bright lanterns, waving bamboo, fluttering banners, and floating flags made the city itself look like one huge festal hall.

¹ White paper cut in a peculiar shape. A sacred emblem. ² A Japanese wall-picture or decoration.

Toyo and Ume, chattering and clattering along the street hand in hand, found life very merry.

“Can you come to my home to see the mochi?” Ume asked.

“Oh, yes; my mother said I might.”

Ume showed Toyo the New-Year mochi in the honored alcove in the guest-room, or parlor,—showed her the three great, white cakes of it, piled one on top of the other.

Imitating her mother's Japanese politeness, Ume said: “Of course, these are very small cakes of mochi; not so large and nice as yours.”

“Oh, no; yours are much nicer than ours,” said little polite Toyo. “Your three square cakes on top are larger than ours, and I think the pink one is a more stylish shade than we have.”

“But our orange and lobster, and the knot of rice-rope, are not tied quite perfect with the gift cord. I do not think it is put on top of all the mochi quite right,” said Ume.

“Oh, it is quite right, and I'm sure the strips of dried kelp and the green seaweed and *goher* ¹



“TOYO AND UME FOUND LIFE VERY MERRY.”

hanging down in front of all, are lovely. I know your stick of charcoal on top by the orange is nicer than ours,” said very polite Toyo.

“Oh, thank you; I'm sure it is not,” Ume answered; “and our *kakemono* ² of the seven gods of fortune hanging behind it is a very poor one.”

“Oh, no; it is so beautiful,” murmured Toyo.

This was quite enough of the politeness of grown-ups, so Toyo went home to take off her school skirt and put on her silk obi of many lovely colors; she then came back to play with Ume.

The little chums ate some New-Year's dainties, then Ume said: "Now see my presents. This little plum-tree was given to me by my mother, because, you know, my name, Ume, means plum blossom."

"How pretty it is!" said Toyo. "Does it not

lady on my paddle is almost as beautiful as my sister Cho."

Ume's big brother, Sataro, showed the little girls how to play the game and played with them.

How they laughed! how happy it all was! the green, bower-like street filled with people, old and young, playing and laughing; and the lively rat-a-tat of the battledore and shuttlecock games.

At the open place at the end of the street, boys were flying brightly painted, odd-shaped



"THEN BEGAN THE GREAT FUN OF THE DAY—A GAME OF BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK."

smell sweet? It is a lovely gift, Ume, and I'm sure the branches are bent just right."

"It is not so sweet and pretty as my own little Plum Blossom," said Ume's mother, who was now dressed in a soft, silk kimono to make calls with the father, very fine in his silk clothes.

"How perfectly splendid!" exclaimed the little girls, when they saw the young lady sister, Cho, in her beautiful lavender kimono of brocaded silk and her lovely obi with the butterflies on it, and her hair with its pretty combs and a pink flower in one side.

The children watched all three spin away in the jinrikishas, and then they began the great fun of the day. This was playing battledore and shuttlecock.

"See," cried Ume, "the silken-covered young

kites. "Oh, look, look!" Ume cried; "Brother Shiro's kite is flying highest of all. See, Toyo, the one that looks like a sea-gull. Is it not pretty?" In her enthusiasm she forgot her politeness.

Then came a last exciting game of battledore and shuttlecock with brother Sataro, in which Ume beat him,—for he was a kind brother.

"Come, Toyo, now we will put the white streaks on Sataro's face, to show every one that we beat him."

With great glee the little girls painted the white daubs on the brother's face, while every one laughed.

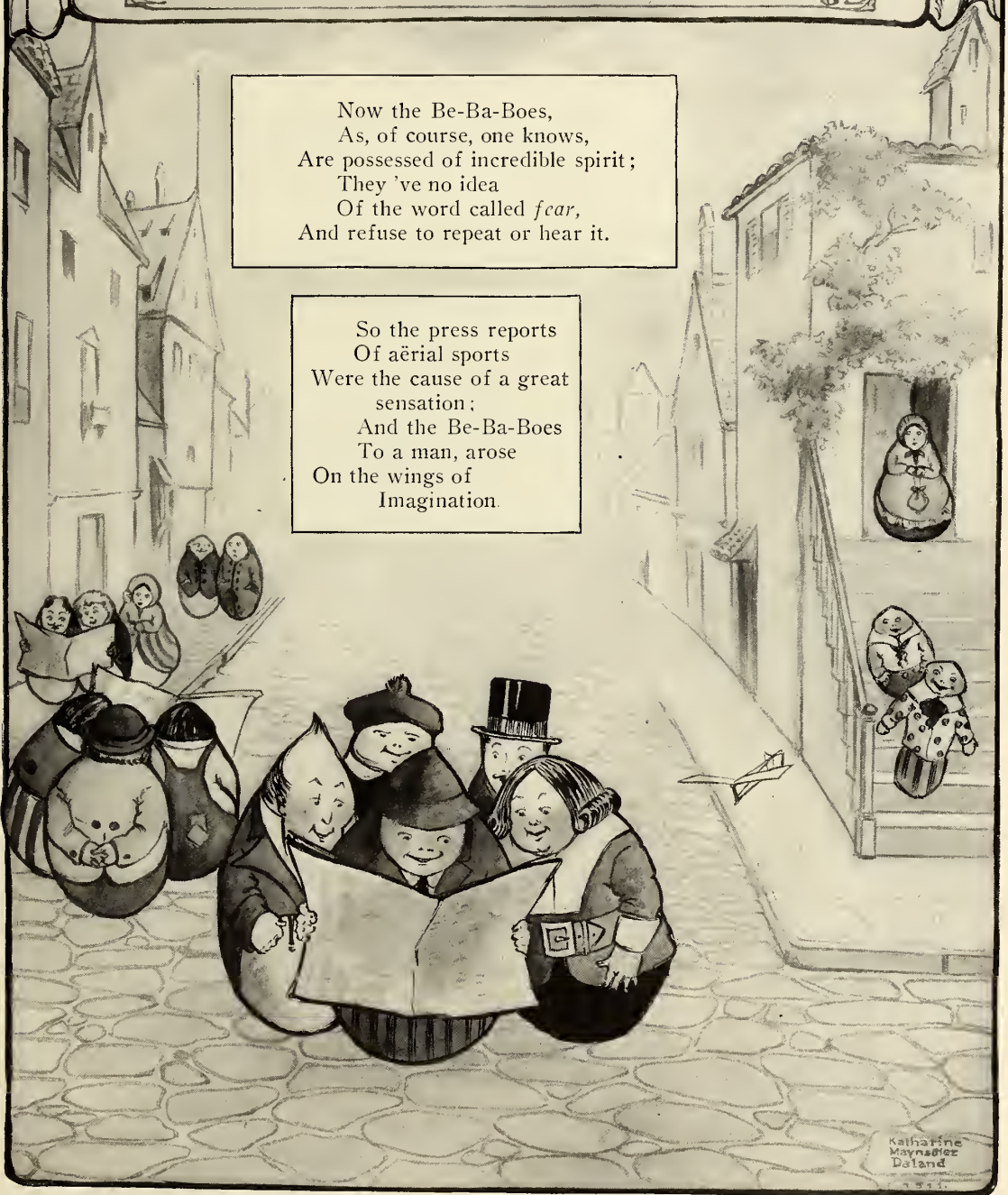
But all too soon the day was over. Toyo must say "Sayonara." Little Ume was soon in a land filled with singing, sweetmeats, battledores, beautiful kimonos, and sweet-smelling plum blossoms.

THE AVIATOR

by D.K. Stevens

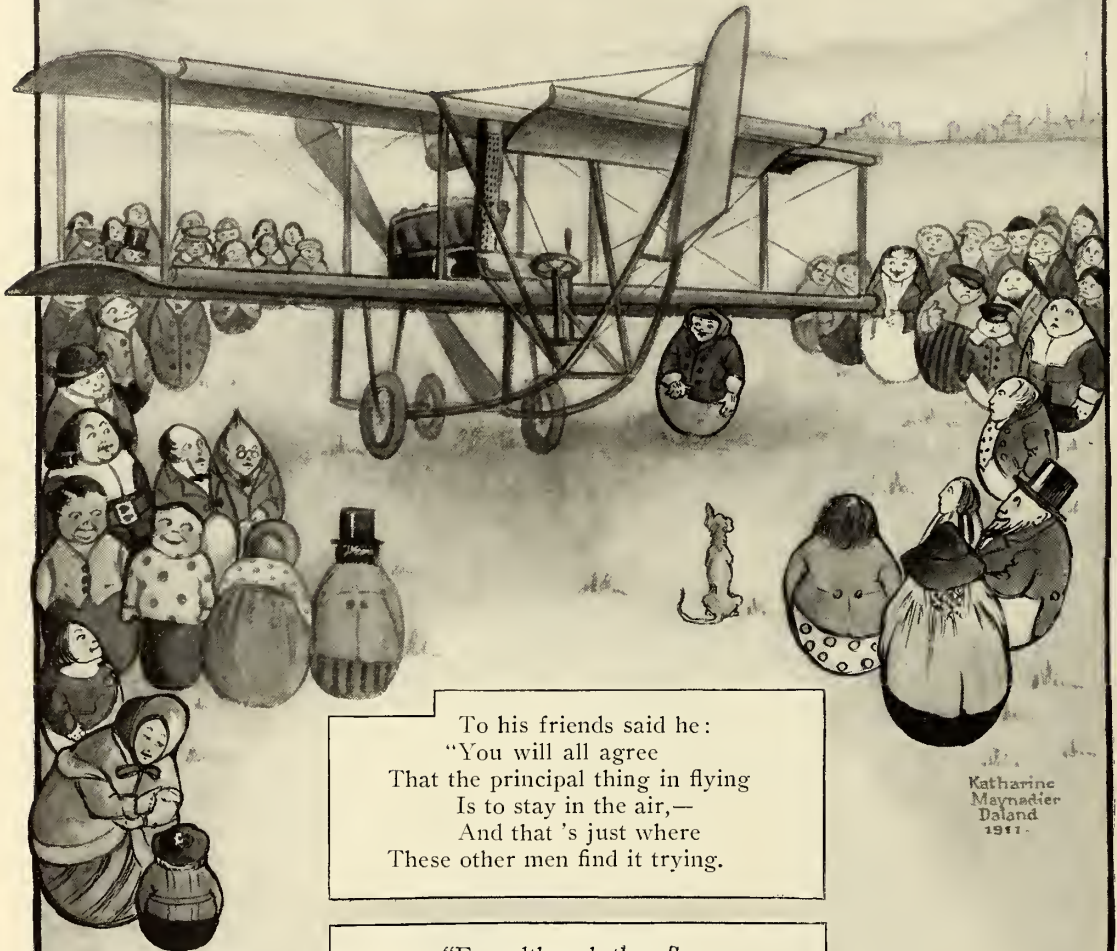
Now the Be-Ba-Boes,
As, of course, one knows,
Are possessed of incredible spirit;
They 've no idea
Of the word called *fear*,
And refuse to repeat or hear it.

So the press reports
Of aërial sports
Were the cause of a great
sensation ;
And the Be-Ba-Boes
To a man, arose
On the wings of
Imagination.



Katharine
Maynard
Boland

Well, it happened so
That a Be-Ba-Bo,
Who was skilled as a mechanic,
One day was seen
With a flying-machine,
Which he placed on exhibition.

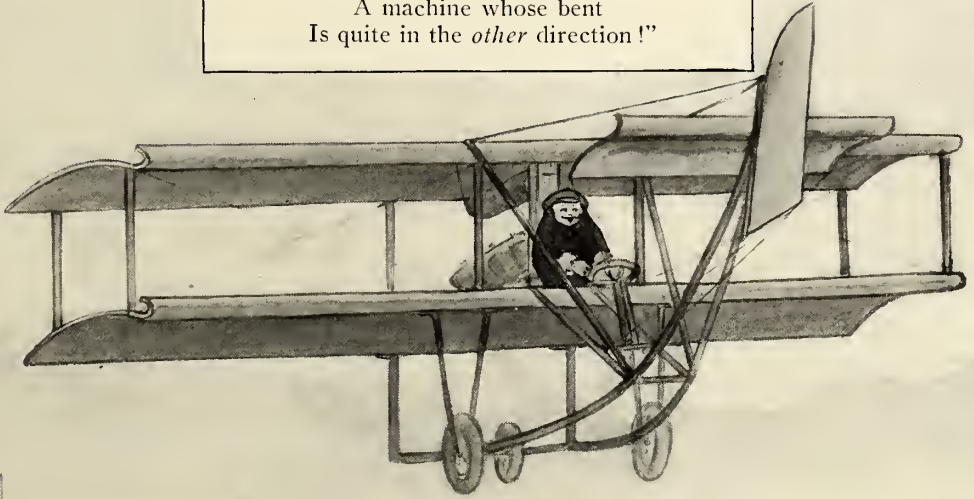


To his friends said he:
"You will all agree
That the principal thing in flying
Is to stay in the air,—
And that 's just where
These other men find it trying.

"For, although they fly,
And distinctly high,
I will call to your best attention
That if anything breaks,
Then the airship takes
A course that we call *declension*.

Katharine
Maynardier
Daland
1911.

“And so I’ve found
That to get around
That *descending* predilection,
I have had to invent
A machine whose bent
Is quite in the *other* direction!”



And with these remarks,
He advanced his sparks,
(Which, I think, is the technical phrasing),
And was off like a bird
At the given word,
In a style that was most amazing.

Katharine
Maynardier
Daland
1911.

Now there is n't a doubt
That his plan worked out
In a way that perhaps surprised him,
For he never came down—
And his native town
Derided and criticized him.

And the story goes,
That the Be-Ba-Boes,
Though addicted to aviation,
Make every trip
In the kind of ship
That is subject to gravitation.



WHAT FUN!

BY JEAN HALIFAX

OH, would n't it be jolly
With Santa Claus to ride,
With swift and gentle reindeer
Across the roofs to glide!

All over this wide country
So fast and sure we 'd go,
And 'way across the ocean,
To lands of spice and snow.

And when old Santa Claus would stop,
And down a chimney climb,
I 'd hang fast to his pack, you see,
And have a splendid time!

I 'd watch him fill the stockings,
As I 've always wished I might,—
And tell him where the poor folks lived,
So their Christmas would be bright.



His Great-Grand-dad's Dollars

by Edmund Vance Cooke

start the family fortunes all over again. He thought about it a good deal, and it did n't seem easy. So he asked "Apple Jack."

I am sure most people would have laughed at his asking Apple Jack, whose real name was John Kelley (which nobody ever called him), and who kept a fruit-stand on the corner of High Street right near the Capitol. But Apple Jack seemed almost a merchant prince to Perseus, who had bought many apples and peanuts in the better days when there had been pennies and nickels for him to spend.

"Apple Jack, what do you do when you want to make a fortune?" asked Perseus. Apple Jack rubbed his gray-red fingers across his gray-red chin. "It a'n't always so aisy. Money a'n't aisy catchin', unless you got money for bait. First t'ing might be to take a' inventory."

"Where shall I take it?" asked Perseus, innocently.

Apple Jack rubbed his chin again, and grinned a little back of his hand. "It a'n't somet'in' to carry off. It 's findin' out just what you got to carry on. Now there 's meself. Suppose I take a' inventory. I find out how many apples, how many quart of nuts, how many jars and such.

PERSEUS was twelve years old when his father died, and left him and his mother very poor. He was named Perseus after his father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather. He knew his great-grandfather had been a thrifty Yankee sailor whose small savings had purchased land "away out West in Ohio," that his grandfather had made money farming and selling this land, and that his father had lost the money in city business, so that he, Perseus IV, would have to

Then I know how much I got that 's money, or that 'll make money."

This seemed very important to Perseus, so he started to make a list of everything in the house, beginning with the attic. He lived in a very old house, and it contained some relics of the former Perseuses, but none of their left-overs seemed to have any such value as that of apples and peanuts in the eyes of Perseus.

Soon, however, he nearly forgot his inventory in the interest which attaches to quite old things. Clothes which are ten years old are usually merely rubbish, out of style, and out of shape, but clothes a hundred years old are treasures of interest. Perseus found a coat in an old sea chest which must have been a hundred years old at least. It was his great-grandfather's pea-jacket, close woven against the sea weather, and to Perseus's delighted eyes it brought memories of all the famous captains from Marryat to Kidd. His arms were lost when he tried it on, and it enveloped him like a collapsible barrel, but, alas! time and neglect were telling upon its constitution, and there were moth-patches and rotting threads. And, as he started to hang it on a hook, after he had squirmed out of it, laboriously, something dropped to the floor and rolled away. His first natural thought was that it was a button, but it was n't. It was a silver dollar, seemingly quite new, but unlike any other dollar Perseus had ever seen. The Goddess of Liberty had changed her countenance, and seemingly had turned around, for the head faced to the right, instead of to the left, as upon the dollars he had known. The edge of the dollar was smooth, and had letters running all the way around. But, anyway, it was a dollar!

He guessed at once that it had been inside the lining, which had given way, and that in taking the coat off he had shaken the dollar out. A dollar! here was something worth while to add to his inventory. Perseus sat down on the old sea chest and wondered what to do with so much money. Should he buy apples and sell them in a basket? That would hardly be fair to his friend Apple Jack, he thought. Should he buy papers? There were too many boys, and even girls, selling them now. Then he had an idea: he would buy his mother a present and surprise her. He went all the way down-town so as to buy the very nicest thing possible.

As he came in sight of Apple Jack's stand, he thought to surprise his old friend, too, so he took the dollar out of his pocket and tossed it up into the air and caught it, as he walked along. He was looking out of the corner of his eye to see how Apple Jack would be surprised, and that was

how he missed catching his dollar. A young man in a green suit stopped impulsively and picked it up, glancing at it as he handed it back. Before Perseus could take it, the young man seemed to note the unusual appearance of the coin, and he jerked it back and looked at it more closely. A strange look shot into his face, and out of his open eyes and mouth. "Say, kid, this dollar 's the date of me birth. Give it to me, and I 'll give you an extry dime for it." He put his hand into his green pocket.

Perseus would have liked the extra dime, but it seemed to him that his mother's present would n't be quite the same, if bought with another dollar, so he refused.

"Suppose you would n't take ten dollars for it?" leered the young man.

"Ten dollars! why—why—"

"Aw, take your old dollar," said the young man, suddenly pulling his hand out of his pocket and thrusting it toward Perseus.

Perseus mechanically took the proffered coin from the hand of the young man in green, who turned away with a grin, but found his other hand seized and his arm turned in a sharp twist. The hand opened involuntarily, and out of it dropped a new dollar of an old style. "I 'm thinkin' you made a small mishtake, maybe," said Apple Jack, as he released the young man's hand and picked up the coin.

For an instant the young fellow was taken aback, but when he saw it was only a poor, old, fruit-stand man, he began to bluster. "What 's the matter with *you*? Can't I offer a poor kid ten dollars for one without your buttin' in? I 've a notion to knock you down."

"Try it." Old Apple Jack's voice was quiet. "But an Irishman niver gits so old that ther' a'n't one fight left in him, and whin I have yez down, I 'll sit on you till big Heiney, the cop, comes a-past."

The young man in green edged away, muttering. Perseus, who had his own dollar now, ran after him to give back the substitute coin. "Yer a rare lad. Some b'ys w'u'd 'a' kep' it," said Apple Jack.

"He said he 'd give me ten other dollars for my dollar," said Perseus. "I wish he had."

"'T was foolish of him, though 't is an odd piece by the luk of it. Why, 't was made over a hunderd years ago. Maybe—maybe it 's wort' more than tin dollars, b'y."

"Oh, Apple Jack! more than ten dollars! And I was going to spend it for one!"

Apple Jack thought hard for a minute. "Lemme see; lemme see; how could wan find out? There 's the snip of a clerk at the First National that ates

apples for lunch because Russell Sage did; maybe he could tell. Maybe wan of thim big fellys up in the State House that 's supposed to know everyt'ing. Maybe— Hi, Heiney, have an apple

Chudge Lofejoy, and he spends more as my salary every mont' puying olt money you would n't take for gounterfeit."

"I know him!" said Apple Jack. "He used to be in the State House, but he made his jugful and quit the game. 'T is tin years since I seen him."

"Ten years since you *saw* him!" exclaimed Perseus. There was nothing particular to exclaim about, but that was his polite way of correcting his old friend's speech. Heiney had passed on, and Apple Jack stood for a moment as if studying the atoms in the atmosphere. "Good-by," said Perseus, but he did n't go.

Apple Jack turned and closed his stand. Closed his stand! and it was ten o'clock of a Saturday morning. The oldest citizen had never heard of such a thing. "Maybe this is the day you start yer forchin, me lad. If that dollar is wort' more than tin common dollars, Judge Lovejoy can tell us."

Together they walked out Broad Street to the Lovejoy residence, a great stone house of the old, square style. A smart maid wearing a white cap and apron glanced through the glass at the old man in the faded brown coat with yellow shoulders and the young boy whose wrists were racing through his sleeves. She opened the door a foot, and said: "We don't want any."

"If it was politeness we was sellin', maybe you might," said Apple Jack. "If Judge Lovejoy is in, ax him could I see him."

"Oh!" said the maid, with biting sarcasm, "have you a card?"

"I have that," said Apple Jack, the Irish in him aroused by the maid's attitude. He reached into his outside pocket and drew forth an empty peanut bag, fumbled into an inside pocket and found a stub of a lead-pencil, slipped Perseus's dollar into the bag and rubbed the unsharpened end of



"SOMETHING DROPPED TO THE FLOOR AND ROLLED AWAY."

the marnin' and tell me how do you find out how much money is wort'?"

"Py hart working for it," smiled Heiney.

"Yis, but I mean *old* money."

"Olt money is not so much wort' as new money. It wears smood."

"But old money when it luks like new?" persisted Apple Jack.

"Oh, you mean goin-gollector's money. That is a foolishness. Why, up by Broad Street lives

the pencil over the surfaces of the dollar, front and back. "Me card for yer master," he said.

Evidently the maid had seen rubbed reproductions of coins before, for she took the bag without further protest. "You can wait in the hall."

Out of the hall led an old, broad staircase with a balustrade, and down this stair, in another minute or two, came a gentleman in black, with hair and hands almost as white as his waistcoat. His old legs bent a little, but he came cagerly, almost hurriedly. "Where did you get this dollar? Let me see it!"

He seized the coin, took it to the light, fished out a magnifying-glass, and scrutinized the date closely. "Not a scratch or scar! It has n't been altered," he breathed, more to himself than to them. He turned the coin's edge to his eyes and, again using the glass, looked at every letter around the edge. "Perfect! perfect! It is n't a re-strike. Do you know how much this coin is worth?" He put the question suddenly and almost fiercely.

"A goodish bit," said Apple Jack, shrewdly. "Maybe more than I 'm likely to see by workin' this year,—I dunno."

The old judge was still looking at the coin as if he had never seen a silver dollar before. "It 's genuine! it 's genuine! who could believe it?"

"Maybe we 'd better be goin'. sur, if you 're through lukin' at it."

The old judge bristled like a cat about to be deprived of its kittens. "Why did you bring it here unless to sell it to me? Where did you get it? If you can account for having it, I 'll give you—" here he stopped abruptly and again brought the coin under the glass, as if unable to believe that it was really there.

"What did I say? It 's wort' *more* than tin dollars," whispered Apple Jack, triumphantly.

Perseus did n't answer, but he gripped Apple Jack's arm hard and turned an excited face up to the judge. "I found it in my great-grandfather's pea-jacket. It was inside the lining. That 's why no one ever found it before, I suppose."

The judge looked hard at the boy, and then said abruptly: "I 'll give you five hundred dollars for the coin. You are to bring me the old coat to help prove your story, but I 'll give you the check now."

Perseus sat down suddenly in a convenient chair, as if the words had pushed him into it. Apple Jack looked down at him and spoke quite calmly: "Will yez take it, b'y?" though he was really quite as much overcome as Perseus himself.

Perseus nodded his head, or, rather, it seemed to nod for him. He was not conscious of con-

trolling it. A few moments later, and he was outside with Apple Jack. His hand was in his pocket and a blue slip of paper was in his hand. He did n't let go till he reached home, and he ran all the way.

He had hard work to convince his mother that he was not the victim of some trick. That any one outside of a lunatic asylum would give five hundred dollars for one dollar seemed like a tale out of the "Arabian Nights." It sounded pleasant enough, but quite unbelievable. But when he had told her the whole story, and when he had cashed the check and counted the money, three times, before her eyes, and had re-deposited it in a savings-bank and had a clean, new bank-book with the credit figures in plain Arabian numerals written in fresh ink, she believed it. "If it 's really true," she said, "you must give Apple Jack half, for you would n't have had any of it but for him. And you must take the old pea-jacket to Judge Lovejoy at once."

That same afternoon Perseus stood before Apple Jack's stand again. "Oh, Apple Jack, half of it is yours, if the judge does n't take it away. I 'm taking the pea-jacket to him now, and there 's something else I don't know how to tell you."

"Me take yer money!" Apple Jack's tone was indignant. "What would I do wid'it? All I need is a bite to eat and a sup to drink and me bit of bacey. 'T was your dollar we sold, not mine. Sure, if you sold an apple for me, wud yez ax me for half the money?"

"Apple Jack, do you remember the date on that dollar?"

"Sure I do. And the judge said they 're scarcer than snakes in Ireland. Scarce or no scarce, though, why anny other dollar is n't just as good bothers me head to find out."

"Apple Jack, stoop down," said Perseus, in a low tone. "Some one might hear."

He whispered something in Apple Jack's ear, and when Apple Jack straightened up again, his face of astonishment seemed almost frightened. "Wurra, now a'n't that too bad? And what will ye do?"

"I ought to tell him, ought n't I?"

Apple Jack looked straight ahead for a few moments, and then spoke: "Yez ought. 'T is a hard t'ing to do, but 't is right. Ye see that red-faced man wid the black cigar drivin' the big auto? Well, he 's a crook. Every wan knows he 's a crook, and not a man in Columbus would take his word for the price of a pitcher post-card. I mind when he come here, a fine, straight, young felly from Hamilton. 'T was the time they was passin' the fifty-year franchise bill. You don't remember, for you was n't born. There was dirty

money a-plenty, and Matthews—that 's his name—he got his share. For what? For supportin' the bill? Not he. Just for keepin' still. He knew a t'ing or two he should have said, but he did n't. He kep' still. He began not by doin' somet'in'

ously. "It was in the lining, you say. And this is the slit where it broke through. Simple enough; simple enough; and yet why should your great-grandfather have so carefully concealed this one particular dollar at that time, I wonder?"

"There were nine more of them," said Perseus, simply.

The white fingers of the judge dropped the old pea-jacket on the floor. "The same date?"

"The same date."

For a second the judge's face blazed, and then settled to a quiet sternness more threatening than anger. "Do you think it was honest not to tell me that this morning?"

"I did n't know it this morning, sir. I found them when I got the coat down to bring it to you this afternoon. Mother says he must have got them in payment for something, perhaps from the Government, just about the time he came to Ohio; and Father used to say he was a cunning, careful, old Yankee, so he must have sewed them in the lining for safe-keeping. Dollars were dollars those days, Mother says."

"They 're only dollars again," groaned the judge, "now that you 've found so many of them. Have you sold them?"

"Oh, no, I have them here." The boy reached into his pocket and brought them forth. The judge gave them a look and pushed them aside. "I 've been ten years trying to buy a coin like those. You sell me

one, and then you dump a whole pocketful before me." He seemed seized with a sort of fury, like an ill-tempered child. "I 'll buy these, too, and pay well for them!" he muttered. Then, suddenly, he snatched a match and lighted a gas-jet upon which there was no tip. From a small drawer in a cabinet he brought forth a pair of pincers and a metal tube a few inches in length. Picking up one of the dollars, he held it before the jet, placed an

"I 'LL GIVE YOU FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR THE COIN," SAID THE JUDGE."

dishonest, but by *not* doin' somet'in' honest. And now, well, now, I, I, old Apple Jack, who was niver in an auto in me life, I call him a crook, and not a man in Columbus will say 'no' to me. You 're right in tellin' the judge."

The maid in the white cap and apron admitted Perseus readily enough this time, and sent him up-stairs. Old Judge Lovejoy opened the package hastily and examined the old pea-jacket curi-



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end of the tube in his mouth, and blew the flame upon the coin. The silver glistened brighter and smoothed under the flame where the date had been. Again and again and again he repeated the operation, till the entire nine were so many disks of scrap-silver. "There!" he cried, in savage triumph, throwing the blowpipe down.

"Oh," breathed Perseus, "does that make the other dollar good? And may I keep the money now?"

"Did n't you intend to keep it?" demanded the judge; "and did n't you intend to sell these, too?"

"Oh, no. Apple Jack and I thought it only honest to bring the nine dollars to you. And we thought most likely you would make us give the five hundred dollars back."

Judge Lovejoy took a long look at Perseus, as if he saw him for the first time. What he saw was a half-grown boy whose gray sleeves were too shrinkingly modest for his arms, and whose two big, blue eyes looked straight and clear into his own. With a sudden movement, he turned to a desk and scratched a few hasty words upon a

narrow, blue slip of paper. "I'm paying you for each, as I paid you for the first one. Is that fair? Is that fair?"

Perseus looked at the blue check. It was just like the one of the morning, except that there was a "4" in front of the "5." "I—I don't understand," he faltered.

The judge put his arm around the slight figure and brought his eyes close to the boy's face, as he said: "I'm afraid I was n't altogether fair to you this morning, although I meant to be. Any collector would have given you what I did for the coin, and perhaps even more. But the discovery of the nine others made each one worth a great deal less. I destroyed their value, but this time I'm going to make sure of giving you every cent they were worth by paying you for each of them at the price I myself made this morning. I'm an old man, and I've always thought that I was an honest one, but I take my hat off to you—and to Apple Jack. Your honesty is the right kind. Don't you ever lose it. It's worth more to you than dollars, even dollars of 1804."

THE THREE LITTLE MEN

BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP

THREE little men started out on a day,
 And together the wide world trod.
 In Indian file they went marching along,
 Three little soldiers, courageous and strong,
 And as like as three peas in a pod.

Was some lad faint-hearted? Right swiftly was heard
 The thud of their oncoming feet.
 He had only to nod, and, with unflagging zeal,
 Six stanch little shoulders were put to the wheel,
 And a triumph was wrung from defeat.

A dear little girl found her lesson so hard,
 That she gave it quite up, in a pet!
 But she "right-about-faced," with a spark in her eye,
 When these three sturdy fellows came hurrying by,
 And offered the problem to get.

These same willing helpers are tramping to-day,
 Let the weather be stormy or dry.
 Three little soldiers, courageous and strong,
 It needs but a nod, and they 'll hurry along;
 Three brave little men,—*Try! Try! Try!*

JATAKA TALES

RE-TOLD BY ELLEN C. BABBITT

(From "The Jatakas," published by the Cambridge University Press, England)

[INTRODUCTORY NOTE: The Jataka Tales are the very oldest of stories. They were told years and years and years ago in that famous country of the Far East called India. And even to-day the children there hear these stories told and are glad to have them printed in their school-books. They call them "The Jāt'-a-kās" or "The Jat-a-ka Tales."

You will be interested to know how these stories have been scattered all over the world. In the long ago when some people moved away from India and made homes for themselves in other countries, they told their children these Tales, and when these little children had grown up, they, too, moved to strange, new countries. They remembered these Jatakas and told them over again to their children.

Perhaps you will find some of the Jataka Tales are like some of the stories Uncle Remus tells! And the fun of these Tales, as St. NICHOLAS tells them, is that you can read them to yourself.—E. C. B.]

THE MONKEY AND THE CROCODILE

PART I

A MONKEY lived in a great tree on a river bank. In the river there were many Crocodiles.

A Crocodile watched the Monkeys for a long time, and one day she said to her son: "My son, get one of those Monkeys for me. I want the heart of a Monkey to eat."

"Oh, Monkey," he called, "come with me over to the island where the fruit is so ripe."

"How can I go with you?" asked the Monkey. "I do not swim."

"No—but I do. I will take you over on my back," said the Crocodile.

The Monkey was greedy, and wanted the ripe fruit, so he jumped down on the Crocodile's back.



"WHY DID YOU TAKE ME UNDER WATER, CROCODILE?" THE MONKEY ASKED."

"How am I to catch a Monkey?" asked the little Crocodile. "I do not travel on land, and the Monkey does not go into the water."

"Put your wits to work, and you 'll find a way," said the mother.

And the little Crocodile thought and thought.

At last he said to himself: "I know what I 'll do. I 'll get that Monkey that lives in a big tree on the river bank. He wishes to go across the river to the island where the fruit is so ripe."

So the Crocodile swam to the tree where the Monkey lived. But he was a stupid Crocodile.

"Off we go!" said the Crocodile.

"This is a fine ride you are giving me!" said the Monkey.

"Do you think so? Well, how do you like this?" asked the Crocodile, diving.

"Oh, don't!" cried the Monkey, as he went under the water. He was afraid to let go, and he did not know what to do under the water.

When the Crocodile came up, the Monkey sputtered and choked. "Why did you take me under water, Crocodile?" he asked.

"I am going to kill you by keeping you under

water," answered the Crocodile. "My mother wants Monkey-heart to eat, and I'm going to take yours to her."

"I wish you had told me you wanted my heart," said the Monkey, "then I might have brought it with me."

"How queer!" said the stupid Crocodile "Do

the island, a large rock rose out of the water. The Monkey could jump to the rock, and then to the island.

The Crocodile watched the Monkey crossing from the bank of the river to the rock, and then to the island.

He thought to himself, "The Monkey will stay



"WHILE THE CROCODILE LAY WITH HIS MOUTH WIDE OPEN AND HIS EYES SHUT, THE MONKEY JUMPED."

you mean to say that you left your heart back there in the tree?"

"That is what I mean," said the Monkey. "If you want my heart, we must go back to the tree and get it. But we are so near the island where the ripe fruit is, please take me there first."

"No, Monkey," said the Crocodile, "I'll take you straight back to your tree. Never mind the ripe fruit. Get your heart and bring it to me at once. Then we'll see about going to the island."

"Very well," said the Monkey.

But no sooner had he jumped onto the bank of the river than—whisk! whew! up he ran into the tree.

From the topmost branches he called down to the Crocodile in the water below:

"My heart is way up here! If you want it, come for it, come for it!"

PART II

THE Monkey soon moved away from that tree.

He wanted to get away from the Crocodile, so that he might live in peace.

But the Crocodile found him, far down the river, living in another tree.

In the middle of the river was an island covered with fruit-trees.

Half-way between the bank of the river and

on the island all day, and I'll catch him on his way home at night."

The Monkey had a fine feast, while the Crocodile swam about, watching him all day.

Toward night the Crocodile crawled out of the water and lay on the rock, perfectly still.

When it grew dark among the trees, the Monkey started for home. He ran down to the river bank, and there he stopped.

"What is the matter with the rock?" the Monkey thought to himself. "I never saw it so high before. The Crocodile is lying on it!"

But he went to the edge of the water and called: "Hello, Rock!"

No answer.

Then he called again: "Hello, Rock!"

Three times the Monkey called, and then he said: "Why is it, Friend Rock, that you do not answer me to-night?"

"Oh," said the stupid Crocodile to himself, "the rock answers the Monkey at night. I'll have to answer for the rock this time."

So he answered: "Yes, Monkey! What is it?"

The Monkey laughed, and said: "Oh, it's you, Crocodile, is it?"

"Yes," said the Crocodile. "I am waiting here for you. I am going to eat you."

"You have caught me in a trap this time," said the Monkey. "There is no other way for me to

go home. Open your mouth wide so I can jump right into it."

Now the Monkey well knew that when Crocodiles open their mouths wide, they shut their eyes.

While the Crocodile lay on the rock with his mouth wide open and his eyes shut, the Monkey jumped.

But not into his mouth! Oh, no! He landed

on the top of the Crocodile's head, and then sprang quickly to the bank. Up he whisked into his tree.

When the Crocodile saw the trick the Monkey had played on him, he said: "Monkey, you have great cunning. You know no fear. I'll let you alone after this."

"Thank you, Crocodile, but I shall be on the watch for you just the same," said the Monkey.

HOW THE TURTLE SAVED HIS OWN LIFE

A KING once had a lake made in the courtyard for the young princes to play in. They swam about in it, and sailed their boats and rafts on it. One day the king told them he had asked the men to put some fishes into the lake.

Off the boys ran to see the fishes. Now, along with the fishes, there was a Turtle. The boys were delighted with the fishes, but they had never seen a Turtle, and they were afraid of it, thinking it was a demon. They ran back to their father, crying, "There is a demon on the bank of the lake."

The king ordered his men to catch the demon, and to bring it to the palace. When the Turtle was brought in, the boys cried and ran away.

The king was very fond of his sons, so he ordered the men who had brought the Turtle to kill it.

"How shall we kill it?" they asked.

"Pound it to powder," said some one. "Bake it in hot coals," said another.

So one plan after another was spoken of. Then an old man who had always been afraid of the water, said: "Throw the thing into the lake where it flows out over the rocks into the river. Then it will surely be killed."

When the Turtle heard what the old man said, he thrust out his head and asked: "Friend, what have I done that you should do such a dreadful thing as that to me? The other plans were bad enough, but to throw me into the lake! Don't speak of such a cruel thing!"

When the king heard what the Turtle said, he told his men to take the Turtle at once and throw it into the lake.

The Turtle laughed to himself as he slid away down the river to his old home. "Good!" he said, "those people do not know how safe I am in the water!"



"THEN AN OLD MAN SAID: 'THROW THE THING INTO THE LAKE.'"

CROFTON CHUMS

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "Kingsford, Quarter," "Team-Mates," etc.

CHAPTER V

MR. HANKS RENTS A ROOM

WITH the ringing of chapel bell in the old stone turret of Academy Hall the next morning, Crofton began its forty-third year. Seven-fifteen seemed to come extremely early, for none of the boys in Sunnywood Cottage had gone to bed until very late the night before. There had been lots to talk about after the reception, and they had loitered on the way home, and afterward had congregated in Jeffrey's room for a final gossip. Jim, for one, pulled himself out of bed with a sigh; it seemed to him that he could have slept until noon that day. Gil and Poke were already down-stairs when he arrived, and Jeffrey followed a minute later. They chose the wood path, Jeffrey protesting his ability to manage it. And manage it he did very well, swinging himself along the winding path, over protruding roots, with a remarkable dexterity.

The shrill-toned bell gave its expiring clang as Jim followed the other three into the chapel. Most of the three hundred and odd students were already in their seats, and his first impression was of a sea of faces confronting him. They passed row after row of settees before Gil, who was leading, turned in. Behind them a boy closed the big door, and Mr. Gordon arose and stepped to the reading-desk on the platform. Whispers ceased as the big Bible was opened and the brief service began.

Afterward Mr. Gordon said a few words appropriate to the opening of the school, and then announced the presence on the faculty of a new member. A tall, thin gentleman of middle age arose and stepped to the front of the platform. He wore spectacles, and held his head forward in a near-sighted way.

"Mr. Hanks, young gentlemen," announced Mr. Gordon. Mr. Hanks bowed to the right, to the left, to the center, hesitated nervously, and returned precipitately to his chair. The students clapped their hands, smiling at the new instructor's evident relief at reaching his seat again.

"Hanks, did he say?" whispered Poke to Jim. "It is n't hard to guess what his name will be."

Jim looked a question, and Poke laughed softly. "Nancy," he whispered. "Nancy Hanks; see?" Mr. Gordon dismissed them, and there was a

fairly dignified rush for the door, Jim becoming separated from his companions in the exodus. He discovered them again outside, however. Jeffrey, the subject of much polite curiosity, was leaning on his crutches at the foot of the steps, while close by Gil and Poke made part of a group of six or seven fellows who were talking and laughing joyously. Jim joined Jeffrey, but a moment later, Gil saw them, and called them over.

"I want you to meet some friends of mine, fellows," he said. "Sargent, you met last night, I think. This is Cosgrove. Joe, shake hands with Hazard and Latham. You too, Atherton. Likewise Sommers and Heath. Hazard's a Lower Middler. How about you, Latham; what's your class?"

"The same," replied Jeffrey.

"You fellows want to come over and see our new room," said Poke. "It's a dandy. We've got hard-wood ceilings, hot and cold elevator service, continuous janitor, telephone in every room—"

"Dry up, Poke," laughed Joe Cosgrove. "Where is it? What did you leave Weston for?"

"Did n't like the society there," replied Poke, gravely. "We're at Mrs. Hazard's; this chap's mother, you know. She's taken the Timberlake cottage. We've got a fine, old room, honest. Come over soon, will you?"

Jim became aware that Duncan Sargent was looking at him in a peculiarly speculative way. He was enlightened the next moment when Sargent asked:

"Are you a foot-ball man, Hazard?"

Jim shook his head. "Not much of one, I'm afraid."

"Well, but you're coming out, are n't you?"

"Coming out?" repeated Jim, at a loss.

"Yes, to try for the team. This afternoon at four. We want all the new material we can get this year, and you look as though you might make good."

"Why, thanks," said Jim. "I—I'd like to, but I won't have time. You see, we've taken that house, and there's a good deal to do."

"Oh!" Sargent looked disappointed. "I wish you would, though. See if you can't give us an hour or so in the afternoon, Hazard. I'm going to look for you, anyhow."

Jim murmured vaguely and politely, very much

flattered by the foot-ball captain's interest in him, and the group broke up. The quartet hurried back to Sunnywood Cottage as fast as Jeffrey could go, all very anxious for breakfast. At nine, the school bell rang again, and Jim and Jeffrey—with many another new boy—attended their first class. But there was n't much real work done that opening day, and at three o'clock they were free. Jim returned to the cottage alone. Most of the other fellows were making for the athletic field to either don canvas and get into the first day's practice, or to loll about the grand stand or on the warm turf, and watch and comment. But Jim had plenty of work awaiting him at the cottage, for, in spite of the fact that they had been at Crofton for almost a fortnight, there still remained numerous odds and ends to attend to. Hope, busily hemming dish-towels on the porch, was eager to hear about his experiences, but she found her brother a good deal of a disappointment.

"Why, nothing much happened," replied Jim, dumping his books in a chair. "There was history and French. I have the new man, Mr. Hanks, in history. He 's awfully funny; he seemed a bit rattled. Poke calls him 'Nancy'; not bad, is it?"

"I have n't seen him, Jim."

"You don't have to see him to appreciate that; Nancy Hanks; don't you see?"

"Oh!" murmured Hope, blankly. "But—but why does he call him Nancy?"

"Don't you know who Nancy Hanks was? My, you don't know much United States history, do you?"

"I suppose not," replied Hope, humbly. "Was she a— a nurse or something in the Revolutionary War, Jim?"

"Of course she was n't," answered Jim, disgustedly. "You 'd better read your history, sis. Where 's Lady?"

"In there." Hope nodded toward the door. "She wants you to go down-town for something."

"All right; I 've got to go anyway—to get some books and stationery. What are you doing?"

Hope held up the piece of blue-checked material. "Dish-towels."

"Oh! I suppose we have n't rented any more rooms?"

Hope shook her head. "No, there has n't been a soul here—except the ice-man and a gentleman who wanted to sell us a set of 'The World's Best Encyclopedia.'"

"Well, I don't see how we 're going to get along with just those two rooms rented," said Jim, gloomily. "Endicott said I might advertise in the school paper, but Benton said it would be

wasting money, because the fellows don't change rooms after school begins."

"Lady and I were talking about it this afternoon," said Hope, biting a thread off with her teeth, and then glancing apologetically at her brother.

"What have I told you—" began Jim, sternly. But Hope hurried on. "Lady said she thought we could manage to make expenses even if we don't let any more rooms. She says living is n't very expensive here in Crofton. And then, Jim, there 's the rent money from the house at home."

"Thirty-three dollars a month! Wait until we have to buy coal to heat this place! It 's going to take a lot of fuel, the rooms are so big, and there are so many windows."

"Well, we may rent another one yet," replied Hope, cheerfully. "You never can tell, Jim, and, anyway, it does n't do a bit of good to worry."

"Some one 's got to do a little worrying," answered Jim, shortly. "You and Lady don't seem to care whether we make this thing go or not!"

"You 're perfectly horrid! We do care, Jim, but nobody ever did any good to anybody by worrying. Besides, I don't see that there is anything we can do but just—just wait."

"Yes, wait," said Jim, disgustedly. "Sit here and wait for some one to come along and insist on being taken in. A lot of rooms we will rent that way!"

"Well, those boys up-stairs did that, did n't they? They came along and rented the room, Jim; nobody worried them into it, did they?"

"Well, you sit here and wait," growled her brother. "I 'm getting down-town." He picked up his books and turned toward the door. "I 'll see what Lady wants." He was back in a few moments, stuffing a slip of paper, Mrs. Hazard's list, into his pocket. "Want to go along, Hope?"

But Hope shook her head. "I must finish these, Jim. I 've got five more to do."

"Oh, all right." He pulled his hat down over his eyes, and started off. Hope looked after him, sighed, and shook her head.

"Jim 's getting growlier and growlier every day," she murmured. "I suppose I ought to worry, too; maybe he 'd like it better if I did. The trouble is, I don't seem to be able to. Every time I start to be unhappy, I think of something nice and forget! I 'm afraid"—she fixed her gaze thoughtfully on the little round bed of scarlet sage, which was all the garden the cottage could boast—"I 'm afraid I 'm dreadfully frippish. Maybe I have a— a shallow nature." Then she smiled, and, "Oh, dear," she sighed ruefully, "I can't worry even about that!"

"Just the same," she continued in thought as

she sent her needle in and out, "I really don't see the use of worrying all the time. It seems to me that if things go wrong, you just ought to keep cheerful, and the wronger they go, the cheerfuller you ought to keep. You never know when something nice is going to happen in this wonderful world. Why, I might be sitting here just like this, and somebody might come along and say, 'Young lady, have you any rooms to rent?' And I'd say—"

"I—I beg your pardon."

Hope looked up with a start. At the end of the short walk, holding the gate half open, stood a tall gentleman in rather ill-fitting pepper-and-salt clothes. On his head, set at a rakish angle, was a straw hat with a narrow, up-rolled brim. It was very yellow as to straw, and very rusty as to ribbon. And it did n't suit his lean, thoughtful face the least bit. He wore spectacles, and from behind the lenses a pair of faded blue eyes peered nearsightedly. He carried a small book in his right hand, one finger inserted between the pages to hold his place. Hope wondered if he could be another book-agent, as she dropped her work and went to the steps.

"I regret disturbing you, young lady," said the gentleman, "but will you kindly tell me whether this is—er—" He stopped perplexedly. Then, "Dear, dear," he said half to himself, "what was the name now?"

"This is Mrs. Hazard's house," said Hope, helpfully.

"Ah, that was it; Mrs. Hazard!" he said, with vast relief. He entered, and closed the gate carefully behind him, changing the book from right hand to left, but taking care to keep his place. "I—I am looking for accommodations; lodgings; a room and—er—yes, board with it. You give board here?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Hope. "If you will take a seat, I will tell my mother you are here."

"Thank you." He took a chair. "My name is Hanks. I am just beginning my duties as instructor at the school. The principal, Mr.—Mr.—well, the name does n't matter—sent me here. I had a room—" He broke off abruptly and exclaimed: "Your rooms have plenty of light?"

"Yes, sir; they're quite light and sunny." Hope had reached the door, but politeness kept her there until the visitor had finished talking.

"That is excellent. I had a room in one of the halls; I think it was Roberts—or Rutgers; now was it that? Well, that's of no consequence. I was explaining that the room was extremely dark, even in midday very little light penetrating the—er—the windows. As my eyes are unfortunately quite weak, I was obliged to inform Mr.—Mr.—"

"Gordon,—was n't it?" prompted Hope, gently.

"Thank you. Yes, Mr. Gordon. I was obliged to inform him that the room would not be satisfactory. I then learned that there was no other room to be had at the school. Quite extraordinary, I should say."

He paused, and seemed to be pondering the fact. Hope waited. After a moment, he looked up in his funny, startled way.

"I—I beg your pardon!" he said confusedly. "I—I fear I am detaining you."

"Oh, no, sir. I'll tell my mother that you are here."

"If you will be so kind." He bowed gravely.

But Mrs. Hazard was already on the way, having heard the voices on the porch. As she came out, Mr. Hanks arose from his chair and bowed. Then, as an afterthought, he removed his faded straw hat.

"Mama," said Hope, "this is Mr. Nancy Hanks—I mean—" She faltered in confusion. Mr. Hanks came to the rescue.

"I fear you did not get the name quite correctly," he said politely. "Artemus Hanks is the name."

"Mr. Hanks is—is looking for a room," said Hope, hurriedly, painfully aware that she was blushing.

"I shall be very glad to show you what we have," said Mrs. Hazard, with a smile. "Will you come in?"

"Er—thank you." Mr. Hanks placed his book, open and face-down, on the chair, put his hat carefully on top of it, and followed. "I am not very particular, Mrs.—er—Mrs. Hazard; plenty of light is almost my sole requirement. Unfortunately, my eyesight—"

They passed out of hearing, leaving Hope divided between confusion and laughter. How had she ever been so stupid as to call him Nancy? The gate slammed, and Jim came up the walk, laden with bundles and looking very warm.

"Oh, Jim," she cried softly. "He came, and I called him Mr. Nancy Hanks! Was n't that simply awful?"

"Who came? Mr. Hanks? Came here? What for?"

"For a room. Just after you went. I was sitting here—"

"Did he take it?" asked Jim, eagerly.

"I don't know. He's still up there. Is n't he the funniest, foolishest, old dear of a man, Jim? He could n't remember Lady's name, nor Mr. Gordon's—"

"S-sh, they're coming down," warned Jim, none too soon, for, in a moment, the instructor, followed by Mrs. Hazard, came out of the door.

"I hope you will find it light enough, Professor."

"Not professor, ma'am; merely instructor. I have no doubt the room will be—er—quite satisfactory. I shall have my things removed directly." He caught sight of Jim and bowed. "How do you do," he murmured. "Thank you, ma'am." He bowed to Mrs. Hazard, managing to include Hope in the salutation, and started down the steps. Hope, stifling a giggle, seized his hat and book, and ran after him.

"Eh?" he asked bewilderedly. "Oh, thank you, thank you. My hat—and book; to be sure. I believe I would have forgotten them. Thank you, thank you."

He set his hat on his head, where it immediately shifted to the same rakish angle as before, closed the gate carefully behind him, opened his book, and paced slowly off toward school, reading as he went. Hope subsided in a chair and gave way to laughter. Jim grinned in sympathy, and Mrs. Hazard said "'S-sh!" warningly, but had to smile too. Then,

"Well, Jim, another room rented," she said cheerfully.

"Fine, Lady! What 's he going to pay?"

"Why—why—" A queer expression came over Mrs. Hazard's face. "Why, do you know, Jim, I don't think he—I—we spoke of the price at all!"

CHAPTER VI

JIM MAKES A PROMISE

"Of course I 'm glad you 've rented your room," said Poke, with hesitancy, "but—but it is n't going to be much fun having a faculty in the house."

"I 'm sorry," said Jim. "I did n't think about that."

They were talking it over on the porch before supper. Mr. Hanks was already installed in the room behind Jeffrey's, his luggage consisting of four huge boxes of books, one small trunk, and a battered valise, having arrived simultaneously with Gil and Poke.

"Piffle!" said Gil. "It does n't matter. I dare say Nancy is n't the sort to bother us much. He 's a queer old duffer."

"Old?" questioned Jim, thoughtfully. "I don't believe he 's so terribly old, fellows."

"He looks as though he might be anything from twenty-five to forty," said Gil. "I dare say he 's really about thirty, eh?"

"I dare say," responded Poke. "Well, it does n't matter as long as he behaves himself and leaves us alone to our innocent amusements. I 'd hate to have to report him to J. G., though. Here comes Latham. He manages to get along pretty well on those sticks of his, does n't he?"

"It 's too bad he 's that way," said Gil. "He seems a good sort. Wonder why he does n't wear a thick-soled shoe on that foot. Seems to me that would be better than using crutches."

"It 's something about the muscles of that leg," explained Jim. "Some of them don't work right; I think he said they were the—the extensive muscles," ended Jim, doubtfully.

"Extensor," corrected Gil. "He 's mighty cheerful, considering everything, I think. Hello, Latham! where have you been?"

"Seeing the world," replied Jeffrey. "Stumping all over the place. I watched foot-ball practice awhile, and went down along the river afterward. It 's a pretty place, is n't it?" He seated himself in a chair, leaning his crutches against his knees. "I saw you two fellows playing," he added.

"You saw us working like dogs," replied Poke, grimly. "Foot-ball for the first month is like hard work, Latham. By the way, Hazard, what happened to you? Are n't you going to try for the team? Dun asked where you were to-day."

"I would n't have time," answered Jim. "Besides, I can't play; I 've tried it."

"Can't play? How do you know you can't play? You let Johnny get at you for a couple of weeks. Then if he says you can't play, I 'll believe it. Johnny can make a foot-ball player out of a lump of wood!"

"He did something more wonderful than that," said Gil. "He made one out of you, Poke."

"Your wit is very cheap, Mr. Benton."

"Who is Johnny?" asked Jim.

"Johnny? Johnny is Mr. John Connell, the best little trainer in the country. He 's a wonder! Why, half the big schools have been after him for years, and last spring, he had an offer from Dartmouth! You go and let Johnny look you over. If he says there 's no hope for you, all right."

"I 'd like to play well enough," said Jim, "but there 's too much to do about the house."

"Why? What sort of things?"

"Oh, chopping kindling, bringing up coal, running to the village, cutting grass—"

"Get your coal up in the morning, cut your kindling at night, telephone to the village, and forget the grass," said Poke, glibly. "It won't do to waste yourself on—on domestic duties, Hazard; you look to me a chap who has the making of a good lineman in him. Now, you come out to-morrow afternoon with us, and we 'll hand you over to Johnny and see what happens."

But Jim shook his head, with a smile. "I know what might happen," he said. "There might be no coal to cook supper with, here at home."

"Get a fireless cooker," suggested Jeffrey, with a laugh.

"Joking aside, Hazard," said Gil, soberly, "they really need you on the field this fall. We're short of new men. See if you can't fix your chores so as to have the afternoons for football."

"Oh, I think they can do without me," laughed Jim. "If they ever saw me play, they would n't want me a minute. No, I'll get my exercise right around here."

At supper the household had increased to seven, for Mr. Hanks occupied the seat of honor at Mrs. Hazard's right. He was introduced to the boys, and shook hands with each, smiling in his absent-minded way. At first his presence at table rather dampened the spirits of the others, excepting Mrs. Hazard, who did her best to make conversation with the new-comer. Her efforts, however, were not very successful. Mr. Hanks replied politely but embarrassedly, showing that he was far more ill at ease than the boys. On the whole, supper was a quiet meal, and almost as soon as it was over, Gil and Poke left the house for the meeting.

"We've got the same lessons, Hazard," said Jeffrey, after the others had taken their departure, "so why don't you bring your books into my room and study?"

"I'd like to," answered Jim, "and I will as soon as I finish my chores."

Half an hour later the two were seated on opposite sides of the table in Jeff's room, their books spread out before them in a very business-like way. But there was n't much studying done that evening, although each acknowledged the necessity of it. There were too many things to talk about. Naturally, the foremost topic was the school. Jeffrey had to tell Jim what he thought about it, and Jim had to give his opinion of the fellows they had met; and after that they discussed the instructors and the course of study and many associated subjects. And before the evening was over, it was no longer Hazard and Latham, but Jim and Jeff.

And in another day or two, all surnames had quite disappeared from Sunnywood. Every one called every one else by his first name; except that Poke had dubbed Jeff "the Senator" and called him that about half the time. For a while Jim's mother was "Mrs. Hazard," but eventually she became "Lady" to every one except Mr. Hanks. Mr. Hanks—or Nancy, as the boys called him—called Mrs. Hazard almost everything except Mrs. Hazard. Sometimes it was Hazeld, sometimes Hastings, sometimes Hathaway; and once, to the amusement of the entire table, he called her "Mrs. Venture." Hope was "Miss

Hope" to the boys for a while, but as friendship ripened, the "Miss" was dropped. The boys all liked Hope. They could n't have done anything else, I fancy, for Hope was always happy and merry, eager for fun, and firmly convinced that Sunnywood Cottage held the four finest boys in Crofton Academy.

But I am getting ahead of my story.

Gil and Poke had in due time received the required parental sanction to their change of quarters, and had settled down very comfortably in what Poke called the "royal suite." With three of their rooms rented for the school year, Jim and his mother were much encouraged, for even if the fourth room did n't rent, they could, they were certain, more than pay expenses. Mr. Hanks, in spite of Poke's forebodings, troubled no one. If he found the house rather noisy at times, he made no complaint. Except at meal-times, they saw very little of him. He was usually very silent at the table, accepting what was placed before him or handed to him, and eating it in his funny absent-minded way. At school, however, Mr. Hanks was having his troubles. In the first place, he was a new man, and there is an unwritten law at Crofton to the effect that new instructors must be decently hazed. Hazing in Mr. Hanks's case consisted of taking advantage of his inexperience and diffidence, until, at the end of his first week at school, his Latin and history classes had lost all semblance of order and discipline. The instructor's worst trial was Latin 2. In this class was Brandon Gary, and Gary knew more ways to make the teacher's life a burden to him than there were pages in the *Æneid*.

"Bull Gary wearies me," said Gil one day. "It's all right to have a little fun; and every faculty ought to stand a little joshing; but Bull is keeping it up too long. The first thing we know, Nancy will get discouraged and quit. If he only knew enough to sit on a few of those Smart Alicks, he would n't have any more trouble."

"I think it's just as mean as can be," declared Hope. "Mr. Hanks is a perfect dear."

"Oh, he's all right," agreed Poke. "Nancy is n't a half-bad sort. The only thing is he has n't enough grit."

"And," continued Hope, puzzled, "I don't see why you want to call him Nancy. He does n't look a bit like a horse."

"A what?" demanded Jeff, in surprise.

"A horse. I asked Lady the other day who Nancy Hanks was, and she said he—I mean she—was a famous race-horse. And I don't see—"

But the boys were laughing so loudly that the rest of Hope's remark was drowned. She looked at them with bewilderment.

"Was n't she a horse?" she asked doubtfully.

"Well," answered Jeff, who had recovered first, "I believe there used to be a horse named that. But the original Nancy Hanks was Abraham Lincoln's mother. Have you never heard of her?"



"I AM LOOKING FOR ACCOMMODATIONS; A ROOM AND—ER—YES, BOARD WITH IT."

Hope shook her head. "I don't believe so. What—what did she do?"

Jeff looked at Gil, and Gil looked at Jim. And Jim shook his head. It was Poke who came to the rescue.

"Miss Hanks," he observed thoughtfully, "was a very estimable lady who became Mrs. Lincoln. Besides being the mother of the martyr President, she—er—she invented the idea of winding yarn in hanks. Hence the name."

The others viewed him suspiciously, but were afraid to question his statement for fear of confessing their ignorance. Jeff said, "H'm," to be non-committal, and Jim became very busy over the lock he was trying to repair. Hope accepted the

information at face-value, and thanked Poke very nicely. Poke, I think, was on the verge of a confession, when Mr. Hanks himself came into sight beyond the fence. He had an armful of books as usual, and his head seemed to have acquired to-day an added droop. As he turned in through the gate, his face looked pretty tired and discouraged. Jim and Poke arose from their places on the steps to let him by, and it was only then that he saw the group. He lifted his funny old straw hat, bowed slightly, and murmured "Good evening." The others responded politely, but Hope, with a sudden rush of sympathy for the instructor, said: "Won't you sit down here and rest, Mr. Hanks? You look very tired, and supper won't be ready for a long time."

Mr. Hanks looked surprised and embarrassed, hesitated, dropped a book—which Gil rescued—and finally stammered: "Er—thanks, but I have much work to do. It—it has been a very nice day, has n't it?"

They all agreed enthusiastically, after which Mr. Hanks hemmed and coughed once or twice, bowed jerkily, and went on in. They could hear him walking wearily up the stairs to his room.

"He looks perfectly floppy!" exclaimed Hope, indignantly. "It is too mean for anything to treat him so!"

"What 's floppy?" asked Gil, a little ashamed of his own small share in the instructor's unhappiness, and willing to switch the conversation.

"Why—why, *floppy*, of course; tired and—and miserable, and unhappy!"

"Ready to flop," added Poke, knowingly. "It is an excellent word, even if Mr. Webster does n't countenance it. What 's the matter, Jim?"

"I lost a screw somewhere. I guess it went down a crack when I got up."

"That lock will be a wonder when you get through with it," laughed Poke. "You've used up three screw-drivers and a perfectly good pen-knife on it so far."

"The trouble," responded Jim, gravely, holding the offending article under his nose and squinting knowingly into its intricacies, "is with the tumblers."

"Nonsense!" said Poke. "The trouble 's in the carbureter. It needs adjusting. How 's school going, Hope?"

"Fine! I just love the teacher in our room."

"H'm; wait until you've been there another week. Teachers all look good at first. They're very—very deceptive." Poke shook his head sadly. "I've had a great deal of experience with teachers."

"I suppose that means they've had a good deal of experience with you," laughed Hope.

"Well, I don't deny that I have aided in the education of a few. Including our estimable Nancy," he added rashly.

Hope sobered. "I sha'n't like you, Poke," she said gravely, "if you 're mean to Mr. Hanks."

"Who? Me? Honest, now, I have n't done a thing; have I, Gil?"

"Not much," answered Gil. "No more than I have. We 've all had a go at him. I think, though, it 's about time we let up. I foresee that we 'll have to squelch Bull Gary, Poke."

Poke nodded. "That 's so. Bull lacks a— a sense of sufficiency."

"What 's that?" inquired Jeff.

"That is a polite way of saying that he does n't know when he 's had enough. By the way, Jim, did we tell you that Gary has taken a room at Jones's? He says it 's fine, but that 's bluster. Jones's is the worst house in the village. I think he 's still peeved with you for not renting a room to him."

"I don't see how I could," said Jim, laying aside the lock with a sigh of relief. "I was n't going to put Jeff out; or you fellows, either. Besides, I don't like him."

"Well, Bull is n't terribly popular," said Gil, "but he 's really not so very bad. All he needs is a little sense. He 's a lot better than when he first came. I dare say that some day Gary will be a useful member of society."

"In the sweet by and by," said Poke, skeptically. "And, say, Gil, what 's the matter with Bull's playing this year? He 's away off his game.

Johnny gave him a fierce ragging this afternoon. Did you hear him? He told Gary that if he did n't do better, he 'd soon be wearing a nice warm blanket on the side-line. I think Bull has a swelled head after last year."

"Does he play well?" asked Jim.

"He *can* play well. He 's one of the best guards

we 've had for years. And in the Hawthorne game last fall—which, as you probably know, Mr. Locksmith, is our big game—he put up a grand exhibition. Did n't he, Gil?"

"Right-O! And that 's what I say. You can't



"JUST YOU COME AND HAVE A TRY AT FOOT-BALL. YOU 'RE MISSING A LOT OF FUN."

altogether dislike a chap who can play foot-ball the way he can—when he wants to."

"Well, he will have to want to pretty soon," said Poke. "Johnny 's getting out of patience. When are you coming down to the field with me, Jim, to have a try?"

"About Christmas time, I think," said Jim.

"You don't say? Well, let me tell you something, son. I'm going to get Dun Sargent after you. I'm not going to see a good foot-ball player wasted in a locksmith."

"Good foot-ball player!" scoffed Jim. "I never played enough to be good—or even real bad, for that matter. I don't know enough about the rules to—to—"

"That 's all right," said Gil. "They 'll teach the rules to you. Just you come and have a try at foot-ball. You 're missing a lot of fun."

"And a lot of hard work, too," sighed Poke.

"I wish you would play," said Hope. "Won't you, Jim?"

"How can I?" asked Jim, a trifle irritably. "I'd like to—in a way—I guess, but who 'd do the work here?"

"Listen," said Poke, impressively; "if you 'll try for the squad, we 'll all help with your silly chores. Won't we, fellows? What do you say?"

"Right-O!" agreed Gil, and "surely," said Jeff.

"Besides," Poke continued, "what do you have to do, anyway? Lug up a little coal, split some kindling, sift some ashes—"

"Beat some carpets, run some errands, fix some locks, study some lessons," added Jim, with a laugh.

"Oh, well, that 's nothing," said Poke, airily. "I 'm a wonderful carpet-beater; better than one of those vacuum things, Jim. Now that 's a fair offer. What do you say?"

Jim laughed.

"Will you report to-morrow?" Poke persisted.

"No, but maybe I 'll go down and look on for a while."

"All right! That 's a promise. You go down with Gil and me after school to-morrow. Don't forget. Jeff, you 're a witness; you too, Hope. After he 's looked on a while, he will want to play. Jim, you 're a gone coon!"

(To be continued.)



"LOOK OUT! I 'M COMING—A MILE A MINUTE!"

THE LITTLE BOY WHO WANTED TOO MUCH

ONCE there was a little boy who worried because his stocking was small. He wanted many nice presents for Christmas, and he did not see how Santa Claus *could* squeeze them all into one stocking.

"Santa is a very busy man," thought Little Boy, "and perhaps he would n't notice if I should cut off the toe from my stocking. And then he might go right on pushing things through the hole, in the dark! And so I might get lots and lots of dandy presents, even if there would be no enormous ones, like an automobile, or a giraffe."

Santa Claus worked so softly that Little Boy heard never a sound. But when he rushed to the stocking, next morning, with a candle in his hand, he pulled out—a new pair of stockings, which stopped up the hole in the Christmas stocking. Pinned to the new pair was this note:

DEAR LITTLE BOY:

I am sorry to find a big hole in your stocking, and so I am leaving you a new pair, which you can save to hang up next Christmas.

Your friend,

S. CLAUS K. KRINGLE.

BOB'S DIVISION

BOB cut a candy cane in two,
To share it with his brother;
He said: "I'll give this half to you,
And I will keep the other."

Said Ted: "As there is something wrong,
I've come to this decision:
You're weak in fractions, Bob, but strong
In *long* and *short* division."



ONE OF THE BOYS.

THE LADY OF THE LANE

BY FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

Author of "The Forest Castaways"



"MRS. TRUMBULL FOLDED HER HANDS AND WAITED IN SILENCE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

CHAPTER III

A MOST UNUSUAL FAIRY GODMOTHER

THAT was a terrible day. Elizabeth wandered about the house, living over her bad dreams of the night before, and with nothing to break the dull monotony until five o'clock that afternoon. It was then that Martin came to the drawing-room for the fiftieth time that day. But now he had a matter of some importance to announce.

"I beg pardon," he murmured, as though he felt some apology were needed, "but there is an elderly party in the hall asking for Mr. Churchill."

"A gentleman, Martin?"

"A woman," answered Martin.

"Her card?" inquired Elizabeth.

"Her answer was, miss, that she did n't play cards, and hoped that at her age she would n't begin."

"Did she give her name?" asked Elizabeth, breathlessly.

"It sounded like Mrs. Thimble, miss," answered Martin.

Elizabeth's first impulse was to retreat to her room. Feeling this woman to be part of a world-wide conspiracy to humiliate her, she conceived an instant dislike of her. Mrs. Trumbull came as an intruder. Even Martin saw this, although he

knew nothing of the circumstances which brought her here. But second thought showed Elizabeth that her pride would only be further humbled by being forced to meet the stranger, as in the end she was sure to be, and that flight would be useless and cowardly. She might as well know the worst at once. And, finally, she was extremely curious to see just what Mrs. Trumbull was like, although she had already made up her mind that she was old, and dowdy, and disagreeable.

"You may show her in, Martin," Elizabeth decided.

Martin hesitated. He himself was convinced the lady was not quite right in her mind.

"Mr. Churchill will soon be home, miss. Perhaps the party would wait in the hall until then," he suggested.

"Send her in," sighed Elizabeth.

A moment later, Martin reappeared.

"Mrs. Thimble," he murmured.

The lady thus announced turned upon him with a look of withering scorn.

"Thimble!" she exclaimed. "If I had one, I'd snap your ears with it this very minute."

Martin withdrew hastily, as though afraid she might yet discover that article in the bag she carried in her hand, and fulfil her threat.

Elizabeth found herself confronting a person wearing a black dress, a shawl, and an odd little bonnet perched upon the back of her head. Her face was lean, wrinkled, and sharp, but by no means unpleasant. Her black eyes twinkled with good humor, and her snow-white hair was drawn back tightly into a snug pug knot. She watched the retreating figure of the butler out of sight, and then exploded, more to herself than Elizabeth:

"What Spence Churchill wants such a creature as that around his house for, is more than I can understand."

Elizabeth stepped forward haughtily.

"This is Mrs. Trumbull?" she inquired.

Mrs. Trumbull gave a sharp pirouette, stared a second at the girl, and then rushed forward with the evident intention of throwing her arms about Elizabeth's neck.

"Well, if this is n't Beth, as I'm a-livin'!"

"I am Miss Churchill," Elizabeth acknowledged icily.

Mrs. Trumbull stopped short, and drew herself up until she looked as taut all over as did the white hair at her temples. Her shrewd eyes played over Elizabeth like tiny search-lights. Then folding her hands in front of her, she observed:

"You don't say."

"I suppose my father sent for you," remarked Elizabeth, not feeling at all comfortable.

"I don't s'pose I'd have got up at four in the

morning and ridden all day if he had n't," answered Mrs. Trumbull. "And I don't s'pose I'd do that for any other man on earth except Spence Churchill," she added.

"Won't you be seated?" said Elizabeth.

Mrs. Trumbull sat down on the edge of a chair, her body making a right angle. She folded her hands, which were encased in black silk gloves, and waited in silence, evidently determined to throw the burden of all further conversation upon Elizabeth. The latter, feeling that she had failed in her first attempt to overawe her father's guest, was at a loss to know what course to pursue next. She had an uncomfortable sense of not having shown herself to very good advantage. There was enough of quiet, motherly dignity about Mrs. Trumbull to make her ashamed of this.

"I think Father said that you and Mother were old friends," remarked Elizabeth, in an attempt to renew conversation.

Mrs. Trumbull's set mouth relaxed at once. Her eyes grew suddenly tender.

"Yes," she said quietly. "I was ten years older than Mary. But we were girls together. And to think that you, her own daughter, never knew her."

She gave a swift look about the room, and then met Elizabeth's eyes with a queer, half-laughing scowl.

"But, Lor' sakes, I don't know 's your mother would know *you* livin' in such a house as this."

Elizabeth turned scarlet.

"My mother *should* have lived in such a house," she retorted.

"She deserved to, if that 's what you mean," agreed Mrs. Trumbull; "but I dunno 's she 'd ha' wanted to. She was happy enough in the old house."

"I should think so!" exclaimed Elizabeth, in sudden resentment; "scrubbing, and cooking, and making her own clothes!"

"She was the best cook in town, and the best dressmaker, too."

"It must have been very hard for her to have to do such things."

"I dunno," answered Mrs. Trumbull, looking at the girl with growing curiosity; "I never heard her say so."

"Why, she did n't even have a maid to do her hair!" exclaimed Elizabeth.

For a second, Mrs. Trumbull sat with her mouth wide open.

"Your ma was n't sickly," she finally gasped.

"I did n't say she was," returned Elizabeth.

"Then what in the world would she want any one fussing around her own head for?" demanded Mrs. Trumbull.

"Why, to be properly dressed, every one needs a maid," Elizabeth answered, disdainfully.

"I s'pose you have one?" inquired Mrs. Trumbull, holding her breath.

"Of course."

"Well, I declare! And you look real hearty, too, though you have n't as much color as I like to see in a girl your age."

Elizabeth flushed, and then laughed weakly.



"'HERE IS THE KEY TO THE HOUSE,' HE SAID."

"That 's almost ridiculous," she returned.

"Thank goodness *I 've* always been able to dress myself ever since I could reach the buttons behind my back," answered Mrs. Trumbull.

"Of course any one can, but it 's very tiring," replied Elizabeth, sinking back languorously in her chair.

As though to offset this lazy pose as far as pos-

sible, Mrs. Trumbull immediately straightened herself once more into a right angle. Her black eyes began to snap.

"If Spence Churchill has dragged me on here, thinking I 'm going to dress a girl of your size, he 's mightily mistaken," she declared. "He said he wanted me to show you how to do the things your mother did. I 'd get out of my grave to do that much for Mary's sake, but I did n't s'pose that meant showing you how to put on your clothes."

Elizabeth sprang to her feet, angry and indignant.

"I don't want you to show me how to do anything," she cried.

"There now!" returned Mrs. Trumbull, coolly, "with your dander up, you *do* look something like your ma."

Elizabeth started for the door, but before she was half-way across the room, she saw her retreat blocked by her father. He stood looking in at her with a half-amused, half-annoyed expression. She hesitated, and then turned back helplessly. Mr. Churchill strode in after her, with his hand outstretched toward Mrs. Trumbull.

"It was kind of you to come," he said heartily. "I see you have already met my daughter."

Mrs. Trumbull rose eagerly at sound of his voice.

"Spence!" she exclaimed. "It 's good to lay eyes on you again."

"It 's good to see *your* eyes again, Sally," he answered. "They are as young as ever."

"It 's a wonder they have n't popped out of my head at the things I 've seen to-day," she answered.

"I 've tried often enough to get you to visit me," he reminded her.

"I know it, Spence, but I guess I belong back where things have n't changed so from what they used to be."

He looked troubled for a second. Then he answered soberly, his eyes resting on Elizabeth:

"I don't know but we 'd all be better off back there. But you must be tired. Elizabeth should have shown you to your room. We have dinner in half an hour. There 'll be time enough to talk after that."

Mrs. Trumbull hesitated.

"Spence," she declared, "if there was a train back home to-night, I 'd take it!"

Elizabeth looked up with interest. But her father placed his hand affectionately upon the little lady's thin shoulders.

"There, there," he comforted her. "You 're tired after your long ride. Take my arm, and I 'll show you to your room myself."

Mrs. Trumbull glanced once more at Elizabeth, who stood uneasily, with her eyes lowered. Then she took Mr. Churchill's arm, and the two went out.

CHAPTER IV

MARIE DEPARTS

WHEN Elizabeth awoke at fifteen minutes past her usual rising time next morning, she was astonished not to find Marie in the room. She called, but received no response. Springing out of bed, she opened her door and called into the hall. She received no answer. Slowly the truth began to dawn upon her: this was the beginning. She sat upon the edge of the bed and, staring dismally at her clothes, waited for ten minutes, hopping against hope. But no one came. Apparently she had been left here to get into her clothes as best she could. For all her father cared, she could probably sit here until night. The thought roused her temper. If they thought she was such a little fool that she could n't dress herself, she would show them they were mistaken.

In a sort of daze she began to pull on her stockings. Her toes went into the heels, and she quite lost her temper in trying to jerk them round. She succeeded, but left them twisted and wrinkled. She clambered into the other clothes one by one. None of them seemed to fit. Her skirt hung awry, her waist was wrinkled, and she was covered with as many bunches and gaps as a poorly done-up bundle. The bunches were very uncomfortable, and through the gaps bits of lace and ribbon protruded. In a final attempt to remedy these faults, she pulled and poked until she was red in the face, and her mirror reflected so ridiculous a figure that she had to bite her lips to keep from crying.

With fingers made clumsy by disuse, she next tried to put her hair in order. The average boy could have done as well. She snarled it up while combing it, and pulled out the knots by main force as long as she could endure the pain. She braided

it after a fashion, but tried in vain to arrange it properly. In all she was nearly an hour in making herself ugly, where Marie, in half the time, would have left her trim and trig.

And yet, for all this, she took a certain pride in her accomplishment. She had succeeded in clothing herself at any rate, and thereby proved that she was not quite the duncè Mrs. Trumbull apparently thought her. She hurried down-stairs to see what further developments awaited her. She was half afraid lest she should next be forced to cook her own breakfast. Her father was waiting her arrival, though the delay cost him an hour of precious time. He greeted her tenderly, if with a certain amount of curiosity.

"I was late because Marie did not come," she explained.

"Marie has gone," he answered.

"Gone?"

"I have given her an indefinite vacation. You will not need her in your new home."

"But I shall! Look at me, Daddy."

She turned around slowly in front of him.

"For a first attempt, I think you did very well," he assured her.

"I 'm a fright, and you 're laughing at me," she sobbed.

He started at this. Then he placed his arm around her tenderly.

"My dear girl," he said soberly, "I 'm not laughing at you. I 'm honestly proud of you. You have proven you can rise to an emergency. Marie declared it would be impossible for you to dress yourself at all."

"And so did Mrs. Trumbull, I suppose," returned Elizabeth.

At that moment, Mrs. Trumbull entered.

"I did n't say so," she admitted frankly, "but I thought so."

"She went up-stairs to give you your first lesson," explained Mr. Churchill.

Elizabeth faced Mrs. Trumbull.

"Thank you," she replied coldly. "But if Daddy wishes me to do such things, I will do them without help."

From a social point of view the breakfast was not a success. Though Mr. Churchill did his best to brighten the conversation, Elizabeth could not help but show her resentment, while still conscious of the gaps in the back of her waist. Mrs. Trumbull herself was not comfortable in her new surroundings, and spent half her time scowling at Lizette, who seemed ever upon the point of laughing at her awkwardness. Every one was glad when Mr. Churchill finally rose. But the next second, Elizabeth felt her heart sink once more as her father turned and said quietly:

"I wish to see you in the library, Elizabeth."

She followed him to the door, where he stood aside to allow her to enter. He began abruptly.

"My girl," he said, "you begin your new life to-day, and I wish you to understand clearly what I hope it to be. The house and everything in it is yours, as it was your mother's. You may arrange it to suit yourself; you may run it to suit yourself. In that you are to be absolutely independent. This is true also of the land, the barn, the cow, and the chickens. With these Martin will help you."

"Martin!" exclaimed Elizabeth.

"In the old country he used to have a small farm. He will do the milking."

"Martin milk a cow?" gasped Elizabeth.

"Rather than leave you, he has consented. He is treating you rather better than you have treated him, I should say."

"But he will look too absurd milking a cow in those short trousers and that white waistcoat. Why—"

Mr. Churchill smiled.

"Perhaps he will exchange that livery for a pair of overalls," he suggested.

"Then he will look even more absurd," declared Elizabeth.

"You may dress him as you please," returned her father. "He will do whatever you wish outside the house. Now about Mrs. Trumbull," continued her father, "I am sorry to say I don't think you have treated her very cordially."

"How can I?" demanded Elizabeth.

"She is fine gold," Mr. Churchill answered. "She has consented to remain for your mother's sake. You can make a veritable fairy godmother of her if you choose."

"Fairy godmother—of her?" exclaimed Elizabeth.

"You will see. If you wish, she will teach you to sew and to cook, and instruct you in all the fine art of housekeeping. Mind, she is there to teach you—as I have told her. And she will do everything else for you, as your mother would have done had she lived."

Elizabeth's eyes grew moist.

"Oh, Daddy," she exclaimed, "I never needed my mother as I do now!"

"Nor I, my girl," answered her father, quietly. "It is my hope that in this way we may both get nearer to her than we have been these last few years. You are going into her home; you are going to try to grow up like her, and so bring her back again to both of us. It is a very sacred undertaking."

"But—oh, I can't think, Daddy!" Elizabeth cried impetuously. "Let me go back to school,

Daddy! I will grow up like her there. I will try so hard. I will—"

Mr. Churchill placed his hand firmly on his daughter's arm.

"We will not go over that again," he said. "Take up your new life in that same spirit. You can make it very beautiful."

"No! no! no!" sobbed Elizabeth.

Mr. Churchill went on, ignoring the girl's tears. They made it harder for him, but they did not weaken his determination.

"Treat Mrs. Trumbull kindly, and she will stay with you," he said. "Treat her unkindly, and I'm very much afraid she will leave. In that case, you will not only have missed an opportunity to make a fine-souled woman your friend, but you will be left alone."

"Alone? In that house alone?" exclaimed Elizabeth, looking up with startled eyes.

"It rests with you as your whole life there rests with you. Remember that you enter that house as a little woman, not as a school-girl."

"And all my friends—what will become of them?" gasped Elizabeth.

"The true friends will remain your true friends," answered Mr. Churchill. "Here again you may do as you choose. Ask them to your house, entertain them as your means will allow. Your mother entertained a great deal. Accept their invitations as your time will permit."

"How can I, with no clothes to wear?" asked Elizabeth.

"Your mother found it possible. Mrs. Trumbull will show you how to make them."

"But that was a long time ago."

"Men and women have not changed greatly at heart since then," answered Mr. Churchill. "Nor have honest tastes changed. Fashions alter, but that which is really beautiful remains always beautiful. I doubt if your mother would have dressed to-day very differently from the way she dressed then."

"And the dancing-school and—"

"I should think you might have little dances of your own," her father suggested. "Your mother used to arrange the big room for such affairs."

Elizabeth's face brightened. This did not sound like such a bad idea. But how would she ever get dressed for such an occasion without Marie? And what would she dress herself in? No, it was all absurd and impossible. There would be no chef to prepare the spread, no orchestra, no anything! Oh, how she was to be pitied! The Brookfield girls would not come, anyway, if they knew she was doing her own work. And if they did come, it would be only to poke fun at her.

"I remember that on Hallowe'en nights, at Thanksgiving, and at Christmas, we used to have very gay times," Mr. Churchill continued. "I have never since seen so much merriment, heard gayer music, tasted such good things, seen more lovely women. And the fairest and most beautiful of them all was your mother."

He said this so sincerely and proudly that, for a second, Elizabeth caught the contagion of his enthusiasm. She heard the music and the laughter, saw the little rooms gaily adorned with green and scarlet, and pictured her mother the admired center of the happy throng.

"Oh," she cried, "if I could do that!"

"All that your mother had is still in the house," he said. "And all that is left on earth of her spirit is in you. I believe that with these you can

bring back to the old home the old life. I believe you can, my girl."

He rested his hand upon her head. But the next second the vision faded before her eyes.

"I'm—I'm not like Mother," she sobbed.

"Then make yourself like her," said her father, gently.

For a second he clasped her in his arms, and then drew from his pocket an iron key. He handed her this.

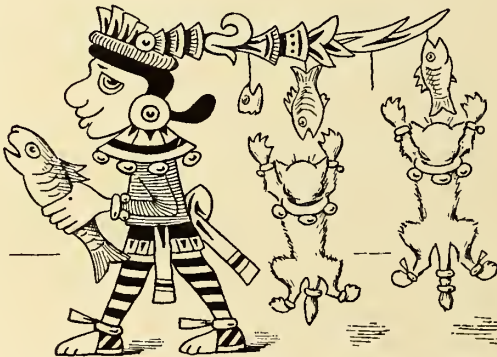
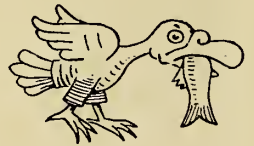
"Here is the key to the house," he said. "And may God be with you there as He was with your mother—dear little Lady of the Lane."

Elizabeth felt her heart grow big. It was so that all her neighbors had called her mother. With a sudden passion of affection, she clung to her father's neck, and kissed him again and again.

(To be continued.)

A Critical Community

This Aztec with the elongated Hat
Shows a playful, fond affection for the Cat,
By displaying pendant Fish
And crying, "Take one all who wish!"—
And yet the pointing Neighbors say,
"How strange is that!"



Francis



"BABY'S FIRST CHRISTMAS STOCKING."—DRAWN BY CHARLES M. RELYEA.

PEGGY'S 'POSSUM HUNT

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON

IN a long, narrow room, oddly built as an after-thought to an old Virginian house, over whose mossy roof the boughs of century-old oaks swept caressingly, and, after nightfall, flying-squirrels scuttled eerily, a group of boy cousins sat around a deep-mouthed, brick fireplace. Under the mantel-shelf, were nailed the heel-pieces of castaway boots, serving as foot-rests for those who cared to indulge in the typical attitude attributed to Americans at ease, of sitting with feet extended above the thinking part of man. Here, in all available weather, crackled a fire of hickory logs, a cheap luxury when they were cut by the negro wood-choppers from a forest not far from the house, and at odd seasons, hauled to swell a huge pile, stacked under a shed back of the kitchen, whose shadow seemed never to grow less the whole year round.

All those boys had to do was to draw lots as to who should fill their wood closet in the wainscot near the fireplace, a dark cupboard with a mousy odor, its floor lined with the brown powder of decayed logs, sprinkled with twigs, and bark, and bits of moss or "old man's beard," the haunt of queer, fat, brown insect creatures that ran away when the light of day reached their hiding-place.

In another cupboard on the floor, were also kept a collection of land-turtles, each with his owner's initials and a date carved on his shell, trained to draw wagons containing pine-cones, and credited with almost human intelligence in recognizing and responding to the voice of their respective masters. One of the terrapins with many chins and unpleasantly wrinkled eyelids, was named after an old lady (of whom the lads declared it was the living image) who came sometimes to tea with their grandmama.

One begins their list of pets with terrapins, perhaps because these were nearest to the floor. There was really no end to the squirming, spitting, barking, scratching, wild creatures, successively brought into mental training, housed, caged, and taught to stand by Tom, the biggest cousin of all, the idol and envy of the rest, called at boarding-school "Tom the Tamer," because of his extraordinary facility in this respect—dogs, birds, squirrels, raccoons, opossums, a young eagle, and a snake or two which were kept in the pockets of an old shooting-jacket on the wall, and would wriggle out affectionately at his whistle.

All round the walls of this pleasant room, were disposed boys' treasures: guns, rods, powder-

horns, traps, snow-shoes, whips, bridles, spurs, stuffed game and fish, birds' nests, queer growths from trees, wasps' nests, many of them left by preceding generations, and, by Grandmama's orders, not to be disturbed. There were some shelves of books, most of them of ancient date and much bethumbed—needless to say *not* school-books! An old mahogany secretary had pigeon-holes and drawers, each claimed and kept secretly locked by its possessor; what went into them nobody knew except on a grand cleaning day, when the contents were taken out and "swaps" were made.

The old furniture, engravings in fly-specked frames, the pieces of old Turkey carpet, seemed all to have been put there to get rid of them from other portions of the house; but in the boys' eyes they shone with the light that never was on land or sea—because they were their own—and by the strict, unwritten law of the household, not to be moved or altered by any invading hand.

"Go out! Go out!" shouted the rude boys in chorus, as the door into the main hall opened, and a girl put in her head.

"I won't. Tom said I might; did n't you. Tom?" said a would-be arrogant, but rather trembling, voice. "I want to see the new snake. Besides I've got some news you'd like to know if I chose to tell you."

She edged in, revealing a young person of twelve with a mass of red hair plaited down her back, a pale face, very red lips, blue eyes, and freckles. She carried under her arm a volume of Madame d'Arbly's "Evelina."

"Come along in, Peggy," said Tom the Tamer, lazily. In his presence only did the tempestuous Peggy cease perpetual sparring with the boys, and remain decently polite.

"Here 's Clytemnestrs, she 's just had her milk."

"Oh, no, I don't want to see the horrid thing. She gives me the creeps," exclaimed the contradictory young lady, drawing away from the basket on the hearth. "Want some spice-cakes, Tom? Just got 'em hot from the pan. None for the rest of you boys, though."

"That 's not fair!" chorused the others. "Where 's our share?"

"Cat 's got it!" retorted Peggy, inelegantly, clinging to Tom in the struggle that ensued for her apron pockets' contents.

"Stop that, you young ones," cried Tom the

Tamer, with authority, in the end seeing the coveted dainties fall crushed upon the floor, to be instantly pounced upon by two hounds pretending to slumber at his feet.

"Now you 'll never know!" shrieked Peggy, madly. "Tom, I 'll tell you, if you cross your heart you won't let one of them come along with us." The boys quailed and were silent. Well they knew that through her adoring Mammy Chrissy, Peggy always had the first knowledge

"I won't. I 'll let it sleep in a foot-tub under my bed, and take it out walking every day in the woods so it may see its friends and be happy," protested Peggy, now on the verge of tears.

"Come, Peg. Be nice, and I 'll take you tilting at a ring on Black Hawk."

"Man's saddle?"

"Yes, you tomboy. Now it 's agreed, Peg 's going to be a good old fellow and give us all a chance," pursued Tom, in whose presence the lit-



"GO OUT! GO OUT!" SHOUTED THE RUDE BOYS IN CHORUS."

of a 'coon hunt or a 'possum hunt organized in the quarter, from which the negroes were not unwilling to exclude the lads, in order to increase their own share of the game.

"Peg, old girl, we were only funning," pleaded the late aggressors. "Is it a 'possum hunt, and is Abel getting it up? If it is, we would n't miss going for the world! Be a duck and let us into it, and you 'll see if we don't take you out in the boat, and let you go fishing to Cameron's Run, next time, and give you both our guinea-pigs."

"Guinea-pigs are horrid, idiotic things, and you just want to get rid of 'em, anyway," exclaimed Peggy, ambushed behind Tom's chair.

"Right she is," said the Tamer. "Tell you what, Peg, if you 'll let the other fellows in, I 'll tame the best 'possum we catch for you."

"Put a blue ribbon around its neck, and name it 'Fairy,' is what she 'll do," said one of Peg's cousins, forgetting to be conciliatory.

tle spitfire was gradually smoothing her ruffled plumage, and becoming, as nearly as she ever could, a normal school-girl, amenable to ordinary treatment by her kind. Poor little Peg! she was the motherless daughter of a naval officer, most often absent on long cruises or at foreign stations. She had recently been placed by her rather distracted grandmother and aunts, in charge of a Swiss governess, a fat lady who puffed after her in her walks, wearing a large straw hat with a tiny crown, and a bunch of Alp rose set coquetishly on one side. Mademoiselle meant well, but she and Peggy looked from opposite sides upon every question that came up, and the child was honestly wretched under her tutelage.

When it finally came out that Abel was to start the 'possum hunt at ten o'clock that night, and old Chrissy, who hated Mademoiselle, was to take Peggy out of bed surreptitiously, dress, and carry her off to the quarter, unknown to the governess,

"the boys" whooped with delight. Tom looked dubious, but finally gave in to Peggy's pleadings that it was all right for her to go; kind Grandmama would give leave, except that she did not like to openly oppose Mademoiselle's decision that Peggy must now be brought into the fold of other well-behaved young ladies, and on no account be allowed to roam the woods with boys and dogs and savage negroes (so she considered the good, kind creatures Peggy loved).

"This 'll be about my last chance, I reckon," said the girl, mournfully. "Mademoiselle has a letter from my father, begging her to polish me up, and turn me out a model of my sex. At least that 's what she says. It sounds like Sir Charles Grandson, not Papa. Oh, Tom, I 'm just mad to go to-night, and it 's all settled, and Mademoiselle will never know; why she breathes so loud all night after she gets into bed that the floor rocks, and her room is quite across the hall from mine—"

It ended by Tom promising to take Peggy under his especial charge, and the boys swore secrecy, signing the pledge in the blood of Oswald, who had just then conveniently cut his finger while fashioning a trap to be used in winter for molly cottontails. In their hearts, they thought the only weak spot in their idol, the Tamer, was that he had a "sort of sickly" way of doing what girls wanted, instead of sternly keeping those inferior creatures in their proper place.

WHAT an enchanting experience it was for the little girl to be roused from sound sleep and dressed by Aunt Chrissy's strong, loving hands, then, warmly wrapped, taken stealing on tiptoe past Mademoiselle's door, down the outside steps through the kitchen yard, to the quarter, where, at the door of Chrissy's and Abel's cabin, the boys and Tom were waiting.

On the hearth inside, an ash-cake wrapped in cabbage leaves was kept smoking hot; on the table a pitcher of frothing buttermilk. "Des a little snack to keep you chilluns from starving out at night, honey," explained Aunt Chrissy, and the "chilluns" were nothing loath.

It was so nice to set out through the "frosty silence" of the slumbering plantation, to a wood path where big stars were tangled in the branches of big trees.

Very quietly they followed Abel's lead, around whom circled and whimpered two dogs well trained to this especial business, and escorted by a couple of negro lads, carrying torches of fat pine sending up splendid streams of light through the forest aisles till they could see forsaken birds' nests and clumps of mistletoe, like patches of black plaster, on the highest boughs.

Not till a mile of hard walking had been accomplished, did Abel loosen his dogs from their leash, when they darted like arrows from the bow, to proclaim, with shrill note, the desired find.

"Unk Abe he always gits 'em, fust off," said an admiring black boy. "Look dar, Marse Tom, it 's a gran'pa 'possum on dat high limb, and he 's just bu'stin' wid fat. Golly, can't I taste him, jest?"

It was a gum-tree, radiant in daylight with the last of its royal purple and deep crimson leaves, upon which the "gran'pa" 'possum, poor little wretch, clinging for dear life to an upper branch, had taken refuge, looking down, with his spiky hair standing on end with fear, at his pursuers.

"Up wid you, Cupid," ordered Unk Abe, and at once one of the lads, ax in hand, scrambled, or as the boys called it, "shinned," up the tree bole, and perching on a lower bough, proceeded to chop off the one on which Gran'pa clung.

It was too much for poor little Gran'pa. Down fell the branch to earth, and he with it, lying prone and stiff upon the carpet of fallen leaves, no sign of life about him, after a blow from Abel.

"I 'clar' to gracious, ef dar ain't anudder 'possum in dat little persimmon, and he 's just crawling off," shouted another darcy.

"Watch out for dis fellow," cried Abel, hurrying to the other tree, where all followed him in a bunch.

"Hello!" said Tom, looking backward. The sly little Gran'pa, the moment he was left alone, had ceased to be limp and pathetic, and arising upon his feet, made all speed for the thicket of dogwood to one side.

Tom, with two bounds, caught up with and captured him, with Peggy at his heels.

"Don't kill the poor little fellow, Tom! Don't, I tell you! Let 's give him his chance—you 'll train him, and I 'll take care of him. Remember, you promised me."

And Tom, once again a prey to that sort of sickly feeling for Peggy's sex, spared Gran'pa's life (who, it may be well to say, survived to a green old age, to become the nuisance of the house and Peggy's chief souvenir of Tom after he went to college!). Unk Abel, who, failing to secure the other opossum, looked with strong disfavor upon this misplaced sentiment, determined to make his next expedition without letting Chrissy, the wife of his bosom, know a word about it in advance.

Their next prize was a baby opossum, possessed of almost human ingenuity in refusing to be shaken down from a limb, too fine to be sacrificed and too far out for any one to venture upon. First, he would loosen one leg, then another, and another, and with every appearance of exhaus-

tion and being about to fall between the yelping dogs, would whisk his tail around the branch and hang by it tighter than before. When he had

of the darky boys perched in a crotch of the bough, and fell to earth.

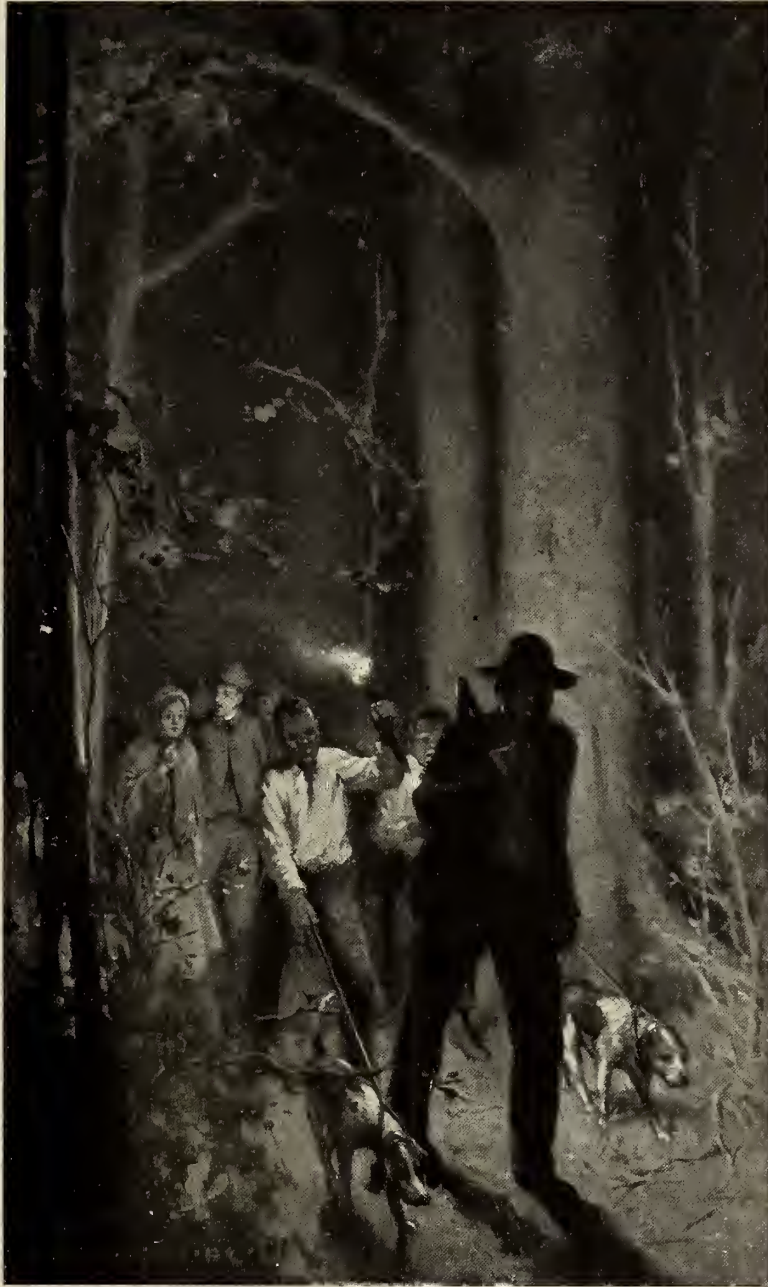
Two more opossums yielded up the ghost before Unk Abel's prowess as a hunter of their race was satisfied. The negro lads seeing in their minds' eyes the little acorn-fed creatures already fat as butter, roasted by Aunt Chrissy and reposing amid a nest of sweet potatoes, smacked their lips as they started homeward.

The "Gre't H'us" boys (the band of cousins from the Den) felt rather that way themselves, all but Tom the Tamer, who proclaimed that he thought it poor sport, however picturesque.

What Peggy would have answered is not known, for at the moment of emerging from the garden path when the lads were prepared to smuggle her back up the flight of outside stairs to the upper story, and in through a window on the "poche" to regain her bedroom, an awful apparition presented itself—nothing less than Mademoiselle, standing on the porch above in a flannel wrapper, a sort of helmet made of a silk handkerchief upon her head, and a look of vengeful ire upon her countenance.

"Oh, Tom, you can do anything with wild animals. Save me, save me!" whispered Peggy, getting behind the Tamer's back, the boys singly in a row behind her, for they had all had a taste of the Swiss lady's temper when aroused.

"You, Monsieur Tom! *You* have condescended to join in this childish and vulgar trick of abducting Peggy from her bed to roam in the woods like a vagabond?" she exclaimed, with withering sarcasm.



"VERY QUIETLY THEY FOLLOWED ABEL'S LEAD, ESCORTED BY A COUPLE OF NEGRO LADS, CARRYING TORCHES OF FAT PINE."

done fooling everybody to the top of his bent, the little trickster ran in like a flash toward the tree trunk, but unfortunately for him, met there one

casam. "As for her, she is a wicked and impossible girl, who will be punished as she deserves, as soon as I have told Madam, the grandmother, to-

morrow, and for *ces messieurs* who are skulking here, behind you, it is only what I might expect from them, so rude, so boisterous, so little suited to the station in which they are born—but you, whom I have considered hitherto a person of breeding and consideration—it passes my understanding that *you*, Monsieur Tom—”

“But you, Mademoiselle,” suavely exclaimed Tom the Tamer, as the furious lady gasped for breath, “is it possible that you will consent to run the risk of our Virginia malaria, by standing longer upon the porch in the night air? Do you not know that upon one not accustomed to it, the effect is invariably to turn the fairest complexions yellow?” (Mademoiselle drew back), “to cause the falling of beautiful, fine hair?” (Mademoiselle put her hand upon the silk helmet), “and often even to bring about the dropping out of pearly teeth—”

A burst of laughter from the irreverent boys interrupted him. Mademoiselle hastily and indignantly withdrew to the shadows of the corri-


dor within. Peggy, with an air of Mary, Queen of Scots going to execution, ascended the stairs, and soon the closing of the upper door announced her surrender into the hands of outraged authority.

ALL this is a page of auld lang syne. “Tom the Tamer” became a famous soldier in the war between the States, winning laurels in sheaves, and beloved by his troops, who, often and ever, gladly followed him in acts of skill and daring, written in the chronicles of the day.

And it may interest you to know that the “boys” all made good and useful men, scattered in their various callings over several States. Peggy, long the Ugly Duckling of the nest, developed later into a dashing, young beauty, and meeting her cousin Tom again after a long separation, yielded her capricious heart to his keeping, and became perhaps the most triumphant example of his art in the matter of subduing a hitherto untamed spirit to the influence of love and duty.



ROB. REDBREAST: "OH, JOY! THERE 'S THAT PRETTY MISS ROBIN, RIGHT UNDER THE MISTLETOE!"



EACH OTHER AND EVERYBODY ELSE

BY GEORGE LAWRENCE PARKER

IN our big world, where there are so many different things and so many different ways to amuse ourselves, there is, after all, only one thing in which we are really interested, and that is, each other. People are the only things that amount to anything. It is only people that other people care about; only people that really concern us, interest us, or hold our affection. And the words "each other" are just the every-day translation of this word "people." It is the familiar and snug way of saying that all people are kin to each other. Now there! I used the word before I knew it, for I did n't intend to close that sentence with it at all—which only goes to show that we cannot get away from each other. I am "each other" to everybody else, and everybody else is "each other" to me. We want to get it clear in our minds that nothing in the world is of value except each other, and if we take everything else out of it, we shall still have a wonderful world, for we shall still have each other. And with each other we could begin all over again if we had to.

What we want to do now is to see how close these words draw us together, and that yet, at the same time, they are big enough to take in everybody. If I say "myself and everybody else," it shows that I have separated myself from the world I live in, that I have built a separate place all for myself, and that I don't understand things or people. Any one who does this will get very lonely. But if I say "each other," it just shows at once that I have united myself with people, that I have really made myself a part of all the world, and that I am not like a separate drop of water, powerless and useless, but that mankind is like a flowing river, where millions of drops have banded together to work and sing on their way as they make the earth fruitful and beautiful. Those drops of water never say "myself and all the other drops"; they say "we are a river; we cling fast to each other." To be a part of the world, to have vital relations with people, to understand that everything depends somewhat on

me, and that I depend much on everything that goes on around me, and to feel that I am a link in a chain that would be useless without the other links—all of this is what "each other" means. We must flow like a river. We must pull like a chain.

To find each other is a voyage of discovery. Why is it that we want to discover the unknown places in the world? Why should we care very much about the north pole, or the sea of ice which we believe to exist in the Antarctic Ocean, or want to learn more of the dark parts of Africa? The chief reasons are that we want to find if there are people there, which is to say, that we wish to learn if any more of *us* are there, if we have yet discovered all of each other, and also to gain information that will be of use or service to all mankind. We set up telegraph and cable lines in remote places to keep in touch with each other. We can't bear the thought that any men should live anywhere separate from the rest of us. We must establish communication; we must prove our each-other-ness. This is really what civilization is, just each-other-ness.

And just the same thing is true of you and me as individuals. We are truly civilized toward each other when we discover each other. When I find out that you need something that I can give you, and that I need something that you can give me, when we set up some kind of exchange, then we have each-other-ness. You can see how this is in the expression, "he has good manners." That means that his actions are considerate; he is a truly civilized person, because he regards the feelings of another. He has discovered that the other person is really a part of himself, and if he offends him, he, indeed, hurts himself, too. If I lose my temper, if I stay in a bad humor, if I insist on my own way, if I won't give part of the space on the sidewalk to some other one, if I forget my manners, then I am not civil; I have not yet discovered "each-other-ness." You know we sometimes say, "He is as cross as a bear." Now when we come to think of it, the bears that we see are those shut up in cages or led around, by

themselves, with a rope. They are the real uncivilized bears. But in his own state, the bear is not cross. When he is with other bears, he is a very kind bear; he has good bear-manners. He is a civilized bear. And that is because he has discovered each-other-ness with other bears. It is only when you put him in a cage by himself that he becomes "cross as a bear," and all because he has lost his each-other-ness.

You see what I mean. If I live by myself, I soon become as cross as a bear. If I think only of myself, I lose each-other-ness, I lose good manners, I lose my personal civilization. Frowns and cross faces and sullen dispositions are the beariness, the aloneness, that comes out in us all when we remember only ourselves and forget each other. Smiles, real, deep-down, good cheer, a happy disposition, these show the each-other-ness in us that will really come out if we give it a chance, if we melt our lives into the lives of others so that we can say "each other" instead of saying "myself and everybody else." Yes, happiness is each-other-ness. Unhappiness is everybody-else-ness.

Some people think that they will be content if they have a certain number of things, most of which, perhaps, money can buy. But, really, I wonder if that is so? Things do not count, only people. It is better to discover a friend than a gold-mine. It is better for me to realize that you are near me, that you will stand by me, that we can talk together, than it is to have about me a vast number of things that can't speak and that have no expression on their faces, and no eyes with which to look into mine. I have grown very fond of some things I own, but I would give up every one of them rather than give up a friend. And even when it comes to people whom as yet I can only call acquaintances, I think I would rather give up many of the mere things I possess than my acquaintances. For my acquaintances are each other to me also. I have not yet discovered all of their each-other-ness, as I have with my friends, but I can do so as time goes on. Each year may see an acquaintance turned into a friend. That is much better than holding on to merely a lot of fine houses or furniture. You see, my acquaintances and my friends are like the thickly settled and the thinly settled parts of a big continent. My acquaintances are scattered far and wide, giving me always the chance to go farther and farther inland and discover more of their each-other-ness. Then I can settle there. I can build hopes there. I can set up a home. I can build a new city of friendship. On the other hand the friends whom I already have are the places where I have already done this. They are

near the sea-coast. They stand between me and the great ocean. They keep me from being afraid of the storms of life. They also tell me, that if the great distance out there frightens me, I need not be afraid, for we are all in this city with each other, and what one of us goes through we will all go through together.

Now you will see, if you go with me just a step farther, how much we depend on each other. When we come to look at it, we cannot do anything without each other. Can you hold a picnic by yourself? You cannot even read a book by yourself, for the person who wrote it is talking with you. You say you want to succeed in life. But you cannot succeed by yourself. You must work for some one else, or some one else must work for you; or, best of all, we must work for each other. You remember the old rhyme about the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker? Well, the butcher and baker and candlestick-maker are all a part of me; and I a part of them. If I did not need candles the candlestick-maker would starve; and if the candlestick-maker did not need meat, the butcher could not buy a loaf of bread; and if the baker did not need my trade, he could not buy his candles. You see how it is, I am sure. It's all a big circle that we live in—the big circle of each-other-ness. It's like the game of "drop the handkerchief." We may each run when the handkerchief is dropped at our place, but the real game consists in dropping it again near some one else, and then catching hold of each other again.

What we need to do is to really find each other just as we do in that other old game of blind-man's-buff. You know when you find a person in that game, you take the blinding bandage off of your own eyes. Just so in life, when we find each other, and really know what we mean when we speak each other's names, then the bandage is taken from our eyes. We are no longer blind. But as long as we fail to truly see each other, we remain blind.

Now I have talked long enough. I just want you to learn that nothing is of real value in the world except people. Never hurt a person by a wrong thought, or by word, or by act. Never hurt each other. Then go on a big discovering expedition and find each other. Never say, "That person has nothing in him," for that only means that you have n't found it yet. Then, last of all, never think you are the only person. You are just a *part* of "each other." You are not somebody and the rest of us everybody-else. We are each other. Life is each-other-ness, not everybody-else-ness.

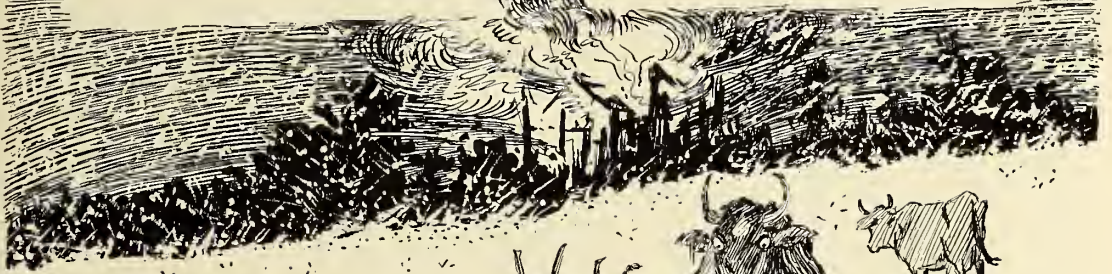
Life is a beautiful circle where we all touch hands, not a separate cage for unfortunate bears.

“So off to the barn I hauled it,
An’ piled it up to the top,
Thinkin’ of homes made happy
By its pippety-pippety-pop.

“But one night the barn caught fire,
An’ the fire I could n’t stop:

The flames leaped higher an’ higher,
An’ the corn went pippety-pop.

“Pippety—pippety—pippety—
Pippety—pippety-pop—
Pippety—pippety—pippety,
Till the roof fell in, ker-flop!



“An’ that pop-corn still kept poppin’
Till all o’ the fields was white,
An’ it seemed like a great big snow-storm
On a warm September night.

“All the cows in the pasture
Looked on with bated breath,
An’, thinkin’ it was a blizzard,
They up an’ they froze to death!”

That, as now I recall it,
Is the way that his story ran;
And, as I believe in fairies,
I believe in the farmer-man!





TITO'S CHRISTMAS

By

LOUISE CASS EVANS

RUTH sat alone by the fire, knitting industriously. At intervals she held up the little, red garment, as if to observe what progress she had made, and then smilingly resumed her work. At times she raised her eyes, without pausing in her work, and looked out through the long, French window at the snow-covered lawn, bordered by a row of snow-covered rhododendrons, and again she smiled, while her fingers flew busily. Christmas was now near at hand, and if she would finish the tiny garment she was making, then she must lose no time about it. For that reason, she had remained at home this afternoon while the others drove across the country to tea with the Newells. She had wanted to go, but remembering that little, red sweater and small tam-o'-shanter with which she meant to surprise Cicely for her big doll, she decided to remain alone, and finish them, if possible.

Cicely was her little niece, and she smiled, thinking of her joy when the little garments would be fitted on the golden-haired treasure for which they were being made. Cicely loved her doll, whose name was Ida Simpson, and a gift for Ida would win far greater appreciation than any for her personal use. So Ruth knitted away, this afternoon before Christmas eve, and saw the scarlet sweater grow in form and substance under her busy fingers. Beside her on the sofa lay the already completed cap. Ida Simpson was no small baby, and as Ruth worked, she reflected that it would have been as little work to make the things for a real child—they were of such a size.

As she sat in front of the cheery wood fire, which crackled and purred for company, she was impressed with the peaceful quiet of the house, which was not too quiet, after all, for she could hear distant movements and voices of the servants in the kitchen, and the clock on the mantel

ticked busily. All was warm, cozy, inviting, and now that she was settled down to work, she did not really regret having stayed at home, though at the time it had seemed a sacrifice to let the others go without her.

She raised her eyes suddenly at a sharp tap against the window-pane, and then started to her feet in astonishment, allowing her ball of wool to fall to the floor and roll unheeded across the hearth-rug, while she held her work loosely in one hand. For there against the glass, his little, thin body crouching against the cold pane, his hands held out imploringly, was a little brown monkey, with his bright eyes fixed upon her questioningly. Beyond him, in the snow of the lawn, stood his owner, a dark-skinned boy with an organ on his back, and his tattered cap held in his hands. Smilingly he set his organ down and began to play, while his small companion leaned, shivering, against the window. He turned his eyes longingly toward the glowing fire, and suddenly Ruth's heart was smitten with pity for the little creature. She was a very fastidious girl, with a special aversion to monkeys, but his face was so appealing, his expression so human, that pity triumphed, and, stepping to the window, she opened it, and he joyfully sprang in. She called to the boy, who stopped his wheezy grinding of the "Marsellaise," and told him to go around to the kitchen and get warm; and, ringing for a maid, she ordered that he be given something hot to eat. Then she sat down and watched her unexpected visitor. He stood before the fire, shivering pitifully, his little claws held forward toward the blaze, his bright eyes looking about wonderingly.

"Poor little thing," said Ruth; "how cold he must be!" He was not dressed as monkeys sometimes are, in bravery of braided coat and cap, but was covered only by the thin, brown hair which had served for his protection when climbing about

under a tropical sun in his native cocoanut-palm. Presently he crept nearer to the fire, and crouched on the rug in front of it. Then he curled up and went contentedly to sleep, his head resting on his little hands in the relaxed, unconscious attitude of a child gone suddenly to sleep at play. Ruth knitted vigorously on the now nearly completed sweater, glancing occasionally down at the small, slumbering creature on the rug at her feet.

A light tap on the door, and Katy entered, saying the man would take his monkey now, if she pleased, and thanked her kindly for what she had given him.

"Oh, no," said Ruth, impetuously. "Tell him the little thing is sleeping so soundly—he can wait in the kitchen for a while."

"Yes, miss." But Katy returned immediately, saying the man had to be moving on, as he must get to the next town before nightfall, fearing to be out in the snow after dark.

"Well, then," answered Ruth, reluctantly, "awaken him and take him to his master."

Katy approached the monkey gingerly, and prodded him gently with her foot, saying, "Wake up, Tito." He started up suddenly, chattering wildly, then whimpering with fear.

"You will have to lead him by that little chain fastened to his leg," said Ruth.

Katy attempted to do as directed, but the monkey dug his feet into the rug and held his thin hands out to the blaze, crying miserably, and looking around at Ruth, as if asking protection from a cruel and pitiless foe.

Ruth laughed at the expression of Katy's face. "Poor little thing!" she exclaimed again. "How cold he must have been! I do wish he had some clothes on." Then a sudden inspiration came to her, and she acted at once. "Tell his owner," she said breathlessly, "that he must wait a little while longer, and I will put a coat on the monkey, and if it gets too late, why, James can drive them in when he goes for the mail. And bring him something to eat from the kitchen, right away, please."

Left to himself, the little animal again curled up in front of the fire, triumphant satisfaction expressed in his very attitude. Ruth now worked rapidly, and within half an hour the sweater was done. Once she held it up before her with a smiling sigh, for she knew it would never be worn by golden-haired Ida Simpson, that pampered darling of Cicely's heart. But then Cicely would never know, and so could not be disappointed, and would be happy with some other gift.



"WITHOUT REMONSTRANCE, HE PERMITTED HER TO PUT IT ON."

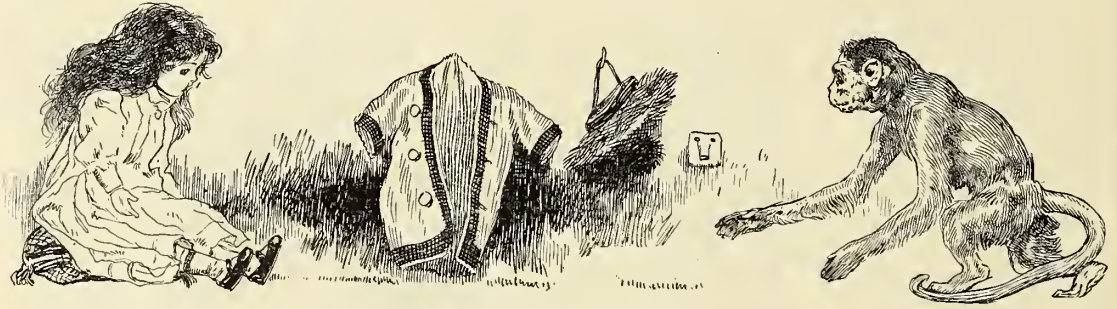
She held out the little coat toward the monkey, and he stroked it admiringly with his hand. It was such a human act that Ruth laughed outright, and was more than ever glad of what she intended to do.

Without remonstrance, he permitted her to put the sweater on and button it down the front with its four shining brass buttons, and seemed equally pleased with the little scarlet cap, both garments fitting him as snugly as though made for his especial use. He strutted up and down in front of

her, and she knew that at some period of his career he had been trained to wear a cap and coat. Then she summoned Katy, who did not attempt to conceal her admiration and amusement, and this time Tito was led away without revolt, capering proudly along in front of Katy.

A few moments later, the sound of the wheezy organ was again heard, and Ruth, looking from the window, saw Tito, a brilliant spot of color

against the snowy background, perched on his master's shoulder. The Italian lad was looking up, and, as he caught sight of her, his white teeth flashed in a broad smile, and he pulled off his shabby cap. Instantly Tito, with his tiny hand, dragged the little scarlet covering from his own head, and, before turning away, both master and monkey made their very best bow to the bright-faced girl behind the panes.



THE OLD-TIME WATCHMEN

BY WALTER K. PUTNEY

IN the days of our great-great-grandfathers, people did not live in the peacefulness and security in which we exist. This was not so much due to the fact that greater depredations were committed, as to the fact that the duties of the night-watchman were very peculiar, and included a great deal of noise-making.

The streets were entirely unlighted, and the watchman who walked the streets carried a fire-pot at the end of a long pole (and, later, a lantern), and continually cried out to let the people know that the street was patrolled. Needless to say, few evil-doers were caught, as they were warned, and could easily manage to keep "dark."

Afterward the watchman rang a bell to let it be known that he was about. Besides ringing their noisy bells, the watchmen would knock at the nearest door at each hour of the night, and announce the time and state of the weather, as, for example, "Three o'clock, and fearfully cold!"

The watchmen were provided with small, wooden, box-like houses, not unlike sentry-boxes, and oftentimes while resting they would go to sleep. It used to be one of the chief amusements of mischievous lads, out late, to tip over these boxes, as, of course, the fun was all the greater if the watchman was asleep or eating a night lunch.





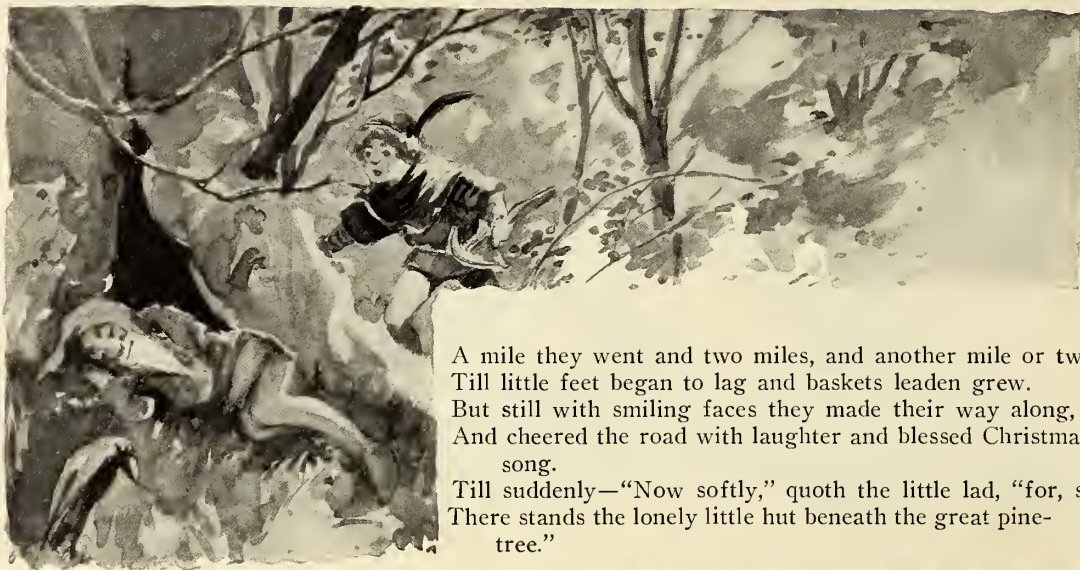
*(Oh, the squirrel and the hare and the little red fox
 They know the way to run when the gray wolf knocks.
 Deep in the forest sits the wee white man,
 And the fagot's in the fire, and the meal's in the pan.
 Very softly running come the small forest folk,
 And the wee man knows when he hears the raven croak;
 So he sets the meal a-stirring to feed his forest kin,
 And he lifts up the door-latch to let the folk come in.)*

Christmas eve was shining with lights above, below;
 Stars were in the heavens, and candles in the snow.
 But heavy were the hearts in the town of Rothenfels;
 A mock'ry seemed the carols and the joyous Christmas bells.
 Gathered in the market stood the children of the town,
 While anxiously the good old friar paced slowly up and down.
 In all the town of Rothenfels was found that blessed year,
 No sick, no sad, no poor at all who needed Christmas cheer.

Then, suddenly, up spoke the son of Forester von Heil,
 A little lad who ranged the woods for many a merry mile:
 "So please you, Reverend Father, there lives a lonely man
 Deep down within the forest where once a rabbit ran;
 And, following, I found him there asleep beneath a tree,
 All clad in white with wrinkled face, he seemed to smile on me.
 On tiptoe, very softly, I crept back the way I came,
 And nothing more I know of him nor ever heard his name.
 But surely in the forest glades it must be dark and drear,
 So may we not our baskets take and give him Christmas cheer?"

Then safely do they fasten each furry cloak and hood,
 And gaily go the children a-dancing down the wood.
 First comes the good old friar with woolen robe and staff,
 And close at hand the little lad with merry, ringing laugh;
 And close behind, the boys and girls who dwell in Rothenfels,
 A-caroling their Christmas songs and chiming Christmas bells,
 With heavy baskets laden full of Christmas cheer, I trow,
 Each packed with pride and loving heart by every good hausfrau.

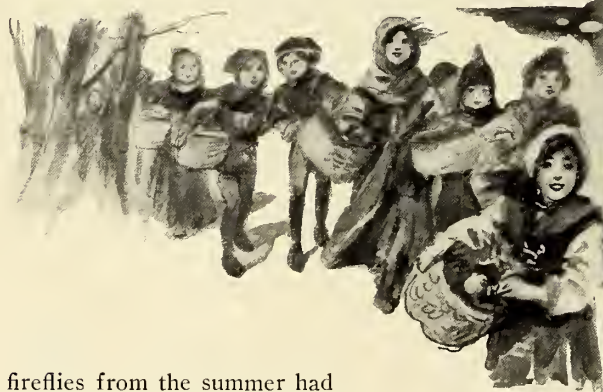




A mile they went and two miles, and another mile or two,
Till little feet began to lag and baskets leaden grew.
But still with smiling faces they made their way along,
And cheered the road with laughter and blessed Christmas
song.
Till suddenly—"Now softly," quoth the little lad, "for, see,
There stands the lonely little hut beneath the great pine-
tree."

PART II

On tiptoe to the clearing crept the children one and all,
When lo! struck dumb with wonder, they let their
burdens fall,
And gathered in a circle they watch with wond'ring
eyes,
And scarcely in amazement keep back their joyous cries.



For fireflies from the summer had
winged their bright way back,
And glowed like tiny lanterns along a star-
strewn track.
A-clustering in bunches they hung upon the tree,
And made the fairest candles that ever eyes did see.
The squirrels brought their nuts there to hang on every
twig,
And glitt'ring from the branches were frost-spears small
and big.
And oh, the little winter birds they sang so loud and clear!
The winter birds that have a song but once in all the year.



Beneath the wondrous tree there sat and smiled the wee white man,
 A-stirring meal for hungry guests within a steaming pan.
 Above him perched the raven with wise and warning croak
 To watch on the behavior of the furry forest-folk.
 And not a restless rabbit dared to twitch a paw, or stir,
 And not a busy squirrel dared to tweak the foxes' fur,
 But each sat on his haunches and watched with gleaming eyes
 The steam from off the Christmas feast like incense sweet arise.

And lo! from out the heavens swung down a shining star—
 At first it seemed a firefly that came from very far;
 And nearer now and nearer they see it growing bright,
 Until above the Christmas tree it rests its wondrous light.
 Just where a star should always shine on every Christmas tree
 It quivered for a moment and hung for all to see,
 The Christmas star come down to earth to aid the wee white man
 To whom the furry forest-folk for Christmas dinner ran.



The children leave their baskets and softly creep away.
 The town of Rothenfels will tell the legend to this day:
 How gaily went the children out four miles or maybe five,
 And found within the forest where Christmas "comes alive."
 And still their children's children the wondrous tale would hear,
 What time they took the wee white man a taste of Christmas
 cheer,

And found him seated on the ground, the glowing star above,
 And round his feet his forest kin to eat the Feast of Love.

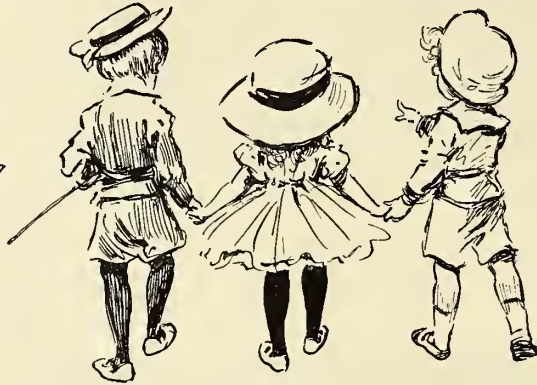
*(Oh, the squirrel and the hare and the red, red fox,
 They know the way to run when the gray wolf knocks.)*



5-12
7-12

THE BOOKS CLEVER SHOPPERS

by
Ellen
Manly



I

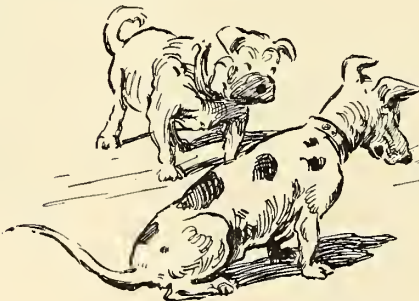
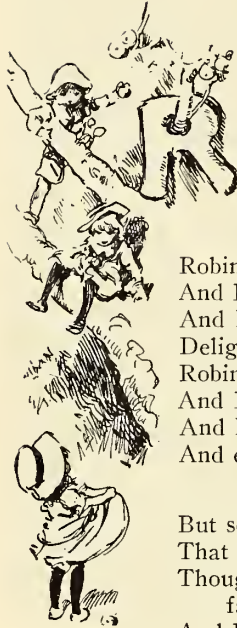
ROBINA BLONDINA and Barnaby Brown
And Reginald Rickaby set out for town.

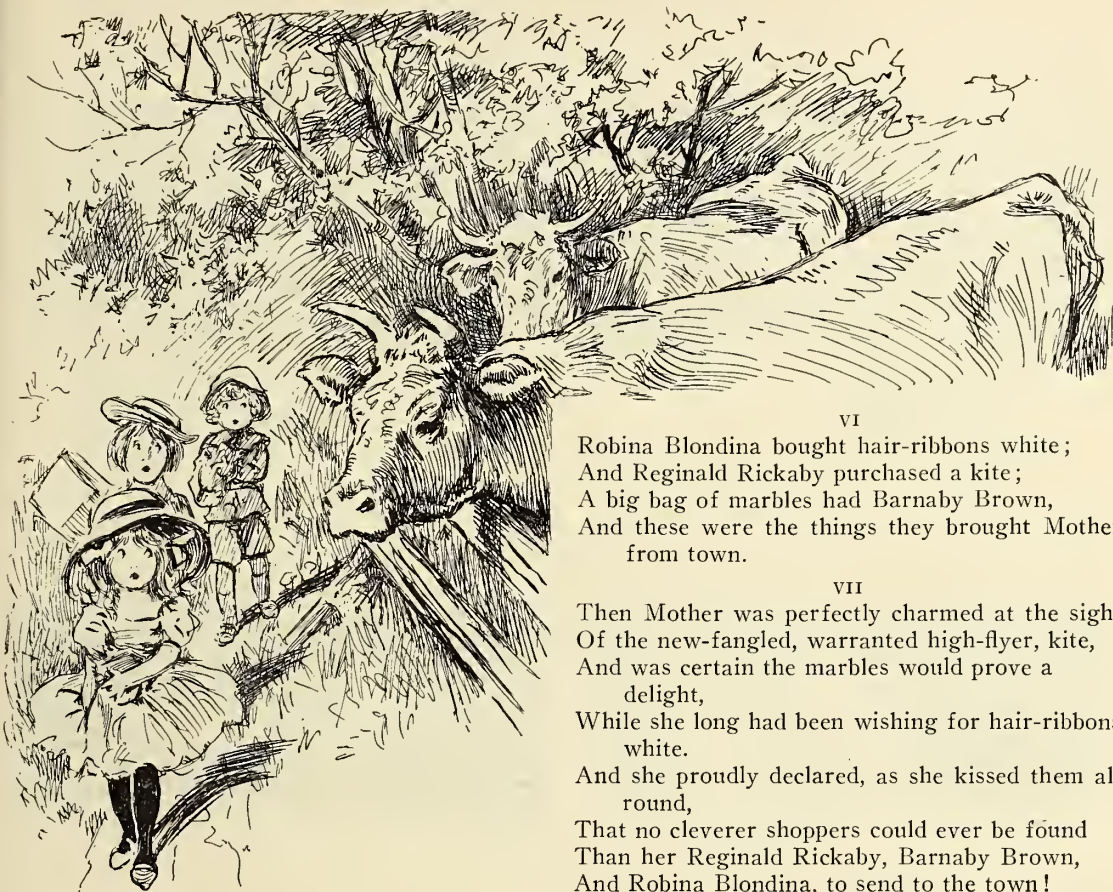
II

Robina Blondina was rosy and fair,
And Reginald Rickaby sallow and spare,
And Barnaby Brown had becoming red hair,
Delightfully curly, and parted with care.
Robina Blondina wore ribbons of blue,
And Reginald Rickaby's jacket was new,
And Barnaby Brown had a hole in his shoe,
And each had an errand for Mother to do.

III

But so merry a time did they have by the way,
That when they arrived at the town, sad to say,
Though the sky it was blue, and the weather was
fair,
And Reginald's jacket had never a tear,
And Barnaby Brown had such *beautiful* hair,
And they ransacked their brains until quite in
despair,
Yet they couldn't remember the very first thing
That their mother had carefully charged
them to bring.





IV

And so they were all of them much at a loss,
And Barnaby B. was decidedly cross
Because of a bad little stone that slipped through
That very unfortunate hole in his shoe.

V

Then Robina Blondina, extremely distressed,
Held a council of three to decide what was best;
And Barnaby Brown, with his eyes full of tears,
And Reginald Rickaby, wise for his years,
Such queer little, dear little, people were they,
That they settled the trouble at once, in this way:



VI

Robina Blondina bought hair-ribbons white;
And Reginald Rickaby purchased a kite;
A big bag of marbles had Barnaby Brown,
And these were the things they brought Mother
from town.

VII

Then Mother was perfectly charmed at the sight
Of the new-fangled, warranted high-flyer, kite,
And was certain the marbles would prove a
delight,
While she long had been wishing for hair-ribbons
white.
And she proudly declared, as she kissed them all
round,
That no cleverer shoppers could ever be found
Than her Reginald Rickaby, Barnaby Brown,
And Robina Blondina, to send to the town!



FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

HOW JACKIE VISITED THE HOUSE OF THE THREE BEARS



IN CUT-PAPER LAND

BY CHRISTINE M. WOOD

JACKIE BOY had soon learned to cut round things, and began by himself to try to make more cuttings that were not round. One day Mother said: "Jackie, let's go into the house of the three bears, with Little Silver Hair."



"THEN MOTHER CUT THIS."



"AND THEN THIS."

Jackie had been kept in the house with a sore throat, and was glad to get somewhere else, even if it was only a make-believe somewhere.

Mother took a piece of paper—the kind that she wrote letters on. "What did Silver Hair see when she went into the bears' house, little boy?"

"She saw a table!" shouted the little boy; "three tables: a big table, a middle-sized table, and a wee, little table!"

"Well, then, I'll make a table," said Mother.

And then Mother cut this, and then this.

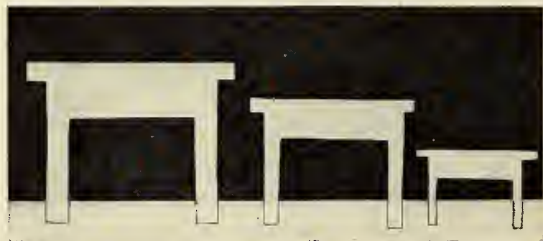
"I wonder if this can be the big table," she said.

"Why, yes! Of course it is!" said Jackie Boy. "Let me cut the middle-sized table and the wee, little table, Mama, please."

So Mother gave Jackie two small pieces of paper, one smaller than the other. He cut the two smaller tables. Then Jackie folded and cut the strip for the floor, and you can see in the picture what they looked like.

"Now, Mama, let's make the three chairs. You begin!" and Jackie danced about, he was so glad.

So Mother cut out three slips of paper, one big, one middle-sized, and one small.



THE THREE TABLES THAT JACKIE AND MOTHER MADE.

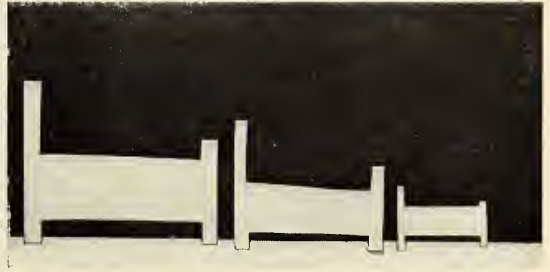


THE THREE CHAIRS FOR THE LITTLE BEARS.

She cut the largest one into a chair. Jackie made his chairs the same way.
 "But, Mama, Mama, look, the littlest chair was all broken after Silver Hair



AND HERE IS JACKIE'S LITTLEST CHAIR—ALL BROKEN.



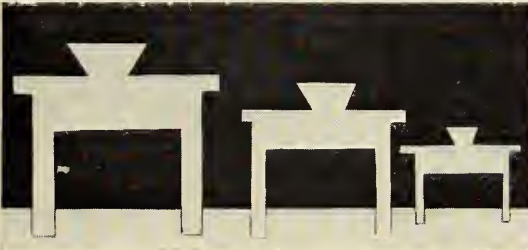
"THEN THEY SAW THREE BEDS IN THE BEARS' HOUSE."

came! Look at my littlest chair now!" You see, in the picture, how it looked.

Then they went up-stairs in the bears' house, and saw the three beds.

"But, Mother, dear, there were bowls on the tables; we have forgotten the bowls of porridge."

"Why, to be sure we have," said Mother. "You can cut the bowls and put



HERE ARE THE TABLES WITH BOWLS ON THEM.



AND THREE FUNNY LITTLE BEARS THAT JACKIE MADE.

them on the tables. There you have pieces big enough left from cutting the tables."

And here is a picture of the tables with the bowls on them.

Then Mother went out to see what Cook was getting for Father's lunch, and Jackie made three paper bears, and fixed his three Teddy bears in a funny little group to surprise her and Papa when he came home.



NATURE AND SCIENCE *for Young Folks*

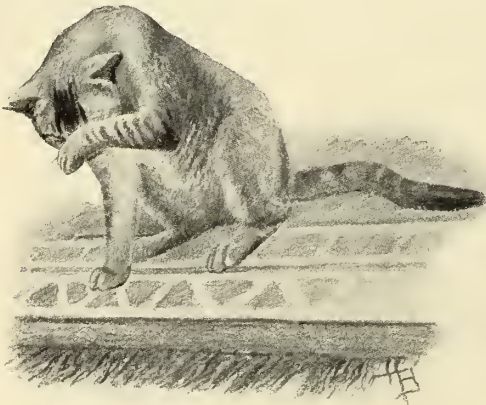
Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.



SEA-LIONS USING THEIR FLIPPERS IN CLEANING THEIR FUR.

HOW ANIMALS KEEP CLEAN

THE reader who has seen or heard of "buffalo wallows," and who knows how dirty the common pig usually appears, may think that uncleanliness is the usual and natural condition of most, if not of all, animals. But this is not the case. The buf-



A CAT WASHING ITS FACE.

falo wallow serves as a sort of scrubbing hole. The mud soon dries into cakes upon the buffalo's hide, and falls off, or is rubbed off, taking with it loose hairs and much other irritating matter. When pigs are kept in a large field, even they are

cleanly animals. Young pigs are always clean, unless they are kept in a dirty pen.

The condition of certain domestic animals, horses and cows, for instance, is often the result of their owner's carelessness. The ashman's old nag is never so neat and clean and pleasing in appearance as is the well-groomed carriage or riding horse. The cows of a poor and careless farmer are usually dirty, or were so until the Board of Health took charge. A good and humane farmer keeps his cows' coats as clean and smooth as he keeps those of his horses. All horses like to roll on the earth in some dry, bare spot. This acts as a kind of scrubbing for back and shoulder that the horse cannot reach in any other way. The tongues of cattle are very rough, and are often used to smooth their own coats and those of their offspring. They often help each other in "tidying up," and proffer their services to others of their own kind as shown in the picture on the next page.

All the members of the cat tribe, so far as I know, use their rough tongues as damp brushes for the cleansing and smoothing of their fur, and lions and tigers clean themselves in a similar way. They also wash their faces by licking their fore leg just back of the foot, and then rubbing it over the head, especially over the face. The cat does the same, now and then extending the process over her ear. I have never seen a cat use

both paws at once over the face. Have you? Rats, mice, squirrels, and rabbits use both paws

have observed, they attend to each ear with one paw at a time.

Rabbits are very cleanly animals, using their tongues for brushing and cleaning their fur. My pet rabbits used to lick my hand, and I remember



A HEN (AT LEFT) TAKING A "DUST BATH."
ANOTHER PREENING ITS FEATHERS.



RABBITS CLEANING THEIR EARS AND FACES.

simultaneously over the face, except when they go up to and over the ears, and then, so far as I

well how warm and rough were their little, narrow tongues. If you rub any animal "the wrong way," you will notice how quickly he will try to smooth himself. It would be difficult to find an



ONE OX HELPING ANOTHER IN "TIDYING UP."



THE MOUSE RUBS ITS "FISTS" OVER ITS FACE.

animal of the wilds with a disheveled coat. Various domestic animals, such as the "ruffled" guinea-pig, and some fowls, have been purposely bred with roughed-up coats, but nature seems to have little liking for such costumes!

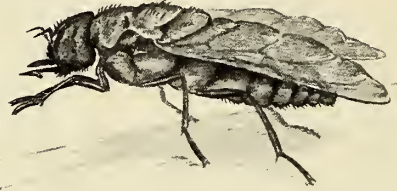
How beautifully bright and neat the birds in general keep themselves! How smooth and spotless is the soft plumage of the ring-dove! The elaborate plumage of the wood-duck is spread out so smoothly and in so beautiful a pattern, that the slightest disarrangement would spoil it. Domestic fowls spend considerable time in oiling and smoothing their feathers, doing it all with the



A KANGAROO WASHING ITS FACE.

bill. Even the awkward-looking bill of the pelican performs a similar task in a remarkable way.

Birds with very long beaks are unable to reach parts of their neck with them, so their neck feathers are short enough to stay in place without much care. If the neck feathers are long, the



A FLY CLEANING ITS FORE LEGS BY RUBBING THEM TOGETHER.

bill can usually get hold of the ends and so straighten them out.

Birds often bathe. No doubt you have often seen the pestiferous English sparrow splashing in



A FLY CLEANING ITS WINGS WITH ITS HIND LEGS.

the water after a rain, or even in a little pool in the gutter. Some birds will dash, for a moment, against the surface of a pond, and so give themselves a superficial washing. Often, when I have



A WASP CLEANING AN ANTENNA BY ITS MOUTH "JAWS."

been using the hose to sprinkle my garden early in the morning, with the water broken into spray,

I have had a robin look with longing eyes at the tempting mist, running nearer and nearer, and becoming bolder and braver, until he finally stood under the falling drops, and I have more than once had the pleasure of saying to my friends, "My robin helped me to water the grass again this morning." Every owner of a canary knows how the bird rejoices in his daily bath, and what an active and splashing performance he makes of it.

Even the insects keep "slicked up," as far, at least, as the naked eyes can observe. Wasps, "mud-daubers," flies, and mosquitos brush themselves with great care, using their fore legs for head brushes, and their hind legs for the wings. After a fly has brushed his head and face, he always rubs his feet together as if he were rolling the dust into a ball ready to be dropped and thrown away.—HARRY B. BRADFORD.

THE BIRCH-BARK ROLL CAMP

A GREAT many of our readers are familiar with the organization called "The Woodcraft Indians," or "Indian Scouts," originated by Ernest Thompson Seton, July 1, 1902, at Cos Cob, Connecticut. Mr. Seton established this camp with the main object, as he states in a letter to "Nature and Science," "To develop boys in the right direction mentally, morally, and physically by supplying wholesome, and especially outdoor, activities; aim-



MR. SETON GIVING INSTRUCTION IN BUILDING A COUNCIL FIRE.

ject of Education.' " He tells us in "The Birch-Bark Roll," a hand-book of instructions for the woodcraft Indians (and this is practically another name for "Boy Scouts"), that "Sport is the great incentive to Outdoor Life; nature study is the intellectual side of sport."

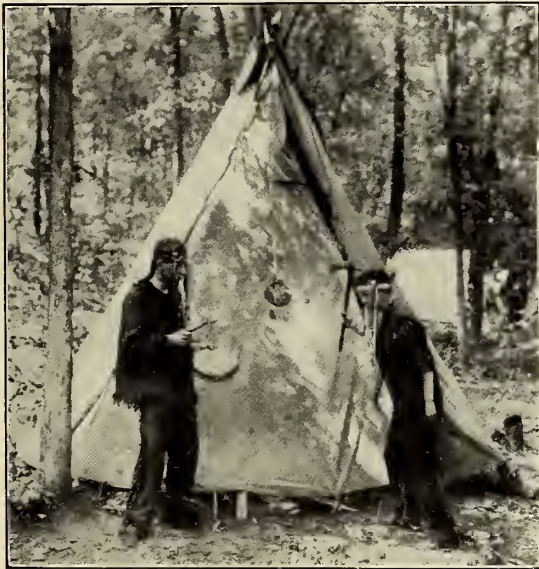
Mr. Seton explains that merely going to the woods is not enough; there must be real interest in the woods, and cites in favor of this argument the following incident:

"Not long ago a benevolent rich man, impressed with this idea, chartered a steamer and took some hundreds of slum boys up to the Catskills for a day in the woods. They were duly landed and told to 'go in now and have a glorious time.' It was like gathering up a netful of catfish and throwing them into the woods, saying, 'Go and have a glorious time.'

"The boys sulked around, and sullenly disappeared. An hour later, on being looked up, they were found in groups under the bushes, smoking cigarettes, shooting 'craps,' and playing cards,—the only things they knew.

"Thus the well-meaning rich man learned that it is not enough to take men out-of-doors. We must also teach them to enjoy it."

In the movement Mr. Seton puts recreation first and education second, and depends chiefly upon these principles: camp life, self-government, pursuits and games in Indian style, honors by standards, personal decoration, heroic ideals, and



"WOODCRAFT INDIANS" BESIDE THEIR TENT.

ing never to crush energy, but to direct it, believing that practically no boys are born bad. The bad ones are made so by evil surroundings. Our motto is 'Manhood, not Scholarship, the ob-



PLAYING SCOUTS AT AN ENCAMPMENT.

picturesqueness in everything. Of this he says: "Very great importance should be attached to this. - The effect of the picturesque is magical, and all the more subtle and irresistible because it is not, on the face of it, reasonable. The charm of titles and gay costumes, of the beautiful in cere-

mony, phrase, dance, and song, is all utilized to make the camp attractive and inviting to the boys."

The Editor of "Nature and Science," while a guest at the encampment, made many photographs of the life and pursuits of the boys, from which the accompanying illustrations were selected.

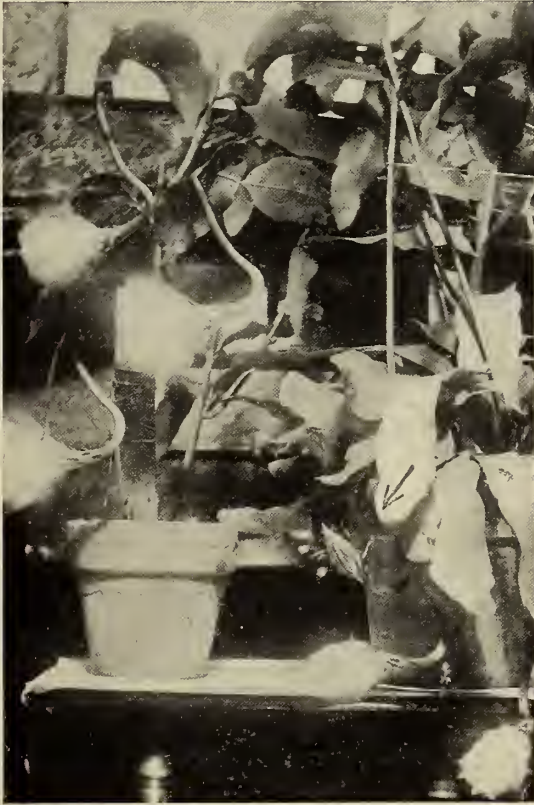


VISITORS WATCHING AN INDIAN CEREMONY AROUND THE COUNCIL FIRE.

THE NIGHT FLOWERS TURNED AWAY FROM STRONG LIGHT

THE accompanying photograph of a night-blooming cereus was taken at night by electric light while the flowers were opening. It will be noticed that each flower is blurred. This was caused by a double motion—first, while the petals were slowly unfolding, and secondly, as they gradually turned away from the strong light.

The exposure given was thirty minutes. One



THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS TURNED AWAY FROM THE LIGHT.

bud, indicated by the arrow, refused to open, but on the following night, out of doors under the starlight, developed into a beautiful flower.

A. D. DART.

A PLAGUE OF GRASSHOPPERS

WHILE grasshoppers are interesting to the entomologist, and have instructive habits that would pay anybody to study, they often become an unbearable pest to the farmer, because they have an excellent appetite, and are usually ready to devour almost any green and growing plant. Mr. J. O. V. Wise of Canfield, Colorado, recently had an experience of the kind. His fields of alfalfa



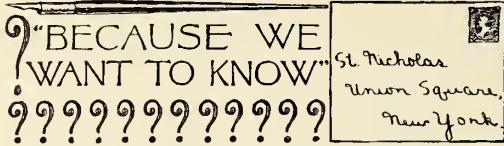
RAKING UP THE GRASSHOPPERS.

were so overrun with the insects that some means of destroying them became positively necessary. So Mr. Wise made a machine consisting of a drag, a trough partly filled with unrefined kerosene oil, and a contrivance by which the grasshoppers were brushed into the oil as the machine was drawn across the field. With the use of nine barrels of oil, Mr. Wise gathered two hundred bushels of grasshoppers.

He piled them up in the field to dry, and when they were dry, he fed them to his chickens. In this way he freed his fields from the pest, gratified himself, and doubtless pleased the chickens.



AN ENORMOUS PILE OF GRASSHOPPERS.



WHY YOUR QUESTION WAS NOT ANSWERED

If you did not receive an answer to your question, it was probably for one of these two reasons:

1. It was not of sufficient general interest for publication, and you neglected to inclose the required stamped and self-addressed envelop for a personal reply by mail.
2. A letter to you was returned by the Post-office because you did not include street and house number in your address.

THE LAKE CHAMPLAIN MYTH

PORT HENRY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to know why Lake Champlain is higher every seventh year.

Your loving reader,
HARRY GODDARD OWEN (age 8).

It is n't. So long as I have lived on this lake, and that is over thirty years, I have never heard of the seven-year period for high water. I am getting material together for a study of past and present changes of level, and if I discover any well-marked periods, I will send them to you. I do not believe that they exist.—GEORGE H. HUDSON, Plattsburg, New York.

It would be very interesting to ascertain, if it were possible, where such quite commonly believed myths originate.

PINEAPPLE TOPS WILL GROW

CREAM RIDGE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I started four tops that were cut from pineapples the first of June, and took them up in October. They had roots on them five and six inches



THE TOP OF A PINEAPPLE, CUT OFF AND PLACED IN EARTH IN A FLOWER-POT.



THE TOP SOON DEVELOPS LONG, SLENDER ROOTS.

long and were doing all right, and I think would have been strong, healthy plants had I taken them up before frost came. But I had no place to keep them through the winter.

Yours truly,
JOHN K. WOODWARD.

OXFORD, MISS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw in ST. NICHOLAS, in the "Nature and Science" department, something about experimenting with pineapples. I have already rooted two. One has been growing about a year and one about a month, but neither has a pineapple on it.

Yours truly,
EMILY HEDLESTON (age 12).

Letters have been received from young folks who tried to grow the tops in water and found this method unsuccessful. Plant the top in soil. Keep it outdoors in summer and in a pot in winter, or it may be kept all the time indoors as a decorative plant. The top will develop roots. The accompanying illustrations are from a top that has been kept in the "Nature and Science" experiment home for almost a year.

A "WEATHER-BREEDING" DAY

LISBON, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you tell me why a so-called "weather breeder" (a perfectly clear day) is usually followed by rainy weather?

Yours sincerely,
KATHARINE BEARD.

Clear days known as weather breeders are so called because warm and moist south and south-

easterly winds usually prevail during these days, indicating the approach of an area of low barometric pressure from some western or northern point. These warm southerly winds mix with the cold winds from the northwest, the mixture rises, and, as it rises, expands, causing a loss of temperature, until, finally, the temperature falls sufficiently to condense the moisture in the air, and raindrops are formed. Although the southerly winds are laden with moisture, their high temperature keeps the moisture in the form of vapor, as the moisture of the air increases with increase in temperature, and consequently clouds do not form until the cold currents are encountered and condensation takes place.—CHIEF U. S. WEATHER BUREAU.

INTERESTING PIECES OF "STONE"

WHITE HALL, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you some little pieces of stone that I picked up, and I would like to know what they are. Please tell me. I remain

Your beloved reader,

ELIZABETH CORSA (age 9).

These "pieces of stone" are the circular plates that made up the bending column of an ancient ocean animal that grew in the form of a lily. In those very remote days, whose distance from our time is measured by millions and millions of years, the vast interior seas supported, in places, a vigorous life of these "stone lilies," which swung to and fro in the tides, just as the few remaining representatives of the same class do to-day in the deeper parts of certain portions of our present



THE STONE-LIKE PIECES THAT WERE PARTS OF LILY-LIKE ANIMALS.

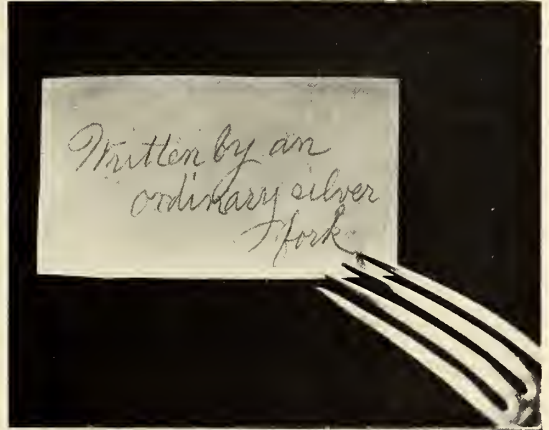
oceans. These were not indeed "lilies" at all, but might be described as a peculiarly modified starfish on a stem. They belong to the great class of

the Echinoidea, or sea-urchins, and their remains contributed, in the past, to the formation of the limestone beds. These bits of stone were parts of the graceful column—made up in this way to secure flexibility—on the top of which the Crinoid expanded its arms and lived.—L. P. GRATACAP.

WRITING BY MEANS OF A FORK

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you please tell me in "Because We Know" why it is possible to write on a certain kind of paper with an ordinary silver fork



THE SILVER FORK WRITES AS CLEARLY AND AS EASILY AS A LEAD-PENCIL.

or spoon? The pieces of paper I inclose were torn from the February 11, 1911, "Illustrated London News." The pages 193, 194, 195, and 196 are all the same. I hope you can tell me why this writing can be done.

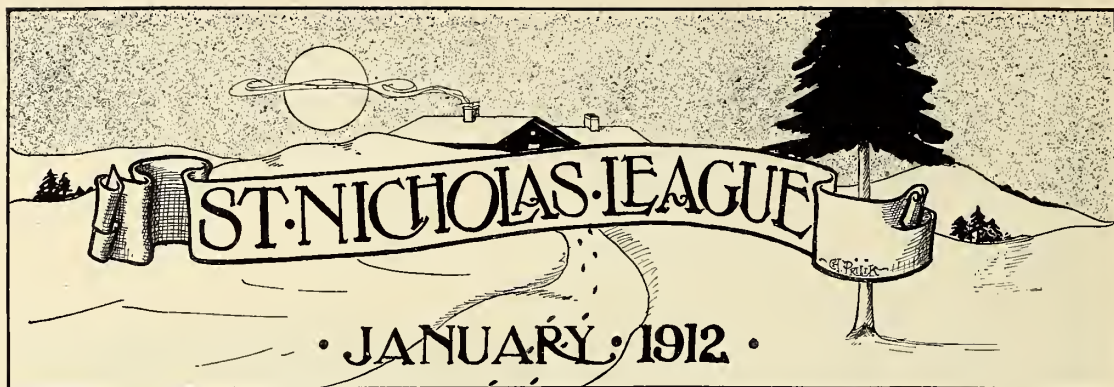
Your faithful reader,

ELIZABETH ABERCROMBIE (age 14).

The action is mechanical, and not chemical, as is commonly supposed. These special papers are prepared by mixing some substance that may be easily rubbed off, such as a zinc oxide, powdered glass, infusorial earth, etc., with the coating or "sizing" that is applied to the paper.

The blackness of the marks made by different metals depends on their hardness. The soft metals, like lead, magnesium, tin, and aluminium, produce very black streaks, while the hard metals, like copper and silver, produce lighter markings. The blackness of the marks is in the following order: lead produces the blackest marks, then follow the lead-tin alloys, magnesium, aluminium, tin, copper, zinc, silver, brass, and platinum (iridium hardened).

The fact that platinum produces a mark on the paper is positive proof that the action is mechanical rather than chemical, for platinum resists all acids except the one known as aqua regia.—C. E. SKINNER, Engineer, Research Division, Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company.



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY CHARLES PRILICK, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

AGAIN we salaam to our youthful poets, for they blossom out in a veritable bouquet of poetic offerings this month, so excellent in construction, and so beautiful in thought and feeling, that we find it necessary to give up practically two pages to verse alone! And admirable verse it is, too, conveying, with remarkable skill and cleverness, all the tender sentiment and romance of the "twilight" hour.

We congratulate our young rhyme-makers on their fine showing, and regret that, once more, the limits of space

prevent our publishing other little poems almost as good as those we print.

Our young photographers send an array of splendid pictures illustrating "The Finish" from every point of view; the prose contributions are fully up to the usual high standard of the League; and our drawings never have been better. And so the New-Year opens with the promise that for the League and its loyal members, 1912 will be a "Happy New-Year" indeed!

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 143

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Mary Carver Williams** (age 13), Chicago, Ill.

Silver badges, **Barry John Nash** (age 16), Ontario Beach, N. Y.; **Rebekah B. Hoffman** (age 15), Newark, N. J.

VERSE. Gold badges, **Bertha E. Walker** (age 16), South Pasadena, Cal.; **Flora McDonald Cockrell** (age 11), Warrensburg, Mo.; **Anna B. Stearns** (age 15), Dedham, Mass.

Silver badges, **Emily Legg** (age 12), Seattle, Wash.; **Lucile Benton Beauchamp** (age 16), Blossom, Tex.; **Irma A. Hill** (age 14), New York City; **Dorothy Smith** (age 10), Amarillo, Tex.; **Esther Jane Helfrich** (age 16), Chicago, Ill.; **Dorothy C. Snyder** (age 13), Brooklyn, N. Y.

DRAWINGS. Gold badge, **Edith Ballinger Price** (age 14), Newport, R. I.

Silver badges, **Helen Goodwin** (age 13), Hartford, Conn.; **Charles Prilick** (age 14), Brooklyn, N. Y.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver badges, **Rachel Talbot** (age 15), Urbana, Ill.; **Helen W. Overend** (age 11), Overbrook, Pa.; **Dorothy Dryden** (age 13), Bernardsville, N. J.; **Robert D. Marshall** (age 17), Rock Island, Ill.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badge, **John S. Harlow, Jr.** (age 15), Dixfield, Me.

Silver badges, **Alice Wilkins** (age 11), Paris, France; **Nathaniel L. Harris** (age 13), Dedham, Mass.; **Russell Crothers** (age 15), Cincinnati, O.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver badges, **Agnes L. Thomson** (age 17), Silver Creek, B. C.; **Frances B. Gardiner** (age 14), Erie, Pa.; **Ellen C. Gary** (age 15), Wheaton, Ill.



"THE FINISH." BY RUTH D. ROBINSON, AGE 16.



"THE FINISH." BY MACK EVANS, AGE 16.

PATRIOTS

BY MARY CARVER WILLIAMS (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge)

A PATRIOT is one who loves and is devoted to the welfare of his country. All great men are patriots. Napoleon was, indeed, renowned, but he was not a great man, largely because he was not a patriot. He worked for his own selfish interests, and not for the interest of his country.

Washington and Lincoln were patriots not only because they were Presidents and fought or lived in time of war, but because they were men of big hearts and broad minds, which enabled them to see things in the right way. Washington's kind acts and unselfish ways went just as far toward making him a patriot as all his victories in battle.



"THE FINISH." BY DOROTHY DRYDEN, AGE 13
(SILVER BADGE.)

All great writers and painters have their country's interest at heart. They wish to produce something great, that their country may be proud to say, "It belongs to *me*. One of my children did it." If a mother educates all her children to become great and good men and women, she deserves greater respect than she could earn in any other way. That is the way with our mother country. If we are patriots, which simply means increasing by our deeds the respect due to our country, we shall never feel that we have not "done what we could."

PATRIOTS UNIVERSAL

BY BARRY JOHN NASH (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

LISTEN, O Man, while I tell a tale of patriotism! Untainted with the crimson life-blood of the dying and the dead; free from the wail of the little child and the agonized mother; noble in its stand against the savagery of war—the practice of beasts.

All that is noble and heroic; that is loyal and honorable and glorious, clings to the word "patriot," as do bloodshed and death.

Most patriots have arisen out of the battle-field. Their fame has been born amid the grasp and the groaning, the wail and the scream, the last heart-throb of dying men—has been born of Death.

But listen, O Man! Mine is not a tale of agony and



"THE FINISH." BY CHARLOTTE SKINNER, AGE 12.

death, nor of the heroes of one land or nation. Nay, it is the story of the "Patriots Universal,"—the champions of peace.

A tale having its beginning in the dim, beautiful past. On the night when a tiny babe was born in a manger. He was the first to raise his voice and cry for it—with the intensity that is born of love. His was the cry of Brotherhood—which is peace. But there must be followers of this first cry—that it may live. It is the followers—lovers of the doctrine of peace—I call patriots!

Mine are the true patriots. Not those of any one nation, empire, race, or people, but of all humanity.



"THE FINISH." BY MARIAN CROSBY, AGE 13.

They are found where love and brotherhood exist—and intellect reigns. They are the enemies of war, bloodshed, widowed women, fatherless children. They are of all races and conditions of men—and they work, slowly, steadily, and silently; but their work is lasting; they speak not in vain.

Their cry is of all races of men—sent forth to mankind; their work, for Peace Universal!



"THE FINISH." BY RACHEL TALBOT, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)



"THE FINISH." BY HELEN W. OVEREND, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE CLOSE OF DAY

BY BERTHA E. WALKER (AGE 16)
(Gold Badge)

AT close of day the sunlight pales,
The birds have ceased their roundelay;
And over all a hush descends,
At close of day.

The cows come, gently mooing, home,
Their bells all tinkling from afar;
While over in the darkening west,
There gleams a star.

The tossing ocean's surging might
Seems stilled to calm and soothing rest,
And snow-white gulls, in swift-winged flight,
Soar home to nest.

Now darkness shuts its curtain down
On all the tired world about,
While from the houses, ruddy lights
Come streaming out.

From meadow-grasses soon begins
The crickets' shrill and piping tune,
And high within the heavens, sails
The peaceful moon.

The farmers long have left the fields,
And, eager, seek their earned repose;
O'er all the land night broods, and brings
The long day to a close.

TWILIGHT

BY EMILY LEGG (AGE 12)
(Silver Badge)

DAYLIGHT has vanished o'er
The western mountain wall,
And all around us, slowly,
Dark shadows gently fall;
While from the woods comes, faintly,
The nightingale's sweet call.

So ends this day, as others—
A day of death and birth.
To some it ends with sorrow,
To others ends in mirth.
But twilight is a comfort,
Throughout the wide, wide earth.

TWILIGHT

BY FLORA McDONALD COCKRELL (AGE 11)
(Gold Badge)

THE shadows deepen with the fall of night,
And one by one the silver stars appear.
The nightingale sings in the oak-tree near;
The moon, a slender thread of silver white,
Rivals in vain the sunset's fading light.
And in the shady woodlands dim, I hear
The whippoorwill's sad cry, plaintively clear,
Singing farewell unto the sunshine bright.

Twilight, the death of day, the close of life.
Is it, indeed, farewell to life? But nay,
A rest from all the turmoil and the strife;
Only the dawn of a bright, endless day,
Whose sun is rising in his majesty.
Twilight of life, dawn of eternity.

THE CLOSE OF DAY

BY LUCILE BENTON BEAUCHAMP (AGE 16)
(Silver Badge)

To fife-call and bugle-call,
The Prussian banners fly;
Brighter, nearer the colors glow
Against the evening sky.
To fife-call and bugle-call,
The Old Guard goes to die.

With war-cry and death-cry,
The last charge is made;
Across the field they go,
As the sunset colors fade.
With war-cry and death-cry,
They cross the grassy glade.

With last breath, with faint breath,
From out the battle's close,
"Vive l'Empereur!" rings on high
(For the last time it rose).
With last breath, with faint breath,
While all around Death flows.

In the still hush, the night hush,
The cannons cease to boom,
And wraithlike through the smoke
The fall'n battalions loom.
In the still hush, the night hush,
An empire dies in gloom.



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY
HELEN GOODWIN, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY ADELE C. GRAVES, AGE 14.



BY ROBERT D. MARSHALL, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE)



BY PRISCILLA W. SMITH, AGE 14.



BY ALICE A. HOGE, AGE 13.



BY EMILY MC E. CRABBE, AGE 13.



BY GEORGIANA SLADE, AGE 8.



BY FRIEDA RECKNAGEL, AGE 14.



BY GERTRUDE NEFF, AGE 13.



BY JULIA F. BRICE, AGE 15.

"THE FINISH."

PATRIOTS

BY REBEKAH B. HOFFMAN (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

PATRIOTISM! What does that word embody? To me it means, first of all, self-sacrifice; it means courage; it means integrity and faithfulness. Nearly every country and age consider a man a patriot from a different standpoint, and not every patriot had all these qualities combined.

A Greek or Roman patriot was one who fought for his country, one who possessed physical courage. In more modern days, patriots have arisen in our own land and elsewhere who have gained their places by fighting; but here is the difference between the two: they have had a firm principle that they have fought for, a true sense of righteousness for which they were willing to sacrifice their lives, if need be. George Washington illustrates this class most truly.

There were other patriots who showed their loyalty by pecuniary aid. Most of these sacrificed their own comforts for the demands of their country.

And then there is another class. Abraham Lincoln! Was he not a most sterling kind of a patriot, and yet he did not fight, neither could he afford to give money. What did he do? He gave his whole heart and soul for the cause that he believed was right. He devoted all his time, his energy, and thought so that it might succeed.

Patriotism is something that every loyal American can well be proud of; for whenever our country was in danger, or the call for troops was issued, in every case, noble, true, self-sacrificing men stood forth, ready to answer to their country's need. These men seem raised to a higher, grander plane of existence by their noble actions.

PATRIOTS

BY MARGARET E. BEAKES (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

"WHAT is a patriot, Mother, a soldier?"

Mrs. Stafford looked up from her sewing to meet her small son's eager eyes lifted from the pages of a story-book.

"Many soldiers are patriots, little man," she answered, smiling at him, "but all patriots are not soldiers. A patriot is one who loves his country. In fact," she added more seriously, "it is not necessary to be a man in order to be a patriot. When I was a girl, I knew a little old lady who, by her noble work and devotion to her country, truly deserved that name.

"She was a volunteer nurse during the Civil War, and used her small inheritance to better the hospital conditions. And I know, when she worked among the wounded, she must often have echoed the words of a great general, spoken at Waterloo, that there is but one thing sadder than a great victory, and that is a great defeat.

"She gave all of us children something of her love for our country, and taught us that we could best serve our country by obeying her laws and doing our best in ordinary things, as well as by being always ready to make any sacrifice in time of need.

"She was a jolly person, and all of us loved her. I remember yet what good cookies she made.

"So, you see," she added, with a smile, "there are many kinds of patriots."

THE TWO FEBRUARY HOLIDAYS

BY ANNA LAURA PORTER (AGE 17)

THE two great days of February are Lincoln's Birthday on the twelfth, and Washington's Birthday on the twenty-second.

When, on the twelfth, one pictures to one's self the tall, gaunt figure of "Honest Abe," one is not apt to doubt that it is a great day, a day which makes us think with wonder of the road the poor rail-splitter traveled from a little log-cabin to the White House, and how unassuming he was when he rose to be the first man of the United States. How he stopped to think of the poor slaves and gave his life to making people happy when he might have been enjoying himself in the best manner. Surely one must honor and keep Lincoln's Birthday.

Then Washington certainly deserves to have his birthday held as a national holiday, for, unlike Lincoln, he left a home of plenty, with everything to make life a pleasure, to lead the poor Continental soldiers in the struggle against their oppressors. That was surely greatness, for had he chosen, he could have joined the British and received a rich reward for so doing. Instead he chose to live with the poor, half-starved, half-clothed little army, struggling—not for money, but for home and liberty. He received his reward by being trusted by them with the honor of being "The First President of the United States."

February is a great month to loyal Americans, for in it comes the birthdays of these two—our most honored Presidents—Presidents who ruled for the good of the people and not against them. We certainly are proud to belong to a country with two such really great men, who did so much for all mankind.



"THE FINISH." BY RUTH F. BROOKS, AGE 14.



"THE FINISH." BY DORIS ROWALL, AGE 13.



On Wheels.

"ON WHEELS." BY MARGARET A. FOSTER, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)



IB PRICE 1911

"ON WHEELS." BY EDITH B. PRICE, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)



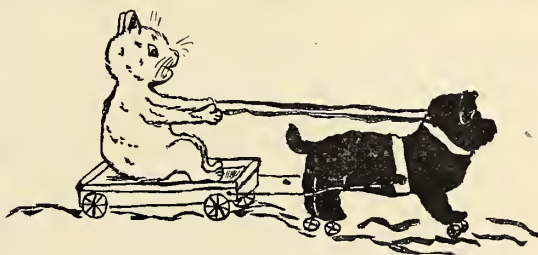
"ON WHEELS." BY MARGARET BRATE, AGE 14.



"ON WHEELS." BY JAMES SLACK, AGE 10.



"ON WHEELS." BY LILY KING WESTERVELT, AGE 14.



"ON WHEELS." BY COPELAND HOVEY, AGE 12.

TWILIGHT

BY ANNA B. STEARNS (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge)

A POETESS, at the close of day,
Reclined upon a mossy stone;
She looked upon the peaceful scene,
And saw, with joy, she was alone.

"Come, Inspiration, come," she said.
"This twilight for my verse I take.
I wish to write about the clouds
Reflected in the silver lake,

"About the piping of the frogs,
The thousand whispers from afar,
The flowers closing, birds asleep,
And over all the evening-star.

"Dear me! how those mosquitos buzz!
I 'd better try to finish quick.
But what if Inspiration thinks
These biting insects are too thick?

"I 'll wait a little longer though;
Oh, dear! oh, dear!! why can't I write?
Let 's see—I 'll try to fix my thoughts—
Good gracious, here 's another bite!

"I guess I might as well go home,
For now it 's grown too dark to see."
So since a real, true poetess failed,
Why, *what* could you expect from me?

THE CLOSE OF DAY

BY ELIZABETH PRATT (AGE 10)

It was close of day,
And I had put my cares away;
And now I lay on my little white bed,
With a soft pillow under my head.
I thought I heard a birdie say,
"Good night, good night, 't is close of day."

TWILIGHT

BY LEISA WILSON (AGE 12)

THE twilight hush is over all,
The busy world is still;
The dusk is deepening into night,
And by the camp-fire's flickering light,
We watch the shadows fall.

A far church-bell rings low and clear;
As though by signal called,
The darkness drops, and lo, a star,
And then the moon, a silver bar,
Appears, and night is here.

TWILIGHT

BY DOROTHY C. SNYDER (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

SOFTLY the violet shadows creep
Toward us, from out the west.
Softly the twilight cometh on,
And lulls the birds to rest.
Gone is the wildness of the wind,
The brightness of the sun;
Now only grayness you can find—
For day is done!

TWILIGHT

BY IRMA A. HILL (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

UPON the western hills there lies
The soft rose of the sunset glow;
Above, the calm of evening skies,
Green earth below.

The sun is down and day is o'er,
Earth wearies now of light; it seems
As though she greets with joy once more,
The hour of dreams.

The dim, sweet time of peace and rest,
Before the long, dark night draws near,
The drowsy hour that dreams love best,
Twilight is here.

And in the dimness all around,
We see to-day's deep shadows go,—
In twilight time new hopes are found,
And new dreams grow.

Meanwhile the darkness gathers fast,
From some far mountain shines a light,
And twilight's short, sweet reign is past,
For it is night!

TWILIGHT

BY DOROTHY SMITH (AGE 10)

(Silver Badge)

AT twilight, tired with work and play,
We gather at our mother's side,
And, nestling close in her dear arms,
To her our thoughts and hopes confide.

No dream to her seems out of bounds,
Her words with strength our hearts imbue.
"With work and faith in self," she says,
"The best of dreams may all come true."

And ere in sleep we close our eyes,
Each happy hour we then recall;
And as we drift to pleasant dreams,
The twilight one seems best of all.

AT CLOSE OF DAY

BY ESTHER JANE HELFRICH (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

WITHIN the quiet room I sit,
And think, and dream, and softly sigh;
My thoughts are sad, and only lit
By the vague light of days gone by.
And there, within the firelight's glow,
Old hopes and fears come back to me;
I seem to hear the night winds blow
The leaves of that one old oak-tree
That used to stand in our front yard;
I seem to see my mother's smile,
The old home lights—oh, it is hard
That I may only dream a while.
Each day as twilight hour draws near,
The old, old thoughts come back to me;
The voices that I loved to hear,
The faces that I loved to see,
The moments sad, the moments gay,
All these come back at close of day.

TWILIGHT

BY DOROTHY STOCKBRIDGE (AGE 15)
(Honor Member)

TWILIGHT and a silent river,
Silver, fading into gray;
Lilac lights that burn and quiver,
Burn, and glow, and fade away
In the still heart of the river.

Cobweb spans and elfin arches
Looming strangely through the dusk;
Breezes sighing in the larches,
Roses sweeter far than musk,
Stars that glimmer through the arches.

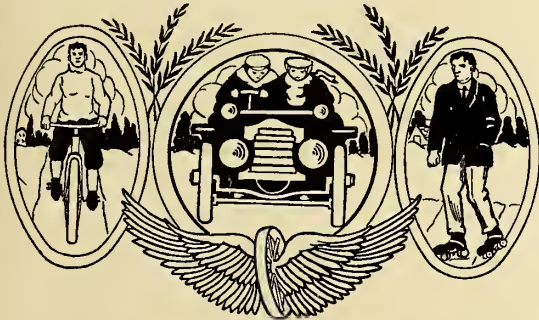
Twilight and a silent river,
Silver gray and veiled in mist;
Lilac lights that burn and quiver;
Sky of dusky amethyst
Arching o'er the mist-spanned river.

Fairy-land with strange lights gleaming,
Land of vision and of dream,
Strange, indeed, thy mystic seeming,
Strange thy fairy-haunted stream,
Strange thy dim star's distant gleaming.

TWILIGHT

BY RACHEL LYMAN FIELD (AGE 16)

WHEN the sunset colors fade,
And the night begins to creep
From out the far horizon
Over the murmuring deep,
Then up from the wondrous ocean,
In the sky so dark and far,
Gleaming in lonely beauty,
Is Venus, the evening-star.



"ON WHEELS." BY JOHN HILZINGER, AGE 17.

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

- Mildred Thorp
- Ruth Strassburger
- Jeannette Fellheimer
- Hattie M. Wolke
- Marian Wightman
- Velona B. Pilcher
- Hildegard Diechmann
- Mary E. Van Fossen
- George Tutte
- Frieda E. Haden
- H. Hardy Heth
- Josephine P. Keene
- Fredrika W. Hertel
- Margaret Kent Beard
- Mary Daboll
- Evelyn H. Weil
- Marjorie Varian
- Dorothy M. Rogers
- Nina Hansell
- Katherine Mannassan
- Marjory Roby
- Adelina Longaker

- Julia M. Hergert
- Rebecca H. Wilder
- Frederick R. Schmidt
- Lois W. Kellogg
- Harriet Henry
- Anita Dalberg
- Myrtle Oltman
- Marguerite Sisson
- Edith Brodek
- William W. Ladd
- Max Muench
- Catherine P. Harris

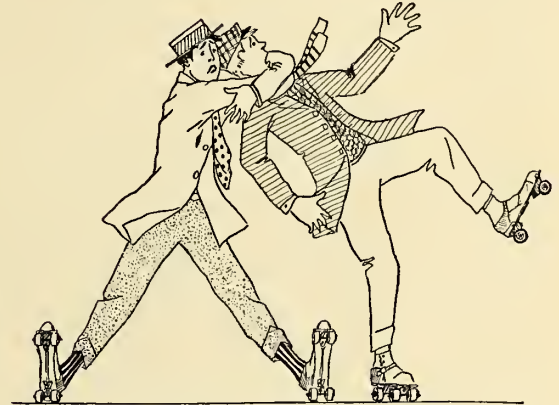
- Naomi Lauchheimer
- Jack Jackson
- Jeanette R. Einstein
- Hortense Lion
- Elsie Stevens
- F. Earl Underwood
- Gertrude Carlisher
- Belle Lang
- Elizabeth Finley
- Mary Fagan
- Mary E. Atwood
- Catalina Ferrer
- Henry Reifschneider
- Charles G. Edwards

PROSE, 2

- Margaret
- Frank Leach

- Erik Achorn
- Dorothy Loury
- Rowena Lamy
- Dorothy Dobbin
- Lois B. Perley
- Margaret E. Rothschild
- Barbara Foster
- Pauline P. Whitteley
- Louise Eaton
- Doris F. Halman
- Helen V. Patterson
- Vera F. Keeves
- Prudence K. Jamieson
- Lucie Morton
- Doris L. Huestis
- Agnes H. Smith
- Winifred S. Stoner, Jr.
- Keene Wallis
- William H. Edwards II

- Nathan Spekofsky
- Joseph Kryavski
- Frieda H. Claussen
- Elizabeth C. Walton
- Erla I. Hessin
- Dixie Harris
- Helen Dingee
- Alice I. Rood
- Millicent Halsey
- Rosalie Landman
- Berenice E. Fowler
- Alice H. Lyons
- Doris E. Padgham
- Dorothy McCIntic
- Constance Storrs
- Margery Leve
- Harry Landes
- Lucy A. Mackay
- W. J. Cresswell



"ON WHEELS." BY HAZEL S. HALSTEAD, AGE 16.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

- Charles Wertebaker
- Alice D. Dean
- Julia Sullivan
- Louise Lieber
- M. Spector
- Katherine Rogers
- Randall P. Stewart
- Gladys B. Furst
- Elizabeth W. Stryker
- Vida Cowin

VERSE, 1

- Mildred W. Longstreth
- Helen Mannassan
- Louise J. Spanagle
- Helen R. Tolles
- Anita Scott
- Eleanor Johnson
- Caroline C. Roe
- Irene Stevens
- Henry C. Fenn
- Dorothy Ramsey
- Mary Horne
- Mary F. Williams
- Marion M. Frolich
- Norah Culhane
- Anna Charap
- Frances Ward
- Priscilla Hovey
- Anna Ruggles
- Dorothy Levy
- Ruth Livingston
- Jeanette E. Laws
- Rose M. Davis
- Esther Reedy
- Adelaide B. Fairbank
- Edith Smith
- Calista P. Eliot
- Eleanor H. Frazier
- Margaretta C. Johnson
- Isabel D. Weaver
- Helen D. Baker
- Gwynne Abbott
- Bruce T. Simonds

- Garda Brown
- Edith V. Manwell
- Susan C. Duffield
- Natalie Welden
- Helen Bolles
- Madeline McLimont

VERSE, 2

- Eleanor M. Sickels
- Frances B. Todd
- Alberita N. Richards
- Margaret Duggar
- Delma V. George
- Janet Koch
- Helen J. Barker
- Julia D. McMahon
- Lillia O. Lyman
- Rachel Brown
- Littleton M. Wickham
- Frances Hitchcock
- Susanne Lewis
- Wellington E. Lee
- Emilie Bohm
- John H. Terry
- Morgan S. Campbell
- Doris R. Wilder
- Lucile Frank
- Virginia Sledge
- Margaret Hoffman
- Jane O. Langthorn
- Olga Owens
- Enice A. Holme
- Ruth E. Wilder
- Mary Woodruff
- Isobel B. Simpson
- Ethel C. Litchfield
- Helen B. Rivkin
- Elizabeth Willcox
- Helen P. Loudenslager
- Martha Culvoss
- Elizabeth H. Booth
- Dorothy Love
- Sam Sanderson
- Dorothy L. Greene
- Helen Hotchkiss

- Winifred Ward
- Lillie G. Menary
- Robert S. Welden
- Alice Trimble
- Lillian Wollitz
- Marguerite Bernard
- Flora Nelson
- Eleanor G. Millar
- Ethel London
- Adela F. Fitts
- Ruth Merrill
- Rose Saffran
- Anna De Witt
- Charline M. Wackman
- Banny S. McLean
- George M. Enos
- Miriam Dyckman
- Charlotte Bartlett
- Sadie Cadoo
- Simon Cohen
- Olga M. Marwig
- Jane Huson

DRAWINGS, 1

- Jack Hopkins
- Alice Barnhart
- Agnes I. Prizer
- Genevieve K. Hamlin
- Margaret K. Turnbull
- Beryl H. Margetson
- Lucy Blenkinsop
- S. Dorothy Bradley
- Eleanor T. Middleditch
- Louis Wade
- Margaret M. McGregor
- Ruth Shonle
- Margaret Ager
- S. Dorothy Bell
- Lucie C. Holt
- Gwendolyn
- Frothingham
- Rosella M. Hartmann
- E. Leslie Wathen
- Adelaide Lovett

Lucy J. Call
Beryl Morse
Dorothy Seligman
Frank Kimmel
Ruth Ripley
Walter K. Frame
Margaret F. Foster
Marion Robertson
Jeannette Reid
Ora E. Tyriver
Eloise Valiant
Annie Lee Haynes
Alison M. Kingsbury

DRAWINGS, 2

Welthea B. Thoday
Carl Edwin Ohlsson
Helen F. Batchelder
Elizabeth L. Wilder
Helen F. Morgan
Edith Sloan
Marie H. Wilson
Mathilda Menrad
George Stein
P. F. Bower
Mabel V. Raymond
Alice Zimmermann
Leo Swift
Joe Mack, Jr.
Priscilla Robinson
Martha Zeiger
Margaret B. Lincoln
Viola Kramer
Dorothy M. Beard
Ethel M. Sparks
Lyman Jones
Dorothy Belda
Doris K. Feuer
Josephine Nelson
Margery Ragle
Miriam Lathe
Anna Hall
Leonora Howarth
Sally S. Palmer
Adeline M. Most
Katharine Spafford
Margaret Pitt
Marguerite
Vandervoort
Mary McKittrick
Lucy Friend Rogers
M. Dendy
Casper von B. Douglas
Louise de B. Douglas
Anna C. Gruber
James A. Peirce
Juanita Crump
Marie Sanderson
Harold Schwartz
Emma Stuyvesant
Marjorie Flack
Fanny Craig
Helen Mullen
Natalie K. Plough
Elizabeth Shackleton
Eliza Gordon
Woodbury
Vianna Knowlton
Maybelle Whiting
Marjorie Johnson
Venette Willard
E. Verdier
Margaret Tone
Louise Thorne
Martha Means
Henrietta H. Henning
Hester B. Curtis
Mildred Martin
Helen Sheerin
Alicia Foster

Jennie E. Everden
Margarita Yglesias
Frances M. Patten
Lillian Morrow
Minnie Margolius
Mary H. Burr
Margery W. Smith
Sadie Genn
Melisse Pfinger
Dorothy Todd
Mildred A. Warren
Katherine M. Palmer
Ruth Rowley
Kathryn R. MacMahon
Anson M. Du Bois
Nelson J. George
Margaret J. Payne
Helen C. Hendrie
Miriam Selcy

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Alice D. Rubelman
Paul W. Hiller
Margaret Kew
Margaret A. Biddle
Emma K. Cerf
Tom Stix
James Sinclair
Esther Detmer
Elizabeth C. Bates
Dunlap C. Clark
H. Evan Mann
Arthur Nethercot
James B. Taylor, Jr.
Claire Walker
Helen Bradley
Sewell Wright
Wesley G. Carr, Jr.
Esther R. Harrington
Dorothy Page
Helen Spies
Marjorie L. Pittman
Francis B. Wreaks
Jane Barkley
Alfred Elberts
Allen Lindsley
Peel Dennistown
Marian Voorhies
Margaret P. Cooke
Dorothy Brockway
Seibert Fairman
Ethel F. Frank
Abram Le B. Gurney
Edward Million
Nicolai H. Hiller, Jr.
Eleanor W. Machado
Florence Huestis
Dorothy M. George
Naeve Trench

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Elizabeth E. Moore
Eric H. Marks
Angela A. Machado
John W. Million, Jr.
S. K. Pittman, Jr.
Robert N. West
Josephine G. Taylor
Margaretta Wood
Margaret Pratt
Gertrude Brown
John H. Sharer
Victoria Kessler
Rupert Schrankel
Marjorie C. Huston
Gerard H. Loomis
George H. Bowly
George B. Larkin
Violet W. Hoff

Beryl M. Siegbert
Anne Coolidge
Hugh F. Arundel
W. Robert Reud
Helen Tallant
Leslie Burns
Alfreda Clark
Harriet King
Madeline Frank
Harry R. Perley
Gwenn Robertson
Stuart R. Ward
Alice Partu
William L. Theisen
Elizabeth Peckham
Marion Harbord
Dorothy Rankin
Indra B. Dickenson
Elizabeth Baker
Jessie Eckford
Dorothy Hall
Margaret Hughes
Phyllis Cogswell

PUZZLES, 1

Wyllis Ames
Eleanor Sewall
Isadore Helfand
Van Dyke Fernald
Duncan G. McGregor
Helen A. Moulton
Emma K. Anderson
Charles A. Stickney
Millicent B. Rex
Marjorie E. Laird
Dorothy Talbot
Jessica B. Noble
Margaret E. Cohen
Edith P. Stickney
Harold Money Penny
Catharine Weaver
Nellie Laney
Dorothea Flintermann
Margaret Watson
Minna Fox
Mary O'Connor
Marion L. Hussey
Carl A. Giese
Mary R. Glover
Ruth K. Gaylord
Margaret P. Spaulding
Gladys Naramore
Alice Moore
Phoeb Schreiber
Lambe

PUZZLES, 2

Rachael Barker
Leon Spitzer
Elizabeth Harlow
Dorothy Clement
Arthur Poulin, Jr.
Cynthia Rising
Eva M. Willingham
William P. Fowler, Jr.
Harold Hyatt
Francis S. Megargee
Caroline F. Ware
Bernard F. Haley
John Hyatt, Jr.
Eleanor Birmingham
Harriet B. Sadtler
Elsie L. Lustig
Henry B. Van Fleet
Florida Richard
Helen F. Nelson
Annie Bainbridge
Ruth Austin
Albert R. Eckel

NO ADDRESS GIVEN. Zaida C. Drummond, Constance De Benst, Elizabeth S. Howard, J. C. Reynolds, Harry Borowsky.

NO AGE. Eleanor Gardner, Leona H. Carter, Florence Seward, Jacob Feingold, William J. Ehrlich, Jr.

WRONG SUBJECT. Eleanor Baldwin, Margaret Dann.

WRITTEN ON BOTH SIDES OF PAPER AND IN PENCIL. Max Reiss, Oliver Edwards, Lillian Gwynn.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 147

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 147 will close **January 10** (for foreign members **January 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in **ST. NICHOLAS** for **May**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Winter," or "Spring."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "The Book That Has Helped Me Most— and Why?"

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "An Exciting Game."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "At Play," or "At Work," or a Heading for **May**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of **ST. NICHOLAS**. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

RULES

ANY reader of **ST. NICHOLAS**, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the *contribution itself*— if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month — not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
Union Square, New York.

ROLL OF THE CARELESS

A LIST of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be properly entered for the competition.

NOT INDORSED. John H. Hoffmann, Gertrude Watkins, John C. Du Bois, Marie Webber, Harry Landes, Willis K. Jones, Dorothy C. Painter, Helen Miles, Kenneth B. Miller, Jack Thompson, Elizabeth Fisher, Caroline Knapp, Isabe B. Huston, Elsie Stuart, Victor Child, Ruth Thayer, Margaret Benz, Katherine D. Fowler, Karl E. Genthner, Elizabeth Shoemaker, Dorothy Wilcox, Anthony Brown, Jr.

BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

OVER THE BORDER

A MONTH or two ago, I talked to you of books by what I called the men "who were there." Accounts of unusual travels, or experiences of life, or of observations of strange races, made by the writers who had themselves lived through these things, and who had been intimate with the wild or savage peoples they described. Books that made it possible for you to become familiar with regions of the earth and with adventures upon it as nothing else could.

But suppose it were possible to read a book written not by a white man who had passed so many months or years living with Arabs on the great deserts; or with the Eskimo in his long night and day; or with the Kafir amid his stifling forests; but a book written by one of these people themselves, as much at home in the English language as you are, and as familiar with your way of looking at life as with his own. Suppose that you could grow up, as it were, inside the skin of an Arab sheik, living through his childhood and boyhood, with all its queer thoughts and doings, so different from your own. Suppose you could know the actual beliefs and secret ambitions of such a boy, the daily intercourse between him and his fellows, and that you could listen to the stories and the legends told by his people when no alien was present. Would n't it be worth while?

Fortunately, it is a poor rule that has no exceptions, and though we may not be able to lie on the Sahara and gaze up at the stars through the Oriental dusk with the eyes of a son of the desert, nor be able to plunge an assagai into a hippopotamus with the sensations of an African savage, we can do something quite as thrilling and wonderful: we can bind an eagle's feather in our hair and follow the trail of a Sioux Indian straight into the land and the life of a red man.

What boy on earth would not like, for a short while at least, to have been an Indian boy, living in the dense forests of the west when it was practically an unbroken wilderness? To have stepped softly on moccasined feet on the trail of bear or buck, to have ridden the saddleless and bridless Indian pony, and shot his arrows with the accuracy lent by the training of a thousand ancestors, and the constant practice given him from

babyhood? Think of the long mornings spent in fishing with lines made of twisted horsehair or deer sinew. Of the stories told round the fire at night by the old warriors, as they smoked the long-stemmed pipe, handing it slowly round their circle, while the flames lit up their dark, keen faces, and fell on the folds of their somber blankets.

Many of us are fortunate enough to know at least something of life in the open. Possibly it is some keenly enjoyed camping trip in Maine or Colorado. Or it may be a canoe journey taken on some lonely stream flowing brown under the forest boughs, or the rough experience of life on a southwestern ranch, where the earth and the air are equally free. Never mind just what, we are not likely to forget it. But even those of us who have done most of this sort of thing can never know it as an Indian knows it. For back of him as far as history goes, the wilderness was his cradle and his home. Mighty forests, great mountains, and vast plains stood sentinel beside his tepee, and the immense solitudes of nature were his immemorial companions.

The Indian's life was not all play, or hunting, or fishing. He had many a grim lesson of fortitude and endurance to learn, and the secrets of the nature about him to study. The legends and history of his tribe he must know by heart while still a boy, and recite them without slip to a listening circle of relatives. He must know the etiquette of the savage, far stricter than our own, and endeavor in every way to make himself fit to rule and guide his people, should chiefhood be given him. For no truer democracy has existed than that of the red man. In all bodily exercises he had to be expert and strong, while the self-control that was so marked a characteristic of his race was acquired, as character always is, not by an easy short-cut, but by hard work and training.

So much, of course, we all know, as matter of observation by men who have lived with the Indian. But how about the red man's own reasons for things, and feelings about this life of his? How about his own memories of his wild and supple boyhood, his thoughts concerning the mysteries of life, and death, and the world around? What about the talk between him and his brothers, and his dreams when he was alone?

These are the things we are not likely to know much about unless we get them first-hand, uncolored by the opinions or interpretations of any other person. And it is this very thing that is done for us in a few books written by a Sioux Indian who grew up in the forests of the west as a savage, living the same life his forefathers had lived for countless generations—and then, at fifteen, left the blanket and the tepee forever, studied the ways of the white man, took school and college degrees, became a public speaker and the writer of books in the English language, and is known all over the continent, and welcomed wherever brains, and breeding, and manhood are understood and appreciated.

This Sioux, as many of you know, is Dr. Charles A. Eastman. And those books of his I want particularly to speak of are the "Indian Boyhood," "Wigwam Evenings: or Sioux Folk-Tales Retold," and "Red Hunters and the Animal People." Every American boy and girl should know these books, not alone because they are singularly interesting, but because it is well that we should try to understand the ancient race who lived here before we came and which still exists, and has lately begun to take a new lease of life, after more than four hundred years of battle and struggle, oppression and misunderstanding.

Dr. Eastman is but one among many cultivated Indians who are trying to bring the red and the white man to a closer comprehension of each other, Indians who have accepted civilization and made good in it. But his books for boys are unique. His long life among us allows him to speak with the ease and force of one of ourselves; yet when he turns back the pages of the past, it is the trail to the wilderness he reveals. Behind him are massed the fighting braves of his tribe, and the songs and legends he heard as a child were such as no white boy or girl hears. His ambitions, his desires, his loves and hatreds were those of the untamed Sioux: when suddenly, upon this wild foundation, the amazing pressure of circumstance forced a civilized existence. Dr. Eastman has, in fact, lived two lives, and been two quite separate personalities. He himself says, indeed, that when the day came that took him from his forests:

I felt as if I were dead, and traveling to the Spirit Land; for now all my old ideas were to give place to new ones, and my life was to be utterly different from that of the past.

Besides the many things in this autobiography that are entirely unlike the things we are accustomed to, there are also an extraordinary number

of points of resemblance. You remember Kipling's lines, don't you?

For there is neither creed nor race,
Border nor breed nor birth,
When two strong men stand face to face,
Though they come from the ends of the earth.

They are true, and these memories of Dr. Eastman's are another proof of it.

The doctor says there is one thing that does enrage him, and that is the so often reiterated statement that the Indian has no sense of humor, and never laughs—unless it be the sardonic laughter of the Iroquois in Cooper's stories when they are torturing an enemy. He has a chapter in "Indian Boyhood" called "The Laughing Philosopher," in which he tells several stories to show the Indian's love of fun. But he says that so much of the humor lies in the sly illusions and hits at each other's foibles, in the intonation of the voice and quick application of some incident to a personal experience, that the best of the joke is lost in the retelling of it. In fact, it is easy to see that the red men are very fond of "kidding" one another. Shouts of delight greet a successful sally, Homeric laughter such as is never heard in a gathering of white men, Obiyesa (for such is Dr. Eastman's Indian name) tells us. And the brave who is hit must laugh as heartily as the rest, for to lose your temper because you are made fun of would be clean against the Indian's idea of proper behavior. An Indian would be terribly ashamed to have been guilty of such weakness.

The early chapters that tell of Obiyesa's childhood and young boyhood are extremely interesting, and the accounts of his training in hunting and wood-lore. But the most dramatic chapter in the book is the one in which he returns from a hunt to find his father, whom he had long believed to be dead, killed by the whites, sitting beside his uncle's tepee waiting to take him away to civilization. The lad had vowed vengeance against the people among whom he was now to live. But his father, who had been a prisoner first, and later a reservation Indian, had decided that the white man's way of living was the only one that made for success in the altered circumstances that had come upon the land. He had taken up a farm under the Homestead Laws, and had now come for his son, intending that he should have the benefits of education and a fair start in the new life that was so rapidly sweeping away the old.

It is really a wonderful story, quite as strange as a fairy tale, possibly more so.

The "Wigwam Evenings" contains a lot of

fables, stories, and legends told by the Indian mothers to their children on summer evenings, while they worked at moccasins or blankets, or in the tepee in winter, while they strung beads and embroidered. Queer tales they are, of witch, and animal, and monster, giant and dwarf, stories of the creation, adventures of the Little Boy Man and the Star Boy. Most of them have a

alone, leaving all his weapons and thoughts of the chase behind him. And whatever he learned on this spirit hunt, he never used against the animals. The things he gained from observation as a hunter were different, and here his knowledge was marvelous, for his life and that of the family depended upon his success in that direction. It was a curious thing, this double hunt, each kept



SCENE IN A SIOUX ENCAMPMENT.

moral at the end, like Æsop's Fables, and there are things in them that are like the stories we know. In fact, it seems likely that all the stories in the world started in the same place some time, and have just been altered to suit the different circumstances under which they have since been told.

In "Red Hunters," we are told what the red man thinks about the animals and their relation to the "Great Mystery" in which he believed. Among other things, he believed that animals, too, have a spirit, and though the Indian is allowed to use animals for food, it is only according to certain laws. It was not only as a hunter that he studied them. He also endeavored to get into touch with this "spirit" of theirs. In order to do so he would go out into the wilderness quite

so separate from the other, and Dr. Eastman has much to say of both in "Red Hunters."

The book ends with these words, words touched with the pathos of something that is passing away forever, and that was dear to a large section of the human race:

"But I must stop, my friend," said Hohay. "There is one sad thing about all this. The wild man is bad enough, but there comes another man—the paleface—who has no heart for what is dear to us. He wants the whole earth for himself! The buffaloes disappear before him—the elk too—and the Red man is on the same trail. I will stop here, for it brings me sad thoughts."

But the Indian is on a new trail now, as Dr. Eastman and his books show, and his thoughts need no longer be sad.

THE LETTER-BOX

RICHMOND HILL, L. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you of one of the greatest surprises I ever had.

First of all, you must know I am an invalid and unable to walk.

It was Christmas morning at our house. We always go down together on this special morning. We opened the parlor door and went in. Every chair had a paper covering it, so you could n't even see a little corner of anything until you lifted the paper up.

Of course I knew my things were always under the Christmas tree, so I tried to squirm away from Father so I could pitch over there, but he would not let me go. Instead, he took me in an altogether different direction, until he reached a chair which I took for the Morris chair. It had a lot of things on it, but I did n't notice them very much, so I gave the chair a push. My! it went along so smoothly, I looked at the side of it to see what Father had done to the Morris chair. When I looked at the side, I gave a cry of delight. It was the side of a wheel-chair. I had been to a big department store the week before and had sat in it. But now to think it was mine! I thought it was a fairy story or a dream. But when Mother removed the things and I sat in it, I knew it was true.

All day nothing else was my occupation but riding in my wheel-chair.

A few days ago, I received the certificate, button, and pamphlet which you sent me. Thanking you very much, I remain,

A new League member,

JEAN BLACK.

COVINGTON, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was looking over a March number of 1911, when a picture of a baby giraffe caught my eye. As I knew there has been only four giraffes born in captivity, I knew this to be the one at the Cincinnati Zoo.

I live in Covington, which is across the Ohio River from Cincinnati, and visit the Zoo many times. I have been there three times this summer, and every time I have seen the baby giraffe.

It is very big now, for it will be a year old this September. I have very sad news to tell you, that is, that the baby has lost its mother. The last two times that I was there, the mother giraffe was not in the cage. Upon questioning, we learned at the Zoo that she died from the effects of nervousness caused by fireworks on the Fourth.

Your loving reader,

ROBERTA ALLEN.

QUARTO AL MARE, NEAR GENOA, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is our first letter to you. We have taken you for three years, and you cannot imagine all the pleasure we have had from you. Our mother and grandmother both read you when they were small.

We are two brothers, Vincino and Victor, twelve and ten years of age, and we live on the shores of the blue Mediterranean. Our father is Italian, and our mother American.

In front of our gate is the rock from which Garibaldi started with the thousand patriots to free Sicily. We have a little dog called Billy, and a pony whom we call Sansonetto, which means, "Little Samson." We like motoring very much, and the scenery around here

is lovely. We also have bicycles, and often ride about our garden.

We enjoy also swimming and rowing in our boat, which we named *Bessie*, after our grandmother. In the winter we also do many picture-puzzles. At present we have one that is of about 1250 pieces, and it is so big that we have to do it on the billiard-table. The lady who loaned it to us took three months to do it with her daughters.

We also like photography very much, and as we just have a new kodak, we will begin to go in for some ST. NICHOLAS competitions. Please send us two League badges and leaflets, as we would very much like to become League members.

All the stories in ST. NICHOLAS are so interesting, that it is hard to say which we have liked best.

Thanking you, and with all best wishes, we remain,

Your very interested readers,

VINCINO and VICTOR CARRARA.

THE HAGUE, HOLLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister and I have taken your magazine for two years. We think you are one of the nicest magazines we have.

We were greatly interested in reading a letter from Jack and Jeanne Schroeds in your last April edition, as we met them in July, 1909, at Axenstein, Switzerland, and we often played together. We have a little photo where we are all taken on the steamer going to Luzern. If you can find space, we should very much like to see our letter in the Letter-Box.

Wishing you a happy New-year. From

Your interested readers,

KIKI ROEST (age 13).

LOUKIE ROEST (age 10).

NORWELL, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I don't know what I would do without you. We live in the country, and I have not any sisters or brothers, so am much by myself.

I have a dear little pony named Merrylegs, and we have lots of fun playing together. She is twenty-eight years old, and is just the color of a fox, even her eye-lashes. I ride her a great deal and use her in the cart some. In the summer-time, when it is pleasant, I drive to Sunday-school.

This summer Mother and I read you together. I liked "Team-Mates," and think that Ralph Henry Barbour writes crackajack stories, and hope that he is going to have a dandy one for 1912.

I liked "Dorothy, the Motor-Girl," very much.

Yours truly,

MARGARET CROWELL.

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You were a Christmas present to me, and one of the nicest ones I ever had. My mother takes a lot of magazines, but she does not seem to like them as much as I like you, because, when they come, she just puts them on the library table until she has time to read them. Now, when you come, I stop *whatever* I am doing, and read you whether I have time or not!

I will be ten years old on July 1.

Yours truly,

MARGARET E. SCOTT.



For Winter Days A Sensible Precaution

In winter time, when the air is alternately keen and biting, and raw and damp, the skin often suffers severely, the complexion loses its freshness. It is then that proper precaution should be taken to guard against these discomforts, and nothing is of better service in this direction than Pears' Soap.

It keeps the skin cleansed from all impurities, and by freshening and invigorating, gives it a power of resistance that is as natural as it is effective, and at the same time acts as a complete protection to the complexion. It soothes, softens and beautifies.

It is an easy matter to keep a clear, bright and healthy skin all through the winter by the regular use of the finest of all skin soaps

Pears' Soap

The Great English Complexion Soap

"All rights secured"

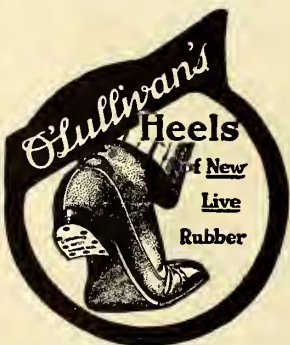
OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.



Here is a New

¶ Tell your mother that she need not stop the fun. She does not like to do *that* anyway; but, oh, the noise you make!

¶ Ask her for a pair of rubber heels. Then you can run all you want to, and you won't make much noise, and the hardwood floors will certainly look as good as new all the time.



O'Sullivan's Heels of

Address: 133
New

Year's Thought



- ☐ Rubber heels are good for you to wear, better than your sneakers.
- ☐ Some good schools ask the children to wear them, and the children and the teachers are all glad about it.
- ☐ Ask your shoemaker. He knows. They cost 50c. attached. Or write us for suggestions.
- ☐ Now be sure to tell your mother.

New Live Rubber

Hudson Street
York

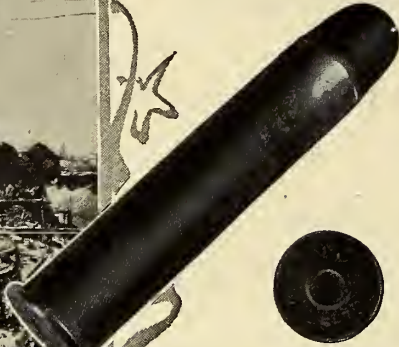


13 Years Under

Copy't. by
Und. & Und.



Water



T

HE illustration shows a *Remington-UMC* 45-70 service cartridge as it looked when found on the resurrected "Maine."

The case shows in a marked way the effect of its thirteen year's battering by the sea. Yet tests proved the primer and powder charge in perfect condition.

We have emphasized the sure-fire, accuracy and penetration of *Remington-UMC* metallic cartridges in all makes of arms under all conditions for over fifty years.

We present this remarkable test of the dependability of *Remington-UMC* as emphatic proof of our claim.

Can sportsmen the world over ask for any more conclusive reason for specifying

Remington-UMC —the perfect shooting combination

Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co.
299 Broadway, New York



Bachelor Breakfasts

Teach many a young man and woman the time-saving convenience and strength-giving value of

Grape-Nuts

—A food for Body and Brain.

A morning dish of Grape-Nuts with cream, contains all the food elements necessary for the successful accomplishment of a stout morning's work.

Grape-Nuts has proven more sustaining than many a meal requiring much longer to prepare.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

Santa Fe de-Luxe

The only extra-fare train via any line Chicago and California



California Limited

Also exclusively for first-class travel

Fred Harvey dining-car meals. On the way visit

Grand Canyon of Arizona

For art booklets of both trains address W. J. Black, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
A.T. & S.F. Ry. System 1072 Railway Exchange Chicago.



Post Toasties

With hot milk or cream.

Summer's Gift to Winter's Feast

All the "goodness" of white corn, cooked and toasted for YOU—
ready to serve direct from package.

The grocer sells Post Toasties, and

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 121.

Time to hand in answers is up January 10. Prizes awarded in March number.



LEAP YEAR PUZZLE.

Having been informed that it is leap year, the bright little frog that lives in a neighboring pond challenges you all to a contest of wits.

He says that you will find in the above diagram of his native pond, a number of stones around the edge, twenty in all besides the one on which his friend Bill sits, and that he can start from any one of these, and leap from one of the lily-pads to another so as to spell out the names of twenty different articles which have been advertised in recent numbers of ST. NICHOLAS, each one beginning with the letter or letters on a stone.

Can you tell us what these twenty things are?

If you can, write them out correctly in alphabetical order, number them, and send in the list; and convince Mr. Frog that he is not a bit brighter at puzzles than the rest of us—though he *may* be a better leaper for his size.

You will find that none of the leaps is longer than an active frog should be able to make—that is to say, you will not have to look all over the pond to find out where the next leap ought to go.

Please note that all the spelling is from left to right, even when the leaps go the other way.

The puzzle is not too hard, and will not interfere with any holiday sports; but it is only fair to warn you that there is a bright boy living on our street, and he takes great pains to make his answers correct. If you should not be as careful as little

Philander Tomkins Jones, — why, he might get the prize meant for you.

This month prizes will be awarded not only on the basis of correct answers, but also according to the best letter on the subject of why ST. NICHOLAS is a good magazine for advertisers.

Here are the rules and regulations:

One First Prize, \$5.00, to the person who submits the best letter accompanied by the most correct list of articles.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each, for the two next best letters accompanied by the most correct lists.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each, for the three next best letters and correct lists.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each, for the ten next best letters and lists.

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (121).

3. Submit answers by January 10, 1912. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 121, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, Union Square, New York.

(See also page 26.)

*Nature gave
you your teeth
for keeps*

But if you neglect them you will lose them.

Nature intended that you should care for them. Good care means regular cleansing, twice each day, with a good dentifrice.

You'll find it a great deal pleasanter to clean your teeth if you use



COLGATE'S

RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

(TRADE MARK)

because it has a delicious flavor in place of a "medicine" taste—because it contains no harmful grit to scratch the enamel or make your gums sore.

Colgate's destroys decay-germs and leaves your mouth wholesome and non-acid.

Try this "good tasting" dentifrice. Write us a letter, enclosing 4 cents in stamps—we will send you a trial tube.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 60, 199 Fulton Street, New York City



Cleo Damianakes

Age 16

Oakland, Calif
(No 119)



About Our Advertisers

To polish things, and make a show
Our people use Sapolo,
But for your hands you all we hope,
Use Ivory or Fairy Soap
And when it is the breakfast hour,
Make biscuits from Gold Medal Flour.



As soon as sister Ann awakes, "Oh,
Give me Baker's Breakfast Cocoa,"
She cried. But as for cousin Nell, "Oh,
I'd prefer a dish of fell-o,"



Was her request. When Papa wakes
He orders "Kellogg's" dish, Corn Flakes.
Except that in the month of March
When he likes Kingsoford's fine Corn Starch.
Meanwhile the baby's voice grows louder,
He wants Mummen's Talcum Powder.

While Brother Bob so lively feels
Upon O'Sullivan's Rubber Meets.
He rushes off to town and gets
A little box of sweet Chiclets,
And chews them madly; ne'er a frown he
Shows when taken by a Brownie



In many a pose. Why should he, when
He owns an Ideal Fountain Pen,
For use in school, and where he cuts
For home, he lunches on Grape-Nuts.
But Mother's dretting. On her silk
Dress she's spilled some Condensed Milk,
The "Eagle" Brand. His Father sees



and, longing much his wife to please,
He brings a gift. See, in his hand he's
Brought a box of Huyler's Candies.
While Cousin Nell's impetuous act
Was offering her some Pond's Extract,
Which through the thing to help with sprains
Will hardly serve to take out stains!



But never mind, 'twill soon be clean
When washed out with some Pyle's Pearline.
And then the family will go
Abroad by the aid of the S. S. Co.
Of course no boy or girl can fail
To guess its name, Pacific Mail.



Report on Advertising Competition No. 119

The Judges wanted to show you this month just how some of our young folks work on their answers to advertising competitions. Don't you think the work shown on the other half of this page, which of course we have made much smaller than it really is, is fine? But before we go any further we all want to wish every one of you

A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND
A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Do you know, we really think that in spite of the fact that the Judges are so terribly particular about spelling, punctuation marks, etc., they at the same time fully realize how disappointed some of you must be when you don't see your name among the prize winners after working so hard to send in a correct answer.

Again this month they had difficulty in deciding just who should be given prizes, because so many of you did such excellent work, and they have asked us to announce that some of you, while not entitled to prizes should be given most honorable mention, so we have prepared a Roll of Honor.

Here is the result of the Judges' decisions:

One First Prize, \$5.00:

Cleo Damianakes, age 16, California

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

Elizabeth Conant, age 12, Massachusetts

Margaret E. Sayford, age 14, New York

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:

Elsie De Witt, age 14, Connecticut

Margaret Ager, age 14, New York

John Palen Wood, age 8, Virginia

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Helen Beach, age 12, Connecticut

Minna L. Fox, age 14, Illinois

Marian Bettman, age 14, Ohio

Sally Schuyler Palmer, age 14, New Jersey

Helena Knight, age 15, Virginia

Alice S. Beach, age 15, Connecticut

Marion F. Hayden, age 16, New York

Emma Berger, age 16, Indiana

Edith Monro, age 16, Massachusetts

Prudence K. Jamieson, age 16, New Jersey

Roll of Honor:

I. D. Borders, Jr., age 11, California

Rachel Borders, age 12, California

Fred. Torsch, age 12, Maryland

Margaret Cornell, age 13, New York

Horton H. Honsaker, age 13, California

Richard Lüders, age 13, New Jersey

Irene S. Ransom, age 14, Maryland

Patrina M. Colis, age 14, New York

Louise A. Wiggenhorn, age 14, Nebraska

Katharine Bætjer, age 15, Virginia

Helen G. McLean, age 15, Honolulu, Hawaii

Reina Walsh, age 16, Ottawa, Canada

Helen C. Westlake, age 17, California

Clem Dickey, age 17, Nebraska

Dorothy Kerr Floyd, age 19, New York

Evelyn G. Patch, age 19, New York

Charlotte R. Prentiss, age 20, New Jersey



I am your Christmas wish—the thing you want most of all. I am the end-man in the minstrel show, I am the finest brass-band you ever listened to, I am Ada Jones, the girl who sings “They always pick on me,” I am the whole show—

The Edison Phonograph

I play *your* kind of music, as well as the kind your parents and all your brothers and sisters like best. I am the supreme entertainer—the Christmas gift for all the year *and* for all the family.

Make your own records—this is great sport! Talk to me, sing to me—I answer you back in your own words and your own voice. I, the Edison Phonograph, am you *yourself*.

Bring your parents to an Edison dealer to see and hear me—for I am the most important Christmas gift of all, to you and all your family.

Every girl and boy should send for catalogue and complete information today.

We have a large handsomely illustrated catalogue showing all types of Edison Phonographs, with descriptions and prices, which we will send free to any boy or girl who will write for it.

Edison Phonographs

from \$15.00 to \$200.00; sold at the same prices everywhere in the U. S. Edison Standard Records 35c, Edison Amberol Records (playtwiceaslong) 50c, Edison Grand Opera Records 75c to \$2.00.

Thomas A. Edison.
INCORPORATED

81 Lakeside Avenue
Orange, N. J.



THE CENTURY

An Ideal Christmas Gift



A new novel, "Stella Maris," by W. J. Locke, will be the fiction feature of THE CENTURY during 1912 — an unusual and altogether charming tale, in which the heroine, Stella, is at first an invalid, spending her days in a big, beautiful room, looking over the sea. So she comes to be known to her friends as "Stella Maris." Her world is the world these friends bring to her room, and they keep from her all knowl-

ledge of its misery and wrong. It is when she recovers and learns about the real world that Locke has a chance for those contrasts which make his stories so fascinating, and which he works out so ingeniously; and this new story will prove a delightful one to read aloud around the family lamp.

There will be a host of other good things in THE CENTURY during 1912, making a year's subscription to THE CENTURY the choicest and most welcome of Christmas remembrances.

Begin your gift subscription with the November issue, the first number of the new volume, and include in your gift the beautiful Christmas number with its wealth of exquisite color pages. Send in your subscription at once, that these numbers and the January number, with the first chapters of "Stella Maris," may arrive during the holidays, together with a dainty Christmas card of greeting, announcing your gift.



THE CENTURY

An Ideal Christmas Gift

Clayton Sedgwick Cooper's papers in *THE CENTURY* during 1912 on the American undergraduate will be of vital interest in every American home. Fathers and mothers will find them the most notable and significant presentation of the case of the American undergraduate yet written. They are the fruit of wide travel, long study, and, best of all, of intimate personal contact with many American students, at work and play. The articles are written out of Mr. Cooper's growing conviction that there is need of arousing new and wide-spread interest in trained leadership for our nation, and they are certain to prove not only of live interest, but of permanent value to the literature dealing with our country's educational institutions.

Of the other fine and strong features which will make *THE CENTURY* an invaluable household friend during 1912, it is impossible to give full details as yet. In years past some of *THE CENTURY'S* greatest successes have been obtained after the year's program has been announced.

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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

THE RAREST STAMP

"LOCK SEALS"

THIS subject is one which is often discussed and yet never settled. So many countries furnish rarities for which each sets up its especial claim,



CO-DOMINION STAMP OF NEW
HEBRIDES. (SEE NEXT COLUMN.)

that we must all agree to disagree. There can be no doubt but that the most famous rarity is the post-office issue of Mauritius. This is a beautiful stamp in itself, is certainly very rare, and has attracted much attention by the high prices which have from time to time been paid for both the one-penny and twopence of the issue. Rumor has it that \$17,500 was paid recently for the two stamps in unused condition. But while these are the highest-priced stamps, there are a dozen of each value known to be in existence, and more may yet come to light.

Another candidate for the rarest stamp is the one-cent of British Guiana (Scott No. 13), of which only one copy is known to exist. There is much question as to the standing of this stamp. Some authorities think it was regularly issued as a one-cent stamp; others, that it was a printer's error, and should have been four instead of one cent. Be that as it may, it certainly is a rarity of the first water.

In our own country we have some rather rare stamps, especially among what are known as Postmasters' Provisionals. Many of these are exceedingly rare. Of the issue from Boscawen, New Hampshire, only one copy is known. But that stamp is not the rarest, for we learn from documentary evidence that R. H. Morris, the postmaster of New York City, issued some stamped envelopes, not one of which is known to be in existence. There is also good reason to believe that provisional stamps were issued by the postmasters of several places in New England, not one copy of which has survived. To make an Irish bull, the rarest stamps would seem to be those of which no copy at all is known.

Of all these stamps of which we have spoken, a lucky find may at any time bring forth duplicates. A find of several copies would at once deprive any of them of such claim to rarity as they now possess. There is one stamp, however, which is not and cannot be so threatened. The British Colony in Africa—Niger Coast Protectorate—issued (in 1893-94) some stamps of a face-value of twenty shillings. These are numbered in Scott's Catalogue as 29, 39, and 48. All three of these are among the world's greatest rarities; for of the first only five copies were ever printed; of the second, only two; and of the third and last, only one copy. As no more were ever printed, there is no possible chance of more being found. Therefore, as the twenty shillings, No. 48, is unique and can by no possibility be duplicated, for only one official copy was ever printed, it may with perfect justice claim to be the rarest of all stamps known to the collector of to-day.

THE above mysterious words are often met in periodicals devoted more or less entirely to stamp-collecting; and as the readers of this page in St. NICHOLAS occasionally inquire as to the nature and purpose of these seals, a brief description of them will doubtless be interesting to all. The seals are not stamps in any sense of the word. Their collection is a side-line followed by collectors interested in revenue stamps, and more especially in those various evidences of fiscal or revenue tax which are not listed in ordinary stamp catalogues. We are more or less familiar with the stamps on cigarette and cigar boxes; we know that there are revenue stamps on beer kegs; but that is about all the average collector knows. The field is wide, however, and all its branches interesting. From these various sources the United States collects a vast sum yearly through its Internal Revenue Department. One of the chief sources is through the tax upon alcohol and certain spirituous and malt liquors. In order to facilitate the gathering of this tax and to minimize the possibilities of fraud, the Government has an agent, an inspector or gager, in charge of various distilleries or breweries where such distilled spirits are manufactured or stored. It is his duty to superintend the quantity of liquor manufactured or handled, and to adjust the amount of tax due. Whenever he is obliged to leave the premises over which he has charge, he must see to it that they are securely locked, so that no fraud may be perpetrated during his absence. For his use there has been devised a padlock, so peculiarly shaped and constructed, that it is impossible to unlock it without puncturing a slip of paper inserted in it. On the return of the inspector, the intact piece of paper is evidence that the premises have not been disturbed during his absence. These slips of paper are "Lock Seals." They are prepared by the Government and furnished to the inspector in sheets of approximately fifty. They bear the words, "U. S. Int. Rev. Lock Seal," together with a head of Liberty and usually a serial letter and a control number printed in colored ink. A careful account is kept of these, and a report is made by each inspector of the seals received by him. The color of the seal itself, and the color of ink in which the control number is printed, vary with the different series.

NEW HEBRIDES

IN the October Stamp Page we described the stamps issued for New Hebrides by the Condominium, or under the co-dominion of Great Britain and France. This month we illustrate the stamps. Except in color, all values in the series are alike. The color scheme is as follows: five centimes, green; ten, red; fifteen, gray; twenty-five, blue; thirty, lilac on yellow paper; forty, red on yellow paper; fifty, gray green; seventy-five, brown orange; one franc, red on blue paper. Other values have been issued up to and including the five francs. A similar set is expected with English values.

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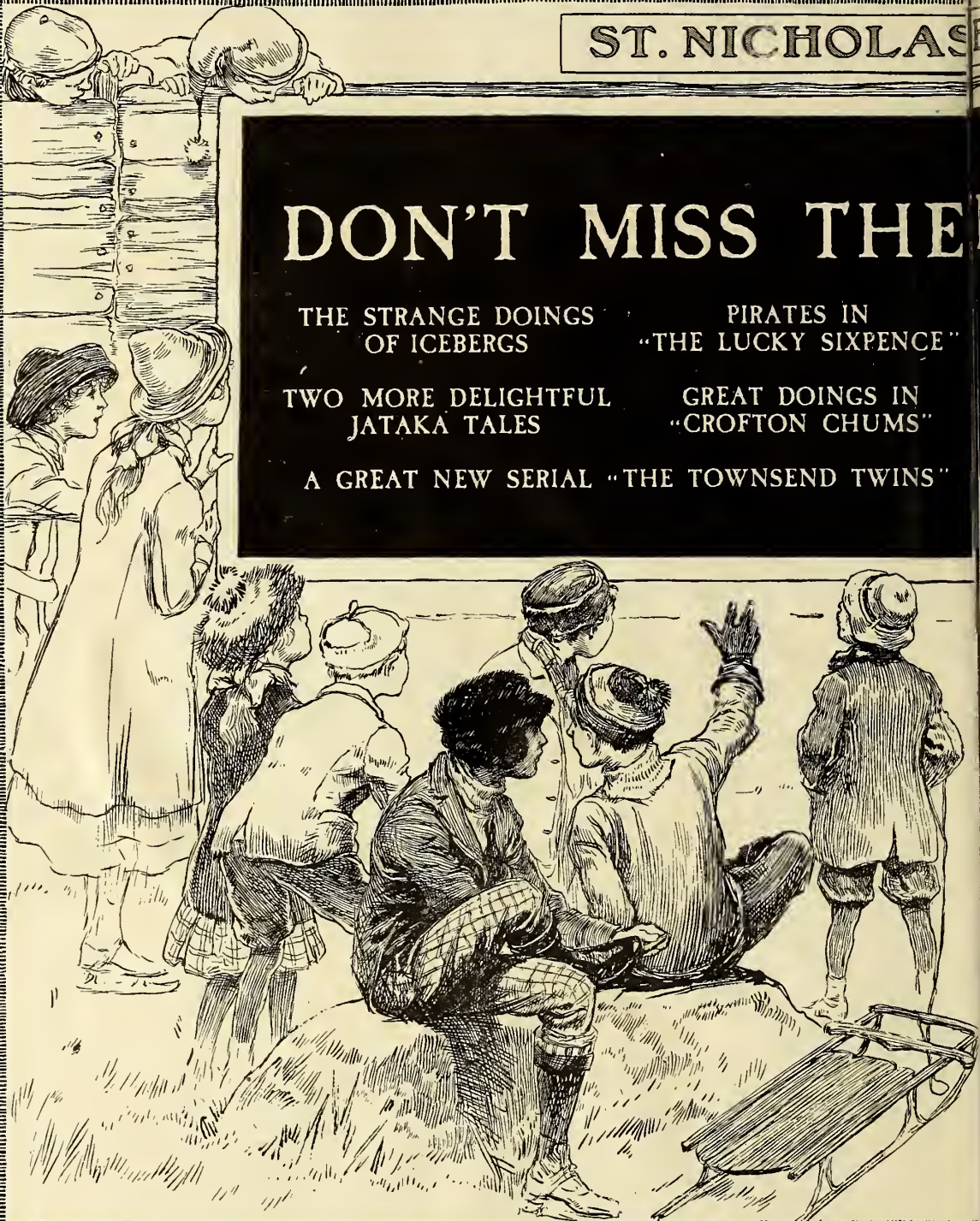
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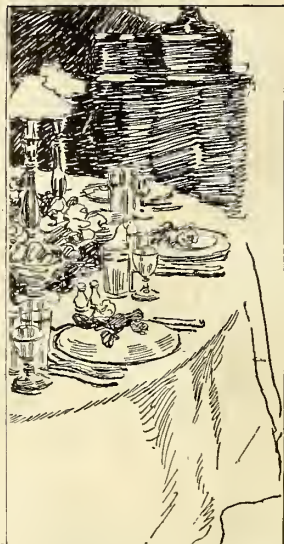
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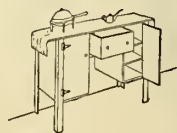
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"WE WERE ALL SAD AS WE LEFT THE OLD HOUSE TO TAKE THE STAGE FOR LONDON."
(SEE PAGE 298.)

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXIX

FEBRUARY, 1912

No. 4

The Lucky Sixpence

By Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe



CHAPTER I—THE FORTUNE-TELLER

"I TELL your fortune, gentles," chanted the gipsy, at the edge of the press, and I clung a little closer to Aunt Prudence's hand, albeit I dragged back, stopping before the dark, foreign-looking woman and regarding her doubtfully.

"Cross my hand with silver, fair lady," she cried, stepping forward on the moment.

Aunt Prudence laughed.

"My fortune is told, Egyptian," she answered. "I do not need to know what you would tell, even were I to believe it."

"But the little maid," persisted the gipsy, looking down at me while she pushed the lock of jet black hair from her forehead and tucked it under the red kerchief bound above her brows. She was a strange woman, with a face so wrinkled, and brown, and wizen, that, to this day, I can close my eyes and see her peering at me with a curious intentness, though that was years ago, when I was but a little child.

"The wee maid has far to go," she went on, still regarding me fixedly; "and I told her mother a true tale."

"What know you of her mother?" my aunt asked quickly, drawing me within her arm.

The gipsy looked Aunt Prudence full in the face, boldly.

"'T was on this spot I told her fortune. 'A short life and a merry one,' both for her and her lover."

"An ill-omened prophecy!" cried Aunt Prudence, angrily; which was true enough, for my dear father and mother had lived gaily and well, only to die after five years of happiness, leaving behind my two brothers and myself. But at the time, of course, I knew nothing of these things. My parents were but a dim memory of my babyhood.

"Fear not for the maid," the gipsy began, and would have spoken further, but my aunt stopped her, with a scornful curl of her lip.



"Nay," said she, "I have neither faith nor fear for your silly fortunes. Being so wise, you should know that the child was left penniless, and silver is too hard come by to be thrown away on bad words for a baby. Hither, Bee," and Aunt Prudence was for going on; but I held back, angered at being called a baby, for, although I was but six, I deemed myself a great girl. So I slipped from Aunt Prudence's arm, and stepped up to the gipsy.

"I found a crooked sixpence with a hole in it," I began, "and if—if—" I hesitated because she was not a lady, and I knew not how to name her, but just in time I recalled my aunt's word. "If the 'Gyptian will take it and let me know my fortune, I shall be glad, for I am not a baby, and I am not afraid."

"Bravo!" cried the woman, throwing up her head and giving Aunt Prudence a sharp glance. "'T was bravely spoken, and for that spirit you shall have your fortune and keep your sixpence too; for it shall prove a lucky coin, though the half will be luckier than the whole."

So saying, she took my hand in hers, and very small and pink it looked in her brown fingers.

"In what month was she born?" asked the gipsy.

"June," answered Aunt Prudence.

"And the year?"

"Seventeen sixty-four."

My aunt answered grudgingly, not liking the business; but getting something for nothing was ever her desire, so she let it go on.

The Egyptian said no more for a time, but studied my palm intently. Then, on a sudden, I felt her start, and, dropping my hand, she took a peeled wand from her bosom and began drawing strange figures in the sand at our feet, murmuring to herself the while. Finally she spoke in a low, monotonous voice:

"Her life unrolls before me like a scroll. Strange! strange! and she a maid! Were I English, I must put a stop to it, for from England shall be taken a country greater than England. Through all ill-fortune the maid shall be fortunate. Poor, she shall rule lands fit for a princess. Unwanted, she shall be beloved by all, finding her happiness across great waters. And her star is the star of war!"

Abruptly the woman stopped, and, straightening up, saluted me as though I had been a soldier, and then, turning on her heel, she left us without a word, and was lost to sight in the throng about the fair booths.

For a moment Aunt Prudence and I stood still. I know not what she thought, but, though I scarce knew the meaning of the words, they had

been spoken in so solemn a fashion, that I was greatly impressed, and gazed at the spot where the gipsy had disappeared, hoping for another glimpse of the strange woman. I never saw her again, neither then nor at any time since.

A harsh laugh from Aunt Prudence brought me to myself with a jerk.

"Stuff! stuff!" she cried. "A rigmarole fit only for the ears of a child. I cannot understand how people of breeding can heed the chatter of these Egyptians." And again Aunt Prudence laughed scornfully. Nevertheless, I knew that something had changed her plans, for, instead of going about the fair as had been her intention when we set out, she hurried me home at once, heeding not my protests. I confess I was near to tears when she dragged me from a juggler's booth where I had but a fleeting glance at a wonderful fellow tossing many glass balls into the air so that they made a circle flying above his head, yet always catching them safely again. But Aunt Prudence bade me sternly to "come on," and I choked back my tears, fearing to make a scene before all the people at the fair.

Straight to Granny we went, and, though Aunt Prudence protested at every breath that she had no belief in the tales of Egyptians, she remembered the prophecy word for word, and seemed greatly excited.

Granny listened to the end, shaking her white head now and again, so that I saw that she, too, took it all very seriously in spite of Aunt Prudence's pretended scoffing.

"It must be set down in a book," said Granny, at the end of the tale, and she straightway sent off to Mr. Solesby, the stationer, and later, in her own quaint handwriting, she set forth the true and faithful account of what the Egyptian had told me.

I little knew what an important part that same small book was to play in my life in after years, nor did I care much about the fortune except to feel aggrieved that it had caused Aunt Prudence to hasten back.

But Granny and Aunt Prudence must have talked much about it, for both my brothers spoke of it that night in the nursery.

"'T is a great pother they make over the Egyptian," said Hal. "Was it such a good fortune?"

"Nay," I answered with a pout; "nay, it was an ill-fortune, for it made me miss the fair."

CHAPTER II

CHRISTMAS, 1775

IN time I might have forgotten the Egyptian's prophecy had Granny not set down the strange

woman's words in the little book, which began at once to play a part in my life. For Granny was not content that it should hold the prophecy alone. She had made a cover for it finely worked in silks, and each day she wished me to tell her some thought that could be fitly inscribed therein. It was a task to make them up to please her, until, discovering that she much esteemed sayings about morals and manners, I began to think of such reflections as would fit other people, whereupon it became quite simple, for others' faults are much easier to see than one's own.

Thus I find written in Granny's hand these words:

Neatness requires a mirror to arrange the hair, but constant glancing in a looking-glass is a sign of unseemly vanity.

Now this maxim, which pleased Granny vastly, had naught to do with me, for my hair curls of itself, and once 't is dressed, I never think of it again; but I had observed that my cousin Isabella, who has stringy hair, stands full half of each damp day before the glass.

The next six years slipped by with but two things to mark them. I shared the boys' tutors for lack of money to pay for a proper governess, and soon was able to put down my own thoughts in my book instead of going to Granny.

Then my Aunt Prudence married, and that set me free to run still more with the boys; for while Granny thought of my complexion once and again, and made me wear my mask and gloves, and Marlett, her old tire-woman, saw to it that I worked my samplers and learned my household duties, no one held me to tasks as had Aunt Prudence, and, for the most part, I was free. I could row a boat or ride a horse as well as Hal or Horace, and albeit I was proud when Granny praised me for my housewifely ways, I was none the less a hoiden with my brothers.

It was a rich match that my aunt had made. She had mated with a Mr. Van der Helst, a great merchant out of Amsterdam, and it was not long before I found that Granny had spent more than she could well afford on the fine wedding and in giving Aunt Prudence what she called "a fitting dower."

Then, too, it is but fair to say of Aunt Prudence, that she was a notable housewife and a most prudent manager, which I think Granny was not; for after my aunt went to Holland, our expenses were greater, whereas Marlett said that by right they should have been less.

However it was, we had less to pay with and spent more, and "to spend more than you have, is poor economy," as I have written in my book.

Now it was just at Christmas time, and Granny was feeling the pinch of poverty, because she was wont to be very generous to the poor of the village at this season, and this year she would be forced to reduce her dole.

One rainy day I was quietly working my sampler in Granny's room while she was in her powdering-closet with Marlett. Perhaps they had forgotten me, for I think they would not have talked quite so plainly otherwise, but I was scarcely conscious of their voices till I heard Marlett speaking of me.

"Madam Van der Helst would have her wearing a back-board," she said, looking through the round opening at me.

Granny laughed.

"She 's as straight as a wand. Do not tease her with it, lest we put a crook in her temper."

"Aye, her back is straight," admitted Marlett, grudgingly.

"And so is her temper," cried Granny. "She 's sweeter than Prudence ever was."

"But Miss Prudence made a fine match," retorted Marlett, as if this was something to be put against me:

"So—so," said Granny, nodding, "but I would he were English, for then there would have been less talk of dower, and I might have looked to him for help."

"'T is little help any one will get from him touching his purse," Marlett snapped.

Now I marked not this talk at the time, being much occupied with the task of setting my stitches straightly, but I had cause to remember it later.

That night the rain turned to snow, much to our joy, for Christmas is robbed of half its pleasure when the ground is bare, so the next morning we children set forth merrily in search of greens wherewith to make the house gay. On our return, laden with boughs of evergreens and laurels, we entered upon a sorrowful scene. Granny was in tears and Marlett stood behind her chair, stiff and silent.

As we came bounding into the room, Granny set up a fresh wailing at sight of us.

"Oh, what is it?" I cried, for I loved her dearly, and my heart ached to see her so.

"'T is like to be a sad Christmas for you, my dears!"

"But why, Granny, why?" demanded Horrie, who, being the oldest, tried to speak sternly, like a man.

"Harborough is to be married, and his mother will now want the dower-house for her own use. We shall have no place to lay our heads," and Granny was so overcome that she could talk no further, and Marlett drove us from the room.

Thus it was that I learned for the first time that our home was not our own, but belonged to our grandaunt Harborough. So long as her son was unmarried, she lived with him, but now it must be different. She would not live at the castle to play second fiddle to a new countess, and the house she had loaned to us would be ours no more.

Partly from Granny, but more from Marlett and the boys, I found that both my father and Granny had not hesitated to spend lavishly what they had, because my father was the heir to the great estates of Sir Horace Travers, an invalid cousin, who had been like to die years before. Yet it was my young father who died. Sir Horace was still living, and my brother Horace was now the heir. But till Horrie should come into his money, we were very poor, and, as Granny said, like to have no roof over our heads. Thus it promised to be a sad Christmas for all of us.

"But has Aunt Harborough said we must go at once?" I asked Marlett, as she came out of Granny's room for the salts.

"Nay," was the answer. "She has said nothing, which is worse!"

"How then came the news?" I questioned.

"By post to the great house," Marlett replied, "with orders for a feast, so that the tenants may celebrate the bridal."

"Nay, then, there is some mistake," I cried indignantly. "Lord Harborough would never mistreat Granny so. There must be some word for her which the servants are too lazy to send on. I am going up to see Mrs. Sykes."

"That may well be," replied Marlett, thoughtfully. "Go you at once, and I pray you may return with good news. You were ever lucky."

"That comes of wearing a lucky sixpence," I answered, and made ready to go with all haste.

As I had expected, there was a letter for Granny; and Mrs. Sykes, the housekeeper, was much put to it to find explanations and apologies for not sending it down promptly.

"I was but putting on my shawl and tippet to bring it myself, Mistress Beatrice," she said, in some confusion, though I saw no sign of shawl about her. Yet I knew that here was the true explanation, for Mrs. Sykes dearly loved a dish of gossip with Marlett, and this was a fine excuse.

I ran back with all speed, for something told me it was good news I bore.

The family were in the great hall, standing about the huge heap of greens, not knowing what to do, for it seemed a mockery to dress the house when all hearts were sore. I burst in, rosy from my run, and rushed to Granny with the letter.

"I hope it is a good Christmas gift!" I cried.

Granny's fingers trembled as she opened it and scanned it hastily. Then she seized me in her arms and kissed me.

"The best of news, Bee!" she exclaimed. "Up with the greens! We must all be joyous this day."

"Then we keep the house?" asked Marlett, respectfully.

"Aye, till May-day," answered Granny, as if that might be forever.

"'T is but four months," croaked Marlett, sourly.

"Four months," echoed Granny, gaily. "'T is nearly half a year. Anything may chance in that time. Come, Marlett, don't be a spoil-sport. This shall be the finest Christmas the old house has ever seen. After, we may take our measures."

Thereat we set to work mid laughing and shouting, and soon the great hall was a picture to see. There was holly a-plenty, and laurel, beside a great branch of mistletoe which Hal and I had watched with jealous eyes for near a twelvemonth.

And dear old Granny was the first caught under it and kissed. Horrie trapped her, whereat she laughed as merrily as any of us.

We were all as happy as could be, save Marlett, whose face was as long as ever, and who went about croaking of Candlemas Day.

When the last bit of green was up, Granny, the gayest of us all, stood in the center of the hall and looked about her.

"'T is finished," she cried, "all save the Yule log. Fetch it, boys; I 'll warrant you Marlett has a brand of last year's fire to start it with. She would never leave us without such protection against the powers of darkness."

And sure enough, when the great log was set, Marlett brought out a charred brand to light it, and shook her head so solemnly over the business, that we hushed our laughter for the moment.

Oh, but that was a jolly Christmas! Granny gave me a pair of paste buckles fit for a lady gown, that made me proud indeed. Hal had a set of silver buttons, and Horrie some fine lace ruffles. I had worked a coverlet for Granny, for which she praised me greatly. And then there were gifts from the boys, over which she made a great fuss, declaring that she had the best of children. Then she kissed us gaily, though, indeed, there were a few tears in her old eyes.

In the kitchen there were cakes and ale for all who came for them. It was not for nothing that the house had smelled of spices for a fortnight.

Toward evening, while we were still at table

over our Christmas pies, we heard the sound of singing outside in the snow.

"'T is the waits," whispered Granny. "Listen."

And setting down our knives and forks, we sat in silence while the words of the old carol that was once sung before the king at Whitehall came through the frosty air.

What sweeter music can we bring
Than a carol for to sing
The birth of this our heavenly king.

I fell asleep that night with the music humming in my head, and much joy in my heart.

ply was had, and although Granny had a thousand plans, nothing was done.

Finally, on Monday came word that workmen would be in on the next Thursday, and Granny once more dissolved into tears. In the midst of this confusion, Mr. Van der Helst was announced. Granny dried her eyes, and said that now all would be well.

We put on our fine clothes, and Granny had a very gracious air as she greeted him, but he cut short her polite speeches almost roughly.

"You will not like my errand, madam," he began at once; "but my wife has sent me, and I



THE GIPSY FORTUNE-TELLER.

But Christmas times could not last forever, and after our New-Year's wassail, we all became a little downhearted at the prospect of leaving the only home we had known.

Granny wrote to Aunt Prudence, who, in reply, sent a letter with an abundance of good advice, but nothing else.

So the weeks slipped by apace, and before we knew it, spring was upon us.

Then came a note from Lord Harborough, asking when the house would be vacant, and Granny took to her bed.

Aunt Prudence was written to again, but no re-

am here. What arrangements have you made for leaving?"

"None," replied Granny, tossing her head, and would have gone on, only Mr. Van der Helst interrupted her.

"Three months ago my wife told me this would happen, and I did not believe it possible," he said. "However, my wife is a remarkable woman, and she went forward with all the necessary arrangements."

"Indeed," replied Granny, flushing. "And what pray are those arrangements?"

"You, madam, with the boy Henry, are to come

to us," Mr. Van der Helst went on, paying no heed to Granny's rising anger. "What you can contribute to our household will, under my wife's good management, suffice for your support, and I shall bring up the boy to the business. Horace will go to his cousin, who agrees to see to his education, provided we make no further demands upon him. That, madam, is the only possible arrangement."

"But what of Beatrice?" demanded Granny.

"That," returned Mr. Van der Helst, slowly, "has not been determined. I will not take the girl, nor will her cousin. My wife, therefore, wrote to your relative John Travers in the Americas. He is reputed a man of substance, and we have little doubt that he will provide for her. My wife's letter was a most appealing one. However, we have not yet heard from him, though I have little doubt his answer will be satisfactory."

"Is that the end of Prudence's commands?" asked Granny, very haughtily. Whereat Mr. Van der Helst bowed grimly.

"And does she think I will send the child off to the Americas among a lot of rebellious barbarians?" demanded Granny.

Again Mr. Van der Helst bowed.

"I shall never do it," Granny cried out. "'T is heartless to propose such a thing."

"Nevertheless," Mr. Van der Helst replied calmly, "there is nothing else to be done."

"Nay, there is something else to be done," retorted Granny. "You may take Hal and make a tradesman of him, but, thank fortune, I have enough money to care for myself and the girl. Bee and I will find a little house somewhere."

"That, madam, was not the plan we proposed," said Mr. Van der Helst. "Our offer was to take you and the boy. We count upon your small income to pay for the keep of both."

Granny looked at him in amazement for a moment or two.

"You mean," she burst out finally, "that unless I go, you will not take Hal?"

"You take my meaning exactly," he replied coolly.

"But I have not enough for both the boy and the girl," sobbed Granny, turning to Marlett. "What can I do?" and she sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

Marlett went to her at once, and tried to comfort her, and I, too, patted her hand, not knowing what else to do, while Mr. Van der Helst stood before us with a sneer on his face.

"I think, madam," he said, "that you exaggerate the situation. Mr. Travers, I am given to understand, is wealthy, and I have no doubt the girl will do well there. However that may be,

I can see no other course but to send her, for, understand, I shall not take her, nor will any one else."

"And I will never let her go!" cried Granny, positively. "'T would be wicked to send a little maid to such a land."

Mr. Van der Helst shrugged his shoulders indifferently, while Granny murmured over and over again, "What shall I do? What shall I do?"

All this time, I was heartbroken to see Granny so upset on my account, but what could I say to comfort her? I knew nothing about the colonies, nor did I wish to leave Granny, yet there seemed no choice, and anything was better than to have her so unhappy.

"Let me go, Granny," I murmured. "Sure they won't eat me in the Americas, and I am not afraid."

She shook her head vigorously, and putting an arm about my waist, drew me close to her. Just then the prophecy of the Egyptian popped into my head.

"Remember what the gipsy said, Granny," I whispered. "'She shall find happiness across great waters.'"

Granny stopped crying at once, and straightened in her chair.

"The book, child," she cried, releasing me. "Get the book"; and off I ran for it, returning as quickly as I could.

Granny read the prophecy through to herself in an undertone twice, while Marlett nodded solemnly, for she was much given to believing in signs and omens.

And that settled it, for, although Granny, who loved me, hated to have me parted from her, there was nothing else she could do, as it was plain that no amount of argument would change Mr. Van der Helst, so I think she was glad to find in the gipsy's words a hope that my leaving her would be best for me.

Mr. Van der Helst rubbed his hands together with an air of satisfaction, and we were all beginning to accept the matter as settled, when Hal rushed into the room, waving a letter above his head.

"Oh, Granny!" he cried, "there is a sailor just come from the Americas with a letter for you. What can it be, Granny?" he ended excitedly.

"No doubt it is from Mr. Travers, saying he will take the girl," said Mr. Van der Helst.

"'T is fortunate it was not delayed further," and he reached out a hand for it.

"Nay," said Granny, "give me the letter."

"I think it is in reply to my wife," he returned.

"You must learn, sir," said Granny, with her

grandest air, "that this is still my home, and your wife is only my daughter." At which Mr. Van der Helst scowled.

Then Granny took the letter and read it aloud as follows:

"Germantown, March 3, 1776.

"HONOR'D MADAM:

"Your daughter's letter has reached me, and it is with concern that I learn of your distressed circumstances. I will take one of your boys and bring him up as best I can, but as I have no wife, I cannot take the little maid.

"Your aff. cousin and servant,

"JOHN TRAVERS."

For a moment there was silence in the room, and then Granny collapsed in her chair, and Mr. Van der Helst, shoving his hands deep into his pockets, strode across the floor with a frown on his face, muttering to himself.

I stood for a moment, looking from one to another. They seemed not to be paying any attention to me. Then my feelings getting the better of me, I rushed to Granny, and, burying my face in her lap, burst into tears.

"Will no one take a girl?" I cried.

CHAPTER III

AN ABRUPT PARTING

AND so we were back again to the place from where we had started when Mr. Van der Helst first entered the house. The boys and Granny were provided for, but no one wanted a girl.

Granny, however, seemed relieved, and after a moment brightened up.

"You will have to take me and Bee after all," she said, "and send one of the boys to the colonies. 'T is better so, I am sure."

"Nay, madam," returned Mr. Van der Helst, sharply, stopping his walk up and down the room and standing before her; "I shall not take the miss. In time, she would have to be married and dowered, so it is not to be thought of." He stopped his speech and continued his march up and down the room.

"But something must be done with the child!" Granny moaned in her perplexity.

"Aye," agreed Mr. Van der Helst, and he stooped and picked up the letter, which, in the confusion, had fallen to the floor.

He read it through with knitted brows, and suddenly his face cleared.

"I have it," he cried, and going to Granny, he pointed with a fat finger. "You perceive, madam," he went on, "that Mr. Travers does not say he *will* not take a girl. He merely says he *cannot*. That makes all the difference."

"How, sir? What would you do?" asked Granny. "What do you mean?"

"Send her to him, of course," insisted Mr. Van der Helst, with much energy. "There are ninety-nine chances to one that he will not send her back."

"But without a doubt, the man has orders to take a boy," Granny objected.

"I will see the man," said Mr. Van der Helst, and left us, returning a half-hour later with the news that the passage had been arranged for on a vessel named the *Bouncing Betsey* and owned by Mr. Travers, which would sail in a week's time for the Americas.

"And will they take a girl?" questioned Granny.

"I know not," said Mr. Van der Helst; "but a girl can wear her brother's cap and wrap-rascal, and who will know she is not a boy?"

At this you may believe Granny protested violently. She vowed she would n't countenance any such deception, and pleaded with Mr. Van der Helst to find some other means of disposing of me. But he was as firm in this as he was in his determination not to take me; and Granny, once having given in, found it less easy to combat him a second time.

Finally it was settled that I should be shipped off on the *Bouncing Betsey*, disguised as a boy, to take my chances.

This much determined on, Hal and I were sent out of the room, and ran off to find Horrie.

"Oh, but you 've the luck, Bee!" cried my brother, as we ran along. "Why could n't I have found that crooked sixpence?"

"Luck!" I burst out. "Do you call it luck to have to leave Granny and go off alone to a strange land where I 'm not wanted?"

"Aye, I call it great luck!" he replied brazenly. Just then we came upon Horrie.

"What think you," he went on, addressing my other brother, "Bee's angered because she's going to the Americas."

"And who says that?" demanded Horrie.

"Granny and Mr. Van der Helst," I replied. "The passage is paid, and the ship sails in a week."

He looked at me for a moment, as if he could n't believe the news, and then he burst out as had Hal.

"The luck of it!" he cried, and there was no mistaking the envy he felt.

"How can you say that?" I protested, near to tears, for I thought that I should have been pitied for being parted from all those I loved in the world.

"But think of the fun you 'll have," said Hal, trying, I 'm sure, to console me, "there 'll be no tiresome tasks and all the lions and tigers you

want. Ah, the luck of it! It almost makes me wish I had been born a girl."

I did not reply, but I was sure that one very little tiger would be enough for me.

"And you 'll have blacks to wait on you if you like," Horrie cut in. "And think of the adventure of it! Had it been me, I should make my fortune inside of a year. And then, you 'll see the Indians!" he ended, as if nothing could be finer.

"And live in a wampum," Hal put in excitedly.

"It 's not a wampum; it 's a wigwim," Horrie contradicted him.

"Nay now, 't is a wampum!" Hal insisted. "Did n't I hear old Gaffer Hawkins tell of them, outside the Red Lion Inn—and he was a sea-faring man."

"But what is it?" I broke in, knowing that if once they started contesting the matter, they would never have done, and I was anxious to learn all I could of the new land I was going to.

"'T is a sort of bower the Indians live in," Hal explained, "made of skins and boughs, and I think there are glass beads on it, though of that I am not sure."

And so the talk went on among us, the boys openly envying me what they continued to call my "luck!" and never able to understand my feelings.

There is no need to dwell on the happenings of the next few days. Granny, it seemed, had lost her spirit, and the Dutchman, as the boys called Mr. Van der Helst, took entire charge of our affairs, ordering us all about in a very masterful way. And, however distasteful this might be, it had the desired effect, for we were ready to depart by the front door as the workmen came in by the back, which would never have happened had Granny had her way.

We were all sad as we left the old house to take the stage for London. Even the boys, excited at the prospect of a change, looked back at the fields and downs with tears in their eyes. The village folk were out in force to see the last of us, and there were many sorrowful faces among them, for Granny was well-loved, and had cared for more of them than she could afford. Moreover, they had come to her in their troubles for consolation, or whatever they stood most in need of, and would sadly miss her.

But my heart was the heaviest of all. The others, at least, knew where they were going, and would receive a welcome. I knew not what was in store for me.

At any other time, I should have been greatly taken with London, and, as it was, I could n't help wondering at the many gay shops and the

monstrous number of people who swarmed the streets. Granny insisted that my outfit for the Americas should be the finest she could procure, and, as she had money in hand from the sale of certain belongings that could not be taken to Holland, she stopped at nothing while there was gold in her purse. I think this helped her in a way to be resigned to my going, at least it eased her mind to feel that she was doing all she could for me, and I must do Mr. Van der Helst the justice to say that he did not try to stay her, further than to shake his head over some useless extravagance, muttering the while that things would be different when Prudence held the purse-strings.

The day of parting came all too quickly. The coach was at the door, and Mr. Van der Helst waiting. My hair had been arranged like Hal's, and I wore a greatcoat of his, a cap of Horrie's, and a pair of thick boots, so that, as I gazed at myself in the glass, I was surprised to find how much like a boy I looked. But that was all on the outside. Inside I was just a little girl, and my heart was heavy.

It was wise that the parting took place at the inn, for Granny broke down utterly when the moment came for my going. Even the boys, big men as they thought themselves, wept, and it was a limp and numb little mortal who was torn from Granny's arms and hurried off.

The ride over the rough London streets to the wharves where we were to find the *Bouncing Betsy* was a sad one for me, and Mr. Van der Helst, instead of trying to console me, devoted all his time to grumbling at the miserable paving of the streets and the loss entailed to his business by his being forced to leave it on a "fool's errand," as he called it. Perhaps it was just as well that he seemed heartless and indifferent to my going, for it braced me to be brave, and I soon ceased my sobbing, determined that he should not have cause to complain of me.

Finally, the river was reached, and the cabman dismissed after some grumbling over the fare. We stood in the thick of a hurry and bustle of business impossible to describe, so that I was a little bewildered by the noise and confusion. A porter was secured to carry my boxes, and I followed behind him and Mr. Van der Helst as they went in search of a waterman who would row us to the *Bouncing Betsy*, which was anchored out in the stream.

It seemed something of a task to find one, and we climbed about over all sorts of merchandise waiting to be loaded aboard vessels, till at last we came upon a man with a small boat who said he would take us and my belongings to the ship.

At once there began an argument over the fare, which I thought very ill-advised, seeing how great had been our difficulty in finding a wherry, but Mr. Van der Helst, ever careful of his money, was not one to go into any matter in haste. At length, finding that the man would not lower his price, he stamped his foot with vexation.

"As the girl is but half-size, she should pay but half-fare," he burst out angrily, whereat the boatman looked surprised, as well he might.

"Is it a miss?" he said, doffing his hat. "I thought it was a lad. Sure I 'll take her for nothing, but you will have to pay double, so that evens the matter."

For the first time in my life, I saw Mr. Van der Helst smile.

"In that case I will not go with her," he returned blandly. "Put her aboard the *Bouncing Betsey*," and he turned on his heel and walked off, with never a parting word to me or seemingly a thought of how I fared.

(To be continued.)





A FEBRUARY FRESHET

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

ONE of the interesting events in my outdoor year is the February freshet. Perhaps you call it a February *thaw*; and a thaw is all that it amounted

spring tides, and a warm spring rain ride up the river together, let them drive in hard for a day and a night, as I have known them to do—*then* you have a freshet! The deep, dark river goes mad. The tossing tide lifts its head above the wharves, swirls about the piles of the great bridge, leaps, foaming, into the air, and beats with all its wild might to break through the long, high banks into the fertile meadows below.

And when it did break through, as I have seen it, then—there was more than a freshet!

There are wider rivers than Maurice River; there are more exciting things than February freshets—*nowadays*. But I was not a boy *nowadays*. I was a boy along the Maurice River, and that was the widest of rivers then.

Why, Maurice River was so wide that there was only a single boy in the town, as I remember, who could stand at one end of the drawbridge and skim an oyster shell across to the opposite end.

The best that I could do was to throw my voice across, and hear it hit the long, hollow barn on the other bank. It would seem to strike the barn in the middle, leap from end to end of it, like something caged, then bound back to me, faint and frightened, from across the dark tide.

I feared the river. Oh, but I loved it, too! Its tides were always rising or falling—going down to the bay and on to the sea; and in from the bay, or out to the bay, with white sails set, the big oyster-boats were always moving; and out and



A SAFE WINTER HIDING-PLACE.

to last year, and, really, a thaw is about all that it ever amounts to nowadays, here on Mullen Hill, where there is no live water larger than a sputtering little trout brook. This noisy little brook could n't get up a real freshet if it tried.

But Maurice River could have a freshet without trying. Let the high south winds, the high

in, and up and down the river, with wide wings set, the fish-hawks were always flying, and the great, blue herons, like Dutch windmills a-wing, were ever beating ponderously across.

Is there, was there ever, a boy who would not have loved such a river? Who would not have loved the sound of the calking-maul and the adz in the village shipyard? and the smell of the new chips and the tarred oakum? the sound of the chattering marsh-wrens in the calamus? the fishy ditches with their deep sluiceways out into the river? and the vast tide marshes that stretched away to the edge of the world?

What a land for a boy to drive cows into every morning and home from every night! or to trap muskrats in during the winter! or to go fishing in during the summer! or, best of all, to go watching up and down in when a great February freshet came on!

For, of all the happenings of the seasons, none had such fascination for me as the high winds and warm downpour that flooded the wharves, that drove the men of the village out to guard the river-banks, and that drowned out of their burrows and winter hiding-places all the wild creatures that lived within reach of the spreading tide.

The water would pour over the meadows and run far back into the wooded swamps and farm lands, setting everything afloat that could float—rails, logs, haycocks, birds' nests—upon which, as chance offered, some struggling animal would crawl, and drift whither the waters might carry him.

And they did not always carry him to safety; for over the swollen waters the crows, fish-hawks, gulls, and herons, and, at night, the owls, would beat to pounce upon the helpless voyagers, even taking the muskrats as easy prey, weak as they were from exposure and long swimming.

It was better than a menagerie, for it was all wild. And so wild! There would be only two shores to the tossing meadow-sea: the river-bank, now a mere line of earth and bush tops through the water, and the distant shore of the upland.

If the wind blew, as usually it did, from the upland toward the river, then the drift of floatage would all set toward the bank, and before long a multitude of shipwrecked creatures would be tossed upon this narrow breakwater, that ran, a bare three feet of clay, between the meadow-sea and the wilder river-sea beyond.

No day at the zoölogical gardens was equal to this. To creep along the narrow bank, holding on against the rush of the wind or the dash of some huge wave, was like walking into a live

picture of the Garden of Eden, where all the animals are arranged in a row so that they can file past and get their names. Only here there were no very large animals, none larger than a mink or an opossum. But birds of several kinds,



"WHAT A LAND FOR A BOY TO TRAP MUSKRATS IN!"

mice, moles, shrews, snakes, turtles, squirrels, and muskrats would scurry around your feet, or plunge back into the water to let you pass.

And in what strange craft they sometimes came! Two muskrats and a gray squirrel drifted up within my reach on the top of a muskrats'

ledge; while a little farther on, I watched a bob-tailed meadow-mouse come rocking into port on a catbird's nest which the waves had washed from its anchorage in the wild rose-bushes. On the point of a tall stake, high above the tide, a bunch of brown fur would show where two or three meadow-voles were huddling; and up among the limbs of some tree whose feet stood deep in the water, other bunches of fur would show how a muskrat can climb when he has to, though, perhaps, he had never climbed before in his life. Here, like sailors lashed to the rigging, waiting to be taken off.

But it was not the multitude of wild things—birds, beasts, insects—that fascinated me most, that led me out along the slippery, dangerous bank through the swishing storm; it was rather the fear and confusion of the animals, the wild, fearful spirit raging over the face of the earth and sky that daunted and terrified the little creatures.

Many of them had been wakened by the flood out of their profound winter sleep; and dazed, and numbed, and frightened, they seemed to know nothing, to care for nothing, but the touch of the solid earth to their feet.

All of their natural desires, their natural hatreds, their natural hungers and terrors, were sunk beneath the waters. They had lost their wits, like human beings in a panic; they struggled and fought for a foothold, not even noticing me unless I tried to catch at them, then only taking to the water to escape the instant peril.

The sight was strange, as if this were another planet, and not our orderly, peaceful world at all. Nor, indeed, was it; for fear covered everywhere, in all the things of the earth, as the fury of the river and sky raged around and overhead.

The frail river-bank trembled under the beating of the waves; the sunken sluices strangled and groaned beneath the whirlpools at their mouths; the flocks of scattered ducks and brant veered into sight, dashed down toward the white waters, or drove over in wild speed, while the

winds screamed, and the sky hung black like a torn and flapping sheet in the gale. And I, too, would have to drop upon all fours with the mice and muskrats and cling to the bank, when the snarling river, leaping at me, would plunge over into the meadow below.

A winter blizzard is more deadly, but not more fearful, nor so wild and tumultuous. For in such a storm as this the foundations of the deep are broken up, the very frame of the world is shaken, and you, and the mice, and the muskrats, share alike its wild, fierce spirit and the fear.

And to be out in such a storm, out where you can feel its full fury, as upon a strip of bank in the midst of the tossing waters, is good for you. To share in a common peril with your fellows, though they be only such fellow mortals as mice and muskrats, is good for you; for it is to share by so much in their lives, and by so much to live outside of your own little self.

And then, again, we are so accustomed to order and to fair weather in our part of the globe, that we get to feel as if the world were being managed for us; nay, that we are managing the world! To flatten out on a quaking ridge of earth or be blown into the river; to hear only the roar, and to be part of the tumult, of such a storm, makes one feel about the size of a mouse in the vast of the universe and its vortex of fearful forces.

The shriek of those winds is still in my ears, the sting of those driving rains still on my face; the motion of that narrow mud bank, swimming like a long sea-serpent in the swirling waters, I can still feel to my finger-tips. And the growl of the river, the streaming shreds of the sky, the confusion beneath and above me, the mice and muskrats clinging with me for a foothold—I live it all again at the first spatter of a February rain upon my face.

To be out in a February freshet, out in a big spring break-up, is to get a breaking-up oneself, a preparation, like Nature's, for a new lease of life—for spring.





RELIEF-MAP OF THE PANAMA CANAL, SHOWING THE ROUTE FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC.

THE STORY OF PANAMA

BY FARNHAM BISHOP

It is a strange thing that Columbus, who was not looking for America at all, but for the shortest road to India and Japan, should have caught his first glimpse of the American continent at the very spot where we are now digging the Panama Canal. Of course he had already seen the islands of the West Indies, for this was his fourth and last voyage across the great "Sea of Darkness"; but now arose before the prows of his caravels the cloudy peaks of the San Blas mountains, and his fleet anchored in that harbor which we call Limon Bay, but which Columbus called "Naos," or the Bay of Ships. There to-day is the Atlantic entrance to the canal, beside the city of Colon, as the Spaniards called Columbus.

Soon other Spaniards came and settled on the isthmus at a place about twenty miles nearer South America. The first man, as he stepped ashore, said, "We shall live here in the name of God," or, in Spanish, "En Nombre de Dios." So they called the settlement "Nombre de Dios," but so many died there of fever, that it became known as the "Grave of the Spaniard." A healthier site was chosen at Porto Bello, a beautiful harbor not far from Limon Bay, and both of these old settlements are of importance to us in building the canal, as we shall presently see.

In the meanwhile, Nuñez de Balboa, hearing from the Indians of a great sea to the southward, had crossed the isthmus and discovered the Pacific. He called it that because the Bay of Panama, which was the part he saw, is very calm

and peaceful. I am afraid that you will think that this is going to be nothing but explanations of names, so I shall stop with one more; and that is the name of Panama itself. It comes from an



A BIT OF OLD PANAMA.

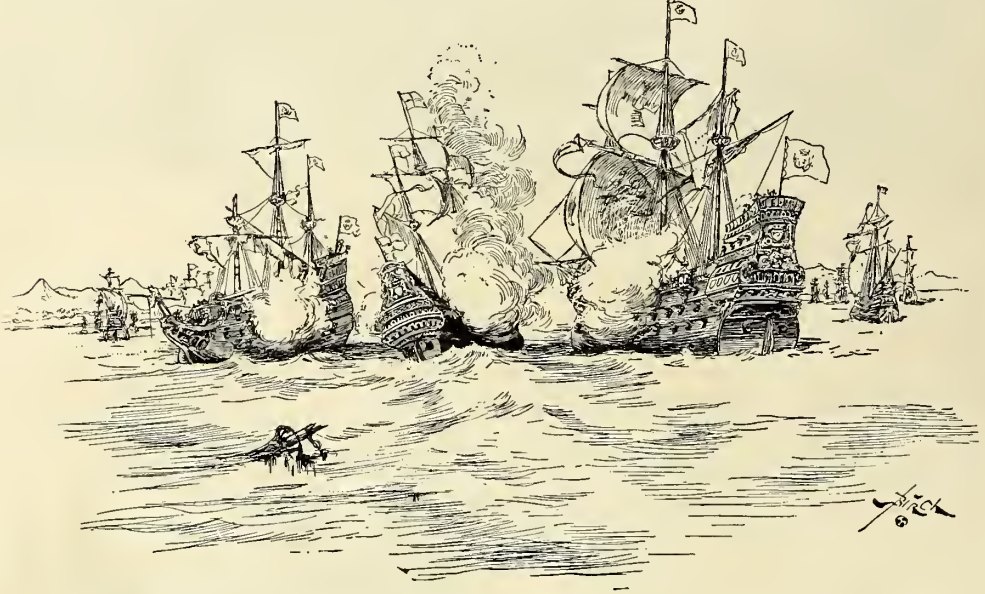
Indian word meaning "plenty of fish," and it was because they felt sure that they could always find food in this spot, that the Spaniards founded

on the shore of the bay the city of Panama in 1519.

It was from Panama that Pizarro sailed south to the conquest of Peru, and all the gold and silver that went to Spain from the mines of that country, passed through Panama and over the Royal Road across the isthmus to Nombre de Dios or Porto Bello. There it was stored in the king's treasure-house, and once a year a great fleet of galleons carried it to Spain. It was to

1670, under the leadership of Sir Henry Morgan, swept down on Panama and left it the blackened ruin we see to-day.

Panama city was rebuilt on a rocky peninsula six miles up the coast, and, strongly fortified, beat off several later attacks of the bucaniers. But its glory had departed with the exhaustion of the Peruvian mines, and when the isthmus somewhat languidly declared its independence from Spain in 1819, the commander of the royal troops did



THE SEA-FIGHT OFF THE AZORES, BETWEEN SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE AND THE SPANIARDS.

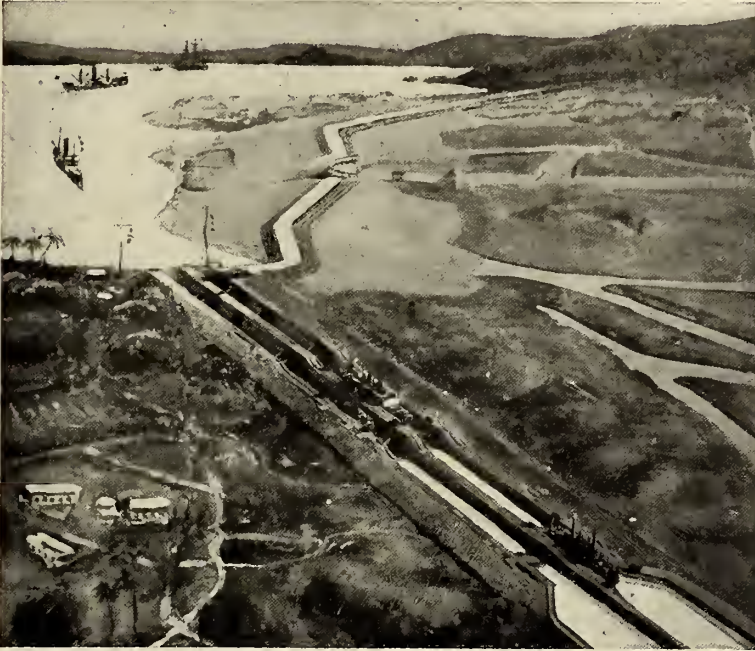
waylay this treasure-fleet,—or “Plate Fleet,” as the English called it, from the Spanish word *plata*, or silver,—that Sir Richard Grenville was waiting at the Azores, when he met the escort fleet of war-ships instead, and fought the battle of the *Revenge*. Sir Francis Drake made a night attack on Nombre de Dios, all but captured the king's treasure-house, and consoled himself with picking up a mule-train on the Royal Road. Drake had not men enough to attack Panama city itself, and when the scare he had given them had been forgotten, and Spain and England were at peace again, the Spaniards did not think it worth while to fortify the place, although it was very rich and well worth looting. They lived there at their ease, taking toll of the treasure that passed through, and cultivating their fields and pleasant gardens with negro and Indian slaves, until the coming of the bucaniers. These fierce beef-hunters of the islands, being forbidden by the Spaniards to hunt the wild cattle, turned to Spaniard-hunting, both by land and sea, and in

not consider the former “Treasure-house of the World” worth the snap of a flint-lock. For thirty years longer the grass grew thick in the Cathedral Plaza and the once busy streets, and then Panama awoke to new life with the coming of the gold seekers on their way to California in 1849.

Thousands of Americans landed at Porto Bello, or were poled up the Chágres River in log canoes to Cruces, and thence were carried on the backs of mules, or by Indian porters, to Panama city. Here they often had to wait months for a vessel to take them to San Francisco, where ships rotted three deep at the wharves while their crews went gold-hunting. A typical American frontier town sprang up on a coral island at Colon, as the tracks of the Panama Railroad were laid across the divide to the Pacific. The completion of this road brought much more business, and, as the Panamanians had lived off the Indians in the old days, they now lived off the Americans and other travelers, exactly like so many robber-barons in

the Middle Ages. Their so-called "revolutions" were really small feudal wars fought by the rich

It was now evident that the United States must finish the canal in order to open a quick naval route to the Pacific—particularly after the *Oregon's* dash round South America in the Spanish-American War—and in 1903, having arranged to buy out what was left of the French company for \$40,000,000, we offered the Colombians \$10,000,000 for the concession. But they insisted upon a higher price, and also, it is claimed, hoped to take the forty millions away from the French, and so rejected our offer. Instantly the Panamanians, afraid lest we take the canal to Nicaragua, and all their trade with it, rose in revolt, drove out the Colombians, and offered us permission to dig on our own terms. And, of course, we were only too glad to make an end of petty warfare on the isthmus and get to work.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE GATUN LOCKS AS THEY WILL LOOK WHEN COMPLETED.

landowners with armies of serfs from their great estates, led by bands of foreign mercenaries or "Soldiers of Fortune," for the privilege of getting into power and squeezing taxes out of everybody else. It was the same all over the so-called Republic of Colombia, of which Panama was now a part; no one ever became president except by violence, nor was any president strong enough to keep peace in Panama. And as the Panamanians were never quite strong enough to win independence, the wars usually degenerated into brigandage, so that the United States would have to send war-ships and land sailors to shoo the revolutions off the railroad tracks. For it had been agreed in a treaty we made with Colombia in 1846, that our government was to maintain the neutrality of the trade-route across the isthmus.

This trade became so important that, in 1879, the French formed a company under Ferdinand de Lesseps, who had gained great fame by building the Suez Canal, to dig one across the Isthmus of Panama. But poor M. de Lesseps found its jungles and mountains far different from the level sands of Suez; the revolutionists burned his supplies, the fever killed his workmen, and everything went wrong. Finally, after ten years, the French withdrew, abandoning much of their machinery, having sunk \$250,000,000 in the enterprise.

the filth and fever of four hundred years to be cleared away from the Canal Zone, as they call

The first thing we did was to clean house. There was



SECTIONAL VIEW OF A LOCK, AS HIGH AS A SIX-STORY BUILDING. THE TUBE THROUGH WHICH THE WATER IS ADMITTED IS LARGE ENOUGH TO HOLD A LOCOMOTIVE.

the strip of land five miles wide on either side of the canal, before it would be safe to send

workmen there. This Canal Zone is now as much a part of the United States as the parade-ground at West Point, and though the two cities of Panama and Colon, which are scalloped out of either end of the zone, belong to the new Republic of Panama, our government has the authority to keep them clean and orderly, and has done the work well. It was very important that these muddy streets be well paved, and water-pipes laid under them, instead of the unsanitary old cisterns and rain-water barrels, for stagnant water breeds mosquitos, and mosquitos carry the germs of malaria and yellow fever. Before we learned this, no one knew how to fight these terrible diseases. Had it not been for the self-sacrificing heroism, in Cuba, of Dr. Jesse W. Lazear of the United

As we steam into Limon Bay, after a two-thousand-mile voyage from New York, you will notice the big breakwaters that are being built to make a safe harbor, and also to keep storms and tides from washing the mud back into the four miles of canal that run under the sea to deep water. Down this channel comes something that looks like a very fat ocean steamer, and when it reaches the end it rises several feet in the water, turns round, and waddles back again. This is the sea-going dredge *Caribbean*, busy sucking up the bottom into its insides, and carrying it away. Many other smaller dredges are dipping up rock into barges or pumping mud through long pipes to the land, all the way to the shore, and up the four miles of sea-level canal to where the Gatun Locks



THE GATUN LOCKS.

View taken in August, 1911, looking north toward the Atlantic entrance. This shows the construction of the upper lock, with the east wall of the upper, middle, and lower locks in the distance.

States Army Medical Corps, who, in 1900, offered his own body for the experiment and paid for the discovery with his life, we might never have been able to dig the Panama Canal.

And now let me take you over the line of the canal and show you how we are doing it.

loom in the distance. All this you can see as we cross the bay to the ugly town of Colon and its pretty suburb of Cristobal, which last is in the American Canal Zone, and the place where the steamers dock.

Now that you have seen what these dredges

can do, you will ask me why we do not dig the rest of the canal that way, instead of bothering with locks and dams, and I can give you the answer in five words: because of the Chágres River. This troublesome stream comes down from the

in the big lake, that will have an area of nearly two hundred square miles. In building the dam that is to hold back all this water, two trestles were driven across the valley, and from them were dumped many trainloads of hard rock from



CULEBRA CUT, LOOKING NORTH.

When completed, the bottom of the canal will be forty-five feet below the level shown in this picture.

San Blas hills, strikes the line of the canal at a place called "Bas Obispo," and zigzags across it to Gatun. And though we can dredge a channel up to Gatun, or scoop out the Culebra Cut, which is an artificial cañon nine miles long through the hills, between Bas Obispo and Pedro Miguel on the Pacific side of the divide, we could not dig below the bed of the Chágres without having a lot of waterfalls pouring into the canal, washing down the banks, and silting up the channel. And as the Chágres is a sizable river that has been known to rise more than twenty-five feet in a night,—for the rainfall in Panama is very severe,—you can see that it is not an easy problem to control it. But we have solved that problem by means of the Gatun Dam.

At Gatun, the valley of the Chágres is only about a third of a mile wide, and by closing the gap between the hills on either side with an artificial hill,—for that is what the Gatun Dam really is,—we accomplish two things: first, by backing up the river behind the dam, we form a deep lake that will float our ships up against the side of the hills at Bas Obispo and make so much less digging in the Culebra Cut, and, second, a flood that would cause a rise of twenty-five feet in the river would not cause one of a quarter of an inch

the Culebra Cut, to form what the engineers call the "toes" of the dam. To fill the space between them, dredges pump in muddy water that filters away between the cracks of the toes, leaving the sediment it carried to settle and form a solid core of hard-packed clay, over a quarter of a mile thick at the water-line. When the dam is finished, the side toward the lake will be thoroughly riprapped with stone to prevent washing by the waves, and so gentle will be the slope that you could ride over it on a bicycle without rising on the pedals.

To keep the water from running over the top of the dam, the engineers have cut a new channel for the Chágres through a natural hill that stands in the center of the valley, and this, lined with concrete and fitted with regulating works, is what they call the "spillway." When the dam is finished, the spillway will be closed, and then the tremendously heavy rainfall,—from ten to fifteen feet a year,—will fill the lake in less than a twelvemonth. All the surplus water will run off through the spillway, and as it runs it will pass through turbines and turn dynamos to generate electricity for operating the machinery of the Gatun Locks that will lift ships over the dam.

These locks are in pairs, so that ships can go

up and down at the same time; three pairs, like a double stairway, of great concrete tanks each big enough for a ship a thousand feet long, a hundred and ten feet wide, and forty-five feet deep to float in it like a toy boat in a bath-tub. You can get some idea of their size when you remember that the *Olympic*, the largest ship yet built, is only 882 feet in length. Or, to put it another way: every one of these six locks (and there are six more of them on the Pacific side) contains more concrete than there is stone in the biggest pyramid in Egypt. The American people have been able to do more in half a dozen years than the Pharaohs in a century, for our machinery has given us the power of many myriads of slaves.

And wonderful machinery it is at Gatun, both human and mechanical. As you stand on one of the walls,—which, as you can see from the diagram on page 305, are as high as a six-story



A WORK-TRAIN BRINGING LABORERS TO THE CULEBRA CUT.

house,—and look down into the swarming, clanging lock-pits, it is not easy to see any system, but if you look closely, you can trace its main outlines. Up the straight four-mile channel from Limon Bay come many barges, some laden with Portland cement, others with sand from the beaches of Nombre de Dios or stone from the quarries of Porto Bello. (For both of these old ports are now alive again, helping in the building of the locks, and every now and then one of our dredges strikes the hull of a sunken galleon, or brings up cannon-balls or pieces-of-eight.) The cargoes of all these barges are snatched up by giant unloader-cranes and put into storehouses, out of which, like chicks from a brooder, run in-

telligent little electric cars that need no motor-men, but climb of themselves up into the top story of the dusty mixing-house. Here, eight huge rotary mixers churn the three elements—cement, sand, and stone—into concrete, and drop it wetly into great skips, or buckets, three of which set on each car of a somewhat larger-sized system of electric trains, whose tracks run along one side of the lock-pits. Presently you will see those skips rise in the air and go sailing across the lock-pit, in the grip of a carrier traveling on a steel cable stretched between two of the tall skeleton towers that stand on either flank of the lock-site. When the skip is squarely above one of the molds where it is to go, it is tilted up, and there is so much more concrete in place.

When the last cubic yard has been set, the gates hung, and the water turned in, a ship coming from the Atlantic will stop in the forebay, or vestibule, of the lowest right-hand lock, and make fast to electric towing-locomotives running along the top of the lock-walls. No vessel will be allowed to enter a lock under her own power, for fear of her ramming a gate and letting the water out; and to prevent this there will be guard-gates, chains, and an emergency gate that can be swung round and dropped like a port-cullis. Once a ship is inside, the lower gates will be closed behind her by machinery hidden in the square center-pier, the water will rush down the conduits and swirl in from below, until it has reached the level of the lock above, when the upper gates will open and the locomotives

scramble up the sloping walls and pull the vessel through. In like manner will she pass through the two upper locks out on the broad waters of Gatun Lake, eighty-five feet above the level of the sea. Here she may steam at full speed down a thousand-foot channel, past islands that are now hilltops, toward Bas Obispo and the entrance to the Culebra Cut.

The channel shrinks to three hundred feet during this nine-mile passage through the hills between Bas Obispo and Pedro Miguel (which every American on the isthmus calls "Peter Magill"), for, at the Culebra Cut, it must be dug and blasted out of solid rock. Row above row of steam- or compressed-air drills are boring deep

holes in the terraces beneath them, and gangs of men are kept busy filling these holes with dynamite. As much as forty tons were used in one blast, when an entire hillside was blown to pieces,



UNLOADING ROCK ON THE TORRO POINT BREAKWATER, AT THE PACIFIC END OF THE CANAL.

and twice every day, when the men have left the cut for lunch, or to go home, hundreds of reports go rattling off like a bombardment. Then they bring up the great steam-shovels to dig out the shattered rock with their steel-shod "dippers," that can pick up eight tons at a time. Think how bulky a ton of coal looks in the cellar, and then imagine eight times that much being lifted in the air, swung across a railroad track, and dropped on a flat-car, as easily as a grocer's clerk would scoop up a pound of sugar and pour it into a paper bag. So skilful are the steam-shovel men (all Americans) that they will make one of their huge machines pick up a little pebble rolling down the side of the cut as neatly as you could with your hand; and every one of them is racing the others and trying to beat the last man's record for a day's excavation. The present record was made on March 22, 1910: 4823 cubic yards of rock, or 8395 tons. There are more than fifty of these steam-shovels in the Culebra Cut, and to see them all puffing and rooting together, more like a herd of living monsters than a collection of machinery, is one of the most wonderful spectacles in the world.

To carry away the rock and earth dug out by the steam-shovels, there is an elaborate railroad system of several hundred miles of track, so in-

geniously arranged that the loaded trains travel down-grade and only empty cars have to be hauled back up hill. Much rock is used on the Gatun Dam, and also on the breakwaters at either end of the canal, but most of the material excavated from the cut is disposed of by filling up swamps and valleys. Every dirt-train (they would call it that on the isthmus even if it carried nothing but lumps of rock as big as grand pianos) travels an average distance of ten miles to the dumps and has the right of way over passenger-trains, specials, and even mail-trains. Only for the President of the United States has the line ever been cleared.

At the dumping-ground, each dirt-train is run out on a trestle and unloaded in one of two ways. If it is composed of steel dump-cars, these are tipped up either by hand or compressed air. Most of the trains, however, are of

big flat-cars, raised on one side, and connected by steel flaps or "aprons," so that a heavy steel wedge, like a snow-plow, can be drawn from one end of the train to the other by a windlass and cable, thus clearing all the cars in a jiffy. When the dirt be-



TRACK-SHIFTING MACHINE WHICH LIFTS TIES AND TRACKS TOGETHER.

gins to rise above the edge of the trestle, a locomotive pushes up a machine called the "spreader," that smoothes it out into a level embankment, and then another machine, the "track-shifter," picks up the ties and rails bodily and swings them over to the edge of the new ground. Each of these machines does the work of hundreds of laborers.

The locks on the Pacific side of the canal are just like those at Gatun, except that instead of having all three pairs together, there are two at Miraflores and one at Pedro Miguel, with a little lake between. From Miraflores,—which means “A Thousand Flowers,”—the canal is being dredged out at sea-level to its Pacific terminus at Balboa, where there will be great docks and warehouses and shipyards on land that has been made by filling in the tidal marshes with dirt

center for the Americans on the canal force, and they are charged only half as much as the tourists that stop there.

At the Tivoli, you can take a funny little native cab that will carry you to any part of Panama city for a dime. The houses in the older part of the town have walls three feet thick and narrow windows with very stout shutters, for, in the disorderly old days, it was frequently necessary to turn them into fortresses on short notice. Even



A SQUAD OF MOUNTED ZONE-POLICE, IN FRONT OF THE ANCON HOSPITAL.

from the Culebra Cut. As on the Atlantic side, the canal will run out four miles under the sea to deep water, and to protect it from storms, a breakwater is being built from the shore to the islands in the Bay of Panama. The forts that are to protect this end of the canal will be on these islands, or behind Ancon Hill, a small volcano, extinct since prehistoric times, between Balboa and the city of Panama.

On the hillside overlooking the city is the American settlement of Ancon, a very beautiful town that has no named or numbered streets, but is like a garden laid out in terraces, with pretty little houses here and there, and a big red-tile-roofed Administration Building, for the Governor and the Canal Commissioners. Here, too, is the Ancon Hospital, built by the French, and a large hotel, called the Tivoli, that belongs to the United States War Department. It was built as a social

the churches were loopholed for musketry, and they are still connected by underground passages with the cathedral in the center of the town. For Panama is a medieval city,—its walls were torn down less than fifty years ago,—and when you walk down one of the narrow streets at night, you half expect to see a file of halberdiers go clanking past in the moonlight, or to hear the “clink and fall of swords.” But all you hear is a cheap phonograph playing an American popular song of the year before last, and the only armed men you meet are self-important little native policemen, about four and a half feet high.

They have very different looking policemen on the American side of the zone-line: tall, bronzed ex-troopers of the United States Cavalry, in the smart khaki uniform of the Zone Police. These are the men who have made brigandage a lost art on the isthmus, and have taught the Panamanians



INTERIOR OF COMMISSARY STORE AT GATUN.

This store does a business of over \$7,000,000 a year without the use of any money.

to vote with ballots, instead of machetes and Mauser rifles. Two hundred of this efficient little military constabulary, much resembling the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police, keep the four hundred square miles of the Canal Zone as peaceful as a New England village on Sunday morning, and any one who mistakes it for a lawless frontier community is likely to find himself making roads with the rest of the chain-gang.

And now that I have told you a little, a very little, about the isthmus and the work that is being done there, let me tell you something about the men who are doing the work. Of the forty thousand or so on the pay-roll, the majority are negroes from Jamaica or other parts of the British West Indies, very peaceable and law-abiding fellows, but exceedingly lazy and unbelievably stupid. One of them was given a red flag by the foreman of a section-gang on the Panama Railroad, and told to go round the curve and stop any train that might come along, while they replaced a rail. He went to his post, and just as they had taken up the rail, a switch-engine came sailing round the corner, flew off the track, and nearly killed two men. When they asked the Jamaican why he had failed to flag it, he replied: "You told me to stop *trains*. That was n't a train, it was a locomotive."

To stimulate the Jamaicans by competition, we have brought over several thousand peasants from Galicia, in the north of Spain, and these men, being used to labor in a hot climate for a fraction of what they earn on the isthmus, do very good work. Then there are Italians, and Greeks, and Armenians, and Turks, and turbaned

coolies from India, and ever so many more, besides six thousand American engineers and foremen, all to be fed and lodged and cared for, in a place that seven years ago was covered with primeval jungle.

Practically every mouthful of food has to be brought by sea from New York or New Orleans, in ships fitted with cold-storage. There is a great storehouse at Mount Hope, near Colon, and every morning a long train of refrigerator-cars crosses the isthmus, bringing fresh supplies to the hotels and local commissaries in all the camps and towns. A bachelor, quartered in a hotel, can get a meal for thirty cents that he would be lucky to get in New York for less than a dollar, while a married employee's wife can buy meat and groceries at the commissary store at wholesale prices. But in neither case is anything sold for money. Everything is paid for with checks torn out of booklets issued to employees and charged against their salaries, and with these you can buy anything from a pair of khaki trousers to an ice-cream soda. For Uncle Sam began by supplying frontier necessities, and ended by providing every luxury that you would expect to find in a thriving community of ten thousand Americans. Every bachelor gets, rent-free, a comfortably furnished room, and each family a house or an apartment, in which everything, down to the silverware and the bed-linen, belongs to the United States government. There are government laundries, bakeries, ice-factories, plants for roasting coffee and freezing ice-cream; doctors and dentists whose services are free to all; an official newspaper, and even government club-houses or recreation-buildings,

that our employees may be comfortable and able to do their best work.

Life in the Canal Zone is very much like that at home. Though it is summer all the year round, the temperature seldom rises above 86°, and it is



PRESIDENT TAFT AND COLONEL GOETHALS.

always cool and pleasant at night. The houses are built with wide porches, screened to keep out flying insects, and the Department of Agriculture supplies you with plants and flowers for your garden. There are band-concerts, and firemen's tournaments, and women's clubs, and church societies, and a Panama Canal Base-ball League.

Hundreds of sturdy, sunburned American children (for though the English cannot raise healthy white children in India, we can in Panama) go galloping about on Peruvian ponies, or study in the Canal Zone public schools. The pupils of the high school publish a monthly paper called the

"Zonian." Several patrols of boy-scouts have been organized, and they have the advantage of a real jungle to scout in.

The man who is at the head of this wonderful organization is the chief engineer and chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission: Colonel George Washington Goethals. He is the absolute ruler of the isthmus, subject only to the President of the United States, through the Secretary of War. Colonel Goethals is the head of the United States Army Engineering Corps, and since he was put in charge of the canal by President Roosevelt in 1906, he has not had a day's vacation and scarcely an idle hour. Everything, from the building and fortifying of the canal, to explaining to Mrs. Jones why Mrs. Smith, whose husband gets twenty dollars less salary a month than hers, has received two more salt-cellars and an extra rocking-chair from the district quartermaster, rests on his shoulders, and he bears it all with a smile. Thanks to this silent, modest soldier, the Panama Canal will be finished fully a year, perhaps even a year and a half, before the date set for the official opening: January 1, 1915.

Then the great working force will be broken up and scattered to the four corners of the earth, and the jungle will creep back and swallow up their houses as it has those of the Spaniards and the Frenchmen before them. But every American who has worked more than two years on the canal will carry away with him, besides imperishable memories of the biggest, cleanest job the world has ever seen, the medal you see reproduced on this page. It is made of bronze from one of the dredges abandoned by the De Lesseps Company, as the Victoria Cross is made of the bronze of captured cannon, and, like it, it is given for brave and arduous service. The design, chosen by the canal builders themselves, shows on one side the head of Theodore Roosevelt, on the other, a picture of the finished canal. Beneath it is set the seal of the Canal Zone: a noble galleon, sailing through the long-sought passage to the Indies; and above the motto from that seal: "The land divided—the world united."



THE PANAMA CANAL MEDAL.

JATAKA TALES

RE-TOLD BY ELLEN C. BABBITT

(From "The Jatakas," published by the Cambridge University Press, England)

THE MERCHANT OF SERI

THERE was once a merchant of Seri who sold brass and tinware. He went from town to town, in company with another man, who also sold brass and tinware. This second man was greedy, get-

poor to buy anything. I have not anything to trade, even."

"Grandmother, see what the merchant will give for the old bowl. We do not use that, and



"HE THREW THE BOWL ON THE GROUND, AND WENT AWAY."

ting all he could for nothing, and giving as little as he could for what he bought.

When they went into a town, they divided the streets between them. Each man went up and down the streets he had chosen, calling, "Tinware for sale. Brass for sale." People came out to their door-steps, and bought, or traded, with them.

In one house there lived a poor old woman and her granddaughter. The family had once been rich, but now the only thing they had left of all their riches was a golden bowl. The grandmother did not know it was a golden bowl, but she had kept this because her husband used to eat out of it in the old days. It stood on a shelf among the other pots and pans, and was not often used.

The greedy merchant passed this house, calling, "Buy my water-jars! Buy my pans!" The granddaughter said: "Oh, Grandmother, do buy something for me!"

"My dear," said the old woman, "we are too

perhaps he will take it and give us something we want for it."

The old woman called the merchant and showed him the bowl, saying, "Will you take this, sir, and give the little girl here something for it?"

The greedy man took the bowl and scratched its side with a needle. Thus he found that it was a golden bowl. He hoped he could get it for nothing, so he said: "What is this worth? Not even a halfpenny." He threw the bowl on the ground, and went away.

By and by the other merchant passed the house. For it was agreed that either merchant might go through any street which the other had left. He called: "Buy my water-jars! Buy my tinware! Buy my brass!"

The little girl heard him, and begged her grandmother to see what he would give for the bowl.

"My child," said the grandmother, "the merchant who was just here threw the bowl on the

ground and went away. I have nothing else to offer in trade."

"But, Grandmother," said the girl, "that was a cross man. This one looks pleasant. Ask him. Perhaps he 'll give some little tin dish."

was not worth a halfpenny, and he went away," said the grandmother. "It was worth nothing to him. If you value it, take it, giving the little girl some dish she likes for it."

But the merchant would not have it so. He gave the woman all the money he had, and all his wares. "Give me but eight pennies," he said.

So he took the pennies, and left. Going quickly to the river, he paid the boatman the eight pennies to take him across the river.

Soon the greedy merchant went back to the house where he had seen the golden bowl, and said: "Bring that bowl to me, and I will give you something for it."

"No," said the grandmother. "You said the bowl was worthless, but another merchant has paid a great price for it, and taken it away."

Then the greedy merchant was angry, crying

out, "Through this other man I have lost a small fortune. That bowl was of gold."

He ran down to the riverside, and, seeing the other merchant in the boat out in the river, he called: "Hallo, Boatman! Stop your boat!"

But the man in the boat said: "Don't stop!" So he reached the city on the other side of the river, and lived well for a time on the money the bowl brought him.



"IT IS A GOLDEN BOWL. I AM NOT RICH ENOUGH TO BUY IT," HE SAID."

"Call him, then, and show it to him," said the old woman.

As soon as the merchant took the bowl in his hands, he knew it was of gold. He said: "All that I have here is not worth so much as this bowl. It is a golden bowl. I am not rich enough to buy it."

"But, sir, a merchant who passed here a few moments ago, threw it on the ground, saying it

THE TURTLE WHO COULD N'T STOP TALKING



"HOW COULD I GO WITH YOU? I HAVE NO WINGS," SAID THE TURTLE."

A TURTLE lived in a pond at the foot of a hill. Two young wild Geese, looking for food, saw the Turtle, and talked with him. The next day the Geese came again to visit the Turtle and they be-

came very well acquainted. Soon they were great friends.

"Friend Turtle," the Geese said one day, "we have a beautiful home far away. We are going

to fly back to it to-morrow. It will be a long but pleasant journey. Will you go with us?"

"How could I? I have no wings," said the Turtle.

The village children saw the two Geese flying along with the Turtle and cried out: "Oh, see the Turtle up in the air! Look at the Geese carrying



"THE GESE THEN SPRANG INTO THE AIR, WITH THE TURTLE HOLDING FAST TO THE STICK."

"Oh, we will take you, if only you can keep your mouth shut, and say not a word to anybody," they said.

"I can do that," said the Turtle. "Do take me with you. I will do exactly as you wish."

So the next day the Geese brought a stick and they held the ends of it. "Now take the middle of this in your mouth, and don't say a word until we reach home," they said.

The Geese then sprang into the air, with the Turtle between them, holding fast to the stick.

a Turtle by a stick! Did you ever see anything more ridiculous in your life!"

The Turtle looked down and began to say, "Well, and if my friends carry me, what business is that of yours?" when he let go, and fell dead at the feet of the children.

As the two Geese flew on, they heard the people say, when they came to see the poor Turtle, "That fellow could not keep his mouth shut. He had to talk, and so lost his life."



"THE VILLAGE CHILDREN CRIED OUT: 'OH, SEE THE TURTLE UP IN THE AIR!'"

CROFTON CHUMS

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "Kingsford, Quarter," "Team-Mates," etc.

CHAPTER VII

POKE USES TACT

JIM kept his promise; in fact, he was given no choice in the matter, for Poke was waiting for him on the steps of Academy Hall when he emerged from his algebra recitation the next afternoon. Jeffrey had agreed to accompany them to the field, but as he did n't show up, they started along without him. The river, a few rods away, was alive with craft this afternoon, for the early October day was warm and still, with just enough hint of autumn in the air to make the blood tingle, and put the joy of adventure in the heart. Half-way between Memorial Hall and the gymnasium, the two boys turned at the sound of a hail from the river. In a canoe sat Jeffrey and Gil, the latter snuggled comfortably in the bow, and the former dexterously dipping the paddle in the stern. Gil waved his hand nonchalantly.

"Where are you going?" cried Poke, enviously. "Do you know what time it is?"

"I am the Queen of Sheba," replied Gil, "and this is my royal barge. We are on the way to the gym."

"Well, of all the lazy Its!" exclaimed Poke. "Say, Senator, take me back after practice?"

Gil howled derisively. "Get out! I've engaged Jeff for the rest of the day. Proceed, slave!"

Jeffrey, smiling broadly, dipped his paddle again, and the canoe went on along the stream to the swimming float. The others walked down to meet them.

"We've had a dandy ride," said Gil, as he stretched the kinks out of his legs. "Jeff took me all the way up to Birch Island and back. He's a fine little canoedler." Jeff, once more with his crutches under his arms, fell in beside Jim.

"I think I'll get a canoe of my own," he said. "They say there's a fellow up the river a mile or so who makes dandy ones. And I'm just daffy about being on the water."

"Is it hard to learn to paddle one of those things?" Jim asked. "I tried it once, and the silly thing just went around in a circle and made me dizzy."

"It's the easiest thing there is," laughed Jeffrey. "You come out with me some day, and I'll show you the trick in a minute."

Gil and Poke disappeared in the gym to don their foot-ball clothes, and the others sauntered slowly toward the field. Already the big expanse of yellowing turf was scattered with players. Beyond the gridiron, with its new, white lines, a base-ball game had begun. Nearer at hand, the tennis-courts were all occupied. And on the grand stand and along the sides of the field on the warm grass, fellows less inclined to bodily exertion sat or sprawled in groups and waited to be entertained. Half a dozen pigskins were arching back and forth across the gridiron, or bounding erratically into the spectators. Jim and Jeff found a place near the twenty-five yard-line, and settled themselves, Jeff laying his crutches down with a sigh of relief.

"This is fine," he murmured, as he lay back with his hands beneath his head and blinked at the sunlight. "I read somewhere once, Jim, that every one has the—the characteristics of some animal. I think I'm like a cat, I'm so fond of sunlight and warmth. I could almost purr this minute."

"Go ahead," Jim laughed. "I don't mind as long as you don't scratch. There comes What's-his-name, the coach."

"Connell," murmured Jeffrey. "They say he's a dandy."

"He is n't very big," replied Jim, doubtfully. "He does n't look much taller than I. He's the sort to make you stand around, though; I don't believe he'd take much nonsense. There's Gil and Duncan Sargent. And there's that chap Gary, the fellow who wanted your room. He's pretty hefty, is n't he?"

"Yes." Jeffrey rolled over, and observed the scene supported on one elbow. "I heard a fellow say Gary had a grouch against Connell, and is n't half playing."

"Johnny" shouted to the candidates, and they came from all quarters of the field and flocked about him. There seemed to be some fifty or sixty of them altogether.

"A lot of show I'd have," said Jim, "in that bunch. Some of those chaps must be nineteen years old."

"I dare say," Jeffrey replied. "But that does n't necessarily mean much. You are going to try, are n't you?"

Jim shrugged his shoulders. "I'd like to," he said, "but I'd just make a show of myself."

The coach had finished his instructions, and now the candidates were forming in groups about the field. For the beginners, foot-ball was still drudgery; passing, falling on the ball, starting, and tackling the dummy. But the veterans were learning signals and getting ready for the first game, now only three days distant. The first and second squads were soon scampering up and down the field in short rushes, under the directions of shrill-voiced quarter-backs. In Squad A, a substitute had Duncan Sargent's place at left guard, and the captain, draped in a faded red blanket that trailed behind him and tried to trip him up in moments of excitement, followed the play. Now and then, Jim could hear him calling a halt and laying down the law.

"Hold on! Let 's try that again. And don't go to sleep, Smith, this time. They 'd have got you three yards behind your line then. Take your time from quarter. This is a delayed pass, but not a misplaced one. And now try again. Same signal, Arnold."

On this first squad, Gil was at left end, Poke at right half-back, and Gary at right guard. To Jim's surprise, the fellows were not very heavy in weight, while as to age, the squad would have averaged about seventeen. The quarter, Harry Arnold, was a mere youngster, and with the exception of Captain Sargent himself, there was no member over eighteen. LaGrange, a big, good-natured youth who played center, was but sixteen, in spite of his size.

Jim and Jeffrey looked on with interest. Jeffrey, who had made other trips to the field, knew many of the more prominent players by name, and pointed them out to his companion. At the end of half an hour, the signal work ceased, the linemen were taken to the upper end of the field for special instruction in breaking through, and the backs and ends were put to work catching punts and getting down under kicks. As it happened, Poke took up his position at a little distance from Jim and Jeffrey, and presently, turning to run back for a long punt, caught sight of them.

"Hello!" he shouted. "Seen Sargent, Jim?"

Jim shook his head. Poke cuddled the ball against the crook of his arm, and hurled it back across the field.

"Well, he 's looking for you. I told him you wanted to come out for the team. Told him you were a wonderful foot-ballist, Jim, and he 's hot on your trail."

"You told him that?" cried Jim, in dismay. "Why, you—you—"

"Say it," said Poke, keeping a watchful eye across the field where a substitute center was

poising the ball between his legs. Jim grinned ruefully, and threw a pebble at him.

"But you did n't tell him any such yarn as that, did you, Poke?" he asked.

"I told him you were thinking of coming out, Jim, and that you 'd played the game some. Said you looked good to me. When he asks you, just keep your mouth shut tight, and it will be all right."

With that, Poke sprinted for the arching pig-skin, caught it deftly without slackening his speed, and dodged the opposing end.

"Do you suppose he did tell Sargent all that?" Jim said.

"I dare say," replied Jeffrey, with a smile. "Poke is likely to say almost anything he thinks. You 'll soon know, though, for there 's Sargent now."

The captain, having discarded his blanket, was striding across the field toward Poke. They exchanged a few words, and Poke nodded his head toward Jim and Jeffrey. In a moment, Duncan Sargent had reached them.

"How are you, Hazard?" he began. "Endicott tells me you 've decided to help us out, and I 'm mighty glad to hear it. We really want fellows who know something about the game, and are willing to buckle down to it. I wish you might have come out to-day. To-morrow sure, though, eh?"

Jim, who had climbed to his feet, looked somewhat embarrassed.

"Why—er—I only told Endicott that I might like to try—"

"Of course! That 's the spirit! You 've played a good bit, have n't you?"

"No, not much," answered Jim, modestly. "I really don't—"

"In the line, I suppose?"

"Well, yes, when I played, but I never—"

"Fine! We need linemen, Hazard. You report to me to-morrow, and I 'll put you to work. There 's going to be a cut in a day or two, and then we 'll have some of these dubs out of the way. Don't forget! Three-thirty!"

And away hurried Sargent, leaving Jim flushed and uncomfortable, and Jeffrey visibly amused.

"Now what shall I do?" asked Jim, dismayed. "He evidently thinks I 'm a regular Hogan of a lineman. I wonder what Poke *did* tell him! Why, hang it, Jeff, I don't even know this year's rules!"

"Oh, they are n't much different from last year," replied Jeffrey, consolingly.

"Yes, they are; they 're different every season. Every time any one thinks of a new wrinkle, he writes to the Rules Committee about it, and they

stick it in. Well, you won't see me around here to-morrow!"

"Oh, shucks, Jim, see it through! You can tell Sargent you are n't a star—"

"Tell him! Why, did n't I try to tell him?" exclaimed Jim, irritably. "He would n't let me get a word in edgewise."

"He was afraid you would try to beg off," laughed Jeffrey.

"He did n't give me a chance," replied Jim. "I 'll just have to hike out to the woods, or he will get me, sure."

"I don't think I 'd do that. See it through. You 'll like it after you get started. Why, the first game 's on Saturday. Maybe Sargent will put you in in his place, Jim!"

"Nonsense! But—they 're going to scrimmage! Let 's get nearer the middle of the field."

The scrimmage was n't very encouraging that day. There was a good deal more fumbling than there should have been, and it was plain to be seen that neither first nor second team had thoroughly learned its signals. When it was over, Jim and Jeffrey got into the canoe, and Jeffrey paddled back, Jim trying to lend a helping hand at the bow.

"I wonder," mused Jim later, as they made their way homeward, "if being on the foot-ball team would help a fellow to make a society."

"Well," answered Jeffrey, "I suppose a fellow who is well known and has done something for the school, like playing foot-ball or base-ball, or rowing in the boat, naturally stands a better show than some chap who is unknown."

He shot a glance at Jim's thoughtful face, and smiled to himself. A hundred yards farther on, Jim spoke again.

"I wonder," he said, "if Gil or Poke has a book of rules."

When Poke came back, he sought Jim, and found him in the cellar, swinging the ax.

"Hello," he said, "what are you doing?"

"Kindlings," replied Jim, as he dodged a piece of wood. Then he buried the ax in the block and faced Poke.

"Look here," he demanded, "what did you tell Duncan Sargent about me?"

Poke laughed. "Why?" he asked.

"Because he evidently thinks I 'm a foot-ball player, and he would n't give me a chance to say anything at all; just rattled on and on, and fixed it all up that I 'm to report for practice to-morrow."

"Did he? Well, I told you you 'd be a gone coon if you once got out on the field."

"What did you tell him?" Jim insisted, sternly.

"Oh, just that you 'd played the game, and that

I had an idea you 'd be a big addition to the team. It was n't what I really said so much as the—the impression I managed to convey, Jim. One thing I rather dwelt on," he continued, with a chuckle, "was that you were terribly modest, and that you were almost certain to refuse to come out for the team if he gave you a chance."

"I see. Well—" Jim shrugged his shoulders—"he will be considerably surprised to-morrow."

"Pshaw, that will be all right. You 'll pick it up quick enough, and before the season 's over, you 'll be thanking me on your knees for my—er—tact."

"Your fibs, you mean! Look here, Poke, I don't even know what the rules are this year."

"No more does any one—except Johnny; and I sometimes think he 's just bluffing. You come up to the room after supper, and Gil and I will tell you all you need to know. Between us, I dare say, we 've got a fair inkling of them."

"All right," Jim agreed. "But I 'm going to see Sargent to-morrow before practice, and tell him the facts. I 'm not going to start out under false colors."

"H'm." Poke considered that a moment. "Oh, all right. The main thing is to start. Got any togs?"

"Yes, some old ones. I suppose they 'll do; they 'll have to; I can't afford to buy new ones."

"Good stuff! Get 'em out, and we 'll look 'em over. Here, I 'll take that up for you. You bring the coal. You know we all agreed to help with the chores, if you went out for the team."

CHAPTER VIII

OUT FOR THE TEAM

HOPE was delighted.

"I just know you 're going to be a real foot-ball hero, Jim," she declared earnestly. "And I shall be too proud of you for words! And to-morrow I shall go and see you play."

"You 'll do nothing of the sort," responded Jim, shortly. "If I 've got to make a fool of myself, I don't intend to have the whole family watching me."

Hope's face fell. "But I may see you some day, may n't I? And I shall bring some of the girls from school with me. There 's one, Grace Andrews, whose brother plays on the High School team, and she 's too snippy about it for anything. We play the High School Saturday, don't we?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I do hope they 'll let you play then, Jim! I 'd love to have Grace Andrews see you."

"Well, she won't," replied Jim, grimly. "I 'll

be on the awkward squad for weeks, I suppose, and it 's a fair wager I never leave it. Besides, it seems to me your sympathy ought to be with your own school, sis."

Hope considered that a moment. "Well," she sighed, "it 's a very difficult position I 'm in. Of course I 'm very fond of high school, Jim, but—but I think I 'd rather have Crofton win; especially if you play. Would n't that be just perfectly jimmy?"

"Fine! And maybe Duncan Sargent will retire and make me captain in his place," added Jim, ironically, as he started up-stairs to get ready for supper. "But, somehow, I don't look for him to do it!"

After supper, study was delayed in Sunnywood while Gil and Poke went over the foot-ball rules with Jim, and did their best to elucidate them. Jeffrey was on hand, too, and if it had not been for him, I think Jim would have known less after the lesson than before, for Gil and Poke proved quite at variance as to the interpretation of the rules, and Jim was getting more and more confused, when Jeffrey came to the rescue. Gil and Poke were hotly contradicting each other as to what invalidated a forward pass.

"I 'll leave it to Jeff if I 'm not right," declared Poke.

Whereupon Jeffrey very quietly and understandingly explained Rule XIX in all its phases, while the others listened in respectful and admiring silence.

"I say," exclaimed Poke, when Jeffrey had finished, "you certainly know the rules, Senator. I 'll wager you wrote them yourself!"

Jeffrey smilingly denied this, but acknowledged that he always studied them very carefully each year, adding, "You see, I like to watch foot-ball mighty well, even if I can't play it, and unless you know the rules of the game well enough to know just what 's being done all the time, and why, you don't thoroughly enjoy it."

"Well," said Gil, "you know them better than most of the fellows that play. I believe I 'll get a rule book and study up a little myself."

"You would n't understand them," said Poke. "It takes a chap with a lot of brains to make head or tail of that stuff. Why, bless you, fellows, I was looking through a book of rules before I left home. I give you my word I tried my best to make out what it was all about, and could I? I could—*not!* So I pitched the silly book in the waste-basket. And I would n't be at all surprised to hear that the ashman found it, and has gone crazy."

"Well, that 's about all you need to know at first, Jim," said Gil. "You 'll pick it up quick

enough. The main thing is to know how to hold a ball so it won't bite you, to kick a little, throw a little—"

"He won't need to know that if he plays in the line," said Poke. "If he can block and break through and help the runner—"

"Well, I think I 've had enough for to-night," said Jim. "I 'd better pay a little attention to my lessons. Have you looked at your Latin yet, Jeff?"

"Yes, I 've been over it once; it seems an easy one."

"For you, perhaps," replied Jim. "It won't be for me, though."

"Speaking of Latin," said Gil, "something 's due to happen to Nancy Hanks pretty soon if he does n't brace up. They say J. G. is getting very much peeved at him. There was a peach of a rough-house in history this morning, was n't there, Poke?"

"Lovely! But I 'm sorry for Nancy, just the same. Bull Gary makes me tired. He 's got half a dozen of the fellows trained now so that every time he starts something, they all drop into line, and poor Nancy's life is a positive burden to him."

"He shows it, too," observed Jeffrey. "He 's getting to look as worried and nervous as—as a wet hen."

"That 's so," said Jim. "We 've let up on him in our classes. The fun wore off after a while"

"Because you have n't any one in your bunch with the inventive genius of Mr. Gary," said Poke. "He lies awake nights, I fancy, thinking up new mischief. Somebody will have to sit on him, Gil, and sit hard."

"Yes, maybe. Still, perhaps, after all, Crofton is n't just the place for Nancy. And if it is n't, he might as well make the discovery now as later. I 'm sure he knows an awful lot, but I don't believe he can teach it. And as for discipline, why, he does n't know the meaning of the word."

"Oh, he knows what it means," corrected Poke, "but he does n't know how to go to work to enforce it. I 'll bet you he never taught before in his life."

"Then what 's he been doing all these years?" asked Jim.

"I think," replied Jeffrey, "that he writes."

"Writes? Writes what?" asked Poke.

"Books. The other day I passed his room when he had chanced to leave the door open—which does n't very often happen, as you know,—and I saw a whole pile of paper on his desk, and he was writing away like sixty, with those big tortoise-shell spectacles before his eyes."

"Pshaw! Correcting papers, likely," said Poke.

"They were n't papers; they were sheets all written on just alike. I could see that easily."

"I wonder what sort of books he writes," murmured Jim.

"Oh, about Latin and history, probably," said Poke. "Maybe they 're text-books. He does n't look quite such a criminal as that, either."

"Well, whatever he writes," remarked Gil, "I 'm afraid he won't be doing it here much longer."

"Could n't we do something?" asked Jeffrey. "You see, after all, even if he is a member of the faculty, he—he 's one of us, you know, a 'Sunny-wooder.'"

"That 's so," agreed Poke, "and we ought to stick together! We 'll just have to read the riot-act to Gary, Gil."

Gil half-heartedly replied that he supposed something like that would have to be done, and the conclave broke up, Jeffrey and Jim retiring across the hall to the former's room, in which Jim had formed the custom of studying.

The next afternoon he accompanied Gil and Poke to the gymnasium, rented a locker, and struggled into his foot-ball togs, which had grown strangely tight in the last year. Then, in the wake of half a hundred other fellows, they trotted down to the field, and Jim sought Duncan Sargent. He found him conferring with Johnny, and waited a few steps away until they finished talking. As it happened, captain and coach were not telling secrets, and so made no effort to talk quietly, and before Jim realized it, he heard Sargent say:

"By the way, Johnny, I 've got a new lineman coming out this afternoon; a fellow named Hazard; big and rangy, and looks good. Poke Endicott knows him, and says he 's an all-right player. I 'll hand him over to you. Give him a try with the second squad in scrimmage, will you? And let me know how he shapes up."

"That 's good," replied Johnny, with enthusiasm. "We surely need better line material than we 've got. There is n't a promising substitute tackle in sight. Send him along to me, and I 'll see what he can do."

They strolled slowly away, still talking, leaving Jim a prey to varied emotions. He wanted to punch Poke for getting him into such a scrape. How could he go to Sargent now, and say that it was all a mistake, that he really knew very little about the game, and had only played as a sort of third or fourth substitute on his grammar school eleven? Why, it could n't be done! Rather than that, he would sneak back to the gymnasium, get his togs off, and go home. He thought hard for

a minute, while he followed the captain and trainer across the field. After all, he reflected presently, perhaps he could play fairly well if he had a chance. Why not accept the reputation that had been imposed upon him without his connivance, and carry things off as best he could? After all, it was n't his fault, and if he disappointed them, why, he could get out. The situation required nerve, and Jim had plenty of it when necessary. He smiled, and made up his mind. They thought him an experienced player. Well, he would do his best to keep up the delusion. Let them find out for themselves that he was little more than a tyro, a one-hundred-and-thirty-pound bluff in a suit that threatened to rip at the seams every time he stretched his muscles!

"Here 's for it!" he said to himself.

He quickened his gait, and overtook Duncan Sargent.

"What shall I do, Captain?" he asked quietly.

"Eh? Hello, Hazard." Sargent was so pleased that he shook hands, and Jim's conscience smote him for an instant. Sargent was such a dandy chap, that it seemed a shame to impose on him. "Hi, Johnny! Here a minute, please." And as the trainer came swinging up, Sargent continued, "This is Hazard. You know I spoke to you about him. Take him in hand, will you, Johnny?"

Johnny said he was glad to meet Mr. Hazard, and shook hands with a grip that made Jim wince.

"Play in the line, don't you?" he asked. "That 's good; we need linemen. This is your first practice?" Jim replied that it was.

"Then I guess we 'll go easy with you. Suppose you go over there and report to Gary; tell him I sent you. Pass the ball a while and warm up." He took out a little, tattered memorandum-book, and entered Jim's name, age, and address. "Come to me after practice, Hazard, and I 'll put you on the scales. About a hundred and thirty, are n't you?"

"I have n't weighed very recently," replied Jim, "but I think that 's pretty near it."

"All right. By the way, did you ever play tackle?"

"Yes, for a while; and guard. And I was at full-back once or twice."

"You don't look very quick on your feet," commented Johnny, "but we 'll get you gingered up after a while. Don't be afraid of letting yourself out; it will do you good."

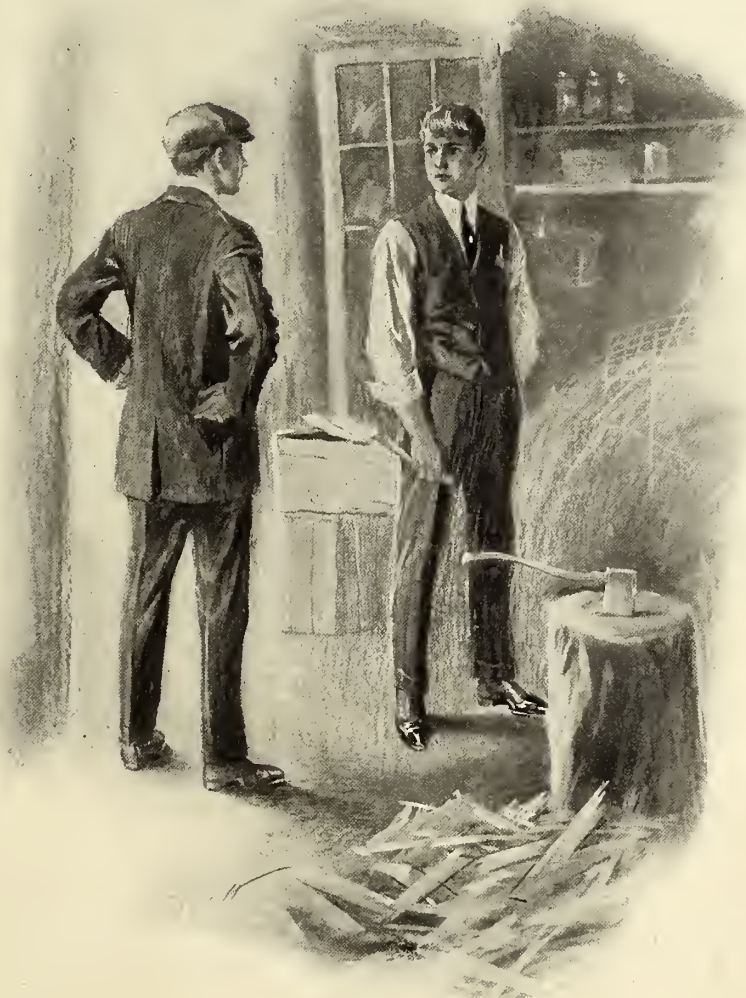
Jim obediently made his way down the field to the squad indicated, and Johnny and Sargent looked after him critically.

"He 's well set-up," mused Johnny, "but, somehow, he does n't handle himself like a player. He looks a bit slow to me. What do you think, eh?"

"Y-yes," agreed Sargent, "but I have Endicott's word for it that he 's all right, and you know Endicott 's a good judge, Johnny."

Jim did n't exactly relish putting himself under Brandon Gary's charge, but there was evidently

to revolve on its shorter axis; also that in catching it, the fellows received it between elbow and thigh, pulling up the right leg slightly to cradle it. When they missed the catch, they fell on the ball, snuggling it under them. He made his way



"LOOK HERE," DEMANDED JIM, "WHAT DID YOU TELL DUNCAN SARGENT ABOUT ME?"

no help for it. Gary, looking very well in his foot-ball togs, was coaching, with a noticeable lack of enthusiasm, some twelve or fourteen members of the third squad, who stood about in a circle and passed the ball to each other. Jim observed that they threw the ball by claspng it with the fingers at one end and sending it away with a round-arm sweep that caused the pigskin

to Gary just as that youth, with an impatient glance toward Sargent, was receiving the ball.

"The captain told me to report to you," said Jim.

Gary turned, and viewed him carelessly. "All right; find a place somewhere," he answered. Then recognition dawned, and he accorded Jim a scowl. "Here, stand over there," he said curtly.

And then, before Jim was well in place, he launched the ball at him swiftly. As the pigskin had only some eight feet to travel before it reached Jim, the latter was quite unready for it, and although he made a desperate attempt to capture it, the ball struck his chest and bounded crazily away across the grass. Jim trotted after it, and was in the act of picking it up, when Gary bellowed:

"Fall on it, you idiot! None of that here!"

Jim fell. Unfortunately, confusion made him miss the ball entirely, and he had to scramble on elbows and knees for a full yard before he could seize the exasperating oval and snuggle it under him. From behind him came audible, if good-natured, laughter from the others. Gary, alone, seemed unamused.

"Ever see a foot-ball before?" he asked, as Jim went back to his place. Jim made no reply, and the pigskin went on around the circle, *thump, thump*, with an occasional break in the monotony of the proceedings, when some one missed and had to launch himself to the turf. As the ball went around, Jim looked over his companions. He saw none that he recognized. All were apparently of Jim's age or younger, and it was plain to be seen that they constituted the awkward squad. Whenever the ball reached Gary, he tried his best to make Jim fumble it again, now throwing it high, and now low, and always as hard as he could. But Jim, watching the others closely, emulated their way of catching, and only once dropped the ball. Then he fell on it from where he stood, and captured it very nicely. But Gary declined to let the incident pass without a reprimand.

"Keep your eyes open, you fellow! You're not running a boarding-house now; this is foot-ball!"

The allusion to the boarding-house caused other members of the squad to observe Jim curiously, but Jim kept his temper and his tongue. A minute afterward, the coach called them, and the squad broke up. Jim walked over to the bench, and picked up a blanket, but before he had wrapped it around his shoulders, Johnny was after them.

"Over to the dummy now! And hurry up!"

About thirty panting youths gathered at the side of the newly spaded pit, and one by one launched themselves at the swinging canvas dummy. Johnny himself operated the pulley that sent the bundle headless imitation of a man swinging across the soft loam, and it was Johnny who served out criticism lavishly.

"Pretty good, but tackle lower next time."

"Bad as they make 'em, Curtis. Try it again, and lower. That's better, but not good enough."

"All right! Next man! Wrong side. Get in front of the runner always."

"Too low, Page! Aim higher."

"Pretty fair, Hazard, but put some jump into it. Remember you're not patting him on the back; you're trying to stop him—and stop him short! Try again now."

Jim had never hurled himself at a tackling dummy before, but he had tackled players in a game, and he strove to create for himself the illusion that the canvas-covered figure was real. The pulley creaked, the dummy slid across the pit, wabbling and turning, and Jim ran and dived with outstretched arms. *Thump! rattle!* his nose was buried in the cold loam, and his arms were tightly wrapped about the stuffed canvas legs. He scrambled to his feet, and cast an inquiring look at the coach. Johnny nodded non-committingly, and Jim took up his place at the end of the line again. And so it went for twenty minutes longer. Jim's next try brought slight commendation with the criticism, and the third attempt went off handsomely.

"That's the stuff, Hazard! Just as though you meant it. Some of you fellows go at that dummy as though you were afraid you'd hurt it. That'll do for to-day. Back to the bench! On the trot!"

By now, Jim was tuckered and aching, with one side of his face smeared with dirt, and his right elbow sticking forth from the faded blue jersey he wore. But foot-ball was in his blood now, and so he was highly disappointed when Johnny called to him and ordered him once around the field at a jog and back to the gym.

"But I'm not tired, sir," he ventured. Johnny scowled.

"I did n't ask you if you were tired," he said shortly. "Do as I tell you. Get on the scales after your shower, and let me know your weight. Maybe you'd better come back here after you're dressed and watch scrimmage. I may want to use you Saturday."

So Jim jogged around the field, his eyes on the others as he went, and wished heartily that he had come out for the team at the beginning of the term. Had he done that, he reflected, he might now be one of the fortunate number running through signals. Well, he reflected, he had n't done so badly for the first time; he doubted if Johnny even suspected what a green candidate he was. And he meant to learn. They thought he could play good foot-ball, and, by jingo, he would prove them right!

Half-way down the backstretch of the running track, he passed near Poke, who was going through signals with the first squad. Poke waved to him, and grinned.

"How 'd you get on?" he called.

"Pretty fair," replied Jim. "And I hope you choke!"

But he really did n't. He had quite forgiven Poke by now, for without Poke's conspiracy, he would probably not be where he was. Completing

the possible exception of croquet, foot-ball was the safest amusement extant. Mrs. Hazard smiled and sighed, but remained unconvinced. Mr. Hanks did not appear at the meal, and Hope was despatched to his room to summon him. She re-



"EVER SEE A FOOT-BALL BEFORE?" HE ASKED."

the circuit of the field, he trotted off to the gymnasium, had his shower, found that he tipped the scales at one hundred and thirty-one and a half, dressed and hurried back to the gridiron, just in time to see Sargent kick off the ball for the scrimmage with the second team. Afterward, he waited for Gil and Poke, and walked home with them through the early dusk, pretty lame and tired, but supremely happy.

At the supper-table, foot-ball was the one subject, and Mrs. Hazard alone failed to show enthusiasm over Jim's conversion. She was very glad, she said, that they were going to let Jim play if he really wanted to, but she did wish that foot-ball was n't quite so dangerous. Whereupon Poke deluged her with a mass of impromptu statistics proving, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that, with

turned alone, to report that the instructor wished no supper.

"No supper!" exclaimed Mrs. Hazard. "But he must have something, Hope. You shall take some toast and tea up to him. I'll set a tray when we've finished. I do wish he would eat more, Jim; I'm really worried about him."

After supper, the boys returned to the porch, still talking foot-ball, while Mrs. Hazard prepared a tray for Mr. Hanks, and Hope bore it up-stairs. Poke was narrating humorously the tale of what he called Jim's deception against Duncan Sargent and Johnny, when Hope appeared at the hall door, breathless and dismayed. "Oh, boys!" she cried, "what do you think has happened?"

Four pairs of startled eyes questioned her.

"Mr. Hanks is going to leave!"

(To be continued.)

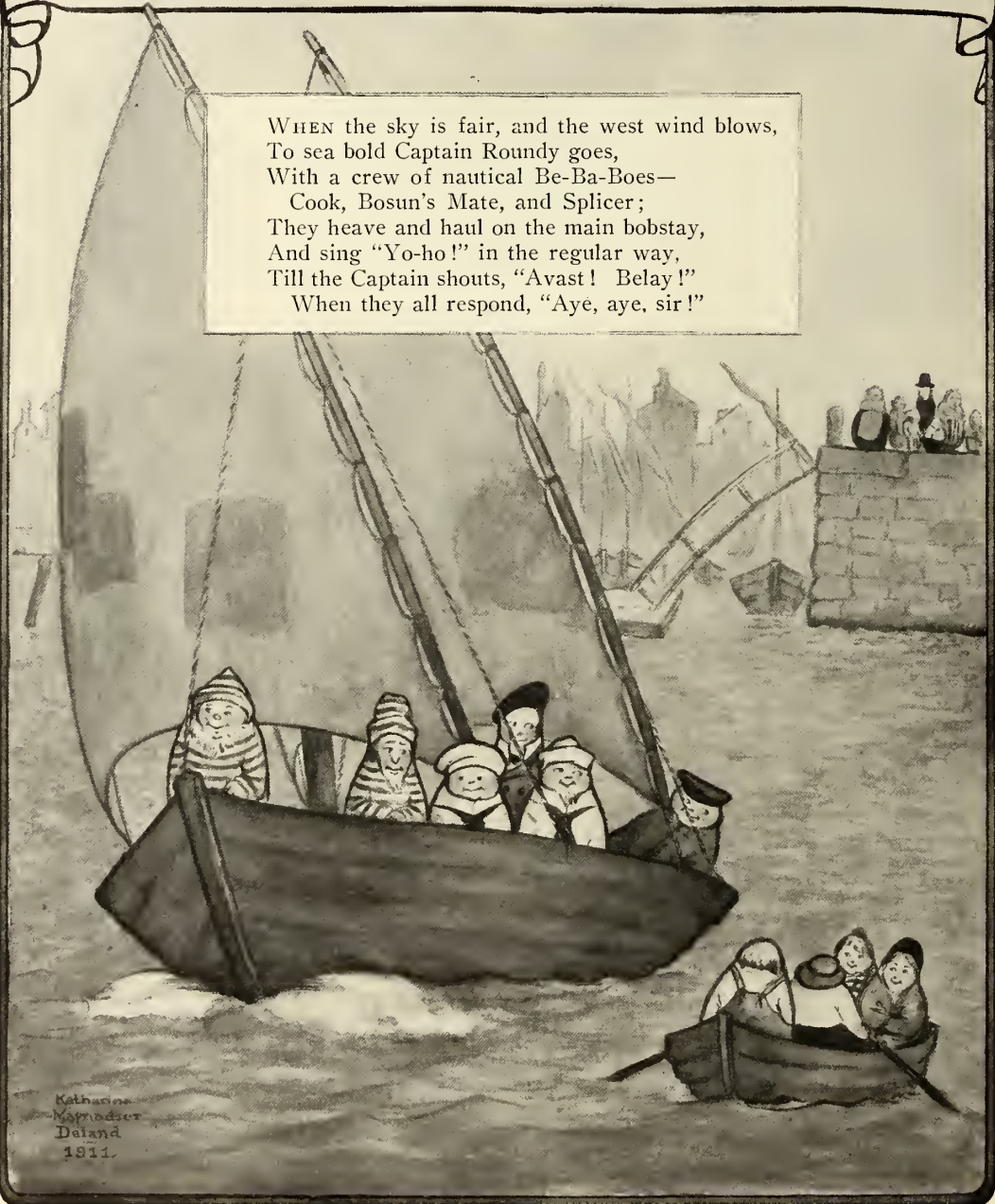


THE MARINE DISASTER.

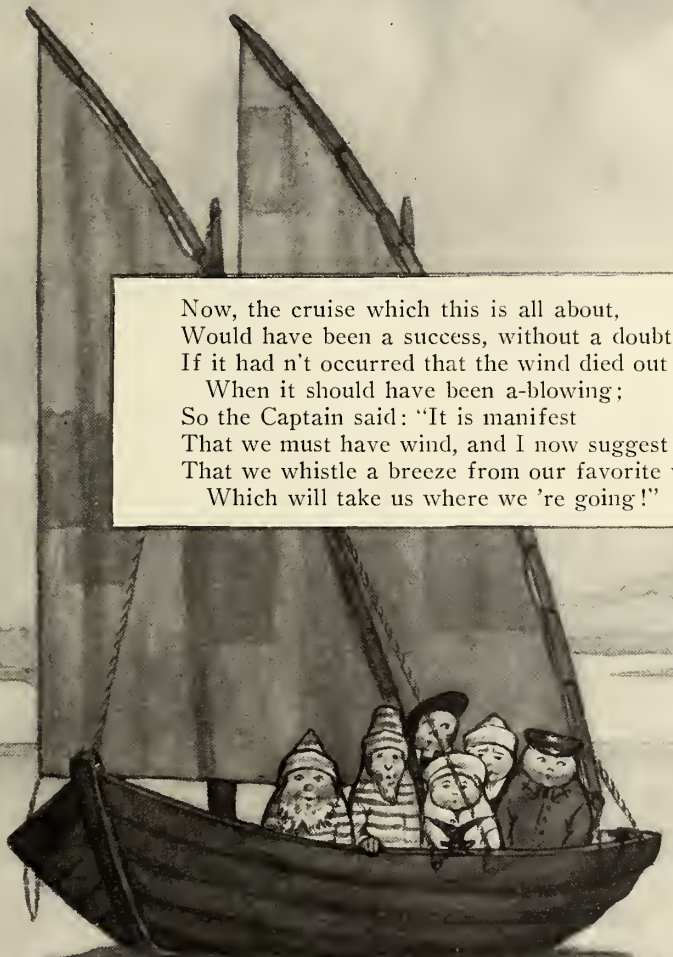
by D.K.Stevens.



WHEN the sky is fair, and the west wind blows,
To sea bold Captain Roundy goes,
With a crew of nautical Be-Ba-Boes—
Cook, Bosun's Mate, and Splicer;
They heave and haul on the main bobstay,
And sing "Yo-ho!" in the regular way,
Till the Captain shouts, "Avast! Belay!"
When they all respond, "Aye, aye, sir!"



Katharine
Kappeler
Deland
1911.



Now, the cruise which this is all about,
 Would have been a success, without a doubt,
 If it had n't occurred that the wind died out
 When it should have been a-blowing;
 So the Captain said: "It is manifest
 That we must have wind, and I now suggest
 That we whistle a breeze from our favorite west,
 Which will take us where we 're going!"

So the Captain, Mate, and the Cook, and Crew,
 All puckered their lips, and blew and blew
 A *Whistle-the-Wind* that every one knew,
 With effect that was most impressive;
 For a furious gale forthwith arose
 From the east, where the west wind seldom blows,
 Which annoyed the nautical Be-Ba-Boes,
 Who considered this wind excessive.

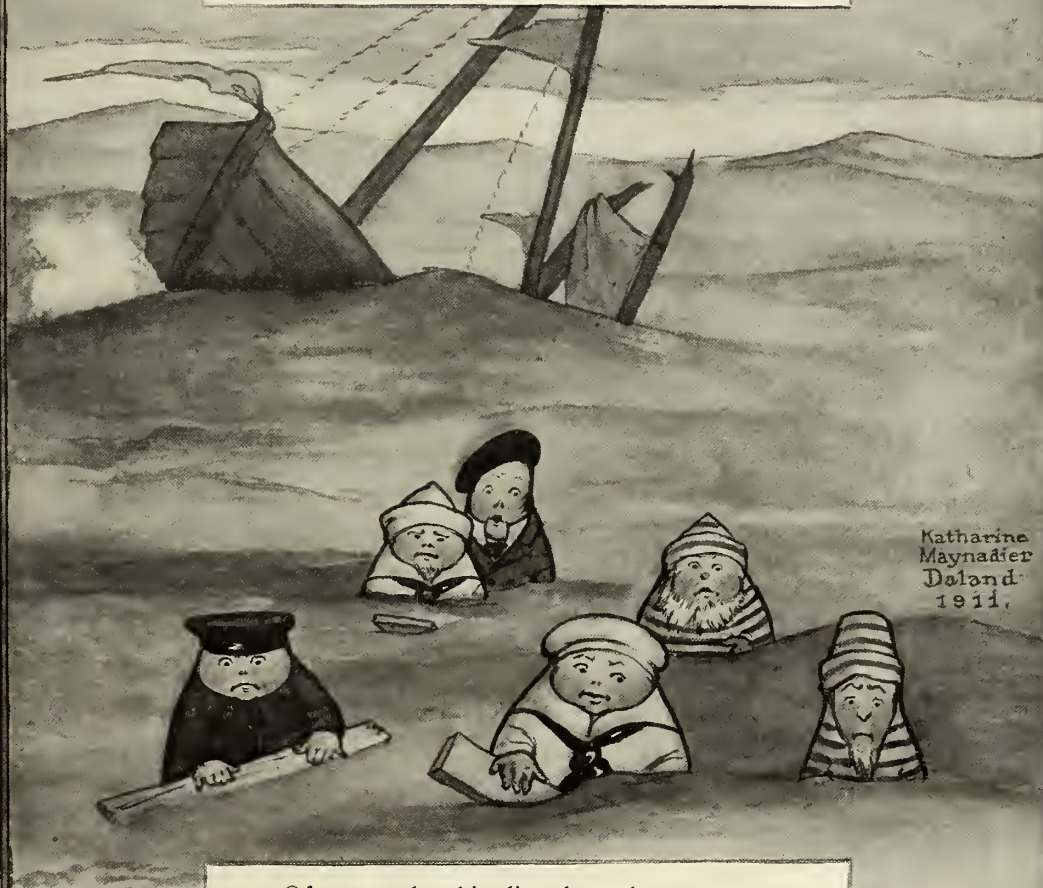
Then the Captain issued a general call:
 "Lay aft! my hearties, one and all!
 For this is a most uncommon squall,
 And arouses trepidation.
 We whistled it *up*, which I don't gainsay,
 But there certainly must be a feasible way
 To whistle it *down* with as little delay—
 That 's worth consideration!"



Katharine
 Maynadier
 Daland
 1911.

Then up spoke a talented Be-Ba-Bo:
 "There are several things I happen to know,
 Which I will briefly impart, although
 This is no time to lecture;
 We whistled a tune from beginning to end
 To raise this wind, and I recommend
 That we whistle it *backward*—the weather will mend.
 At least, that 's my conjecture."

So Captain Roundy, the Cook, and Crew,
 The Bosun's Mate, and the Splicer, too,
 They puckered their lips, and blew and blew,
 But they never did get through it.
 If you 've ever tried, you will comprehend
 With what one always must contend
 Who starts a tune at the farther end—
I would n't try to do it!



Katharine
 Maynard
 Doland
 1911.

Of course the ship directly sank;
 But the Be-Ba-Boes each got a plank,
 And they have their lucky stars to thank
 For saving circumstances.
 And every man, when he got to town,
 Took a course from a teacher of renown
 In whistling backward and upside down,
 For they 're taking no more chances.



"ROGER SAW ON THE FRONT OF HIS BUFF SURTOUT THE THREE LIONS RAMPANT
OF THE ROYAL ARMS OF ENGLAND."

THE KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN SPUR

BY RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

Author of "Historic Boyhoods," "Historic Girlhoods," etc.

CHAPTER VI

HOW A GREAT MAN CAME HOME FROM OVERSEAS

ROGER and his friends had been playing hare and hounds all the afternoon, and the chase had led them over the meadows, through the woods, and, at last, back to the stone gates of Westover House. There the hounds had caught the hare, and all had thrown themselves on the grass to rest. It was late autumn now, and the trees had lost most of their leaves. With the setting sun shining back of them, the woods looked like an army of great, black spears. They made Roger think of the morning a week before, when he had ridden into Sherwood Forest after the man in Lincoln green. They had ridden to the gates of his father's house, and there the foresters had left him.

He wondered whether to tell his friends about his adventures with Sir Lancelot and Little John. He was afraid they would laugh at him, and say he had been dreaming, and he knew that he had really been very wide awake. So he kept the wonderful secret to himself. But after a week had passed, he began to fear that none of the knights had need of him again. He was thinking of this when the boys said good night and went down the road to their homes. There was still an hour before dinner, so he followed the little brook that ran under the road, past his father's gate, and through the fields. Presently he sat down on the bank of the stream and rested his head in his hands.

"Well met, now, lad!" cried a deep voice. Roger started, and sat up. "Here art thou sitting solitary, and here am I in need of a lad to aid me. Dost thou know who I am?"

Roger stared up at the big man who towered high above him. His long hair and beard were both a tawny gold, and his face was weather-beaten brown. He wore a long, black cloak with a cross of white on the left side. Beneath the cloak Roger caught a glimpse of a buff undergarment made of some heavy cloth. His feet were shod with worn leather sandals. He was not dressed like a king, and yet, as Roger looked up into his strongly marked face and met his deep-set blue eyes, he was sure that he knew who the man was. He stood up quickly.

"Yes, I know. I'm sure I do. You are King—"

But the man stopped him with outstretched hand. "Enough! I see thou dost." He threw back his great cloak, and Roger saw sewn on the front of his buff surtout the three lions rampant of the royal arms of England. The stranger let the cloak fall about him again.

"I am both a king and no king," he said, in his deep voice. "I went on a crusade against the Saracens, to win the Holy Sepulcher back for Christendom. The infidels were too strong. Now, for many months, have I struggled to be back in England. When I come, not as Richard, but as a poor pilgrim wearing the crusader's cross, I find my brother John has claimed my crown, and that many of my friends are in most grievous plight. Only now, as I begged food at a charcoal-burner's hut, I heard that the Earl of Wessex, who lived near here, was slain yester-night by the three evil brothers, the Lords de Vaux, his castle fired, and his young son carried to the brothers' nest. They may end him with a dagger before dawn." He looked fixedly at Roger. "Art thou brave enough, lad, to enter that evil den with me?"

"I'll go wherever you take me," answered Roger.

The crusader's big hand fell upon Roger's shoulder and clutched it. "Then, by my halidom, we will go, and outbeard them to their faces! Come with me."

The crusader, throwing his cloak close about his shoulders, stepped across the stones to the opposite side of the brook. Roger crossed after him, and found himself stumbling through a stubble-field in the twilight. At the farther edge of the field, they came to a small, wattled hut. The crusader stopped before it and rapped on the door. It opened, and a bent, wizen-faced man appeared. "Show us the place where Earl Wessex's son lies," said the crusader.

"In sooth I will," answered the charcoal-burner.

The crusader was peering closely into the hut. "There stands a good yew bow and quiver of arrows," said he. "Thou canst shoot?"

"I was once an archer," answered the other.

"Fetch them then, and yonder rope, too."

The charcoal-burner brought out the longbow, the quiver full of arrows, and a coil of rope.

Then the three crossed another field and went

along a bridle-path to the west. After a time they came to a gently sloping hill. Up this they went by a broad road. Soon they were standing behind a clump of trees, looking across bare ground at a massive, dark castle.

"There lie the three brothers," said the charcoal-burner, "snug behind stout walls. Since King Richard has been overseas, they 've wasted all this land with fire and sword. 'T was an ill hour the Lord o' Wessex vexed them. They swore the red cock should crow above his walls, and so he did. I saw the flames myself. And his son Harold lies most like in yonder tower."

Roger looked up at the tower.

The moon was rising now, and by its light he could see a little window near the top.

The crusader was also staring up at it. "If that were the window, a good archer might send an arrow through it, and the arrow might carry an end of rope behind it," said he. "But to what use?" he continued. "There would be bars to break through. Nay, friends, we must beard these lions in their den. The archer shall stay on watch with bow and arrow. The boy and I will crave welcome as a knight and page home from the crusade. Wrap thy cloak tight, lad."

Then Roger saw that a cloak hung from his shoulders, and that on the left side was sewn a white cross like that King Richard wore. A short knife hung at his belt.

The two crossed the open ground. Half-way to the gate they came to a stream of running water spanned by a wooden bridge. Beyond the stream was a short stretch of turf, and then the moat, close up to the castle walls. The draw-bridge was down, and Richard boldly crossed it.

A man in a leather jerkin, armed with a spear, stepped out of the shadows. "What brings ye here?" he demanded roughly.

"We be an English knight and page, come back from Palestine," answered Richard. "Pray their good lordships to give us food and drink."

The man peered closely at them; then, seeming satisfied with their looks, nodded his head. "Come into the guard-room while I bear thy message to my masters."

In a few minutes he was back. "They would have ye both at their board," said he. "The three lords sit at supper."

He led them through a long, dark passage, where their footfalls echoed loudly on the stone flagging, and then under an archway. Roger blinked. He stood in a great room lighted by dozens of torches fastened in rings about the walls. At two big tables fully a score of men were feasting. On a little platform at one end, three men sat alone, and he knew, without the

telling, that these three were the evil Lords de Vaux.

"Welcome, pilgrims!" cried the middle of the three, a big man in a brown jerkin. "Let the page sit with Arnulf down below, and the knight here with us. Tidings from such are welcome to us. How fares the wandering vagabond called Richard Cœur de Lion?"

There was a shout of laughter and a lifting of wine-cups.

The crusader shook back his long hair as a lion might toss his mane, and then strode forward to the three brothers. Roger noted that the center man of the three was almost as big as Richard himself, that the second brother looked stupid, and as if he were already drugged with wine, and that the third was slight and pale, with a nose and chin that seemed trying to touch each other, and eyes keen as a hawk's.

The man called Arnulf rose and beckoned Roger to his side. There he found room to sit on a long bench. A boy, who looked as wild as a bear's cub, brought a platter of beef and a cup of wine, and set them down before him. Roger observed the men about him, and then drew the knife from his belt and cut the meat on his plate.

As he ate he watched. It was a rough scene. The torches in their iron rings flamed fitfully and cast great black shadows on the bare, stone walls. Four or five shaggy hounds prowled about the tables, fighting for the scraps of meat the men threw them, and biting and snarling until one of the servants kicked them out of the way.

The crusader had cleared his plate, drunk a cup of wine, and was answering the questions the three brothers asked him. All the room could hear his deep bass voice. "Aye, I have seen Richard in the Holy Land," said he, "and men tell me he is coming home full soon."

"If Richard should come," said the Lord de Vaux, "'t were an ill day for him. Such fools as were his friends have suffered for it. The Earl of Wessex was burned out overnight, and all that is left of his stock lies safe here in our castle. So Richard would find one old ally gone."

Arnulf, who sat by Roger, plucked his sleeve. "Hast heard of the young son of Wessex?"

"Yes," said Roger. "Where is he now?"

"In Cæsar's tower, high up in the sky. I climb up there to-night to look in on him."

"Could I see him, too?" asked Roger, trying to keep the eagerness out of his voice.

"Marry, boy, thou art as full of curiosity as my lord's second brother there of sack. An thou wilt see him, come." He got up from the bench. Roger wiped his knife and stuck it back in his belt. Then he rose and followed after Arnulf.

Arnulf stopped at the door to take one of the torches from a ring. Roger looked back and saw the crusader, his tawny beard shaking, his arms stretched out, talking of some battle with the Saracens. He went after Arnulf into the pas-

Some one stirred in a corner where there was a pile of straw. A boy slowly got to his feet. He took a few steps toward them, and Roger saw how pale and wretched he looked in the white light.

"That 's he," said Arnulf, grimly. "Some men might call him Harold, Earl of Wessex."

"How lonely it is!" exclaimed Roger.

"A roof, a bed, food at morn and night. What would ye have?" asked Arnulf. "Come down now. We know he 's safely here. Be out with ye."

"Let me stay a few minutes and talk with him," begged Roger.

"By the rood, thou 'rt a strange lad," said Arnulf. "Get out through the little door. The flame will waken the bats."

"Just a few minutes," pleaded Roger.

"Marry, then, thou shalt stay till the cock crows!" exclaimed the jailer, now out of patience, and backing through the small opening, he swung the door shut. Roger heard the lock grate as it was turned across.

He looked at the boy in front of him and shivered. This was a grim place to spend the night.

CHAPTER VII

THE KEEPER OF THE BRIDGE

THE boy Earl of Wessex looked doubtfully at Roger. "Who art thou?" said he. "And why didst thou want to stay and talk to me?"

Roger looked about him and realized that no one could possibly overhear them in this place. "King Richard has come home from the crusade," said he, "and knows how these three have treated thee and thy father. He is having supper with the men below-stairs, and I thought I 'd try to find out where you were."

"In good sooth thou knowest now," answered the little earl. "'T is a vile place, indeed. A pile of straw for a couch, and naught to do but lie there, or stare from yonder peep-hole at the sky."

"Is n't there anything here but your bed of straw?" asked Roger.

"Nothing but that old box, and an oaken staff to kill bats and rats."

Roger looked at the window. "What can you see from there?"

"Only the sky and tree-tops, and those iron bars." He spoke so despairingly that Roger seized him by the shoulder. "Come, let 's have a look," he said briskly. "Give me a back up to the window."

They went over to the window, and the Earl of Wessex planted himself firmly against the wall while Roger climbed up on him. Kneeling



"ROGER QUICKLY TIED THE ROPE TO THE MIDDLE OF THE STAFF." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

sage and down it to a flight of steps. Up these they climbed, Arnulf holding the torch high above his head. Every now and then it flared widely as the wind blowing in at one of the narrow slit-like windows caught the flame.

At last they came to the top of the tower, and Arnulf fitted a key into a little door in the wall. The door swung open, and the man, bending his head, went in. Roger followed, and saw a small, stone-paved room, with moonlight streaming in at the one window.

"Up, and let us see thee," growled Arnulf.

on the boy's shoulders and holding to the bars, Roger found he had a good view. The moonlight showed him the bridge across the stream, and beyond it the edge of the woods where the charcoal-burner should be keeping watch. Then, as he stared out of the window, a daring idea occurred to him. He looked at the places where the iron bars were fastened into the stones. The mortar looked as if it might crumble under a knife. He pulled the dagger from his belt, and began to pry at the sockets. He was right, the holdings were poor, and might be dug away.

"Let me down," he said. Harold stooped, and Roger slid to the floor. "I think we can dig out those bars with my knife," he explained. "Come, let's try it, taking turns."

The other boy agreed, and climbed up on Roger's shoulders. He worked for a while, and then Roger took his place. In the course of half an hour, they had scraped and cut away the plaster so that with a little wrenching and twisting they could pull the bars out from the cracks between the stones.

"Now," said Roger, when they stood on the prison floor, the bars in their hands, "where is that staff you spoke of?"

Harold found it in the corner. "Here. What canst thou do with it?"

"See," said Roger. He unfastened the buckles that held his cloak, and slipped it off. Then he fastened the buckles again, and slid the cloak over the end of the staff. "There's a chance the charcoal-burner may see the white cross waving," he explained. "Give me a back again."

Kneeling on the other boy's back, Roger put the staff through the window, and holding it so that the cloak would stay on the end, he waved it back and forth. And every few moments, he would stop and look down at the edge of the trees. But each time nothing stirred there. Then he went on with his waving. At last his hope sank. "I'm afraid he does n't see us," said Roger in a disappointed voice.

Then, just as he was about to draw in the cloak, his hopes leaped up afresh. He saw something stirring in the shadow of the woods, and then caught sight of a man stepping out to the edge of the open ground. The man waved his arm, and Roger shook the staff as widely as he dared. "Now," he muttered, "if he'll only remember what King Richard said!"

The man stared up at the window in the tower for what seemed to Roger a very long time. Then he swung the longbow from his shoulder, and bent over it. Presently he stood up straight again, and Roger saw that he was going to shoot an arrow. He threw staff and cloak to the floor.

The charcoal-burner took careful aim, and drew back his right arm. The arrow shot swiftly up toward the top of the tower, bearing a long tail of rope behind it. But it hit the stones some distance to the left of the prison window, and fell back to the ground. It dropped close to the side of the tower, in the shadow, and far from the gate. The archer stole forward and hauled it back. Standing in a different position, he shot a second time. This time the arrow sped straighter. It carried a little above the window, but very near it. Roger leaned far out, and, clutching with both hands, caught the rope. He pulled rope and arrow in at the window. Then he sprang down to the floor with a cry of delight.

His leap almost toppled over the Earl of Wessex. "What is it?" he demanded. "Thou well-nigh didst crack my back that time!"

"See!" exclaimed Roger, holding up the long arrow and the rope. "The charcoal-burner knows now that either the crusader or I are up here. He'll make his end fast. If we can fasten this end, we'll have a ladder to the ground."

Roger looked about the prison for something which might serve as an anchor. He poked into the corners, and felt the walls for a ring or iron staple. But there was none. All he found was the pile of straw and the rude wooden box.

He looked down at the cloak which lay at his feet, and finally took it from the pole and fastened it about his shoulders. Then he picked up the staff. It was oak, hard, and as big around as his fist. "This will have to do," he said, after he had thought for a time. "We can tie the rope to this and put it on the inside of the window. Then, as we go down the rope on the outside, we'll be pulling it tight against the edges of the window, and it'll hold like an iron bar. It's so long that it can't possibly slip out of this small window. How's that? In fifteen minutes you ought to be down in the field there, as free as ever."

"Thinkest thou so?" exclaimed the earl. "Oh, let's be at it before one of those men look in on me again!"

Roger quickly tied the rope to the middle of the staff, and laid that on the inner shelf of the window. "You shall go first," said he.

"But if I climb on thy shoulders to the window, how canst thou get up after I'm safe down?"

Roger thought for a moment, and then pulled the box over to them. "I can stand on this," said he, "and jump for it."

So it was arranged, and the earl got up on Roger's shoulders and climbed to the window-ledge. He looked down on the outside. "Aye,

he has made the end fast to something in the wall of the moat," said he, pulling gently on the rope.

"Can you swim when you reach the water?" asked Roger.

"Enough to cover that distance. 'T is but a dozen strokes."

"Tie your belt about the rope," advised Roger. "'T will help to hold you."

Harold did as he was told, and a moment later had let himself very cautiously over the ledge and disappeared from view.

Roger waited until he felt certain that the prisoner must have had time to reach the ground. Then he stepped onto the box, and gave a leap. His hands caught the ledge, and he managed to climb up to it. He looked out. The other boy had scrambled out of the moat, forded the stream, and stood in the edge of the trees, waving his hand. Strapping his belt as tightly as he could about the rope, Roger let himself out of the window. The staff held like a clamp. He gripped the rope with hands and feet, and slowly, hand over hand, slid down. He bumped against the stones of the tower and swung out several times, but each time he steadied himself and kept a firm hold. So he descended slowly until his feet hung just above the water of the moat.

The moat was hardly more than a ditch. Roger unclasped his belt, swung down to the water, and struck across it. He came to the bank and climbed up it. He ran across the open space to the stream. There he found a place where the water only came to his waist. In a minute more he stood with the charcoal-burner and the earl. "Let 's get away as fast as we can," said the latter. "There 's no safety within sight of yonder den!"

Roger shook his head. "What will they do to the crusader when they find us gone?"

"Hang him from the top of the tower most like," said the charcoal-burner.

"We do no good standing here," exclaimed the little earl. "Let 's take to the road, and see who comes a-riding."

They went through the woods to the road, and down it, but they met no one. Presently they came to open fields shining in the moonlight. But no one was abroad, and they had almost given up hope, when the charcoal-burner pointed to a distant point of light far to the left. "Yonder rides a knight," said he. "See his helmet shining. Nay, 't is more like a party of them. They go northward."

"Then must we catch them!" cried the earl, and straightway started running. Roger and the archer followed. After ten minutes' chase, they

came to the cross-roads just ahead of a small band of horsemen.

The leader rode with his vizor raised, and they could see he was a young man. The Earl of Wessex stepped out in front of him. "A moment's grace," said he. "Know ye me not, Sir Geoffrey Lea? Often have I seen thee in my father's hall."

"Now, by the mass, it is Lord Wessex's son, the boy earl himself!" exclaimed the rider. "Right well do I remember thee. I was riding to thy father's aid when I heard his hall was burned, himself slain, and his son carried to the robbers' aery. How art thou free from there?"

"By the help of this boy," said Lord Wessex, pointing to Roger, "and this good man, and a crusading knight who entered the barons' hall to rescue me. It seems a shame to leave such a man behind."

"In good faith, my lord, I 'm of a mind with thee," said the young knight. "This crusader must be a very paladin. At least I will ride back and see what I may see."

Directly the little band of a dozen riders was jogging along the highroad to the east. They rode slowly, so that Lord Wessex and Roger and the charcoal-burner could keep up with them. But in spite of the brave show they made, Roger did not see how they were to snatch the crusader from the claws of the Lords de Vaux.

When they came to the place where the road turned through the woods, they heard shouts. They hurried on. When they reached the edge of the trees, the earl, Sir Geoffrey, and his men stopped, but Roger and the charcoal-burner stepped out into the open.

The crusader, a great battle-ax in his hands, stood in the center of the bridge that crossed the stream, and at the castle gate were the three brothers with their men-at-arms back of them. The eldest Lord de Vaux stood slightly in advance, a mace in his hands.

"Come on, my lords, come one of ye, or all!" cried the crusader. "Here stand I waiting for ye. Are ye afraid of me, ye robber barons?"

"Afraid?" called back the eldest brother. "Thou shalt see!" And he rushed forth like a whirlwind, the great mace raised in his hands. On the bridge they met, and the mace fell, but not on the crusader's head. He jumped aside, and before the other could guard, he swung his battle-ax so that the man dropped without a cry, and lay on the timbers like a clean-cut tree.

The crusader stood erect. "I will meet ye all!" he cried. "Where is the second brother?"

The second brother stepped forth, brave enough, though Roger knew that wine had dulled

his wits. He sped to the bridge with a great two-handed sword, while all the others waited breathless. The sword whirled, but the crusader's ax caught it in air, and sent it, shivering, away. The man stood weaponless. Down dropped the crusader's ax upon the bridge. He seized the baron about the waist, and struggled with him. For a moment they fought so, and then the crusader, with a heave of his great shoulders, lifted his enemy up and shot him out through space, so that he cleared the edge of the bridge and fell midway in the stream. There was a great splash, and then cries of rage from the castle.

The crusader picked up his battle-ax. "Now where is the third?" he called.

But the third brother was no fool. He stood out in front of his men. "Thou art very strong," said he. "Stronger than any man save one I know. Art thou Richard Plantagenet come back to England?"

The crusader flung off his cloak with the white cross, and stood before them in his leather jerkin. "Aye, I am he!" he cried. "Richard Plantagenet of England, come home to clear his land of thieves. Come meet me, if ye dare!"

"Nay, if ye be Richard, then is this a good night's work for King John," answered the third brother. "Close in upon him, men! Ford the stream, and come on him from both sides. We be twenty to one."

With a cry, the fighting-men rushed from the gate. The crusader stood alone, but showed no fear, holding his great ax poised in both his hands.

Then suddenly there rose a new battle-cry. "Saint George for England and King Richard!" shouted Sir Geoffrey, and he dashed out from the trees. His men rode after him, and met the baron's men as they came rushing up from the banks of the stream. The horsemen drew their swords, and laid about them, and the attacking party, taken by complete surprise, fell back dismayed.

Sir Geoffrey leaped from his horse, and knelt before the king. "Welcome to England, sire!"

said he. "Right glad am I that I was near enough to be of use."

The king looked from him to the Lord de Vaux, who still stood at the castle gate. "I will slay all thy men," said he, "if any move a foot. In yonder tower lies the young Earl of Wessex. Sir Knight, send two of thy men to bring him forth."

"I am here, sire," said the boy earl, stepping forward. King Richard looked at him in amazement. "Now, by my troth, how came ye here?" he asked.

"The boy who went into yonder den with thee brought me out," answered Harold.

"And where is he?"

"Here," said Roger; and following Harold's example, he stepped through the ranks of Sir Geoffrey's men, and stood before King Richard.

"Now, by my halidom," said Richard, in his great voice, "this is a very miracle come true! How came ye out?"

Roger pointed to the tower. The rope could be seen in the moonlight hanging from the high window to the moat.

"So?" said Richard, comprehendingly. "And our good friend proved that he was an archer?" Then he looked across the bridge to where the third brother still stood. "And what wilt thou give to save thyself and men?" said he.

Now the third Lord de Vaux was cautious. "And what if we do not fight?" he asked.

"Then shall ye pile arms, and come with me and this knight's men to London. But this castle will I give to the young earl for that ye took from his father."

"I yield me to thy mercy, sire," said the man in black.

"Thou art shrewd," said Cœur de Lion with a smile. "Sir Knight, march yon men forward." He turned to the charcoal-burner. "Thou shalt be well rewarded for this night's work. As for thee," he looked at Roger, "wouldst care to go with me to London?"

"Better than anything else," said Roger.

"Good!" cried the king. "Now, lads, for London. 'T is high time England had her king again."

(To be continued.)



FAMOUS PICTURES

FIFTH PAPER—SACRED AND RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS

BY CHARLES L. BARSTOW

DURING the golden age of art in the sixteenth century, paintings were to the people very much what books are to us to-day. These people could not read nor write, but they could understand pictures. So the pictures performed a great work in teaching and inspiring the mass of the people. As the church was the greatest patron of art, many of the world's famous pictures relate to sacred subjects.

THE "SISTINE MADONNA"

By Raphael Sanzio, or Santi, of the Florentine School
(Born 1483, died 1520)

MANY critics say that the "Sistine Madonna" is the finest picture in the world. It was the supreme effort of the great artist, who painted it a short time before his early death. It inspired Goethe's muse, who sings thus of it:

Model for mothers—queen of women—
A magic brush has, by enchantment,
Fixed her there.

The painting, a large canvas about nine by seven feet, is in the Royal Gallery at Dresden. It is placed in a separate room, magnificently mounted upon an elevation, and inclosed in glass. There is always a hush in this room, filled though it is with people.

Something about the great painting appeals to all, the old and the young, the learned and the simple. It was before this picture, it is said, that Correggio cried: "And I, also, I am a painter!"

In the picture, the Madonna and Child are upborne by clouds. On the left, the venerable Pope Sixtus lifts his face toward them. On the right, the youthful St. Barbara smiles down at the twin cherubs who have strayed from the angel band. The green curtains at the sides appear to have been drawn back suddenly to disclose this wonderful vision. "Angels must have mixed the colors," says one writer.

The cherubs are said to be two children of the street as Raphael saw them looking wistfully into the window of a baker's shop.

St. Barbara has a miniature tower at her shoulder. This is her symbol. The story is that she was imprisoned in a tower, from which she escaped, and nearly always, when she appears in a picture, a tower is introduced alongside her figure. Nearly all the saints and personages fre-

quently depicted in sacred art had their special symbols near them to identify them. In visiting the galleries of Europe, where the treasures of early art are assembled, a knowledge of the symbols, especially the most common ones, is very useful, and enables us to get at the meaning of a picture much more quickly.

Among the interesting emblems that are used by the old masters, a few are given below:

The Nimbus and Aureole are used to indicate some holy being. This is usually circular, but if made square, it shows that the person represented was then living.

The Lamb is the peculiar symbol of our Saviour; but it is also given to John the Baptist to typify sacrifice, and to St. Agnes as an emblem of meekness and modesty.

The Serpent is an emblem of sin.

The Peacock is an emblem of immortality; in mythological pictures it accompanies Juno.

The Dove is an emblem of the Holy Ghost; also of simplicity and purity.

The Sword signifies martyrdom. *Arrows* are given to St. Sebastian, and to others who died by them.

Among plants and fruits the *Palm* is the symbol of victory, the *Olive* of peace, the *Lily* of purity, the *Apple* of the fall from Paradise, the *Pomegranate* of happy immortality.

In the "Sistine Madonna," the mother and child are the most wonderful figures in the picture. Something in the mother's face seems to typify motherhood itself, while the face of the child is beyond criticism. One writer says that in this picture Raphael has united his deepest thought, his profoundest insight, his completest loveliness. "It belongs to no special epoch." These figures, this vision, exist for all mankind, for all time. "They present an immortal truth in a form which makes a universal appeal."

One thing worth studying in this picture is the pyramids made by various parts of the composition. One of the chief principles of composition in art is symmetry.

A pyramid expresses both solidity and lightness. Now lines drawn from the Virgin's head to the shoulders of the two attendant figures would make a pyramidal figure with its base, say, just above their shoulders. The curtains drawn aside emphasize this effect. The lines of the clothing of the two figures have a tendency to go the other way, and to meet at a point between the two cupids at the bottom, making an inverted pyramid—the two together forming a diamond.

Each of the three principal persons in the

upper pyramid repeats the form of a pyramid, as would be shown by a line from the top of the head and along the shoulders. Thus the large triangle is repeated in several smaller ones. Besides this, in each full face, lines connecting the eyes with the lower part of the face would make an inverted pyramid. Then notice how the mother and child together, from the waist up, aided by the drapery, are built into a perfect pyramid.

This simple arrangement or composition is even more apparent, when we have learned to look for it, in many of the early paintings, but we have pointed it out in this picture because Raphael was supreme in this side of his art. No one had his perfect *instinct* for grouping the figures and accessories to fill a space symmetrically. In composition he was the greatest of all the painters.

Before an artist has begun a new picture he has an idea in his mind of what it is to represent. In his first sketch, he begins by *selecting* what is to appear in the picture, and then *arranges* the various objects in the space he has to fill. Not until these are pretty well decided upon, does he proceed with the other details.

In doing this, there are certain principles. Some of these we may notice in Raphael's picture, namely, symmetry, balance, and repetition. Besides pyramids and triangles, artists use circles, angles, squares, and all combinations of straight and curved lines.

But if there is a jumble of forms with no plan, there is little beauty. Even the empty spaces must balance each other in order to satisfy the eye. Look over a number of good pictures and examine them to see what you can discover for yourself about their composition. One of its great objects should be to emphasize the leading thought of the picture—to fix the attention upon some particular thing.

In Gruyer's description of this painting are the following remarks: "Raphael rises in this work infinitely higher than any other had ever done, and displays something superior to art and inaccessible to science. Nothing could be more elementary than the idea of such a picture. Why are such simple means so highly successful in exalting our feelings? . . . The glance of the child is truly splendid: it fascinates you. . . . The Virgin remains serene and calm . . . she appears like the dawning light, she advances from right to left, beautiful as the skies, light as the cloud that bears her. Her flight through the air is marked by royal nobleness and dignity. She wears a red robe and a white mantle: and Art has never done greater things with drapery than

with such simple elements. The whole coloring is just what it should be in such a subject; while keeping to a sweet, calm, and peaceful scene, it is resplendent with light, and we ask ourselves whether it is not the hand of an angel rather than that of a man that has been able to realize such a marvel. It is the most beautiful picture in the world. To copy it is to attempt the impossible. Study it a hundred times, and a hundred times it will reveal itself under a new aspect."

ANECDOTES OF RAPHAEL

RAPHAEL was born at Urbino, Italy, in March, 1483. His family were in comfortable circumstances, and his father was a painter of no mean ability. Raphael, therefore, did not have to encounter the opposition to his chosen work which so many painters do.

His mother was a woman of great sweetness of character, and although she died when Raphael was only eight years old, we may suppose that the helpful and cheerful nature for which he was noted all his life, may have been largely due to her. His father died when Raphael was but eleven, and the full details of the orphan's life, until he was about sixteen, are not known to us. The associations of his boyhood were refined, if not aristocratic. Probably most of his time at this period was spent with his uncle, Father Bartolommeo, to whom his general education, no less than his art education, was intrusted.

The chief event of his early life was a visit to Perugia in about 1500, when he was seventeen, to watch the famous painter Perugino, who was then working upon some important pictures. Raphael was delighted with what he saw, offered himself as a pupil, and we soon find him busy about the studio of Perugino, one of the greatest painters then living, helping him in every way, grinding colors, making preliminary sketches, preparing canvases, and so forth. Perugino said, after seeing the early sketches of Raphael, "Let him be my pupil, he will soon be my master."

During the following two years, he did much work copying and painting original pictures. By the time he was twenty, he had executed important commissions, and some of his paintings were attaining reputation. He visited other cities, including Florence, and his fame spread. In 1504, he returned to his old home, where he was received with distinction and honors, and among all the men of letters, artists, and philosophers at court, none bore himself more gracefully than Raphael.

The next four years of his life were spent in Florence. Here he found himself in a busy city



THE "SISTINE MADONNA," FROM THE PAINTING BY RAPHAEL IN THE DRESDEN GALLERY.



PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF, UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE.



ANSIDEI MADONNA, NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.



MADONNA DELLA GRAN DUCA, PITTI PALACE,
FLORENCE.



A CHERUB FROM THE "STANZE," THE VATICAN,
ROME.

A LITTLE GALLERY OF PICTURES BY RAPHAEL.

quite different from the town he had left. Here he met many of the great men of the time—Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, and Michelangelo. They were very fruitful years. Nearly forty madonnas came from his easel.

Of his intimate, personal life here, we know little more than that he was serious and thoughtful, old for his years, simple in his life, and working incessantly. Suddenly he was called to Rome. Pope Julius II commanded him to decorate some rooms in the Vatican.

Here his reception was brilliant, and the work planned for the Vatican was more than enough for a lifetime. His frescos there are still one of the wonders of the world. Prosperity smiled upon him. He built a palace near the Vatican and lived luxuriously, but, whenever another painter, whether a friend or not, wanted help, Raphael would always leave his work and go to his assistance. He continually kept many artists employed, all of whom he aided and instructed, with an affection that was rather like that of a father to his children than merely that of an artist to his assistants. It is related that, at this time, he never left his house for the court without being accompanied by as many as fifty painters, all men of ability, who attended him thus to show the honor in which they held him.

Besides his great frescos, mostly of religious subjects, we find that he loved to take up other themes, such as his "Vision of a Knight," and "St. George and the Dragon."

The lovers of painting in Rome were divided in opinion as to the relative merits of Michelangelo and Raphael. They formed two great parties, as it were, but the party for Raphael was much the larger, because of his personal popularity.

It was a time of the flowering out of magnificent art, and there were then in the world a galaxy of great artists such as have never since been living at one time. Raphael was younger than most of these great men, and yet many of them were destined to outlive him.

Surrounded by power, wealth, hope, and fame, and in the prime of manhood, he was suddenly seized by a fever, and died within fifteen days, on April sixth, just after the thirty-seventh anniversary of his birth. His body was placed in his studio, with the unfinished "Transfiguration," one of his most famous works, at its head, and all who could gain admission flocked there to do honor to the dead master and to look upon the "divine picture." His resting-place is in the Pantheon.

One of his maxims was, "we must not represent things as they are, but as they should be."

"HOLY NIGHT"

By Antonio Allegri da Correggio of the Lombard School
(Born 1494, died 1534)

ONE of the world's great paintings is a Christmas painting—the "Holy Night" at Bethlehem. Its great, distinguishing feature as a painting is the fact that the light radiates from the face and body of the infant Saviour, producing a wonderful effect. No one had thought of doing just this thing before, although many have imitated the idea since. Thus we may attribute to Correggio originality as well as genius.

The picture represents the scene of the Nativity as a stable built among the ruins of some ancient temple. This accounts for the pillar which is a noticeable feature in the picture.

The manger in which the child lies is made of rough wood, and he lies upon a bundle of straw, while the mother, kneeling beside him and having taken him into her arms, gazes upon him with love and rapture.

One of the characteristics of Correggio's painting was his rich and harmonious coloring. The dress of the Virgin is of soft blue, over which is a crimson robe and a mantle of deep blue.

In front of the column stands a woman, and close beside her a shepherd, his head turned toward another shepherd dressed in red, who occupies the extreme left of the canvas.

The man's figure in the middle distance is supposed to be St. Joseph.

In the further distance we see the landscape—blue hills over which the day is breaking.

Let us look at the angels at the upper left-hand corner of the picture. Vasari says of them, that they seem rather to have been showered from heaven than formed by the hand of man.

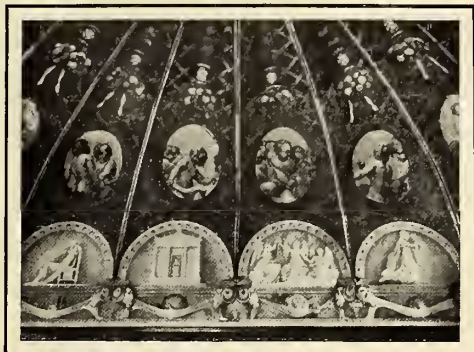
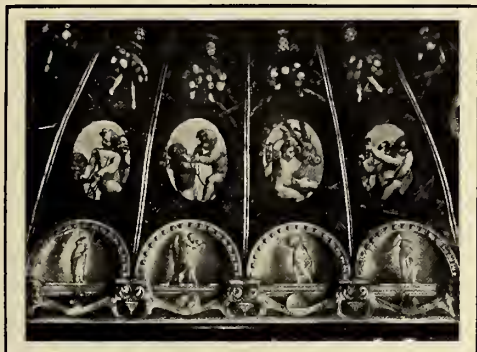
Correggio is given more credit by the critics for his coloring and composition than for his drawing, yet in this group of angels, we see that he was not afraid to introduce bold foreshortening of the figures, a thing most difficult to do successfully.

This "foreshortening" (that is, representing objects as though they reached out toward the beholder) is found in so many of Correggio's paintings as to be a characteristic of his work. In ceilings and domes, he has shown us some of the finest examples of foreshortening ever known, and, when we consider that it was not so common to find it among preceding artists, we feel again his originality and his tendency to do novel things rather than to copy the style and methods of others.

This painting was begun before he was thirty, and when we remember that he had not studied



"HOLY NIGHT." FROM THE PAINTING BY CORREGGIO IN THE DRESDEN GALLERY.



CEILING FRESCOS FROM THE CONVENT OF SAN PAOLO, PARMA.



MADONNA DELLA SCODELLA



MADONNA DELLA SCALA, PARMA.

AND



ST. JOHN



MADONNA DI SAN GIROLAMO, PARMA.

AND

A LITTLE GALLERY OF PICTURES BY CORREGGIO.

the great masters, and had lived in a remote village, we wonder still more that one of the greatest works of the world should have come from his brush. Vasari says his creations smile so naturally at us, that we are moved to smile also. And Mrs. Van Rensselaer adds, "There are souls behind his tender bodies and smiling faces; and souls, we feel, that are joyous and innocent in their very essence."

Besides his work for the convents and churches, Correggio painted a number of pictures representing mythological subjects, and they are among the most beautiful ever made.

ANECDOTES OF CORREGGIO

CORREGGIO was born in 1494, in the little Italian town from which he takes his name—just two years after Columbus had discovered America.

This was a good many years after the birth of Michelangelo, but, although we have full particulars of the lives of many, even earlier painters, we know little about Correggio.

This is chiefly because he lived far away from the great art centers of his time, such as Venice, Florence, and Rome, and did not come in contact with the other great painters of his day. It is not likely that Michelangelo or Raphael ever heard his name.

There is no other great artist in history who was so largely self-taught as Correggio.

When quite a boy, he went to school in Parma, and in his seventeenth year, the plague drove his

family to Mantua, where he saw and studied the works of Mantegna.

He was soon back in Parma, where he had plenty to do. His decorations there in the cathedral, in the cloisters of San Paolo, and in the Church of San Giovanni, are among the greatest of his works.

One branch of study to which he was devoted was anatomy. This he learned from a physician, whose portrait he has left to us.

Thus Correggio knew what was under the lovely flesh he painted. He was among the first to feel the necessity for such knowledge, but it is now a recognized part of an artist's preparation.

Even his early work was very wonderful. A beautiful painting done when he was only nineteen, may be seen in the convent on the island of Capri.

At twenty-three, he painted "The Marriage of St. Catharine," another of the world's great pictures, which now hangs in the Louvre.

It is related that Titian said to some monks who were about to replace some of Correggio's frescos: "Have a care what you do; if I were not Titian, I should wish to be Correggio," and again, speaking of a dome which Correggio had painted, "Turn the cupola upside down, and fill it with gold, and you will not then have its money's worth."

From the meager records that we have, it appears that Correggio lived a gentle and happy life, and died when barely forty. But, as Leonardo da Vinci said of him, "a life well spent is long."



A MATTER OF SPELLING

BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP

LITTLE eleven-year-old Aimee D.,
Has grown in a way that astonishes me.
Lately a baby, from topknot to toes,
Now a slim maiden, addicted to beaux!

I met her last evening, with one on each side,
And could not conceal my surprise, though I
tried,—
Exclaiming, when she and her beaux had gone
past:
"These children are certainly growing up fast!"

P.S.

In what I have written above, I detect
An error in spelling I wish to correct.
'T is easy to make one, as every one knows;
The word I refer to, I *should* have spelled *bows*!

THE LADY OF THE LANE

BY FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

Author of "The Forest Castaways"

CHAPTER V

THE HOUSE IN THE LANE

It was the last day of May, when Elizabeth took possession of her new home. Though the exterior had been familiar to her all her life, the interior was an unknown world. Mr. Churchill had allowed no one to cross the threshold from the day he took his baby up to the big house which he had built for her mother. But many a time, late at night, he, himself, had gone back, thrown open the windows, and dusted about the house as best he could. Men used to wonder what relief he found from the steady grind of his work. It was this sacred task.

It was with some curiosity, then, that Elizabeth fitted the iron key into the lock, and opened the door. Behind her stood Mrs. Trumbull, and behind the latter, stood Martin, bearing a small steamer trunk on his shoulder.

Elizabeth stepped in. The house smelled sweet and fresh, though it seemed a little damp. She found herself in a hall, papered with a quaint design of roses, now faded, with stairs leading to the second story. Two doors opened out of it—one at the end, and one at the right. She opened the latter, and found herself in the main living-room. The side windows faced The Towers. The curtains were up, and the afternoon sun flooded into the room, making it look cheerful and bright. The shades, however, were faded, and blackened with dust, while the old carpet looked very odd to Elizabeth in contrast with the rich rugs at the other house. The furniture, too, was

of a much simpler type than that which had surrounded her all her life. The first effect, in spite of the sunshine, was depressing to her. The room looked cold and barren. But, to Mrs. Trumbull it seemed far more homelike than the more luxurious quarters they had just left. She was at once all enthusiasm, though her delight was



"THE SHAVINGS BLAZED UP, FILLED THE ROOM WITH SMOKE, AND WENT OUT." (SEE PAGE 346.)

tempered with something of sadness, too. It seemed strange to find the house living on just the same after its mistress had gone.

"I declare! I can almost see your mother sitting here now," choked Mrs. Trumbull.

Elizabeth shivered as she led the way into the next room. This was larger than the first, extending the whole width of the house. It had

two windows on each side, those on the left being partly shielded by a lilac bush just beginning to blossom. Through the leaves one caught glimpses of a stretch of green fields, some five acres, which sloped in the direction of the city beyond. Like the front room, it had a low ceiling and was full of sunshine. It had been used as a dining-room, but now, with all the dishes packed away and nothing in sight but a bare table and an empty sideboard, it looked as cheerless as an attic. There was a cupboard in the recess below the stairs, which Elizabeth was quick to discover. She opened the door, but found it filled with nothing but old china. The dishes were dusty, and many of them were nicked and cracked. She had turned away from these, when Mrs. Trumbull came up. Nothing seemed to be too old or tawdry to excite an exclamation of delight from the latter.

"There!" she exclaimed, "I wondered whatever had become of that china. It belonged to your grandmother Randolph. She gave it to Mary as a wedding present. It must be seventy-five years old."

"It looks more like a hundred and seventy-five," returned Elizabeth. "Still, it may do for the kitchen table."

"For the kitchen table!" snorted Mrs. Trumbull. "Your grandmother's china for the kitchen table?"

"I—I meant the cracked ones," answered Elizabeth, uneasily.

She had not looked at the collection as an heirloom, but merely as so many chipped dishes.

In one corner of the room was an old Franklin stove, rusty, and covered with cobwebs. It was another melancholy reminder of the past. Elizabeth hurried into the next room. This was the kitchen.

"Your mother used to keep it so clean here, you could eat off the floor!" exclaimed Mrs. Trumbull, "but lor! look at it now!"

A rusty stove stood on one side of the room,

and an iron sink on another. Pots and kettles, tin dippers and pans, hung where they had been left, but they had gathered much dust. They had once been polished as brightly as mirrors, but now were dark and tarnished. Mrs. Trumbull crossed to a door which stood to the left of the sink, and swung it open.

"There 's plenty of wood here, Beth," she announced, as she glanced in. "Do you want to build a fire in the kitchen stove before we go any farther?"

"No, thanks," Elizabeth answered stubbornly.



ELIZABETH MAKES AN OMELET. (SEE PAGE 347.)

"You 'll have to make one later on, if you have anything for supper," said Mrs. Trumbull.

"I thought you 'd get supper," said Elizabeth.

"It would only be putting off your first lesson if I did," answered Mrs. Trumbull. "You 'll never get ahead that way."

Mrs. Trumbull caught sight of a barrel of flour and the other necessary materials for cooking.

"I see he 's given you the things to do with," she said. "We might have some hot biscuits for supper."

For a moment, Elizabeth frowned at Mrs. Trumbull. Then she turned away.

"We will not have any supper," she declared. "For all I care, we 'll never have anything to eat!"

Elizabeth looked around for some way of escape. The one thing she wished now, was to be by herself. A flight of stairs led from the kitchen to the chambers above. She swiftly mounted these, and hurried to the front room which had been her mother's. Here Mr. Churchill's housekeeping efforts revealed some result. There was no dust to be seen, and everything was in order. Yet, in spite of this, the passing years had left their mark. The wall-paper, a cream-white with a faint design of blue, had faded, and the curtains had grown discolored with time. The floor was covered with straw matting and home-made rugs. A large four-posted bed stood in one corner, and, between the two front windows, there was a large bureau. The few simple toilet articles which were her mother's were there, even to a small pincushion still full of pins. A few queer, old pictures and an oval mirror completed the furnishings. In contrast with her chamber at The Towers, this room seemed to Elizabeth as bare of luxury as Lizette's.

The bed was not made up, but in the large closet near it, she found a camphor trunk filled with clean, white linen. That was all very well, but who was to spread the sheets, and put on the pillow-cases, and smooth out the wrinkles, as Marie had always done? Mrs. Trumbull, who came in at this moment, suggested an answer to that question.

"If I were you, my dear," she said kindly, "I 'd whisk those sheets out of the box and hang them up in the sun."

Elizabeth sank into a chair.

"Don't tell me to do anything more," she sighed. "I 'm very tired."

"Tired?" exclaimed Mrs. Trumbull. "What in the world have you done, so far, to make you tired?"

"The very thought of all these hateful things Daddy wishes me to do makes me tired."

"That 's it exactly," declared Mrs. Trumbull. "It 's the thought of them. Land alive! If you was to pitch in now and *do* them, it would n't be half the work."

"I can't, and I won't," answered Elizabeth.

"Well, you can do as you please, of course," answered Mrs. Trumbull, "but I know I 'm going to have a clean, sweet bed to sleep in to-night.

The expressman just brought my trunk, and I told him to put it in the next room. I s'pose you want me to sleep there?"

"You may sleep anywhere you like."

For an hour, Elizabeth sat by the window, tapping her boot against the floor, and planning what course she should pursue with Miss Grimshawe when she went back to school. She determined to be very polite, but very cold and distant. In the meanwhile, Mrs. Trumbull flitted in and out of the room, busy in arranging her things. It was almost four o'clock when she finished. With the sun creeping toward the horizon line, it became cooler, and it was this fact which turned Elizabeth's thoughts again to Elizabeth. She found the girl still sitting by the window. The forlorn little figure disarmed her suspicion, and excited her sympathy. She crossed to the girl's side.

"Lor, child!" she exclaimed. "Why don't you fly round now, and get your things ready for the night?"

"I 'm waiting for Daddy to come and get me," faltered Elizabeth.

Mrs. Trumbull drew a deep breath. She understood Spencer Churchill and his plans well enough to know that Elizabeth might as well put this thought out of her mind once for all. She also knew that it was quite useless to try to make the girl herself understand this. And something must be done.

"Look here, Beth," she broke out, "it does n't seem to me you 're showing much spirit."

Elizabeth looked up quickly.

Mrs. Trumbull was standing with her hands upon her hips, her black eyes snapping.

"What do you mean?" faltered Elizabeth.

"I mean it does n't show much spunk to sit down and wait for your dad to come for you. Why don't you *make* him come?"

"Make him come?" repeated Elizabeth, sitting up very straight.

"That 's what your ma would do. She would n't sit there helpless as a baby; she 'd fix things up so cozy round here, he 'd *want* to come. Land alive, child, if you go at it right, you can make him so sorry he is n't living here, he 'll be homesick."

Here was a new idea.

"Make Dad sorry he is n't living here?" she pondered.

"You can be sure of one thing, that if he saw the place now, he would n't be sorry. The house is as cold as a barn, and there is n't a single bite to eat. There are two things every man likes: fire and food. If I were you, I 'd always have them in the house, waiting for him."

"He 's probably toasting his back in front of

an open fire this minute," moaned Elizabeth, "and I am cold and hungry."

"Bah!" exclaimed Mrs. Trumbull, "I 'll bet he 'd rather be down here with us for all that, if it looked anywhere near cheerful."

"Dad would rather be here?"

"Of course he would."

"But it 's so lonely and—"

"Lonely? I 'll bet it 's twice as lonely up in that big ark of a house."

"But there 's nothing here."

"Nothing? There 's everything. There 's more of home in one of these rooms than in that whole place. Your mother would have made a king want to swap his palace to come down here. You can do it, too. If I was in your place, I would n't let a man stand with his back to the fire and laugh at me—not when I had such a chance as this. I 'd fix things up so pretty, that he 'd come to the door and beg to be let in."

Elizabeth sprang to her feet.

"If I could do that!" she exclaimed.

"Well, you can," replied Mrs. Trumbull, "but it won't be by sitting in a chair and moping. I never yet saw a man who would n't run a mile to get away from a moper."

Without another word, Elizabeth turned, and ran down-stairs to the woodshed. Here she gathered up an armful of shavings and kindling and rushed to the fireplace in the front room. She tossed in the wood and touched a match to it. The shavings blazed up for a moment, filled the room with smoke, and went out.

CHAPTER VI

MY LADY COOKS AN OMELET

NOTHING daunted by this failure, Elizabeth proceeded at once to the kitchen, and here Martin showed her how to build a fire, with so much kindly attention to details, that all she had to do was to touch a lighted match to the kindling. Then she picked up a cook-book as the first step toward preparing supper.

The chef always began his dinners with soup, but as she looked over the many recipes, she could not find one that did not call for some ingredient which she did not possess. Half the materials she had never heard of. Soup stock, for instance, seemed to be an essential of all soups. When she turned to the recipe for this, she was confronted with the following formula: six pounds of shin of beef, three quarts of cold water, one half teaspoon of peppercorns, six cloves, one half a bay-leaf, three sprigs of thyme, one sprig of marjoram, two sprigs of parsley, one half cup of carrot, one half cup of turnip, one

half cup of onion, one half cup of celery. It sounded more like a prescription than a recipe. Moreover, it took from six to seven hours to cook it, and, when all was done, this was only the foundation of a soup.

She decided, therefore, that she must do without soup. She must begin with the next course—fish. But there was no recipe for the preparation of fish which did not demand, as an essential, a fish of some sort. She had no fish, and no way of getting one.

What then could she have? She turned to the menus at the back of the book. They fairly made her mouth water—oyster and macaroni croquettes; stuffed fillets of halibut with Hollandaise sauce; tomato jelly, spring lamb, and cheese soufflés, larded grouse; sultana roll—

She paused at this. If she had nothing but sultana roll, it might do very well for one meal. She turned back the pages to see how it was made. She read as follows:

Line a one-pound baking-powder box with pistachio ice-cream.

There was no need of going further. Where in the world was she to get pistachio ice-cream? One ought to live next door to a confectionery shop—between a confectionery shop and a baker shop—to prepare successfully such a delicacy as that.

Reluctantly, she passed over one after another of these tempting dishes. Yesterday, it would only have been necessary to confide to Marie in the morning that she felt a craving for this, that, or the other thing, and at night she would find it on the table.

The longer she studied the cook-book, the clearer it became to her that the best things she could have for supper were hot bread of some sort and eggs in some form. After much deliberation, she decided upon popovers and an omelet. She was very fond of both. In some fear lest she might be cheated of even these by a demand for marjoram or thyme, she turned to the recipes. Her heart was gladdened at once. They were absurdly simple, and called for nothing but flour, eggs, milk, and butter. All four articles stood on the table as though waiting for this very thing.

To make popovers, all one had to do was to mix a cup of flour with a bit of salt, add gradually a cup of milk and the beaten yolk of an egg, fold in the beaten white, and bake twenty-five minutes in a hot oven. A girl must be a dunce, indeed, to need further instructions in so simple a matter. It was a great deal easier than fudge. According to the photograph of the finished pro-

duct, which accompanied the recipe, they ought to be fully as good as the chef's.

Taking down the mixing bowl, she proceeded at once to her task. She intended to produce these delicious popovers as a surprise to Mrs. Trumbull, although the latter, by no means, deserved so fine a supper. Obeying instructions, she took an egg, and tried to crack the shell, in order to separate the yolk from the white. She used an iron spoon and went at it much as she would crack a walnut. At the first attempt, she crushed yolk, white, and shell into a single slimy, yellow mess. Discarding this, she began again, and tapped the shell lightly. In this way she made a small hole, through which she tried to shake out the egg. When it finally came, it came yolk and all. She gave up all idea of trying to separate them, and turned them together into the bowl. If they were to be mixed in the end, she saw no reason why they should not be mixed at the beginning.

When Martin came in with the fresh milk, she delegated him to attend to the stove.

"I shall need a hot oven, Martin," she informed him.

Martin looked with some curiosity at the batter Elizabeth was so briskly beating. She was spattering everything within two feet of the bowl, including herself. Even she, with all her faith, could not help wondering how so sticky a mixture could ever possibly develop into popovers. She found a gem pan, and buttered it according to instructions. She filled each little hollow, and then turned to Martin.

"Have you a watch?" she demanded.

"Yes, miss."

"What time is it, please?"

"Twenty minutes of six, miss."

She made a hurried calculation. The popovers should come out at five minutes past six.

"Open the oven door, Martin."

Martin obeyed. Elizabeth shoved in the pan, and closed the door as quickly as though she expected the popovers to jump out like frightened kittens.

"Now, Martin," she ordered, "I want you to sit right there, with your watch in your hand, and let me know when it is five minutes past six."

Martin hesitated. He had plenty of his own work yet to do in the barn.

"Perhaps if I was to come in a little after six," he suggested.

"No," Elizabeth objected at once, "I'm going to be very busy with the rest of the supper, and can't be bothered tending the fire."

"Very well," Martin submitted.

And so, watch in hand, he stood by the oven

door. However, he kept one eye upon Elizabeth, eager to learn what the rest of the supper might be.

Elizabeth picked up her cook-book and turned to "Omelet." She discovered that there were many kinds to choose from. One might have an oyster omelet, an orange omelet, a jelly omelet, a bread omelet, a French omelet, an omelet with croûtons, an omelet à la Martin, a Spanish omelet, an omelet Robespierre, and, finally, a plain omelet. Obviously, a plain omelet was what she needed for supper. She briskly broke four eggs into the bowl, added salt, pepper, and milk, and mixed all these things together. This done, she faced Martin as though inviting criticism. The latter only murmured, staring at his watch as though he were timing a trotting horse.

"Ten minutes to a second, miss."

"Very good," she answered. "Everything will be ready at the same time."

She put some butter into her frying-pan, and poured the mixture into it.

"This must cook slowly, Martin," she informed him, as she placed it upon the stove.

Martin looked uncomfortable. If she were to thrust the responsibility of this second dish upon him, he did not know what he would do.

"I don't understand anything about puddings, miss," he hastened to explain to her.

"Who said anything about puddings?" Elizabeth demanded.

"I was afraid you were going to leave that—" He nodded toward the frying-pan.

"That is a plain omelet," she answered coldly. "When well puffed and delicately browned underneath," she quoted from the cook-book as glibly as though it were the result of her own experience,— "when delicately browned underneath, you may place the pan on the center grate of the oven to finish cooking on top."

It did not take the omelet more than two minutes to brown on the bottom. In fact, it not only browned, but burned, within that period. Elizabeth dragged it off, and nearly turned it upside down on the floor. She managed to save it, however, and with Martin's help shoved it into the oven.

"Now," she said determinedly, "I must freshen myself up."

"You are not going?"

"I will be back in five minutes."

Whereupon she disappeared, leaving Martin staring anxiously at his watch. He was not accustomed to such responsibility as this in the matter of dinner. The most he had ever been called upon to do in connection with the preparation of this meal, was to await the chef's signal

that all was ready, and then convey this information from the kitchen to the drawing-room. No one could do that more expeditiously or with more dignity than he. He moved neither too rapidly nor too slowly; he spoke neither too gravely nor too flippantly. One guest had observed to Mr. Churchill that Martin's mere announcement was a sufficient voucher for a good dinner. Moreover, Martin made his distinctions: he did not announce breakfast as he did dinner; he did not announce a dinner for two as he did a dinner for twelve. All this is merely to show that, in his profession, Martin was a man of some standing, and that his handling of matters outside his own province should in no way reflect upon him. If the positions were reversed and the chef were told to announce one of his own dinners, see what a sorry botch *he* would make of it!

Two minutes passed, then three, then five. Still Elizabeth did not return. Another five minutes passed. A suspicious odor stole from the oven. Martin began to get as excited as though timing a real horse-race; it was Elizabeth against the popovers, and the omelet against both of them. He was watching the second hand now. It galloped around the disk as nervously as a thoroughbred. One might have thought it was leaping two seconds in one, in its anxiety to put Martin in an awkward position. So three more minutes passed. With his watch in his left hand, his right hand outstretched toward the oven, he kept his eyes upon the kitchen door. The stove was becoming hotter every minute. Smoke began to steal from the oven in an ever-increasing volume. He was getting breathless.

At this point Elizabeth reappeared, looking as unconcerned as though she had no part whatever in this business.

"Quick, miss!" Martin panted. "We have only thirty seconds to spare."

"That is very nice," she nodded. "I will notify Mrs. Trumbull that supper is ready."

"You are n't going away again?" protested Martin.

"You may remove the things from the oven," answered Elizabeth.

"Five seconds more," Martin announced, with his hand outstretched toward the stove.

"Mrs. Trumbull!" Elizabeth called, "supper is ready."

Martin swung open the door. A cloud of smoke rolled out. Nothing daunted, however, he seized a cloth, and removed the omelet. It was very brown; strictly speaking, it was black. He placed it on the floor, and grabbed the popovers. These, too, were very brown and very flat. They

had n't "popped" at all. He placed these on the floor beside the omelet. Elizabeth stared at them both. At that moment Mrs. Trumbull entered.

"Why the table is n't set!" she exclaimed.

"The table?" stammered Elizabeth. "Have n't you done that?"

"There is n't a single thing on it. And those dishes will all have to be washed before we can eat from them."

Her eyes caught sight of the two pans on the floor. "What are those?" she inquired.

"Popovers and omelet," Elizabeth answered unhesitatingly.

If she had n't made them according to directions, she would never have been able to name them herself. They resembled neither the description nor the photograph which accompanied the recipe in the cook-book.

"Which is which?" inquired Mrs. Trumbull.

Disappointed and humiliated, Elizabeth felt her eyes fill. She turned away, half inclined to retreat up-stairs again. Mrs. Trumbull instantly grew sympathetic.

"You poor child!" she exclaimed. "You ought to have let me show you how."

But Elizabeth shrank back. To be sympathized with only made her failure more marked. Without a word, she hurried into the dining-room. The bare table looked very forbidding. She brought a few plates, knives, forks, and spoons from the closet, and, coming back into the kitchen with them, washed and dried them. Then she proceeded to set them on the uncovered dining-room table. She dumped the omelet into one dish, and the popovers into another, and once again announced supper.

Mrs. Trumbull seated herself opposite the girl, not knowing what to say or do. Elizabeth served her a portion of the omelet and a popover. Then, serving herself, she resolutely took a mouthful of the charred egg. She had all she could do to swallow it, but she managed it. Mrs. Trumbull, on the other hand, found it impossible to swallow even so much as a mouthful. Neither, however, made any comment. So they sat there for five long minutes, making as serious a pretense at eating as two children over their mud-pies. Then Elizabeth inquired politely:

"You are quite through, Mrs. Trumbull?"

It was difficult to see how one could be through without having begun, but Mrs. Trumbull answered quietly: "Yes, Beth."

Elizabeth arose, and carried what was left of the supper into the kitchen for Martin.

"I 'm very tired, Martin," she informed him. "Can you set your own table to-night?"

"Yes, indeed, miss," he answered quickly.

"And I think you have done very well, miss, for the first day."

The praise was too much for Elizabeth. She caught her breath, with a sob.

"Oh, I've done horribly,—and I've really tried,—and you'll starve to death if you stay here."

"There, miss, there," Martin answered. "I'll do very well. Why, there's a lot left here for me!"

That was literally true. Except for the single mouthful Elizabeth had forced down, it was *all* left. Elizabeth hurried to the back stairway and ran up to her room as fast as she could. Closing the door of her room behind her, she threw herself upon the bed.

For a moment, Martin blinked after her, then he drew himself up to the kitchen table, and resolutely sat down before the cold, burned omelet and the flint-like coals which should have been popovers. With an effort, he choked down six mouthfuls of the former and one of the latter. Then, with as great a show of satisfaction as though he had made a full meal, he shoved back his chair. He stared wistfully a moment at the dishes. He would have liked to wash them, but

he did not dare. With a sigh, he went out to the barn to complete his chores.

A half-hour later, Martin returned to the big house, where he was still to occupy his old room. As he entered the kitchen, he found Lizette and the other girls just about to eat their dinner. In front of them was a fine roast of beef surrounded with vegetables. Martin's mouth began to water. "Is it that you have dined?" inquired the chef, hospitably.

Martin swallowed hard.

"Yes, thank you," he answered firmly.

"Perhaps you can dine some more, eh?" persisted the chef.

"Not another mouthful," answered Martin.

"Then," decided the chef with a jealous leer, "it is not Miss Elizabeth who is the cook, eh?"

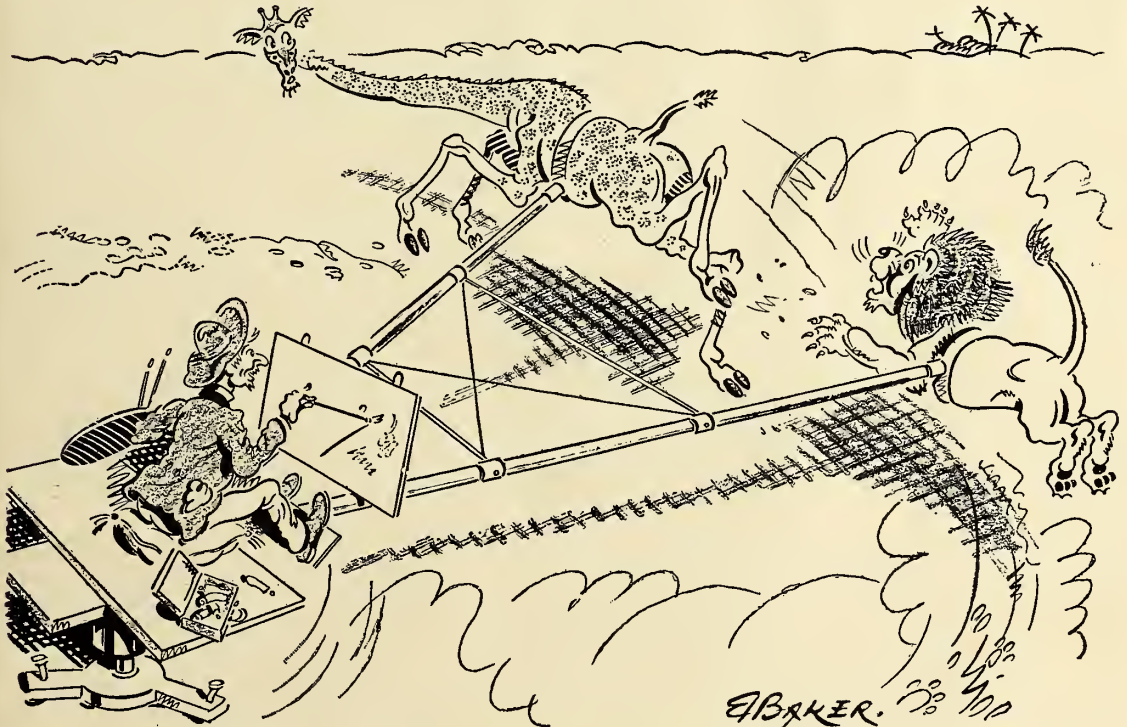
"Oh, yes," answered Martin, "Miss Elizabeth cooked the dinner."

"And you had?"

"Hot popovers and an omelet," replied Martin.

Then he made his escape as soon as possible to avoid further questioning. There was a look in the chef's eye which he did not like.

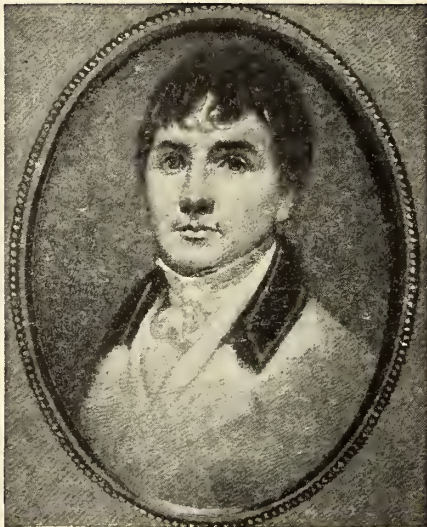
(To be continued.)



HOW OUR ARTIST MANAGED TO PAINT HIS FAMOUS PICTURE "GIRAFFE PURSUED BY A LION."

FOLK-SONGS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY MABEL LYON STURGIS



ROBERT BURNS.

AULD LANG SYNE

THE old verses of this Scottish song were remodelled by Robert Burns. The beautiful "Afton Water" and the charming "Birks of Aberfeldy" were also written by this great lyric poet, as you will remember.

Robert Burns lived in the latter half of the 18th century. He was born of sturdy peasant stock and toiled in the fields. He loved the old melodies, verses and ballads of his native land and as he ploughed would sing them over to himself. He transformed many inferior verses into real poetry, wrote entirely new words to many of the old melodies and composed other beautiful poems apart from music. He often wrote with deep feeling on the simplest subjects. Many of his poems are among the world's priceless gems of song.

"Auld Lang Syne" is one of the best-loved of all the world's folk songs. If you will be careful to sing the shorter note first, as it is written, on the word "auld" in the first measures of the Refrain, you will preserve some of the old, national flavor of the song. This peculiar division of the beat in Scottish music is known as the "Scottish Snap." Think of the old harp when you play the running chords in the bass. A good accompaniment for the voice may be obtained by prolonging these simple bass chords into the right hand part.

OLD MELODY.

Arrangement by MABEL LYON STURGIS.

1. Should auld acquaint-ance be for-got, And nev - er brought to mind? Should
 2. We twa hae run a - bout the braes, And pu'd the gow - ans fine; We've
 3. And here's a hand, my trust - y friend, And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll

(old)
 (two) (have)
 (pulled) (daisies)
 (give us) (of)

auld acquaint-ance be for-got, And days o' auld lang syne? For auld lang
 wan-dered mony a wea - ry foot, Sin' auld lang syne.
 take a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne.

(many) (Since)

REFRAIN.

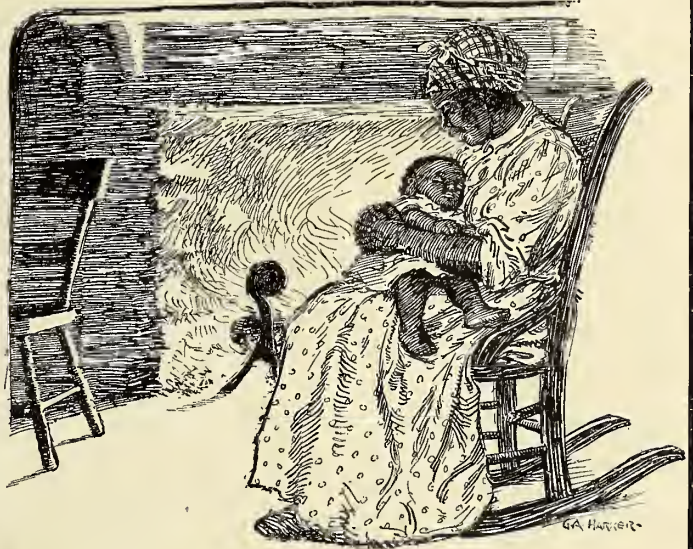
syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll take a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

* Sing lower note, if preferred.

“THERE’S A LITTLE WHEEL A-TURNIN’ IN MY HEART”

THIS is a lovely little song which the negroes composed and sang on the southern plantations before the Civil War. You will recall that “Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,” published last month, is a Slave song too. It is important to remember the distinction between the negro folk music and the songs composed by the American white man, Stephen Collins Foster, whose “Uncle Ned” and “Old Kentucky Home” have been printed for you. Play over and sing, one after another, both kinds of songs and you will readily detect the different characteristics. One of the most fascinating traits of the Slave music you will find in the second measure of our song in the division of the beat on the word “little.” This is like the “Scottish Snap.”

While every one will enjoy singing this happy little song, the rock of its rhythm will be found especially pleasing to very young children, for whom it makes a charming lullaby.



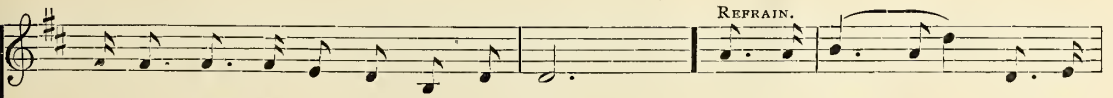
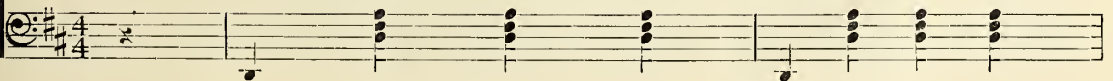
It is through the courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons that this excellent version of the folk melody is printed here.

NEGRO FOLK MELODY

Arrangement by MABEL LYON STURGIS



1. There's a	lit - tle wheel	a - turn - ing	in my heart,.....	There's a
2. O, I	feel so ve - ry	hap - py	in my heart,.....	O, I
3. O, I	feel just like	a - laugh - ing	in my heart,.....	O, I
4. O, I	feel just like	a - sing - ing	in my heart,.....	O, I
5. I've a	dou - ble(de)'term - in - a - tion	in my heart,.....	I've a	



lit - tle wheel	a - turn - ing	in my heart.	In my heart,.....	In my
feel so ve - ry	hap - py	in my heart.		
feel just like	a - laugh - ing	in my heart.		
feel just like	a - sing - ing	in my heart.		
dou - ble 'term - in - a - tion	in my heart.			



heart,..... There's a lit - tle wheel a - turn - ing in my heart.





The
Twelfth-Night
King

by
C. G. Leland

"ALL THIS THE DAZED LITTLE KING WATCHED FROM HIS THRONE, AS IN A GOLDEN DREAM."
(SEE PAGE 354.)

As far as little Pierre Porcher was concerned, it had been a very lean Christmas, that Christmas of 1364, in fact no Christmas at all. He had gone to midnight mass with his mother, and seen the *crèche* in the great church, but as for having gifts, or good things to eat, he had never heard of such things in all the eight years of his life.

Pierre was always cold and hungry in the winter, for he was very poor, and lived with his mother in a wretched little hut just outside the ancient city of Moulins, in central France.

All day long he tended pigs in the fields, and never dreamed of going to school, for his peasant father had been killed in the wars, and, since that time, his poor mother had worked so hard that she had been often ill. Between them, they had been barely able to eke out an existence.

One cold and snowy morning, the day before Twelfth Day, or the Festival of the Epiphany, several squires of the Duke of Bourbon, who lived in the great château above Moulins, were

seen busily riding about the city and its environs. In answer to the call of one of these horsemen, the door of a hovel beside the road opened, and a peasant woman, poorly dressed, and shod with wooden shoes, appeared.

"Is this the residence of the widow Porcher?" said the squire, with mock politeness, and the woman nodded in open-mouthed astonishment.

"I have news for thee, my good dame," continued the man. "Listen to the order of good Duke Louis. He has commanded us to make a search among the most miserable houses of the city for a boy of eight years. Him the duke wishes to borrow for one day, that he may entertain him in the château. Know, then, that we have done you the honor of selecting your little son. He will be returned to you without harm."

The widow Porcher's surprise was profound. At first she suspected it was all a heartless joke, but the squire showed her the order written upon parchment, and, although the poor woman could

not read it, the ducal seal suspended from it was to be ignored.

Little Pierre, whose curiosity had drawn him to his mother's side, heard the strange order. At the thought of his mother giving him up to the terrible lord who lived in the château, he was so frightened, he could not even cry. He saw the sharp towers of the castle rising against the sky, and would have run away, but his mother held him back, and when she was assured that no harm would come to him, consented to his going.

So Pierre, terrified and struggling, was led away by the horseman, and was soon seated before him on the saddle-bow, riding off to the good Duke Louis.

THE next day, in the grand hall of the château, a table of honor was set for the feast of the Twelfth-Night King. Amid a flourish of trumpets, and cheers from the assembled company of nobles, ladies, and squires, a child entered, arrayed in a gorgeous mantle embroidered with jewels. Officers and servants surrounded him on every hand. On his right, a page bore the crown, upon a cushion covered with cloth of gold; a serjeant-at-arms held the mace; the royal falconer, a hooded bird upon his fist; while the captain of the men-at-arms and the chamberlain assisted the child to his place in the great arm-chair at the head of the table.

Would you believe it? This child was none other than little Pierre, the swineherd, whom Duke Louis had made King of the Feast. How his eyes grew big before the appointments of that wonderful table, the brilliancy of the silver centerpiece, the heaping dishes of sugar-plums, the gold and silver drinking-cups!

The savory odors of cooked meats, of the great cake kept warm upon a brazier, of the gorgeous peacock, served upon a pasty, with all the glory of his feathers, went to his head, and before these riches the poor little

fellow who had never tasted any food except black bread, sat as if it were a wonderful vision.



"THE SQUIRE SHOWED HER THE ORDER WRITTEN UPON PARCHMENT."

At one end of the hall was the great fireplace, where roared a blazing fire that threw out warmth and cheer. At the other end, upon a raised plat-

form, were gathered, before an arching, stained-glass window, the nobles of the surrounding country and their ladies. In the center, covered with a canopy, was a dais, on which sat the good Duke Louis. While all were making merry, his steward approached and presented a silver plate, into which the duke put a purse of gold coins for the "poor king," and to this principal gift, all the barons added theirs, until there was a substantial sum. In a corner of the great hall, upon a stone balcony, a band of musicians were waiting for the signal, and during the feast they played sweet music.

Little Pierre was at first so frightened and astonished, that he could scarcely eat, but hunger soon brought him to his senses, and he did as every healthy boy does at Christmas time—he stuffed himself with good things. You may be sure that his table manners were awkward and uncouth, but there were many to help him and tell him what to do.

When his appetite was fully satisfied, he was led to the grand dais and seated on his throne beside the duke. Then the tables were cleared away, and there followed dancing and games. Songs by troubadours, and tricks and acrobatic feats by the jongleurs and players, while all the time the jester in cap and bells made the hall ring with laughter by his quips and antics.

All this the dazed little king watched from his throne, as in a golden dream.

But, like all dreams, there came the awakening; and the next morning Pierre found himself back in the old hut by the roadside, no longer cold and cheerless, however, for the kind squires who brought him back had brought his mother the coins given by the duke and his court. It was a little fortune to the happy woman, enough to keep her in comfort and to send Pierre to school. How she wept and laughed over him, and called down blessings upon the good duke!

Whether Pierre became a prosperous merchant or a skilful craftsman, we do not know, but what-

ever his fortune, it is not likely he ever forgot his one day's reign as the "Twelfth-Night King."

This is, doubtless, a true story. For in a very old book called "The Chronicle of the Good Duke of Bourbon," written by Jehan Cabaret in the fourteenth century, you may find the following statement:

In this month of January, 1365, came the Day of the Kings, on which the Duke of Bourbon, dwelling then in his good city of Moulins, held a great fête, and made king of it a child of eight years, the poorest that could be found in all the city. He clothed him in royal garments, and loaned him all his officers to wait upon him, and made good cheer for this little king, in reverence to God. And the next day dined this little king at the table of honor, after which there came the steward, who took a collection for him. Duke Louis de Bourbon gave forty livres to keep him in school, and all the chevaliers of the court each gave a franc, and the esquires each a half-franc. So the sum amounted to no less than a hundred francs, which they gave to the lad's mother. And this beautiful custom the valiant Duke Louis de Bourbon kept up as long as he lived.

The duke in question was Louis II, called "the Good and Great," second duke of the name, who lived from 1337 to 1410. He was captured, with his king, at the battle of Poitiers, when the "Black Prince" invaded France, and the English held him prisoner for eight years. During that time, they dubbed him "King of Honor and Mirth," and paid homage to his chivalrous character and ready wit. Duke Louis was also a friend of Bertrand du Guesclin, Constable of France. He was a brave soldier, and fought against the English, the Moors, and the pirates of Tunis, but he was distinguished by other virtues rare at this epoch, for he was humane and charitable in an age of greed and cruelty. When he died and his body was carried through the streets, the poor followed it, crying:

"Ah, Death! you have taken this day our main support, the one who guarded us and defended us from all oppression. He was our prince, our comfort, our duke, the most loyal and virtuous man in all the land."

TWO WAYS

BY MINNIE LEONA UPTON

"O-O-H!" whined Charlie, "I never had
So hard a lesson—it 's just too bad!
Our teacher 's a mean old thing!
She knows I never can learn it all,—
I 'll miss that game with the big snow-ball!"
And he gave the book a fling.

"Hi!" whooped Johnnie, "I never had
So hard a lesson—and I 'm just glad!
Our teacher 's a brick, I say!
She sees kid lessons won't do for me!
Now for good hard work, so I can be
In time for the game—hooray!"



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“A WINTER EVENING.”—BY SYDNEY KENDRICK.

BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

(For older girls and boys)

CHARLES DICKENS

A HUNDRED years ago, on the seventh of this month of February, one of the great story-writers of the world was born, and nineteen years later, he began his literary career as reporter in the House of Commons for various London papers. Two years afterward, he began publishing "Sketches by Boz," next came the "Pickwick Papers," and with these his success was assured; in fact, he leaped at once straight to the top row, to be seen by everybody, and to be applauded everywhere.

People may or may not like Dickens's books, and there are plenty of both classes, but no one can escape him. The countless characters he created have become part of the make-up of our minds and expression, and he is incorporated in the language. Who is there that has not heard of *Little Nell*, of *Traddles*, of *Scrooge* or *Squeers*, of *Bill Sikes*, and *Mr. Micawber*, and *Uriah Heep*? Why, we know them as well as we know the people whom we meet every day; better, for that matter, since they have become types by which we measure the living world. To call a man a *Pecksniff* is to label him pretty clearly, and even inanimate things, like the Old Curiosity Shop, have given their name and character to numberless followers. No, we can't escape from Dickens, even if we want to. The world he made has come to be a part of the world we all live in; we use the names he used, and speak his phrases in our every-day intercourse; in fact, it is hard to think of a world with all the Dickens characters left out of it.

This being true, it seems to be worth while to know something definite concerning a man big and vital enough to leave an undying mark upon the thoughts and feelings of the modern world. Books that have become an actual part of the life of to-day should have something in them for each of us. To neglect to find this something would be a pity. It belongs to us, and just as the world at large has found it does not want to get along without Dickens, so no single one of us wants to get along without him. He helps us to understand a whole lot that happens in life, and to see the good in many things; and he makes us laugh, which is good in itself. If there is a lot in him we don't care for, why, very likely that is just what some one else finds particularly suited to

him; and those among us are few who will find nothing in any of the books peculiarly our own.

Most of Dickens's younger life was miserably unhappy. His own parents later became immortalized as *Mr.* and *Mrs. Micawber*, but in real life Father Dickens's happy-go-lucky methods eventually landed him in prison for debt, while poor Charles was put to work in a blacking factory. Although we are given a glimpse of that experience in "David Copperfield," in the account of *Murdstone and Grinby's*, the actual suffering of the emotional, sensitive, and nervous boy during this, to him, terrible period, never was put into words. Dickens, in the whole of his life, simply could not speak of it. A misery endured by a child is one of the most hopeless on earth, for a child has no way of looking past the present moment, and is usually dumb under ill treatment and pain, seeing no way out of his trouble. So it was with the boy Dickens, who might have died in the factory, of pure despair, let alone the cruelty and neglect of the life, were it not that his father, now out of prison, quarreled with the superintendent, who thereupon expelled the boy.

There followed a short period of school life, and then a clerkship under a solicitor. But now ambition awakened. Charles took up the study of shorthand, working at that most of the night, after working at law all day. He was always, above everything, a worker. He worked with a kind of sacred enthusiasm; he poured the whole of himself into what he did; and when he was most tired, he worked hardest. He killed himself finally with work, but it was this immense energy that lay behind his success.

At all events, he became one of the best of shorthand writers, taking down speeches in the Commons, where a mistake might have been disastrous to him, with amazing speed and unerring accuracy. He says of himself:

I have often transcribed for the printer from my shorthand notes important public speeches in which the strictest accuracy was required, writing on the palm of my hand, by the light of a dark lantern, in a post-chaise and four, galloping over a wild country and through the dead of night.

His first success was with the "Pickwick Papers," and one of his famous quarrels also occurred over this book. For Dickens was as enthusiastic in his rages as in his labors. Once well started in either, he would hang on to the grim

end, leaving nothing undone. This particular quarrel revolved about the question as to whether the main idea of "Pickwick" was original with Dickens or was suggested to him by the first illustrator, Seymour. Seymour was dead, unfortunately. But his widow claimed and accused at a

another page of Dickens, which would be a vast pity. But this book, at least, you should read, for the love, and the fun, and the pathos, and the make-believe, the reality, and the adventuring spirit of Dickens, are crowded into its pages, which are as cramful of everlasting youth as the



CHARLES DICKENS. FROM A PORTRAIT BY MACLISE IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON.

great rate, and Dickens banged away in reply with volleys of letters and proofs and public utterances. It mattered not in the least, for there was n't any main idea to "Pickwick." There was *Pickwick* himself, certainly, but he was entirely Dickensian.

Every one of you ought to know the "Pickwick Papers," even though you should never turn

sun is of shining. You can't forget it, any more than you can forget you have hands and feet; and in a way you are n't really complete unless you do know it. Something is missing out of your mind that ought to be there.

In summing up the effect Dickens has on one, we are chiefly impressed with the fact that he *felt* things tremendously. It is this power of feel-

ing that keeps his books so alive and so necessary. His characters were to him creatures of flesh and blood whom he loved, hated, pitied, or despised. He could not make a *Uriah Heep* or a *Fagin* detestable enough to express all his loathing for such traits of soul and body as they possessed. He could not keep down his tenderness for *Nell*, his admiration for *Sidney Carton*, his sympathy for *Steerforth*. There is something wonderfully lovable in this warm infatuation of Dickens for the persons he had himself created; it influences us, and we, too, are infatuated.

It is while you are young that you should read these stories, because this writer is so splendidly full of what one means when one speaks of the spirit of youth. You must often have heard that phrase from "Richelieu," "In the bright lexicon of youth there 's no such word as fail." Well, there 's no such word as fail in Dickens. The good and happy things are always, to him, the real and enduring ones. He hates injustice, and cruelty, and meanness, and devotes pages to them, as typified in one or another of his personages. But he never imagines, nor lets you imagine, that these evil things will be permanent. His villains are very bad villains, and usually come to very bad ends. But he has many more good than wicked people in each of his books, and many more happy ends than sad ones.

After all, Dickens can hardly be read critically. One may delight in studying other writers microscopically, and rejoice over the beauty of their art, their grace of style and knowledge of life, their finish and perfection. But somehow the chief reason one finds for loving to read Dickens is because he loved to write. What earthly difference does it make to us that his stories are often so exaggerated as to be impossible? The people crowded into them are often impossible, too; yet they remain astonishingly real and amazingly alive. While we read we get into this same reality and aliveness, and we enjoy it from top to toe. It is like jumping into a sort of electric bath: we tingle with it. We don't do things by halves, any more than Dickens has done them by halves. We adore the *Marchioness*, we revel in *Dick Swiveller*, we shout over *Weller*. We glow, and because we glow, we love to read these books, so English, and yet so universal. Telling of an England that has passed away, they tell even more of a life that will never pass away.

There are scenes from Dickens that remain to one as pictures remain on a wall: *Steerforth* found on the beach; *Scrooge* coming into his office the morning after his marvelous dream, and finding his clerk arriving late. Or *Micawber* mixing the punch, or *Carton* on his way to death.

But all these rememberable pictures of Dickens are associated with people, people who are doing things, be it only *David* and his little friend racing together on the sands.

And thinking of *David* makes me wonder if, after all, "David Copperfield" is not the best book to read first. *David* will make you cry, no doubt about that, but who minds a good cry? And there is much to laugh over, too. Dickens tells a lot about himself in this book, which is largely the story of his own life. Almost all of the characters are drawn from relatives or friends or enemies, and *David's* experiences resemble those of the young Charles. It has always been called Dickens's greatest book, and it is his most beautiful book.

Then there are his Christmas stories. Christmas was the very atmosphere for Dickens to exist in. He was full of the true Christmas spirit, both in its fine rage against suffering and ill treatment, and the smug satisfaction of the comfortable in their own ease, whatever the rest of the world might endure, and in its overflowing kindness and merry antics. Really, I think you will have to read the Christmas books, too; the "Carol," and the "Chimes," and the "Cricket on the Hearth," that warm hearth where the fire is always crackling, and whose glow has reached all over the world.

You see, I hardly know how to tell you where to begin with Dickens. But I don't believe you will care to have any one tell you where to stop. If you don't want any more of Dickens than the three books I have especially suggested your reading, you will yet, if you have read them, or one of them, never be without him all your lives, and that is something you will be glad of as time runs along. Some of his stories are better than others, but the least good have something great in them, some unforgettable character or scene which it seems too bad to miss, just as the best have pages that are irritating or tiresome. But life itself is full of just such faults, and we don't want to miss it or to hurry through it for that reason. And so, too, we don't want to miss or hurry through Dickens; we want to enjoy both, and get the good out of them.

Dickens died at fifty-eight, after accomplishing an enormous amount of work, work that has insured him a place among the few who have said something to us that we will not tire of hearing. Separately we may outgrow Dickens, but as a whole we won't, any more than we shall outgrow spring and youth and tears and laughter as a whole. The great thing in reading him is not to bother about the things he did n't or could n't do, but to rejoice in what he did do. That will give you plenty of occupation.



"DICKENS AND LITTLE NELL." FROM THE STATUE BY F. EDWIN ELWELL.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



BY A. L. SYKES

"GOOD-BY! good-by!" sang all the Birds, and away they flew to the warm South.

"Good night! good night!" said the Bears and the Bats and the Snakes, and they went to hunt warm beds in trees and caves, where they could sleep all the Long Cold Time.

"Oh! oh!" cried dear, wee Tiny Hare. "What shall I do?"

"Dear baby Tiny Hare," said Mama Hare, "in the dark nights, you will sleep in the warm nest by me; at dawn and dusk, you will run out for food in field and wood, and you will lie in the warm sun by day."

"But it will be cold!" said Tiny Hare.

"Yes," said Mama Hare, "your fur will grow thick and long, and you will run and play, and grow strong and big."

"But I don't *like* the cold!" cried Tiny Hare, "I like the Long Warm Time, when green food grows everywhere. I wish I was a Bat."

"Why, Tiny Hare! a Bat hates the warm sun, and flies only at night."

"I wish I was a Snake, then."

"Oh, Tiny Hare, do not speak of the cold creatures!" said Mama Hare.

"Well, I wish I was a Bear. I do not like to be a Hare," said Tiny Hare, and he put his pink lip out and looked cross.

"The very idea!" said Mama Hare. "Be quiet now. I must make our home snug and tight for the Long Cold Time."

Tiny Hare sat in the sun. He felt cold, and he was not glad. By and by he said softly, "I will run away," and away he ran to the pond.

Here the busy Beavers built their huts on the shore.

"Oh, furry, purry, snurry ones, why do you gnaw down trees, and carry wood, and build houses?" asked Tiny Hare.

"So we can be safe and warm when thick ice is on the pond," said the Beavers.

"May I stay in your warm home all the Long Cold Time?" asked Tiny Hare.

"Can you swim?" asked the Beavers.

"N-o-o-o," said Tiny Hare, "but perhaps I might learn."

"Well," said the Beavers, "this is the last house; jump in at the hole in the top."

Tiny Hare jumped down into the mud house, and slap! slap! slap! the Beavers plastered it over, leaving only a few tiny air-holes.



"'MAY I STAY IN YOUR WARM HOME ALL THE LONG COLD TIME?' SAID TINY HARE."

Tiny Hare found a room where all the baby Beavers lay on beds of clean grass. So many of them, and all asking for food!

Soon the old Beavers came in, all purry, snurry, furry, and wet. They brought sticks and bark for the baby Beavers' dinner. It was dark in the underground home, and not very warm, and Tiny Hare said:

"Shall we go in our warm beds and sleep soon?"

"Oh, we don't sleep much," said Mother Beaver. "We have to feed the babies, and watch the stream for fear it should rise too high. We have a great deal to do all the Long Cold Time."

"Oh, dear," said Tiny Hare, and he was not glad; "I think I'll go home now."

"All right," said the Beavers, "go down the passage, and swim up through the stream."

"But I can't swim yet. I should die in the cold water," said Tiny Hare. "May n't I go out at the top of the house?"

"Oh, no," said the Beavers. "That is all tight with mud and branches. We could n't open it."

"Oh, dear, *dear!*" thought Tiny Hare, and how he did wish he was in the nest, at home, by his dear warm mama.

"I 'm hungry," he said at last.

"Go down the passage to the water's edge, and eat some bark," said Mother Beaver, kindly.

Tiny Hare went, and found many branches of young trees piled in the doorway, and he ate some of the bark. It was cold and wet, and he said:

"I wish that I had a warm turnip, or some red wintergreen berries for my tea."

"May I sleep now?" he asked Mother Beaver when he went back.

"Yes," she said, "you may sleep with the new babies, but you must get up, when it is your turn, and feed them. We are all busy people here."

Tiny Hare crept in with the purry, snurry, furry baby Beavers. How warm he grew; he was not so sad, and he fell fast asleep. It seemed only a minute till he heard Mother Beaver calling, "Hare, Hare, get up."

Tiny Hare went to Mother Beaver. How cold he was, how sleepy, how he *did* wish he was at home!

"Can I trust you with my darlings?" asked Mother Beaver.

"Y-e-e-s," yawned Tiny Hare.

"Bring bark and feed the babies that are crying till Father Beaver wakes. You won't forget and go to sleep?"

"N-o-o-o," shivered Tiny Hare.

"Supper! supper!" called the baby Beavers.

Tiny Hare ran down the passage, and brought them bark. He could not carry much, he was *so* tiny, and soon they were calling again, "Supper! supper!"

How Tiny Hare *did* run! How *much* bark he carried! When the other babies woke, and Father Beaver got up to feed them, Tiny Hare was so tired that he fell right down among the baby Beavers and slept and slept, for hours and hours.

"Now, Hare," said Mother Beaver when morning came, "we go to work on



"SWIM, HARE," SAID FATHER BEAVER."

our dam. Don't let the babies cry," and all day Tiny Hare had to feed those baby Beavers, and carry away the sticks, for Mother Beaver's house was kept as clean as clean could be.

So the days went on.

Sometimes at night Tiny Hare heard a scratching and sniffing at the top of the mud house.

"That is a Lynx, but he cannot get us," said Mother Beaver. How scared Tiny Hare *did* feel, and how he *did* wish for his mama.

One night — oh, dear! something happened. Tiny Hare was asleep, and Father Beaver shook him wide awake.

"Get up; the water is rising. We must swim to another house," he said.

Away ran all the Beavers down the passage. The water was creeping in. It covered Tiny Hare's feet. Mother Beaver put all the babies into the water.

"Now, follow me," she said, and Father Beaver was to swim behind, and keep them safe.

"Swim, Hare," said Father Beaver.

"I can't!" cried Tiny Hare, and his eyes grew big and wild.

"You must," said Father Beaver. "I have broken the thin ice. Come; swim!"

Tiny Hare just *squeaked*.

"Well," said Father Beaver, and then — oh, then — he took dear wee baby Tiny Hare, and pushed him right out into the cold dark stream, and hit him with his flat tail. Up and up went Tiny Hare through the water. When he reached the top, he saw the woods and the fields in the moonlight.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Tiny Hare, "I *must* swim! I *will* swim!" and then Tiny Hare *did* swim, and climbed out on the shore.

He shook his wet fur, and crept, oh, so slowly, till he came to the nest.

"Ugh!" said Mama Hare, as he lay down by her side.

"It's your Tiny Hare," said he. "I'm so cold and wet."

Then she rolled him in moss, and washed him from his head to his feet, and his feet to his head, till he was warm and dry and fast asleep. When he woke, the bright sun was shining, and the air was clear and cold.

"I *like* the Long Cold Time," said Tiny Hare; "I'll never be lazy any more."



NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW



RAISING A CHURCH IN SOLID CEMENT SIDES.
(Illustration by courtesy of "Scientific American.")

THE INCREASING USE OF CEMENT

It may well be maintained that the most marvelous of all industrial growths in this country is that of the manufacture of cement. Previous to 1894, the product was small, but it has increased at the rate of one hundred per cent. a year—that is, it has doubled every year; but, although this enormous advance has taken place within the few past years, the use of some form of cement dates

BUILDING A HOUSE OF CEMENT.

of Cheops in Egypt, cement was used which was made from the mud of the Nile mixed with gypsum. Many Egyptian sculptures were cast or modeled in cement. And there are to-day some well-preserved examples of Egyptian ceiling in stucco—that is, made with cement—and manufactured at a date much earlier than that of Solomon's temple.

The Romans attained the greatest distinction for the magnitude and durability of their works. They had a cement which hardened under water and which, mixed with broken stone, they used in building piers in the harbors of the Mediterranean. There yet remain some of these piers in the mole, or breakwater, of Pozzuoli and thirteen that were built more than eighteen hundred years ago are still above water.

The cement used so extensively to-day is an artificial mixture known as "Portland Cement," so named from its resemblance to the limestone of Portland Island in the English Channel. This was invented by Joseph Aspdin of Leeds, England, in 1824. He pulverized limestone, burned it in a kiln, added clay, and kneaded it into a soft mass, which was then dried, broken, and again burned, to expel the carbonic acid.

Since then, methods have changed, and the cements made in various parts of the country are influenced somewhat by the material that is available in that particular locality.

All our readers are doubtless familiar with the extensive use of the cement as seen in building construction, either in our large cities or in the



A CEMENT SETTEE IN A PARK IN CHICAGO.

Such a settee weighs from five hundred to eight hundred pounds, and is safe against initial carving and Halloween pranks.

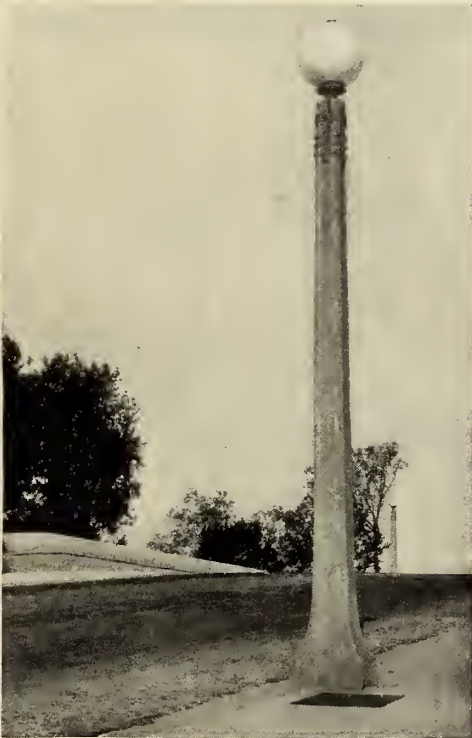
back for many centuries. It is said, on good authority, that in the construction of the pyramid

country districts. Even the most out-of-the-way farm-houses nowadays use more or less cement in their foundation walls. Enterprising farmers everywhere have recognized the many advantages of cement, and use it largely in constructing many farm-buildings, particularly silos in which are placed the chopped corn-stalks preserved as food for the cattle. These silos were formerly built of wood, but nowadays cement is entering more and more into their construction. Farmers are also using cement for fence-posts, for flooring in the barn, for feeding-troughs, pig-pens, and even for hens' nests.

The best fence that I have recently seen was made of cement in ornamental blocks, and so arranged that the effect was really beautiful, and, in addition, it had the great advantage of being permanent, as fences built of this material will never decay, nor fall to pieces, nor need paint. Sidewalks are paved with cement, and porch balustrades and ornaments are formed of it. Houses, barns, bridges, canal-banks, the basins of foun-



A HUGE CEMENT STATUE OF BLACKHAWK.
This colossal figure is at Eagle's Nest on the Rock River,
Oregon, Illinois.



A LAMP-POST OF CEMENT, IN LINCOLN
PARK, CHICAGO.

this drying mud is a *cement*. But a more interesting use of this remarkable material is in the building of elephants' bath-tubs, as they are constructed in the zoölogical parks. Perhaps most astonishing of all is the making of a cement boat. The cement itself, like iron or steel, is much heavier than water, but when used only in the hull of the boat, the total body of water displaced is much greater in weight than the weight of the boat.

My chief purpose in writing this article is to call the attention of our boys and girls to the interesting applications of the material that they themselves may easily make. The country boy or girl is familiar with mud-pies, which every child has made by the roadside. The city boy or girl has in a great many cases done considerable sand modeling, clay modeling, and pottery work. Now why not use sand with some cement and make the objects permanent? It requires no more skill to do good work with cement than to use

tains, are made of it. In its use, the farmer, architect, or builder is but following the example of the robin and other birds that construct their nests partly of mud, because, in a limited sense,

carpenter's tools. A bag of cement, commonly known as one quarter of a barrel, costs only about forty cents. Such a bagful, when mixed with sand, would form a large number of interesting objects and afford much scope for the exercise of skill. There is a satisfaction in seeing a plastic bit of mud grow into a form under skilful



CEMENT USED IN "TREE DENTISTRY"—FILLING A CAVITY MADE BY DECAY.

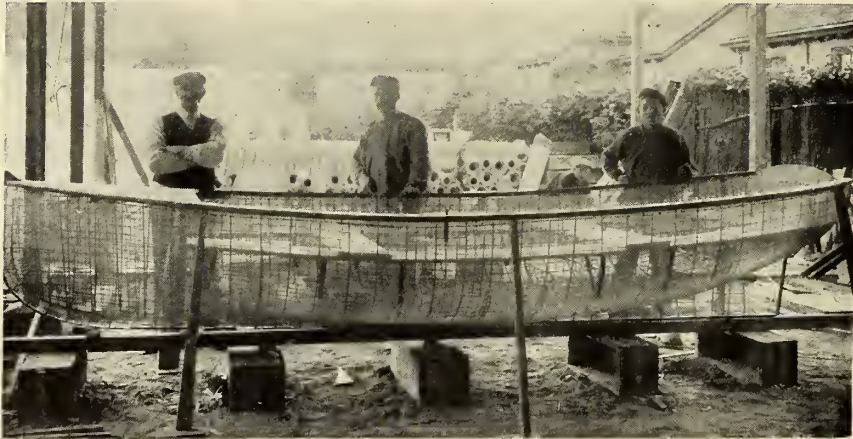


A MOTOR-BOAT WITH HULL MADE OF CEMENT.

aquariums, vases for plants in the yard, and small pools for frogs and turtles.

A permanent water garden may be easily built in the back yard. Dig a hole in the ground and line it with cement. Put on a thin layer of tar and another coat of cement, and the basin will be waterproof. Place a little rich earth in the bottom, and plant within that earth the roots of aquatic plants. These will readily grow in the water with which the basin is to be filled. In this small pond may be kept frogs, turtles, and fish. A low fence may be built of wire netting around the pool so that the frogs or turtles may come out when they wish to, because frogs and

hands, and the use of a trowel perhaps, and the pleasure is enhanced by the thought that the ob-



A REINFORCING FRAME FOR CEMENT MOTOR-BOATS.

ject may be made as permanent as a rock, and may endure for ages. With this material our young people could easily make flower-pots,

turtles are amphibious—that is, while they live in the water, they must breathe air—and for that reason they do not like to spend all their time



CEMENT WAS USED EXTENSIVELY IN THE BUILDING OF THE NEW GRAND STAND AT THE
NEW YORK POLO GROUNDS.

(This photograph is copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York City. The other photographs in this article are by courtesy of the Universal Portland Cement Company.)

either in the water or on the land, and this little fence will prevent them escaping.

The whole art of cement construction, even of building houses, is to make a mold and then pour cement into it. The boards of these molds are removed when the cement has "set," or become



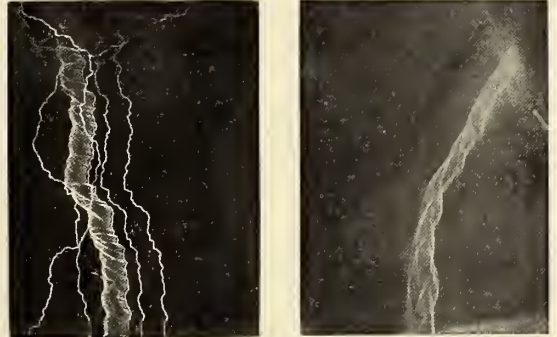
A BATH-TUB FOR ELEPHANTS.

This huge bath-tub, of cement, forty feet wide and sloping down to a depth of more than fifteen feet, has been built in the National Zoological Park at Washington, D. C.

solid stone. Any boy skilful with tools could easily make out of rough boards a model for a plant box to be placed either on the veranda rail or the window-sill. Fill this mold with cement and sand, then remove the boards at the proper time, and you have a permanent box of stone.

CURIOUS "FIBERS" OF LIGHTNING

HERE are two photographs of lightning, sent by John E. Mellish of Cottage Grove, Wisconsin, that show lines suggesting a partly untwisted rope or



INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPHS OF LIGHTNING FLASHES.

string. These photographs were sent to the Department of Agriculture at Washington, which gives this explanation of the odd-shaped pictures: "In general a lightning flash consists of a number of separate discharges following each other in rapid succession. As the separate discharges follow the same path, they are naturally parallel to each other. We have seen a great many other photographs of this same form of flash."

A TAME OTTER

A VERY young otter was found by a gamekeeper and given, as a pet, to his master's young daughter. The otter grew up perfectly tame, and would run all over the house, though he preferred to live in the kitchen, where the cook made a great

a whaler in the arctic seas, and were bought in Scotland by the Park for \$450. They are regarded as the finest specimens of the kind.



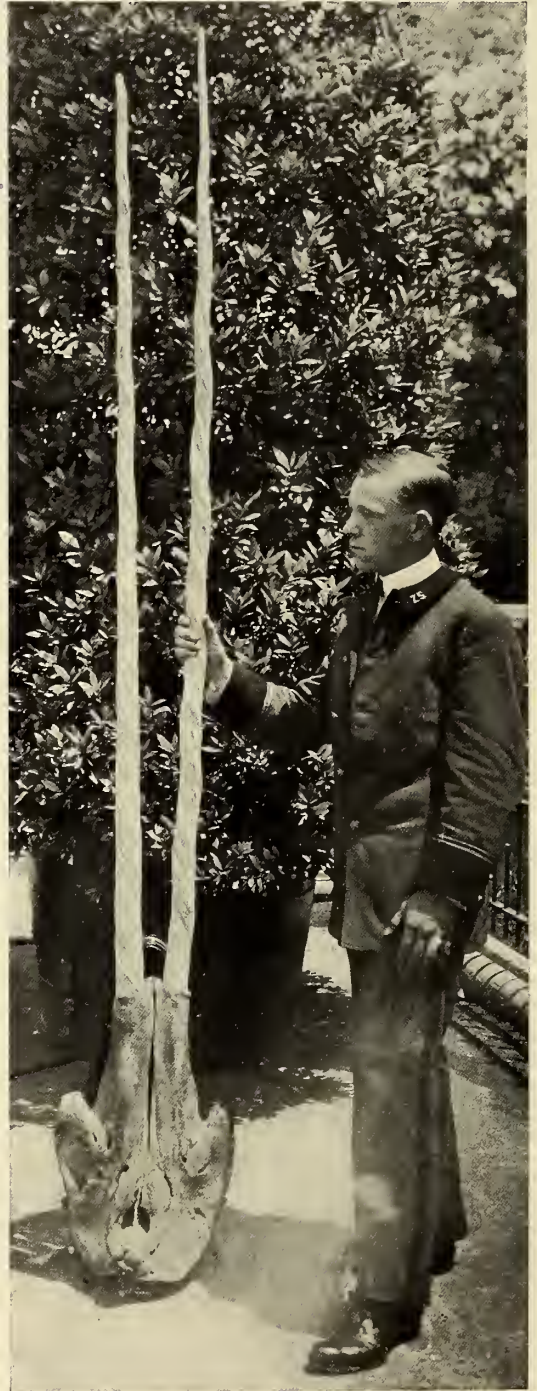
THE TAME OTTER AT PLAY.

pet of him. Here he would lie in front of the fire like a cat, or curl himself up on the cook's lap for a sleep.

His greatest treat was to be taken for a run in the fields. Here he was let loose, and for a time would playfully evade all attempts to catch him. In one of the fields there was a pond, and he would gallop toward this, dodging and twisting round his mistress as she pretended to try to stop him. He would plunge in and out of the pool again and again, and not until he had had enough of his bath, would he come to his mistress to be picked up and carried home. He is now in the Zoölogical Garden, where he was deposited when the family left home.—REV. S. N. SEDGWICK, M.A., St. Mary's, Bishoptoke, Hants, England.

THE FRONT TEETH OF THE NARWHAL

THE Collection of Horns in the Zoölogical Park contains the remarkable double tusk of the narwhal. The spiral shafts of ivory are each eight feet long, and are the two enormously developed front teeth of the animal. A single tusk of the kind is not uncommon, but such double specimens are exceedingly rare. These were obtained by

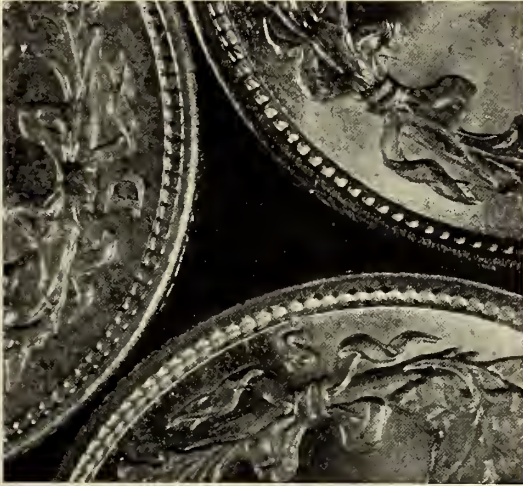


THE ENORMOUS TUSKS, OR TEETH, OF THE NARWHAL.

WHERE THE COIN WAS MADE

AN inquiry as to the meaning of the small letters on coins was referred to the mint of the United States at Philadelphia. The following letter was received in reply:

In reference to the mint-marks found upon the U. S. coins, you will find a list of these marks in the inclosed circular. The coins made at the Philadelphia mint have



COINS FROM THE THREE UNITED STATES MINTS.

no mark, but those struck at the other U. S. mints have one or more letters upon them to distinguish them from those made at Philadelphia, which for many years was the only mint. These letters are found upon the reverse of the coins with the exception of the new design double eagle and the Lincoln-head cent, upon which they are on the obverse.

The only mints now in operation in this country are those at Philadelphia, San Francisco, and Denver, the others having been discontinued.

Mint-Marks.—Coins struck at the Philadelphia mint have no mint-mark, those struck at all other mints of the United States are distinguished by a small letter near the bottom; these letters are: "C" for Charlotte, N. C., discontinued in 1861; "CC" for Carson City, Nev.,

discontinued in 1893; "D" for Dahlonega, Ga., discontinued in 1861, and for Denver, Colo., since 1906; "O" for New Orleans, La., discontinued in 1910; and "S" for San Francisco, Cal.

A WONDERFUL COAST-DEFENDER

IN answer to a letter sent by the Editor of "Nature and Science," to the office of Chief of Ordnance at Washington, the following official description of the workings of the wonderful 16-inch gun, now being tested at the Sandy Hook Proving-Ground, was received. This description is more than ordinarily interesting, because it comes direct to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS from the officer in charge of that station, Colonel Rogers Birnie, who, acting under the authority of the above-named office at Washington, sends us a photograph and these remarkable facts concerning this greatest defender of our coast.

Sandy Hook Proving-Ground,

November 11, 1911.

The 16-inch gun is at present mounted upon a proof carriage at the Sandy Hook Proving-Ground, as shown in the photograph. The gun weighs 284,500 pounds (142 tons), and has a length of 49.25 feet over all. The diameter of the powder-chamber is 19 inches, and its length about 8 feet. The projectile, weighing 2400 pounds, travels through 39.32 feet of the rifled 16-inch bore. The powder charge is 650 pounds of smokeless powder, and the projectile, as it leaves the gun, has a velocity of 2250 feet a second. It will penetrate 21 inches into hard-faced steel armor at 5000 yards' range. When mounted upon the service carriage, the range will be about 19,350 yards, or 11 miles. If fired at a greater angle of elevation, its estimated range is over 20 miles. The armor-piercing shell is 64.5 inches in length, and contains a high-explosive, bursting charge weighing 140 pounds. The gun has been fired a number of rounds.



THE 16-INCH GUN AT THE SANDY HOOK PROVING-GROUND.

"BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW"
 ??????????????????
 St. Nicholas
 Union Square,
 New York

STRANGE GROWTHS ON LEAVES

PROBABLY no class of natural history specimens comes to the Editor of "Nature and Science" so frequently, from young folk who "Want to Know," as the many varieties of galls on leaves, twigs, and branches. We have explained this matter so many times in this department, that this must be the final word concerning it. It may be said, in brief, that the warts or little cones on leaves, or the fuzzy growths on rose branches, the balls or fuzzy formations on oak-trees, and all similar forms on other plants, including the bulges on the stems of the goldenrod, are caused by the sting of an insect. The insect pierces the leaf, plant, or bark, and inserts an egg. This egg hatches into the "caterpillar" form of the insect, and continues its home in the gall until it emerges as a full-grown insect. An interesting pamphlet regarding these growths may be obtained by sending fifteen cents to The American Museum of Natural History, New York City. Gall growths are also described in nearly all books pertaining to insects.

PARSNIP IN FLAT-IRON STAND



THE PARSNIP THAT GREW IN A FLAT-IRON STAND.

MERIDEN, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I once had a little flat-iron stand. It got thrown out in a bonfire. When the garden was spaded, that, too, got spaded in. One day Grandma went

to pull some parsnips, and pulled one that had grown through a small hole in my flat-iron stand, and developed on each side of the stand. We thought it quite peculiar, so we had a picture taken of it.

Your friend,

HELEN SAVAGE (age 10).

This is, indeed, a strange growth, and excels in interest any similar one that I have ever seen.

MOTHS THAT TRAVEL INSIDE A SILKEN BAG

BAGLEY, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have several arbor-vitæ trees growing in our back yard that are infested with a strange



THE EVERGREEN LEAF COVERED WITH SILKEN BAG "HOUSES" OF MOTHS.

class of insects living in their houses made of the arbor-vitæ leaves. Will you please tell me what they are, and how to get rid of them?

Yours sincerely,

ELSIE BAGLEY.

These are the cases of evergreen bag-worms that feed on many different trees, but prefer the red cedar and arbor-vitæ. The larva or caterpillar makes a cocoon-like bag of silk with bits of leaves or twigs placed lengthwise on it.

Before the larva is fully grown, it pushes the front end of its body out of the bag and walks along with it. When it is fully grown, it fastens the end of the bag to a twig and changes to a moth. The only way in which to get rid of the insects is to pick off the bags by hand, and burn them with the eggs. This is best done during the winter. You will find in any good book on insects many interesting facts regarding this moth.

HALO OF CERTAIN STARS

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you kindly tell me the reason why, on a clear night, one star can have a halo while the others have none? I have noticed this several nights in succession.

Your loving reader,

MARJORIE PHILLIPS.

A halo around a star is caused by the star's light shining through a thin cloud. It would be possible to have one star obscured by a cloud and others not obscured.—PROFESSOR S. A. MITCHELL, Columbia University, New York City.

WHAT SEEMS LIKE CRYSTALLIZED FOAM

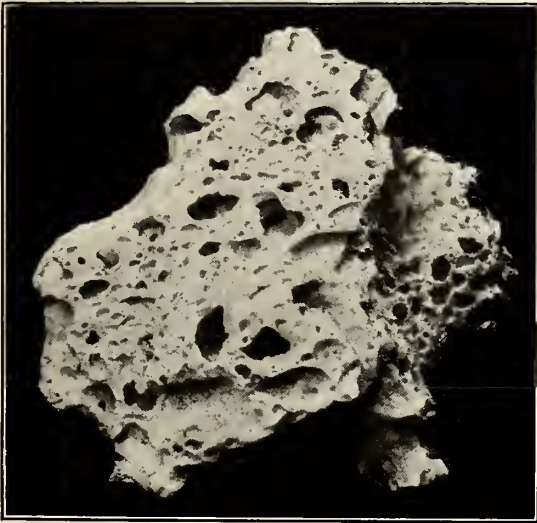
MICHILLINDA, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: After a rough night, the beach is covered with what seem to be hard sponges. Some one says they are "crystallized foam." Please explain them.

Yours very truly,

KATHARINE R. ELLIS.

The "crystallized foam" is slag which has drifted up from the numerous steel-mills in the neighborhood of Chicago. When the iron ore is put into the furnace and melted with the flux, or limestone, the silica and other impurities in the ore, uniting with ingredients of the flux, form what is called slag. This material is light, and floats on the molten iron. After the iron is drawn off at the bottom of the furnace stack, the slag is run out through a separate channel, and cools as it spreads on the surface of the ground. Part of the slag is frothy, being filled with bubbles of gas that are formed during the heating of the mass in the stack. As it cools, it makes this light



THE SLAG OF IRON WHICH FLOATS ON WATER.

material, which readily floats. The slag is usually dumped into the lake, where it helps to make new land.—ELLIOT R. DOWNING, Ph.D., Chicago, Ill.

A MALAGA GRAPE-VINE IS INTERESTING

SOUND BEACH, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Having heard that Malaga grapes would grow from the seed, I made the experiment. Last winter I put a few seeds in a pot in which was a plant, and within a few days a little shoot appeared. In the spring, when the plant was set out in the garden, I was very careful of this grape-vine, which was then only a few inches in height. I have watched it carefully during the summer, and am delighted because it has grown to about three feet, six inches in height. I plan to bind it with straw to keep it alive during the winter, but, of course, do not know how successful I shall be. I have never heard of any one doing this before, but have found the vine an interesting thing to study.

I send herewith a photograph of the vine.

Yours sincerely,

EMMA I. CLASON (age 17).



GROWN FROM A SEED OF A MALAGA GRAPE.

You could not possibly winter this variety so far north as Connecticut. Georgia would be the limit of its range. Of course, by protection, it might be kept alive, but would not thrive and bear. We know of no reason why it should not be grown in a hothouse, it being one of the *Vitis vinifera* species.—W. R. SMITH, U. S. Botanic Garden, Washington, D. C.

WHAT IS A "FALLING" OR "SHOOTING" STAR?

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me about a falling star? Is it really a star that is "falling," or is it a star passing through our atmosphere?

Yours truly,

DOROTHY BROWN.

A "falling" or "shooting" star is caused by a particle of matter passing through the earth's atmosphere and becoming heated by friction. It is not a star which is falling, for the stars are many millions of miles away, and some of them are thousands of times greater in size than our own earth. Shooting-stars are especially numerous early in August. Millions of them reach the earth daily.—PROFESSOR S. A. MITCHELL, Columbia University, New York City.

"Shooting-stars" are very small—probably the largest is not over a quarter-ounce in weight. They are completely burned up in our atmosphere, only the ashes reaching the earth.—PROFESSOR C. A. YOUNG.



ONE of the delights of the League competitions, for the Editor, is the fact that we can never foretell, with any accuracy, which brigade of our ardent young army will lead the van when the "returns are all in," as the newspapers say at election time. We have found it quite impossible to prophesy with any certainty as to what subjects will prove most popular with the competitors themselves or call out the greatest number of excellent contributions. Many a time, indeed, we have prided ourselves upon some "happy inspiration" in choosing a topic, only to find it lagging far in the rear on "examination-day," while some other and less-esteemed subject proved to have caught the fancy of our young writers or artists, and to have brought us an amazing harvest of clever offerings.

But all this is as it should be. These pleasant surprises are all in the day's work—indeed, a fascinating part of the game. And by this time, we have quite ceased to make predictions—happy in the knowledge that the

keen wits and gifted fancy of our girls and boys may always be counted upon to acquit themselves with credit in their own way and according to their own sweet will.

But, to our further delight, it may be added that, on the average, the balance is fairly kept; and that neither the prose-writers nor the verse-writers, neither the makers of drawings nor the makers of photographs, can monopolize the lead for long. If the photographers excel one month, the artists forge to the front the next; if the prose-writers claim precedence now, the young poets will carry off the palm next time. So, luckily for us all, a fair rotation is maintained, and occasionally it happens, as with this month's report, that honors are about even, all round. If to any one clan can be awarded a slight advantage, in the present competition, it may perhaps be said to rest with the writers of verse, who have done remarkably well. But so, in truth, have the artists, the photographers, and the young narrators of "Midwinter Adventures."

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 144

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Muriel Avery** (age 16), New Haven, Conn.

Silver badges, **Minnie Gottlieb** (age 14), Cleveland, O.; **Hope Dennis** (age 11), Bloomsburg, Pa.; **Vida Bloede** (age 15), Baltimore, Md.; **Marion Casey** (age 14), Mohawk, N. Y.; **Margaret McMahan** (age 10), Columbus, O.

VERSE. Gold badges, **Hattie Anundsen** (age 17), Detroit, Minn.; **Rachel Lyman Field** (age 17), Springfield, Mass. Silver badges, **Vera F. Keevers** (age 16), Hartford, Conn.; **Susan B. Sturgis** (age 11), Groton, Mass.; **Olga Van Dyke Owens** (age 11), Covington, Ky.; **Elizabeth Pratt** (age 10), Wellesley Hills, Mass.

DRAWINGS. Silver badges, **Katherine F. Dana** (age 15), Brooklyn, N. Y.; **E. Leslie Wathen** (age 16), Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver badges, **Bernice L. Peck** (age 15), Pasadena, Cal.; **Gladys Durell** (age 13), Cleveland, O.; **Henry G. Boynton** (age 13), Randolph Center, Vt.; **Dorothy W. Crook** (age 14), Holcombe, Eng.; **Ethel F. Frank** (age 13), New York City; **Marie Sanderson** (age 14), New Haven, Conn.

WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY. Class "C" prize, **John T. Needham** (age 15), Ithaca, N. Y.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badge, **Gordon M. Jackson** (age 13), East Orange, N. J.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badge, **Theodore H. Ames** (age 14), Montclair, N. J.



"BROKEN DOWN." BY HAROLD WHALEY, AGE 13.



"BROKEN DOWN." BY DICKSON GREEN, AGE 15.

THE WILD MARCH WIND

BY RACHEL LYMAN FIELD (AGE 17)

(Gold Badge)

Oh! pleasant is the wind of June,
So balmy, soft, and low
It sings along our garden wall,
Where the shy, pink roses blow.

The autumn wind is hushed and sad,
For the flowers are brown and dead
When fields lie bare, and birds have flown,
And the maple leaves are red.

The winter wind is fierce and bold,
The snow goes whirling by;
Inside is warmth, but all night long,
We hear the north wind cry.

But give to me the wild March wind,
So fearless, strong, and free,
He bends the branches, shakes the twigs,
And laughs aloud in glee!

Men call him cruel, and hate to hear
His piping loud and long,
But the flowers stir, and wake again,
When they hear the March wind's song.



"BROKEN DOWN." BY ETHEL F. FRANK, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

A MIDWINTER ADVENTURE

BY MINNIE GOTTLIEB (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

How vividly the scene comes before my eyes as I think of it! It was a cold, crisp, winter day, and the street was embanked with snow piles. As I walked along through the deepening dusk, I noticed a group of boys on the middle of the car-tracks, dancing with joy around some object. Approaching, I discerned a huge snow man in their midst, which was apparently the cause of their hilarity.

Suddenly the boys stopped whooping, and retreated quickly toward the sidewalk. I followed their gaze, and saw a car approaching. The car came steadily onward while I watched with bated breath. When but within a few feet of the tall object in the road, the car stopped abruptly.

The conductor and motorman immediately sprang out. The crowd had gathered by this time, and were enjoying the spectacle immensely. Some of the pas-

sengers had alighted, thinking that an accident had occurred. But when they saw the comic snow man, with his becoming red cheeks and bonneted head, wearing a blue hobble skirt, and holding a basket in his right hand, they were taken with spasms of uncontrollable laughter. But nobody removed the object. The motorman evidently had a scheme in mind, for he chuckled occasionally. He asked his passengers to reënter the



"BROKEN DOWN." BY EMERSON H. VERDEN, AGE 14.

car, and, taking his place, made the car move on, pushing the snow man before it as it moved. The people roared at the idea of a snow man piloting a car.

So the car made its way down the street, attracting attention, and causing many remarks to be made about the cleverness of the motorman and the funny sight.

THE JOYS OF WINTER

BY MARION CASEY (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

WHAT a glorious morning it is!—late winter, half-past eight. We are just starting for school. The sun has not been up long enough to take that crispness from the air. The snow glitters like a million diamonds. The school is within sight of our home, and the walk is

"A WOODCHUCK." BY JOHN T. NEEDHAM, AGE 15.
(PRIZE, CLASS "C," WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

very short, so we can have snowball battles till "last bell" time. Then we go, unwillingly, in to our books.

But the morning goes quickly. It is soon noon, and we are trooping home again. The air is much warmer, and on the south side of our house, the icicles are drip-

ping. The day is lovely, but something of the charm of morning is gone. Soon it is time for afternoon session

But, at last, school is over for the day, and substituting skates for books, we go for an hour's fun on the pond. It seems the loveliest time of day and year. The sun is already dropping low in the west, and the

of February, but the weather was very warm. Our first stop was the island of Madeira, a country brilliant with flowers and sunshine. One of its chief charms was its quaint and uncivilized mode of conveyance, there being no horses, automobiles, or tramways; merely oxen pulling great lumbering sleds. Yes, sleds! very much like



"BROKEN DOWN." BY BERNICE L. PECK, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)



"BROKEN DOWN." BY HENRY G. BOYNTON,
AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

crispness is in the air again. What glorious fun skating is! The pond is full of people, and everybody forgets worries, and is perfectly happy. There are some little boys sliding down the hill that slopes down to the edge of the pond. Shouting, laughing, falling into the snow; what fun they are having, too!

The sun has tinged the west with gold, and we go for a last glide—some alone, some in pairs or triplets.

The crimson glow has almost faded now; the stars are peeping forth one by one, and we walk home together in the glory of the moonlight shining across the snow.

A MIDWINTER ADVENTURE

BY VIDA BLOEDE (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

MANY people know well the joys of winter sports, especially tobogganing. A walk in the deep snow, a sudden breathless whirling through space, and the first ride



"BROKEN DOWN." BY DOROTHY W. CROOK, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

is over. Few, perhaps, have enjoyed winter sports in a temperature as hot as one of midsummer.

In 1907, we cruised the Mediterranean, which, long as I may live, I shall never forget. It was in the month

ours, cruder, of course, but otherwise the same. The roads are made of cobblestones, about the size and shape of an egg, and are worn as smooth and slippery as ice. One hill—although it is really more of a mountain than a hill—is called the "Slide." It got its name from the fact that it is used by tourists as a toboggan-slide, and though it may not seem possible, the descent is made as quickly as it would be on a snow-covered hill. A funicular takes you to the top, and after enjoying the view, the sleds bring you down. Each holds two people, but two natives must always go along, one to steer, the other to *hold back*. Amid great excitement we got comfortably settled, and with a whoop, a cry, and a great shove from behind, we sped down the slippery mountain side. What fun it was, and how exciting!—at times tearing around corners on one runner, at others screaming to the pedestrians to clear the track. Though the road is fully three miles long, the fun was over far too soon. But I am sure I shall never forget that unique experience of coasting down a snowless hill!

IN WILD MARCH WEATHER

BY ELEANOR M. SICKELS (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

AND it's ho! hi! ho!
When March winds blow
Across the frozen prairie;
It's a good stiff fight, when off I go,
O'er hill and plain to Mary.

It's a long, long way,
When the air is gray,
With the cold sleet, tempest-driven;
But I'll see my love, at the close of day,
And her little hut is Heaven.

Oh! the way is rough,
And the wind is bluff,
And the icy sleet is stinging;
But oh! for me it's reward enough,
When I first hear Mary singing!



BY MARIE SANDERSON, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY DOROTHY E. BAYLES, AGE 15.



BY GERALD H. LOOMIS, AGE 13.



BY MARJORIE BEARD, AGE 11.



BY ROSEMARY COOPER, AGE 15.



BY AUBREY WILSON, AGE 12.



BY GLADYS DURELL, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY MARJORIE TAYLOR, AGE 15.

"BROKEN DOWN."



"THE ARTIST AT WORK." BY KATHERINE F. DANA, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

THE WILD MARCH WEATHER

BY HATTIE ANUNDSSEN (AGE 17)

(Gold Badge)

HAIL to the storm!

The March wind comes.

The straining trees await his wrath,

The stinging blizzard whirls and hums,

All nature cowers in his path.

The king! the king!

The trees bow down.

The torn clouds race across the sky;

A pause—a rush—o'er field and town,

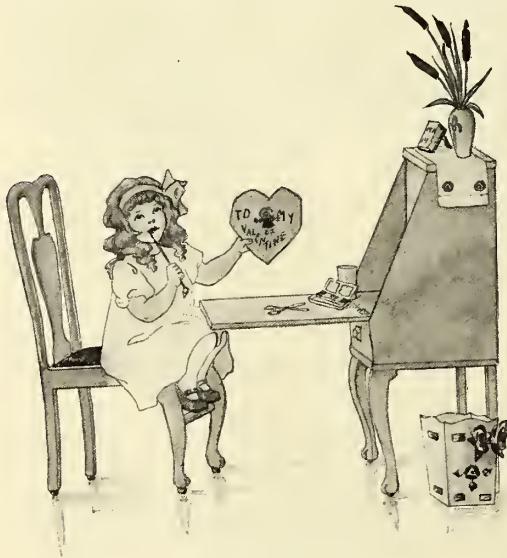
The March wind whistles by.

A MIDWINTER ADVENTURE

BY MURIEL AVERY (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge)

It was a crisp, cold morning in midwinter, and as I stood at the corner, I wished that I had started early enough to walk to the depot. But it was too late for that. There was no car in sight, and an elderly gentleman, seeing my anxious look, volunteered the informa-



"THE ARTIST AT WORK." BY MARGARET BRATE, AGE 15.

tion that the cars were stalled. My hopes vanished. With the depot a mile and a half away, and the snow two feet deep, how could I ever catch that eight-o'clock train? I had twenty minutes. Walk as fast as I could,

my feet seemed glued to the ground. Some of the sidewalks had been shoveled, but in most places the owners had just come out to survey the work which lay before them. At intervals, I glanced at my watch, but the time seemed to go faster than I.

I had been listening for any sleigh which might have braved the weather, but had given up hope of such coming, when I heard the jingle of bells behind me. Stepping into the road, I hailed the driver, who, accustomed to the demands of the young folks,—"bobbing" being a favorite winter sport there,—readily slowed up for me. We had scarcely gone two blocks, however, when he stopped before the watering-trough, and by the leisurely way that he got off and unchecked the horse, I knew that I would have a long wait. So, dreading to lose a minute, I jumped off, thanked him, and started on a run to cover the remaining distance.



"THE ARTIST AT WORK." BY E. LESLIE WATHEN, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

There were three minutes left when I came in sight of the depot. Two, and I had reached the steps. Gaining the platform, I looked around. No one was in sight. Then my eye rested on the bulletin,—"south-bound train one hour late."

IN WILD MARCH WEATHER

BY KATHARINE BALDERSTON (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

THE wind is blowing,—away,—away;

I feel the wild call in my blood,

The sweep of the blast over hilltops bare,

The scent of the sage-brush in the air;

And the mountain creek is a raging flood,

A yellow river—for a day.

The wind is blowing,—high,—on high;

The rain-washed sky is a boiling sea,

A robin is singing, the call is strong,

And the way o'er the top of the hill is long,—

Oh, the wind, the wind breathes ecstacy,

As it sweeps the vault of the wild March sky!

MY VALENTINE

(As Mother says)

BY ELIZABETH PRATT (AGE 10)

(Silver Badge)

MOTHER has a Valentine,
 She sees it every day;
 She did n't buy this Valentine,
 'Cause she did n't have to pay.
 She loves her little Valentine,
 As any one can see;
 And do you know—
 Her Valentine—is me!



"THE ARTIST AT WORK." BY HORACE GRAF, AGE 17.

A MIDWINTER ADVENTURE

BY ANN CORLETT (AGE 13)

(Honor Member)

ABOUT the most exciting, as well as interesting, adventure that I have ever experienced, was when Dad was stationed at a forsaken little post in Montana. The winter was the coldest and bleakest in many years.

One morning toward the end of January, when I awoke, I was surprised to find the room dark. Jumping up, I tiptoed to the bureau to see what time it was. At first I thought my watch was fast, for it said seven o'clock, but I heard noises from the direction of the kitchen, and so resolved to get dressed. Before many minutes had passed, I had completed my toilet, and ran into the kitchen.

"Mother," I cried, "why is it so dark?" (I had not thought to look out of the window.)

"We are snowed in, dear. What shall I do? We have n't any eggs, and only a few slices of bread are left. I meant to buy some this morning."

Snowed in! At first I could not grasp the full meaning. This certainly was an adventure! We had to be content with a very meager breakfast, and nearly froze while eating it, as our wood box was empty. Some-time later, wearing our sweaters, or coats, and wrapped in blankets, we tried to keep warm. I don't see how we lived through the day. This was anything but an interesting adventure. By the time luncheon was ready, we had enormous appetites, but only a scant meal greeted our wistful eyes.

Toward evening, several soldiers armed with spades came and dug us out. I felt that I needed fresh air and exercise, after being cramped up in a musty room all day, so, putting on my snow-shoes, I followed the soldiers to watch them dig out another house.

A MIDWINTER ADVENTURE

BY HOPE DENNIS (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

ONE beautiful, cold, winter morning, about the middle of January, a friend of mine, Kathleen Dawson, asked me to go for a sleigh-ride with her and her father. Of course I said "yes," and soon afterward we were trotting off into the country. The scenery was beautiful, and the horse, Bell, a very frisky animal who needed the proper management, though over eighteen years old, was very swift.

Snow had fallen a few days before, a deep, heavy, dry snow, followed, the next night, by a sleet, which melted and then froze hard, forming a thick crust over everything. In fact, that morning I put on my ice skates, and skated all over our front lawn. This ice covered the trees, too. And that morning, when we looked out, they were like crystals.

But when we went out for this sleigh-ride among the woods of evergreen-trees, it was like sleighing through woods of emeralds, or Christmas trees all covered with diamonds!

As we were on our way home, we turned to see a maple-tree that had not lost all of its scarlet leaves, and this, covered with the ice, made a most beautiful sight. While turning, Mr. Dawson loosened his hold on the reins, and Bell, taking advantage of that, started to run away, and started so suddenly that the reins were jerked out of Mr. Dawson's hands. Of course he recovered them in a few minutes, but just as he had



"MY VALENTINE." BY ROSELLA M. HARTMANN, AGE 17.

them in his hands, Bell started to go down a road over an icy slope, the very way we did not want to go.

At that moment he pulled her sharply to the road, so sharply that she slipped on the ice and stumbled. She recovered herself before she fell, however, but the sleigh upset on the bank, and we all tumbled out of the sleigh and rolled down the bank, which caused plenty of fun and laughter among us all.

We righted the sleigh and got in, starting for home, which we reached without further mishap.

But that was the last ride I had behind Bell, for she was sold. She was frisky, indeed, considering her age.

MY VALENTINE

BY OLGA VAN DYKE OWENS (AGE 11)
(*Silver Badge*)

A FUNNY little puffball,
With eyes so green that shine,
That plays with ball and runs about,
My Valentine.

On the fourteenth of February
A ring came at the door;
"My, my, another Valentine!
I don't need any more!"

And so I went to open the door,
And there, upon the mat,
Was the loveliest little Valentine,
A tiny kitty-cat!

Around his neck was tied a heart,
And on it this was written:
"I 've come to be your Valentine,
Although I 'm just a kitten."

And so I have my Valentine,
This kitten gray and small;
This cunning little Valentine,
The sweetest of them all.

IN WILD MARCH WEATHER

BY BRUCE T. SIMONDS (AGE 16)
(*Honor Member*)

IN wild March weather, the east winds wail
Around the eaves at night;
They tear through trees in a furious gale;
The narrow windows, old and frail,
They shake with all their might.
And I in the firelight sit, the while;
I listen, and hear, and only—smile.

I fancy that they are calling to me.
"Come out to us!" they cry in their wrath;
"Come out of your cottage, and you shall see
That Winter is here, and will always be,
With Frost and Snow behind in his path!"
They moan through the forest for many a mile;
I gaze at the fire, and only—smile.

For I dream of the laughing, merry Spring,
The season of gladness, and life, and cheer,
When flowers bloom and bluebirds sing;
The happiest time in the whole long year.
And I dream, on this night of raging wind,
That somewhere, now, beneath the snow,
Waiting for Spring, with her bidding kind,
Are starry anemones, eager to grow!

MY VALENTINE

BY VERA F. KEEVERS (AGE 16)
(*Silver Badge*)

A PAIR of laughing, liquid eyes
Where love lights gleam and beauty lies,
Below, two cheeks of fair blush rose,
A dimpled chin, a saucy nose.

Two softly tender woman's eyes,
Where tear-drops fall, and smiles arise,
Whence thy pure heart and soul meet mine—
Dear, let me be thy Valentine!

IN WILD MARCH WEATHER

BY ALICE TRIMBLE (AGE 16)
(*Honor Member*)

Blow, wild winds! and sweep from earth the winter's
binding chains;
Drive the snow from off the hills, and set the
pastures free!

Blow away the fragment of the winter that remains,
And let the spring come forth with joy and merry
minstrelsy.

Blow, warm March winds! blow, blow for glee!
Help us to forget the cold that 's held the earth so
long,
Bring the flowers to the fields, the leaves to every tree,
And call to Spring with all her birds to fill the earth
with song!



"THE ARTIST AT WORK." BY HAZEL S.
HALSTEAD, AGE 16. (*HONOR MEMBER.*)

MY VALENTINE—AN ANEMONE

BY DOROTHY STOCKBRIDGE (AGE 15)
(*Honor Member*)

I FOUND her growing there,—a star
Set lone in a cold heav'n of snow,—
A star to guide the pilgrim Spring.
I 'd looked for her so long afar,
Through all the storms and winds that blow,
That now my heart with joy did sing,
To find my Valentine.

I said to her, "Oh! lovely one,
Come unto me, and be mine own.
I 've looked through all the world for thee,
Through cold north night and tropic sun,
And now I find thee, sweet, alone!
Lo! God hath sent thee, love, to be
My Valentine."

MY VALENTINE

BY SUSAN B. STURGIS (AGE 11)
(Silver Badge)

HER hair is black,
Her eyes are gray,
Her face is sweet,
Her laugh is gay—
My Valentine.

Her hands are white,
Her feet are small,
Her dress is neat,
She is not tall—
My Valentine.

over the glowing coals, or tell ghost stories with no other light than the flickering flames from the burning logs!

Or, perhaps, stretched out at full-length before the fire, reading dear old St. NICHOLAS or an interesting book—that to me is happiness.

JOYS (?) OF WINTER

BY WILLIAM W. LADD (AGE 9)

You are coasting in December in the north—we never coast here in the south. You skate and go ice-boating; in Alabama, if there is a skin of ice on the pond, no one goes out till it melts. Down here, a person will tell you he would like to go north, but he "reckons" he would freeze. Then there are skeeing, sleighing, and tobogganing, which we know nothing about. You like to sit by the fire at night and hear the wind blow outside. We sit on the porch. You wake up in February to icy trees; we wake up and plow our gardens.

To me the joys of winter in the south are holding one end of a cross-cut saw and "totin'" wood.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

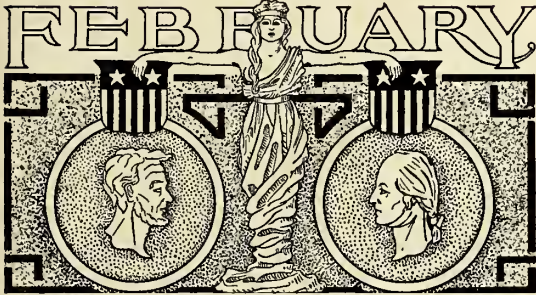
No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1

Elsie M. Stevens
Harriet B. Foster
Jeannette Ridlon
Hester R. Hoffman
Isabel E. Rathbone

Margaret C. Esselburn
Constance M. Couper
Hattie M. Wulke
Miriam Keeler
Celia Carr
Marie Walker
Eric Erickson
Eleanor Marquand
Harold K. Canfield
Mildred Thorp
Alexandra Damianakes
Ida F. Parfitt
Mary Daboll
Louise S. May



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY HARRY TILL, AGE 15.

I love her much,
She loves me, too;
She works for me,
She is so true—
My Valentine.

'T is Mother, dear,
Who keeps the keys
Of doors to Love.
No wonder she's
My Valentine.

THE JOYS OF WINTER

BY MARGARET MCMAHON (AGE 10)
(Silver Badge)

We sometimes think that when fall and winter come, we shall not be as happy as we are in summer. But each season has its own beauties.

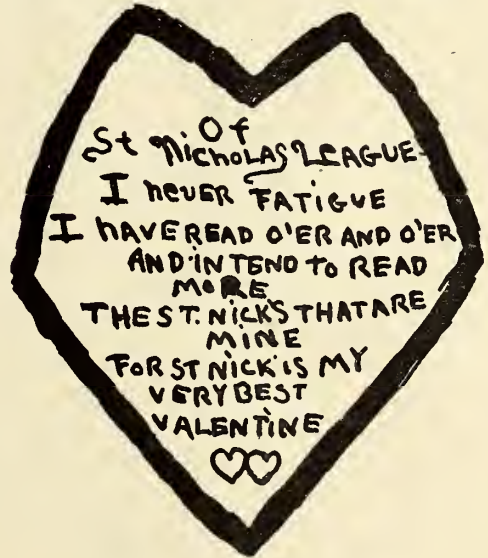
Spring, with its early rains and soft rays of sun, brings the buds, leaves, and flowers, and calls us out to play. Summer is just a big vacation, when we are playing and almost living out-of-doors. Even in the fall, the country is beautiful with its bright leaves of red and yellow. And nutting parties are the best kind of picnics.

But when winter comes, it brings the jolliest days of all. First, there are the many beautiful holidays, beginning with Thanksgiving and ending with Easter, including our one most beautiful holiday of all, the day on which we celebrate Christmas itself, by making every one happy, giving and receiving presents.

Out-of-doors we coast, skate, snowball, and play in the snow.

But of all the pleasures winter brings, I think the best are the cozy evenings around the warm wood fire in the library, when it is cold out-of-doors.

What fun it is to pop corn and toast marshmallows



"MY VALENTINE." BY EMILY CALL, AGE 12.

Ruth Belda
Susan C. Porter
Margaret Olds
Donald Q. Palmer
Arthur Nethercot
Edith M. Levy
Louise Jones
Mabel L. De Vos
Grace M. King
Barclay V. Huiell
Theresa Tobiasen
Margaret Buffum

Girard F. Baker
Elizabeth Finley
Anna L. Porter
Dorothy M. Rogers
Madelaine J. Greenbaum
Elizabeth McN.
Gordon
Adelaide L. White
Hortense Lion
Mary Burgoyne
Catherine P. Harris

Paulyne F. May
Ursula Cooke
Lucy A. Mackay
Nathaniel Dorfinan
Mary E. Van Fossen
Barbara Cushing

PROSE, 2

Henrietta Miller
Ottillie Birge
Lucile Talmage

Elsie Terhune
 Ethel London
 Esther M. Daly
 Sterling L. Tait
 Dorothy Von Olker
 Helen B. Rivkin
 Ruth Wineland
 Katharine Crosby
 Priscilla Robinson
 Leah H. Jamison
 Marion Pool
 M. Josephine Boyd
 Agnes Smith
 F. Marie Brown
 Arminie Shields
 Blanche Laub
 Marion J. Benedict
 Helen Brown
 Dorothy Owens
 Erma Moffitt
 Charlotte Bixby
 Elizabeth Talley
 Jessie Beattie
 Rebecca Johnson
 Eleanor Matle
 Margaret Burkett
 Wilma Shaffer
 Naomi Lauchheimer
 Elizabeth Carter
 Leon Wornser
 Helen Taylor
 Archie Dawson
 Rebecca Funderberg
 Margaret Pratt
 Valerie Underwood
 Elizabeth Ball
 Edward Misset
 Joseph Kaufman
 C. Marina Foster
 Joseph H. Jublinski
 Bernard Bronstein

VERSE, 1

Helen Finlay Dun
 Jessie M. Thompson
 Rose Schwartz
 Doris F. Halman
 Elizabeth Eliot
 Kathleen Anderson
 Phoebe Lambe
 Lucy W. Renaud
 Marian Thanhouser
 Isabel D. Weaver
 Ethel C. Litchfield
 Dorothy McClintic
 Ethel H. Jones
 Deborah Iddings
 Frances D. Willis
 Edith H. Walton
 Winifred Sackville
 Stoner, Jr.
 John L. Cooley
 Narcissa Gellatly
 Eleanor Johnson
 Doris L. Huestis
 Constance C. Brown
 Helen Creighton
 Marian Wightman
 Elizabeth Townsend
 Winifred Birkett

VERSE, 2

Mabel H. Loudheim
 Katharine Riggs
 Le Roy J. Leishman
 Ruth E. Hoag
 Evelyn H. Weil
 Helene M. Roesch
 Hope Satterthwaite
 Norah Culhane
 Nellie Gutzki
 Joe Soloway
 Doris E. Campbell
 Flora L. Nelson
 Georgiana Reynolds

ROLL OF THE CARELESS

A LIST of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be properly entered for the competition:

MORE THAN ONE CONTRIBUTION SENT. Hannah M. Ruley, Margaret Billingham, Laura Clark, Marcella Tibbitt, Fanny Ruley, Gustav Diechman.

Molly Thayer
 Muriel E. Gammons
 Alba Ezdorf
 Virginia Swain
 Sarah M. Bradley

DRAWINGS, 1

Gwen Blenkinsop
 Beryl H. Margetson
 Louise F. Dantzbecher
 Laura Hales
 Ethel Warren Kidder
 Cleo Damianakes
 Eleanor M. Kellogg
 Dorothy Rankin
 Miriam A. Gerstle
 Ida E. Kahan
 Ethel du P.
 Barksdale, Jr.
 Mollie Stiber
 Margaret F. Foster
 Katharine Heiny
 Alice Carter
 Lucy Blenkinsop
 Thelma Miller
 Henry I. Pieper
 Lucy F. Rogers
 Edith B. Price
 Kathryn R. Mac-
 Mahan
 Margaret Jewell
 Adelaide Lovett
 Nora Mohler
 Ruth Seymour
 Margaret Foster
 Grace Jarvis
 Marion Robertson
 Eleanor T. Middleditch

DRAWINGS, 2

Jeannette Schoen
 Eleanor Mathews
 Margaret E.
 Rothschild
 Anne Lee Haynes
 Dorothy L. Todd
 Helen F. Batchelder
 Thelma Winne
 Josephine H. Richards
 Margaret S. Pite
 Olga M. Marwig
 Helen Bolles
 Frank Paulus
 Jean Hopkins
 Mabel Howell
 Lucie Holt
 Antoinette H. Mischej
 Beryl Morse
 Alexandra Kliatschco
 Jessie E. Alison
 Catharine H. Grant
 Robert McLees
 Vivian S. Morehouse
 Edward Mishell
 Henrietta Davis
 Natalie Welden
 Suzanne Bringier

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Helen F. Aldrich
 Lily A. Lewis
 Josephine Sturgis
 Dorothy Steffan
 Betty Comstock
 Evaline Taylor
 Jennie M. Hicks
 Fred Spiegelberg, Jr.
 Charlie W. Arnold
 Bartlett Bacon
 Irma Summa
 Elizabeth Hayes
 Mary Fagan
 Preston Ayars
 Henry Eccles
 Marie E. Meadows

Jane Barkley
 Kenneth Smith
 Charlotte L. Greene
 Elizabeth K. Stout
 Margaret Dart
 Caroline Ware
 Charlotte Skinner
 Dorothy F. Tucker
 Evangeline Ford
 Judith Crawford
 Wilson Ball
 Alice Parker
 Almon B. Case
 Helen Gould
 Beth E. Rogler
 John A. Frank
 Percival Wardwell
 John A. Williams
 Angus Buckatoff
 Joey C. Smith
 Alice Forbes

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Selden M. Loring
 Louis W. Joseph
 Esther R. Harrington
 C. B. Harding
 Henriette Serre
 Thomas N. McCarter,
 Jr.
 Josephine Wayne
 Richard B. Bullis
 Lucile Phillips
 Edgar R. Wright
 Miriam Ward
 Marion Edwards
 Grace Baldwin
 Alice F. Vernon
 Francis B. Wreaks
 Gertrude Davie
 Roger Bridgeman
 Margaret Kew
 Elizabeth Cornell
 Ilse Knauth
 Hilda M. Schulzke
 Madge Thompson
 Alexander Scott
 Inez Kimball
 Eric H. Marks

PUZZLES, 1

Laura E. Hill
 Irene C. Smith
 Beatrice Brown
 Lois R. Fowler
 Marjorie Carroll
 Thelma Stillson
 Sam Bronsky
 Eugene Scott
 Edith P. Stickney
 Marjorie K. Gibbons
 Ruth K. Gaylord
 Bennie Glaser
 Margaret E.
 Whittemore
 Gladys Naramore

PUZZLES, 2

Elizabeth B. Field
 Alice Moore
 Katherine Young
 Willard M. L. Robinson
 Julie M. Dommerich
 Bertha Titus
 Emily H. Thomas
 Isidore Helfand
 Ruth W. Weeks
 Ruth Lionberger
 Vincino Carrara
 George R. Bailey
 Stella V. Johnson
 Susette T. Brevoort
 Annie Townsend
 Walter G. King

NO AGE. Cornelia R. Ross, Elizabeth Corse, E. Ray Inman, Jr.
 NO ADDRESS. Hardwick M. Nevin, Milton Sarran, Emeline W. Kellogg, Elizabeth Rogers, Aline M. Crook.

WRONG SUBJECT AND WRITTEN ON BOTH SIDES OF PAPER. Rose F. Nilis, Edward Rudge, Elizabeth W. Kennedy, James Sinclair.

NOT INDORSED. Anthony F. Brown, Jr.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 148

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 148 will close **February 10** (for foreign members **February 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **June**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "An Old Garden," or "The Toilers."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Scene of Yesterday," or "An Event of Yesterday."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Coming Home."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "The Music Lesson," or a Heading for **June**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
 Union Square, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

TACOMA, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I noticed in one of your numbers a picture of the Eskimo dogs. My dogs were not the Eskimo nor the husky dogs, but they loved the snow and ice just as well. My dog Rover came from Puyallup, Washington, and we got him when he came to Dawson, and had him for twelve years. He pulled me all over when I hitched him to the sled. The words



which make the dogs go are "gee," "haw," and "mush," the two former meaning right and left, and the latter meaning "get up."

My dog was a rather snappy one, although he never would hurt me. He would let no one try to touch me.

I send a photograph with this showing what fine sport we have in the North with our dog-teams.

I like the St. NICHOLAS very much, and take great interest in it. I am, sincerely yours,

DOROTHY ROEDIGER.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last season, as you know, was very dry, and, of course, there were very few nuts, and no acorns. So the squirrels had very little to eat. Many of them came into the cities for food. We had two little squirrels come to board in our back yard: a little, red squirrel, and a large, gray squirrel. We used to buy nuts to feed them, which we would place on the fence.

One day Papa's shooting clothes were out on the line, getting aired. There was a pipe in the coat pocket, and it fell to the ground.

The squirrels must have thought the pipe was a nut, for one came down after the pipe and took it up to the tree with him, and gnawed and gnawed at it a long time. Pretty soon the squirrel tasted some tobacco, so he let the pipe drop from his mouth to the ground, and when we picked it up, we saw that it was gnawed almost in two.

Yours truly,

EVERTON O'BRIEN (age 8).

OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have received you for a Christmas present for the last three years, and I like you very much.

As I was reading some of the letters, I came across one written by Robert Tarlan. He wrote that he had been to Europe. He had been to Vienna also, at the

time of the Emperor of Austria's sixtieth anniversary. I was there at that same time. Among all the cities I have visited in Europe, Vienna is my favorite. I have seen the emperor at the palace of Schönbrunn and at the city palace. I visited the amusement park, which they call the Prater. From Vienna I went to Switzerland.

Your loving reader,

LAURA K. MILTON (age 10).

VERNEUIL, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I am far from home, and although I am on another continent, I could not go without you, for you are as a link with home to me; and while my boy companions forget to write, you come regularly, once a month, to this far-away shore, to tell me of things at home in the old U. S. A.

The country here in the south of Normandy is called ugly, and yet it is far fairer than the flat prairies round my home, near Chicago.

I have a good chance to see it, for every week we have excursions on our wheels, sometimes leaving the boarding-school at which I am at five o'clock in the morning, with food in our knapsacks, to be gone all day, and returning at night for supper, hot, dusty, and hungry, but happy with the knowledge of new pictures in our kodaks of strange, old places.

The school is near the town of Verneuil. There are hundreds of Verneuils all over France. This especial one is not large, only about 20,000 people in it at the most.

Every Monday there is a market held in the "Place de la Madeleine," the square in front of the cathedral. Here come the housewives and the women of the near-by farms to buy and sell for all they're worth, for they drive hard bargains, being, by nature, extremely shrewd and expert in such things.

Your ardent reader,

THACHER NEILSON.

CHIHUAHUA, MEX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you ever since I have been in Mexico. St. NICHOLAS has been a great pleasure to me because, before coming to Chihuahua, I could not get any English-speaking children to play with.

I look forward to your coming every month. My favorite stories are, "Dorothy, the Motor-Girl," and "Team-Mates."

I like Mexico very much. My papa is the American consul here in Chihuahua. Chihuahua is a very nice town, with a large American colony. It is located in the desert lands of Mexico, and has a rainy and a dry season. During the dry season, the wind blows very hard, and one of the most trying experiences is to be out in a dust-storm. Sometimes the dust goes round and round and then up. Once I saw the wind carry some papers up into the air until it made them look like a flock of birds in the sky.

We came to Chihuahua in March, when the revolution was going on. The trains were stopped later, and we did n't get any mail for over a month. Lots of soldiers passed our house every day. Though it seemed as if it were war time, and we were afraid they were going to have a fight here, we passed through the war

without a single battle. I was very glad when the trains began to run again, so that I could get letters from my friends once more.

It was terrible to think, too, that people might kill each other in battle, and I was glad when they told me that there was to be no more war.

Before we came to Chihuahua, we lived in Acapulco. Acapulco is down by the sea-shore. They have a beautiful harbor there. It is a fine place for bathing in the ocean, and we used to find it great sport.

There are some fine fruits down there. The *chico sapote* I liked very much. That is the chewing-gum tree. The *sapote prieto* is like a giant persimmon, but its meat is perfectly black. One of the best of all was the *papayo*. The fruit of this tree is exactly like a muskmelon, only sweeter. There were lots of coconuts, oranges, bananas, and pineapples, also. While we were at Acapulco, we had a very interesting trip over the mountains to an hacienda about twenty-five miles away. We left Acapulco one morning at two o'clock, and traveled over the mountains until seven o'clock, when we arrived at a little village called "Pie-de-la-Cuesta" (meaning "foot of the mountains"), where we had our breakfast. The rest of the morning we traveled by canoe on the lagoon, passing thousands and thousands of birds, and now and then an alligator. We arrived at the hacienda at two o'clock in the afternoon. We stayed out there a week, and had a lovely time, riding all about the country on horseback. When we came back, it was in the daytime, and we saw some very steep places which it frightened us to think we had gone over in the night when we could not see the trail.

Now I think I have written a very long letter.

Your interested reader,

MARION LOUISE LETCHER (age 8).

VANCOUVER, B. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first letter I have written, and I have taken you for a year and a half. I was not born in Canada, I was born in Herne Bay, Kent. I like living in England very much, but still more in Canada.

When my mama was a little girl, she took you right from the first time you were published. My mama says she liked you so much that her mother bought her every number of the magazine.

I do not go camping in the summer, I go with my daddy up Lynn creek, catching fish, which is great fun. Once I got such a big fish that I could not land him (or her, whichever the fish was), and as my daddy was up the creek, the fish swam away with my line and hook. I was very sorry, you may be sure.

Your own very interested and affectionate reader,

MARY THIRZA LIBBY (age 10).

FAR ROCKAWAY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have traveled a great deal in the last three years, but some one has always sent you to me, no matter where I was; and I have enjoyed you very much.

When we were in South Dakota, many interesting things happened.

One night an Indian whose name was Shut-the-door came to our house, and brought his nephew. My sister gave him a red hair-ribbon, which he tied on his long, black hair.

He was very much pleased, and offered to sing their

war-song, while his nephew taught us the odd dance. So we brought him a tin tray to bang upon, and we spent a jolly evening.

Another Indian named Turning Bear was quite civilized. He had been across the ocean five times with Buffalo Bill.

Hoping I will have you again next year, I am, your loving reader,
KATHERINE D. WILDE (age 13).

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write and thank you for the pleasure which you have given me during the three years that I have taken you. I have enjoyed you very much indeed, especially the stories by Ralph Henry Barbour.

In your July number for 1909, you had an article on "The Signers of the Declaration of Independence," and the individual pictures of the men. That was the first picture that we had ever seen of my great-great-grandfather, Joseph Hewes, signer of the Declaration of Independence.

With best wishes for a long life, I remain,

Your loving reader,

THEO HEWES.

VILLA MIAFIORE, ROME, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister and I have taken you for several years, and we always look forward very much to your coming.

This year is the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the kingdom of Italy under Victor Emmanuel II. For many years the Italians have been building a monument to him, which we saw unveiled on June 4. We had seats on the top of a neighboring building, and saw the present king, who unveiled the monument, and his children. All the soldiers were lined up along the square. They made a fine display.

We are staying in a beautiful villa where Victor Emmanuel himself once lived.

Your interested reader,

ALMA DE GERSDORFF (age 13).

JESUP, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you three years, and I don't know what I would do without you.

I have no brothers or sisters, but I have a dog and a bicycle, and with these and St. NICHOLAS, I never get lonesome.

I live "away down South in Dixie," near Savannah, Georgia.

Wishing you a long life, I remain,

Your loving and interested reader,

LOUISE ELLIS (age 13).

UTICA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have only taken the St. NICHOLAS for one year, but I am going to take it again this year because I like it so much.

I have a little red-and-green parrot, and I have taught him to say every morning when I wake up, "Has the St. NICHOLAS come yet?"

I am inclosing one of my parrot's feathers to show you how beautiful he is. Hoping that this letter is not too long, I am,

Sincerely yours,

LOUISE LATCHES.

CONCEALED TREES

IN each of the following sentences is concealed the name of a tree.

1. Will you drop in Emma's card for her?
2. She is going to be a charming girl.
3. Will you all go to a kermess with me?
4. See the little mice dart away from the cat.
5. Reuben, take off your cap, please.
6. The small arches were above the windows.
7. The calf I recognize by its two white spots.
8. I will drop alms for the poor in the basket.

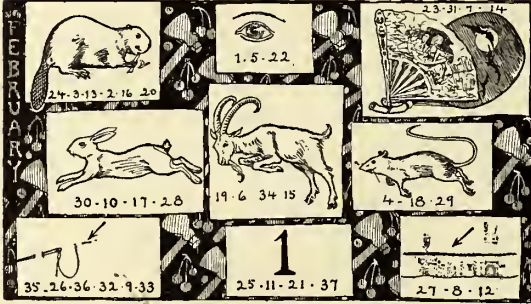
RACHAEL BARKER (League Member).

DOUBLE ZIGZAG

EACH of the words described contains four letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag through the first and second columns will spell the name of a New England State, and the zigzag through the third and fourth columns will give the epithet often applied to it.

- Cross-words: 1. Near. 2. To have-on. 3. Welfare.
 4. At what time. 5. Dry. 6. To leave out. 7. To peep.
 8. Employments. 9. To dislike greatly. 10. A kind of type. 11. Price. 12. To measure.

DOROTHY BROCKWAY (League Member).



ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA

IN this enigma the words are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of thirty-seven letters, is a quotation from "Much Ado About Nothing."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

My primals and finals each spell the name of a famous Revolutionary battle.

- Cross-words: 1. Pleasing to the taste or smell. 2. A person or animal preternaturally white. 3. To pay back. 4. An assault. 5. An occupant. 6. To exaggerate. 7. A showy trifle. 8. To reach.

LUCILE WOLF (League Member).

CONNECTED STARS



UPPER STAR: 1. In shadow. 2. To perform. 3. A vertical division of the upper lip. 4. A room under a building. 5. To work for. 6. An institution for learning. 7. Indulged. 8. One. 9. In shadow. Diagonals: A Jewish king; to scorch.

LOWER STAR: 1. In shadow. 2. Thus. 3. Traveled by automobile. 4. A writer. 5. Living. 6. Safe. 7. A city of Iowa. 8. Relating to. 9. In shadow. Diagonals: A measure of length; fixed the time of.

The nine central stars spell the name of a famous Greek historian.

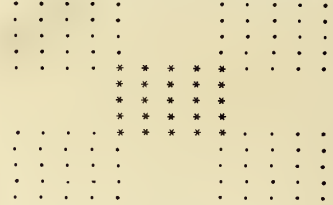
MARGARET PLYMPTON SPAULDING (League Member).

CHARADE

My first an ancient city's name,
 My next an English queen of fame,
 And both, a man of brave comport.
 My second is a name that 's short.
 My first, to wander or to stray,
 My last is what the clocks all say.
 My third is often blue and white,
 My second and my third unite
 To make a caper, mad and wild,
 My whole 's what novels oft are styled.

MARION L. HUSSEY (League Member).

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES



I. UPPER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Tested. 2. A large stream. 3. A hard, white substance. 4. Weird. 5. More dry.

II. UPPER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Grasps. 2. A musical composition. 3. Lawful. 4. A current of air. 5. Saline.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Wanders. 2. A path described by a heavenly body. 3. To decrease. 4. An ecclesiastical head-covering. 5. To guide.

IV. LOWER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Parts of a clock. 2. Aside. 3. The gavial. 4. To languish. 5. Obstructs.

V. LOWER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Swift. 2. A place of contest. 3. A nut. 4. Without sense. 5. Inhabitants of a certain European country.

PALMER W. GRIFFITH (League Member).

QUINTUPLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS

EXAMPLE: Quintuply behead and curtail a metamorphosis, and leave a shape. Answer, transform-ation.

In the same way behead and curtail: 1. A gardener, and leave a system of worship. 2. An epicure, and leave forward. 3. Detraction, and leave a torn piece of cloth. 4. Prescience, and leave at the present time. 5. Stupid, and leave a measure. 6. Short exclamations, and leave a syllable used in the musical scale. 7. Intricate, and leave surrounded by. 8. Strongly, and leave an insect.

The initials of the eight remaining words will spell the name of a famous Roman lady.

PRUDENCE K. JAMIESON (Honor Member).



Peter's Chocolate is composed of the purest milk and cream, which have been subjected to the most careful tests by the Company's inspectors. The cocoa beans and other ingredients are the very finest that can be procured, and the Peter Process of combining them results in the most wonderful chocolate candy, as well as the most wholesome food.

Peter's Milk Chocolate

Is Good for Everyone

For a hurried luncheon, to pack in your traveling bag or in your hunter's kit; for indoor men and outdoor men, for school girls who haven't time to make fudge; for everyone else who loves the real chocolate flavor, PETER'S is the peerless eating chocolate.

It is the *original* milk chocolate, and is as
"High as the Alps in Quality."



Boys and Girls Have Lots of Fun With The Educator Animal Circus

"Come on, Elsie; come on, Tommy and Dot." See them all come a-running when daddy brings the cracker circus home. Soon the elephants, lions and rhinos are all lined up for the parade.

Then—off goes a leg—it's old hippo's—baby bit it off. That's the way the whole circus goes when the children once get a taste.

EDUCATOR ANIMAL CRACKERS are real food—made from whole grains, slightly sweetened. They satisfy that craving for something to eat between meals and at the same time amuse and instruct the children.

The Educator Ark is a safe, durable plaything—made from heavy tin, beautifully lithographed in twelve colors.

Filled to the roof with Educator Animals, the Ark is only 50c. at your grocer's. Sent prepaid for 75c. Educator Animal Crackers for refilling Ark in 25-cent tins and 10-cent packages.

Johnson Educator Food Co.
34 Batterymarch Street
Boston, Mass.



*A Cocoa
of
Peculiar
Excellence*

Highly concentrated and passing rich in food values. The ideal all-season food beverage. Wonderfully sustaining and nourishing.

At All Leading Grocers

Maillard's
NEW YORK

Fifth Avenue at 35th Street
CHOCOLATES, BONBONS, FRENCH BONBONNIÈRES

*Afternoon tea, three to six, in the
Luncheon Restaurant*

Delicately Scented With Violets
Mennen's Violet Talcum Toilet Powder appeals to those who prefer a delicately scented Toilet Powder. It is absolutely pure, and is the only Powder that has the scent of fresh cut Parma Violets.

Sold everywhere or mailed for 25 cents

Sample box for 4c. stamps

GERHARD MENNEN CO. - Newark, N. J.



MENNEN'S
BORATED
VIOLET
TALCUM
Toilet Powder



After the Last Taste

“The Memory Lingers”

Post Toasties

Are made of carefully selected white corn;
rolled into thin, fluffy bits and toasted
to a crisp, appetizing golden brown,
already to serve with cream and sugar

Sold by Grocers

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

Good Teeth—Good Health Good Spirits

You want all three. To get them—and keep them—begin to-day to care for your teeth with

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Good teeth make you able to chew your food. This gives you good digestion, which is the foundation of good health—and of good spirits.

Ribbon Dental Cream makes brushing your teeth a pleasure:

Because it has a delicious flavor, with none of the medicine taste of many dentifrices—

Because it cleans thoroughly without harmful grit to injure your teeth and gums—

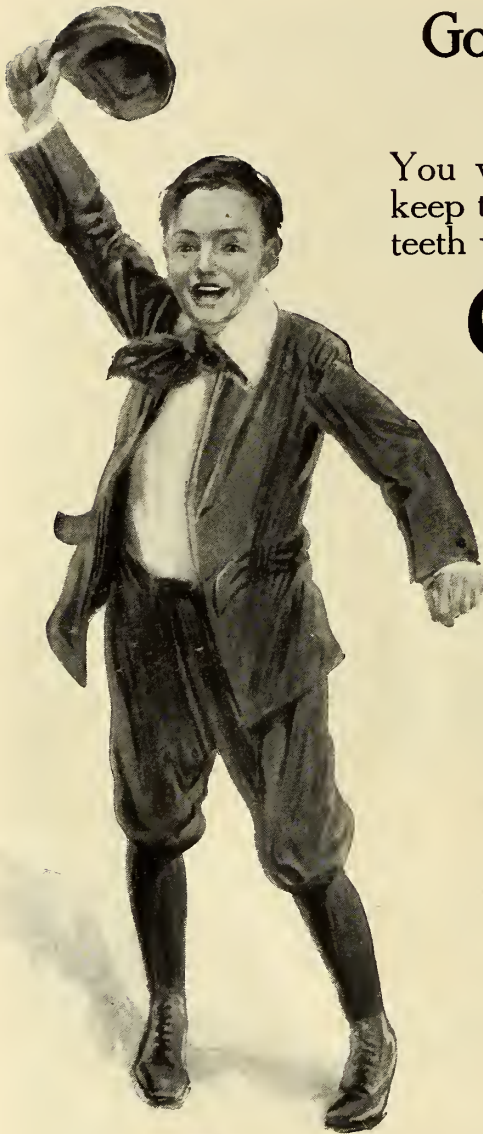
Because it is antiseptic and leaves the mouth cool and wholesome.

Use Ribbon Dental Cream faithfully and the next time you visit the dentist he will find less to do.

Begin to-day by sending us four cents in stamps for a generous trial tube.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 60, 199 Fulton St., NEW YORK

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—lasting, luxurious, refined.





When Too Much

After turkey, mamma isn't going to give any other pudding. That is too much with a them something they will like just as well that will not hurt them. That is

JELL-O

Nothing else is quite so comfortable after a big dinner.

Every package of Jell-O contains a recipe book, full of recipes for making the lightest, daintiest and most delicious desserts, which every member of the family will enjoy without fear of consequences.

Most of them can be made in a minute.

Jell-O is put up in seven fine flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

Ten cents a package, at all grocers'. Think of it! Only a dime for "America's most famous dessert."

The beautiful recipe book, "DESSERTS OF THE WORLD," in ten colors and gold, will be sent free to all who write and ask us for it.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,

Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.

The name JELL-O is on every package in big red letters. If it isn't there, it isn't JELL-O.



MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water

"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"

Has a marked individuality quite its own and should not be classed with cheap perfumes which usurp the name but can nowise approach it in quality or permanence. These facts stand after a century's test. For the bath, after shaving, and for general toilet purposes it is the one thing to use, if you are seeking the genuine and the best.



ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE!
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS

Sample mailed on receipt of six cents to defray mailing charges.

LANMAN & KEMP, 135 Water St. New York

A KODAK HOME PORTRAIT.

Picture taking is simpler than you think—if you do it the

Kodak Way

And there's no more delightful side to photography than the making of home portraits. Get the full pleasure that is to be had from your Kodak by taking in-door pictures in winter as well as out-door pictures in summer.

To make every step perfectly clear we have issued a beautifully illustrated little book—At Home with the Kodak—that tells in a very understandable way just how to proceed. It may be had free at your dealer's or by mail direct, upon request.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

On bond and other rough or hard finished papers when poor pens stumble and splutter,

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

Show their
Metal

Show their
Making



Spencerian Pen tempered for highest elasticity. Carefully ground points glide smooth as velvet on the paper.

Get the 12-pen Sample Card for 10c.

Including 2 good penholders, polished handles.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.

349 Broadway,

New York.

"Wife, is this Coffee or Postum?"

It frequently happens that when Postum is made right, its fine color, delightful aroma and rich flavour lead one to believe that it is mild, high-grade Java.

Then one knows real good Postum.

It is easy to make it right—simply boil it 15 to 20 minutes after boiling begins.

When one is served well-made

POSTUM

the change from coffee is easy and pleasant, and coffee aches and ills may be expected to disappear.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited,
Windsor, Ontario.



St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 122.

Time to hand in answers is up February 10. Prizes awarded in April number.

That boy, "Alexander the Little," has brought us another puzzle, which he says is a very good one because it helps young people to look sharply at the meaning of words and to note their sounds, too.

He has taken twenty things advertised in December ST. NICHOLAS and has put, in place of the correct words and names, words that will give you hints from which you can guess what the articles really are. We asked him to give us a specimen, and he showed us that "Yale Locks" might be turned into "A University Canal-gates." We tell you this to show you what the idea is. Please guess the things that are listed below, and then write out the answers, numbering them to agree with the questions.

With each list of answers there must be sent in also a brief essay (100 words or less) about "The Value of a Dictionary," and the prizes will be awarded to those who answer correctly the largest number of riddles and submit the best essays. Thus, if two lists are equally good, the little essay

will decide which is the prize-winner.

ALEXANDER'S RIDDLES

1. Teacher Creature Squibs.
2. Bird's prize Noah's son and a Philosopher.
3. Sharp Sleigh Implement Councils.
4. Pool's Essence.
5. Arctic Peaceful Game-bird-Method.
6. Joined Conditions Flat-Fishes.
7. Solidify-An Exclamation.
8. Yielding Aviator.
9. Magic Cleanser.
10. Lucid Disguise Sweeten.
11. Stylish-Hinders.
12. Craven Footings.
13. Placard Croutons.
14. Breadmaker's Beverage.
15. Style of writing Knife-sharpener Inclose.
16. Soft-cloth disease fluid-conveyor prop.
17. Canonize Boy's-name.
18. Part of a legion Store-house.
19. Post-Shortening's Fracture-quick Beverage.
20. Military-abbreviation-openings Fillet Class of letters Quintessence.

Here are the rules and regulations:

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.
2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (122).
3. Submit answers by February 10, 1912. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.
4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.
5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.
6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 122, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, Union Square, New York.

One First prize, \$5.00 to the one who submits the largest number of correct answers accompanied by best essay.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each to the next largest number of correct answers accompanied by the best essay.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each to the next largest number of correct answers accompanied by the best essay.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each to the next largest number of correct answers accompanied by the best essay.

Every boy and every girl of every age has a particular liking for a certain kind of entertainment.

One great thing about
**The Edison
Phonograph**

is that it plays *everybody's* particular kind of entertainment, from the littlest girl's to the biggest boy's — to say nothing of your parents.

Another great thing —
Amberol Records

When you like a particular kind of entertainment you can never get enough of it. Amberol Records, playing twice as long as the ordinary records, play every selection completely, *all there is of it*. All the verses of every song, all of every band or orchestra number without cutting or hurrying.

Making your own records

This is half the pleasure of owning an Edison. Sing to it, talk to it — it answers you back in your own words and your own voice. You can do it — any boy or girl can. Be sure to have the Edison dealer show you how when you go to pick out your Edison Phonograph.

Every Girl and Boy send for catalogue and complete information today

Edison Phonographs from **\$15.00** to **\$200.00**; sold at the same prices everywhere in the United States. Edison Standard Records **35c.**, Edison Amberol Records [play twice as long] **50c.**, Edison Grand Opera Records **75c. to \$2.00**. We have a large, handsomely illustrated catalogue showing all types of Edison Phonographs, with descriptions and prices, which we will send free to any boy or girl who will write for it.


Thomas A. Edison
INCORPORATED
81 Lakeside Avenue
Orange, N. J.



REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 120

“Alexander the Little” was n't able to fool you with his various packages and things that he fixed up on the Christmas Tree, because many of you were able to get most of the lettered packages carefully worked out and correct.

The Judges are just wondering if you enjoy this sort of work. It certainly is very pleasing to us to get your many interesting replies, and we are sure that the work you are doing in the advertising pages is very interesting to you. It should also be very profitable.

You know the advertisers who are spending lots of money to tell you and your fathers and mothers about what they are manufacturing and trying to sell, are making only the best sort of things and the kinds of foods, and silverware, and phonographs, etc., etc., that would find a place in the ST. NICHOLAS homes.

We try to publish only the sort of advertisements that will be of interest to the kind of people who love ST. NICHOLAS, and the more interest you show in the advertising pages and in the things that are advertised therein, the more interesting we can make the pages.

We have planned a lot of interesting things for forthcoming competitions, and we want every reader of ST. NICHOLAS to work on them.

The interest which is being shown by our readers in these competitions right now is making it a

very difficult undertaking for the Judges to select the prize-winners. Just think, the Judges have had to examine over 2150 answers to the last competition and are able to report the following prize-winners:

Elvene A. Winkleman, age 9, Minnesota.
 Wm. H. Osborne, age 10, Pennsylvania.
 Elizabeth Chace Carter, age 10, Massachusetts.
 Alexander Despres, Jr., age 10½, Ohio.
 Elizabeth Rintels, age 11, Massachusetts.
 Isabel K. Buckingham, age 11, Washington, D. C.
 Bronson Barber, age 11, California.
 Charlotte Otto, age 11, Illinois.
 Morgan Platt Underwood, age 11, Illinois.
 Georgiana Brown, age 12, Massachusetts.
 Hallock C. Hosford, age 12, Nebraska.
 Helen Beach, age 12, Connecticut.
 Elizabeth S. Bixler, age 12, Connecticut.
 Margaret Cornell, age 13, New York.
 Bessie C. Heil, age 13, New York.
 Julian Vance, age 13, New York.
 Louise Pope, age 13, South Carolina.
 Alison Hastings, age 14, Connecticut.
 Kenneth McQuide, age 14, New York.
 Lois Hodgkins, age 14, Maine.
 Mary G. Porritt, age 14, Connecticut.
 Margaret Schuyler Joy, age 14, Michigan.
 Bryan Cooper, age 14, Pennsylvania.
 C. Genevieve Hartung, age 15, Massachusetts.
 Georgie Brown, age 15, Ohio.
 Mary Dwyer, age 15, New York.
 Beryl Stuart, age 15, New York.

HONORABLE MENTION

Elizabeth Nulsen, age 12, Missouri.
 Helen B. Winter, age 13, New Jersey.
 Constance Reed, age 13, Massachusetts.
 Marjorie Smith, age 13, Illinois.
 Dorothy C. Snyder, age 13, New York.
 Marian McDermott, age 13, New York.
 Helen L. Bingham, age 13, Colorado.
 Annie Lillian Wright, age 13, Missouri.
 May Gunn, age 13, Texas.
 Ernest Curtis, age 14, North Carolina.
 William Duvall Dickey, age 14, Maryland.
 Matthew Henderson Shay, Jr., age 14, Ohio.
 Marion F. Anderson, age 14, Massachusetts.
 Adelaide H. Elliott, age 14, Ohio.
 Katharine Baetjer, age 16, Virginia.
 Eugenie Donchian, age 17, New York.

HONORABLE MENTION FOR ORIGINALITY IN PREPARING ANSWERS

Henry M. Hull, age 13, Iowa.
 Catharine Hall, age 12, Michigan.
 Edith M. Johnston, age 13, Washington, D. C.
 Esther Holmes, age 12, Washington, D. C.
 Lyman V. W. Knight, age 9, Maryland.

(See also page 16).



Silver for the Children's Party

When the spoon, fork and knife at every plate are correct in style and size it adds to the enjoyment of the youngster and to the satisfaction of the mother. The child likes to feel that it is really his or her party and appropriate silver helps to create that impression. If you don't realize the number and variety of children's pieces made in

1847 ROGERS BROS. 

"Silver Plate that Wears"

ask any leading dealer to show you.

No more pleasing and satisfactory holiday and anniversary gifts—gifts that will be treasured for years—and all of the same high quality that has made **1847 ROGERS BROS.** the standard silver plated ware for over sixty years.

Write for illustrated Catalogue "P-5," showing many of the newer patterns that your dealer can get for you.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.

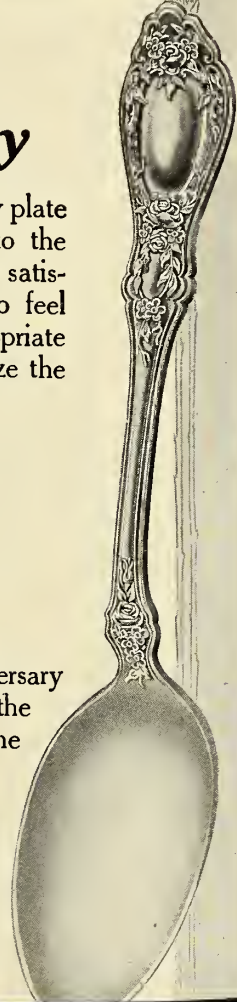
(International Silver Co., Successor)

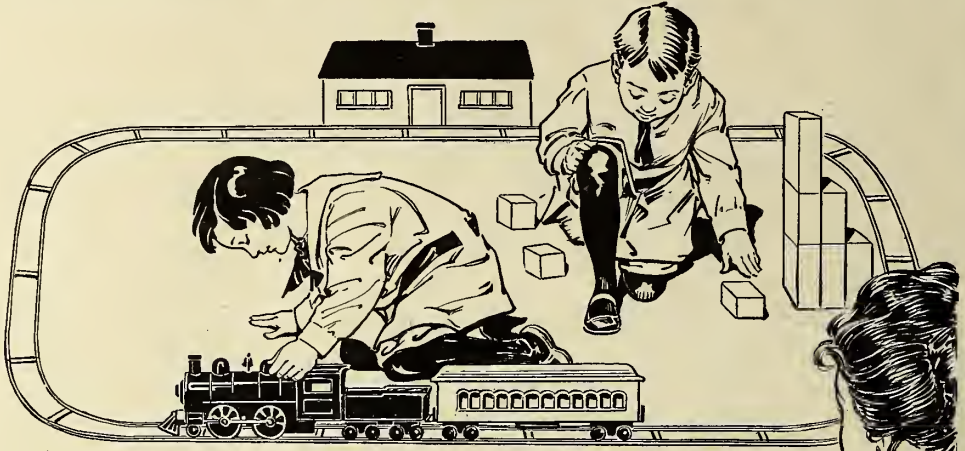
NEW YORK

CHICAGO

SAN FRANCISCO

HAMILTON, CANADA





Madam, You're Missing A Modern Convenience

Children's (and Grown-ups') Hose Guaranteed Against Holes!

You get this guarantee if you buy six pairs of famous Holeproof Hose for *men, women or children* — "If these hose do not wear without holes, rips or any necessity of darning for six full months from the day you buy them we will replace them free." That means six months that you don't have to think about darning. It means six months of comfort and six months of style. Your children no longer play havoc with their stockings each day. That relief in itself is worth twice the price of "Holeproof."

We pay an average of 70 cents per pound for our yarn, yet yarn is sold for as low as 30 cents per pound. We save you \$5.00 a year merely for

Insist on this signature on every pair —

Carl Frieschl

Six pairs of plain or mercerized cotton "Holeproof," guaranteed six months, cost \$1.50 up to \$3.00, according to finish and weight.

There are twelve colors, ten weights and five grades for men. Seven colors, three weights and five grades for women.



Trops of "3-in-one" makes brace and bit, plane, saws, all tools work perfectly—keeps them bright and clean, free from rust.

Write for generous sample bottle—FREE
3-IN-ONE OIL CO.,
 42 Q. G. Broadway, New York



Educate Your Child at 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 entirely 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, to
THE CALVERT SCHOOL, 14 Chase St., Baltimore, Md.
 V. M. HILLYER, A.B. (Harvard), Headmaster.

BOYS CLOSED



Be the First in Your Town to Own a "BULLET" Knife

Made from genuine Krag-Jorgensen army rifle cartridge, strong and durable, with keen blade made from selected steel.

Special Offer: We will send you **The Boys' Magazine** for six months, "Fifty Ways for Boys to Earn Money" [a very practical book] and this "Bullet" Knife, for 50c. **The Boys' Magazine**, edited by Walter Camp, is the finest magazine in the world for boys. Filled with fascinating stories and instructive articles. Handsome colored covers and beautifully illustrated throughout. Departments devoted to Boy Scouts, Electricity, Mechanics, Athletics, Photography, Carpentry, Stamps and Coins. Satisfaction, or money refunded. Order today. **The Scott F. Redfield Co., 339 Main St., Smethport, Pa. THE BOYS' MAGAZINE, at all news-stands, 10 cents a copy.**

OPEN



Half actual size

CONNECTICUT, Sound Beach.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION

For Adults as well as Young Folks

Under Management of EDWARD F. BIGELOW, with Efficient Assistants. Send 10c. for "The Guide to Nature for Adults."

INSIST UPON THE GENUINE



Look for the **VELVET GRIP** trade mark on the loop and our exclusive rubber button, and so be sure of highest quality,

Velvet Grip

RUBBER BUTTON

HOSE SUPPORTER

Gives greatest security, longest wear, perfect freedom of movement.

SOLD IN STORES EVERYWHERE

Children's Sample Pair, 16 cents, postpaid [give age]



GEORGE FROST CO. - - MAKERS, BOSTON

"ASSISTENCIA"

THERE recently appeared in Portugal stamps surcharged both "Republica" and "Assistencia." The latter surcharge attracted no little attention. Its purpose was twofold; primarily to raise money, and secondly to commemorate the first anniversary of the new Republic. All mail posted in Portugal on the fourth or fifth of October had to bear this surcharged 10-reis stamp, or it would not be delivered. All telegrams had to bear a 20 reis stamp. This assistencia was a compulsory addition to the regular postage rates.

This additional tax upon letters will be in force also upon December 24, 25, 26, and 30, and January 1 and 2. Letters mailed on these dates, if without the additional stamp, will be held for delivery until the next date which does not require the extra tax, when they will become a part of the regular daily mail. The proceeds of this tax are to be used for hospitals and public charities generally.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE Austrian stamps are no longer issued with the shiny yellow bars. These bars, I believe, are of some gelatinous preparation, and their object was to prevent the fraudulent cleaning of canceled stamps. They were in use about five years. Most of the stamps issued during that period can be readily obtained both with and without the bars.

stamps from various nations the world over; and secondly, mental training and keenness of observation is developed by the study of some one country to far better advantage than by promiscuous collecting. The earlier issues of Austria are on thick paper, both rough and smooth; on thin, rough; and on ribbed paper. Try to fill out your sets on all these different papers, and long before the task is completed you will be surprised to note how much you have learned about paper. Try the same thing with the various perforations of the later issues. There is a lot of mental training to be had from the stamps of this country. ¶ In the pictorial or 1897 issue of Tonga, the significance of the design is, briefly, as follows: on the half-penny is the coat of arms of Tonga; on the one-penny, the breadfruit-tree; while on the four-penny is its fruit. This fruit is one of the staple articles of food in the island. On the two-penny and other stamps of the set is the portrait of King George II. The curious-looking object which decorates the three-penny stamp is a picture of one of the "sights" of the island. It consists of three large pieces of coral, hardened by exposure to the atmosphere and by age. It is prehistoric, and its purpose is unknown. The six-penny stamp shows various forms of coral growth. The two-shillings shows a sailing vessel with the mountains of the islands of Haabai in background; the next higher value shows a parrot; while the five-shillings shows a view of the harbor of Vavau. In the two landscapes, the location of the view is indicated by the word in the lower right-hand corner of the stamp. ¶ The new U. S. Officials for use in the Postal Savings Department can be had from any of our advertisers. The one-cent is at present the rarest of the series, with the fifty-cent a close second. As the Department is sending out large packages of supplies to all the newly opened offices, the dollar value is obtainable in blocks. This may be harder to get later on, after all the offices are opened and these very large packages are no longer sent out.

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ST. NICHOLAS

LOOK FOR THEM

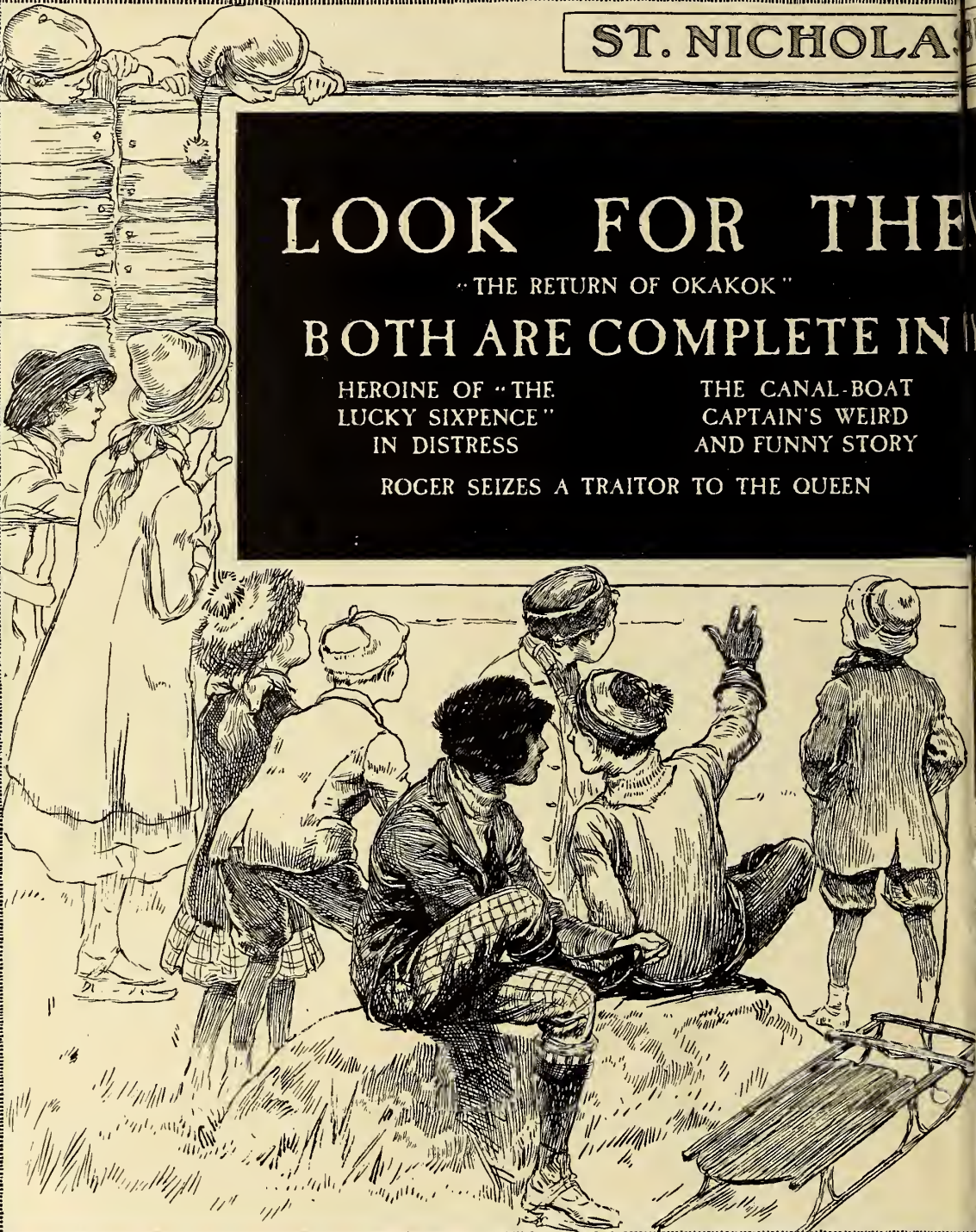
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¶ The bulletin board is too small this month. There is no room for a lot of things every boy and girl will enjoy by reading the April number.

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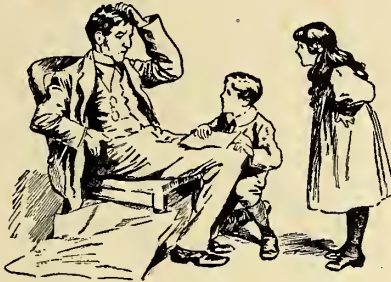
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"FROM ST. PETER'S TOWER"—A SNOWY MORNING IN MUNICH.

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXIX

MARCH, 1912

No. 5

ICEBERGS

BY HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE

OF recent years we have learned many new and interesting facts about icebergs, principally through the great arctic explorers who have studied them on their expeditions into the vast polar regions. Indeed, they have watched how these great floating masses of ice and snow were formed, and in a few cases, when they have become stranded, measured them. The result is that many existing theories regarding icebergs require modification.

For instance, it has generally been believed that for every cubic foot of ice above water there are seven below, and a berg, therefore, that towers, say, 100 feet above the ocean level, has a total height of 800 feet. Lieutenant Peary, the conqueror of the north pole, declares that this is not always the case. "It is true," he says, "that the heaviest portion of the berg is submerged, but it is wrong to say that seven eighths of its height is under water. I have noted several instances where only two thirds of a berg is submerged."

We know, of course, that icebergs are merely chips from the great glaciers. It was thought at one time that, as the glaciers pushed themselves into the sea, it was pressure from behind that caused masses to become detached from the main body. We now know that the calving of icebergs, as the breaking off of blocks from the parent glacier is called, is produced solely by the action

of the tide. Upward and downward pressure, exerted by water at the rise and fall of the tides, on submerged portions of the glacier front, forces off a strip of ice, which floats away as a berg.

So much for some of these new theories regarding the size and formation of icebergs. We now come to the objects themselves, and there are certainly few more fascinating spectacles in nature than a procession of these stately giants floating serenely along in the great ocean. Those seen in the North Atlantic, by ships passing to and from the United States and Canada, represent the wastage from the glaciers of Greenland. It is there we find one of the very largest glaciers in the world, the Humboldt Glacier, discovered by Dr. E. K. Kane only as late as 1853. It is 60 miles in length, and has a perpendicular face of 300 feet. How many icebergs are sent on their career through the ocean by this glacier, it is impossible to say, though several arctic explorers declare that the Humboldt is responsible every year for at least half a million icebergs.

The bergs from Greenland are carried down toward the middle of the Atlantic by the Labrador current. They travel right down the coast of Labrador, passing Newfoundland, until they reach the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, when they disappear—melting completely away. It is only the largest bergs that reach the middle of the

Atlantic before they disappear. On one occasion a berg 100 feet in height, and nearly 200 feet in



A MONARCH OF THE DEEP.

breadth, was found in latitude $38^{\circ} 40'$, or nearly in a line with southern Spain.

It is a little south of Newfoundland where ships crossing the Atlantic sight icebergs, and during certain seasons of the year one can cross to New York or Canada, and be sure of feasting his eyes upon a number of them. The fascination about them lies in their curious shapes and designs, and their beautiful coloring. Indeed, no two icebergs

of a large berg rise nearly 1000 feet above the water, while the base may occupy an area of ten or twelve acres. Seen through a powerful glass, one may detect waterfalls upon these islands of ice, and all kinds of arctic birds, and perhaps a few seals.

Then the colors are almost beyond description.



ICEBERG MAKING A CHANNEL THROUGH A FIELD OF SHEET ICE.

The stately pinnacles glisten in the sun like powdered glass. At times the berg is pure white, at others it looks greenish. This latter tint is caused



A GIANT BERG RUSHING TOWARD A DISTANT ICE-FLOE, LABRADOR.

appear to be exactly alike in size and shape. Some look, for all the world, like Arabs' tents, as they glide along, and others like cliffs, castles, cathedrals, yachts, and occasionally they resemble some well-known animal. Some of the pinnacles

by reflection of light upon masses of ice under water, thrown back upon the exposed surface. The shadow side, away from the sunlight, is a beautiful blue, traceable to the reflection from the sky. One also detects icebergs of a charming,

darker blue color; these are built up of ice formed from fresh water—water melting upon the sur-

exciting work. The men approach the berg in small boats, clear away the snow with their oars,



TWO GREAT CLIFFS OF ICE NEAR THE LABRADOR COAST.

face of glaciers, due to evaporation, rain, and melting snow. Beautiful cobalt blue bands are sometimes seen running through bergs, and these are the streams of fresh water frozen before the berg is formed, invaluable as the fresh-water supply of arctic ships.

Crews from the sailing ships in the arctic re-

and then land. If the berg is of immense size, all may go well, but sometimes the smaller ones, with the additional weight of three or four men, will suddenly settle to one side, or even turn turtle, throwing the sailors into the icy waters. Not only do these sailors get water from the bergs, but they often find seals upon them, and



AN IMMENSE ICEBERG, WITH CURIOUSLY FORMED NATURAL ARCH.

gions are often forced to land upon a berg and renew their supply of fresh water. This is often

occasionally come face to face with a polar bear, when they retreat, unless equipped with firearms.

Generally speaking, icebergs travel at the rate of three to five miles an hour. They are carried forward entirely by the strength of the currents. The distance they cover is enormous. Thousands

passed, steamers will make their way into the channel and sail along it. Instances have happened, indeed, in which even sailing vessels have followed in an iceberg's wake, and St. NICHOLAS



NORWEGIAN BARK BEING TOWED BY AN ICEBERG.

do not get farther than the coast of Labrador, where they become stranded. As they have come from the Greenland glaciers, they have then covered at least 1800 miles, while those that reach the warmer waters of the Atlantic make journeys of from 2500 to 3000 miles. Steamers traveling northward from St. John's are often in view of bergs all day, passing an endless procession of fantastic and beautiful shapes. As many as fifty or sixty bergs are sometimes in view at one time.

The captains of these vessels often witness a wonderful sight. All along the coasts of Labrador there is what is termed sheet ice—that is, miles of stationary ice caused by ice-floes having frozen solid over open water, and varying from ten to fifteen feet in thickness. Down through the center of this frozen field will crash a mighty iceberg, tearing along at a speed of three miles an hour, right through the ice, so strong is the current that is carrying it forward. After it has

printed, years ago, an incident of a Norwegian bark that was actually towed for some distance by a berg. "The Captain told the helmsman to run right in behind the monster, and then, going as close to the great ice-mountain as he dared, he ordered the crew to lower a boat, and take a long rope and hitch on to it. This they did, making fast to a low pinnacle, or foot-hill. Then sail was shortened to flying-jib and spanker, just enough to keep her steady and take some strain off the rope; and lo! the ship was towing kindly in the wake of the berg, while all hands awaited developments.

"They had not long to wait. Steadily and surely the ice-mountain bore down on the ice-field. There came a great crash, and a little shiver of the berg that could be felt on the tow-line. Then followed a mighty upheaval of the edge of the floe as the berg plowed into and tossed or shoved the masses of ice aside.

"Still the berg proceeded serenely, leaving a broad swath behind in which the bark rode safely until clear water was once more reached, when the rope was cast off, and all sail set to get away."

We get some idea of the colossal size of these leviathans of the arctic regions from those that have been measured. Lieutenant Peary found one grounded in Baffin's Bay, twenty miles from

2,000,000,000 tons. Every year scores of gigantic icebergs are stranded on the shores of Newfoundland. Sometimes they cast up hundreds of dead fish upon the shore.

Fascinating and wonderful as icebergs are to watch from the deck of a liner, they are, nevertheless, the dread of the mariner. Many a good ship, with all hands, has been lost through col-



THE PERILOUS ADVENTURE OF THE "PORTIA." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

land and in sixty-one fathoms of water. It was 4169 yards long, 3869 yards wide, and 51 yards high, and it is estimated that it weighed 1,292,397,673 tons. Another that was measured still farther north contained 27,000,000,000 cubic feet of ice, and weighed, it is computed, no less than

2,000,000,000 tons. Every year scores of gigantic icebergs are stranded on the shores of Newfoundland. Sometimes they cast up hundreds of dead fish upon the shore. Fascinating and wonderful as icebergs are to watch from the deck of a liner, they are, nevertheless, the dread of the mariner. Many a good ship, with all hands, has been lost through col-

decks, while it is estimated that the crew must have thrown another 400 tons overboard before the harbor was reached. The captain of a steamer that arrived in Glasgow recently from St. Thomas reported that, when some one hundred and thirty miles west of Belle Isle, his vessel steamed right into a great ice-floe field, which

an explosion like the shock of a volcanic eruption, and the mighty berg was riven asunder. One of the pieces grew top heavy, and toppled over, its base, far under water, catching the *Portia* and lifting her high and dry some ten or twelve feet above the sea.

The mighty overturning of the berg created



ICEBERGS IN THE STRAIT OF BELLE ISLE.

he estimated at 64 miles long and about as many broad. The steamer was held fast in the ice for thirty hours. Some of the icebergs that passed were from 500 to 600 feet in height, and threatened at times to crush the steamer. As it was, blocks averaging a ton in weight frequently fell on the deck.

One of the most striking iceberg adventures is that which befell the steamer *Portia* in Notre Dame Bay last season. In clear daylight an iceberg was sighted, and passengers and crew begged the captain to approach nearer in order that they might inspect and photograph it. The *Portia*, therefore, was steered close to the towering sides of the mighty berg, whose highest pinnacle glistened several hundred feet above the sea. Then the unexpected happened. There was

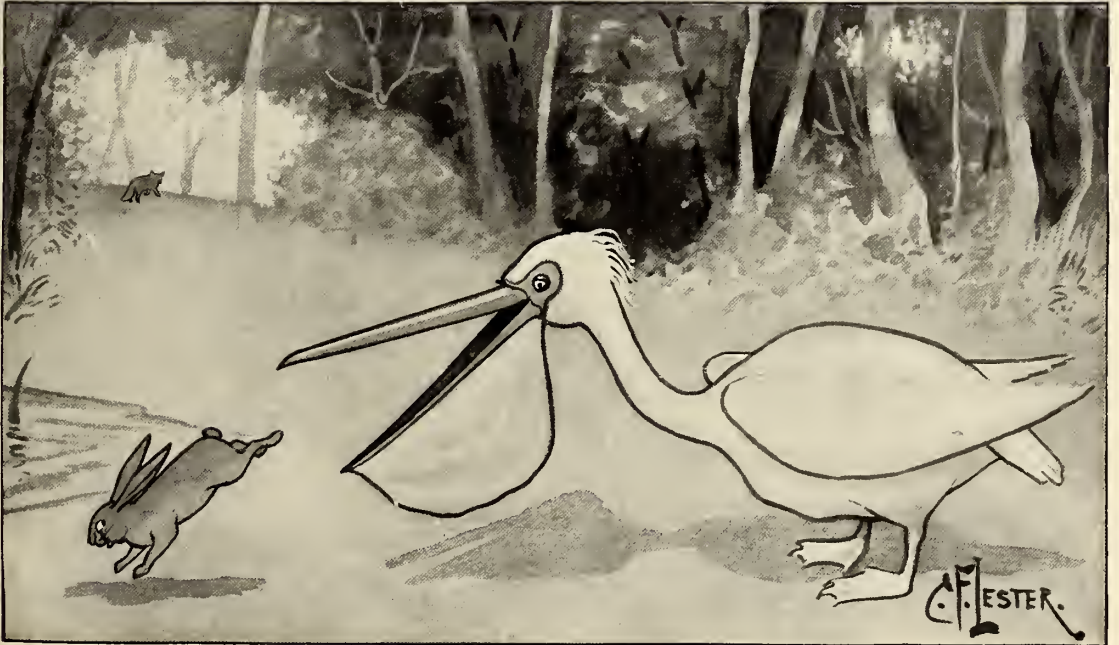
enormous swells, and these huge waves were the only thing that saved the ship from destruction. The weight of the ship, caught on its shelf of ice, kept the berg from turning a complete somersault, and a huge swell picked up the vessel and launched her again, stern first, in the sea. This sort of rough launching was not the kind a ship expects, and the force carried her so far down into the sea that the captain and crew never expected her to come up again. But she battled bravely for her equilibrium, and finally righted herself and steamed away from the dangerous spot.

The whole adventure had taken only a few minutes, and before the crew and passengers had time to do more than catch their breath, they had been into the jaws of death and out again.

HOW THE PELICAN BEFRIENDED THE RABBIT



REYNARD, THE FOX: "PSHAW! NO ONE HERE BUT OLD DADDY PELICAN! AND I WAS SURE I SAW ONE OF THOSE FAT RABBIT BOYS AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE!"



WILLIE RABBIT: "THANKS, OLD MAN! YOU 'VE SAVED MY LIFE!"



THE CAMP.

THE TOWNSEND TWINS—CAMP DIRECTORS

BY WARREN L. ELDRÉD

CHAPTER I

THE BALL IS STARTED ROLLING

"Could we but stand where Thomas stood,
And view the landscape o'er ——"

A SOFA-PILLOW, skilfully aimed, cut short the poetic effort of Thaddeus Townsend.

"I knew it would strike you as funny," his brother Thomas went on to say.

"What—the idea or the pillow?"

"The idea. You would n't be yourself if you did n't make fun of a thing."

"Well, if I were n't myself, who would I be?" and Tad's blue eyes opened wide in pretended amazement.

"Now look here, Thaddeus Townsend, Third! You are urgently requested to cut out your nonsense for five minutes, and listen to what I have to say! Remember, you 're not to say a word until the five minutes are up."

"Yes, ma'am,—that is—I should say—yes, sir."

"Now I've thought this thing over, and—"

"Are you both here, boys?" Mrs. Townsend asked, looking in at the doorway. "Jack Winslow has called to see you, and I asked him to come right up. I thought we should find you here."

"All right, Mother. Thank you! Hello, Jack! Come in. Hang up your chair, and take a hat."

Tom welcomed their visitor cordially, while Tad took advantage of the moments when his brother was looking at Jack, to slyly seize the alarm-clock from the mantel and quickly set the alarm. This accomplished, he turned, pointed gravely to the clock, then at his mouth, and held up five fingers.

Jack laughed merrily. "Will you be good enough to furnish a translation, kind sir?" he gasped.

Tad continued an elaborate pantomime, while Tom exclaimed: "I asked him to listen to me for five minutes, so I suppose he thinks he can't say

a word until the time 's up," and Tom laughed in spite of his effort to speak severely and wither the offender with a scornful glare.

"Well, don't let me interfere, I beg of you," Jack urged. "If you want to say anything to Tad, and have him pledged not to talk for five minutes, why, don't lose this precious opportunity. Fire away, and say your say! There, that 's poetry!"

"I have a plan for next summer, Jack," said Tom, "and I may as well tell you all about it now. I spoke of it to Tad, and he was so overcome that he began to recite a hymn. I want to get a crowd of our fellows together and organize a regular camp, like these places where they charge anywhere from fifteen to twenty-five dollars a week."

Jack whistled. "I don't wonder it 's upset Tad! He 's a delicate child—a fragile—"

Br-r-r-r-r! the alarm-clock sounded the expiration of the five-minute period of silence.

"Thanks, thanks, my worthy friend!" Tad responded, with a low bow. "What thinketh thou of this plan of my small brother?"

"I thinketh that it would be great if we could do it, but—but does n't it seem a little—a little beyond our depth?"

"That 's what I 'm afraid of, Jack," Tad replied, speaking more seriously. "It would be a fine way of spending our next vacation, but it must cost like sixty to run one of those affairs; and as I plunge my hand into my pocket, I fail to hear the merry jingle of coins rattling together."

"Same here," Jack agreed. "Why, I 've been told that these swell camps with their equipment and all are worth as much as ten thousand dollars, and some go even higher."

"Up where Simon Wagstaff went, they had a regular darky chef, and they used to have cantaloup stuffed with ice-cream for dessert on Sundays," Tom remarked.

"Simple Simon' will never get over that camp," Tad chuckled. "I think he must talk about it even in his sleep. Cantaloup and ice-cream! Ah! It must be awful to rough it that way; I wonder if I could stand it."

"Do you suppose these A1 camps were as they are now the first year they opened?" Tom demanded. "I don't think so! They started small and grew! Why can't we?"

"We can," Tad responded. "We 'll start small or not at all—there 's another poem for you."

"I want to make a regular business of it, you know," Tom explained. "We 'll get ten fellows together, and run the camp for the benefit of this crowd the first summer. We 'll be the board of directors, and own the stuff, and all. After that,

if we have the cash, we can get more fellows in, and try to make some money."

Tad sighed, and shook his head in a gesture of painful sorrow. "Ah, Tommy! Tommy! Have you forgotten what the newspapers have been saying about the Sherman Act? If you go to work and organize a camp trust, you 'll be hauled up before the courts for being a—a—what is it they call 'em? Oh, yes! a combination in restraint of trade. Then we 'll have to come around and bail you out with a bailing-can."

"Tom shows his business training!" laughed Jack. "'Prof' Walker would be proud of him."

The three boys were students in the commercial department of one of the New York City high schools. Their daily round of classroom and lecture-hall periods had made them familiar with the simpler forms of bookkeeping, and with such matters as partnership settlements and the incorporation of a business. Tom's active mind had developed the instruction thus received to the point where it could be used for his personal advantage, and for the benefit of his friends.

"It is n't as if we had to begin way back at the beginning," Tom went on to explain.

"If you don't begin at the beginning, then where do you begin if it is n't the beginning?" Tad inquired, wagging his head solemnly.

"You 'll get your brain snarled up into terrible kinks if you overwork it that way," Tom observed, severely, glaring at the offender. "You see, Jack, we have a real plan to work on. There 's a camp for sale up on Lake Champlain, and from all I hear, it 's a corker."

"What do you hear?" Jack inquired, with interest. "Don't pay any attention to Tad. Tell me all about it. I won't butt in till you get past all the commas and things, and come to the last period."

"I 've seen a picture of the place, Jack, and it 's great! A fine, sandy beach, woods back of it, a field where you can play base-ball, a bungalow, an ice-house, and a sort of cottage."

"It sounds like a winner, Tom. Do you suppose it 's anything like the picture?"

"Yes—it 's a straight proposition, Jack. I know the man who owns it. He wants to sell it for twenty-five hundred dollars."

Jack gasped, and pretended to feel faint.

"A mere trifle, of course," Tad commented. "I suggest that we order a dozen."

"But, Tom! where is the twenty-five hundred coming from?" Jack managed to inquire.

"Oh, why, we don't have to buy the place! We can rent it for the summer."

"I hope rents climb down as the temperature climbs up."

"Not very far, Jack. He wants two hundred for the season."

"Dollars? It might as well be two thousand, Tommy. I can shut my eyes and imagine that I have the cash right in my pocket, but just as soon as I open 'em, why, I can't imagine beyond ten cents. My imagination needs a tonic."

"Oh, I don't know! If we get ten fellows together—picked men, remember—I think we can raise it in the crowd. This is only the end of September, you know. Look at the oceans of time we have."

Tad drew out his note-book and fountain-pen. "Mr. Winslow," he began, in a businesslike tone, "shall I have the great honor of incorporating you in the Thomas Townsend Camp Trust? I'm afraid we'll need a lot of trust before we get through."

"Sure! Put me down!" Jack responded, amused at the idea. "I suppose the first ones in the company will be the officers and largest stockholders."

Tad nodded. "My enterprising brother will be president. You can be either vice-president, secretary, treasurer, general manager, superintendent, or chairman of the board. I'm chief of the staff of office boys, because I want to wear a uniform with a double row of brass buttons on the front. The unfortunate dub who's the last to be admitted to the trust is to be chief cook. The trust will be composed of nine officers and one member."

"I'll be the member," Jack volunteered. "I'm so modest that the shrinking violet is bold when compared with me."

CHAPTER II

THE BALL STILL ROLLS

THE Townsend twins had been leaders in every boyish activity that made life interesting in the neighborhood. Neither of them, perhaps, could have occupied a position of leadership if deserted by the other, but each seemed to supply what the other lacked, and their fellowship was so intimate that they formed the strongest and closest sort of partnership.

Thaddeus Townsend, named for his father and paternal grandfather, was an easy-going, cheerful, good-natured boy, fond of fun, and of physical rather than scholastic exercise. He was shorter than his brother, and heavier. The ruddy glow of health in his round, rosy cheeks, and the sparkle of his blue eyes, bore evidence to a clean, wholesome, robust physique.

His brother Thomas was taller than the average boy of his years, and slender without being

thin. He had a quick, active mind, a tremendous fund of nervous energy, considerable physical strength, and more than a little strength of character.

Apparently nothing gave him keener delight than to lay ambitious plans for the future, and then to bend all his energies toward the accomplishment of his purposes. His brother never failed to ridicule Tom's plans, and made all manner of fun of his efforts. Nevertheless, Tad always worked loyally and diligently to help the various enterprises on to success, so his merry raillery never caused Tom much distress. Indeed, not infrequently the humorous comments carried with them so much sturdy common sense, that the attention of the impulsive maker of plans was drawn to some weak link in his chain of arrangements. Then a revision was made, thus assuring larger and more permanent success.

The boys always had lived in a certain small two-story-and-basement house, located in one of the sections of New York City that had resisted the invasion of commerce until recent aggressive tactics had carried the invaders within the outer bulwarks of the neighborhood. Together they had passed through the different grades of the nearest grammar school, and now were enrolled in one of the great high schools of the city, where upward of fifteen hundred boys were receiving instruction and training calculated to make them capable and competent in commercial life.

The twins were several months past their fifteenth birthday, and on the mild September afternoon when Jack Winslow called, he found them sitting in the square room at the rear of the upper floor which they had shared since infancy. The two windows commanded a superb view of a row of high, brick apartment-houses, the rear of each festooned with fire-escapes. A large warehouse was half-way up the block, and a garage, reeking with odors of gasolene, stood nearer, for real estate in New York City must be made to yield the utmost income, and residences are crowded and jostled on either hand by buildings used for commercial purposes. This invasion of the peace and quiet, as has been suggested, had occurred only recently, and was viewed with no little alarm and resentment by the neighbors.

This room of the twins and its environment are worthy of note because here it was destined that the headquarters of the camp trust should be located.

After considerable discussion of ways and means, Jack declared that he must go home.

The twins escorted him to the door, exchanging a few last words, and then returned to their room.

"Do you really think that camp plan will work, Tad?" Tom asked, a bit anxiously, plunging his hands into his trousers' pockets and staring absent-mindedly out of the window.

Tad seated himself beside their study table,

believe I even showed you the pictures of the place. Let 's see"—Tom drew an envelop from his pocket, and took from it several unmounted prints—"now here 's one taken from the lake—"

Tom laid the picture before his brother, who carried it nearer the window to get a stronger light. Beyond the rippling waters of the lake, a sandy beach curved gracefully in a wide arc. Beyond this, the trees stood out so sharply and distinctly that it was almost possible to imagine the rustling of the leaves and swaying of the branches in the light breeze that gently forced the little wavelets up on the sand. A low, home-like cottage was partly visible through the trees, and a plain, small building (it appeared to be the ice-house mentioned in the letter that described these pictures) stood farther back among the shadows. A wharf, not large, but apparently substantial, extended out into the lake some twelve or fifteen feet, and beyond it, a high, wooded point thrust itself out from the shore.

"Here is a nearer view of the bungalow," Tom went on, "and here 's the clearing where we could make an athletic field, and that 's the spring. They say it 's a dandy spring, clear, cold water. And here 's the last one, the road leading back from camp to the main road, about a quarter of a mile away."

Tad, being a genuine boy, could not conceal his enthusiasm as he looked at the pic-

tures and imagined what quantities of fun such a delightful place might yield. The bungalow appeared to be about forty feet long, and half as deep. A wide, roomy piazza extended along the entire front, and was so built that from it one might get to best advantage superb views of the beautiful lake and the majestic splendor of the distant Adirondacks.

The "athletic-field-to-be" was cleared of trees,



"JUST THE PLACE FOR TENNIS," MURMURED TAD. "IT LOOKS LIKE A JUNGLE."

resting his elbows upon it and his head on his hands. "I 'm not so sure of the plan working, Tom, but I rather think you 'll work, if you undertake to put anything like that through."

"That does n't scare me, Tad. I 'm willing to work, but if I take hold of this thing, I 'd hate to see it fall through."

His brother nodded sympathetically.

"I just got the letter this afternoon. I don't

and that was about all that could be said in its favor. It was rough, uneven, and covered with a rank growth of tall grass and weeds.

"Just the place for tennis," murmured Tad. "It looks like a jungle."

"Oh, but let ten fellows wade into that with scythes and spades. We 'd soon have a base-ball diamond, a tennis-court, and room enough left over for basket-ball, most likely."

"H-m-m! If you let ten fellows loose in there with scythes, you 'll have a lot of surgical cases on your hands. You 'd better use just one fellow and one scythe. Let him keep a stone wall between himself and his trusty blade; then he won't come to grief."

"Well, there 's lots of time! We 're not there yet!"

"That 's so! I 'm glad you reminded me of it. Why might n't you lay out a golf course on yon grassy glade?"

"We might," Tom responded thoughtfully. "Once we get started, there 's no telling how we 'll develop."

The last picture in the collection showed a narrow, shady road, very little traveled. One could imagine the chirping of birds in the trees, and the drowsy hum of bees flying hither and thither among the wild flowers.

"It 's a tiptop place, Tom!" cried his brother, returning the pictures at length, with a happy sigh. "A regular top-notch! Let 's start to-morrow."

"We 'll have to talk it over here at home, first of all," Tom suggested. "I don't know what the folks will say about the idea."

"If we went to a regular camp, it would cost close on to five hundred dollars for the two of us, railroad fares, side trips, and everything. A boarding-house would be nearly as bad, because Mother would n't want to go so far that Father could n't commute every day, and board is high anywhere near the city. Five hundred dollars is too much to pay. I don't believe Father could stand the expense, especially now, when business is slack. Just how much will it cost us, Tom? Have you figured out the expense?"

"Not yet! Have you a piece of paper? Now, let 's see. Rent, two hundred dollars, ten fellows, that 's twenty dollars apiece. Food and supplies, about five hundred dollars, fifty dollars for each fellow. Carfare there and back—well, say, ten dollars. That ought to cover it. Twenty, fifty, and ten—eighty dollars for each one, figuring closely, and not making allowances for extras."

"Do you think we can get ten fellows to go into this scheme? We 'll have to be careful what

kind we take—no 'grouches,' no quitters, no kickers, and no fellow with anything that looks like a yellow streak in him."

"There are n't more than ten like that in the whole city, are there? I mean, eight besides us, of course."

"Oh, sure! Why, there 's Jack Winslow, Ed Sherman, and 'Lefty' Beckley. They 're just the right kind to begin with. We can find ten, easily."

"There 's another important thing that we have n't talked about yet. Who 's going to run this camp? Father won't let us stir a step unless we have some man to look out for us."

"That 's right! I never thought of that! Who is there we could get?"

"Bert Halsey has a brother who was a camp leader somewhere last summer. He 's studying medicine, and I should think he 'd be just about right. We would n't need a doctor in camp if we had him, and his experience in camping with a crowd of fellows would make him able to run this affair of ours without much trouble, it seems to me."

"Well, if we thought of asking him, we 'd have to include Bert in the party. Do we want him?"

"Maybe we can get somebody else. I can't think of any one, though. It is n't going to be easy to find a man who will be so killing fond of our society that he 'll jump at the chance of spending the summer with us."

"We 'll talk that over with Father to-night. He may know of some one."

From the floor below, a musical bell chimed— one, two, three, four, five. "Five o'clock, and all 's well!" cried Tom. "If we 're going to discuss this camp after supper, it strikes me that it might not be a bad idea to do some studying now. How about it?"

Tad sighed gloomily, and picked up a German grammar. Except for the noisy ticking of the alarm-clock, and an occasional question or exclamation, there was little to disturb the peace and calm until the dinner-bell rang, shortly before seven.

When Tom's mind was possessed by one of his ambitious plans, it was not to be expected that he would long remain silent when an opportunity to take a forward step presented itself.

Hence Mr. and Mrs. Townsend were treated to an enthusiastic report of the camp proposition before the evening meal had reached its conclusion.

They were so accustomed to hearing one or another of Tom's hopeful dreams, that nothing of this sort gave them much concern. The idea seemed good to Mr. Townsend, and he encouraged the boys to go on with their planning. To

be sure, Mrs. Townsend expressed some anxiety for the safety of the twins, and professed a belief that they surely would fall into harm or danger or mischief, so far from parental guidance and oversight, but the twins knew that she spoke in this manner with a desire to remind them of the necessity of care and thought, rather than on account of any real opposition to their plans.

"Suppose you get out the atlas, Tom, and show us just where this place is," Mr. Townsend suggested, as they rose from the table.

The family gathered about the long, low table in the library. The lamp cast a mellow, cheerful light about the room, and the whole atmosphere of the place was so pleasant and homelike, that one might be inclined to wonder why two boys should care to exchange this comfort for "a lodge in some vast wilderness."

Tom hunted up the map of Lake Champlain in the big atlas, and ran his finger slowly down the eastern shore until it came to Beaver Creek.

"It's right in there, somewhere," he reported. "The railroad runs through here, but the camp is a long way from the nearest station. The best way to get there is on one of the lake steamboats. A little launch will take you over to the camp from Westport or Essex."

"A good, healthful location," Mr. Townsend commented. "You have the Adirondacks on the west, and the Green Mountains on the east. It must be a beautiful spot for a camp, though I suppose you're not going away just to admire the scenery."

"Is n't there a large Y. M. C. A. camp up in that section?" Mrs. Townsend asked.

"Camp Dudley's up that way," Tad made answer. "That's the big New York State camp. It's on the other side of the lake, though."

"That camp started in a small way!" Tom excitedly reminded them. "They had only seven fellows the first year, and just see what it is to-day! Nobody can tell what our camp will be in a few years."

Mr. Townsend laughed merrily. "Nothing like planning for big things, Tom," he remarked. "You may not get them, but you'll accomplish more than if you never dared risk anything for fear of possible failure. How did you discover this camp site?"

"Well, it came about this way," Tom explained: "there's a fellow in school named Simon Wagstaff. The fellows call him Simple Simon because he puts on so many airs that he's silly. He went to one of these bang-up camps last summer, one where it costs a pile for the season. It made him more stuck-up than he was before, and that's

saying a good deal. Ever since school opened, he's been blowing about that wonderful camp—what they did, and what the director said, and what the doctor said, and what his tent leader said, and what the cook said, and what the cat thought about it all.

"At first it struck me as funny, but it got tiresome. Finally I got to thinking how much fun it would be to get up a party of fellows and spend the season at one of these camps. Most of 'em charge like sixty, and we could n't afford it—our crowd. Then I wondered why we could n't have one of our own and make a regular business of running a camp for fellows who might like to come.

"That's what I want to do there! Of course, this first year will be an experiment, and the fellows who go into it will be partners in the business. Another year, we can take more fellows, charge them enough to give us a little profit, and use that money to build up the camp and make improvements.

"Well, I got off the subject a little. Let's see, where was I? After I thought of this scheme, I began to look at the advertisements in the newspapers, and one day I found a man up in Burlington who was advertising a camp on Lake Champlain for sale or to let. I wrote to him, and his answer came to-day. It turned out to be that real-estate man who was stopping at the little hotel on Lake George where we stayed over Sunday last summer. Raymond his name is. You remember him."

"Oh, yes!" Mr. Townsend responded, taking the letter and pictures which Tom handed him. "I remember him very pleasantly."

The pictures were duly examined and admired, and the parents of the boys seemed to catch some of the twins' enthusiasm as they talked together of the possibilities of health-giving, wholesome living out-of-doors which such a delightful place afforded.

"Of course, you will need some older friend to manage the camp," Mr. Townsend said finally; "but this can be arranged without much effort, I think. There are a number of trained camp leaders who will be seeking engagements next spring, and this plan is so attractive in many ways, that I should n't wonder if one of these young men would be glad of the opportunity to take hold of such a camp and develop it."

"If you go up there next summer, boys, I wish you'd take your cousin Will Ainsworth with you," Mrs. Townsend ventured somewhat uncertainly. "I think it would be the making of him."

"Cousin Willie!" gasped Tom, and the twins looked at each other in undisguised alarm and dismay. "Perish the thought!"

(To be continued.)

THE WINTER BIRDS

BY ANNIE JOHNSON FLINT



WHEN autumn's flaming torch has set
The hills and vales alight,
Then gather all the Feathered Clans
To take their southward flight.
The goldfinch from the thicket flees,
The swallow from the eaves;
His bower in the lilac bush
The slim, gray catbird leaves.
From meadow-grass and forest tree
Go bobolink and thrush;
And over field, and stream, and wood,
There falls a sudden hush.
From all their summer haunts and homes
The Singing Tribes are gone,—
Oh, blessings on the winter birds
That bravely linger on!

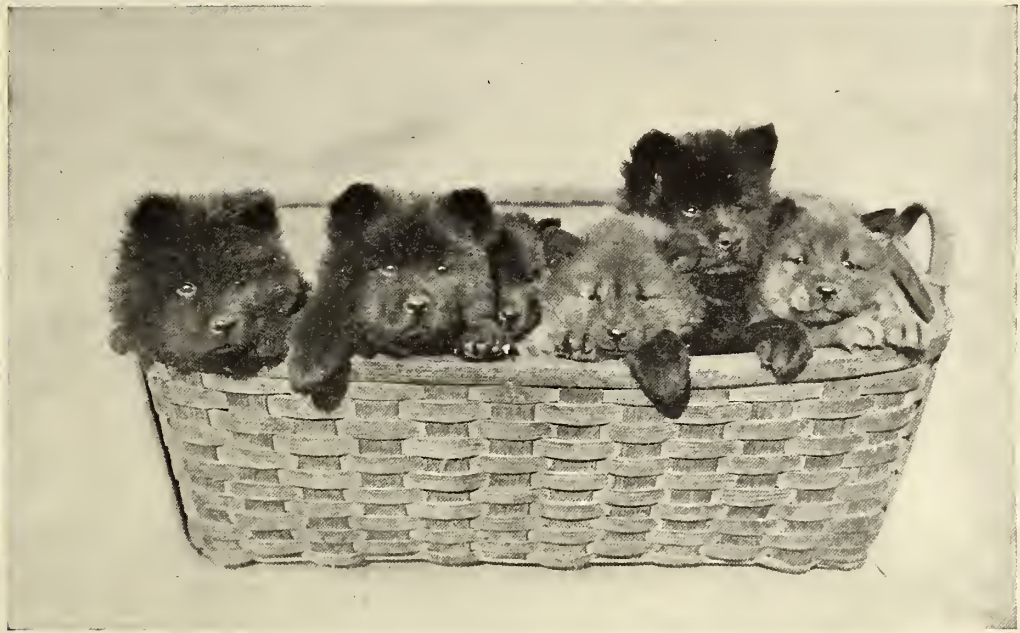
The flicker shouts across the fields;
The cheery chickadee
Hobnobs with all the sparrow folk,
Though they 're of low degree.

The nuthatch makes his daily round
And hammers on the bark—
Head up, head down, all one to him—
With many a loud remark.

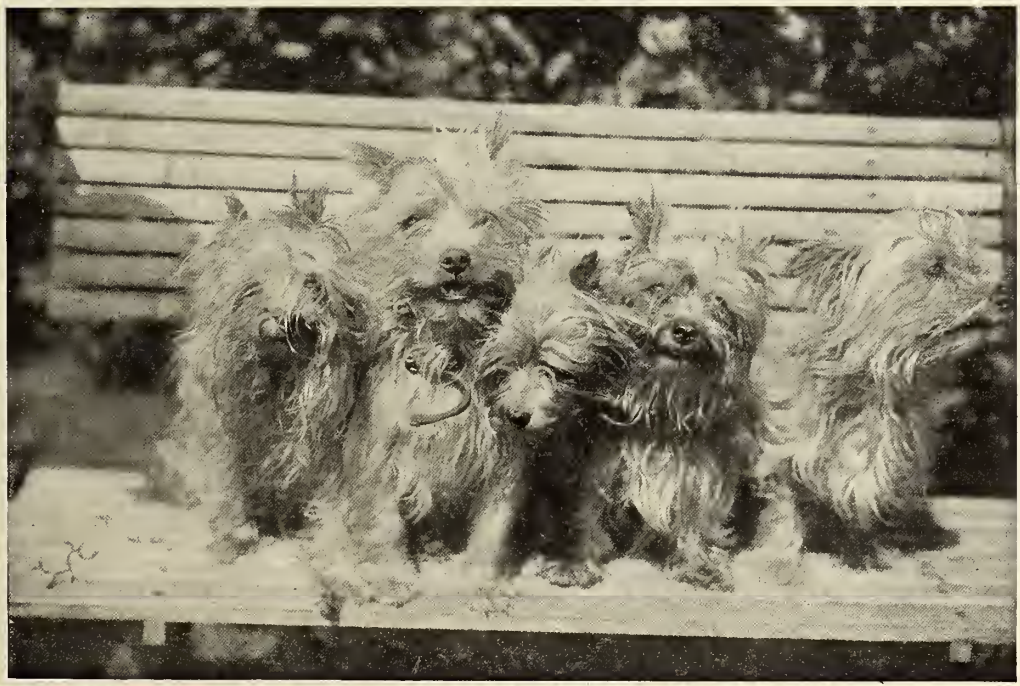
I grant they are not musical,
They sing no tuneful lays;
But, oh, they give a wondrous charm
To dull and gloomy days!
They break the deathlike calm that broods
Above the earth's white shroud;
They flutter in the leafless trees,
Beneath the rainy cloud.
They drift before the coming storm,
Half-hid in falling snow,
Like little ghosts of autumn leaves
Wind-driven to and fro.
When come the slow, dark, winter morns,
I hear them at my door;
They chirp their thanks for scattered crumbs,
And boldly beg for more.

I love the robin's matin-hymn,
The blackbird's whistle clear,
The vesper-sparrow's dulcet call,
When night is drawing near;
The yellowbird's persistent chant,
The phœbe's plaintive song,
But dear as well the cheery notes
That sound all winter long.
Bright is the robin's breast of red
On some bleak day in spring,
And gay the oriole's flaming coat,
The bluebird's azure wing;
But fair to me the winter birds,
In sober brown and gray,
The little brave and sturdy souls
Who do not go away!





A BASKET OF "CHOW" PUPPIES FROM CHINA.



A ROW OF "CHRYSANTHEMUM" TERRIERS FROM YORKSHIRE.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLARENCE A. PURCHASE.



THE "BLACK DOUGLAS"

BY DANIEL HENDERSON

BOBBY MCTAVISH was a little Scotch laddie whose parents had recently come across the water to live in an American city.

"Mithcr," said Bobby, coming in from the street one day, "ye 'll ha'e to buy me breeks. Kilts micht be fine in Scotland, but the American laddies mek fun o' them, and ca' them skirts."

"Ye 'll ha'e to put up with them a wee bit longer," replied his mother; "your faither canna' afford to buy ye breeks noo."

Bobby returned to the street. A group of girls invited him to play ring-toss with them, and he accepted.

Across the street, recent deserters from the Coombs Street branch of the Boy Scouts were decking themselves with feathers from an old duster, and streaking their faces with red chalk. "Scouts never did have as much fun as Injuns," "Buzz" Peters, the leader of the renegades, commented. "You never heard of 'em makin' folks run the gantlet, or scalpin' and burnin' 'em!"

The girls dispersed, and Bobby was left alone. He watched the renegades wistfully, and, at last, crossed to them. "It 's a bonnie, braw game ye 're playin'!" he ventured.

"Go 'long, Squaw Man!" Buzz hissed; "back to the tents! You 're not fit for the company of braves!"

Bobby eyed him defiantly. "Are ye callin' me names?" he asked threateningly.

"Can't ye understand Injun langwidge?" jeered Buzz. "I mean you 're a sissy! Back to the gals!"

"Because I played a wee bit wi' the lasses? Wad ye ha'e me refuse them when they begged me?"

"Course not," Buzz returned witheringly; "ain't you wearin' skirts?"

"They 're nae skirts! They 're kilts!"

"Aw, what 's the diff'? They 're gal's clothes!"

"They 're nae! The Hielanders wear kilts, an' they 're the brawest fechtin' men in the world!"

"They are, huh? I s'pose you wear 'em because you 're a scrapper!"

"Weel, I 've niver rin frae a battle!"

Buzz raised his fist. "D' ye see that?"

"Aye! It 's nae bigger than this!" Bobby raised his.

The two, however, did not go beyond these preliminaries. An alien warhoop startled them. Down the street swept a forest of sticks; under each stick scowled a negro boy. Plum Alley was on a rampage.

"Babe" Washington, the leader of the newcomers, rolled his eyes at our pugnacious pair. "Yo' all kin fight any time," he brawled. "Come on, now, an' fight a cullud pusson!" He pulled out from among his followers an under-sized dardy. "Heah 's our li'l' Black Champion," he blustered; "an' I backs him ag'in' any white boy!"

Buzz turned upon him what was meant to be a disarming countenance. "Look here, Babe," he said, in a very peaceful tone, "your gang an' our gang 've fought together against Stricker Streeters! What 's the use of scrappin' among ourselves?"

"We did n' need yo' gang, an' we doan' nevuh want yo' gang! If yo' 're wuff anything, buck up ag'in' li'l' Black Champion, heah."

The invitation remained unaccepted.

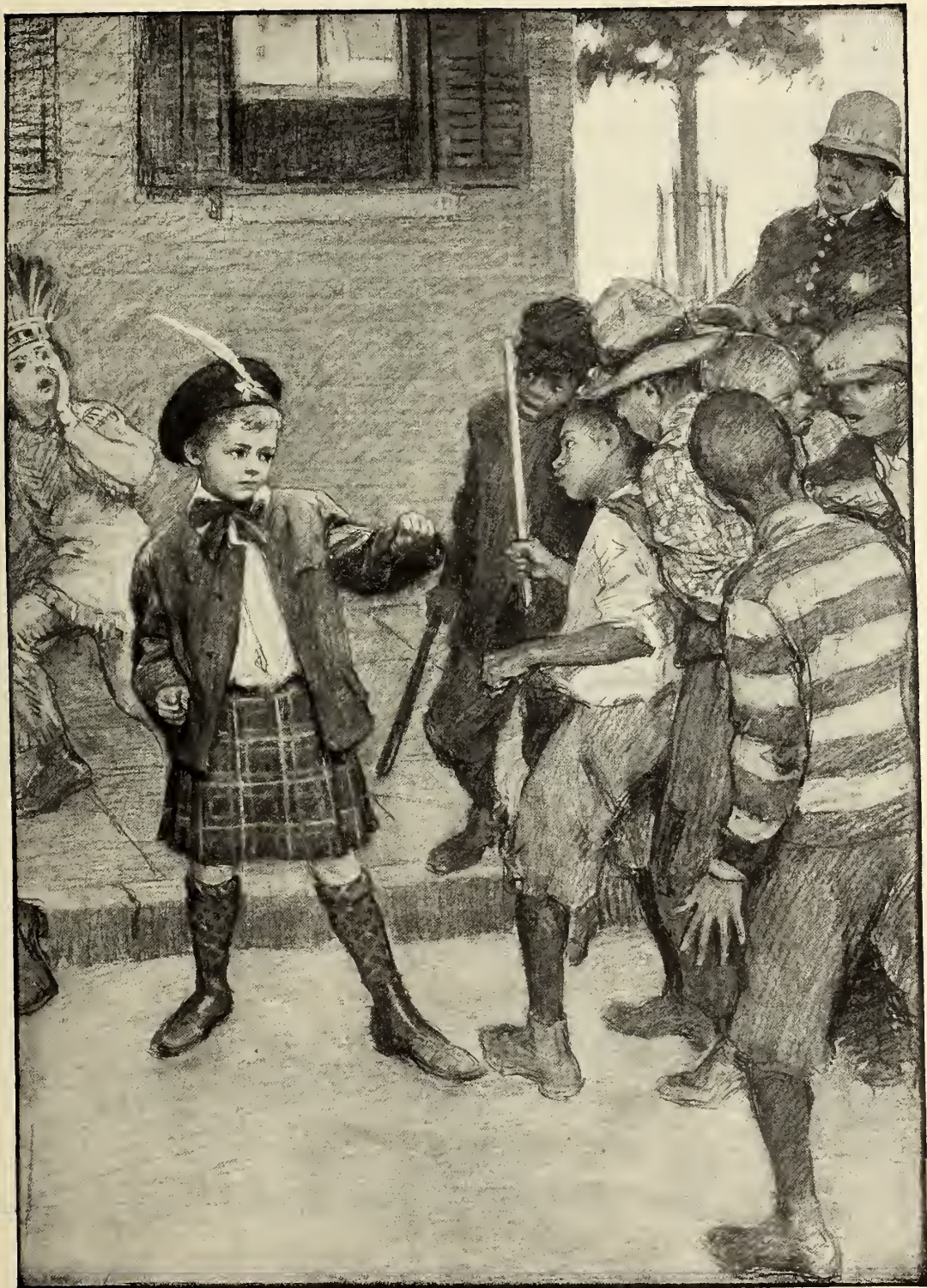
"Li'l' 'Rastus," Babe commanded; "mek 'em own up yo' kin lick 'em!"

The diminutive dardy did not bear the championship with much assurance, but, emboldened by the numbers behind him and the attitude of the white boys, he swaggered up to Buzz. "Kin I lick yo'?" he demanded. "Yo' dassent say I cain't."

"I 've got a sore knuckle—guess you kin," Buzz sullenly replied.

The negro confronted in turn Buzz's companions, but each, after an inward wrestle, answered as ignominiously. He came at last to Bobby.

"Kin I lick yo'? Ain't you got any mo' spunk dan dem other fellers?" Bobby heard. He thought of his boast to Buzz: "I 've niver rin frae a battle!" His companions saw in him the repre-



"'NAE BLACKAMoor CAN LICK A HIElander!' Cried BOBBY."

sentative of the Highlanders he had bragged about. Into what depths of shame would he plunge his countrymen if he shirked this encounter?

He shut his eyes to the odds against him.

"Ye can't lick me!" he cried. "Nae blackamoor can lick a Hielander!"

Then, not waiting for his foeman to act, he wrested, by a quick jerk, his stick from him, and swung it viciously.

To escape it the little Black Champion pressed frantically back upon those in the front rank of his supporters, and these in their turn fell back upon those behind them. They stepped, however, toward a greater danger—Officer Moriarty!

When they caught sight of him, he was almost upon them. It was beyond hope that all could escape the plunge he made, yet escape it they did, and down the street, helter-skelter, went blacks and whites!

Officer Moriarty's plunge ended in a sprawl. As he fell, however, he made a desperate grab at Bobby, who, until that moment, had not seen reason for flight. The peril revealed, Bobby wasted no time. With the huge fingers clutching his kilts, he leaped desperately in the direction of the other fugitives. Something ripped; a button bounced on the pavement; Moriarty scrambled to his feet—holding, with a look of deep chagrin, Bobby's kilts!

Peeping out of a friendly doorway around the corner, the renegades watched Bobby dash into view, his bare knees working like piston-rods.

"Blest if he ain't lost his petticoat!" ejaculated Buzz.

"Hi, Scotchie, dodge in here!" "Skinny" Webb bawled.

"Can ye tell me hoo I maun borrow a pair o' breeks?" Bobby asked as he came up. "Yon bobby's got ma kilts!"

Buzz, to whom friendship now seemed a desir-

able end, saw a way to achieve it. "Wear mine home, kiddo!" he said cordially; "you kin send 'em back by the fellers!"

Bobby demurred, but Buzz insisted on the sacrifice.

"No matter how brave a kid is," Skinny observed, as Bobby donned the corduroys, "kilts is bound to make him look sissy. It's a good thing Moriarty got Scotchie's!"

"They did n't make him look sissy when he was swingin' that club!" Buzz commented. "We took water from that little Black Champion," he continued, facing Bobby, unblushingly, "so as to see what you would do when your turn come, an' now, we've seen what stuff you're made of, we want you in our crowd. We've got your name picked out. You kin have 'Sittin' Bull'!"

Instead of being overwhelmed by the magnificent offer, Bobby looked doubtful. "I dinna' ken Sittin' Bull," he returned; "wad ye care if I ca'd mysel' the 'Black Douglas'?"

"'T ain't a coon name, is it?" Buzz asked, dubiously.

"Losh! It's the name o' a great warrior! He went to take the heart o' Robert Bruce to the Crusades, an' when the bludy Saracens surrounded him, he threw it in the thick o' them, cried, 'Heart or Death!' an' died, fechtin' his way to it! A' mon, he was a terrible graun' character! I thought o' him when I made for them blackamoors!"

"Sittin' Bull could n't beat a thing like that!" Buzz said with awe. "Course you kin call yourself after that Douglas feller!" But a shiver brought him back to the present. "Scoot home now!" he added, "an' send me back my britches quick! I'm gettin' chilly!"

"Mither," the Black Douglas said, as he burst into his mother's presence, having shed the corduroys at the front door, "ye'll just ha'e to buy me breeks noo! The bobby has ma kilts!"



THE LUCKY SIXPENCE

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE



"AGAIN THE TWO MEN WERE SEIZED WITH A FIT OF LAUGHTER." (SEE PAGE 410.)

CHAPTER IV

PIRATES

SPEECHLESS, and with a sinking heart, I watched my uncle hurry away till he disappeared behind some casks which were piled high upon the wharf. Whether he deliberately abandoned me or not, I never learned, but he had all the appearance of so doing. It may be that he waited to see what the outcome would be, and was ready to come to my rescue if worst came to worst. I hope so, for I should hate to think that any man, however hard-hearted, could leave a child in that fashion.

Then I turned to the boatman with tears in my eyes, for I felt so forlorn and deserted, that I knew not where else to look for help.

"Now don't be downhearted, missy," he said, in so kindly a tone that I was somewhat reassured. "You 're well rid of him. I might 'a' knowed 'e 'd get the best of me, the stingy Dutchman!

But don't you fear, I 'll be as good as my word, and land you on the *Bouncing Bet* safe and sound." And with that, he took my boxes and portmanteau, and put them in the little boat.

"But I can pay," I protested, taking out my purse, for Granny had given me all the sovereigns she had left.

"Nay," said the waterman, shaking his head vigorously; "keep your money, lass. I 'll hold to my word to take you to the *Bouncing Betsey*."

I had just picked my way down the slippery stone steps and seated myself in the boat, when a great commotion on the wharf attracted our attention. There was a loud halloing, cries of "Stop him! stop him!" rang sharply through the din, and then above our heads appeared the red face of a man, panting from running. He saw us. Without a word he scrambled down the steps and into the boat, and crying "Shove off!" he gave a huge push against the side of the dock that sent us ten yards into the stream.

"Row, man, row!" he shouted, stumbling about the boat and making it rock so violently that I was forced to hold on to the side in mortal terror for fear we would be upset.

The boatman plied his oars vigorously for a minute or two, but as we came out of the shadows of the dock, those ashore spied us, and several men shouted to us to stop; at which our boatman ceased his pulling.

But the other grabbed him fiercely by the shoulder.

"Pick up the oars!" he commanded, in a voice of thunder. "Will you let me be taken? Put me on the *Bouncing Betsey*, and 't will be the best-paid trip you ever made."

The boatman motioned as if he would do as the other bade him, but, with a glance at the shore, he shook his head.

"I cannot do it, master," he answered. "The minute I got back, they would clap me in jail for aiding you. But," he went on in a whisper, "you might bash me over the head—not hard, a little tap will do it, but make it look like something solid. When I 'm done for, you may do as you please with the boat. I 'm no friend of the bailiffs," he ended.

At that the new-comer raised his fist, and, with a great show of force, which was in reality only show, brought it down on the head of the boatman, who obligingly fell over backward, and was accommodating enough to pull himself well out of the way so that the other could take his place without hindrance. This the man did, and at once began to row a fast, strong stroke, which rapidly widened the breach between us and those on shore.

All this took but a few moments, and we were well out in the river when I recovered myself sufficiently to note what sort of a man it was who had so violently taken possession of the wherry. As he, too, was bound for the *Bouncing Betsey*, I was not a little frightened at what this chance portended.

He was an oldish man, a little gray about the temples, but short, thick-set, and very strong, as I could see by the way he pulled at the oars. Ever and anon, he glanced over his shoulder to make sure that he was rowing in the right direction, but he paid no attention to me; in fact, I doubt if he even knew that I was there, for, though, as he sat, we were directly facing each other, his eyes were fastened on the wharf.

We had gone on for five minutes perhaps, when the man spoke. "Here they come," he growled in an undertone, and I glanced back and saw that those ashore had found a boat, and were putting out and heading for us with all speed.

"They 'll not catch me now," he muttered, and before I realized it, we had come under the stern of a fine three-masted vessel which I knew must be the *Bouncing Betsey*.

Evidently those aboard had seen something of what was going on, for there was much commotion, and a number of heads peered down at us over the rail.

"Aboard there!" shouted the man, as he ceased rowing and brought the small boat alongside of the ship. "A line here, and be quick about it!"

He stood up, and, thrusting his hand in his pocket, took out some coins and tossed them on the bottom of the boat.

"That for a plaister, friend," he said to the boatman. "Now I 'm off, and belike you 're glad to be rid of a troublesome fare."

By that time a small rope ladder had been let down, and the man clutching it was about to spring up the side of the vessel.

"The other fare here is for you, master," said the boatman, sitting up and rubbing his head vigorously, for we were in plain sight of the shore, and the second boat was fast approaching.

The man looked at me squarely.

"What do you want aboard the *Bouncing Betsey*?" he asked.

"I am to go to Mr. Travers," I answered meekly.

"Aye, to be sure," he murmured to himself. "Come then, lad, be quick about it, or we 'll never leave the Thames."

How it was accomplished I never have known, but, with the help of those above and the man below, I found myself aboard the vessel with my boxes around me; where, for all the attention that was paid to me, I might as well have been upon the London docks.

But I thought little of that. There was enough going on to keep me interested, you may be sure, for no sooner had my companion of the waterman's boat come aboard the *Bouncing Betsey*, than I realized at once what I might have guessed, namely, that he was the captain of the vessel. It was plainly evident the moment he set foot on deck.

"All hands make sail!" he shouted, and something like a dozen men leaped to obey him, so that ropes began to creak, the sails were run up, and I knew that we were preparing to move away at once. The captain stood near the bulwarks, watching the approach of his pursuers, and at last they came within hailing distance.

"We 're coming aboard," they shouted, and the captain gave a hearty laugh.

"Nay," he called back to them, "not to-day, I reckon." But they came on determinedly.



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“‘AHOY THERE! WHAT VESSEL IS THAT, AND WHERE IS SHE BOUND?’” (SEE PAGE 411.)

The captain looked down at them, and jeered as they bumped against the vessel.

"Now," said he, "that 's far enough. You can do as you please on the Thames water, but the first man that tries to board the *Bet*, him I 'll knock on the head"; and he reached out and picked up a short iron spike, and shook it at them.

There was much talk then, and brandishing of papers with red seals upon them, to which the captain paid not the slightest attention; and finally, a man, who I afterward learned was the mate, Mr. Green, came to him, saying that all was ready.

"Up anchor!" he shouted. Then, leaning over the bulwarks, he called down, "Good-by to you. We 're moving on," and waved a hand pleasantly.

"Stop!" they shouted in chorus, and then one of them, rising to his feet, cried: "I arrest you, Captain Timmons, in the name of the king!"

At that the captain gave a great laugh, and snapped his fingers.

"That for your king! We 've done with such as kings where I 'm going," and he sprang to the wheel.

The *Bouncing Betsey*, catching a fair wind in her sails, slowly gathered speed, and we left them behind.

The men in the small boat were helpless, and as the water widened between us, one of them bawled at the top of his lungs:

"We 'll have you and your pirate crew before sundown."

The last sight of them I had, they were evidently berating the friendly waterman for his assistance to our captain; but he was rubbing his head vigorously, and I have no doubt he related a lengthy tale of the beating he had had, for I saw the men row off, leaving him to make his way ashore.

At the time, I thought little of this. My heart was in my throat, for here was I, a little girl aboard a pirate ship, with a captain who snapped his fingers at the king, and defied the officers of the law. What would become of me I feared to think.

CHAPTER V

I MAKE MY BED

FOR a long time, no one paid the slightest attention to me. The captain stood at the wheel, shouting orders to the sailors. The wind blew strongly from behind us, and soon we were rushing through the water with a great white wave under our bows.

We threaded our way through the shipping until we came to the broad reaches of the river, where, everything being done to his satisfaction,

the captain released the wheel to one of the sailors, and there was a pause in the mad rush of work.

All this had taken several hours, during which time I had sat by a mast not far from the wheel, looking at the strange activity with so much interest that I forgot myself now and then.

Presently the captain and the mate came near, the former talking gruffly.

"We 've been informed on," he was saying. "Had I stopped another ten minutes ashore, we had never gotten away. As it is, they will have a ship after us. Heaven send the wind holds."

"But is it war, sir?" asked the mate.

"Aye, the fat is in the fire," cried the captain.

The mate nodded solemnly.

"Do they guess what it is we carry?" he questioned.

"Nay, they do not guess, *they know!*" answered the captain. "We 've been blown upon, I tell you. By whom I cannot think, nor did I stop to find out, but there are those left who will attend to that."

"Then they 'll be after us?"

"Aye, there 'll be ships of the line searching the seas for us," replied the captain, "but whether the orders have already been given or not, I do not know. Once at sea, I 'll breathe easier, for with plenty of wind, the *Bet* will show her heels to the best of them. But I carry here something worth more than all the cargo," he went on, tapping his breast pocket. He dropped his voice and evidently was about to confide to the mate what the precious burden he carried was, for he looked about him to make sure he was not overheard. Then he saw me, a forlorn and dismal little figure seated on one of my boxes at the foot of the mast.

"Hello!" he cried. "Bless us, but here 's the lad for Mr. Travers, clean forgot!"

The two men looked down at me seriously for what seemed a long time, and then the captain, smiling encouragingly, stepped forward and patted me on the shoulder.

"Nay, lad, it is n't as bad as that," he cried in a hearty voice. "Come, come, we want no fearful boys aboard the *Betsey*, and you look as if you had seen a ghost."

"Come along, my lad," said Mr. Green, in a kindly tone, stooping down and picking up my portmanteau; "we 'll have one of the men put your boxes in the hold, and I 'll show you where you 're to sleep."

We went down a steep ladder-like stairway, through a sort of hall with a table fixed in the center, which I took to be the dining-room, and from this into what would have made a small powdering-closet in the Dower-House. It had

one little, round window rather like the hole through which the wigs were thrust to be powdered so that the dust might fall within, but here a wave would slap against it now and then. On the opposite side were two narrow shelves piled with some rather untidy bedclothes.

"Here we are," said Mr. Green. "This is to be your cabin. You 'll have it all to yourself,—so make yourself at home."

I looked about me in dismay. Was this the place I was expected to sleep in? This narrow, stuffy little box with unkempt furnishings and mussed bed-coverings. All the housewifely training that I had had under Marlett's eyes came uppermost in my feelings, and my fingers itched to put things to rights.

"Am I to sleep here?" I asked uncertainly.

"Aye," said Mr. Green. "You find it small?"

"I find it very stuffy and untidy," I answered. "I doubt if these things have been aired this day." And I pulled at the bedclothes.

"Nay, nor for a week," answered Mr. Green, quietly watching me.

"Then 't is time 't was done." And straightway I went at the task of tidying up the little closet.

For a while Mr. Green watched me, saying nothing, but now and then murmuring to himself as if uncertain. Then, as I patted the pillows to plump them, I heard him give a kind of snort.

"Save us!" he cried, "'t is a lassie!" And I turned a scarlet face to him. The secret was out.

"I knew it!" he said triumphantly. "No lad would have been so keen to put his berth to rights. Tell me," he went on sternly, "how came you here? Mr. Travers bade us bring a boy."

With that I sat on the edge of the lower bed, and, keeping back the tears as well as I could, told him the whole of the pitiful tale from beginning to end. Mr. Green never interrupted once, and I thought, as I proceeded, that his face softened somewhat.

"And so you see," I ended, "as neither of the boys was let come, and as I could not die, and wished not to keep Granny from a good home in her old age, I thought I 'd go to Mr. Travers."

"And what will he do with you?" asked Mr. Green.

"I 'm not sure," I answered hesitatingly, "but I hope he is a kind old gentleman who will give me some work to do about his wampum for my food."

"His what?" asked the mate, his face wrinkling.

"His wampum," I repeated, a little uncertainly. "Horrie, that 's my older brother, you know, says it 's a wigwim, but brother Hal insisted—"

I got no further. Mr. Green was doubled up with convulsions of mirth, at what I knew not, for my situation seemed anything but mirthful.

Suddenly he became grave again, and rose to his feet from the side of the berth upon which he had subsided.

"I must to the captain with this," he said. "Stay you here till I come back." And out he went on the run.

I had no idea of what this portended, but I was somewhat reassured by the fact that the mate had laughed, even though I knew not why. Still my heart was heavy within me.

Presently the captain came blustering in, with a scowl upon his face.

"What 's this I hear?" he growled as he entered. "The mate tells me you are no boy, but a lassie. What 's the meaning of it?"

I looked appealingly at Mr. Green, who had followed the captain, feeling that I might gain some help from him, he being the less gruff of the two; but he said nothing, only twisted his mouth in a queer way, keeping his eyes on the floor of the little cabin.

So once more I went over my tale from the beginning, while the two men listened.

But the mate did not seem satisfied with the manner of the telling, for, when I stopped, he shook his head.

"You have n't told it all," he insisted. "Why did you think that Mr. Travers would keep you if we took you to him?"

"I thought I could be useful, and help to care for his wampum," I answered innocently. "Granny says I am quite a good housewife—" but I went no further, for the captain had become very red in the face, and acted as if he had a severe colic. I looked anxiously at the mate, but he was again convulsed with laughter.

"Perhaps my brother Horrie was right, after all," I tried to explain. "Is it, indeed, a wigwim, as he said?"

But they paid no heed to my question, and the captain got redder and redder in the face, so that I began to fear he was in great pain.

"I think he is ill, sir," I cried to the mate. "Granny says that a little camphor on a lump of sugar is excellent for colicky pains." At which the captain exploded into boisterous laughter.

"And what did you think you would do in Mr. Travers's ah—wigwim?" asked the captain after a time.

I was much embarrassed, but I answered bravely that I would try to be as useful as I could.

"Granny says I learn very quickly," I ended; "and I think I would soon be able to cook his

lions and tigers, and make his dresses out of their skins."

Again the two men were seized with a fit of laughter, in the midst of which the captain sputtered: "Dearly would I love to see Mr. Travers, in a tiger-skin dress of your making, walk into Philadelphia of a morning."

At length they became sober again, and both looked at me as they might at some bird or beast that was strange to them.

"And now what 's to be done with her?" asked Mr. Green.

"Nay, you need not worry your head about that," said the captain; "she goes with us."

"Mr. Travers told me to bring a boy," protested the mate; "and what will he say when he sees the lass?"

"That 's your lookout," returned the captain.

"And what will he do with her?"

"And that 's his," grunted the other, with a chuckle.

"I 'm sure he will say we should have turned back with her," the mate insisted, at which the captain blustered furiously.

"Mr. Green," he said, "if it were ten lassies shipped to Mr. Washington himself, I 'd not put back with our cargo. Beside, no one has made me laugh like that in a twelvemonth. But I wish she were safe ashore, for I won't be taken."

"Then we 'll fight?" cried the mate.

"Aye, or sink," muttered the captain; and the mate nodded approval. "And it 's like to be one or the other if we fall afoul of a war-ship," he added under his breath.

And as he spoke, there came a call from the deck above us:

"Ship of the line under full sail off the star-board bow!"

Captain Timmons and the mate jumped to their feet, each turning a little pale, I thought.

CHAPTER VI

A YANKEE TRICK

CAPTAIN TIMMONS and the mate started for the door, but the former halted at the threshold.

"Wait!" he commanded sharply. "I must think what 's best to do."

"There 's nothing to do but fight," said Mr. Green; "and what chance have we with a ship of the line?"

"Easy, easy," said the captain, and I noticed that he was the cooler and more self-possessed of the two. "Perhaps she 's out of Portsmouth, in which case she 's not been sent to intercept us, but is coming in to refit."

"She 'll stop us, anyway," said the mate.

"They 'll never let an American vessel out of their clutches, and the *Betsey* 's known now."

"Aye," agreed the captain, "she 's known, and what 's to do?"

He paced the cabin once or twice, and then came to a stop.

"No good standing here twiddling our thumbs," he burst out. "We can't paint out the *Bet*'s name, nor would I if we could; but we can hide it. Yes, we can hide it. Mr. Green, get some paint and brushes, and sling men overside. Let some stand in front of the letters. Tell them to work as if they were repainting, but to cover the name with their bodies. 'T is a slim chance, but take it we must. If she stops us, we 're lost, and I 'll sink the *Betsey* before I let them capture her."

"Aye, aye!" cried the mate. "That 's talking."

The captain's eye fell on me. "Come, lass," he said; "come on deck and stand ready to do as I tell you, for there 's no knowing what is in store for us now."

And so saying, he led the way to the deck, followed by Mr. Green and myself.

There we found the sailors clustered in the bow, talking excitedly, and, as we appeared, they pointed ahead to a huge and stately ship, tacking back and forth across the broad mouth of the river some two miles away. Even at that distance, I could see that she was a great vessel and would make two or three of the *Betsey*. Beyond, I caught a glimpse of the open sea, and already we began to rise and dip with the swell coming in from the ocean. The mate gave orders right and left, and very soon men with paint-cans were over the side, busy with dry brushes, but acting their part as if their lives depended upon it, as perhaps they did. But there was evidently little to do until we should see what course the other ship would take.

It was an anxious time, and I, standing near the captain, who kept his eyes on the huge vessel rapidly approaching, scarce can explain how I felt. I was quite certain that the *Bouncing Betsey* was no honest craft, or she would not be fleeing from the law, as she evidently was, and yet, even then, I had thrown my fortunes in with hers, and I was as anxious as any to have her pass in safety. Naturally I could n't help worrying for my own fate. What would happen if we were told to stop and did n't? The *Bouncing Betsey* was not a war-vessel, that I knew, and the great ship of the line would make short work of her if it came to blows. On the other hand, Captain Timmons had left no doubt in my mind about what he would do in case he was stopped, and I had seen enough of him to know that he was not a man to hesitate at anything.

The captain and the mate stood together, looking ahead. Now and then one or the other would make a short remark which showed their anxiety, but there was little of fear in their demeanor.

And all the time the two ships were drawing together. Soon I could see that there were rows and rows of little windows piercing her high sides, at each of which there stuck out the muzzle of a cannon, so that she fairly bristled, and I shuddered at what must happen if she fired a broadside at the little *Betsey*.

On they came, and our anxiety became extreme. Save Captain Timmons, every man on the ship seemed unable to stand still, and stamped the deck or took short walks away from the bulwarks, only to turn again and look at the oncoming vessel.

Captain Timmons leaned against the rail, searching the ship with a spy-glass, but seemingly unperturbed and resolute.

"She has an eye to us," he muttered to the mate, "and I doubt not means to stop us."

By this time, we could see that the deck of the war-vessel was filled with sailors who seemed as intent upon us as we on them, for the bulwarks were lined with faces showing very white in the rays of the afternoon sun, and all turned in our direction. At the after-end of the vessel, we could see a cluster of men watching us from a sort of raised platform. These I soon discovered were the officers, and it was on them that Captain Timmons directed his glass.

Suddenly he turned to the mate.

"They 're about to hail us," he cried; "go you, and tell the men to cheer—cheer as if their lives depended upon it, and to keep it up until I stop them. Dip our colors to them, and mayhap they 'll let us off, thinking we 're British. If not, these can sink us. But they like to be flattered, these navy fellows, and I 'm willing to give them a cheer if it saves the *Bet*."

The mate stepped off at once, going among the men, and when he returned, the captain ordered him to the wheel.

"Keep her as she is," he said. "Hold her course for America, and don't change it till I tell you—which will be never," he ended under his breath.

We were almost within hailing distance now, and I noticed a man on the war-ship, very much dressed and covered with gold braid, who stepped to the side and raised a shining trumpet to his lips. Then came a hail.

"Ahoy there! What vessel is that, and where is she bound?"

The captain sprang into the rigging eagerly.

"Cheer, men!" he cried; "cheer for your

lives!" and he led off at the top of his lungs. For a moment, the sound was deafening, and at the same time, one of the sailors dipped the colors. I noticed, too, that the men who were over the side hugged close against the ship, cheering with the others, and waving paint-brushes above their heads, but all the while very careful to hide the name.

We were almost abreast now, and I could see the words *The Good Will* painted in gold beside the figurehead.

"What vessel is that?" came the hail again.

Captain Timmons, placing a hand on each side of his mouth, gave a roar as if he were answering, but there were no words to it, though he acted as if he had given the desired information, waving his hand, and trying in every way he could, to seem most friendly. Then he turned to his own men again.

"Cheer!" he cried to them; "do you call that cheering? Yell, every mother's son of you!" and he waved his arm and shouted so hard that his voice rose above the din of the others.

We were opposite them now, so close that a man might have thrown a stone from one vessel to the other, and I could see the naval officers talking earnestly together as if discussing something. Again the man called to us through his trumpet, and again the captain bawled back, at which there was a great shaking of heads.

"We do not understand you. What ship is that, and where bound?"

It was the critical moment. Even I could see that. Several of the officers had their heads half turned as if listening, while another held up his hand as a signal for their own men to be quiet, for they had been answering our cheers. Again our captain, standing on the rail with one hand grasping the rigging, leaned far out toward the other vessel and began making the same indescribable sound as he had before, but this time with great deliberation, as if he were trying to make them understand, while all the time his own men were keeping up their cheering with all their might.

Again there was the perplexed shaking of heads on the part of the officers of the ship, and once more the trumpet was raised and the questions repeated.

At this Captain Timmons appeared very angry, and shook his head from side to side.

"I 've told you three times now," he shouted. "Are you all deaf? I said we were the *B-r-r-r-r-r B-r-r-r-r-r* of *B-m-m-m-m-m B-m-m-m-m-m*." And he jumped down on the deck, and turned his back to the king's ship, as if he were disgusted and would pay no further attention to them.

In the meanwhile we had passed, and now the water between us was widening rapidly.

After this last sally, I could see the officers still shaking their heads, but one of them laughed as if some one had jested, and then the others followed his example. All save the man with the trumpet, who seemed very angry, and was talking excitedly as he pointed at us. For a moment matters stood thus, and it was touch-and-go what would be done, for not again could the captain play them the trick of seeming to answer, and yet not doing so. The next command from the ship would be for us to stop, and then the trouble would be upon us.

All aboard the *Betsey* watched breathlessly that short pantomime on the *Good Will*. The officer with the trumpet, still pointing at us, was in hot argument with the others, who continued to laugh. Which would have the better of it?

Once the officer raised the trumpet to his lips, and I heard Captain Timmons groan, but the next moment, another of the officers seized his arm, and we were saved.

"'T was a close call," grunted the captain, and I noted that his face was drawn and tense as he heaved a great sigh and turned to the mate with an order.

"We 've e'en given them the slip so far," he muttered, "but they 'll be after us the minute they have the news of us from London."

Half an hour later, we had passed the mouth of the Thames. A heavy wind was behind us, and, with every sail set, we hurried on, while the night settled down, blotting out the English coast, which I was not to see again for many years.

The captain, mate, and I had supper together, but it was a rather silent meal.

After, though I was very tired, I fetched my little book of maxims from my portmanteau and set down in it the adventures of that day, adding a line or two about the new acquaintances I had made.

Of Captain Timmons I wrote the following:

He is not at all courteous to the sailors, but he seems a nice man for a pirate.

So began my voyage to the Americas, and when at last I crawled into my little bunk, tired, homesick, and heart-sick, I could scarce realize that it was but that morning I had said good-bye to Granny and the boys. It seemed a year since I had left them. I tried to be brave, but I fear my pillow was wet before I dropped off to sleep, for, after all, I was but a little girl.

I said my prayers with a very full heart, and was comforted so that I felt less lonely, shut up in that stuffy little closet listening to the creak-

ing of the ship as she tossed about in the great waves, the rush and rattle of the wind in the rigging, and the splash of the water against the window. Once the prophecy of the Egyptian occurred to me, and I remembered the words, "she shall find happiness across great waters." Perhaps—but would I ever get across? I was far from certain that night.

The next morning I awoke mid such strange sounds and noise of rushing waters, that, at first, I scarce knew where I was. The ship swayed fearsomely, so that, as the little window in my cabin was completely under the waves at one minute and high above them the next, I thought I knew why our ship had been called the *Bouncing Betsey*. Surely did she bounce, not only from side to side, but up and down as well.

It was with great reluctance that I left my little sleeping-shelf at all, but I was fearful that the ship was about to sink, and had no wish to drown in that narrow closet.

Only with difficulty was I able to dress myself, for, once out of the bunk, I was so violently tossed about and banged against the sides of my cabin, that, for a time, I thought I should never get into my clothing, and was thankful that the room was not larger. As it was, I finally sat upon the floor, and in a short space found that there was a certain order to the movements of the ship, and that if I awaited my opportunity, I could manage fairly well.

I was ready at length, and waited a shift of the boat to go out into the larger room, but I miscalculated, and just as I released the latch, the *Betsey* gave herself a great fling, and I shot out as if some one had pushed me forth violently. I uttered a cry, and spread out my arms, hoping to clutch something to stay my progress; but there was nothing there, and I went reeling straight into Captain Timmons, who, with Mr. Green, was seated at the table, eating breakfast.

The captain caught me, and with a laugh set me on a stool beside him, which, fortunately, was fast to the floor.

"Good morning, lass," he shouted above the roar of the wind and seas. "I did not look for so warm a greeting—such an one as I might have had from my own daughter, who is like to be your age. So, you see, I am old enough to be your father, and we must not mind the clumsy tricks of the *Bouncing Betsey* in bumping folk about."

But I felt much embarrassed. I had made a most unseemly entrance into the room, and for some time my cheeks burned at the thought of it.

On one matter I was quickly reassured. Both the captain and the mate seemed so entirely calm

and unafraid, that I was certain my anxiety for the safety of the ship was unnecessary. Nevertheless I spoke of it, for it seemed well-nigh impossible to me that even so stout a vessel should not be battered to pieces by the constant pounding of the waters upon her deck.

"Fear not for the *Betsey*," cried the captain; "she's stanch, and the harder it blows the better I like it. We need wind, and the more the merrier. I have no mind to be picked up by the king's ship that is following us, or soon will be."

Then the cabin-boy brought me my breakfast, which I was glad to see, for I was hungry as I had never been before in my life; and, although I was more used to having tea, I drank the black coffee, and liked it, but I cannot say as much for the hard biscuits we had in place of bread.

The two men watched me curiously, nodding to one another now and then. I thought perhaps they were amused at my huge appetite.

"It must be the sea that has given me such a hunger," I said by way of excuse, at which both laughed.

"Hast been to sea before?" asked the mate,

and when I shook my head, he chuckled with apparent satisfaction.

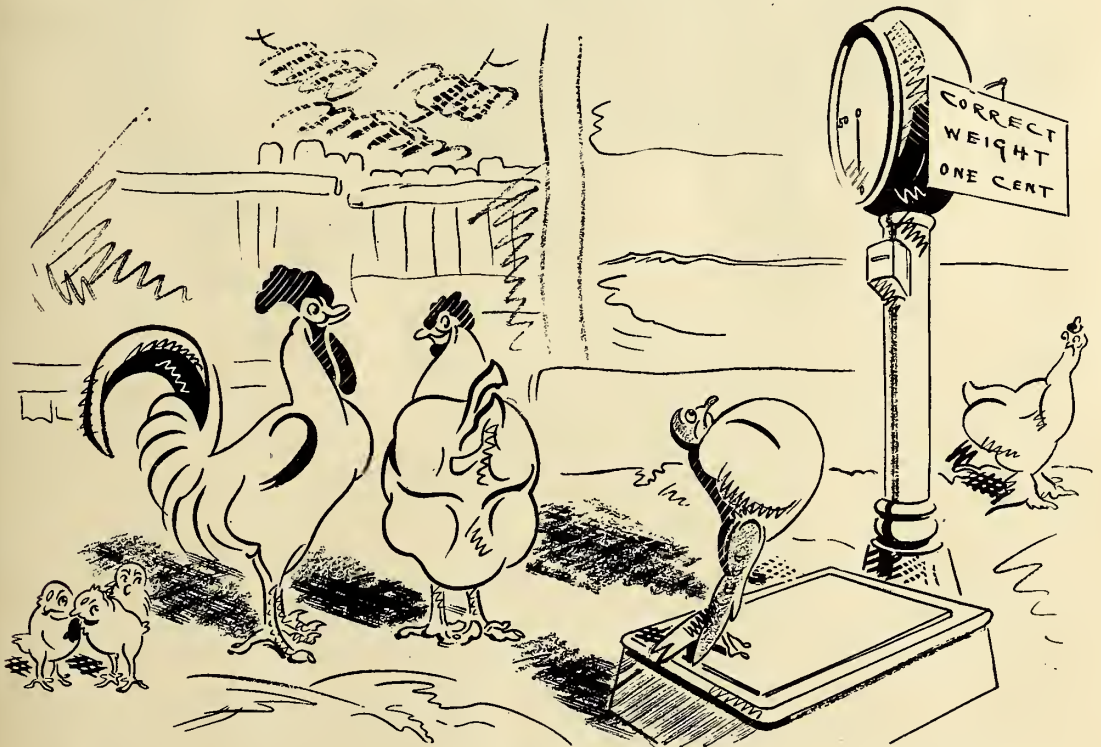
"She's a born sailor," said the captain.

And so it turned out, for on all that long voyage, I was never ill a moment.

After breakfast, the captain took me on deck, holding me tightly for fear I should be cast into the ocean; though, in a day or two, I found my "sea-legs," as he expressed it, and could go about with entire safety. But on this, my first morning, my heart stood still as I looked upon the tumbling water that rose and fell as far as I could see. No other vessel was in sight, and the *Betsey* seemed very small in the center of that vast circle made by the horizon. Every sail was set, and she tore along, rising and falling, like a living thing.

Again I became fearful that we should be overwhelmed, the sea seemed so mighty and the *Betsey* so tiny, but the captain reassured me, and I saw the sailors going about their duties, some singing, others whistling, and all quite unconcerned, so that my courage returned to me, and I began to take more interest in my surroundings.

(To be continued.)



THE POUTER: "IT SEEMS TO ME I DON'T WEIGH MUCH, FOR A BIRD OF MY SIZE AND IMPORTANCE!"

JATAKA TALES

RE-TOLD BY ELLEN C. BABBITT

(From "The Jatakas," published by the Cambridge University Press, England)

THE OX WHO WON THE FORFEIT

LONG ago a man owned a very strong Ox. The owner was so proud of his Ox, that he boasted to every man he met about how strong his Ox was.

One day the owner went into a village, and said to the men there: "I will pay a forfeit of a thousand pieces of silver if my strong Ox cannot draw a line of one hundred wagons."

The men laughed, and said: "Very well; bring your Ox, and we will tie a hundred wagons in a line and see your Ox draw them along."

At last he got up and went about his work. When he went to feed the Ox that night, the Ox turned to him and said: "Why did you whip me to-day? You never whipped me before. Why did you call me 'wretch' and 'rascal'? You never called me hard names before."



ESMORTH
YOUNG

"THEN THE OWNER WHIPPED HIS OX, AND SAID: 'GET ALONG, YOU RASCAL!'"

So the man brought his Ox into the village. A crowd gathered to see the sight. The hundred carts were in line, and the strong Ox was yoked to the first wagon.

Then the owner whipped his Ox, and said: "Get up, you wretch! Get along, you rascal!"

But the Ox had never been talked to in that way, and he stood still. Neither the blows nor the hard names could make him move.

At last the poor man paid his forfeit, and went sadly home. There he threw himself on his bed and cried: "Why did that strong Ox act so? Many a time he has moved heavier loads easily. Why did he shame me before all those people?"

Then the man said: "I will never treat you badly again. I am sorry I whipped you and called you names. I will never do so any more. Forgive me."

"Very well," said the Ox. "To-morrow I will go into the village and draw the one hundred carts for you. You have always been a kind master until to-day. To-morrow you shall gain what you lost."

The next morning the owner fed the Ox well, and hung a garland of flowers about his neck. When they went into the village, the men laughed at the man again.

They said: "Do you come to lose more money?"

"To-day I will pay a forfeit of two thousand pieces of silver if my Ox is not strong enough to pull the one hundred carts," said the owner.

So again the carts were placed in a line, and

He patted him, and at once the Ox pulled with all his strength. The carts moved on until the last cart stood where the first had been.

Then the crowd shouted, and they paid back



"THE OWNER FED THE OX WELL, AND HUNG A GARLAND OF FLOWERS ABOUT HIS NECK."

the Ox was yoked to the first. A crowd came to watch again. The owner said: "Good Ox, show how strong you are! You fine, fine creature!"

the forfeit the man had lost, saying, "Your Ox is the strongest Ox we ever saw."

And the Ox and the man went home, happy.

THE SANDY ROAD

ONCE upon a time a merchant, with his goods packed in many carts, came to a desert. He was on his way to the country on the other side of the desert.

The sun shone on the fine sand, making it as hot as the top of a stove. No man could walk on it in the sunlight. But at night, after the sun went down, the sand cooled, and then men could travel upon it.

So the merchant waited until after dark, and then set out. He took jars of water and of rice, and fire-wood, so that the rice could be cooked, besides the goods that he was going to sell.

All night long he and his men rode on and on. One man was the pilot. He rode first, for he knew the stars, and by them he guided the drivers.

At daybreak they stopped and camped. They unyoked the oxen, and fed them. They built fires and cooked the rice. Then they spread a great awning over all the carts and the oxen, and the men lay down under it to rest until sunset.

In the early evening, they again built fires and

cooked rice. After supper, they folded the awning and put it away. They yoked the oxen, and, as soon as the sand was cool, they started again on their journey across the desert.

Night after night they traveled in this way, resting during the heat of the day. At last one morning the pilot said: "In one more night we shall get out of the sand." The men were glad to hear this, for they were tired.

After supper that night the pilot said: "You may as well throw away all the water we have, and the fire-wood. By to-morrow morning we shall be in the city. Yoke the oxen and start on."

Then the pilot took his place at the head of the line. But, instead of sitting up and guiding the drivers, he lay down in the wagon on the cushions. Soon he was fast asleep, because he had not slept for many nights, and the light had been so strong in the daytime that he had not slept well then.

All night long the oxen went on. Near daybreak, the pilot awoke and looked at the last stars

fading in the light. "Halt!" he called to the drivers. "We are in the same place where we were yesterday. The oxen must have turned about while I slept."

They unyoked the oxen, but there was no water

They jumped up, and hurried to the spot where the grass grew. They began to dig, and by and by they struck a rock. The pilot jumped down into the hole they had dug, and put his ear to the rock. "I hear water running under this rock!"



"THEY BUILT FIRES AND COOKED THE RICE."

for them to drink. They had thrown away the water that was left the night before. So the men spread the awning over the carts, and the oxen lay down, tired and thirsty. The men, too, lay down, saying, "The wood and water are gone—we are lost."

All except the pilot. He walked on while the morning was still cool, saying to himself, "I must do something. If I lose heart, all these men and animals will die." Looking ahead, he saw a tuft of grass. "There must be water somewhere below, or that grass would not be there," he said.

"Come here and bring a hoe and shovel! I am sure we shall find water," he called to his men.

he called to them. "Throw a hammer down to me!"

The pilot split the rock in two, and he had hardly time to get out of the well before it was full of cool water. The men drank as if they never could get enough, and then they watered the oxen, and bathed.

Then they split up their extra yokes and axles, and built a fire, and cooked their rice. Feeling better, they rested through the day. They set up a flag on the well for travelers to see.

At sundown, they started on again, and the next morning reached the city, where they sold the goods, and then returned safely home.



"'THERE MUST BE WATER SOMEWHERE BELOW,' HE SAID."

A CAT OF HIGH DEGREE

BY ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH

IN the State of New Jersey there is a town called Metuchen, the only place of that name in the world. In the town of Metuchen there is a large Colonial house on a hill, and in this house lives a famous writer of stories and novels, with her husband, two maids, and a beautiful yellow Angora cat.

One might suppose the household would revolve about the mistress of it, Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, a writer whose name is known in all lands where stories are read; but, as a matter of fact, there are times when it revolves around Lord Kew, a cat of high degree presented to Mrs. Freeman by the wife of a well-known sculptor.

When Lord Kew was offered to Mrs. Freeman, several years ago, there seemed to be a very serious objection to his coming—a serious objection that goes by the name of Jack. He is a bull-terrier with a great reputation as a fighter, though peaceable enough at home, in the Freeman house. It was feared that Jack might make a meal of the little Persian kitten, and so Mrs. Freeman planned that if the kitten arrived in time, a friend from New England who was visiting her should take it home with her and keep it for a while, until it should be grown-up and stand a better chance with Jack. But, by a strange combination of circumstances, the friend had to leave in the morning, and a maid arrived with the cat at noon. That is how Lord Kew was obliged to become at once a member of the Freeman family, while Jack was exiled to out-of-doors or the cellar. They were introduced with fear and trembling on the part of the household, but to every one's surprise, it was Lord Kew that wanted to quarrel, not Jack. They soon grew to be friends, and in a few months were living together in a most peaceable manner.

On his arrival Lord Kew was a scrawny kitten, with matted hair, and a scrap of a tail. But he had a beautiful face, pensive, if one can apply such an adjective to a cat; with lovely eyes of many hues blended into an exquisite, jewel-like, golden brown. Under careful brushing, and the baths he gave himself with his ever-ready pink wash-cloth, he grew into a magnificent specimen of an Angora, yellow and cream, with a tail like a great plume, and a manner at once dignified and friendly to those he knew.

What he should be fed was a perplexing question at first. Milk he refused, and always has,

though drinking plenty of water. Meats he would have none of, except a dainty portion of chicken occasionally. I dislike to record it of such an aristocratic being, but Kew has been brought up on codfish, just plain, plebeian codfish and potato. It is prepared as one prepares codfish-balls, only



A GOOD-MORNING GREETING.

it is not fried. Codfish he loves, and apparently codfish agrees with him. He eats several pounds a week, mixed with potatoes. To paraphrase an old rhyme:

Codfish and spuds* are the chief of his diet,
And keep this Angora contented and quiet.

Cats are the daintiest of animals, so it is doubtless due to Lord Kew's daintiness in eating that he often takes his fish in a peculiar way. To eat from the soft mass would bring his aristocratic nose against it, so he may be seen scooping small portions up with his claws and eating it thus from his paw.

Although an enchanting and adorable feline, Kew is a sinner in the matter of rugs and up-

* "A provincial term for potato."—CENTURY DICTIONARY.

holstered furniture. He took a particular liking to a superb tiger-skin rug, and used his claws on it freely, in spite of scoldings and whippings. Two large red velvet chairs he treated in the same way. All these had to be sent away for repairs, and when the bills came in, his owners could feelingly call him "a *dear* cat."

Lord Kew apparently knows he is a beauty. Coming from the home of an artist, it is, perhaps, quite natural that he should pose. And pose he does, especially when there are visitors, almost diverting attention, at times, from his famous

When Mrs. Freeman entertains, Lord Kew is always in evidence for as long as suits his convenience. Like other males, he disappears from a company of women when he chooses, and is seen no more that afternoon. Once, in the evening, when Mrs. Freeman was giving a large party, he took his station at the head of the Colonial staircase; and as the ladies came down, he caught at their beautiful gowns with imperious and inquisitive paw.

The routine of Lord Kew's life is fixed, as it is apt to be in the case of animals, cats especially.



THE LIVING-ROOM IN LORD KEW'S HOME.

mistress to himself. He takes the most bewitching position in the observation-window of the great hall or living-room, and sits there waiting to be admired. Or he may be looking out of a front window when a caller comes up the steps, and begins "talking" to him through the glass.

When his master rings for his morning coffee and it appears, Kew always accompanies the bearer of it, at a sober pace, his great plume of a tail waving a good-morning greeting. He jumps on the bed, and waits until the coffee is consumed; then comes his daily brushing and a skir-

mish, of which he is dearly fond. Kew has several such skirmishes in a day, and they are his chief exercise, as he is too precious to be let out-doors unless some one is with him. Kew never climbed a tree, and there are no fences for him to mount, so there are some cat-joys of which he is deprived. But he is very well cared for, and shows his content with his life.

Kew likes to scamper violently across the great living-room and jump with a spring on the back of a chair, then look around, his eyes glaring, as if he had leaped up to escape some dreadful peril. Once he jumped so violently that he quite upset the heavy chair at which he aimed.

Lord Kew always did his liveliest playing like an ordinary cat. He doted on having a piece of paper tied in a bunch to a string, the string tied to his tail. This done, he would wheel about, and dart, and pounce, in the effort to catch the rattling paper at his heels. Another favorite plaything in his kitten days was a humble little pincushion made out of dark-colored braids. It was soft and light, and rolled easily when he tapped it.

On the rare occasions when Kew goes out, the vastness of out-of-doors seems to sober him. He never plays, but walks sedately on the veranda or crouches on one of the square ends to the steps, or on the flagged walk below. Very gently and deliberately he will step across the grass, but he never runs under that great blue arch of sky.



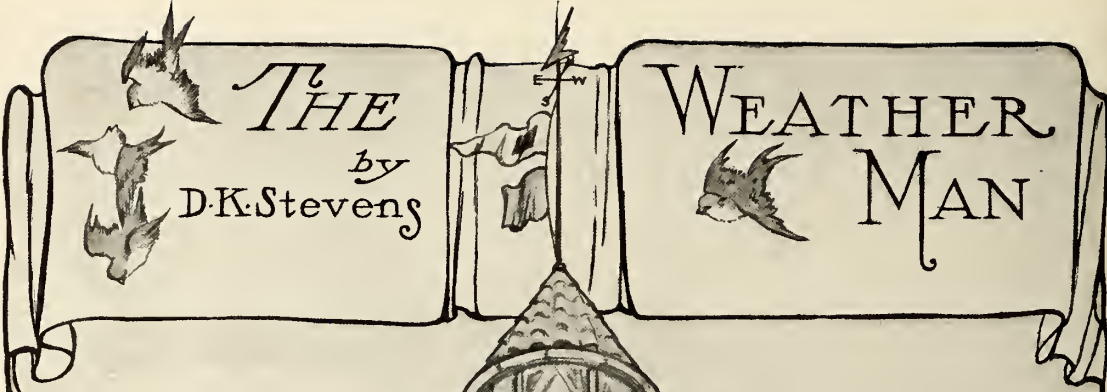
LORD KEW AT THE OBSERVATION-WINDOW.

TOO MUCH OF EVERYTHING

BY CLARA ODELL LYON

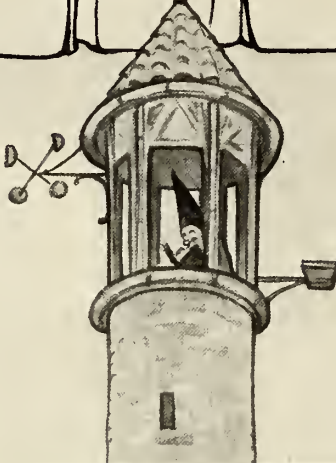
VIRGINIA ALICE KATHERINE DEMONTMORENCY SMITH
 (An aunt gave her the lengthy name that she was burdened with)
 Had costumes by the dozen, mere dresses by the score,
 She had so many that it seemed she could not want for more;
 And hats in every sort of style, big, little, broadly brimmed,
 And smart winged hats and picture hats elaborately trimmed;
 With belts and buckles, parasols, some fifty pairs of gloves,
 And all the other furbelows that every lady loves;
 She had so much she really scarce knew the things she had,
 And yet Virginia Katherine was anything but glad.

For when she was invited out to luncheon or to tea,
 She always had to think so long about her clothes, you see—
 To get the proper gown to go with just the proper shoes;
 And then the proper hat to go with these she had to choose.
 And once she was invited to a very fine affair,
 And she *could n't* quite decide upon the things she wished to wear;
 She thought till she was tired—oh, how tired!—so, instead
 Of going to the party, poor Virginia went to bed.




THE
by
D.K. Stevens

WEATHER
MAN



At the principal town of the Be-Ba-Boes,
In the heart of an oblong square,
Was a tower so high
That it scraped the sky,
And the Weather Man—he lived there.
With a chart and a map and an average-sheet,
He would figure the whole day long;
And he 'd work with a will
At his forecast, till
He was *sure* he had got it wrong.



Katharine
Wendler
Daland 1911

Though his forecasts were of the usual kind,
 I am bound by the truth to say:
 He could tell to a dot,
 "Just as easy as not,"
 What the weather was yesterday.
 So the Be-Ba-Boes let it go at that,
 For they said: "When you come to compare,
 Though a National Pest,
 He 's as good as the rest
 Of the Weather Men everywhere!"



Katharine
 Maynadier
 Daland 1911

Well, it came about that the Be-Ba-Boes
 Made plans for a gala-day;
 A grand affair
 In the open air—
 For the time was the month of May.
 A May-pole dance and a merry-go-round
 And a slippery pig to catch;
 And to end the day
 In the regular way
 With a general rolling-match.

So the weather, of course you can easily see,
 Was the universal theme;
 And at last they hit,
 With their usual wit,
 On a really wonderful scheme.
 "We'll wait till the Weather Man hoists his flags
 For *rain and probably snow*,
 For we know," said they,
 "When he bids us *stay*,
 It is perfectly safe to *go*!"



Katharine
 Maynardier
 Daland

1911.

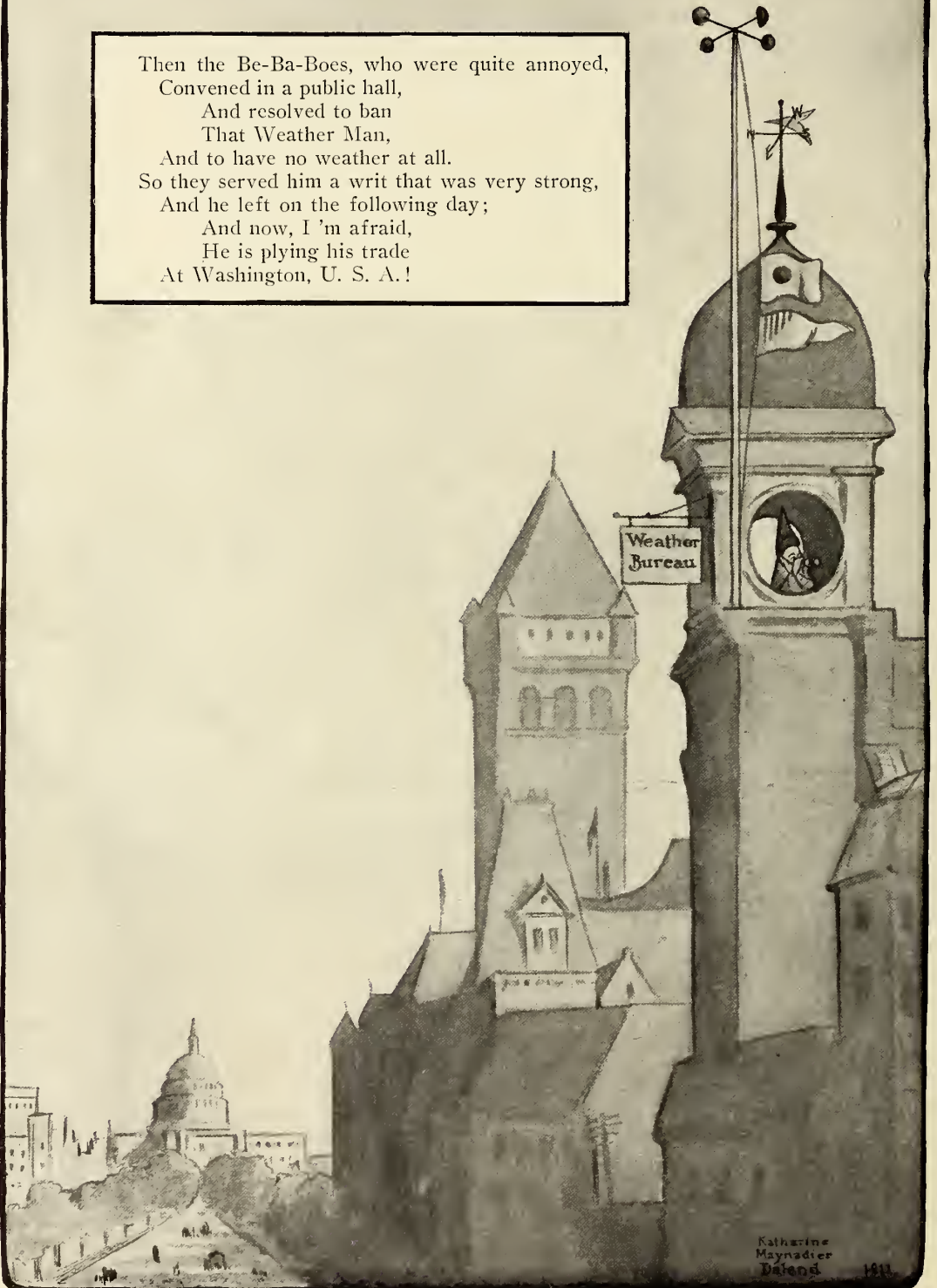
But the Weather Man sat in his lofty tower,
 And he said to himself that night:
 "Now, for ever so long
 I have prophesied wrong—
 So, for once, I will prophesy right!
 I know, for a fact, it will certainly rain,
 Just as sure as to-morrow shall dawn";
 So he sent out word,
 Which the public heard
 And privately laughed to scorn!



Katharine
Mayrader
Daland
1911

Now, of course you see how it all came out,
 For the sports were held next day.
 It rained and it blew,
 And they got wet through,
 And the band refused to play!
 The slippery pig slipped home forthwith,
 The merry-go-round was sad,
 And the rolling-race
 Never did take place,
 For the rolling was *very* bad!

Then the Be-Ba-Boes, who were quite annoyed,
Convened in a public hall,
And resolved to ban
That Weather Man,
And to have no weather at all.
So they served him a writ that was very strong,
And he left on the following day;
And now, I 'm afraid,
He is plying his trade
At Washington, U. S. A.!



LARRY'S LEAP-YEAR EXCUSE

BY FREDERICK MOXON

THE school had been open an hour or so,
And the 'rithmetic class was lined up in a row
Before the old master, stern Timothy Quinn,
When Larry O'Leary came sauntering in.
Now Larry, the dunce and the rogue of the
school,

Had many times broken old Timothy's rule
That pupils, if late fifteen minutes, must stay
Out of school, "nor come back, the rest of the
day."

But Larry, the "broth av a bhoy" of the town,
Grinned at Timothy Quinn, who exclaimed, with
a frown:

"How oft must I warn ye, that if ye come late
Beyond fifteen minuts, ye 're put on the slate
For a trooant, and none of the day will amount
To the half of a naught in yer l'arnin' account?"
"Sure," says Larry, producing a paper that bore
Some wonderful figures, "ye towled me before,

That soon they 'd foot up to a noight an' a day—
The minuts I 'd lazily thrifled away;
An' here is the total worked out by distraction,
Yis, all figgered out to the wink av a fraction.
I see by the slate where ye keep me in moind,
'T was twinty-three hours I was runnin' behoid,
An' this bein' a lape-year, I knew at a glance
'T was mint to give trooants an illigant chance
To catch themselves up, so I stayed out this
marnin'

To aven the toime, an' dishplay me foine l'arnin'."

"Go up to the top!" chuckled Timothy Quinn,
"Ye 've a rale head for figures *whin wance they
get in!*"

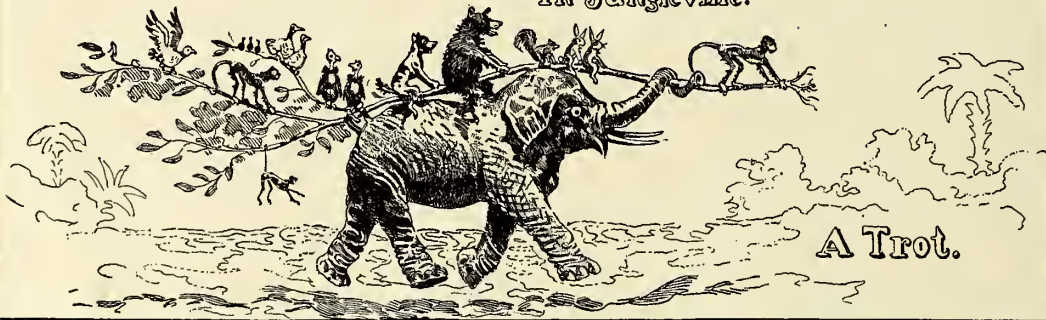
Then he rubbed off his glasses and scratched his
bald pate,
And duly recorded why Larry was late.



(A TRUE INCIDENT.) "WHEN I HAVE FINISHED MY PRAYERS, MAMA, AND HAVE SAID 'AMEN,' AND THEN THINK
OF SOMETHING ELSE THAT I WANT TO ASK FOR, SHOULD I SAY 'P. S.' FIRST?"

A JOY RIDE

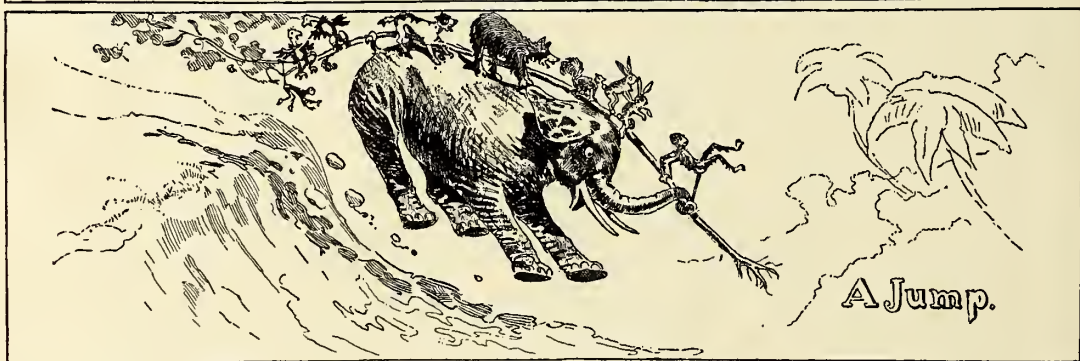
In Jungleville.



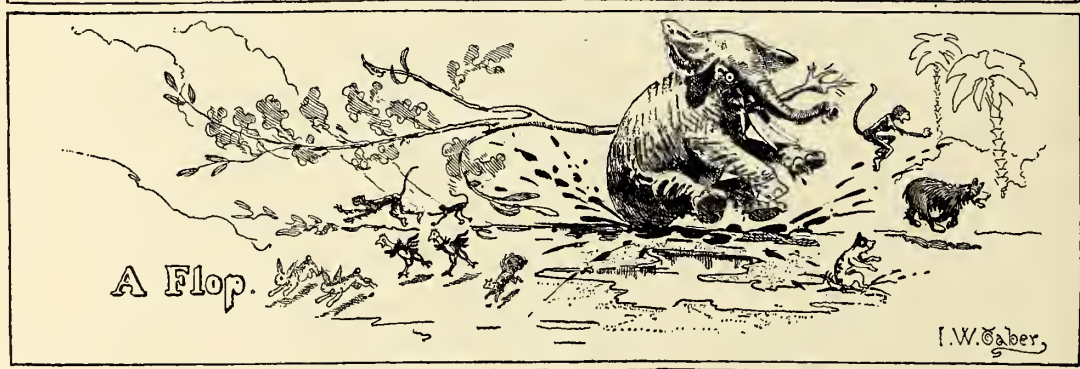
A Trot.



A Hop



A Jump.



A Flop.

I. W. Ober,

THE KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN SPUR

BY RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

Author of "Historic Boyhoods," "Historic Girlhoods," etc.

CHAPTER VIII

WHAT ROGER SAW THROUGH THE CRACK IN THE FLOOR

It had rained all morning, and though it had slackened by lunch-time, the world out-of-doors was very damp and chilly. Roger drew a chair into the big bow-window of his father's library, and took the green-and-gold bound book upon his knees. It opened at the place he had marked, and he read the verses about knighthood and the lines about the amulet over again. He knew how true they were now. He knew the knights as well as he knew Eric and Jack and Edmund. He could even see Sir Lancelot looking at him with those piercing eyes of his, and could hear Little John's light, mocking laugh, and remember how huge Richard Cœur de Lion had seemed as he stood upon the bridge, the battle-ax raised in both his hands. He looked out of the window at the dripping trees, and fell into a brown study. Presently a noise in the room made him turn his head.

A man in black chain mail stood before him. His helmet also was black, and from its peak drooped three ostrich-feathers. He looked straight at Roger, and so seriously, that Roger shut the book and got to his feet.

"Roger Miltoun," said this man, "I need thy aid sorely. Dost remember me?"

"You sat next to Little John at the table," answered Roger. "I think you must be the 'Black Prince.'"

"My real name is Edward, but men call me by that other because I choose to wear black armor. Dost know my father?"

Roger was puzzled. He could not remember much about the Black Prince's history.

The knight smiled. "A boy is scarce apt to remember kings. Their names are so much alike. My father is Edward the Third of England. He and I have seen little of each other lately. I have been in France fighting the battles of Crécy and of Poitiers, and he has been in London. Now men are trying to poison his mind against me. Dost know what an astrologer is?"

"Is n't he something like a magician?" Roger asked.

"Aye, he works in magic and the black arts. I know not what there may be in such things. Howbeit, there is one of these men now in London who has won my father's ear. Charmio is

his name, and many men and women of the court seek his house, on Thames-side, near London Bridge."

"Are we going to see him?" asked Roger, very much excited.

"I fear we must, Roger. I hear my father goes to Charmio's door this afternoon. I must learn what poison the astrologer will drop into his ear. I have none I can trust to send, and cannot go myself. Thou shalt hear what is spoken, and bring the story to me."

"I'm ready," said Roger.

"Good!" said the Black Prince. "Let us be getting out."

They left the library, and Roger saw, to his great surprise, that the door opened on a wide flight of stone steps with an iron-barred grille at the bottom. They came to the foot of the stairs, and a man-at-arms, who had been leaning upon a pike, stepped forward and threw open the grille for them.

"We will go on foot," said the Black Prince to Roger. "Charmio's house is nigh. The fog is so deep, we should need linkboys to guide our horses, and none will know me now."

The fog was, indeed, thick, like a pale yellow-gray curtain that shut out everything but the dim shadows of men and houses. "Keep close beside me," cautioned the prince, and started off through the mire of the narrow street.

Roger could see that there was no paving, and that men, women, and children were plodding through the slimy footing that was more like a badly kept country lane than a great city's highway. He could make out through the mist men in gabardines and flat-caps, monks in gowns and cowls, boys in jerkins and hose, and, occasionally, a woman in a tight-bodied, wide-skirted gown with a white coif on her head. He looked down at his own clothes. He was clad in a dull gray jerkin, with hose of the same color. On his feet were leather shoes with three slits at the top to make them loose and comfortable. He put his hand to his head, and found he was wearing a rough fur cap.

"Now we are crossing London Bridge," said the Black Prince, and Roger noticed that the dirt roadway had changed to wood. But he could see nothing of the river, for houses lined the bridge just as they had the street. "The place we seek is nigh," continued the prince. "Re-

member how we come. Now we are over the bridge. A turn to the left, and the fifth house from this corner is Messer Charmio's. We'll slip down on the Thames-side of the row, and see how thou mayest come at it from the back."

Roger could just make out the river through the fog to the left. The houses backed on a narrow alley which ran along the bank of the Thames. No one was stirring here. When they had come opposite to the fifth house, the Black Prince stopped. "The astrologer's house is low," said he; "just the one floor with a loft above. Thou must get into the house and find a crack that will give thee a view of the room where he plies his trade. Thou shouldst know the king, my father, for unless I much mistake, Charmio will see no other man this eve. When he has gone, come quickly to me. A dozen steps, remember! Five houses from hence to the bridge, then across it, and straight on to the gate that bears my plumes. Dost thou mark Charmio's house?"

"Yes," answered Roger. He was studying it closely. A big beam extended beneath the window, and was built into the plaster of the wall. This beam stretched across three of the houses in the row, and at the third house, two other criss-cross-beams, shaped like the letter X, ran up from the ground. "I think I can get up to this loft," he said.

"A nimble lad should do it. Thou art safe—the fog hangs close. Should any at my palace stay thee, show them this token," and the knight slipped a round gold piece having three ostrich-feathers engraved upon it into Roger's hand. Then he turned and vanished in the fog.

Roger slid the token into a small, square, leather pouch that hung at his waist. The fog had seemed a little lighter as they looked at the astrologer's house, but now it had shut down close again, and he had to grope his way through its yellow curtain.

He found the house with the cross-beams sticking from the plaster, but the wood was slippery with the wet, and he could get no purchase on it for his feet. Finally, he spied a rusty iron spike driven into the beam below the window. Then he recrossed the alley, and carefully felt his way down the bank of the river. At the very edge was a pile of driftwood and rubbish. He hunted for some time, and finally came upon what he wanted: a length of rope bound about a box. He stripped it off and tried its strength. It was strong enough for his purpose.

After five or six trials, he managed to throw a loop of the rope over the iron spike. Knotting the loose ends, he slipped it under his arms, and

with this help found that he could keep his footing on the beams. In spite of slipping back many times, he climbed up the slanting beam, and got his hands on the wood that ran parallel to the ground. This stood out nearly a foot from the side of the house, and with a spring, he wriggled up to it. Holding on to the overhanging gables, he walked along the beam, crawled under the eaves, and finally found himself standing in front of the small upper window at the back of Charmio's house.

Through the fog he had only been able to make out the dim outlines of this window; now that he stood before it, he saw that, instead of glass, it was filled with a big sheet of oiled paper. He stuck his finger into a corner of it and made a hole. Then he tore it across, and waited to see if any one heard the noise. All was quiet, and in a minute more he had torn all the covering away.

He looked through the opening he had made. As the Black Prince had said, the place was a small loft filled with old lumber and sacking. Very cautiously he put one leg through the window and climbed into the room.

There was little light in the loft, and, through fear of stumbling against something and making a noise, Roger crawled on his hands and knees. The loft seemed to cover the entire house. He explored carefully, gradually making his way to the far side, which he judged would be above the astrologer's main room. Here he examined the boards of the floor. They were not thick, nor well fastened. At last he found a place where two planks gaped. He lay down flat, and put his eyes to the crack. To his great delight, he found that he was looking into the room below. Then, as his eyes grew used to the light, he watched a curious scene.

A man who wore a round black cap and black gown stood beside a table. On the table was a large metal bowl, two glass balls, and an unrolled scroll of parchment. In front of him were three men, all with dark cloaks hanging from shoulders to heels, and black masks over their eyes. One of these was speaking.

"The time is ripe, Messer Charmio," Roger heard this man say. "Edward grows uneasy, and thy warning words have made him fear the prince. 'T is my view, he would like him gone."

"And with the prince gone, we would rise," said one of the other two. "A thrust in the dark, a knife betwixt his ribs, and Edward might fume and fret, but be more glad of his grandson than ever he was of his son."

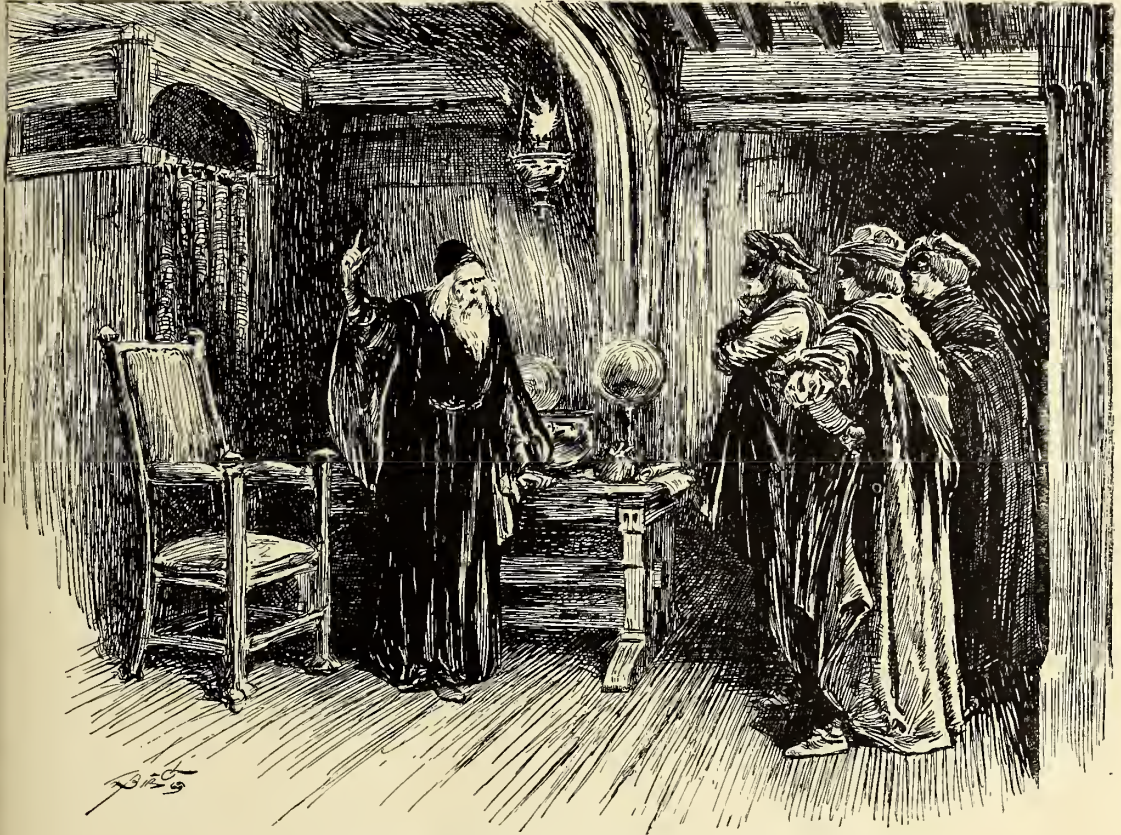
The first speaker drew a bag from under his cloak, and set it on the table. "There is the price thou hast set for thy good offices," said he.

Charmio was slowly rubbing his hands over and over. "Bethink ye well, my lords. 'T is a perilous cast we make."

"We have thought well on it," answered the other. "If the cast wins, thou shalt be rich by it."

Roger watched the astrologer stroke his long, gray beard in silence for several minutes. "I am

He strode up and down the room with soft, cat-like tread several times, as if considering some plan. Finally he stopped before a cabinet, opened it, and took out a glass phial. He poured several drops of some liquid from this into the metal bowl, and instantly there was a hissing. A vapor rose from the bowl, and the room was filled with an odor like sulphur that penetrated to the attic.



"I AM BUT AN HUMBLE SEARCHER OF THE STARS, LORD PERCY," SAID CHARMIO."

but an humble searcher of the stars, Lord Percy," he said at last.

"S-sh! Name no names, Charmio!" hurriedly interrupted his visitor. "Remember I am only a mask, unknown to thee now and at all times! So is he who should be on his road here. Search the stars as thou pleasest, but speak thy own private judgment of them."

"I understand," answered Charmio, with a bow.

"Now we had best step into yon small room and wait the tidings," said Lord Percy.

Charmio drew a curtain that hung back of the table, and the three cloaked men went through the opening. Then he pulled the curtain close.

Then Roger heard a rapping at what he guessed was the street door, and saw the astrologer cross the room. In a minute he returned with a stranger, a tall man who stooped and leaned upon a cane, masked and cloaked like the other men, and with a broad-brimmed hat pulled well down upon his head.

"I've come again to see thee, Messer Charmio," said the visitor, with the voice of an old man. "Hast studied my horoscope and found aught to tell me?"

Charmio pushed forward an arm-chair. "Seat thyself, sir. 'T is a matter that needs time and patience."

"And florins, too, eh? Never fear, man; here

is thy fee." The visitor flung a couple of shining pieces on the table.

Charmio picked up the pieces and slid them into his pouch. Then he stirred the liquid in the bowl so that the fumes rose again.

He raised each of the crystal balls in turn, and studied them in different positions. He lifted the scroll of parchment, and seemed to be reading it to himself. The visitor fidgeted in his chair, and tapped his stick impatiently against the floor.

"I scanned the stars for many hours yesterday," said the astrologer. "I cast the horoscope; I pondered long. All has gone well with thee in the land of the French king up to this moment."

The man in the chair nodded his head slightly.

"Yet danger comes from France. There is one who brings gifts, but nurses evil hopes. He is ambitious, and he waits his chance."

The visitor sat up straight, and his hands clutched the arms of his chair. "Is it so?" he muttered. "Do the stars say so?"

"Aye, so I read them," continued Charmio. "He is near and dear to thee, but black ambition is tugging at his heart. He may be here in England even now."

"Aye, so he may," said the visitor, in a low, troubled voice.

Again Charmio dipped his wand into the bowl and stirred it until the vapor rose. "Beware, beware," said he, peering into the liquid. "Sons have not always loved their fathers."

The visitor rose. "His name? Canst thou tell his name?"

Charmio raised one of the glass balls and stared at it for some time. "Nay, I cannot read that here," said he. "I see only an E."

The visitor, with an exclamation, dropped into his chair again.

There was a long silence, broken finally by Charmio saying, "I can read nothing further. That is all."

"All?" echoed the visitor. "And is it not a thousand times too much? Thou hast torn a veil from my eyes I would have kept there, but which, once gone, can never be replaced." He hesitated, then, "How can I guard against my—friend?" he asked.

Charmio looked upon the ground in thought. "There are secret waters brought from Italy which tell no tales."

The masked man started up. "Nay, hold thy peace, fellow! Whisper me no such thoughts. Oh, ye blessed saints, guide me aright!" And, without further word, he turned his back on the astrologer and left the room.

Roger shifted his position in the loft, in order

to ease his arms and legs. He understood the meaning of what he had just seen. These men were plotting to make King Edward fear his own son, the loyal Prince of Wales.

Roger watched Charmio step to the rear of the room and draw the curtain. Lord Percy and his two companions came in again. "Thou didst thy part?" asked Lord Percy, eagerly.

"Aye, his thoughts are sucking poison," answered Charmio. "He fears the prince, but as yet will take no step against him. His father-love is strong."

"But if others do the deed, how then? He will not hate them for it?"

"Nay, he would grieve, but I think he would forgive them."

"And then would we take the upper hand at court. The stars fight for us. Come, the die is cast!"

The three men crossed the room, and went out at the front door. Roger got up on his knees. Then he saw the door reopen, and one of the cloaked figures return. "Hast any amulet or eastern charm, good Charmio?" the man murmured. "We go into peril, and I would fain have something of the sort to wear on the chain about my throat."

Charmio went to the shelf at the side of the room, and opened a brass-bound box. From this he took a little bag, and from the bag what looked to Roger like a small heart made of some polished stone. "I had this from one who came from Araby," said he. "It hath great value to keep its wearer safe from sudden perils and distress. There is a ring at the top to hold it to thy chain. 'T is worth five florins."

The other drew out a purse and counted forth five gold pieces. He handed these to the astrologer, and, taking the little heart, fastened it to the chain about his neck. Then he left the house.

Roger waited patiently. Again the door opened, and a second man entered. "Good Charmio, I would have an amulet," said he. "Something to guard me in this struggle. Hast thou such?"

Charmio opened the brass-bound box and took out another small bag. This held another heart. "Here is one I had of a traveler from far Cathay," said he. "It should be worn on the chain about the neck. It costs six florins."

The man paid the money, and fastened the amulet to the chain under his cloak. He had scarcely left the house, when the third man entered, and in his turn asked for a charm. The astrologer found him one which he said had come from the Indies, and was of the value of seven florins. The bargain was struck, and the third conspirator departed, safeguarded like his mates.

Roger watched Charmio follow his last client to the door and bolt it. Then he saw him take off his small cap and unfasten the long, gray beard which was hooked to his ears. He was, in fact, a young man with a smooth, pink face, and now he was laughing, silently, but, nevertheless, laughing. He went to the table, and picked up the gold pieces which lay there. He opened the bag that Lord Percy had given him, and poured out its contents. Then he counted all the coins, and after that put them back in the bag. Now he threw open his robe and drew forth a long chain, to which he fastened the bag of money. He covered it securely with the loose cloak, laughing again.

Roger dared wait no longer. Very cautiously he crawled back to the window. The fog was as thick as ever, but now it was night, and he could not see a yard before his face.

CHAPTER IX

WHAT CAME OF THE BLACK MAGIC

It was almost like stepping into a bottomless pit to climb over the window-sill in Charmio's loft and feel for the beam below the gable. But Roger did it, and made his way along the beam to the third house, and there half slid, half fell, down one of the crosspieces to the ground. Through the murky darkness he crossed the alley to the bank of the Thames, and turned to his left. He made sure of his road by softly shuffling his feet as he went along. When he felt planks instead of mire underfoot, he turned to the right, knowing that he must have reached London Bridge.

There were no foot-passengers in the alley by Thames-side, but on the bridge there were a number. He could not see them except when the torch of a linkboy made a yellow glow and showed the dim outline of a muffled burgher or soldier. All those who had no torches sang out every minute or two, like the fog-horns on ships. So Roger, on his part, whistled occasionally.

He found he had to creep along close to the houses, and feel their walls with his hands, to make sure which was the Black Prince's palace. But presently his fingers felt an iron grille in the middle of which were wrought three plumes. He beat upon it, shouting, "Holla, some one come and let me in!"

Presently he heard a step on the stone flagging, and a rough voice demanded, "Who be ye? A Turk sacking a Christian town?"

Roger thrust the token the Black Prince had given him through the grating. "I must see the lord of the house at once."

The sentry must have recognized the medal by

touch, for he pushed it back into Roger's hand, and saying, "That ye must, lad; that ye must," opened the gate.

In a moment Roger had rubbed the mist of the night from his eyes, and was being led up the great stairway by the light of a torch. He went through an antechamber where two gentlemen of the household lounged at a table before a fire, chatting. At the end of the room was a curtained door, and his guide parted the hangings for Roger, and then drew them together after him.

The prince was there, seated in a great, high-backed chair before a wide hearth whereon huge logs were crackling. He wore a dark-blue gown with rolls of ermine at the throat and wrists. A big boar-hound lay on the floor in front of him.

"So thou hast come, Roger?" he said, turning eagerly. "What word is there?"

Roger told him briefly all that he had seen and heard from the astrologer's loft.

"Oh, my poor father!" exclaimed the prince, when he had finished. "How hard it is to be a king beset with lying and malicious tongues! So the stars warned him 'gainst one bringing gifts from France? Evil must they be who step 'twixt sire and son!"

"They are evil," said Roger. "They want to slay thee."

"But how to prove this, lad? There 's the rub. How to prove this?"

He bent his brows at the fire, and Roger watched the flames leap, red-tongued, up the chimney. The great hound twisted his head sideways on his paws.

There was a rustle at the curtains, and a man appeared. "There be three gentles to see thee, my lord, and they say on an embassy from Westminster."

"Three?" Roger echoed involuntarily.

The Black Prince smiled slightly. "Naithless, lad, I must see them. Whoever they be, 't is my duty. Summon them here, good Dunstan. Thou shalt wait in the anteroom, Roger, till the three be gone."

So Roger slipped out through the curtains, and sat in the shelter of a great window whence he could see the two gentlemen of the household sipping their wine while they talked of battles. Presently Dunstan ushered three men across the hall, young men clad in the brave colors of cloth of gold and red and silver. They bowed to the two gentlemen by the fire, and went in to the prince's chamber. Dunstan took himself away again.

Roger stole to the curtains and parted them so that he might look in. He feared these three,

though they were all smiles and as easy as country-folk at a fair. The prince had risen, and was greeting them with never a sign of fear on his fair, frank face. "Good den to thee, Lord Haddon, Sir Harry Ashby, and my good Lord Percy." At the last name, Roger felt the touch of cold fear.

They talked of this and that, while Roger listened without understanding. He heard much mention of the French King John, then a prisoner in London, and of his ransom. Lord Percy asked the prince for his sign manual and seal to a scroll which he handed him. The prince took it, and was beginning to read it, when suddenly Lord Haddon's hand flew from his belt, and struck at him with a knife. Instantly the other two had daggers.

The prince leaped back, poniard in hand, but the three closed about him. The giant boarhound sprang to his master's aid. Roger, with a cry of "Help! help!" dashed into the room, and flung his arms about Lord Percy's knees. The shock brought the nobleman to the floor. He fell over Roger's head, stabbing viciously at the floor. The two men in the antechamber came running to the prince's rescue.

The fight was swift. The two noblemen who kept their feet were desperate. One struck the hound in the chest and drew out his knife to strike his master. Roger held Lord Percy by the knees until one of the prince's gentlemen wrenched away his dagger and threatened to still him with it. When he scrambled to his feet, the fight was over. The prince had driven Sir Harry Ashby to the wall, and Lord Haddon was in the grasp of two stout men-at-arms. Roger felt dizzy, and put his hand to his forehead. It was bleeding, grazed by Lord Percy's dagger.

The three conspirators were now in charge of the men-at-arms. The prince, still holding his dagger, spoke swiftly. "Bind these three traitors fast, and bring them after me to the king at Westminster. I ride to my father. Horses for half a score, and torches for as many."

The nobles were led from the room. "Wast badly hurt, lad?" asked the prince, anxiously, looking at Roger.

"No, it's only a scratch; but it made me dizzy," answered Roger.

The prince threw open his furred gown, which was cut in half a dozen places, and dropped it from his shoulders. Beneath it was a coat of fine-meshed mail, which covered him from neck to thigh. "Let the leech bind thy forehead," said he. "Thou must go with me to the king at Westminster."

A little later, Roger, his forehead bandaged,

and a thick cloak wrapped about him, was ready to ride forth. The prince had him sit before him on his own saddle, so that he might hold him close. It was a strange journey. First came half a dozen men on foot, carrying torches that made a wall of smoky yellow light, and after them two mounted soldiers, who cried continually, "Way for the Prince of Wales! Make way! Make way!" After them rode half a dozen men-at-arms, and then the prince and Roger. Some distance back were other torch-bearers, and a guard bringing the three nobles.

It was a long ride, but, at last, they came to the king's palace of Westminster. When the commander heard who was come, he threw the gates wide, and the company entered. Lackeys took their horses, and the prince, his gentlemen, and Roger, were admitted to the audience-chamber of King Edward. Here they waited a few minutes. Then a curtain scraped on its pole, and a man, bent with years, and white and worn of face, entered. Roger saw his eyes glisten. "Edward, my son," said he, and half held out his arms.

The Black Prince stepped forward quickly, knelt, and kissed the king's hand. "Sire," he said, when he had risen, "I bring thee good news and bad in the one breath." He turned. "Bring my three prisoners hither."

Shortly the three nobles stood before them.

"My Lord Percy, Lord Haddon, and Sir Harry Ashby," said the prince, "came to me this night with messages, and when they were alone with me in my closet, drew daggers, and would have slain me. This they did, thinking thou wouldst pardon them thereafter."

"I pardon them?" said the king, looking in amazement from the nobles to his son. "In good sooth, here is passing mystery."

"For that thou didst fear I was overmuch ambitious. This eve they were with one named Charmio, an astrologer by trade, and paid him well to drop poison in thy ear concerning me. Then, with thy mind inflamed, they plotted to work their will with me. The stars are true, but Charmio is false. He sold thee lies!"

The old king studied his son's face while he twisted and untwisted the gold chain that hung from his neck. "How dost thou know I went to this trafficker in black magic?" he asked at length.

"I heard such rumors when I was in France. I followed them when I came home. This eve a boy went with me to the astrologer's, and watched and listened from his loft. Wouldst hear the boy's own story?"

"Aye," said King Edward.

"Tell it all, Roger," bade the Black Prince.



"THE TWO NOBLEMEN WHO KEPT THEIR FEET WERE DESPERATE."

So Roger stood forth, and with the curious eyes of all these men upon him, he told what the three masks had said to Charmio, and what Charmio had related to his solitary visitor. When he had ended, King Edward looked at the three noblemen. "What crime is there like sowing distrust of a dear son in his father's mind? Speak what thou hast to say in thy defense, Lord Percy."

"I was never in the wizard's house," said Lord Percy. "This boy mayhap saw a man in mask and cloak, but 't was not I."

"And thou, my Lord Haddon?"

"I have been with my lady mother all day."

"Speak, Sir Harry Ashby."

"I was not there, sire. I was riding up from Richmond."

The king left off twisting his cord, and fell to pulling his chin. "Their lives are forfeit, Edward, for their attack on thee. They die to pay for it. What more wouldst thou have?"

"I would show thee, sire, that all thy fears of me are bred of their treason. I would wipe out the false message of the stars."

"But the boy saw only three masks, and as for that, how should I trust the boy?"

The Black Prince looked at Roger, appeal in his eyes. "Is there no other proof?" said he.

Roger was thinking hard. "Yes, there is. After the three men had gone, each came back and bought an amulet, a heart-shaped stone, and hung it from a chain about his neck."

"Ah," said the prince, eagerly, "look and see!"

The guards who stood by the prisoners looked for the chains, and pulled them out from under the noblemen's doublets. At the end of each chain hung a heart-shaped stone.

King Edward nodded his head. "If this Charmio's message be as worth trusting as yon amu-

lets, 't is exceeding valuable," said he, with a wry smile. Then suddenly his face grew very stern. "'T was a foul plot, my lords, to poison me against my dear-loved son. Away with them. We will give orders later."

The three noblemen were led from the room. The Black Prince advanced to his father. "Are the mists gone from between us, sire?" he asked. "Never had sovereign a more loving son."

"That I do know now," said King Edward, and raising his arms, he took the prince to his breast.

"Only one thing remains," said the prince, after a time, "to burn out this old fox of a Charmio from his den. I'll stop there as I ride home."

Again they went out into the night. Presently they found the astrologer's house, and the prince bade one of his men beat upon the door. There came no answer, and a soldier broke the door with his ax. The prince and Roger and a torch-bearer entered, but though they looked high and low, and even scoured the loft, they found no Charmio. "He was better at foretelling his own fortune than other people's," said the prince to Roger. "By now he 's making his way out of London through the mist."

"Be there no true magicians?" asked Roger.

The prince looked at him, and Roger thought he winked one eye. "I should n't like to say there be not, Roger," he answered, "but I ne'er have met one yet in all my travels. 'T is better to trust to a brave heart, such as thine, than to all the black magic in the world. Thou hast given me my father again, Roger."

The torch-bearer lighted them back to Charmio's broken door, and they stepped out again into the fog. The scene was a dim blur of horses and men, and Roger stopped a moment to rub the haze from his eyes with his fists. Then he stumbled forward hastily, in fear of being left.

(To be continued.)

THE NICELY BROUGHT UP CHILD

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

THE rain goes spatter on the stone
And spat against the pane,
It knows I can't go out alone
To play in it again.

I 'd have to wear a hat if I
Could go out on the street,
An overcoat to keep me dry,
And shoes to keep me neat.

But ragged children, if they choose,
Stay out all day and play,
With never any hats or shoes
Or jackets in their way.

They walk in all the pools they see,
And where the mud is piled—
It 's very, very hard to be
A nicely brought up child!



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"WINTER." BY MAUD HOWELLS.



THE RAG DOLL

I

LIZA 's just a rag doll,
Old and awful lookin';
I don't like her any more,
She 's going to get forsooken.

II

What I want 's a jointy doll
With hair and pretty dresses,
Instead of these old woolly things
That look such awful messes.

III

Yet, Liza is a good doll,
And such a quiet sleeper;
She never breaks or comes apart—
I guess I better keep her!

Junius L. Cravens.

CROFTON CHUMS

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "Kingsford, Quarter," "Team-Mates," etc.

CHAPTER IX

MR. HANKS ACCEPTS ADVICE

THERE was a moment of silence, broken at length by Gil.

"Going to leave!" he exclaimed. "You 're not fooling, Hope?"

"No. I took his tray up, and he was writing at his desk. I told him he just *must* eat some supper, and he said we were very kind, and he would drink some tea; and that he was afraid he 'd been a great deal of trouble to us, and that he would n't be much longer, as he was going to leave the school. And I said, 'Oh, Mr. Hanks!—just like that—and he said he was sorry to leave, and—and he thanked me for bringing the tray, and—and I ran out of the room because—because—" Hope's eyes were "because" enough. The boys looked away while she dashed a wisp of a handkerchief across them. Poke whistled between his teeth, much out of tune. "I—I think it 's just—just too horrid for anything!" ended Hope, tremulously, dropping into an empty chair.

Jim stirred his feet uneasily, and Gil cleared his throat as if to speak, and then evidently thought better of it. It was Jeffrey who spoke first.

"I 'm awfully sorry," he said. "I suppose we 're all to blame to some extent."

"What are we going to do?" demanded Hope, anxiously.

"I don't see that there 's anything we can do," answered Gil. "I 'm sorry he 's going, for he really is n't a bad sort. But he 'd never get on here, because the fellows have found out that they can do just as they please with him."

"That 's all well enough for you," demurred Jim, "but we can't afford to lose a lodger. So, by hooky, something 's just got to be done!"

There was a silence after this that lasted until Jeffrey, staring thoughtfully into the dusk, said:

"Look here, if some one can induce Nancy to turn over a new leaf now, and—er—buck up, you know, he won't have much trouble, will he? It is n't too late, is it?"

"I 'm afraid so," Gil answered gloomily.

"I 'm not," said Poke. "But he would n't do it; he does n't know how."

"Do you think he 'd mind if we suggested something of the sort to him?" pursued Jeffrey. The rest looked doubtful, but Hope broke out eagerly with:

"Of course he would n't! He 's just as nice and—and good-natured as he can be. Let 's do it! Let 's go up and see him this very minute!"

"Oh, I 'll go," said Gil, making no movement. "Will you, Poke?"

"Not by a long shot!"

"Oh, Poke, I think you might!" wailed Hope. "It 's partly your fault, and you know it is, and I think you might do what you can to—to help."

"Glory! You talk as though I was to blame for everything," Poke growled sulkily, addressing no one in particular. "Anybody would think—"



"MR. HANKS GLANCED UP WITH A LOOK OF SURPRISE AND EMBARRASSMENT."

But Poke hung back. "He 'd probably tell us to mind our own miserable business," he objected.

"There 'd be no harm in trying it," said Jim. "Let 's all go up and tell him we 've heard that he 's going to leave, and that we 're sorry, and—and—"

"And then what?" asked Poke. "Tell him he does n't know his business, and that he 's made a mess of things?"

"Why not?" asked Jeffrey, quietly. "It 's so, is n't it?"

"If you 'll do the talking," suggested Jim, "it will be all right, Jeff. What do you say, Gil?"

"Oh, cut out the grouch," said Gil. "Nobody 's asking you to do anything except go up there and hear Jeff talk."

"Come," said Jim, eagerly, "let 's go before we lose courage."

So, Gil and Jeffrey leading, and Poke ambling along behind with his hands in his pockets and a general expression of disapprobation about him, the five mounted the stairs and knocked at the door of the instructor's room. Bidden to enter, they found Mr. Hanks at his desk, pen in hand, and a pile of manuscript at his elbow. He had taken his tea, Hope observed, but nothing else.

He glanced up with a look of surprise and embarrassment.

"Good evening, sir," began Jeffrey. "May we come in for a minute if you 're not too busy?"

"Er—certainly! How do you do? Won't you—won't you be seated?" Mr. Hanks glanced around nervously in search of accommodations. Gil and Poke simplified matters by seating themselves on the edge of the bed, leaving the chairs for the others. Mr. Hanks laid down his tortoise-shell spectacles, pushed his manuscript aside, drew it back again, smiled doubtfully, and subsided into his chair.

"You—er—you wanted to see me?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Jeffrey. "Hope has just told us, sir, that you are thinking of leaving Crofton."

"Yes." Mr. Hanks glanced down at his papers. "Yes, I have decided to resign," he replied in tones which he strove to make sound matter-of-fact.

"We 're awfully sorry to hear it, Mr. Hanks," said Jeffrey, earnestly.

"Terribly sorry," said Hope.

"Very," said Gil.

"More than sorry," said Jim.

Poke growled something inarticulate.

Mr. Hanks glanced around in surprise and embarrassment.

"Why—er—that 's very good of you all, very kind of you, I 'm sure," he murmured. "I—I regret the necessity of leaving, myself. I was getting very fond of the school, quite attached. And this place—" he looked about the room—"suits me very well. The light is excellent, you see, and owing to the fact that my eyes are not what they used to be, I have to be very particular about—er—about light."

"Yes, sir," said Jeffrey. "Mr. Hanks, maybe we 're intruding on your affairs, sir, but when we heard about your leaving, we got to talking it over, and we decided that we 'd come up here and ask you to—to reconsider." Mr. Hanks opened his mouth to speak, but Jeffrey hurried on. "We may be wrong, sir, but our idea is that you 're leaving because some of us have n't been acting very well in class."

"I think I have no complaint to make about any of you young gentlemen," replied Mr. Hanks, looking from one to the other, and allowing his eyes to rest on Poke for what the youth thought was an unnecessary length of time. "But I won't attempt to deny that your—your assumption is correct, Latham. The fact is that I am, I find, unsuited to the work here. The position I have tried to fill requires a man with more experience in work of this kind than I have had."

"May we talk right out plain, Mr. Hanks?" asked Jeffrey.

"Why, I think so," replied the instructor, a trifle bewildered.

"Then what we came up here to say, sir, is just this: there is n't any reason why you should leave on account of what 's been going on in class. Of course we fellows have n't any right to act the way we 've been acting, but if you 'd started right with us, we 'd have behaved ourselves. You did n't understand, we think. If you 'd sent a couple of fellows up to Mr. Gordon the first time there was trouble, the whole thing would have stopped right there; but you did n't, and the fellows think now they can do as they please."

"Er—yes—I dare say. Yes, I realize now that I should have acted—er—differently. That I should have been—er—stern." (Gil tried not to grin at the thought of Mr. Hanks being stern.) "Doubtless I have, as you say, followed a mistaken course with the classes. I see that now. But the damage is done, Latham, and so—so I think the best thing to do is to retire in favor of some man who can—er—who understands you young gentlemen better than I do." Poke thought he detected a faint emphasis on the word gentlemen. He had n't meant to open his mouth, but he suddenly found himself speaking.

"What 's the use, sir?" he asked. "Why don't you stick it out and start over? Kick a few fellows out of class, send a few up to J. G., and sock some extra work onto a few more. That 'll fix 'em in the shake of a lamb's tail! It is n't too late, Mr. Hanks."

Mr. Hanks shook his head, however. "I 'm afraid it is," he said. "Anything I might do now would be quite futile. They have—er—taken my measure, so to speak."

"I don't agree with you, sir," said Gil. "I think Poke is right. I think if you 'll start in to-morrow and sit down hard on the first fellow who starts anything, you 'll have things in shape in no time at all. You see, sir, none of us have anything against you; we all like you, in fact; anyhow, this bunch here does; it 's just that here at Crofton every new faculty has to be hazed a little. Usually they stand about so much of it, and then something drops, and it 's all over. You did n't quite understand, sir, and you let things run along. Why not do as Poke says, Mr. Hanks? Why not stay where you are, and hit out from the shoulder once or twice?"

"Hit out from—you don't mean *strike* any one?" gasped the instructor.

"No, sir," Gil laughed, "not actually. I mean punish some one good and hard—the first who makes trouble; set an example for the whole class."

"Oh!" Mr. Hanks was visibly relieved. "You—you think that would—er—accomplish something?"

"I 'm certain of it," replied Gil, decidedly.

"Sure to," said Poke.

Mr. Hanks played with his pen for a minute. Then he looked up with a helpless smile at Gil.

"What—what could I do?" he asked.

"Why, sir, the first time any fellow does anything in class, call him down."

"Call him down?" questioned Mr. Hanks, at a loss.

"Reprimand him, I mean. Then if he does n't behave, send him to Mr. Gordon. Mr. Gordon will stand back of you, sir; he always does. Take Gary, for instance, sir. If you did that just once with him, he 'd come back as meek as a kitten."

"And what would Mr. Gordon do to him?"

Gil shrugged his shoulders. "He might do most anything, sir. It would depend on what Gary had done. He might put him on probation, he might send him home for the rest of the term, he might expel him for keeps."

"But I should n't want anything like that to happen to the boy," said Mr. Hanks, in alarm. "He has been very trying to me; in fact, I have sometimes suspected that in a way he has been at the bottom of most of my troubles; what I might call a ringleader."

"Yes, sir, that might be," replied Gil, gravely.

"Yes. But even so I should very much dislike to be the cause of his being sent from school even temporarily."

"He would n't be if you told J. G. to be easy with him," said Poke. "That 's what Gary needs, though, Mr. Hanks, a good scare. You throw one into him, and see what a difference it will make."

"I do wish you 'd try it, please, sir," said Hope.

Mr. Hanks was silent a moment. Once he sighed deeply. Once he smiled slightly at the pen he was rolling between his long fingers. Finally he looked up.

"This has been very kind of you," he said quietly. "I appreciate your—your interest. I thank you—all."

"And you 'll try it?" cried Hope, eagerly.

Mr. Hanks smiled and shook his head. "I must consider it," he answered. "The plan is—is revolutionary. But—I will think it over."

"And meanwhile you 'll stay on, won't you, sir?" asked Jim, anxiously.

"Yes. Yes, I—I have no wish, I assure you, to leave such—such pleasant quarters. I am very comfortable here and the light is—er—excellent."

"Well, we don't want you to leave," said Poke,

gruffly; "and we think you won't need to, if you just take our advice. Good night, sir."

"Good night," responded Mr. Hanks, rising and making his queer little bow to each. "Good night. I thank you all very much."

"Shall I take your tray away?" asked Hope.

"Eh? Why—er—no, thank you. The fact is, I feel a bit hungry. I think I 'll eat a little of the—er—whatever it is."

Mr. Hanks resumed his mandarin spectacles and peered interestedly at the tray as the others filed out of the room. Whether he meant to profit by the advice so frankly given him remained a question for several days. On Friday, his classes presented the usual disordered appearance, and the instructor's attitude remained the same. It seemed to Gil, however, that Mr. Hanks was a little quieter and a little less nervous than usual; that he was silently studying the situation. Saturday, Mr. Hanks had only classes in Latin, and for almost the first time since his appearance at Crofton, recitations went off quietly and in order, due to the fact that the first foot-ball game of the season was to be played that afternoon, and every fellow in school was much too absorbed in that to have time or inclination for mischief.

On Friday, Jim weathered another day of practice without damaging his reputation. He had signal practice with the third squad, and by dint of maintaining an appearance of ease and doing what the others did as best he could, he had managed to deceive even Johnny Connell.

On Saturday, all Sunnywood went to the game, Gil and Poke to play, Jim to sit on the substitutes' bench, Jeffrey, with Mrs. Hazard and Hope as his guests, to follow the play with the keenest enjoyment and to elucidate to his companions what everything meant. Crofton High School was not a dangerous opponent, although in the matter of practice she was a whole fortnight ahead of Crofton. Her work showed a finish that was quite absent from that of the home eleven, and only the fact that her team was lighter and her plays old-fashioned, allowed Crofton to win the contest.

The periods were eight minutes long, and when only six minutes of the game remained, Johnny beckoned to Jim, who, sandwiched in between big Andy LaGrange, the first string center, and "Punk" Gibbs of the second, had been comfortably watching the progress of the conflict with no thought of participating. Jim stared unbelievably, until Johnny called him impatiently, and Gibbs dug an unkind elbow against his ribs. Then Jim squirmed from the bench, and struggled with his sweater.

"Go in for Curtis at left tackle," said Johnny, briskly. "You know the signals, don't you?"

Jim nodded, trying hard to recall one single thing about them.

"All right. Hurry up. Show me what you can do, Hazard!"

Jim sped out onto the gridiron, searching wildly for the referee, his heart thumping alarmingly as he realized that he was to take part in

was blown and it was all over, the score 7 to 3 in favor of the Academy.

In the gymnasium later, Jim ran into Duncan Sargent.

"Good work, Hazard," he said cordially. "I watched you to-day. Keep it up, and we'll find a place for you before the season's done. There's



"GIL AND POKE ASSISTED IN THE HOUSEHOLD DUTIES." (SEE PAGE 442.)

an actual contest. He found the official, sent Curtis off grumbling, and took his place. Perhaps luckily for Jim, he was not called on for any special feats of prowess during the short time that remained, for he was decidedly nervous. To his credit, however, it may be said that he broke through well, and, on the defense, held his adversary fairly well. There was no more scoring, and just as Jim had regained his confidence and was beginning to enjoy the fray, the final whistle

just one thing, though, old man, and that is: *Play low!* Try to remember that, will you?" And the captain passed on with a smile and a nod, leaving Jim very pleased and a little remorseful.

That was Jim's baptism by fire, and those few minutes of play gave him new courage to go on with his rôle. On Monday, practice was lengthened and the work became a good deal like drudgery. On Thursday, Jim fought through ten min-

utes on the second team at left tackle, and had his hands very full in keeping Cosgrove, who opposed him, from making him look like the inexperienced player he was. But Jim kept his wits about him, worked hard, bluffed harder, and pulled through creditably. And every day now he was gaining knowledge and knack and football sense. And every day the awkwardness which had puzzled the trainer was wearing off. Jim had strength of body and plenty of sound sense, and he was developing in both respects. And so, by the end of that week, the school was taking notice of him, and fellows were discussing his chance of ousting Curtis from the second team. In short, he had made good. And Poke was as pleased as might be.

"What did I tell you, Jimmy, my boy?" he asked that Friday night. "Did n't I tell you I'd make a real player out of you? Did n't I tell you you'd be down on your knees thanking me for my efforts in your behalf, you ungrateful kid?"

"Well, I'm not going down on my knees," laughed Jim. "They're much too lame."

Jim got into Saturday's game, and although he had one bad fumble to his discredit, he played well through one whole period and more than atoned for his fault. Crofton had no trouble in blanking her adversary and rolling up seventeen points against her.

Meanwhile it began to look as though Mr. Hanks's troubles were over. But on the following Tuesday, Brandon Gary, realizing possibly that he had neglected his duties as a cut-up, gave his attention again to Mr. Hanks. That was at five minutes past ten.

At a quarter-past ten, Gary was sitting in Mr. Gordon's office.

At twelve o'clock, it was known all over school that Bull Gary was on probation.

CHAPTER X

JIM MAKES THE FIRST

LET Gil and Poke tell about Gary's surprise party, for they were eye-witnesses.

"You could have knocked me over with a feather," declared Poke—the four Sunnywood boys were on their way back to the cottage at noon—"and I never thought Nancy Hanks had it in him! Here 's the way it was: most of the class were in their seats, and Mort Nichols—he 's monitor; you know—was calling the roll. When he got to the G's, he skipped Bull's name because he could see that Bull was n't there. Mort 's rather a chum of Bull's, you know. But Nancy was on to him. 'You 've left out a name, Nichols,' says he. 'Go back, please.' So Mort gets

sort of red, and calls 'Gary.' And Bull, who had just come loafing in at the door, says, 'Dead on the field of battle,' and the fellows began to laugh. It really was funny, was n't it, Gil?"

"Rather."

"Pshaw! you laughed, too. I saw you. Well, Nancy never turned a hair—"

"The funny thing," interrupted Gil, "was the way Mr. Hanks was looking. He was sort of white and frightened, and he had his mouth set in a straight line like—like this." And Gil illustrated. "I never saw him look that way before."

"And he had a funny little sparkle in his eyes," said Poke. "Did you notice that, Gil?"

"Yes. He really looked kind of dangerous, and I was mighty glad I was n't Bull Gary just then."

"Well, get on with your story," said Jim. "Then what happened?"

"Then," replied Gil, "Mr. Hanks said, 'Are we to understand by that cryptic remark, Gary, that you desire to be marked as present?' And Bull was so flabbergasted that all he could do was to stammer, 'Y-yes, sir.' 'Mark Gary present,' said Mr. Hanks. So Mort went on with the roll, and we began the recitation, all the fellows looking at each other and wondering what had happened to Mr. Hanks. Marshall was reciting, when there was a crash at the back of the room. It seems that Bull had reached out with his foot and poked over a pile of books on Punk Gibbs's desk. Mr. Hanks held up a hand, and Marshall stopped. 'Whose books are those?' he asked. 'Mine, sir,' replied Punk, very, very meekly. 'Pick them up, please.' So Punk picked them up, and put them back, and the room was very quiet. Every one was grinning, but no one made a sound. Marshall started off again, when—*bang!* went the pile of books once more. Mr. Hanks lifted his hand. 'Whose books are those?' he asked again. 'Mine,' said Punk, looking sort of scared. 'Pick them up, please.' 'I did n't knock them off,' grumbled Punk. 'Who did?' asked Mr. Hanks. But Punk would n't tell. Then Mr. Hanks said, 'The student who pushed those books onto the floor will kindly pick them up.' No one moved for a minute. 'We will wait,' said Mr. Hanks, and sat down again in his chair. Finally Punk grumbled something, and started to pick them up, when Mr. Hanks said: 'Let them alone, Gibbs!' And Punk sat up as though he was shot. Another minute or so passed. Some one began to snigger nervously at the back of the room. 'Who 's that laughing?' asked Mr. Hanks. After that there was n't a sound. Finally Mr. Hanks looked at the clock. 'I've given you plenty of time,' he said, 'but you may have thirty seconds more in which to replace those books,' and he

looked straight at Bull. Bull grinned, but did n't move."

"Just the same," broke in Poke, "he was getting pretty nervous."

"We all were," said Gil. "Finally Mr. Hanks said, 'Time 's up, Gary. You 're delaying the recitation.' 'I did n't knock them off,' said Bull, in his ugliest tones. 'You did n't?' asked Mr. Hanks, very quietly. 'Think well, Gary, before you answer.' Bull looked around and grinned. 'No, I did n't,' said he. And then Mr. Hanks, our quiet little Nancy Hanks, exploded a bomb-shell. 'Report to Mr. Gordon, Gary,' said he, sternly. Bull sat and looked at him with his mouth wide open, too surprised to speak, and the rest of us just gasped. Finally Bull said, 'What for, sir?' in that bullying way of his, and Mr. Hanks came back at him like a flash. 'For disturbance in class, and for falsehood!' he said."

"And that," murmured Poke, "was the way the battle was fit."

"Gee!" said Jim. "Gary must have been surprised."

"Did he go right away?" asked Jeffrey.

"Like a lamb," answered Gil. "And then, 'Please continue, Marshall,' said Mr. Hanks. And there was n't a better-behaved class in school than we were!"

"Just what we told him would happen," declared Poke. "He ought to be mighty grateful to us for giving him the tip."

"He will probably send up a set of engraved resolutions thanking us," said Jim, dryly.

"What I want to know is," remarked Jeffrey, as they passed through the cottage gate, "what the team 's going to do without Gary at right guard."

"I wonder myself," mused Gil, as they took their places on the porch. "Probably they 'll bring Parker over from the second. But it 's going to weaken the team like anything."

Mr. Hanks's astounding change from the meek and lowly victim to the high-handed martinet was a nine-days' wonder. During that nine days three other members of his classes were punished with varying severity, and from that time on, recitations in Latin and history were conducted with a decorum that soon became the envy of other instructors. Mr. Hanks never spoke to Gil or Poke, Jim or Jeffrey, about the matter, nor did he ever show them any special consideration in class, but in some way they all understood that he was grateful, and with their new respect for him was a stronger liking.

In the meanwhile, foot-ball affairs were at sixes and sevens, for Gary's probation prohibited him from participation in athletics, and when he left

the team, the team lost one of its strongest units. Parker was tried, but found wanting. Springer, left guard on the second, was brought across to the first, but fared badly in the first game played. Finally Cosgrove, right tackle on the first, was moved to Gary's vacant place, and Curtis, of the second, was promoted to right tackle on the first. Whereupon, presto!—Mr. James Hazard found himself, with disconcerting suddenness, playing left tackle on the second team! And the season was half over, and the Hawthorne game loomed large on the horizon.

To say that Jim was pleased, is putting it but mildly. To say that he was secretly alarmed, is no more than the truth. It is one thing to serve as a substitute and be put in for five or ten minutes when the game is safe, and quite another to be a first string man. On defense, Jim found himself opposed to Tearney, right end on the first, and that was not so bad, but on the attack he had Cosgrove in front of him, and Cosgrove was an old and experienced player with a most irritating trick of coaxing Jim off-side, for which, for the first week or so, Jim was forever being censured by coach and captain and quarter-back. Of course, playing on the second team is not as momentous an affair as being on the 'varsity, but it 's the next biggest thing, and if any one thinks that a second team does n't take itself very seriously, they should have watched proceedings at Crofton that fall. The second, captained by Page, the tiny quarter-back, went into every tussle as though the fair honor of Crofton was in their keeping. The second regretted the loss of Curtis, but speedily made Jim welcome to their ranks. He soon got close to several fellows well worth knowing, and within a fortnight was "Jim" to every member of the team.

At Sunnywood, true to their promise, Gil and Poke assisted in the household duties. In the morning, the three boys descended to the cellar and put things in good shape for the day, raking out ashes and sifting them, shoveling coal, picking over cinders, and splitting kindling. In the evening, a somewhat similar program was carried out, and at ten o'clock, Poke, who had evolved certain theories for the scientific management of furnaces, went down and fixed the fire for the night. In this way, Jim had plenty of time to pursue the gentle art of foot-ball.

Brandon Gary accepted his punishment with seeming indifference. The school at large was inclined to be sympathetic at first, but Gary's attitude soon disgusted it. No longer on the foot-ball team, he pretended a vast contempt for it, and frequently predicted defeat in the Hawthorne

game. For some unknown reason, his secret resentment was against Duncan Sargent and Johnny Connell instead of Mr. Hanks and the principal, and he was forever criticizing the former pair's efforts at leadership and coaching. If he felt any resentment against Mr. Hanks, he never betrayed it. Having learned his lesson, he was quick to profit by it, and no member of his classes was any more quiet and docile than he. For a while speculation was rife as to the duration of his term of probation, but after Cosgrove had settled into the position of right guard, and it was observed that that side of the line appeared as strong as ever, the school became less concerned with Gary's fortunes. Cosgrove, although he had never played the position before, soon became proficient, and Curtis, though used to the other side of the line, took kindly to the change. Crofton met and defeated four adversaries, and then ran into a snag in the shape of Chester Polytechnic. "Poly" swept the Academy team off its feet, and won the game in a romp. But "Poly" had a way of doing that, and Crofton was not disheartened. The game proved that the weakest place in the line was at left tackle, where Marshall, willing and hard-working, had n't the stamina for the position. And yet Marshall was the best material in sight.

From a battle with Cupples Academy, Crofton crawled out victor by a single goal from field, and with two contests remaining before the Hawthorne game, the season settled into the home-stretch. Graduates ran out to Crofton for a day or two at a time and looked the team over and gave advice, and sometimes took a hand in the coaching, and ran back to college or business quite satisfied with their display of devotion to alma mater. But the man behind the team was Johnny, who pursued the even tenor of his way undisturbed. Rumors of exceptional ability on the part of the Hawthorne eleven might cause uneasiness to others, but Johnny paid them no heed. He had heard that sort of thing many, many times before.

Meanwhile Jim was getting on with rapid strides, and there came a day when the name of

Hazard was on every tongue. For on that day Jim broke through Curtis, blocked a kick, captured the ball, and sped forty yards for a touch-down. Jim's feat brought a victory to the second, and he went off the field a hero in the eyes of ten panting, happy players. But brilliant tricks of that sort are not the common lot of tackles, and Jim's best work was of the sort that does n't show much. But while Jim was making fine progress on the gridiron, he was scarcely holding his own in class. A boy must be peculiarly constituted to work heart and soul for the success of his team, and yet not show a falling off at recitations. And Jim, since it was his first attempt at serving two masters, was beginning to find himself at outs with his instructors. Oddly enough, it was with Latin that he had the most trouble those days, and it was Mr. Hanks who first scared him.

"Hazard," said the instructor one day, "you 'll have to give more time to your Latin. Don't come unprepared again this month, please."

That night Jim settled down in the quiet and seclusion of his own room and dug hard. And the next day, and the next after that, Mr. Hanks viewed him kindly. But in specializing on Latin, Jim had neglected his other studies, and he heard from it. Two weeks before the final game, Jim was looking worried and had become so irritable, that Hope declared she was certain he was about to be ill.

And then came the game with Fosterville School, and when it was over, with the score 12 to 5 in favor of the enemy, the future looked pretty dark for Crofton. For Marshall had been dragged out of a play limp and white, his usefulness to the team a thing of the past. The doctor declared it only a severe wrench of the shoulder, but Johnny knew that even if Marshall pulled around in a week, the accident had taken every bit of fight out of him. And so it was that the second lost another lineman to the first team, for by the middle of the following week, after trying out Parker and Hazard for the position, the much coveted, but un hoped for, honor fell to Jim.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD WOLF WIND

BY MARY BALDWIN

THE old Wolf Wind is let loose in the sky,
Howling and fierce and bold.
He frightens the little cloud sheep on high
Into the Sunset Fold.



FOLK-SONGS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

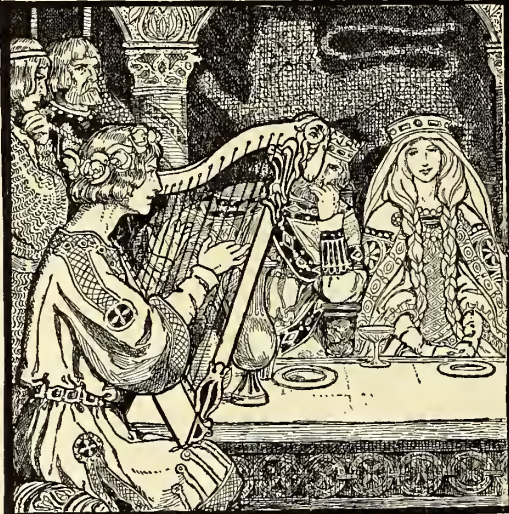
By Mabel Lyon Sturgis

THE MINSTREL BOY

THIS old song from Ireland has always been a favorite. The verses are by Thomas Moore, the distinguished Irish poet, who did so much for the folk-songs of his country.

The harp was an instrument beloved and honored by the Irish people, and is inseparably connected with their folk-music. No festival or fire-side was complete without it. Every man of distinction had his own minstrel who played on the harp and sang on all occasions. In the wars his strains inspired the hearts of the warriors to brave deeds for their country.

Our song has a lovely melody. It is also easy to sing. The last two lines are very effective if sung in chorus, the first two being rendered as a solo.

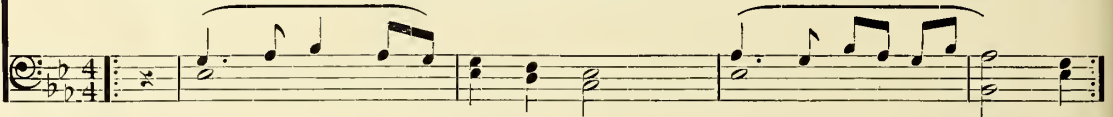


THOMAS MOORE

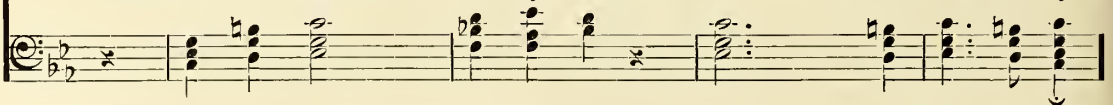
OLD MELODY
Arrangement by MABEL LYON STURGIS.



1. {The min - strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him;}
{His fa - ther's sword he has gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be - hind him.}
2. {The min - strel fell, but the foe-man's chain Could not bring that proud soul un - der;}
{The harp he loved ne'er spoke a - gain, For he tore it's chords a - sun - der.}



"Land of song," said the war - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be - tray.... thee,
And said, "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and bra - ve - ry!"



One sword at least thy rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall praise thee."
Thy songs were made for the pure and free, They shall nev - er sound in slave - ry!"



THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND

No folk-music is more widely known and enjoyed than that of Scotland. There are the large number of folk-songs made immortal by the great lyric poet, Robert Burns. There are the famous war-songs which sprang up during the Jacobite uprisings. There are ancient folk-songs and those of later times.

This is one of the most popular of all Scottish airs. It is a song of war-time and is full of the feeling of anxious love. In it, too, is a strong love of country and a glimpse of the warrior laddies.

The questions in the verses may be taken by a boy, and the answers by a girl. This, like "Leezie Lindsay," is a fine song to be sung in costume. It should be rendered with regard to the meaning of the words.

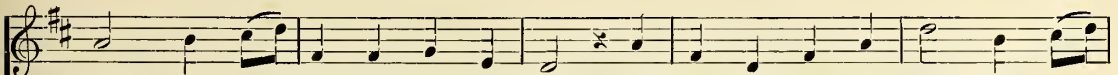
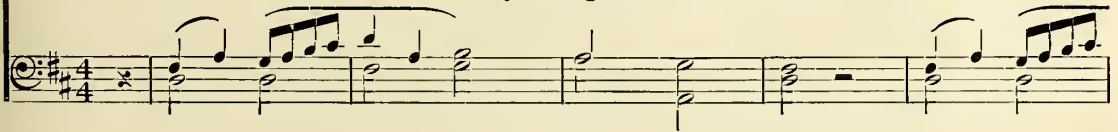


POPULAR MELODY

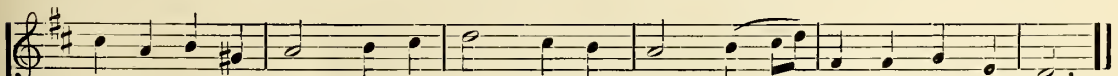
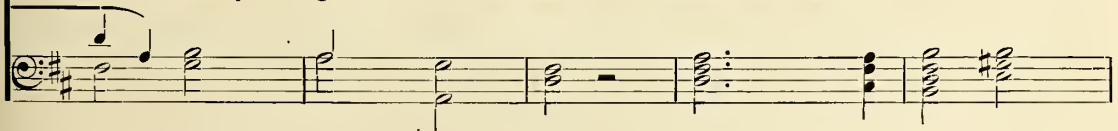
Arrangement by MABEL LYON STURGIS



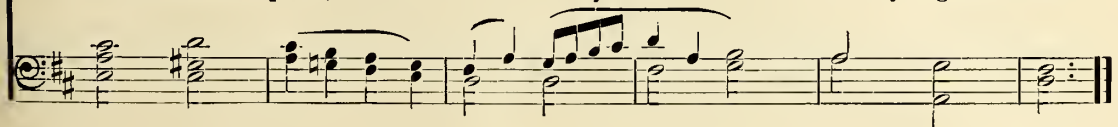
1. Oh where, tell me where is your Highland lad-die gone? Oh where, tell me
 2. Oh where, tell me where did your Highland lad-die dwell? Oh where, tell me
 3. Oh what, tell me what does your Highland lad-die wear? Oh what, tell me



where is your High-land lad - die gone? He's gone with streaming ban - ners, Where
 where did your High-land lad - die dwell? He dwelt in bon - nie Scot - land, Where
 what does your High-land lad - die wear? A scar - let coat and bon - net, And



no-ble deeds are done; And it's oh, in my heart I..... wish him safe at home.
 blooms the sweet blue bell; And it's oh, in my heart I..... love my lad - die well.
 on his breast a plaid; And it's oh, in my heart I..... love my High-land lad.



THE LADY OF THE LANE

BY FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

Author of "The Forest Castaways"

CHAPTER VII

MY LADY RECEIVES

ELIZABETH awoke the next morning with her cheeks flushed at memory of her failure in the kitchen the night before. But she also awoke decidedly hungry. For a little while, it was a struggle for mastery between her pride and her appetite, but by the time she was dressed, the latter had conquered. When Mrs. Trumbull repeated her offer to go down with her into the kitchen and show her how to prepare the breakfast, Elizabeth accepted with a meek, "Thank you." As a result, they all had a very satisfactory meal.

This meekness lasted for the next two days, very much to Mrs. Trumbull's surprise, and not a little to her discomfiture. In this mood, Elizabeth did not seem herself. When, on the third morning, Elizabeth came down-stairs early and without assistance actually began to prepare the breakfast, Mrs. Trumbull grew serious.

"Beth," she asked gently, "are you sleeping well?"

"Very well, thank you," answered Elizabeth.

"And there don't appear to be anything wrong with your appetite," Mrs. Trumbull added to herself. Then she said aloud: "Is n't there something else I can show you about?"

"Nothing at all, thank you," Elizabeth assured her.

"Well," sighed Mrs. Trumbull, "I s'pose time will tell."

She did not explain what she expected time to tell, but her prophecy was fulfilled immediately after breakfast. Elizabeth rose from the table with the calm announcement:

"I 'm going up-stairs now to read."

"Read? In the morning?" gasped Mrs. Trumbull, holding up her hands in horror.

"Why not?" asked Elizabeth.

"Because this whole house needs sweeping, for one thing," Mrs. Trumbull answered promptly, whatever worry she had had about the girl vanishing instantly.

"I don't care if it does," retorted Elizabeth. "I 've done my best, and it 's no use. I 've washed dishes from morning until night, and there are always just as many the next day. I 've dusted until I 'm tired of dusting, and there 's no use in doing it, for the dust comes right back again."

It was clear from the expression in Mrs. Trumbull's eyes, that, as usual, she had a ready explanation for this phenomenon on the tip of her tongue, but before she could give utterance to it, Elizabeth flounced out of the door. She hurried up the back stairs to her room, and, finding a comfortable seat in the sun, picked up her book with a new relish. Here she remained for at least two hours, lazily reading and dozing with the utmost satisfaction. She was uninterrupted until Mrs. Trumbull came in.

"There are some girls waiting in the sitting-room to see you," she announced.

Elizabeth jumped to her feet.

"To see me!" she exclaimed. "Did they send up their cards?"

"I did n't wait for any," answered Mrs. Trumbull.

Elizabeth was breathless. If these were the Brookfield girls, or Nan, or—oh, it did not matter who it was! They had come on purpose to embarrass her. She stamped her foot indignantly.

"Tell them I 'm not at home!" she exclaimed.

"I won't," Mrs. Trumbull answered abruptly. "I would n't tell any one what is n't true, even for Mary Churchill's daughter."

"Tell them I *can't* see them. Tell them I *won't* see them," stormed Elizabeth.

"No, Beth," answered Mrs. Trumbull, "I 'll do nothing of the kind. The room does n't look as well as it might, but it is n't anything to be ashamed of."

"It 's horrible!" gasped Elizabeth. "And so am I. Look at me."

"Well, if folks come in the morning, they must expect to find you in your work clothes."

"That 's it—work clothes! They 'd never stop laughing at me!"

"What would they laugh at?"

"At my being sent over to this little house—at my having to do my own work. Oh, they 'd laugh at everything!"

"If I was you, I would n't let them laugh," declared Mrs. Trumbull.

"How can I help it?"

"By not being ashamed of these things yourself," answered Mrs. Trumbull. "I don't like to see you this way, Beth. You are n't doing anything but what your mother did. You can't be ashamed of that. Go down just as you are. Hold

your head high, and don't apologize for a single thing."

"Oh!" gasped Elizabeth.

Mrs. Trumbull placed her hand gently upon the girl's shoulder.

"To have had such a mother as yours, is reason enough for any girl to hold her head high in any company," she said.

Elizabeth took a quick breath. Then she clenched her fists.

"I 'll go," she said. "And they sha'n't dare laugh at me."

As Elizabeth came down-stairs, she heard the voices in the front room, and knew that her worst fears were realized—it was Jane and Helen Brookfield. These girls, though ranking low in their class work, were the recognized leaders of the school in matters of fashion. They were always the first to appear in gowns patterned as nearly in the latest style as was possible for young ladies of seventeen. Both were very pretty. To-day being Saturday, they had probably dropped in while riding by.

At the foot of the stairs, Elizabeth paused to catch her breath. She had heard what an ordeal it was to be presented at court, but she felt now that she could face all the crowned heads of Europe more easily than these two schoolmates. She knew her cheeks were scarlet, and she feared that her knees would give way. Standing outside a second, she heard their whispers and suppressed giggles. It was certainly rude of them to come to her house and laugh, no matter what they might think of it. She entered the room with her head well up and her hand outstretched.

"Why, how do you do, Helen? And you too, Jane? It was kind of you to come."

Her voice was affected, but she carried herself so well as to leave the girls a bit confused, in fear lest they had been overheard. Jane was the first to recover.

"We called at The Towers—" she faltered.

"And they told you I had moved?" cut in Elizabeth, helping the visitor over her hesitation. "It 's true. Won't you sit down?"

The sisters seated themselves upon the dusty horsehair sofa to the right of the fireplace, and Elizabeth drew her mother's rocking-chair to a position in front of them. She wished heartily enough now that, instead of reading after breakfast, she had followed Mrs. Trumbull's advice and dusted. She was sure Helen was noting every speck of dirt, and, truth to tell, there was plenty to be seen.

"All sorts of stories are going around school about you!" exclaimed Helen.

She was slight and dark, with pretty, red

cheeks, and a childlike way of saying unkind things and asking forgiveness with her innocent eyes the minute they were spoken.

"Really?" laughed Elizabeth. "Tell me some of them."

"They say Miss Grimshawe would n't let you come back."

"That is true," answered Elizabeth, with an effort.

"And that your father was very angry with you."

"What did *you* say?" inquired Elizabeth.

"Why, we did n't know what to say; did we, Jane?"

"No," answered Jane, mildly. She was examining every shred of Elizabeth's costume.

"And," ran on Helen, "they said you were to be shut up in a little old house."

"To live in my mother's house," Elizabeth corrected.

"Oh," murmured Jane, "and was *this* your mother's house?"

The way she said it made Elizabeth wince.

"Mother came here when she was first married," Elizabeth explained.

"Really?" giggled Helen. "Why, we thought it was the servants' quarters; did n't we, Jane?"

"It was stupid of us," apologized Jane.

"Surely you are never stupid, Jane," answered Elizabeth.

Jane sat up a bit more rigidly. She knew her shortcomings. Helen, not knowing hers as well, smiled complacently.

"Of course that was a long while ago, when every one around here lived in cozy little houses of their own," added Elizabeth.

"I 'm quite sure my mama did n't," objected Helen, sweetly. "Did she, Jane?"

"Mama has always preferred apartments," answered Jane. "She has lived at the Belvidere ever since she was married."

"Apartments are so hotelly, don't you think?" returned Elizabeth.

"Mama says they save so much bother with servants," answered Helen. "I suppose you brought your maids down with you from The Towers?"

Elizabeth twisted uneasily. She wondered just how much these girls had learned. But she braced herself to the unvarnished truth.

"No, I did n't bring any servants at all."

"No servants!" exclaimed Helen. "Then who is to do the work?"

"I am," answered Elizabeth.

"You?"

Elizabeth nodded.

"The cooking and dusting and—everything?"

"Everything except milk the cow," laughed Elizabeth.

Now that she was in for it, she rather enjoyed making things as black as possible.

"When I get settled down, I may do even that," she added.

"Why, that—that is awful; is n't it, Jane?" exclaimed Helen.

"It 's much worse than any of the girls dreamed," answered Jane.

"It 's like—why, it 's like being shut up in prison," suggested Helen.

"To have a house of your own to do with as you please?" demanded Elizabeth. "I should call it a good deal more like prison to have to march up to Miss Grimshawe's every morning, and sit in two or three stuffy rooms until the middle of the afternoon. I don't have any one here to tell me to do this or that. I can do as I please."

In trying to make the situation as attractive as possible to her visitors, Elizabeth found herself unconsciously making it attractive to herself. She had not until this moment appreciated the real liberty she was enjoying. Before, she had looked at it from the point of view of the boarding-school. Viewing it now as an outsider, it appeared quite different. She warmed up to her subject even more as she ran on.

"I 'd rather take orders from myself," she said, "than from Miss Grimshawe. And I 'd rather do a problem from a cook-book than an arithmetic. And I 'd as soon wipe dishes as blackboards."

Elizabeth found herself getting excited. She paused a moment to catch her breath.

"How funny!" cooed Helen. "And can you learn French and singing in the kitchen?"

"Can *you* learn them at school?" retorted Elizabeth.

"I 'm sure I did very well with my irregular verbs last week, did n't I, Jane?"

"And Miss Santier said I might have a very good voice if I practised long enough, did n't she, Helen?" returned Jane.

Elizabeth smiled. Jane Brookfield's voice was the joke of the school.

"Well," said Elizabeth, "I can take singing lessons in the kitchen if I can't French."

"From whom?" inquired Helen, her big, blue eyes wide with wonder.

"From the tea-kettle," answered Elizabeth. "You ought to have heard it sing this morning. It trilled and gurgled while I was getting breakfast, for all the world like Miss Santier in one of her Italian songs."

"You don't mean to say you prepared breakfast yourself?" exclaimed Helen.

"Who else would get it?" asked Elizabeth.

"The person who opened the door and would n't wait for our cards," suggested Jane.

"I guess you 'd go hungry if you waited for her to do things for you," laughed Elizabeth. "But she showed me how. I learned to make biscuits yesterday."

"She 's your governess then?" inquired Helen.

"No. She 's just my friend," answered Elizabeth.

Jane glanced significantly at Helen. It was a very superior sort of glance. It did not escape Elizabeth. But, if it was meant to embarrass her for having acknowledged such a woman to be her friend, it failed of its purpose. She felt more kindly disposed toward Mrs. Trumbull after that than she had at any time since the latter's arrival.

"You must meet her," said Elizabeth, sweetly.

Helen rose instantly.

"I think we must be going; must n't we, Jane?" she said quickly.

"I 'd ask you to stay longer if I were settled," said Elizabeth, politely. "Perhaps by and by you can come for the day."

"We only dropped in to see what had become of you," Helen responded. "I suppose you 'll be at the dancing class this afternoon?"

Elizabeth had forgotten all about the dancing class. For a moment she looked a bit wistful. Then she put it out of her mind.

"No," she answered, "I shall be too busy."

"Why, Beth!" exclaimed Helen. "Sha'n't you be able to get out at all?"

"Perhaps—later on. As soon as I 'm able, I want some of my old friends to come here to tea."

"That is sweet of you," answered Helen. "But of course we are very busy also; are n't we, Jane?"

"We are going to join a tennis class," nodded Jane.

"I don't see how you will find time for that," murmured Elizabeth.

The two girls moved rather hurriedly toward the door. They had intended to make Elizabeth uncomfortable, and, to tell the truth, they were becoming uncomfortable themselves. They had never seen Elizabeth so cool and self-possessed.

A groom was waiting outside, holding their horses. He touched his hat, and cantered to the door. The girls hastily mounted.

"Good-by," Elizabeth called to them as they started off. "You 'll tell the girls all the news, won't you?"

She came in, and closed the door behind her with a vicious bang.

"There!" she said to herself, "those are the last girls who get in here until this house is in order. They can say what they like, and I don't care."

"Company gone?" inquired Mrs. Trumbull from up-stairs.

"Those Brookfield girls have gone, if that's what you mean," replied Elizabeth.

Mrs. Trumbull came down.

"I saw them galloping off with that monkey trailing along behind them," she commented.

"Before they go home, they'll visit half the

ion that she had built her first fire; she looked on until it was time to drop the little circles of dough into the fat. After Mrs. Trumbull had cooked the first half-dozen, however, she turned the business wholly over to Elizabeth. It was a distinctly hot operation, and the latter's cheeks soon became a flaming red. Moreover, it was not easy to land the sticky circles in the smoking kettle without



ELIZABETH RECEIVES THE BROOKFIELD SISTERS.

girls in school and tell them I'm living in a barn and doing my own work!" exclaimed Elizabeth.

"What do you care?" asked Mrs. Trumbull.

"I don't care," snapped Elizabeth.

CHAPTER VIII

MY LADY RECEIVES AGAIN

"If I were you," declared Mrs. Trumbull that Saturday afternoon, "I'd make some doughnuts today. It's time you learned how, and it will give you something in the house for over Sunday."

Mrs. Trumbull had introduced the subject of doughnuts several times before, but without much success. This time, however, Elizabeth followed her, though somewhat reluctantly, into the kitchen, and took down the yellow mixing bowl. She mixed the doughnuts a good deal after the fash-

getting spattered. She improved with practice, until, finally, she did not jump back more than a few inches.

"I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Trumbull, as she studied the girl, dressed in a long, blue apron, and armed with a two-tined fork, "you look more like your ma this very minute than I've ever seen you look!"

"I feel more like her than I've ever felt," laughed Elizabeth.

"Now that I remember it, your ma used to have a curl like yours that was always getting loose and hanging over one ear."

"I expect I look very untidy," answered Elizabeth. "I'm glad there's no one else here now to see me."

There was a knock at the door, and Elizabeth, thinking it the grocer, crossed the room and

swung it open, the iron fork still in her hand. Before her, hat in hand, stood Roy Thornton. Tall and straight, dressed in a long automobile coat, his hands gauntleted in leather gloves, he stared in silence at Elizabeth, as much astonished as she was herself. There was not a boy in all the world she would not rather have seen at that moment. Elizabeth shrank back in confusion, but he met her eyes frankly. Then he laughed with an open-hearted amusement that, somehow, did not hurt.

"I beg your pardon," he apologized. "I did n't mean to intrude. I rapped at the front door, and then Helen Brookfield suggested I try this one."

"What do you want?" stammered Elizabeth, not very politely.

"Mother and Helen have gone on in the machine to do some errands. They 'll soon be back," he explained, "and we thought you might like to join us then in a little spin."

"Thank you," Elizabeth managed to recover sufficiently to answer, "but I can't."

"I did n't know you were so busy," he said. "I did n't mean to interrupt you."

"It is n't your fault," she answered.

He peered into the kitchen.

"My," he said, "those doughnuts smell good!"

The exclamation was so unaffected, so boyish, that Elizabeth's embarrassment vanished at once.

"They are my first," she answered impulsively.

"Would you like one?"

"Would I!" he said, "I 'm nearly starved!"

"Will—will you come in?"

He accepted the invitation instantly. Elizabeth stammered some sort of an introduction to Mrs. Trumbull, and Thornton bowed as gallantly as to a lady in silks. Elizabeth handed him a fresh doughnut upon the end of her fork. He took a bite. She waited breathlessly.

"Oh, say," he cried, "but these are fine! And you made them!"

Seated on the corner of the kitchen table, Roy Thornton contentedly munched his doughnut. Elizabeth regarded with pride every mouthful that he swallowed.

"I have n't had a doughnut like this," he said, "since Phil Harden, Bob Wenham, and I took a walking trip through the White Mountains. We used to stop at farm-houses, and buy milk and bread, and doughnuts like these. My, but they tasted good! I wonder why you can't get such things in the city."

"I can tell you," answered Mrs. Trumbull. "It 's because city women don't get up early enough in the morning."

"Maybe that 's it," he agreed. "Would you think me very impolite if I asked for another?"

"Lor, have all you want," answered Mrs. Trumbull. "I pity a boy who does n't live within reach of a doughnut jar."

He helped himself to a second one, which he ate with as much evident relish as the first.

Elizabeth attempted, unobserved, to sweep back into place the curl which was hanging over her left ear. But it would n't stay. Then she tried her best to think of some excuse which would allow her to get out of the kitchen long enough to tidy up a bit. Thornton looked so immaculate, that he made the contrast with her own appearance even more marked. And yet she felt that he himself was not making any such comparison. Apparently he did not notice at all her gingham apron and her floury fingers.

"I tell you what!" he exclaimed, when he had finished his second doughnut, "I guess I 'll have to learn to make these things myself."

"It would n't hurt you none," declared Mrs. Trumbull. "If I had a boy, I 'd teach him to cook the same 's I would a girl."

"I can make coffee and fry bacon," he boasted. "Even that much comes in handy in the woods."

"I guess California would never have been settled, if the men who went West in '49 had depended upon women to do their cooking for them," declared Mrs. Trumbull.

"You 're right," agreed Thornton, "and even our modern woodsmen know how to cook. I 'll never forget the biscuits old Peter Cooley used to make. Can you make biscuits, too?" he inquired, turning to Elizabeth.

"I made some this morning," she answered proudly.

"I 'll bet they were good. Helen said you were going to live here right along now and keep house."

"Yes," Elizabeth answered.

"What luck! It 's like camping out!"

There was something in the way he said this that made her feel that she really was lucky. He gave a color of romance to her position.

"You make me feel as though summer vacation had come and I was tramping through the hills again," he declared. "I 'd like to do some farm work. You don't want to hire a man, do you?" he asked laughingly.

"You might have Martin's place, if he leaves," she answered.

"Martin? Is n't he the grand duke who used to meet me at the door?"

"Yes," she chuckled, "but now he 's the milkman. I have a cow, you know."

"A cow? And Martin is milking it? That ought to be a sight worth seeing. But, honestly, I would n't mind doing even that."

"I guess *you 'd* be a sight worth seeing, if you tried it," returned Elizabeth.

Mrs. Trumbull began to worry about the rest of the doughnuts which were still to be fried.

"You 'd better get the rest of your dough into the fat," she suggested.

Elizabeth could have dropped through the floor. It was one thing to let Roy Thornton see the finished product, and another to allow him to watch her actually at work. She began to wish he would take his departure.

"Won't the rest of the dough keep until tomorrow?" she asked.

"Land, child, no. It would fall flatter than a pancake."

Elizabeth unwillingly crossed the room and cut out four more doughnuts. As she returned with them in the flat of her hand, Roy sprang to his feet, throwing aside his gloves and long coat.

"Oh, say!" he pleaded, "won't you let me do one?"

"You 'll get your clothes all spotted," Mrs. Trumbull warned him.

"I 'll be careful," he answered.

He took a doughnut from Elizabeth, and started toward the hot fat with it. But Mrs. Trumbull stopped him.

"Wait a minute," she said. "If you 're bound to do it, you must put on an apron first."

She whipped off Elizabeth's blue gingham apron, and adjusted it about Roy's neck. He stood very straight and stiff while she was doing it. You would have thought to look at him that he was undergoing some sort of an operation. In the meanwhile, the doughnut began to stick to his fingers, and the more he struggled with it, the worse it stuck, until, in desperation, he held out his hands toward Elizabeth.

"I 'm afraid I 'm making an awful mess of it," he apologized.

"That 's because you did n't flour your hands," explained Mrs. Trumbull.

She took a knife and scraped off the dough, and then led him to the bread board, while Elizabeth stood by, convulsed with laughter.

"Now you begin again," said Mrs. Trumbull.

"It is n't as easy as it looks, is it?" commented Thornton.

Still he was not one to retreat after undertaking a task. He plunged his hands into the sifter full of flour, and washed them as vigorously as though he were using soap.

"That 's enough," Mrs. Trumbull interrupted him. "Now lay the doughnut flat on your palm and just let it slide off into the fat."

He obeyed the first part of her instructions, and crossed the room with his arm outstretched,

as though to balance the doughnut in his hand were some delicate feat of juggling. When he reached the kettle, he slanted down his hand, and the bit of dough rolled off and struck the hot fat, much as a bullfrog flops into a pool. The result was that his hand was generously spattered. But he did n't wince. He took that to be part of the sport.

"Now what do you do—poke it?" he inquired, as he watched it bob to the surface, after he had thought it gone forever.

"You let it alone, and put in another," answered Mrs. Trumbull. "And don't drop it in as though it were a rock; let it go in slanting, as though you were diving."

"Oh, that 's the trick!" he answered. "Well, now just you watch this one!"

He lowered it carefully, worked it along toward the ends of his fingers, and let go of it at a slant. It slid in without making a ripple.

"How 's that?" he asked Elizabeth, as eagerly as though he had accomplished an amazing high dive.

"That 's fine," she complimented him. "Now, when they look brown in the middle, you turn them over."

She did n't wish to appear to be a merely interested bystander. She wished to show some knowledge of the art. She found the fork, and, standing by his side, watched with him the little floating circles of dough as critically as though she were an expert.

"Now!" she ordered.

He seized the fork and turned them over.

"How 's that?" he demanded.

"Good," answered Elizabeth.

"Give me a little practice, and I 'll bet I could even make them," he declared eagerly. "When I get home—"

There was another rap at the kitchen door. All three turned in that direction.

"Jove!" exclaimed Thornton, "that 's Mother! I forgot all about her."

Elizabeth could not have opened that door if it had been to save her life. As for Thornton, he was far too busy. Mrs. Trumbull solved the difficulty by going herself. When she swung the door open, she saw a woman of about fifty, and, peering over the latter's shoulder, the same young lady who had asked her to carry her card up-stairs. There was an awkward pause for a second, as Mrs. Trumbull stared, somewhat aggressively, at the two. Then Thornton stepped forward. His mother showed some astonishment at finding him garbed in a blue gingham apron. As for Helen Brookfield, she could n't believe her eyes. Her gaze was almost scornful.

"Mrs. Trumbull, this is my mother and Miss Brookfield." He introduced them without embarrassment. "Excuse me, Mother, but I can't leave my doughnuts."

Elizabeth managed somehow to step forward, and invite the visitors to come in.

"Well, Roy," exclaimed Mrs. Thornton, "what shall I find you doing next!"

"Making biscuits," answered Roy, without hesitation. "I'm going to learn how to cook."

Mrs. Thornton seated herself in a wooden chair and watched the proceedings. It was surprise enough to find Elizabeth Churchill in the kitchen.

As for Helen, she lifted her skirts with some ostentation as she came in, as if she feared to soil them on the kitchen floor.

"It's my fault that Roy has kept you waiting," Elizabeth apologized to Mrs. Thornton. "But I would n't have let him in—if I'd seen him first."

"I don't wonder that he came in after seeing you," chirped up Helen. "It's quite a curiosity to find you cooking, Beth."

Mrs. Trumbull glanced up sharply.

"I guess it's quite a curiosity to find girls of to-day doing anything useful," she said.

Mrs. Thornton raised her eyebrows with a smile, as she glanced at Elizabeth. It was a kindly smile, and took some of the sting out of Helen's cutting remark.

"I'm sure there must be something at fault with the young girls, when the boys take to cooking," observed Mrs. Thornton, turning to Mrs. Trumbull.

"Here, Beth," Roy broke in, "see if these are ready to come out."

Elizabeth stepped to his side, and looked critically at the brown disks.

"I—I guess they're done," she stammered, turning for support to Mrs. Trumbull. The latter nodded.

Leaving Roy to wield the two-tined fork, Elizabeth hurried to the china closet and brought back some plates for her guests. Mrs. Thornton removed her gloves, and accepted one with murmured thanks, still watching her son. Then her eyes caught the design on the plate before her.

"Why, Elizabeth!" she exclaimed. "Where in the world did you get this?"

"Oh," apologized Elizabeth in confusion, "it's cracked, is n't it? I did n't notice. I have n't had time yet to throw away the old ones."

"Throw them away!" gasped Mrs. Thornton.

She was noting the marks on the back. The collecting of old china was a hobby of hers.



"ELIZABETH STEPPED TO HIS SIDE, AND LOOKED CRITICALLY AT THE BROWN DISKS."

"Why!" she exclaimed, looking up, "don't you realize that, besides being very beautiful, this old plate is very valuable? It is one of the historical designs. You have n't more of them, have you?"

"More!" answered Elizabeth; "there's a whole closet full."

"It belonged to her great-grandmother," explained Mrs. Trumbull. "And if I do say it, I'd rather have it, cracked as it is, than a houseful of the stuff people buy to-day."

"I'd like very much to see the rest of it," said Mrs. Thornton.

"How's your doughnut?" demanded Roy.

Mrs. Thornton took a bite, and answered, absent-mindedly, "Very good, Roy."

But her eyes were turned wistfully toward the room from which the plate had been brought. Elizabeth trembled lest she might insist upon going in there. She would die of shame if Mrs. Thornton saw that room in its present condition.

"I—I will get some others for you," said Elizabeth.

"Allow me," begged Roy, following behind her.

"No," she refused quickly, "you tend to your cooking."

She disappeared and closed the door behind her. She seized a cup and saucer and three or four plates at random and ran back, fearing lest they should follow her. She laid the plates carelessly on the table beside Mrs. Thornton.

"Gently, child, gently!" exclaimed the latter.

Helen stepped forward, feeling obliged to show some interest in a matter which seemed so to excite Roy's mother.

"They do look old, don't they?" she murmured, in a tone that called attention to nothing but the nicks and cracks.

"How beautifully they did everything a hundred years ago!" exclaimed Mrs. Thornton. "See the color, see the design around the edge!"

She looked up with a little sigh.

"My dear," she said, "I envy you."

"Have you seen the new Limoges at Stratton's?" inquired Helen.

"Don't mention Limoges in the same breath with this," protested Mrs. Thornton. "There is n't a dealer in New York who would n't ex-

change a full set of that for a half-dozen of these plates."

"No, I suppose not," Helen hastened to agree. "I suppose this is quite a curiosity. Would they put it in a museum?"

Mrs. Thornton rose without deigning to reply. She turned to Elizabeth.

"You will show me the rest of it some day?" she pleaded.

"Some day," answered Elizabeth, quickly.

Thornton removed his apron, and put on his long coat and gloves again.

"I 'm sorry you can't go with us," he said, with evident sincerity, to Elizabeth. "But I 'll come around some afternoon for both you and Mrs. Trumbull. May I?"

"I don't know about me," answered Mrs. Trumbull. "I never rode in one of those things in my life."

"Then it 's time you did," laughed Thornton.

In another minute they had all gone. Elizabeth sank into a chair.

"Well," she gasped, "what do you think of that?"

"I liked the boy and his mother," answered Mrs. Trumbull, who evidently saw nothing unusual in the fact that they had been received in the kitchen, "but I consider that Helen Brookfield a saucy little minx."

"It was she who sent them all in here. She did it on purpose," explained Elizabeth.

"Much good it did her," snapped Mrs. Trumbull. "And do you know, I don't believe that boy gets enough to eat."

(To be continued.)

HOW MUCH HE WILL KNOW!

"I 'M six years old, and go to school;
I always mind the teacher's rule.
I 'm 'bout as good, I guess, you know,
As most little boys of six or so.
Sometimes Grandpa asks what I 'm thinking about,
When I sit so still, and try to find out
How many, many things there will be
That I 'll know when I 'm as old as he.

"But yesterday, right after tea,
Tom figured on his slate for me;
And he found, if I should learn, each day,
Just one little bit of something, say--
When I 'm all grown up, and my hair is white,
(It 's true, for my brother can figure right)
At the end of seventy years, I 'll know
'Bout twenty-five thousand things or so!"

Jean Halifax.

BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE



READING ALOUD

I WAS looking through the biography of an English statesman the other day, the earlier pages of which are devoted to a description of his wife's childhood in the old Scotch castle where she was born and brought up. The picture of the life there was charming in many ways, so simple and healthy and full of outdoor fun and jolly companionship between the host of brothers and sisters. But one thing particularly struck me, and that was the delightful custom that obtained among these children of reading aloud to each other on stormy afternoons or during the evening. Their meeting-place was the great, central hall with its huge fireplace at one end, with large fur rugs outspread before it and wide seats drawn close to it. Here, after long rides and tramps over the heathery hills, for these young Scots were passionately fond of an active existence, they would gather as twilight fell. A lamp swung on a chain above one of the seats, and under this, turn about, one of the children sat and read aloud to the rest. They read the Border ballads, and tales of adventure and of history; they read the lives of great men and gallant stories of travel by land and sea. Round about them the vast spaces of the ancient hall, paneled in dark woodwork and hung with tapestry, grew dimmer and more mysterious in the gathering dusk. Outside per-

haps a wintry storm went wailing, slapping its wet wings against the long windows. In the warm circle of light created by the flaming logs and glowing lamp, the eight or ten children, all lusty and handsome, lay or sat, some of them busy carving or embroidering, others idle and dreaming, and listened as the reader turned silent print to living words. Scott was writing his romances at that time, and a new volume by the "Wizard of the North," as he was called, was eagerly welcomed. The shadowy old hall must have been a fine place for hearing his stories. Easy to imagine one heard the tramp of armed feet and hoarse voices of command in the court without. *Rebecca* might have stood in one of those very windows and threatened to leap to death if grim *Brian*, the Knight-Templar, came a step nearer. *Amy Robsart* and *Leicester* might have wandered hand in hand through that archway while poor *Amy* was still happy in the earl's love. Here the clans might have mustered in answer to the call of the wild *Pibroch*, or the old minstrel have tuned his harp for that last lay.

At any rate, Lady John Russell, in all the happiness as well as the sorrow of the rest of her life, never forgot those wonderful hours when she and her brothers and sisters read, and talked together of what they had read, before the warm hearth. More than that, she kept up the custom, and she and Lord John used to read to each other

whenever they could find leisure; for Russell's life was crowded with work. They read many old books, and they read the new ones. Thackeray and Dickens were writing then, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Jane Austen. Russell would lay aside the heavy cares of state, cares his wife understood and shared with him, and the two would laugh like children over *Pickwick* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*, or thrill over the lovely poems that were then so new to the world.

I have been telling this story of a past time because I don't see why all of you should not have just such pleasant memories to look back to when you are grown up, and such a habit to fall back upon. We cannot all lie before a fire in a vast baronial hall, to be sure, where history is as much at home as the cat on the hearthstone. But almost any place is a good place to read in. The evening lamp glows as cheerily in the cozy living-room of a flat or a bungalow, a suburban house or a western ranch, as it can in the oldest haunted castle that was ever the scene of romantic happenings. And then, too, there's "all outdoors" to read aloud in, when the summer days come back to us. It's the book that is the thing. Let that be good, and the reader good, and the hours will prove unforgettable, whatever the setting.

Now this matter of reading well is precisely where the difficulty comes in. That must be learned. You cannot do it well without plenty of practice, and it will cost trouble; but it is worth all the trouble, once you have mastered the art. For an art it is, like any form of human expression.

In the first place, don't read too fast. You must give your listeners lots of time, or they will feel hurried, or perhaps miss important items. You should keep your voice full and yet low; reading aloud is excellent training for the voice when it is properly done. Don't be too monotonous, nor yet too dramatic. Reading is not acting, but you must feel what you are reading, and interpret to some extent the character or the episode you are relating. If you were telling your friends the tale of something that had happened to you, you would not act it out, but, nevertheless, there would be some of the sensation of what you had experienced in your method of telling it. Now if, in reading, you snatch at your words and go hurrying down the page all in one level key, you will not help to put your story before the listeners. On the other hand, if you try to act out the thing too much, you spoil it by distracting attention to your way of reading instead of keeping it on what you read. Be simple and straightforward, and be yourself interested in the book; and above all, read aloud frequently.

You will find it grow easier and more enjoyable. Don't hesitate, either, to ask for criticism, and watch what is good or bad in the work of others. In the end, I think you will agree with me that there is hardly a greater pleasure for a little circle than this reading of a delightful book in common, with the discussion that naturally follows. Much that you might miss in a book if you read it alone comes out when opinions are exchanged, and it is interesting to see how different the points of view will sometimes be.

There are, of course, some books that are better read to oneself and others particularly suited to reading aloud. Stockton's perfectly delicious stories make the best of material for a jolly evening. There is "The Christmas Wreck," for instance, in the volume of that title. It is supposed to be told by a fisherman of the name of *Silas*, who has a dialect of his own; but it is not difficult,—it is just funny, and it reads splendidly. *Silas* sets out to prove that once in a way Christmas can come too soon; and if you are n't all of you in fits of laughter before he gets through, I'm much mistaken. There are a lot more good stories in that same book, one of the best being "A Tale of Negative Gravity." This is concerned with a curious machine used by a stout, middle-aged couple, and no one who has read it will forget the delightful fun of their antics; especially when one of them tries to climb down out of the sky—but I must n't give it all away.

Short stories are excellent for reading aloud, because each person in the group can read one. Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales" read finely, for the English is so flowing and beautiful and the stories themselves so good, and fairy tales are always a good choice. Lamb's "Tales from Shakspeare" is another first-rate book for the purpose, and so are his essays, if you are not afraid of essays. You won't be, if you once read these, or Warner's "Backlog Studies," or Leigh Hunt's "Day by the Fire." Of a historic character, I remember Charlotte Yonge's "Book of Golden Deeds," giving us a great deal of enjoyment. It is full of fine adventures that stir the pulse, and the telling is spirited. Other stories based on history are Roosevelt and Lodge's "Hero Tales from American History," which make good reading. Some of Poe's stories are good, "The Gold Bug," for instance; but many are too scary until you are thoroughly grown up; and even then one rather likes to keep the light bright after reading them.

Of longer books the choice is endless. There is always Stevenson, who has made more people, small or big, happy and excited than you could crowd into the State of Texas. And Dickens was

especially created for reading aloud. Take his "David Copperfield" and try. Scott's novels are rather too long for us nowadays, and are better read to oneself. But his long poems are fine. You will never know how good "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake" are until you listen to them well read. The stories they tell are thrilling, and the verse is so full of life and swing. Macaulay, too, can't be beaten. And read Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," with all their lovely and touching episodes and tender, exquisite poetry.

Remember, you will never take one of these books from your shelf, and there are many more, in the years to come, without recalling the happy group which first read them, the group of which you were one. Not only will you turn the familiar pages with that pleasure that comes from a book you love, but you will live again the smiling hours that formed a part of the story, hear the comments, see the faces, the room, the curtained windows that kept out the winter cold—feel the glow of past companionship.

That, as I said, is one of the reasons why I should be glad to think you will make a habit of reading aloud. It is an art altogether too much neglected nowadays, as many sweet and happy things are, in the rush of training and study. Take time to be content, and to do things you will like to remember having done. Reading is good for your voice, your expression, your pronunciation and understanding of the great language we

inherit; and it gives you a world of lovely memories which you will find to be a big part of life's happiness as you pass along.

The evenings of midwinter are upon us. Enjoy them. Go to the book-shelf and look it over carefully. Perhaps your eyes will fall upon Howard Pyle's "The Rose of Paradise." There is a capital book! Take it down, settle yourself comfortably, with your friends close around, and begin:—

Although the account of the serious engagement betwixt the *Cassandra* and the two pirate vessels in the Mozambique Channel hath already been set to print, the public have yet to know many lesser and detailed circumstances concerning the matter. . . .


I 'll warrant that when bedtime comes, there will be groans from you all. This is but one of many glorious pirate tales by Pyle, each one being apparently better than the rest. Like the "Rose," they are all founded on the actual deeds of these thrilling creatures, so good to read about, but so uncomfortable to encounter; and they tell a lot about sea ways and old times that is true history and real romance at the same time. There must be some stir to a book that is read aloud, whether of fun or love or adventure or description, because it is more difficult to keep the attention on something heard than on something seen. And there is plenty of stir to a good pirate tale, particularly when Mr. Pyle tells it.



V.

A GOOD LISTENER.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



PINK NOSE AND VELVET PAW

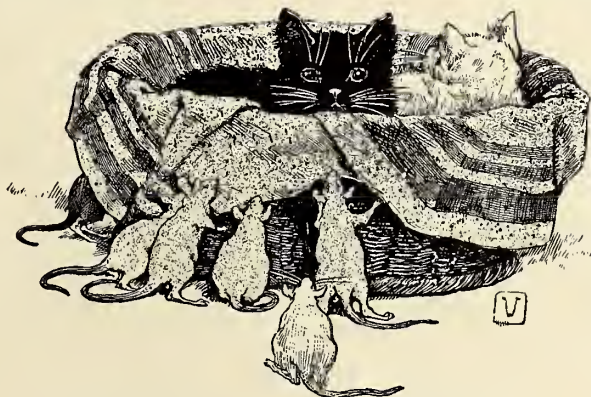


BY SARAH JEANNETTE BRIGHAM

PINK-NOSE" was as white as a snowball, except the tip of her nose, which was the color of a wild rose; and "Velvet-Paw" was as black as night, but his eyes were blue.

These two kitty-cats lived in a big, beautiful house that was full of cushions, fur rugs, and warm fireplaces, and where kitty-cats' bowls were often full of nice, sweet milk. They were so well fed that they were never hungry enough to want to kill a mouse.

There lived, also, between the walls of this large and beautiful house many



"THEY WERE NOT AFRAID OF THE KITTY-CATS."

families of little, brown mice. At night, when people were asleep, there could be heard a soft pattering of tiny feet where these little, brown mice were climbing up and down the winding staircases that ran between the walls of the great house. They were quiet all day, and frolicked all night, while Pink-Nose and

Velvet-Paw were asleep in their baskets. They were not afraid of the kittycats, and would often peep at them through the cracks. The mice had made an underground passage from the great house to the big barn. It was very dark, but the little, brown mice needed no lanterns, for they knew every step of the little runway well. There was a big, dry place under the stables which was



"PINKY-NOSE AND VELVET-PAW SAID THEY 'NEVER, NEVER SAW ANYTHING SO GAY AND CLEVER.'"

warm and pleasant. It was there the mice stored their winter supplies, and there, also, they often lunched upon the oats that fell through the cracks of the barn floor.

One night there were great goings-on between the walls of the big house. The mice were running up and down their little stairways all night, and they were making great plans for something.

As they were not far from Velvet Paw's bed, he was awakened by the noise, as they scampered about.

He crept softly to the edge of the wall and listened. He heard the little, brown mice laying plans for a frolic under the stables; and after the plans were made, they danced about and sang this little song:

"E-ky, wee-ky, round we go,
Tweak your ear, and twirl your toe.
I smell cheese!
Let us squeeze
Underneath the pantry door.

Something fine is there in store—
With a chance for a dance
In the moonlight on the floor.
Up the winding stair we 'll go
Twirl your ear, and tweak your toe."

Velvet-Paw crept softly back into his basket, and went to sleep. In the morn-

ing he had great news to tell to Pink-Nose. While he told her the little story, she listened and purred.

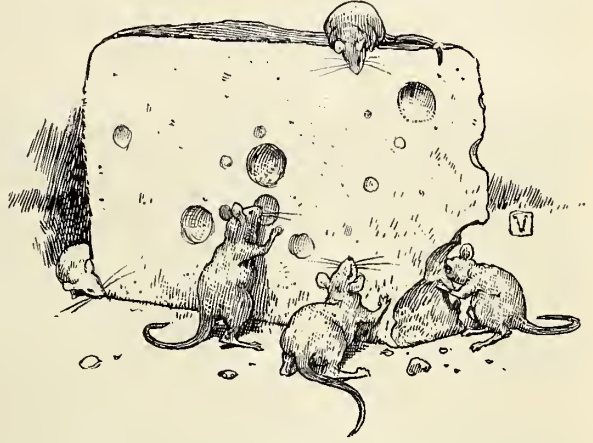
"Little Winky-Pinky-Nose,
Listen! What do you suppose
I have heard? Every word
That the little, brown mice said,
While the folks were all a-bed.

"When the moon is big again,
And the clock is striking ten,
Said a little mother-mouse,
'We will softly leave the house,
Down the little runway go,
To the stables just below.
Where we 'll dance,
Prink, and prance,
Nibble oats and nibble cheese.
Dance till morning, if we please,
Then run home and go to bed.'
That is what the mousie said."

"Then," said Winky-Pinky-Nose,
"Could we peep, do you suppose,
Through a window or a door,
Or the open, stable floor,
See them dance, prink, and prance?"

"Yes," said Velvet-Paw. "I know
Just the place where we can go.
When the moon is big again,
And the clock is striking ten."

So the kitty-cats one night,
When the moon was shining bright,



Went as still as they could go
To the stables just below;
Cuddled close and dared not stir,
Did not even dare to purr;
For they knew they had no right
To be stealing out at night,
Just to see the brown mice dance,
Tweak their toes, and prink, and prance.

But, oh, missy, mousie, me!
It was something fine to see!
Pinky-Nose and Velvet-Paw
Said they "never, never saw
Anything so gay and clever,—
Never in their lives! No, never!"

ROWDY DOW

BY STELLA GEORGE STERN

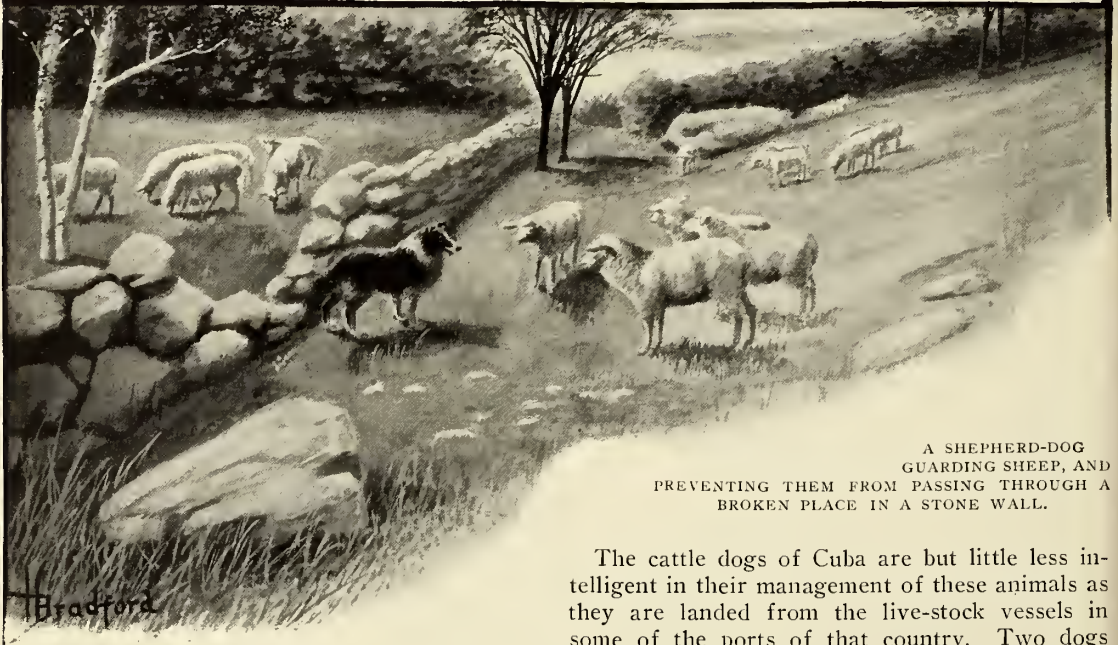
THERE was a little dog, they say,
Named Rowdy Dowdy Dow;
He saw a kitten one fine day,
And straight began to "Bow-wow-wow!"
And straight began to bow.

She did n't like him anyhow;
And all she said to Rowdy Dow,
Was just "Meow! Meow! Meow!
I 'm ready for a row-row-row!"



NATURE and SCIENCE *for Young Folks*

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.



A SHEPHERD-DOG
GUARDING SHEEP, AND
PREVENTING THEM FROM PASSING THROUGH A
BROKEN PLACE IN A STONE WALL.

“INTELLIGENCE” OR “INSTINCT” IN ANIMALS

VOLUMES have been written on the subject of animal intelligence, but probably none are more interesting than those written by Dr. Romanes and Lord Lubbock. A few instances of animals showing extraordinary intelligence I give below, some gathered from my own knowledge, and others quoted from observers who have also made a study of this same faculty in animals.

Nearly every one has noticed the remarkable “knowing” quality developed in all shepherd-dogs. According to my own personal observation, these dogs help to keep the herds in the road and drive them in the right direction; they know their master’s sheep and cattle; they can separate one herd from another; they can keep each in its own special pasture; they can prevent their master’s sheep from mingling with his neighbor’s—especially when the flock comes to a break in the wall or fence or hedge, through which the sheep seem to have an almost irresistible tendency to pass—and on account of their great intelligence, shepherd-dogs are an almost indispensable aid to all those who have to manage sheep or cattle.

The cattle dogs of Cuba are but little less intelligent in their management of these animals as they are landed from the live-stock vessels in some of the ports of that country. Two dogs swim beside each steer, for each steer is thrown into the water to find its own way ashore, and these dogs guide it by the ears until the animal’s feet touch bottom, when they immediately let go, and return to the ship to assist another steer in reaching land in the same manner.

In some of their actions, monkeys seem to be



A MONKEY USING A STRAW TO PICK A CRUMB
OUT OF A CRACK.

guided by something higher than instinct. The above illustration shows a monkey prying a

crumb out of a crack in the floor of his cage, by the help of a straw. Here he seems to be showing all the inventive qualities of a real "human."

Darwin describes a trick played on a monkey to show its intelligence. Lumps of sugar wrapped in paper were first given to him. Then, for sugar, a live wasp was substituted, but after meeting with an unpleasant experience from the wasp, the monkey put the next package to his ear to learn if it might be safely opened. This action showed that the monkey had memory and considerable wisdom, and had discovered that a wasp buzzes when wrapped in paper.

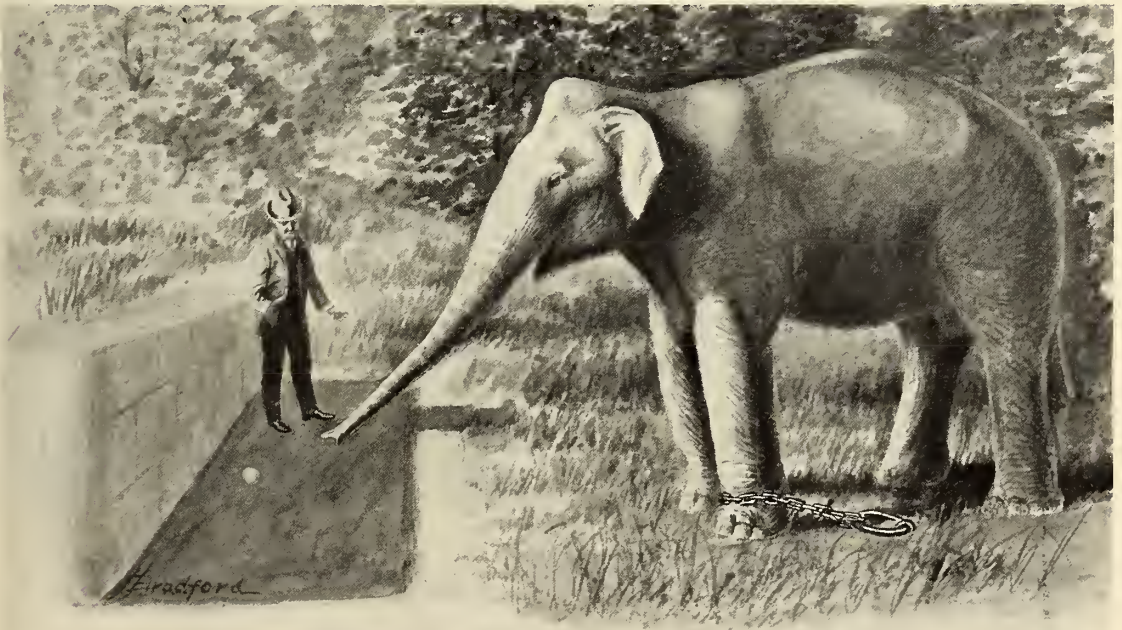
Cats seem to know what dogs they can frighten and drive off, as well as those from which they would do well to steer clear. I have often seen a pet cat of ours drive a big dog away from her dish on the back porch, causing him to set up such a howl that one might suppose a catamount were after him; and, again, I have seen a fox-terrier send the same cat flying up a tree as fast as she could climb it, without any questioning as to whether it were best to go or not.

A remarkable story of mice is told in Dr. Romanes's book on "Animal Intelligence." Laborers had left pieces of plaster in a closet where there was a jug of honey. The mice could not scale the glazed sides of the jug, so they piled up the plaster until they could walk along the inclined plane thus made. When they got to the edge of



A MONKEY HOLDING A PACKAGE TO HIS EAR TO FIND OUT WHETHER IT COULD BE SAFELY OPENED.

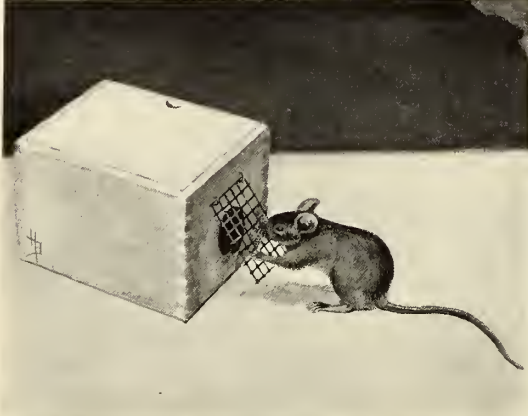
the jug, they found that the honey was far below the top, and beyond their reach, so they dropped pieces of plaster into the jug until the surface of



AN ELEPHANT BLOWING AGAINST A POTATO, TO MAKE IT REBOUND FROM THE WALL AND THUS COME WITHIN REACH OF HIS TRUNK.

the honey had been raised high enough for them to reach it easily.

I have several untamed house mice that *pull* open the door of their little box, which is placed



THE LITTLE MOUSE LEARNS HOW TO PULL OPEN THE DOOR OF HIS TINY HOME.

in a large cage and is filled with comfortable bedding, into which they go to hide and rest. Two of them tried several times to open the door without success, but later they learned the trick as their smarter brothers had done before them.

The elephant looks stupid enough, but his intelligence is developed to a marked degree. Dr. Romanes tells several interesting stories showing the almost human instinct of these animals. I repeat two here, one of which I have illustrated.

A man was one day feeding a tame elephant with potatoes which the elephant took from his hand. A small round potato fell on the ground just out of reach. After several unsuccessful attempts to get it, the animal blew so strong a blast of breath against it, that it was dashed against a wall, from which it rebounded so far that he easily reached it. It is said that an elephant will often blow just beyond small objects out of reach, so that the reflected current of air will drive them toward him.

Dr. Romanes repeats the story of an elephant that was chained to a tree near a little oven in which his driver had just baked some rice-cakes. When the driver went away, leaving his cakes to cool, the elephant unfastened the chain from his leg, uncovered the oven, opened it, ate the cakes, and covered the oven with earth and stones as he had found it. He then returned to his place, and wound the chain about his leg as it was before, although he could not fasten it. The driver, on his return, found the elephant with his back toward the oven, and looking innocent, but the cakes had completely disappeared.—HARRY B. BRADFORD.

“SILVER KING,” THE POLAR BEAR

THIS great polar bear, captured by Mr. Paul Rainey, has now become reconciled to captivity. He has a sleeping den, and a swimming-pool of ample proportions for his comfort, and if his cage were five times as large as it now is, it is doubtful whether he would use more than one corner of it; for of all our bears, the polar exercises the least.

Mr. Rainey had some interesting experiences in capturing him. He was discovered in the far North, swimming among the small, broken pieces of ice. The men lowered a launch, and started after him.

“We had considerable difficulty,” says Mr. Rainey, “in getting close to him, as he gained on us rapidly because he could cross over a pan of ice while we were compelled to go around. Finally, we succeeded in cutting him off by running between him and the ice for which he was making. Just then a laughable thing happened: Captain Bartlett, who was steering the launch, was sitting on one side, at the wheel. When the bear saw that he was cut off from the pan, he dived, and we thought he would come up at the other side of the boat, but he came up directly alongside, and struck the boat a terrible blow about a foot under Captain Bartlett, who made a wild jump, not even taking time to change his



“SILVER KING” IN HIS CAGE.
Photograph from the New York Zoölogical Society.

sitting position, and landed neatly on the seat at the other side. The bear seemed to intend to get into the launch, and we had to punch him away with the boat-hook. Finally, we succeeded in

roping him. In the excitement, we neglected to reverse the engine, and when he went out on the ice, he very nearly took the launch with him. To have a thousand-pound bear fastened to your launch and dragging you out on the ice, under a full head of steam, is not a pleasant position to be in.

"But we got the engine going astern, and gradually dragged the animal toward the water. It was a wonderful sight to see the enormous brute with a strong rope just behind his fore-shoulders. He reared on his hind legs, bit at the rope, and jumped up and down; but the good, reliable old motor in the launch acted well, and steadily dragged him toward the edge. The bear, seeing

deck. This caused a wild stampede among the Eskimos, who are familiar with the strength of a full-grown, male, polar bear. As soon as he had been lowered into the hold, all hands rushed for the hatch to have a look at him.

"We found him surprisingly calm, sitting on his haunches, but growling and making the champing noise peculiar to bears when angry. The rope was still around him, but as no weight was on it, the noose fell off as soon as he moved.

"The next day, he ate small pieces of bread and meat that were thrown down to him. Then the question arose, how shall we get him into the cage? To keep the ship trimmed, we needed some of the coal under him. It was a serious situ-



HOISTING A POLAR BEAR ABOARD SHIP.

From a photograph, by courtesy of Mr. Harry Whitney.

that the inevitable was coming, with a vicious growl plunged into the water and started for the launch.

"After we had got some two or three hundred yards from the pan-ice, the big brute succeeded in getting free, and I was compelled to rope him again. By dropping the noose over his head and allowing it to stay slack until he had got one or both legs through, we succeeded in holding him fast once more, and started to the ship, but not before he had made one or two unsuccessful attempts to climb into the launch.

"We towed him to the ship, swung out the crane, and, in the twinkling of an eye, had hoisted him into the air and swung him over the ship's

ation, and the fireman showed no willingness to go for the coal. But we knocked some small cages to pieces, and built a larger one, some ten feet long and six feet broad and high.

"After starving our bear for four or five days, we placed a piece of walrus meat and a tub of fresh water inside the cage, and lowered them to him. He started directly in, but the sailor that was guarding the trap-door let it drop too soon, and caught the bear across the back. This greatly angered him. He jumped to the top of the cage, and found that he could just get his head and forepaws over the edge of the hatch and on the deck! It looked as if he would surely be up in an instant, and again there was a wild stampede

of Eskimos, sailors, and dogs. In the excitement, the wheelman left the wheel, and for a moment everything was in a state of panic.

"At this point one of the sailors did a brave

that the bear had freed his head and shoulders. With the aid of a boat-hook, we succeeded in driving him back, and soon had the hole boarded up. After this we kept a sailor watching him



A POLAR BEAR SWIMMING IN ARCTIC WATERS.

Photograph by courtesy of Mr. Harry Whitney.

thing: he struck the bear a heavy blow on the head with a deck-mop, and the animal fell back into the hold.

"We hoisted the cage out, and waited twenty-four hours, when it was again lowered with a good supply of walrus meat and fresh water. This was enough for 'Silver King' (as we had named him), and in he went. Without taking time to untie the rope that held the trap-door, we cut it; the door fell into place, our bear was in the cage, and the steam-winch soon had both cage and bear on deck.

"Everything went well until we began to wash him with the deck-hose every morning as the warm weather came on. Although he had quieted down, these ablutions did not please him, and he made up his mind to get out. It was terrifying to see him seize the smooth side of the cage with his teeth and tear out splinters a foot long. This we overcame by nailing a board over each hole, with large spikes through it; but 'Silver King' was careful to bite around those spikes, and never did he even scratch himself.

"One night during a terrible storm the cage broke loose, and, as the water was running free of the decks, it looked as if he would surely go overboard. The alarm was sounded, and the entire crew turned out to secure him. At another time, while we were at supper, a sailor came to the cabin, and, with a respectful salute, said: 'Sir, the bear is out!' Some one said, very sensibly: 'Please close the door!' We got lanterns, and hurrying down to the cage, we found

day and night; and we must have driven several thousand nails into the sides of that cage."

But now he is safely housed in the New York Zoölogical Park, where he is comfortable, and where he seems to be contented. His coat is kept white and clean, and, with a good appetite, he is apparently happy.

NOTE: This description of capturing a polar bear is condensed from an article printed in the Bulletin of the New York Zoölogical Society.

A STRANGE TREE TRUNK

MISS E. C. PIERCE, of Watertown, Massachusetts, sends a photograph of a peculiar tree trunk.

"Three large rocks are entirely embedded in the base of this big hickory-tree. The rocks are



THREE ROCKS "ADOPTED" BY A TREE TRUNK.

each a foot in thickness, and the camera case at the right of the picture is nine inches high. The tree is very tall and symmetrical, and the rocks seem not to have hindered its growth."

THE LARGEST WOODPECKER

ONE of the most startling sounds heard in the dense, hard-wood forests of Florida is the drumming of the log-cock, the pileated woodpecker. As he clings to the side of a dead limb on some giant of the forest, his strokes ring out clear and loud, and so fast that they cannot be counted.

The large, juicy grubs that burrow in the heart of the dead and dying trees form the bird's chief food, and with his powerful bill, which serves the purpose of both chisel and hammer, he rapidly tears his way into the tree, scattering the chips far and wide.

I once surprised one of these splendid birds as he was busily at work on a dead magnolia. He



THE ASTONISHING "HAMMER AND CHISEL" WORK OF A PILEATED WOODPECKER.

was a fine sight with his black and crimson crest erect and his head thrown back, alert for any sign of danger. He had evidently started on the tree some fifteen feet from the base, and had torn it to the heart and almost to the ground, where there was an abundance of chips, many of them a foot or more in length.

The pileated woodpecker safely locates her nest in some smooth, dead limb, where a hole is bored just large enough to admit the bird. Once inside, she enlarges the cavity, so as to provide ample room for the young brood. The eggs, usually

four in number, are deposited on soft chips of dead wood, no other nest being made. They are of a beautiful, clear white color, and as smooth and glossy as ivory balls.—THOMAS H. JACKSON.

A BIVALVE SHELL-MENDER

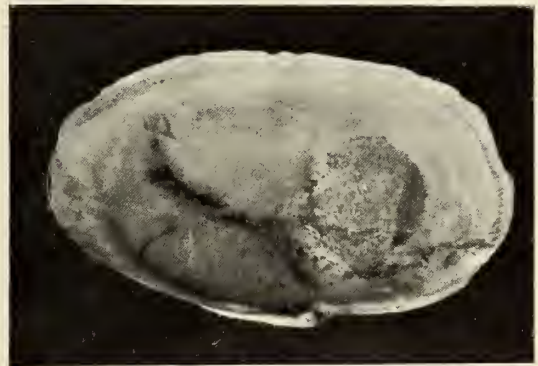
WHILE spending a vacation at Ipswich, Massachusetts, our household frequently secured messes



THE MENDED CLAM-SHELL—FROM THE OUTSIDE.

of long clams (or "soft shells," as they are sometimes called) from boys in that neighborhood.

While looking over a mess one day, I noticed one shell that was broken from end to end; and thinking that the animal must be injured or the shell filled with sand, I was about to throw it away, when I found that, instead of moving or collapsing in my hand, the broken side was firm. After steaming and cleaning, the interesting fact appeared that the clam had from end to end mended the break smoothly and beautifully. The larger part of the pearl-like cement is at the most important place, though the amount seems to be



THE MENDED CLAM-SHELL—FROM THE INSIDE.

somewhat more than is necessary; still, the shell needed special strengthening there. The mended valve seems to be even firmer than the unbroken one.

CHARLES DE W. BROWER.

"BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW"
 ??????????????????
 St. Nicholas
 Union Square,
 New York

THE AGE OF TREES IN RELATION TO SIZE

MOULINS-LA-MARCHE, ORNE, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have sent you a picture of a very old oak. It has a circumference of twenty-nine feet at man's height. Could you tell me the age of this Normandy oak?
Your interested reader,

HÉLÈNE MARRE (age 12).

There is no rule by which the age of trees in general can be determined by their diameter or circumference. So much depends upon the conditions under which a tree grows, and upon the species, that even trained woodsmen, after long experience, are likely to be in error. A tree grown in the open will be much larger than one of the same species and the same age grown in dense woods, though the forest-grown specimen

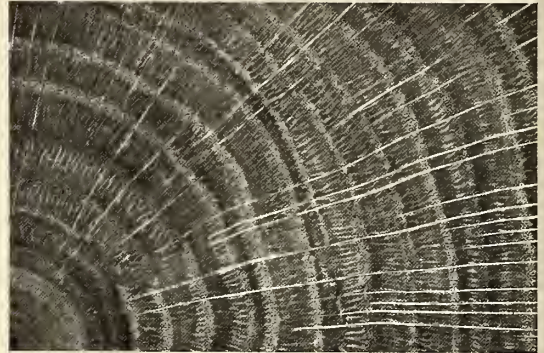


A HUGE AND AGED OAK IN GOOD CONDITION.

will generally be taller. The oak shown in the photograph is probably about one thousand years, though there may be an error of two or three hundred years in this estimate.

It seems to me that the only way young folks can learn how to tell the age of a growing tree is

through close and constant observation. The surest method of starting these observations would be to count the annual rings in a felled tree



A CROSS-SECTION OF WHITE OAK SHOWING THE ANNUAL LAYERS.

of a known species. They would find, for instance, that a white oak with one hundred annual rings would be about twelve or fourteen inches in diameter, and from this and similar countings would determine what age might be expected of a white oak of any specified size. The same thing would have to be done with all of the various hard woods, such as chestnut, ash, walnut, maple, and beech. But even then there would be opportunity for wide error, because, in the case of chestnut, for instance, sprouts grow much more rapidly than seedlings, and a sprout one foot in diameter might be only half as old as a seedling of the same size. Similar variations exist in the case of conifers, such as pines, larches, spruce, and hemlock, each differing from the other in rate of growth, and the pines themselves varying one from another.

A very general rule which, as such, is subject to possibility of wide error, might be stated to the effect that a tree puts on an inch of diameter growth in eight years.—BRISTOW ADAMS, Forest Service, Washington, D. C.

STARBOARD AND PORT LIGHTS

ARLINGTON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please answer a question? Is the port side of a ship red or green, or what color is it? There has been a long discussion at our school as to whether it is red or green. Please put the answer in "Because We Want to Know," so that I may show the people which is right.

Very truly yours,

JOHN MONTGOMERY.

Evidently what is meant is the color of the lights carried by vessels. Green is carried to starboard and red to port. There is no color that designates the port side or starboard side of the ship.—SECRETARY NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

CAPTURED A MANATEE

BROWNSVILLE, TEX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to tell you about a manatee which was recently caught in the Laguna Madre at Point Isabel, and which I went to see.

The Laguna Madre, as any of your readers will observe by studying the map, is a long, narrow bay, extending over a considerable length of the coast line from Galveston, south, and is formed by a narrow sand-bar. The bay between this bar and the mainland varies considerably in breadth, at Point Isabel being about three miles, and very shallow, not exceeding eight or ten feet.

The water is full of fish, and the fishing industry is one of considerable importance. The fishermen had their nets set near Brazos Pass, off Point Isabel, and when they attempted to take them in one evening, they found the manatee, entangled in the bag of the net. They succeeded in tying a rope around his tail, rolled him up in several nets, and towed him to shore by a motor-boat.

He was on exhibition for two or three days, and I went down to see him. He was about ten feet long, and about twenty-eight inches in diameter at the largest part, and of a dark mouse color. He had a broad, flat, black tail, which looked as though it had been made out of hard rubber; two large flippers, one on either side, each armed with three heavy claws, like those of a turtle.

The most curious part about him was the head. The eyes were very small, and when out of the water were kept tightly closed. At first I could see no nostrils through which the animal could breathe. All at once two little round trap-doors near the end of the nose dropped down, the animal took a long breath, and the little trap-doors closed up. The impression given was just like that of the opening and closing of the two little, round doors that protect the windows in the side of a steamer. The nostrils, when open, were about an inch and a quarter in diameter. When the nostrils were open, the looks, size and appearance of the nose, mouth, and face, were exactly like those of a common black cow, and I could readily understand why the animal is called a sea-cow.

The manatee is not uncommon in the Laguna here, as many as five or six being oftentimes seen together, but this is the first one that was ever captured alive here, and was something of an attraction. It was afterward sold to parties who, I understand, intended to publicly exhibit it.

I am fourteen years old, and have taken the St. NICHOLAS for many years, as did my papa before me, and I thought this might interest your readers.

Yours truly,

GEORGE O. WILLIAMS.

The manatee is found all the way from Florida and Texas to South America.—C. H. TOWNSEND, Director New York Aquarium, New York City.

A FLY AN INCH LONG

CONCORD, NEB.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell me about this large fly. We found him on our cow, and poor Bossy was very excited. We never saw such a large one before.

BEATRICE SCHINKEL.

This large fly, as well as some of similar ap-



THE "MOURNING" HORSE-FLY.

pearance but of smaller size, belongs to the genus known as *Tabanus*, of which nearly one hundred species are known in America. This that you send is the mourning horse-fly (*Tabanus atratus*), and takes its common name from the fact that it is black throughout.

THE COLOR OF CHLOROPHYL, OR LEAF GREEN

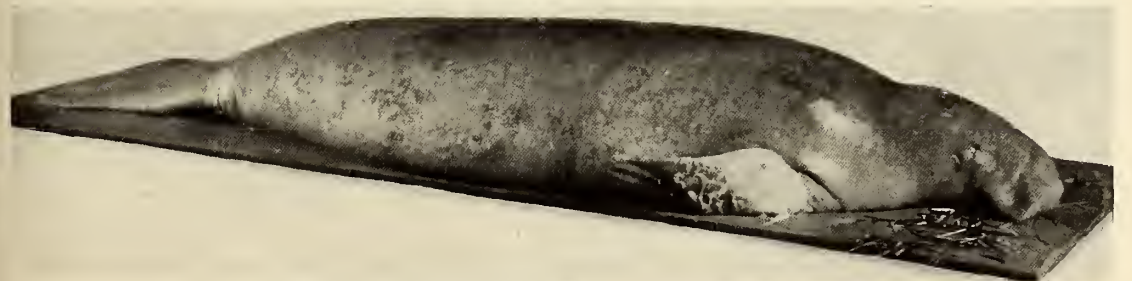
BEALLSVILLE, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to know if chlorophyll of plants is always green in color. In plants that have red leaves is the chlorophyll red?

Yours very truly,

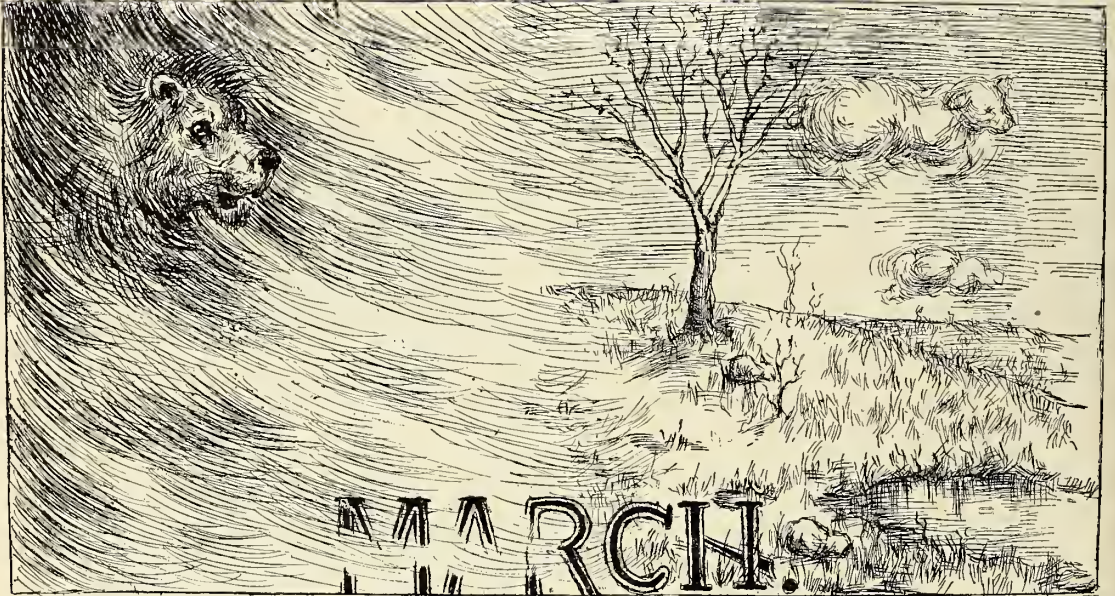
E. MCD. MILLER.

Chlorophyll is always green in color. In many cases where leaves are red or of other colors, including the browns and reds of seaweeds, the color is due to an additional pigment which masks the chlorophyll, and the latter can be seen in its true green color when the other substances are removed by suitable solvents. Many red leaves, Coleus, for example, can have their red color removed by simply dipping them in hot water for a minute or two.—W. F. G.



THE MANATEE CAPTURED NEAR GALVESTON AND PLACED ON EXHIBITION.

St NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING FOR MARCH."—"COMING IN LIKE A LION, GOING OUT LIKE A LAMB."—BY MARY IONA COOK, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

"WORSE and worse!"—or, rather, "Better and better!"

For these contradictory editorial exclamations really mean that while the flood of contributions pouring in every month steadily grows greater, the merit of the offerings themselves keeps pace with the increase in numbers, and steadily grows higher and higher!

Which is a most cheering fact, dear young workers of the League, both for you and for the Editor. It is the best proof that could be furnished of the glowing vitality of our beloved organization. And if it also increases our editorial difficulties, by making the task of selection ever harder and harder, we are well recompensed for this added burden by the joy of receiving so many contributions of surpassing—yes, really astonishing—beauty or cleverness.

The worst difficulty of all, indeed, is that of trying to do

justice to them within the limits of the League pages. Even with an additional page, this month, we are compelled to leave out several little stories and poems that were actually put into type; and we should gladly have printed all contributions represented in the First Roll of Honor if they could possibly have been crowded in. Our regret that these had to be omitted is tempered, however, by the knowledge that their ambitious young authors will, ere long, forge to the front with contributions in prose, verse, or picture that simply cannot be denied. For that has been the almost unbroken history of the leaders of our Honor Roll. And our congratulations, this month, must needs include the senders of many contributions *not* printed, as well as those whose clever work with pen, pencil, or camera, in the following pages, will delight their fellow-members.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 145

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Gold badge, **Howard Bennett** (age 17), Peoria, Ill.

Silver badges, **Margaret E. Scott** (age 10), South Orange, N. J.; **Hester R. Hoffman** (age 16), Terre Haute, Ind.; **Eleanor Morgan Neely** (age 16), New York City; **Lois Hopkins** (age 12), Wellesley Hills, Mass.

VERSE. Silver badges, **Etta M. Chant** (age 16), Toronto, Can.; **Hope Nelson** (age 10), Lakewood, N. J.; **Imogen Campbell Noyes** (age 10), Kenwood, N. Y.

DRAWINGS. Gold badge, **Mary Iona Cook** (age 14), Bloomfield, Ia.

Silver badges, **Marjorie L. McKillop** (age 15), Seattle, Wash.; **Welthea B. Thoday** (age 15), Nantucket, Mass.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver badges, **Helen Westlake** (age 17), San Francisco, Cal.; **Lois W. Kellogg** (age 13), New York Mills, N. Y.; **Paull Jacob** (age 17), Wellsburg, W. Va.; **Louise A. Wiggernhorn** (age 14), Ashland, Neb.; **Dickson Green** (age 15), Syracuse, N. Y.; **Marjorie L. Pittman** (age 13), Detroit, Mich.; **Emily Lilley** (age 13), Fort Myers, Fla.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badge, **Louise von W. Leslie** (age 13), Tarrytown, N. Y.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badge, **Constance Guyot Cameron** (age 11), Princeton, N. J.

ACROSS THE SNOW

BY MARIE LOUISE HERSEY (AGE 17)

IN bars of deepest crimson,
O'er rusty wood and hill,
The winter sun is setting;
The wind blows loud and chill.

I fear no darkening shadows,
As homeward still I go,—
The warm light of our cottage
Shines forth, across the snow!



"THE BEST PLACE IN WINTER." BY LOIS W. KELLOGG,
AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE GOAL

BY HOWARD BENNETT (AGE 17)

(Gold Badge)

BENEATH the clear and boundless vault of the sky there towers a lofty mountain. Its snowy peak is enveloped in clouds whose delicate fringes sparkle in the morning sunlight. Here and there a limpid stream leaps between the rocks and plunges exuberantly toward the valley below. Many a cliff and crag rise precipitously amid the rugged pines; many a thicket of briars guards the pass with its keen-pointed daggers; many a black abyss lies hidden near the rough and narrow path which leads up toward the summit.

At the foot of this mountain stands a man. The bloom and vigor of youth are his; his, too, the fire of ambition which longs to reach that burnished pinnacle so far above him. Will he gain the summit? Can he scale the crags upon crags which challenge his utmost effort? His are also the limitations of his race. He is only a man, after all. Might he not live far happier and more content in the humble valley where few difficulties confront him? Yet he must hasten; the morning sun will not always crown the summit with dazzling splendor—ere long the crimson glow of sunset will turn the silver beacon into gold—and then comes the night, when all is dark. Will he lose his footing on some jagged cliff and be dashed to a thousand pieces on the rocks below? Pierced, bruised, and disheartened, will he tear himself from the deadly thorns and descend

again to mediocrity? Will the yawning chasms claim him? Will the raging torrents engulf him? Will he ever attain that glorious goal? Can he ever overcome these obstacles which seem so insurmountable, so impossible, so hopeless?

No one knows. Only time can show that. But it is courageous effort, not success, that makes the hero.

THE WISHBONE

BY MARGARET E. SCOTT (AGE 10)

(Silver Badge)

"Goody!" cried Jack Lenord, looking across the table, "we have chicken for dinner, and will you save the wishbone for me, Father?"

"Surely, old boy; but tell me, what are you going to wish for?"

"I am not quite sure, but I *think* it will be a pony," said Jack, thoughtfully. "Now tell me what you will wish for, Papa, dear, for you shall be the one to pull with me."

"Oh, I wish for a good little boy," said Papa, laughing.

When the pull was made, Jack won.

"Hurrah!" he cried. "I get my wish; I get a pony!"

That night Jack went to sleep thinking about his wish. Suddenly, in the middle of the night, he sat up in bed, rubbed his eyes, and looked around him. Where was he? He seemed to be sitting on a bench in a garden of lovely flowers. All at once he heard a strain of music floating through the air. Beautiful voices were singing this song:

Hither we come, oh!
Bringing with us
Your heart's desire,
A fairy pony, oh!

Up sprang Jack, and then suddenly through the bushes came a most beautiful little black pony, led by six lovely fairy maidens, singing all the while. Jack threw his arms around his pony's neck, then turned to thank the fairies, but, behold! they were all gone, and he found himself in his own bed! It was morning, and he was



"THE BEST PLACE IN WINTER." BY PAULL JACOB, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

still hugging to his heart—his plump little pillow! Now Jack was dreadfully disappointed, and thought a great deal about his dream, until his father, moved by his sadness, decided to make the dream come true. So on Jack's birthday, which followed soon after, he received his pony, and was delighted with it.

"See now," he cried; "I *did* get my wish, after all!"



"MY IDEA OF AN AIRSHIP." BY E. LESLIE WATHEN, AGE 16.



"MY IDEA OF AN AIRSHIP." BY MARJORIE L. MCKILLOP, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE)



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY AUDREY M. COOPER, AGE 16.

ACROSS THE SNOW

BY ETTA M. CHANT (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

THE day is hushed and drawing to its close;
The sun sinks low in floods of glowing rose;
The shadows lengthen, and the darkness creeps
Across the fields so white with recent snows
That lately glistened in the winter sun.
Each bird that has not flown away, now sleeps
Quite happy and content—the day is done.

As do the transient glories of our race,
The flaming colors fade,—night comes apace;
And o'er the pines, majestic, tall, and dark,
My lady moon ascends with stately grace.
Her pale beams gild the cedars bending low,
Beneath their plummy burdens—ah, but hark!
What sounds are those that float across the snow?

A faint and silvery tinkle far away
Breaks in upon the silence; are the gay
And airy fairies holding revelry?
Or are Jack Frost and all his sprites at play?
'T is some mysterious elfish trick, I trow.
But in the distance, speeding toward us, see!
A sleigh! we heard the bells across the snow!

THE CORAL WISHBONE

BY HESTER R. HOFFMAN (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

EVERYTHING was so very strange. It should have been cold, and in the house the odors of mince-pies, roasting turkeys, dressing, and cranberry sauce should have been stealing up the stairs bringing the message that the Thanksgiving dinner was nearing completion.

Jane caught her breath with a sob. A huge wave of homesickness swept over her, and she gazed tearfully at the beautiful chrysanthemums, the roses, and the heavily laden fruit-trees of the wonderland—Japan.

"N-not e-even the w-w-wishbone of a turkey," she confided to a large yellow chrysanthemum, who, with nodding and bowing, was trying to console the little American girl.

Jane wished she had gone to the Thanksgiving dinner which the few Americans of Hiroshima were giving for her father, the American consul.

She stumbled on with her head bent. Suddenly she looked up, startled. Near her stood a Japanese girl, of about her own age, busily cutting some beautiful chrysanthemums.

"Ohayo!" said Jane, which meant "Good morning."
"I spe'k a leetle English," replied the Japanese maid, shyly, "and I am Missee Chrysanthemum," she added demurely.

Jane forgot to respond in the excitement of discovering around the fair neck of "Missee Chrysanthemum" a slender silver chain on which hung a perfect wishbone of coral. At Jane's question, Missee Chrysanthemum explained, using both Japanese and English, that it was an honorable heirloom. Then Jane related the story of the turkey's wishbone.

"Let 's both rub it and make a wish," she suggested. Solemnly rubbing the ornament, the Japanese girl voiced her heart's wish:

"I wishee go to Melican schoolce."

To return home soon was Jane's wish.

And both the wishes on the coral wishbone came true, for the next summer, as *America* started on her homeward journey, Jane and Missee Chrysanthemum waved farewell to the "Land of Flowers."

THE GOAL

BY BRETT F. MOORE (AGE 7)

WE kicked the ball. It went right into their hands. They made a dash for the goal. We held them back, and they could not make the goal. Then they kicked the ball to us. We made our five yards in one down. The second down they held us back.

But the last time we made the goal, and won the game.



BY LOUISE A. WIGGENHORN, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY DICKSON GREEN, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY MARGARET DART, AGE 16.



BY A. S. REID, AGE 17.



BY ADALINE B. KLEIN, AGE 14.



BY MARJORIE L. PITTMAN, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

HALF-A-DOZEN OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS ILLUSTRATING "THE BEST PLACE IN WINTER."

ACROSS THE SNOW

BY IMOGEN CAMPBELL NOYES (AGE 10)
(Silver Badge)

Across the snow the snowbirds flit;
The wind may blow,
But they have good grit.
They fly through wind and rain,
Over the meadow and the hill;
They need no aeroplane,
They need no better skill.



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY WELTHEA B. THODAY,
AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE GOAL

BY MARJORIE TROTTER (AGE 17)

"The future, only, is our goal," said Pascal. We never rest, content, but are always striving to gain some point farther along the way. Take the small boy, for instance. He says, "When I get a pocket, I'll be perfectly happy." But when the pocket comes, other ambitions shape themselves in his busy brain. He discovers that pockets are not the end of life, but only a landmark on the way. The school-boy says, "College is my goal. When I get there, I'll be satisfied." But he is not satisfied to remain a freshman. He looks forward eagerly to his graduation. The day arrives at length, and what is it called?—only Commencement Day. He discovers that the future is still his goal, and he must travel on. Perhaps his ambition is to be a successful business man. He strives to procure a prominent place in the commercial world. But by and by he grows

wearied in the heat and turmoil, and his goal recedes again, for now he longs to leave the dusty race-track and rest awhile in cool green pastures. At last he sees with clear vision the true goal of life, lying just beyond



"THE BEST PLACE IN WINTER (FLORIDA)." BY EMILY LILLEY,
AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

the gate of heaven. Happy man if he has run a good race and may feel confident that he will reach that goal!

The goal to strive for is set before each one of us. For some it is far away, for some, perchance, very near.



"MY IDEA OF AN AIRSHIP." BY ELINOR G. SMITH, AGE 15.

Every one travels a different road and has diverse experiences, but

"We meet at one gate
When all's over. The ways they are many and wide,
And seldom are two ways the same. Side by side
May we stand at the same little door when all's done!
The ways they are many, the end it is one."



"THE BEST PLACE IN WINTER." BY HELEN WESTLAKE,
AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)



"THE BEST PLACE IN WINTER (SYRIAN DESERT)." BY JOHN O. CRANF, AGE 10.

ACROSS THE SNOW

BY DOROTHY DAWSON (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

LIFT up your sinking head, comrade, and raise your
hopeless eyes
To where, beyond the sky-line, the sun-kissed mountains
rise.
Look on the distant heights, comrade, and scorn the
things below,
For we shall know all glory, when we win across the
snow!

Give me your trembling hand, comrade, and scorn to
feel afraid,
'T is never out of coward stuff that hero-hearts are
made;
Our feet must never falter, we must bravely onward go,
Till our sorrows are forgotten, when we win across the
snow!

What though the storm clouds gather, and the wind
blows keen and cold?
Our shoulders shall not bow, comrade; our steps shall
still be bold.
And they who wait beyond, comrade, shall never, never
know
The things that we two suffered, ere we won across
the snow!

Nay, never speak of death, comrade, with fearful face
and pale,
Our song shall be of glory, our hearts shall never fail;
And if we faint and fall, comrade, upon the plains below,
We'll know we struggled long, comrade, to win across
the snow!

Then onward, ever on, comrade, through snowdrift,
storm, and wind,
We'll laugh at all our hardships, when the snow is
left behind;
And when we gain the heights, comrade, then, then, we
two shall know
The honor that is theirs alone who win across the
snow!

THE GOLDEN WISHBONE

BY ELEANOR MORGAN NEELY (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

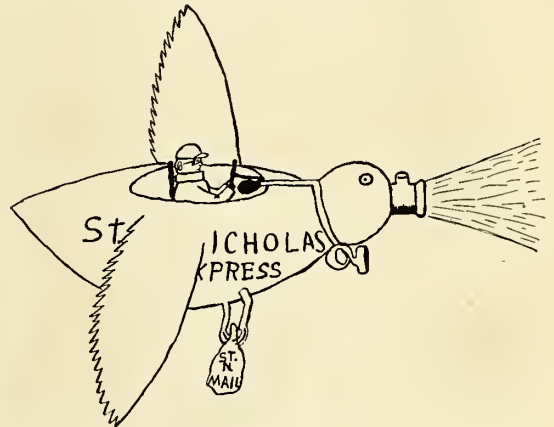
IN a low-raftered room of Ye Golden Wishbone, the
firelight flickered and shone upon the dainty figure of
a little maid who sat gazing wistfully into the flames.
She and her father had traveled many weary leagues
that day, fleeing from the terrible persecutions of Crom-
well's army. Now, far from the beautiful castle which
had been her home, she found herself seated sadly
before the fire in the drafty room of a queer old inn.

As she sat there, her thoughts kept constantly turning
to the curious legend connected with this place. Ages
ago, in times of warfare, the wonderful golden wish-
bone, said once to have belonged to the wizard Merlin,
had been hidden away in some part of this old struc-
ture so carefully that it had never since been found.
To whomsoever should rediscover the charm would
it bring great happiness and success in all things. Oh,
if only she could find it! Might not its good fortune
be brought to her exiled father and to herself? On the
morrow they would start upon a hazardous voyage to
the colony of Jamestown in the far distant land of Vir-
ginia. Were they not sorely in need of the shielding
power of the far-famed and wondrous talisman?

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Pondering thus, she was suddenly roused from her
reverie by the creak of an opening hinge, and, won-
dering, she gazed at the place whence the sound came.
Slowly, very slowly, a panel immediately over the cen-
ter of the fireplace swung open. One moment she
hesitated, then, with a glad cry, leaped toward it. Trem-
bling, she thrust her hand into the aperture and drew
forth a tiny, glittering object—the golden wishbone!
The magical charm of miraculous power!

Now, surely, would all things come right!



"MY IDEA OF AN AIRSHIP." BY JOHN R. MEANS, AGE 11.

THE OLD DESK

BY ELEANOR M. SICKELS (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

AWAY up in the garret where the roof was very low,
And the ever-toiling spiders had woven to and fro
Their flimsy draperies of gauze, and left them long ago,
Tangled, and trailing full of dust from roof to floor,
I found, one day, a battered desk whose worn and rusty
key
Seemed loath to turn and give once more its secret up
to me
That it had cherished through the years since it was
used before.

Regardless then of dusty cobwebs tangling in my hair,
Forgetful of the flight of time, I sank down in a chair,
And, face in hand, beside the desk I had discovered
there,

Dreaming, I idly let the soft-stepped hours slip past.
For I was weaving golden tales about the long ago,
Seeking to call to life the forms that ancient desk must
know,

The secrets it had hid so well since one had used it
last.

How many secrets it could tell if it had tongue to speak,
Of moments when a stroke of pen revealed men strong
or weak!

Of short words written there, or read, that blanched the
glowing cheek!

Passion and love and joy and grief and pain it knows.
But, locked within its heart of oak, its secrets lie untold,
Its tales of those who went before, more precious than
fine gold,

And the toiling spider over it his filmy network throws.

ACROSS THE SNOW

BY HOPE NELSON (AGE 10)

(Silver Badge)

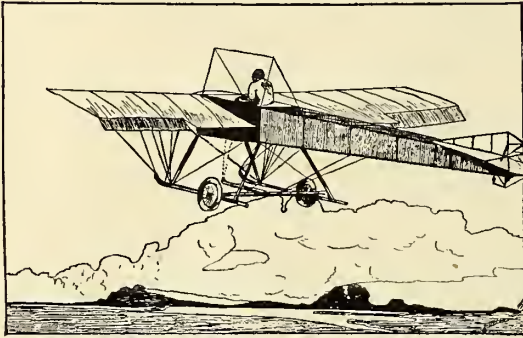
UPON the snow the sunlight streams,
The frosted crust-like crystal gleams;
The winter air is crisp and cold,
But winter's joys are manifold.

Over the fields and through the snow,
The warm-clad lads and lassies go;
Toward the hill with sloping sides,
Remembered for its joyous rides.

The sleigh-bells tinkled in the road,
The big sleighs merry with their load
Of older sisters and their beaus
All wrapped in furs from top to toes.

The shining lake, with pines walled in,
Reechoes with a merry din
Where Brother Jack and all his mates
Are playing tag upon their skates.

So here and there from all around,
The carnival of sight and sound
Proclaims to every girl and boy,
That "Snowtime" is the time of joy.



"MY IDEA OF AN AIRSHIP." BY HAROLD A. FURLONG, AGE 16.

THE GOAL

BY LOIS HOPKINS (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

WE were celebrating the Fourth of July in the new-fashioned way, working for a saner Fourth. We were having all kinds of races, with prizes waiting for us at the goal.

The funniest one of all was called "The Rainy-day Race." Two raced at a time, and then the winners raced the winners. Each child had a basket, a pair of rubbers, and an umbrella. We started, standing, with the rubbers in our baskets, and the baskets in our hands, and the umbrellas closed. Then we sat down, took out the rubbers and put them on, opened the umbrellas and took up our baskets, and walked as fast as we could to the appointed place; and then we sat down and took off our rubbers again, put them in the baskets and closed our umbrellas, and walked as fast as possible back to the goal.

We also had tub-races in the water, with bathing-suits on, paddling with our hands; few reached the goal, as most of the tubs tipped over, "turning turtle."

Then we had thread-and-needle races, where the

boys had the thread and the girls the needles, and the boys took off their shoes and ran to the girls, and the girls threaded the needles; then the boys ran with the threaded needles back to the goal and put on their shoes.

Then we had "threc-legged races" and "sack-races" and "potato-races." One race that made us all laugh till we cried, was racing on our knees, pushing peanuts with our noses to the goal.

And so we enjoyed our *improved* celebration of the Fourth of July!

THE OLD DESK IN THE HAUNTED ROOM

BY CAROLINE C. ROE (AGE 17)

THE lock, for rust had eaten deep, gave way,
And creaking loud on hinges long unused,
The door swung open. A long shower of dust
Fell shivering through a shaft of sunlight pale;
A wailing wind blew by and crashed the frame
Of loosened casements, ivy intertwined,
And stirred the faded curtains of the bed.
The curtains showed faint tints of blue; the walls
Were traced with rosebuds, faded now, and stained.
A mouse, unfearing in her own domain,
Scurried across the dark floor's warping boards,
And disappeared into an ancient desk,—
A desk of moldering satinwood, with wreaths
And Cupids painted on its sides, now cracked
And half effaced by winter wind and rain.
I dared not make a sound, but pulled a drawer
In silence. There I found the mouse's nest,
Her pink-skinned babes asleep in faded silk.
I put them back so gently that not one
Awoke, but dreamed secure of winter feasts.
Another drawer I opened, and it held
A brown curl and an ivory miniature
Of some dead lady, one who haunts this room.
I slowly closed the desk, for that was all.

THE GOAL

BY ARTHUR NETHERCOT (AGE 16)

AFTER a scoreless first half, the two lines of padded men took their allotted positions for the kick-off. The twirling pigskin rose high in the air, rising and rising, twisting and turning, as it sailed along, at last falling in a long parabola into the waiting arms. But before the runner could move from his tracks, he was suddenly tackled and downed.

The first ten minutes of the half were spent in fruitless endeavors to get and to keep the ball, but both lines seemed impregnable. Neither team could make the required distance, and the ball moved from one to the other in long, high punts. Finally, with only seven minutes to play, the Crimson men seemed to find their stride. The long, strong, supple line burst again and again upon the resisting Blue; time after time, barely, the yards were made; like heavy rain blown against the windows by gusts of wind, the lull between each squall only seeming to magnify its greatness, so the Crimson beat upon the Blue.

It concentrated its attack upon the weakest spot, and against this it charged and charged again. The white goal-posts loomed ahead. A slip, a fumble, and it was the Blue's ball. But the Crimson line held stanchly, and the Blue was compelled to punt. A sharp, vigorous attack on the weakest man, and the punt was blocked, and it was the Crimson's ball on the same spot.

Once more the backs dashed upon the tired Blue line;

the white yard-lines passed slowly, but steadily, beneath their feet. Thirty seconds to play, and ten yards to go! The retreating team put forth their last despairing efforts, but it was useless. With a last resolute surge, the ball was pushed through, and placed between the white posts of the goal.

THE WISHBONE

BY WINIFRED SACKVILLE STONER (AGE 9)

WHEN we lived in Savannah, Georgia, we had a very black cook with the very fair name of Lily Blanche White. She was also very superstitious, and taught me to scratch three times on wood whenever I said I was well, or I would catch some dreadful disease. I must never come in the front door and go right out of the back, or I would bring sorrow upon the whole family. If I happened to put on my stockings wrong side out, I must not change them, or everything in the house would be topsyturvy during the whole day. She assured me that if I disobeyed her "injunksnings," the dinner would be burned and the "evil sperrits" would prevent her from baking my favorite cakes.

These were but a few of fair (?) Lily's superstitions, but above all she had faith in good luck brought by wishbones. She kept a rabbit's foot and a clover-leaf in a large box full of wishbones, and she always warned me not to bring bad luck upon myself by breaking one of these magic bones while eating chicken. The oftener we had chicken, the more pleased was Lily, and she kept every wishbone. Her ambition was to collect enough of these bones to make a string across her entrance door. For, to all colored people:

The wishbone 's a sign ob bestest luck—
"I" will bring yo' lovers and heaps ob truck.
You 'll ne'er want fer chicken, wid wishbones here,
Dat gibbs all de culled folks best ob cheer.

THE GOAL

BY EDNA L. HUDGINS (AGE 13)

THERE was a great mystery in the air. We, my friend and I, could hardly breathe, it was so mysterious.

I went down to my friend's house to see what it was. She said her two brothers and the two boys who lived across the way had some great scheme in their heads. The boys were all about ten years old, and it seemed as if they possessed all the mischief there was.

When we came to her house, we saw written in chalk on the gate, "BIG RACE TO-DAY—ALL CUM!!" So we dashed into the yard, and were escorted to two chairs placed at the end of a large field back of her house. After a good deal of giggling, it was announced that where we sat was the goal, and we were the judges.

My friend's brothers had a goat and the cart was a soap-box on wheels. The other two boys had a calf and an express-wagon.

My friend blew the whistle, and away they flew, the boys yelling at the top of their lungs. The goat cart hit a rock, and away flew the box and its occupant into space, while the goat kept on going toward the garden, far from the goal.

Meanwhile the calf trotted leisurely along, stopping now and then to switch off a fly, much to the disgust of his driver. My friend and I waved handfuls of grass to tempt the animal to near his goal a little faster, and finally he came sauntering up. His party got the prize, a handsome whip. The defeated party blamed their failure to reach the goal to the rock. Meanwhile the calf stood munching grass, glad to be left alone—all unconscious that he was the *real* hero of the day!

ACROSS THE SNOW

BY ELIZABETH PAGE JAMES (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

ACROSS the snow the world lies bright
And shining in the morning light;
Then call the hunter's call—"What ho!"—
Across the snow.

How keen the joy that morning brings!
How loud the call of free, wild things
When far north winds arise and blow
Across the snow!

The long day's hunt at last is o'er,
And we are weary and footsore,
Returning in the sunset glow
Across the snow.

And yet, somehow, 't is sweeter, far,
Yes, sweeter than all things that are,—
Returning home, when lights gleam low,
Across the snow.

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

D. Q. Palmer
Mary C. Williams
Clara Suydacker
Dorothy von Olker
Mary Boas
Florence L. Smith
Ethel Feuerlicht
Jennie Hicks
Margaret Olds
Elsie Stevens
Lydia S. Chapiu
Everett W. Lins
Marian Banker
Hattie Tuckerman
Katharine H. Seligman
Claire H. Roesch
Edward R. Williams
Elizabeth B. Field
Doris L. Huestis
Muriel W. Avery
Dorothy Wheaton
Julia Sherman
Mary Fitzgerald
Louise Cramer
Angela Magee
Anna L. Porter
Ursula Cooke
Edna Rohrs
Martha A. Milliken
Helen Stearns
Elizabeth B. White
Winifred Biethan
Dorothy W. Lord
Hattie M. Wolke
Joseph Kaufman
Mildred Thorp
Lorraine Dennis
Flora J. Wachtell
Margaret Barker
Louise Jones
Mary Dendy
Lucile Struller
Goldie Zucker
Edith Townsend
Marion E. Twitchell
Ethel London
Herman Hoffman
Joseph Greenbaum
Marjorie Seligman
Madeleine Greenbaum
Frances K. Kenney
Vivian S. Morehouse
Irene Drury
Corinne Cassard

Ethel R. Van
Steenbergh
Elizabeth Finley
Clifton J. Furnas
Althea R. Kimberley
Elizabeth C. Eggleston
Vivian Hall
Elizabeth C. Huneke
Ruth Starr
Rose Saffran
Katharine Thompson
Elizabeth C. Rood
Dorothy Vinton
Mildred W. Longstreth
Edith V. Manwell
Dorothy Stabler
Doris F. Halman
Rose Yaffee
Anna De Witt
Louise Leslie
Janet Hepburn
Vista Clayton
Elizabeth Gardiner
Anna Ruggles
Lucy A. Mackay

PROSE, 2

Herbert C. Philpott
Winifred Kilner
Katherine Davis
Jessie Long
Marie Murray
Naomi Lauchheimer
Jeanie Wilson
Dorothy H. De Witt
Miriam Simons
Adeline Rotty
Henrietta Miller
J. F. Wiese
Adelaide Nichols
Theresa E. Tobiassen
Mildred W. Dickinson

VERSE, 2

Lillie G. Menary
Muriel Nott
Kathryn Hulbert
Dorothy C. Snyder
Carol Johns
Harriett T. Miles
Katharine Thomas
Margaret Tidsley
Anna Cornell
Anne Wilkinson
Currie D. Mathews
Olga M. Marwig
Mae Heller
Addie R. Dorsey
Clara Illingworth
Margaret Blake
Ruth Mering
Nellie G. Storer
Dorothea Derby
Buchanan Bernardin
Gertrude H. Bernmeyer
Lucy Fisher
Pauline P. Whittlesey
Edith M. Maurer
Margaret Seutell
Nathan Spekofsky
Lillian Grant
Theodora Skinner
Agnes K. O'Malley
Gwynne Abbott
Edith H. Walton
Peatrice Cozine
Verna Krause
Grace Wickham
Katharine Riggs
Elizabeth Townsend
John E. Howard
Susan C. Porter
Edith M. Levy

VERSE, 1

Doris K. Wilder
Edith Sturgis
Vera F. Keever
Hester D. Nott
Joyce A. Cook
Rachel L. Field
Marian Thanhouser
Wear Holbrook
Margaret M. Caskey
Eleanor Johnson
Bruce T. Simonds
Helen S. Heyle
Anna Weingart
Marian Wightman
Annie M. Smith
Hortense Lion
Isabella Wiley
Alice Sweeney
Laurence R. Blinks
Louella Still
Lucile Frank
Mary Smith
Winifred C.
Knickerbocker

DRAWINGS, 1

Margaret A. Foster
S. Dorothy Bell
Jennie E. Everden
Hazel S. Halstead
Edith B. Price
Vernet Lee
Leo Swift
Marcella Blood
Horatio Rogers
Beryl H. Margetson
Pauline Kerkow
C. William Love

DRAWINGS, 2

Wendell Cowles
Milton C. Sarran
James King, Jr.
Melville P. Cummins
Dorothy Snow
Thomas Pile
Ethel W. Kidder
Daniel B. Bencsoter
Wallace Sarran
Esther Hill
Leslie Carpenter
Francis C. Moultime

Kathleen Anderson
La Verna Stevens
Malcolm E. Anderson
Frederick Winsor, Jr.
Gladys Funck

PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Sylvia Warren
Elaine L. Clements
Leonard Moore
Helen M. Child
Lucy B. Grey
S. Kemp Pittman
Adrian L. Spencer
Florence R. Maclaren
Leslye I. Thomas
Marjorie Roberts
Helen L. Wheeler
Heather F. Burbury
R. Wurlitzer
Eric H. Marks
James W. Frost
Rachel Talbot
Allegra Hamilton
Gertrude Close
Katharine Herrick
Roger L. Bridgeman

PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Nellie Melrose
Caroline Ware
W. Robert Reud
Helen Maclaren
Eleanor Brewer
Margaret M. Benney
John N. Benney
James Porterfield
Mildred Boyd
Esther Detmer
J. Sherwin Murphy

PUZZLES, 1

Wallace Lewis Cassell
Beatrice B. Brown
Marjorie K. Gibbons
Edith Pierpont
Stickney
Sam Bronsky
Phoebe S. Lambe
Beulah G. Knox
Isidore Helfand
Calista P. Eliot

PUZZLES, 2

Ruth Metzger
Alice B. Eggleston
Harry Schindler
Esther Huse
Hannah M. Ruley
Beatrice Maule
Leon Spitzer
Lulu Colombin
Dorothy Jones
John Francis Randall
Evelyn Orme
Gertrude V. R. Dana
Samuel H. Ordway, Jr.
R. Kenneth Everson
Doris M. Blamires
James K. Angell
Wyllis P. Ames
Harriette Harrison
Margaret P. Spaulding
Elinor F. Hopkins
Dorothy Barnard

LATE. Dora Guy, Eleanor Wells, Eleanor K. Newell, Zelina Comegys, William J. Margerison, Annette Parke, Marion G. Huestis, Anna M. Murphy, C. B. Harding.

WRITTEN ON BOTH SIDES OF PAPER AND IN PENCIL.
James Sinclair, Louis Auerbacher, Jr., Wilma Moll.

TWO CONTRIBUTIONS SENT. Fannie Ruley.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 149

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 149 will close **March 10** (for foreign members **March 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in **St. NICHOLAS** for **July**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Chivalry," or "The Days of Chivalry."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "My Happiest Memory."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Reflections."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "An Idle Moment," or "Free!" or a Heading for **July**.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of **St. NICHOLAS**. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a *few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

RULES

ANY reader of **St. NICHOLAS**, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
Union Square, New York.



"MY IDEA OF AN AIRSHIP." BY LILY
K. WESTERVELT, AGE 14.

Bayard C. Noble
Frank L. Hayes, Jr.
Walter K. Frame
Phyllis Kennedy
Irwin Eppstein
Casper van B. Douglas
Marion Bullwinkle
Harrison B. McCreary
Hilda L. Marshall
Ferry B. Allen
Nathaniel L. Harris
Ian Faye
Jessie E. Alison
Lee Harris
Dorothy Hughes
Bella Himan
Eliza G. Woodbury
Margaret F. Foster
Elizabeth C. Stewart
Irene Caulkins
Marjorie Flack
Dorothy Clement
Jean Hopkins

William N. Ely, Jr.
Wilbert Gilman
Harriet A. Spink
George Bradley
Alouise Baker
Louise B. Waddell
Theodore Haupt
Eleanor Powell
Margery F. Morgan
Olive Kimbell
Sidney P. Rawson
Frank A. Berlenbach
Alison M. Kingsbury
Pauline Pifford
Eleanor Priest
Beryl Morse
Arthur Beckhard
Frank Martin
Gerald Wolf
Florence Ford
Horatio Bigelow, Jr.
Seaber Deeming
Berenice Livingston

ROLL OF THE CARELESS

A LIST of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be properly entered for the competition.

NOT INDORSED. Minna E. Schwarz, Carl Polacheck, Dorothea B. Smith, Esther Mulry, Nesmith Thompson, Mary V. Farmer, Beatrice Gunther, Lionel Gunther, John Barr, Cornelia Middaugh, Paula H. Lax, Nathaniel Dorfman, Thérèse H. McDonnell, Harriet Kiellberg, Anthony F. Brown, Jr., Richard R. Haas.

NO ADDRESS GIVEN. William Kalning, Joseph Kiss, Marcella Egan.

NO AGE. Eugene Havemann, Walter Cox, Harry Dresser, Virginia Bliss, Miriam Polacheck, Arthur Sidney, Richard R. Haas.

THE LETTER-BOX

WEST SHOKAN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have not written you in a long time, I thought maybe some of your readers might like to see some pictures I have taken of the large reservoir in the Catskill Mountains for the city of New York.

My father was a civil engineer for the Board of Water Supply for the city of New York, but lately he has been transferred to New York City, so we will move down there in the fall.

Here are the pictures I took of the main work, which is about four or five miles from where we live. The



NO. 1. A PART OF THE GREAT DAM.

first one (marked No. 1) is of the big dam which will hold the water back. Although there is a hole in the lower part of it now, it will soon be packed up.

The second picture (marked No. 2) is of the large pipe called the aqueduct, which will carry the water to



NO. 2. THE AQUEDUCT PIPE.

New York. This pipe is large enough for four horses and carriages to stand abreast in it.

Hoping my letter is not too long, I remain,

Your sincere reader,

ELIZABETH C. LANGTHORN (age 12½).

SWINTON, ENG.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last summer I had rather an interesting experience. The place where we live is practically on the route of the "Circuit round England" flying race. The aeroplanes had to alight at Trafford

Park, just outside Manchester. On Tuesday, July 25, I was having a music-lesson in the drawing-room at home, when suddenly we heard one of the maids crying out that there was an aeroplane in the air! We rushed out into the road, just in time to see it. It came right over the farm next door to us, and the servants saw it quite close to; but by the time we were out-of-doors, I should think it was at least a mile away, and looked quite small in the distance. It was traveling very fast, and looked very graceful and natural in the air, just as though it was meant to live there, like a bird. The propeller must have been made of some kind of metal, for it shone in the sun like a great big mirror. I think the machine belonged to Vedrines, a Frenchman, who came in second in the race. The winner was M. Beaumont. It was about five o'clock that we saw the aeroplane.

I remain,

Your interested reader,

MARY DENDY (age 13).

FARMINGTON, MONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I liked "Dorothy, the Motor-Girl." I was sorry when it ended. We have taken you for two years.

Sister and I ride seven miles to Sunday-school and to take our music-lessons. We live just twenty miles from the main range of the Rocky Mountains, and they look beautiful.

Once when I was a little baby, and we were camping up there, a chipmunk carried off one of my shoes and one of my stockings, and I had to go barefooted.

Your loving reader,

DOROTHY DEB. LONGMUIR (age 9).

HOOD RIVER, ORE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your stories very much.

I packed five boxes of apples, and won a medal in the Hood River apple show and \$5.00 at the Portland show, as a first prize; and I feel very proud indeed, because all the other packers have most of them packed quite a few years and are old and experienced, and I never packed before, that is, for the annual apple show.

I live two and a half or three miles from the Columbia River, on my father's farm, where he raises apples, and has not an over-large but quite a large-bearing orchard and good deal more young-orchard, not bearing yet.

Your interested reader,

ANN SHEPARD (age 9).

TULE LAKE, ORE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our school takes the ST. NICHOLAS, and we all enjoy it very much. There are only seven of us in school, and we all have a chance to take it home and read it. We also use it for school work in nature study and compositions, and our teacher reads the continued stories out loud to us.

Our school-house is right on Tule, or Rhett Lake, where the Modoc War was fought in 1873. We sometimes find old army bullets and arrow-heads and other relics.

This is a very thinly settled country, and the mail only comes twice a week; we always look forward to the mail day that St. NICHOLAS comes.

There are a great many birds here, such as ducks, geese, sea-gulls, and other water and land birds. The

articles in the St. NICHOLAS about birds interested the children very much, as they recognized some of the birds described there as some we have here.

Yours sincerely,

HELEN A. BAKER (age 15).

P.S. Our school is in Modoc County, California, but our post-office is in Oregon.

SCITUATE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I delight in reading your stories. I think "The Forest Castaways," "Dorothy, the Motor-Girl," "Captain Chub," and "Harry's Island" were the best stories. I have been reading you five years, and hope to take you next year.

Yours sincerely,

FLORENCE PERKINS (age 14).

SALEM, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I love you very much. I think the Ballads of the Be-Ba-Boes are very funny, and look forward to see what they will do next month.

My brother has a little dog named "Willie." He will beg, and tell how old he is by barking.

Your loving little reader,

MARGUERITE BALCOCK (age 8½).



OUR DOGS ARE NOW SUPPLIED WITH SHOES, RUBBER BOOTS, AND OTHER THINGS. WHY NOT WITH ROLLER-SKATES?

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very glad when Mother told me I could have you another whole year. Every month I can hardly wait for you. I just love all the continued stories, "The Lady of the Lane" mostly. I think just when you get excited in a story, it says—(*To be continued*), but, then, it is fun to wait until the next one comes. When Mother was a little girl, she used to take you, and liked you as well as I do now. We have a great many volumes of you, and we never get tired of reading you over and over again.

I must close.

Always your loving reader,

LILIAN K. ELY (age 12).

SUGARLOAF, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I got you on Christmas, and enjoy reading you very much.

I have spent nearly all my life in South America. My mother is a missionary. When we first went down

there, we went to Concepcion. We lived there five years and a half, and then moved to Iquique, where we lived very near the ocean. Iquique has the greatest nitrate-mines in the world, and also is one of the largest seaports along the western coast of South America. Iquique is situated in the desert. It does not rain there much. If there should be rain, there would be no city. The rain would destroy the nitrate-mines entirely, and then the business would be all gone. The houses are not fixed for rain. If it rains, water comes into the houses.

We have been in America about a year and a half. I live in the country, and go to the same school my mother went to thirty years ago. I have two brothers and one sister. My sister is nine years old, and we go to school together.

I think you are the best magazine for children and young folks, and wish all boys and girls could have you.

Your reader,

ALMIKA H. HERMAN (age 13).

NORWELL, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write to you and tell you something about Mexico.

I have lived in Mexico twelve years, and I like it very much. I can read, write, and talk Spanish.

The Mexican men dress in long, white trousers and white coats, tall hats which they call sombreros, and sandals; in cold weather they wrap themselves up in red blankets which they call "sarapès."

The Mexican women dress just about like other people, only they very seldom wear shoes, and in place of hats, they wear black shawls called rebozos.

In Mexico the Mexicans come around to your door selling things, such as potatoes, goldfish, plants, etc.

The food of the Mexicans is mostly beans and rice, and everything is cooked with red peppers.

Their bread they make of lime and corn, and it is called "tortillos." I like the Mexican dishes very much, although they are awfully hot.

The Mexicans carry great big baskets of fruit on their heads, and on their backs they carry trunks and big pieces of furniture.

I have taken you for four years, and I like you very much. I think that "The Forest Castaways," "Young Crusoes of the Sky," and "Dorothy, the Motor-Girl," are great!

Your interested reader,

BARBARA STRITTMATTER.

PURDYS, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Though I have read you for a long time, I have never written to you.

I think Mr. Barbour's story is lovely, but I do wish it would n't leave off in such exciting places, for I can hardly wait for the next issue of St. NICHOLAS.

You are certainly a beautiful magazine.

I have a dog, a cat, and a cute pony called "Billy."

I ride him sometimes, but he has a habit of turning around suddenly, and it is hard to stay on his back.

I have been thrown from him a great many times, but have never been hurt.

I drive him on a wagon, and he behaves much better in the shafts.

Billy is very fond of his dinner, and when he hears any one coming to his stall, he neighs loudly until he is fed.

I have learned to harness him myself, though it generally takes me a long time.

Your constant reader,

KATHARINE G. CULYER (age 13).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE AND DIAMONDS. Cross-words: 1. S. 2. Hot. 3. Solar. 4. Taper. 5. Resin. 6. River. 7. Newel. 8. Reset. 9. Lever. 10. Tenor. 11. Roman. 12. Races. 13. Newer. 14. Sewed. 15. Remit. 16. Dimes. 17. Tenet. 18. Seven. 19. Tenon. 20. Nomad. 21. Naiad. 22. Dames. 23. Decoy. 24. Sores. 25. Yea. 26. S.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Primals: Charles Dickens; third row, Pickwick Papers. Cross-words: 1. Capers. 2. Height. 3. Accuse. 4. Raking. 5. Lawful. 6. Edible. 7. Schem. 8. Diking. 9. Impose. 10. Cradle. 11. Kopeck. 12. Emerge. 13. Normal. 14. System.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA
 "My golden spurs now bring to me,
 And bring to me my richest mail,
 For to-morrow I go over land and sea
 In search of the Holy Grail."
Lowell, The Vision of Sir Launfal.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Shoot. 2. Heave. 3. Oaten. 4. Ovens. 5. Tense.

CONCEALED TREES. 1. Pine. 2. Beach. 3. Oak. 4. Cedar. 5. Apple. 6. Larch. 7. Fir. 8. Palm.

CHARADE. Romantic (Rome-Anne-tick).

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to St. Nicholas Riddle-Box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received before December 10 from "Marcapan"—Theodore H. Ames—Constance Guyot Cameron—Dorothy Clement—Ruth K. Gaylord.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received before December 10 from Thankful Bickmore, 6—Judith A. Marsland, 6—Lothrop Bartlett, 5—Edward C. Heymann, 5—Edwin Andrew, 2—Gerald Kavanagh, 4—Gertrude P. Milliken, 4—Edna Meyle, 5—Margaret Killmer and Helen M. Cameron, 6—Stuart Forstall, 6—Frances W. Taylor, 6—Irene Lopes, 2—Sally Thompson, 6—Margaret Seymour, 2—Marjorie Johnson, 5—Katherine M. Wellington, 5—Constance Wilcox, 6—Frederick W. Van Horne, 4—Minnette Stroock, 6—Emily L. Abbott, 4—Eleanor Denison, 3—Esther Holmes, 5—Guy Turner, 4—James Martens, 6—Louise Cramer, 3—Margaret Cary, 4—Elizabeth B. Williams, 4—Leslie Carpenter, 2—Janet Fine, 6—Harold Moneypenny, 5—Arnold G. Cameron, II, 6—Frances D. Etheridge, 2—Winslow Duerr, 4—Mary and Emily Taft, 5—J. Roland Smith, 6—Virginia Hartwell, 5—George B. Cabot, 2.

ANSWERS TO ONE PUZZLE were received from A. S. H., Jr.—F. B.—M. C.—M. H. B.—B. M.—E. J.—B. S.—K. H.—F. P.—M. T.—P. L. S.—A. P.—W. M.—R. L.—A. F.—C. B.—L. S. B.—P. B.—W. W.—K. K.—A. P.—J. P. R.—R. T. S.—K. Le B. D.—R. M. C.—H. B. S.—M. B.—N. C. B.

NOVEL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed the initial letters will spell the name of a famous Greek orator, and another row of letters will spell the name of the "Father of Medicine."

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A flowering plant, native of Mexico. 2. To draw out. 3. Dull. 4. To resist. 5. One careless of dress. 6. To lay hold of. 7. A port. 8. Glass applied as a coating to metal or porcelain. 9. A prickly plant. 10. Smoothly. 11. A relative.

HELEN A. MOULTON (age 15).

QUADRUPLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS

EXAMPLE: Quadruply behead and curtail a chance, rearrange the remaining letters, and have a track worn by a wheel. Answer, oppo-rtu-nity, rut.

In the same way behead, curtail, and rearrange: 1. Unfit, and have to be the matter with. 2. A branched candlestick, and have a grassy plain. 3. Shallow, and have a kind of tree. 4. Unlucky, and have a furrow. 5. Indented parapets, and have a kind of tree. 6. A greedy eater, and have a masculine nickname. 7. Defeat, and have a sailor. 8. Degree of heat or cold, and have an organ of the body. 9. Surroundings, and have a negative. 10. Anger, and have to scold persistently. 11. A measure of weight, and have a kind of tree.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Every one can master a grief but he that has it."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Saratoga, Yorktown. Cross-words: 1. Savory. 2. Albino. 3. Render. 4. Attack. 5. Tenant. 6. Overdo. 7. Gew-gaw. 8. Attain.

CONNECTED STARS. Herodotus. I. 1. H. 2. Do. 3. Harelip. 4. Cellar. 5. Serve. 6. School. 7. Humored. 8. An. 9. D. Diagonals: Herod, Parch. II. 1. D. 2. So. 3. Motored. 4. Pennian. 5. Vital. 6. Secure. 7. Dubuque. 8. Of. 9. S. Diagonals: Metre, Dated.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. New Hampshire, Granite State. Cross-words: 1. Nigh. 2. Wear. 3. Weal. 4. When. 5. Arid. 6. Omit. 7. Peer. 8. Uses. 9. Hate. 10. Pica. 11. Rate. 12. Mete.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Tried. 2. River. 3. Ivory. 4. Eerie. 5. Dryer. II. 1. Holds. 2. Opera. 3. Legal. 4. Draft. 5. Salty. III. 1. Roams. 2. Orbit. 3. Abate. 4. Mitre. 5. Steer. IV. 1. Hands. 2. Apart. 3. Nakoo. 4. Droop. 5. Stops. V. 1. Rapid. 2. Arena. 3. Pecan. 4. Inane. 5. Danes.

QUINTUPLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. Cornelia. 1. Horticulturist. 2. Gastr-on-omist. 3. Dispa-rag-ement. 4. Forek-nnowledge. 5. Unint-ell-igent. 6. Ejacu-la-tions. 7. Laby-rin-thine. 8. Subst-ant-ially.

12. Cautious, and have the amount. 13. The conversion of a fluid into vapor, and have an implement of propulsion. 14. Support, and have a snare. The primals of the rearranged words will spell the name of a famous English poet.

CARL A. GIESE (age 17), Honor Member.

CONNECTED HOUR-GLASSES

...	I	...	3	...	5	...
..	*	..	*	..	*	..
..	*	..	*	..	*	..
..	*	..	*	..	*	..
..	*	..	*	..	*	..
..	*	..	*	..	*	..
..	2	..	4	..	6	..

I. 1. An article useful in summer. 2. A grasping king of Phrygia. 3. A lyric poem. 4. In enlighten. 5. To request. 6. An animal the size of a horse. 7. To imply. Centrals, from 1 to 2, a famous English essayist.

II. 1. Chests. 2. A large nail. 3. To mimic. 4. In enlighten. 5. Object. 6. A benefactor. 7. Tasteful and highly attractive. Centrals, from 3 to 4, a popular English writer of to-day.

III. 1. Pertaining to an earthquake. 2. A prank. 3. A wooden pin. 4. In enlighten. 5. A substance common in the winter. 6. A weapon with a long shaft and a sharp head. 7. A strong current. Centrals, from 5 to 6, a famous English philosopher. w. m. v.

Lasting Beauty

depends largely upon the care of the skin. That is the pith and substance of the whole problem of beauty. It is a matter of the skin. Indeed there can be no complete beauty without skin beauty.

This being so, it is important to remember that the most eminent analysts and skin authorities, and the most beautiful women of six generations have borne testimony to the fact that

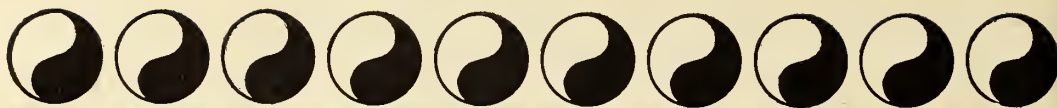
Pears' Soap

is the finest skin beautifying agent that science has produced or that money can buy.

**Matchless for
the Complexion**



OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.
"All rights secured."



Three "Seeing America" Trains

Through the Storied Northwest

North Coast Limited

From Chicago
via C. & N. W.-
Northern Pacific

Northern Pacific Express

From Chicago
via C. B. & Q.-
Northern Pacific

Puget Sound Limited

From St. Louis
via C. B. & Q.-
Northern Pacific

Electric-lighted service of highest order and latest type, with dining car meals that are world-famous---identifying "Northern Pacific" as the "Route of the Great BIG Baked Potato": the line with its own bakery and butcher shops and a poultry and dairy farm.

Low Fares---Summer 1912

To Yellowstone Park and North Pacific Coast. Specially Low Fares on certain dates, account Annual Rose Festival and Grand Lodge of Elks at Portland, Golden Potlatch Carnival at Seattle and Carnival of Nations, Tacoma.

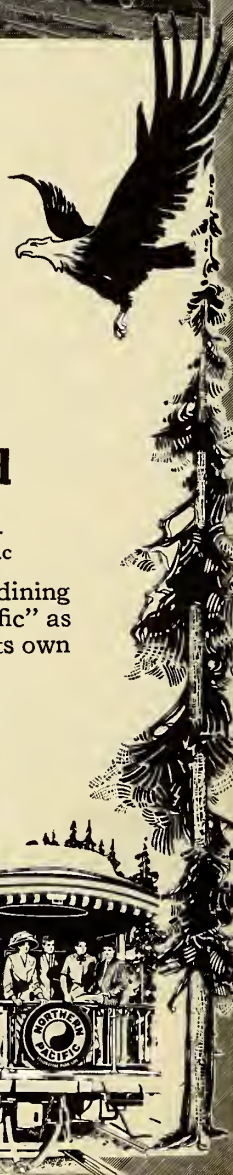
Stop off at Spokane and visit beautiful Hayden Lake.

Northern Pacific Ry

Illustrated literature on request with full particulars of fares and service.

A. M. CLELAND, *General Passenger Agent*
Saint Paul

Original, direct and only line to Gardiner Gateway---
Official entrance to Yellowstone Park
Panama Pacific International Exposition---San Francisco, 1915



**The Wee Girl
and the
Big Man**

both like

**Post
Toasties**

—thin bits of corn, first cooked,
then toasted to a golden brown.

Usually the liking extends to
the whole family.

The housewife likes this food,
not only for its appetizing good-
ness, but because of its conve-
nience. It requires no cooking
— ready to serve instantly from
the package with cream.

For breakfast; for lunch when the hungry little folks come from
school; or for supper when something particularly dainty is wanted



Post Toasties

are deliciously good.

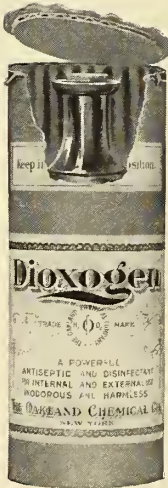
“The Memory Lingers”

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.



Dioxogen for the Teeth



When you clean your teeth — clean them.

There is only one way to do it.

And it is to absolutely destroy the millions of disease germs that thrive in the mouth.

Dioxogen kills the disease germs and purifies the breath; its foaming action continues until there is hygienic cleanliness of the mouth and teeth.

Dioxogen used as a mouth wash and as a nasal douche positively sterilizes the mouth and nasal passages.

Use it night and morning.

Dioxogen is the best and cheapest dentifrice known — it goes farthest.

Dioxogen is a germicide — not merely an antiseptic. It is absolutely harmless too.

THREE SIZES	
Small (5 $\frac{3}{8}$ oz.)	25c.
Medium (10 $\frac{3}{8}$ oz.)	50c.
Large (20 oz.)	75c.

Dioxogen

98 Front Street

New York City



Sunday as a Day of Rest

The men of the household rest on Sunday—and eat.

The women who cook the big Sunday dinners which the men enjoy do not get much rest, but they are learning to take some "short-cuts" to save unnecessary work in the hot kitchen.

JELL-O

is one of the labor-savers. Delicious Jell-O desserts, which just fit the Sunday appetite, are made by dissolving Jell-O in boiling water. It is done in a minute, and adds a good many minutes to woman's share of Sunday rest.

Jell-O is made in seven delightful flavors: Cherry, Orange, Lemon, Strawberry, Raspberry, Peach, Chocolate.

Each in a separate package, 10 cents, at all grocers'.

Let us send you free the beautiful recipe book, "DESSERTS OF THE WORLD," illustrated in ten colors and gold.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,

Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.

The name JELL-O is on every package in big red letters. If it is n't there, it is n't JELL-O.



Santa Fe de-Luxe

The only extra fare train via any line Chicago and California



California Limited



Also exclusively for first-class travel
Fred Harvey dining car meals. On the way visit
Grand Canyon of Arizona

© W.J. BLACK 1911

For art booklets of both trains address W.J. Black, Pass. Traffic Mgr.,
A.T. & S.F. Ry. System, 1072 Railway Exchange, Chicago

Growing Little Folks

Require certain food elements for the best development of body and brain.

Sometimes these are lacking in every-day food, and many a child is thin and pale instead of plump and rosy.

Such children show quick improvement when given the right kind of food.

Grape=Nuts

FOOD

is especially helpful to growing children because it contains the needed elements, such as Phosphate of Potash—the vital tissue salt for brain and nerve matter, frequently lacking in the ordinary diet.

A regular morning dish of Grape-Nuts and cream is an ideal breakfast for growing little folks, supplying the right food elements in the right way.

Children like the sweet, nutty taste of Grape-Nuts food and thrive upon it.

“There’s a Reason”

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

AN



(BEST)

March Puzzle.

That boy, "Alexander the Little," is surely a trial!

We sent him to bring us a portfolio that had in it a lot of names of things advertised in the January number of ST. NICHOLAS, and when he came back he said that a gust of wind nearly blew his cap off, and also sent some bits of paper flying out of the portfolio. But he picked these all up carefully, and was sure there were only twenty of them. Each of these words came from the name of some article—not a book—advertised in the January ST. NICHOLAS. We asked Alexander to make us a list of these names, but he said that finding them out would make a good puzzle for our readers.

Will you find out the names from which these words come? You will find that each word is in a separate name, with its letters in order as shown in the sketch of Alexander in the March gale.

Put the full names of the advertised articles as they appear in the advertisements in alphabetical order, number them and then send with your answer a brief essay (100 words or less) on the "Month of March." If your essay and list are not on the same sheet of paper, please see that they are firmly fastened together.

As the puzzle is not *very* hard, many will find all the names; so try to tell us something interesting about March in your little essay, for the best essays accompanied by correct lists of articles will win the prizes.

Here are the rules and regulations:

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (123).

3. Submit answers by March 10, 1912. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose request for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 123, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, Union Square, New York.

One First Prize, \$5.00 to the one who submits a correct list of articles accompanied by the best essay.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each to those who submit a correct list accompanied by the next best essays.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each to those who submit a correct list accompanied by the next best essays.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each to those who submit a correct list accompanied by the next best essays.

(See also page 18.)

Half a Year's Wear Guaranteed

in Men's. Women's and Children's Hose



6 Pairs
Guaranteed
6 Months

Buy six pairs of genuine Holeproof Hose today and they will wear without holes, tears, or any necessity of darning until six months from today, or we will give you new hose free. The dealer from whom you buy will give you a signed-in-ink guarantee and coupons to send back should any hose wear out.

Genuine Holeproof Hose, the original guaranteed hose, have been sold this way for the past twelve years. Last year 95% of our entire output outlasted that guarantee—wore longer than six months.

Yet "Holeproof" are not heavy or coarse, like other guaranteed hose. They are made from Egyptian and Sea Island cotton yarn, costing an average of seventy cents per pound. There is no better cotton yarn to be had. No one can pay any more for it, for that is the top market price. Common yarn sells for thirty cents a pound—less than half what we pay for ours.

We use in the silk goods only pure thread silk.

It is this quality in Holeproof Hose that makes them wear—makes them soft, light in weight, and stylish. Hose made from heavy yarn may wear six months, but nobody wants to wear them. There is only one genuine "Holeproof"—only one guaranteed hosiery made with seventy-cent yarn. It is

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

There are twelve colors, ten weights and five grades for men—seven colors, three weights and three grades for women—and two colors, two weights and three grades for children. Prices are \$1.50 up to \$3 for six pairs, according to finish and weight.

The silk "Holeproof" cost \$2 for three pairs of men's, guaranteed three months, and \$3 for three pairs of women's, guaranteed three months.



Carl Freschl

The "Holeproof" trade-mark and the signature above are found on the toe of each pair of genuine "Holeproof." Mr. Carl Freschl originated guaranteed hose. He had thirty-eight years of hose-making experience. There are hundreds of imitations of the genuine, but you can avoid them by looking for Mr. Freschl's signature.

The genuine is sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request or ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. Try "Holeproof." You'll never wear another kind of hosiery once you do.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY
998 Fourth Street Milwaukee, Wis.

Holeproof Hosiery Co., of Canada, Ltd.,
London, Canada, Distributors for Canada.

Tampico News Co., S. A., City of Mexico,
Agents for Republic of Mexico. (264)

Are Your Hose Insured?

REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 121

Why *was n't* your name in that list of prize-winners you have just glanced through so eagerly? Perhaps it was because after you made that leap into the frog pond you were a bit careless in getting the name of the advertised article just right; perhaps it was because you tried too hard to make your letter sound convincing instead of just natural, or perhaps it was because you sent in either the list alone or the letter alone. Whatever it was the Judges caught it, you may be sure, as every answer was carefully considered. The Judges notice that a great many of you are becoming more and more careful in your work, and it is evident that you are giving both time and thought to the ST. NICHOLAS advertising pages. Many of you spoke about some particular advertisement which appealed to you. We want each of you to notice what advertisements you like best and, some day when you get time, sit down and write us a letter about them.

We are wondering what kind of a competition you want next. Some of you seem to be very

fond of writing poetry, others of drawing pictures, and still others of pasting pictures. How would you like a competition requiring artistic or literary work?

There are some new names among the prize-winners this month. We are certainly proud of you all, and do hope that those who have not yet won prizes will not feel discouraged but keep on trying to make their work better.

Here are the victors this time:

One First Prize, \$5.00:

Malcolm B. Carroll, age 15, New York

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

Sara Phifer, age 11, North Carolina

Winifred M. Dodge, age 12, Massachusetts

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:

Byron Webb, age 10, Kentucky

Frances C. Hamlet, age 18, Maine

Malcolm T. Good, age 13, Ohio

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Nettie Piper, age 14, Colorado

Charline M. Wackman, age 16, Wisconsin

Theodore H. Ames, age 14, New Jersey

Beatrice Clephane, age 13, Maryland

Bryan Conrad, age 13, Virginia

Muriel Paton, age 15, Michigan

Hattie Gray, age 13, South Carolina

Douglas Bement, age 13, Pennsylvania

Hildegard Diechmann, age 15, New York

Edward E. Ward, Jr., age 11, New York

Honorable Mention

Irene M. Blackmur, age 18, New Jersey

Dorothy Duncan, age 13, Michigan

Marion Hillyer, age 12, New York

Margaret Kittinger, age 12, New York

Edith Farnsworth, age 13, Colorado

Leonora Andrew, age 11, New York

Arthur Nethercot, age 16, Illinois

Ethel M. Feuerlicht, age 14, New York

Edith M. Johnston, age 12, Washington, D. C.

Jack Hopkins, age 14, Massachusetts

(See also page 16.)

the famo
songs for b

Your mother and
theater and he
sing—and you
go to bed early. Yet there are lots
of things at the theater that boys
and girls ought to hear, and Irene
Franklin singing “I’ve got the
mumps” is one of them. That’s
why

There should be an

EDISON PHONOGRAPH

in your home

then you will hear all the things that the
theater offers *especially meant* for boys and
girls—without interfering with bedtime
— your own theater right in your own home.
Not only Irene Franklin in her famous “kid”
songs, but Sousa’s Band playing stirring
march tunes, Harry Lauder in his laughing
Scotch songs, all the patriotic songs, or-
chestra music. You
learn all these songs
and melodies accu-
rately, instead of

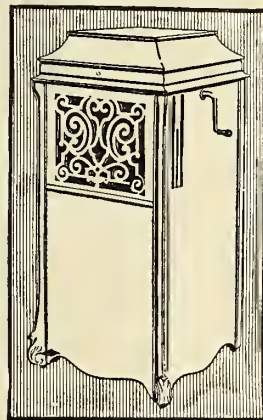
humming and whistling part of them inaccurately and sometimes
off the key.

And besides all this you can make your own records on the
Edison. This is a great feature. When you go with your
parents to pick out your Edison Phonograph, be sure to have the
dealer show you just how this is done.

**Every Girl and Boy send for catalogue and
complete information to-day**

Edison Phonographs from \$15.00 to \$200.00; sold at the same prices everywhere in
the United States. Edison Standard Records 35c., Edison
Amberol Records (play twice as long) 50c., Edison Grand
Opera Records 75c. to \$2.00. We have a large, hand-somely
illustrated catalogue showing all types of Edison Phono-
graphs, with descriptions and prices, which we will send
free to any boy or girl who will write for it.

Thomas A Edison
INCORPORATED
81 Lakeside Avenue
Orange, N. J.



The that c

Do not your children often ask questions
bring home their school work to get help
necessity of a reliable reference book to
upon any subject to give them the help
feel the importance of teaching your child
learn how to find out things for themselves
knowing where to find things, and the
one of the first things a child ought to learn

The New and Enlarged Century Dictionary



The new Century Stand, specially designed by the famous Craftsman Shops, offers a positive inducement to make full and frequent use of this storehouse of knowledge.

is planned
by every
any child
information is so accessible, so
clear and so fully illustrated that
it becomes a part of a child's
day-by-day education. It is a
disappointment to every parent
not to be able to answer a

child's intelligent question, yet no parent can know the answers to all the questions children ask.

The purchase of The Century will be a double investment for you. It will be a great help in the education of your children; it will also add to your own store of knowledge.

The Century is a complete dictionary, defining every word in the English language, but it is more than that. It is a complete encyclopedia, giving full information upon every subject—art, science, trade—all brought up to the latest date. This information is full; it is authoritative; it is recent, and it is accessible.

Cyclopedia & Atlas

**200,000 sets of the original edition
of The Century were sold**

A very large percentage went into homes where there were children. Many men and women owe their present information and even their success in various lines to the fact that in their childhood they had access to the first edition of The Century.

No investment is so important as the investment in intelligent, well-informed, successful children. No step in this direction is so decisive as the purchase of The Century.

**Write today for full information, using the
attached coupon.**

THE CENTURY CO.
Union Square, New York City

TEAR OFF THIS COUPON AND MAIL TODAY

Use
this
Coupon
to ask for
information

THE CENTURY CO.
Union Square
New York City

Send me today full information about the new edition of The Century Dictionary, Cyclopedia and Atlas, with the understanding that this request incurs no obligation or expense on my part.

Name _____
Street _____
Town _____ State _____



"By Jove, Tom, look at this.

"You know I skun my shin like sixty last night. Well, I just rubbed on a little Carbolated Vaseline, and now it's all healed up as slick as ever."

Carbolated Vaseline contains just a bit of Carbolic Acid, which makes it antiseptic and healing. It is just the thing for chance cuts and scratches.

There are several other special forms of "Vaseline," each for a particular use.

All are made with the same pure "Vaseline" that is known and used all over the world. The Carbolic Acid, Menthol, Capsicum, etc., simply add a special efficacy to the general soothing properties of the "Vaseline" itself.

Druggists everywhere carry the "Vaseline" specialties, put up in bottles and in handy, sanitary tins.

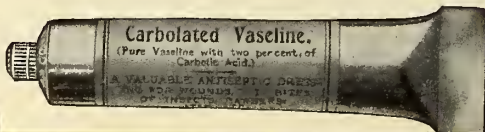
Our free "Vaseline" booklet contains all kinds of practical information for the home—just as serviceable to the bachelor (girl or man) as to the mother. Write for your copy to-day.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.

(Consolidated)

18½ State Street,
New York

Branch Offices:
London, Montreal



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 today for large free sample bottle.
3-IN-ONE OIL CO., 42 Q. B. Broadway, New York City

Can You Hunt

rabbits, birds? Oil your gun with "3-in-One" and every shot goes straight to the mark. Makes trigger work right—keeps barrel bright inside and out.



3-IN-ONE OIL CO.
42 Q. B. Broadway New York

A Great Horse Story

"KATE and QUEEN"

By
Prof. Jesse Beery
King of Horse Trainers



Equals "Black Beauty" in human interest—surpasses it in practicability. "Kate" a victim of poor handling is vividly contrasted with "Queen," who was more fortunate. You sympathize with one—rejoice with the other—even as you sigh for the slum waif and laugh with the child of fortune.

Prof. Beery has skillfully woven into this intensely interesting and true story, many valuable suggestions for handling horses—a result of a lifetime's experience.

Special Offer to Horsemen

Prof. Beery desires that every horse owner, trainer, breeder—everyone interested in horses—men or women—should read this great story. To make it possible, for a short time he offers every interested person a copy worth \$1.00 for the remarkably low price of

25c Postpaid

If you have even a passing interest in horses; if you own, train or breed them you will gather from it a fund of knowledge worth many times the small price. Send for a copy today. Enclose U. S. stamps or coin.

FREE With each book we send **FREE** a beautiful colored picture of Queen—oil painting effect—suitable for framing. Order today.

PROF. JESSE BEERY, Box 607, Pleasant Hill, O.

The Coward Shoe

"REG. U. S. PAT. OFF."



Children's Ankle Will Not Turn

when this Coward Shoe is worn, because its special construction counteracts ankle strain.

The Coward Extension Heel affords a sure-footed tread. The shoe fits snugly under the arch, distributing the weight of the body over the ball of the foot. The toe is broad, to prevent cramping, and encourages natural development of growing feet.

Coward Arch Support Shoe and Coward Extension Heel have been made by James S. Coward, in his Custom Department, for over thirty years.

Mail Orders Filled—Send for Catalogue

SOLD NOWHERE ELSE

JAMES S. COWARD

264-274 Greenwich St., New York City

(NEAR WARREN STREET)



THREE GENERATIONS of BABIES

Have Been Successfully
Raised on

**BORDEN'S
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED
MILK**
THE ORIGINAL

It insures a firm
foundation for a healthy
maturity

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO
EST. 1857 "LEADERS OF QUALITY" NEW YORK



THIS chubby, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Niles, of Manchester, Me., owes her perfect health to

ESKAY'S FOOD

She has never been sick a day, and now, at 5 months, weighs 16 $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. At a recent County Fair she won first prize for the prettiest baby. What Eskay's has done and is doing for other little ones it can do for yours—added to fresh cow's milk it makes *the* ideal substitute for mother's milk.

FREE SAMPLE

Ten feedings of Eskay's and our helpful mother's book, "How to Care for the Baby," sent free on request.

SMITH, KLINE & FRENCH CO.

462 Arch Street Philadelphia

THE following extract is from a letter received the other day from one of our readers:

"Recently we were discussing an advertisement in a 'popular' magazine. 'Don't you send for it, Mama,' urged our youngster suspiciously, 'ST. NICHOLAS has n't advertised it yet.'"

Can any one doubt the influence of ST. NICHOLAS?

Can reliable advertisers afford to overlook ST. NICHOLAS as a faithful advertising medium?

1847 ROGERS BROS.



PRISCILLA
PATTERN

Spoons, Forks, Knives, etc., of the highest grade carry the above trade mark.



"Silver Plate
that Wears"

Guaranteed by the largest makers of silverware.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY, MERIDEN, CONN.

(International Silver Co., Successor)

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

SAN FRANCISCO

Send for
catalogue "Q-5."

FOR THE HARDEST WEAR

you should buy the garter that is made of the sturdiest materials in every part

Velvet Grip
RUBBER BUTTON

HOSE SUPPORTER



Guaranteed Against Imperfections.

The VELVET GRIP trademark on the loop assures you full value in quality and service. The clasp is readily adjusted; does not slip off or tear.

FOR SALE IN STORES EVERYWHERE.



Children's Sample Pair, 16 cents, postpaid (give age).

GEORGE FROST CO., Makers, Boston.



Every Mother

should have a copy of Norah Johnson Barbour's latest book on "Baby Foods."

It tells how to safeguard the health and strength of the little one—during the important teething period—by using Dr. Johnson's

BABY EDUCATOR CRACKERS

Norah Johnson Barbour is the daughter of Dr. William L. Johnson—originator of Baby Educators. She is the mother of two healthy, happy little ones—both of whom cut their teeth on this nourishing food ring.

Having made a careful study of whole wheat foods for many years, she speaks with the highest authority on how and what to feed the children.

Baby Educator is made from wholesome, honey-sweetened cereals—pulverized and baked so hard that only a little can be taken at a time. It has just the right surface for effective teething—and is invaluable as a regulator.

Baby Educators have nourished and pacified the babies of a generation. Get them today for your baby. Your grocer or druggist will supply you. If not, send us their names and 25 cents for a box by mail.

At any rate, write today for this valuable little book. You can't afford to be without it. Free on request.

JOHNSON EDUCATOR FOOD COMPANY,
34 Batterymarch St., Boston, Mass.

MENNEN'S
"FOR MINE"



Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder

keeps my skin in healthy condition.

Sample Box for 4c. stamp.

GERHARD MENNEN CO.
Newark, N. J.



Trade Mark



FEW men did more than P. T. Barnum to call attention to the power of advertising, but his saying "The American people like to be humbugged" was not really true then, and it is further from the truth to-day.

Barnum started his circus in 1871. In November of that year the following extract appeared in *The Century Magazine** under the heading, "Advertising as a Fine Art":

"Above all things, advertisements should be true; for the main object in advertising any legitimate business must be to secure a patron, who, having made trial for himself of the advantages offered, and proved their truth, will remain a patron, and bring friends with him.

"Such advertisements we seek for the Publishers' Department of the Monthly, whose pages are read, we estimate, by a quarter of a million readers."

The advertising pages of *The Century Magazine* prove the fallacy of Barnum's statement.

* Then called "Scribner's Monthly."

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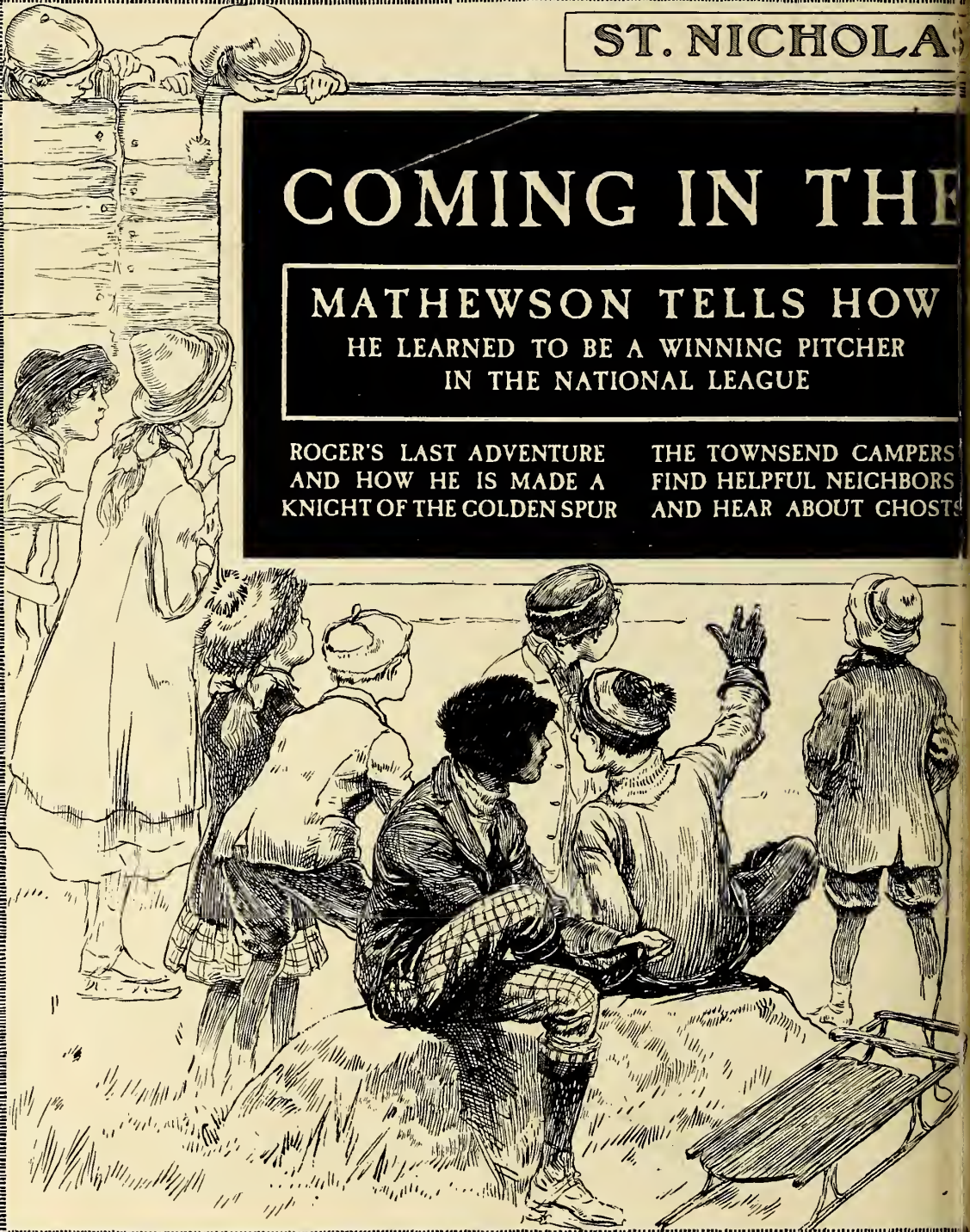
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No. 6

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THE SONG OF THE SOUTH WIND

BY MAUD GOING

Now rouse ye, all ye little rills,
I come to end your sleep!
Make music in the silent hills,
Tinkle, and run, and leap!
How merrily you 'll laugh and sing
When you have heard the news I bring.
Behind me—listen!—comes the Spring!

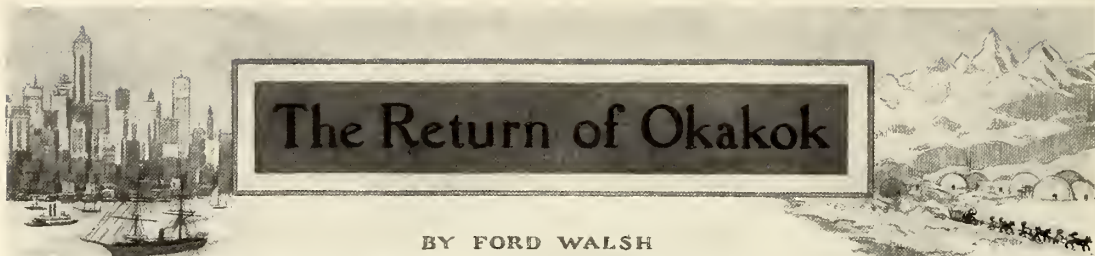
Wake, lakes and ponds that dormant lie!
For you must mirror soon
Soft silvery clouds, and budding boughs,
And the white April moon!
Rouse all the little frogs that sleep
Cradled so cold, cradled so deep,
And tell them they must learn to sing
Their sweet, high song to greet the Spring!

Poor, ice-bound rivers, mute and white,
I come to set you free!
Glide on, glad rivers, day and night,
And find your goal, the sea!
Whisper my tidings, as you go,
To vines and branches, bending low,
And river-reeds beneath the snow.

For up from the south, through the heaven's deep hollow,
With glad wings about her, and bright wings to follow,
With bluebird and whitethroat and robin and swallow,
Comes to us—listen!—the Spring!



G.H. Mitchell



The Return of Okakok

BY FORD WALSH

With Illustrations by Charles T. Hill

OKAKOK was an Eskimo, whose name in the language of his people is said to mean "The Little Prince." He was a long way from his Greenland home, and had been for two long years. Two years is not a long time for grown folks, but Okakok was not over thirteen, and it seemed to him like a thousand years since he had left the icy home of his people in the Far North on Disko Bay.

To tell the truth, Okakok was "homesick," and felt that he would surely die in this land of big, white strangers, unless he could get away from it. He had felt this way for a long time now, almost from the day he got off the big ship in New York harbor, on which he had been brought to civilization by the big, kind man whom the sailors always referred to as "Captain," and who was known to the great, white world as an "explorer." Okakok called this man in his own mind, "The Great White Bear," only he seemed much kinder than any white bears which Okakok had ever seen or heard of. Nothing, in Okakok's imagination, could seem more formidable than a white bear; all the tales of his people, which he had heard from the time he was able to understand, were full of white bears and their dangerous ways. His father's brother had almost been killed by one.

After he had learned to find his way about the big, noisy place these white people called a "city," and to Central Park, he would spend hours watching the two polar bears behind the high, iron bars. They were the only two living things in this new, strange world that seemed familiar and the least bit like home. Sometimes, if he had known how to cry, he would have done so. As it was, often when he was watching the ponderous, white creatures on a summer's day, a strange lump would rise in his throat, almost choking him, and always bringing to his mind a picture of the frozen wastes of his home so far away. Then his eyes would follow longingly the restless strides of the bears, and he felt that he would like to walk up and down with them. He felt sorry for them, for

he felt just as they looked—hot and restless, with a longing to get away. He had been asking to go back for months, and now, as the spring was coming on once more, and he was beginning to feel its heat, the captain was getting ready to "explore" once more—to go back to his friends, and the ice, and all that meant life to Okakok.

Captain White was more of a hunter and naturalist than an explorer; but he had done much in all three capacities, having been especially attracted to the arctic regions. He had made many trips to the North,—an average of one every two years. On his last voyage, he had taken quite an interest in Okakok, which fact afforded much amusement and pleasure to the Eskimos, who trusted the captain implicitly. The captain conceived the idea of taking the plump little fellow back with him to civilization, partly through an interest in the boy, and partly, no doubt, to see what the latter would think of the white man, in general, under civilized conditions. Captain White had promised Okakok's people that he would bring the boy back himself in two years, if the lad should become tired of civilized life by that time. As a matter of fact, with the exception of the first few days, the New Yorkers were far more interested in Okakok than he was in them, or anything else civilized, though his comforts were looked after in every way by the captain, in whose home he lived. But after those first few days, Okakok lived and dreamed for just one thing—to get back home as quickly as possible. He began to get thin over the thoughts of it. And then, at last, the happy day arrived when the captain, bent on another adventurous cruise, told Okakok he was going to take him back.

There was much hustle and bustle on board the *Polar Star* when the sun rose on the day she was to sail. Okakok was up bright and early, and could hardly wait for the time to arrive when he and the captain were to go aboard. From the dock where they waited the coming of the small boat, he could scarcely take his eyes off the ship, which lay out in the harbor, calmly at anchor.

A dozen or more people, friends of the captain, were there to see them off. All of them gave Okakok something as a souvenir of his sojourn in civilization. One gave him a half-dozen fish-lines, with hooks; another, several dozen strings of highly colored beads for the women folks; one gave him a new hunting-knife and a rifle; while one, who thought to play a joke, handed from his pocket a bright, silver dollar. Though Okakok would probably have no further use for it, it pleased him more than all the others—unless it were the knife—for he could give the silver to his mother for an ornament. The thoughts of this made him impatient, and he chuckled with joy when at last the small boat touched the shore to take them aboard. "How many suns to home?" he asked the captain, as the boat left the shore after saying good-by.

"Nineteen," said Captain White, half amused, and half sad at the boy's anxiety. The powerful strokes of the sturdy sailors at the oars soon brought them alongside the *Polar Star*. "Up you go," said the captain, pushing Okakok up the ladder ahead of him.

Okakok was assigned to a bunk near the cook's galley, from which already he sniffed delicious odors of cooking. Okakok enjoyed eating. As soon as he found himself alone, with his few, simple belongings, he began to go over carefully his treasured "souvenirs." There was a large oilskin bag hanging on a hook. It was just what he needed. This he took down, and tenderly placed in it, one by one, his highly prized hunting-knife, a few white handkerchiefs the captain's wife had given him, the fish-lines, over which his eyes gloated, and the bright-colored beads—all but one red string. This he untied and carefully counted off nineteen, which he placed in his left-hand coat pocket. Then he took from that a single red bead, and bestowed it in a right-hand pocket of his trousers.

"That 's one sun," he said to himself, heaving a deep sigh.

It seems a little thing, this counting of the days of the voyage back by means of beads. But Okakok made a serious error from the start. In putting the bead in that pocket on this first day, he made the mistake of counting one day too soon.



"TO-DAY IS NINETEEN SUNS. I SEE MY PEOPLE." (SEE PAGE 486.)

That little red bead should not have been transferred from one pocket to the other until the following morning. This seemingly trifling mistake was to cause him much hardship later.

When the anchor was lifted, Okakok, at the rail of the ship, took his last look at the white man's city. Everybody had been kind to him, but his fear was that he might not get back to his people again—to his land of ice and snow, with its dogs

and seals, its hunting and fishing, where he could be a real grown-up Eskimo. As the April sun gleamed brilliantly over the harbor, the throbbing of the engines could be felt from below, and the *Polar Star* was off for the North.

It was early in May by the time the ship reached Sermersu, a small settlement in Greenland at the entrance of Davis Strait. Just to the north of this, the strait opens into Disko Bay, where Okakok was to land, while the *Polar Star* would continue its voyage up into Baffin's Bay. Nothing out of the ordinary had happened to the ship or to any of her crew, though they were having some difficulty in the last few days in avoiding the huge icebergs, which floated by like a gigantic navy, of nature's making, out to the mighty ocean. The ship had made her expected time, according to the captain's reckoning, which was, of course, correct. She had hove in sight of Sermersu on the sixteenth day. Okakok, also, had been reckoning the days, though none but himself knew of it. Each morning, on rising, the first thing he had done was to take a bead from the original nineteen and place it with the first one with which he had started to count. Now, on this sixteenth day, when the ship lay off Sermersu, Okakok had counted out a total of seventeen beads, and so had only two beads left. This meant to him that he was to be in Disko Bay in two days more, at home again with his people. His joy at the thought was extreme. He could hardly restrain himself from trying to leave the ship at Sermersu, and walk the remaining distance, so strong was his desire to tread on ice once more. The thought grew on him. He did not realize that the ship was then some five hundred miles from Disko Bay; nor did he realize, worst of all, that he was one day ahead in his count, and that he should have had three beads left instead of only two. If the captain had known that Okakok himself was keeping count, all would have turned out so differently; but Okakok had kept his secret to himself. As a matter of fact, the *Polar Star* would not reach Disko Bay in less than three days.

During the voyage, Okakok had spent most of his time between his own bunk and the cook's galley, drawn to the latter by the fragrant smell of cooking food. But now that he was so near home—as he thought—he put in most of his time watching from the ship's rail the long stretch of ice-floes, extending for miles from the shore, while the only signs of life were an occasional herd of seals, which looked like tiny, black specks in the distance.

Another day went by, and another bead went into Okakok's pocket. The days were long, and

the nights very short, the latter lasting only three or four hours at this season of the year. Okakok could hardly wait to get rid of the last remaining bead. The next morning it went to the other pocket with the other eighteen, and Okakok's heart throbbed with the thoughts of landing. He spent hours in going between the deck and his bunk, where he had everything packed in readiness—everything, including his fur suit, was in the oilskin bag. His rifle he would carry separately. His restlessness attracted the attention of the captain, who asked him what it meant.

"To-day," said Okakok.

"What about to-day?" asked Captain White.

"To-day is nineteen suns. I see my people," answered Okakok, gleefully.

"To-morrow," said Captain White, not thinking it necessary to say anything more.

Okakok became silent, but also began to think. Could it be possible the captain had made a mistake? He felt certain that he himself had made none—his beads told him that. Suppose the ship should carry him past the place he should get off? He trembled at the very thought, and looked longingly across the ice-floes to the distant shore. He imagined the frozen scene looked familiar. They were taking him beyond the place of his people, he thought. His mind was troubled. Then as the vessel's side scraped the edge of the long stretch of ice, which ran for miles between the watery channel and the shore, his eyes suddenly lighted. He made up his mind to leave the ship, to leave it that very night. If the channel continued narrow, with the ship's side scraping the ice's edge, it would be an easy matter to steal down the ship's ladder, in the dark, short hours of the night. Everything was in readiness; all he had to do was wait.

The hours dragged again, and when supper-time came, Okakok could not eat. He wandered up and down the deck, feeling as if something fearful was going to happen. Darkness came at last. He could still hear the scraping of the vessel's side along the ice. It was impossible to see. He waited his chance, when the night-watch was forward, and then hurriedly picked up his oilskin bag, silently stole to the ship's side, and started down the ladder.

He was as agile as a monkey, and descended just as rapidly. He could see nothing below, and kept on descending, until he suddenly felt the swish of water around his feet. He dared not let go the ladder, for if he did so, he would evidently step into open water. There was just one thing to do: either go back, or hang on until he heard the scraping sound of ice once more. He decided to hold on. Not till then, hanging in the darkness



"HE THREW HIS OILSKIN BAG OUT UPON THE ICE, GRITTED HIS TEETH, AND JUMPED."

by the ship's side, with deep, open water beneath, did he discover he had left behind his precious rifle. He started to climb back, and then he thought he heard the sound of voices on the deck above. At the same moment he felt a sudden jarring, as of ice below. And then the loud scraping sound of ice against the ship's side once more. He threw his oilskin bag out upon the ice, gritted his teeth, and jumped.

He picked himself up, unhurt, and began to grope about in search of his oilskin bag, which had slipped out of reach when it struck the ice. But he dared hardly move, for fear of falling into open water. He had to give up and wait the light of day. It required some patience and courage to stand in darkness, perhaps on a small floating field of ice with deep water within a few feet, and alone.

But the breaking dawn soon came, and he recovered his bag on the ice's edge, and began to take his bearings. He discovered that the ice-floe on which he had so recklessly leaped, was almost surrounded by water, being connected with the shore by a narrow neck of ice.

He gathered up his bag, heaved a sigh as he thought of his rifle, and started on what he thought would be a short journey to his people. Little did he dream that they were still some two hundred miles away to the north. But he started with a light heart, and was soon on the wide level floe of ice that hugged the shore for hundreds of miles.

He tramped all that day, stopping only when he had to, from sheer fatigue. But the coming of night found him within sight of no living thing. He had his furs, which he put on, and did not feel the cold, but he had an uncomfortable craving caused by hunger. He could n't sleep, but curled himself in his furs to await the day. The few dark hours soon passed, though they seemed long enough to him, and he started on his way along the ice again. This was his second day, and he could n't travel so fast now, for he was more tired and hungry. By noon he came to an open stretch of water. To cross was out of the question. He would have to turn for several miles toward the land. But he must do something to satisfy his hunger first; it was becoming unbearable in this bracing air. He sat down on his oilskin bag to rest and think. There was the open water before him; he had hooks and lines in his bag. Why not fish? But what could he use for bait? Looking through his bag once more, an idea came. He had known of such things before. Many fish, and particularly most fish in these waters, will bite at anything. Taking from his bag a handkerchief—one of his

presents—he quickly tore it into strips, and attached one of these white bits to one of his fish-hooks. He wet this bit of rag, and tossed it, at the end of his line, out into the open water. There was a sudden splash, dozens of leaping, silvery bodies in the air, and the next moment he pulled onto the ice a tugging, struggling fish. The water suddenly appeared alive with silvery creatures. He soon had more than he could use. Before he was done, he forgot his hunger in the excitement of the sport, so that when thoughts of hunger returned, the first few he had caught were stiffly frozen. They were just as good as if they had been cooked, and gave him renewed strength, as well as satisfying his hunger. He must have covered thirty miles that day, before darkness came. He slept some that night, but was worried by the thought that he himself must have made some mistake in not sticking to the ship.

When the sun rose on the third day, he began to wonder how much farther he must go. As on the day before, he tramped along over the ice until noon, having had for breakfast a single frozen fish left from the day before. But as he was some distance from any open water, he was obliged to travel till long past noon before he could fish again. When he came to a suitable spot, he tossed in the bit of rag and hook, but without result. He tried over and over again, and was about to give up in despair, when a heavy splashing tug almost pulled the line from his hands. He held on, sliding to the very edge of the water, and pulled in slowly a huge, fighting fish, almost half the length of his shadow. He tried again, and the silvery creatures of the day before leaped greedily at the deceitful bait. In a short time he had a good pile of fish. Suddenly looking up from admiring them, he saw, with his quick eye, something in the distance which sent cold shivers down his back—far away over the ice, but evidently coming toward him. Whether it was in pursuit of him or not, Okakok was at a loss to decide. Practically unarmed as he was, there was but one thing to do, and that was to hurry on and leave his catch of fish behind. Hastily picking up a few of the fish, he threw his bag over his shoulder and directed his steps to the north, having a vague notion that the fish he had left behind might attract the bear's attention long enough for him to escape pursuit.

Long before night came, he felt that he could go no farther, and he almost dropped to the ice with visions of polar bears surrounding him. But he slept soundly in spite of his fears. He had covered a good many miles that day. He awoke at the first appearance of the sun, but could see



"HE SAW SOMETHING IN THE DISTANCE WHICH SENT COLD SHIVERS DOWN HIS BACK."

no living thing on the wide expanse around. Would he ever get to the end of his journey? It was the fourth day now, and he must have covered about half the entire extent of Disko Bay. He was ravenously hungry. Bear or no bear, he must get something to eat. He set out once more toward the open water, which course took him in a westerly direction. His first efforts with hook and line were successful, and he continued his good work, so that he would have enough to eat with him in case of pursuit. From time to time he cast his eye anxiously over the horizon. To his horror, he thought he saw once more the outlines of a bear. It was certainly following him. He abandoned the fish, in spite of his hunger, and tried again a few miles farther on. He tried his best to hurry his fishing operations, but for once the fish refused to bite. He hardly dared to turn to look back. When at last he did so, he saw the bear had gained on him, for it looked larger. He thought he could almost see its eyes. He struggled on almost without hope. At times he tried to run. But his legs seemed heavy as lead, and could not go faster. He was still following the edge of the ice near the open water, in the hope that if the bear dropped behind, he might have time to catch a few fish even yet.

But this chance was small, for as he looked behind, the bear was still following, though it



"THE HERO OF HIS TRIBE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

seemed no nearer. Still he struggled on. But he was growing weaker from extra exertion and lack of food. At times, things got dark before his eyes and seemed to whirl. If this pursuit

kept up, the bear would surely get him by night, if not before. At last he began to feel he could go no farther and he stumbled, his knees giving way under him. If he had only trusted the captain and stuck to the ship!

"Good-by, Okakok," he murmured aloud, as he looked longingly to the north, toward his home and his people. "Good-by," he waved his hand, a mist rising before his eyes. But what was that he saw ahead, looking like tiny black specks? He rubbed his eyes to see more clearly. The specks seemed to move. He braced himself to keep from falling, and stared far ahead. The specks grew larger and clearer. Larger and larger they grew as they came across the ice. He made a last effort, and waved his hand aloft. They waved back, and then a blaze of light flashed before his eyes, a volley of shots rang out in the crisp, sharp air, and he turned to see a huge, white figure galloping away over the ice. "Okakok! Okakok!" came voices from ahead. At last he recognized them. It was a searching-party from the *Polar Star*. Then all grew dark around

him. In a few moments one of the men had Okakok in his arms, carrying him in safety to their camp some miles to the north, where their return was anxiously awaited.

Many hours had passed before Okakok had been missed on board the *Polar Star*. When his absence was discovered, it flashed through the captain's mind that Okakok had made some mistake, or possibly been drowned in the open water. He determined to make a search, however, and had sent back a crew of picked men, with the happy result that we have seen. Okakok was soon returned to his people, when, with dancing eyes, he presented his uncle with a hunting-knife; his mother with the bright, silver dollar, and the rest of the women folks each with a string of brightly colored beads. He had become the hero of his tribe.

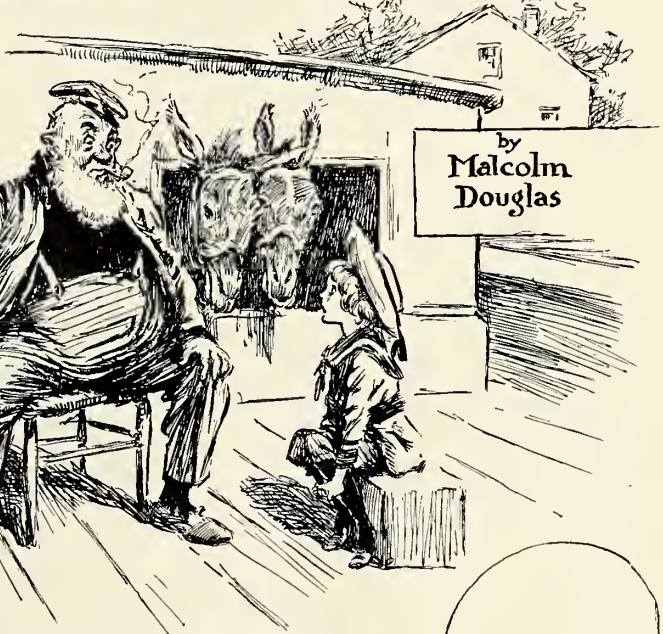
"And who is the lucky one that is to have those?" his people asked, catching a glimpse of some loose beads in the palm of his hand.

"These," said Okakok, with much dignity, "are for myself."



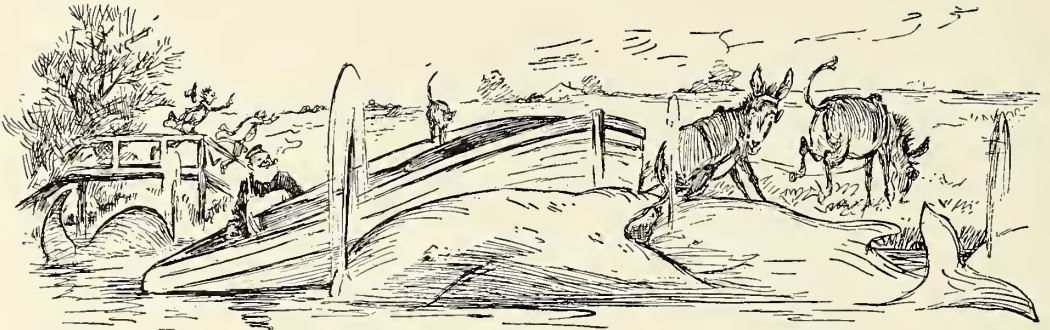
GRANDPA RABBIT: "GRACIOUS, CHILD! WHERE DID YOU GET THAT EASTER BONNET?"
MISS CHICKIE: "WHY, GRANDPA, I WAS BORN WITH IT!"

The Canal-Boat Captain's Story



"I'm werry like G. Washin'ton," the old man said to me;
"I cannot tell a whopper, which was just the case with G.
For years I've navigated this rampageous old canal,
An' weathered all its dangers with my craft, 'The Sassy Sal';"





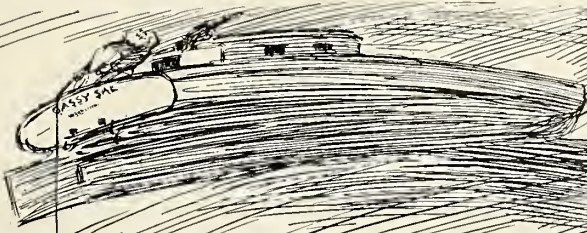
"I've run ag'in big icebergs an' bumped inter whales in schools,
But allus made port somehow with my rusty, trusty mules.

"An' blows?— well, I'll be blown if all the blows that ever blew
Ain't just a zephyr to the blow them mules an' me went through.



"Twas gittin' on to eight bells when one day I cast me eye
On a cloud that was a-actin' most suspicious in the sky;

"The b'rometer looked peaked an' wan, with queer contrapshuns in it;
Fust thing I knowed, the wind it blowed a hundred miles a minnit!



"It blowed my craft, 'The Sassy Sal', a mile up, I declare,
With both the mules a-danglin' an' a-stranglin' in the air!

"I pulled upon the rope, an', by exertin' all my strength,
I yanked them strangulatin' mules upon the deck at length;

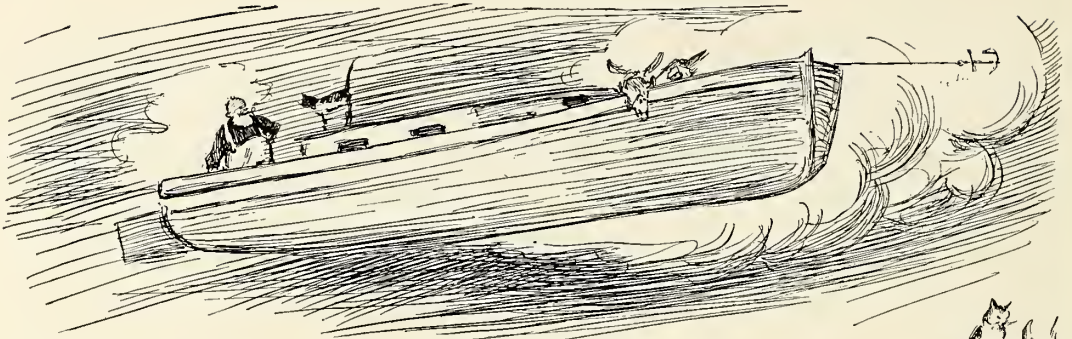
"Then quick I heaves the anchor out, with sperits still uncowed,
A-aimin' werry careful at that devastatin' cloud;

"An' mebbe it was skill o' mine, an' mebbe it was luck;
I never yet could figger it - I only know **IT STUCK!**



"An', fastened to that cloud secure, I steered 'The Sassy Sal'
Sou'-sou'-by-west, an' shaped my course right over the canal.



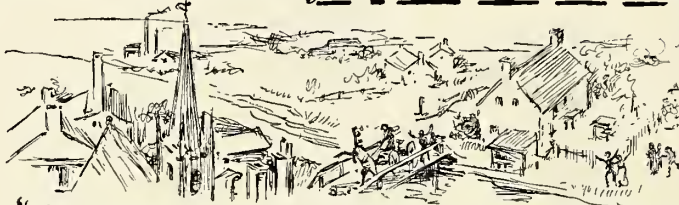


"So dark it was them skeery mules just one idea possessed;
The foolish things thought night had come, so both laid down to rest;

"An' on, an' on, an' on we flew five minnits as I reckoned,
A-tearin' off a bloomin' mile for ev'ry bloomin' second;

"Until through my binoculars I sights the werry town
We're bound for, so I cuts the rope, an' cautious-life comes down;

"A-droppin of 'The Sassy Sal' with steady hand an' true,
Snug in her old canal-berth; - just a week afore she's due!



"I'm werry like G. Washington" the old man said to me;
"I cannot tell a whopper, which was just the case with G."



WIRELESS PETER

BY FRANK B. ELSER

THERE is such a crashing of telegraph instruments in the main office of the Amalgamated Press that you can hardly hear yourself snap your fingers beside your own ears. But if you stand in a corner of the room, you can make out every now and then a strange, buzzing sound, like some weird instrument not in harmony with a perfectly balanced orchestra. This strange noise forces itself above the clatter of the instruments sending news all over the world, as clearly as the whir of an angry insect jars the air on a quiet afternoon in the woods when the leaves are rustling in tune.

You are probably getting curious about this buzzing, and are wondering if this is to be a story about insects instead of about the Amalgamated Press. Or, perhaps, you are accusing me of buzzing along just to attract your attention. To be perfectly frank with you, I put in the buzzes because they reminded me of Peter, and, as this story is about how Peter lost his job—and found it again—all because of the buzzes, I am sure you will excuse me.

Peter Simpkins was the night telephone boy in the New York office of the Amalgamated Press, on the fifth floor of a down-town sky-scraper. Although he was only fourteen years old, it was his task to sit in front of the telephone switchboard for eight hours at a time, beginning at six o'clock every evening and ending at two o'clock in the morning. At midnight he was allowed thirty minutes for lunch, when he would eat a big piece of pie or cake, and drink a great deal of coffee from a little tin pail. In summer-time, when the nights were short, it was almost daylight before he reached his home in Brooklyn after his night's work.

It grew very tiresome sitting at the switchboard listening for the click and buzz—there we are at last!—when the little shutters fell, indicating that some one was on the wire and wanted to give news to the office; and, very often, Peter would slip out of his chair, and practise telegraphy at an idle instrument on one of the big tables near by. The boy's ambition was to become a telegraph operator, and it was certainly to his credit to persevere, but it seemed that, almost every time he left his place, the switchboard would begin calling, and there would be sharp cries of "Hey, boy! Telephone! Get busy there! Mind your telephone and leave those instruments alone!"

This was the voice of Brander, the manager. He was a kind man, but inclined to be nervous,

and Peter's fondness for telegraphy was a continual annoyance. Oftentimes as the boy sat with head bowed and lips pursed, spelling out a word in the dots and dashes of the telegraph code, it was necessary for the manager to yell at him two or three times before he would hear. Then Peter's pale face would flush, and he would rush to the switchboard, snap back the protesting signal, which had been whirring all the time, and breathlessly answer the call.

This sort of thing went on for some time, and, although Peter resolved to give no further cause for reproof, he could not resist the temptation, when the switchboard had been silent for a few minutes, to finger again that magic telegraph-key. He did it almost every night, until he learned to telegraph quite well. Then there came the night of the big storm, when heavy signs were whirled through the air like bits of paper, and ships, far out at sea, were swept clear of their rigging and battered by monster waves. The rain fell in such torrents, and with such stinging force, that people on the streets flinched in pain, as if you had thrown wheat in their faces.

If you had been in the office of the Amalgamated Press that night, you would have heard the manager rasping out orders, while everybody else was muttering about "bad wires"; and you would have seen great stacks of news piled up on the desks, waiting to be sent as soon as broken wires could be repaired or new ones supplied.

Up on the roof of the building a wireless instrument, used to pick up news from incoming steamships, was calling to the vessels far out over the rough, black waters of New York Bay. Ralph Trigg, a pleasant-faced man of thirty-five, was the wireless operator, but that night his mouth was set grimly as he sat in the small, closet-like place used as the wireless room. The wind howled over the roof, fifteen stories up, and the wireless sizzled and crackled,—not unlike the buzzing of Peter's switchboard, only a great deal keener and louder.

"GK-GK-GK!" shrieked the wireless. "GK-GK-GK!"

"GK" was the call of the great steamship *Gigantic*, which was due at New York, from Liverpool, early in the evening. It was now after midnight, and she had not even been reported off Sandy Hook. So, on account of the storm, the manager of the Amalgamated Press was afraid there had been a collision or some sort of acci-

dent, and he was anxious to flash to the newspapers throughout the country the first news of the liner.

What was more important still, there was on board the *Gigantic* a person of great importance in this country. He was R. S. Beverling, a man of many millions and great influence in the business and financial world. He owned thousands of

There was no response. But, although Trigg was impatient, he smiled to himself, and said, "Peter is away from the switchboard again, learning telegraphy. Pretty soon he'll be up here fiddling with the wireless."

Still there was no answer, and Trigg rattled the receiver hook. "Oh, this won't do!" he burst out. "Peter had better—" He did not finish, for



"WE ARE THROUGH WITH YOU—YOU ARE DISCHARGED!" SAID MR. BRANDER."

shares of stocks, and was the head of a great railroad system. In Europe he had been very ill, and he was returning to America in a critical condition. All across the Atlantic, the daily state of his health had been reported by wireless, and the reports were eagerly read everywhere. But now, with the *Gigantic* nearing New York, all messages had ceased, and Trigg, the wireless operator for the Amalgamated Press, was trying in vain to reach the vessel.

"GK-GK-GK!" he called again without result. With a snort of disgust, he picked up the telephone receiver at his side to talk to the manager in the office below. "Hello!" he said. "Hello there!"

he was interrupted by Peter's voice at the board below.

"Hello," said the boy, breathing hard.

"It's about time!" said Trigg, a bit sharply, but not unkindly. "Mind your business, Peter, and connect me with Mr. Brander."

"This is Brander," said a heavy voice. "Stand away from the board, Peter! This thing has been buzzing for five minutes! We are through with you—you are discharged!"

Peter sprang back as if he had been struck with a whip. "Oh, Mr. Brander!" he began. But the manager had seated himself at the switchboard and was talking rapidly with the wireless opera-

tor, and Peter's words were drowned in the roar of the instruments.

The boy stared for a moment at the green-shaded electric lights on the big tables, blinked his red eyes to keep back the tears, then, picking up his little lunch pail, he walked unsteadily from the room.

"Try the Marconi station at Sea Gate," the manager was telling Trigg, excitedly. "We *must* find the *Gigantic*. We have simply *got* to have something on Beverling's condition. She's not far out, held up by the storm, and, unless her wireless is broken, we should get a message through."

"Mr. Brander," said Trigg, "I've tried every wireless station within reach, and have called 'GK' until I'm black in the face. But I've got nothing since she was reported east of Fire Island in the afternoon."

"Well, keep after her *hard*," said Brander. Frowning and thoughtful, he rose from the switchboard and turned toward his desk. Then he gave a start as he seemed to realize for the first time that he had been sitting in Peter's chair, and that as he got up he left it vacant.

"Where's Peter?" he roared. "Can't that boy leave those telegraph instruments alone? I'll—"

"Peter's gone home, sir," said a copy boy at his elbow. "You told him just awhile ago that he—he—was fired."

The manager threw back his head with a funny little jerk, and looked curiously at the boy beside him. A puzzled look came over his face, and he let his cigar drop on the floor.

"Thank you, Jimmy," he said, after a moment. "Yes, I had forgotten—Peter is discharged. Tell George to take the switchboard." And he walked slowly to his desk and took his seat.

Out into the silent hall of the building Peter had stolen softly, clutching with a tight grip the handle of his lunch pail. The elevator was not running, and he stood for a time sobbing, undecided whether to go up or down. Crumpled against the banisters, he wiped his eyes on his coat sleeve, and began climbing the dimly lighted stairs to tell his friend Trigg of his grief and disgrace.

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It was a hard climb for an ill-nourished little chap, who lunched at midnight on coffee and pie, but, after resting several times, he reached and passed the fifteenth floor landing, and, in a moment more, opened the skylight and stood upon



"HE STOOD FOR A TIME SOBBING, UNDECIDED WHETHER TO GO UP OR DOWN."

the roof. The rain had stopped falling, but the wind raced along at forty miles an hour, and the tears were literally swept from Peter's eyes as he braced himself and staggered to the wireless room. The door was just off the skylight, and, as it was sheltered from the blast, Peter opened it softly and stepped in unnoticed.

Bent forward in his chair, the wireless receiver clasped to his head, straining for an answering buzz, Trigg was still sending "GK-GK" hurtling out into the night. He stopped with a grunt of irritation, and Peter slipped forward and touched his elbow. The operator wheeled and faced the boy, at the same time unclasping the head-piece.

"Hello, Peter!" he said cheerily. "Why the gloom?"

"I've lost my job," said Peter, dismally.

"Oh, brace up!" said Trigg. "I've lost my ship, the big *Gigantic*, with a very sick millionaire aboard her.

"I heard Mr. Brander givin' you fits over the telephone," he went on, "but I did n't think he meant it. Anyway, keep your nerve and some

day I'll get you a wireless job, talkin' to the ships at sea."

"I could do that now," said Peter, edging closer. "I can't receive very fast, but I could read a message that came in over the wireless." His eyes

Peter felt sure that, if a message did come, he would be able to read it. At the same time, he was rather frightened at the prospect, and his heart thumped so loud at first that he thought it was a series of wild dots from the air. But he gritted his teeth and steadied himself, and made up his mind that, if there *was* any buzzing in the instrument at his ear, he would get it or die.

A minute passed slowly, and there was no sound from the receiver except the beating of blood in Peter's ear. He sat rigidly, hardly daring to move lest he miss something. At times he held his breath and hoped with all his heart that a message would come, then there swept over him a dread feeling that he might lose his head if one *did* come, and he hoped, even harder, that Trigg would hurry and return.

The wind grew calmer, and Peter used one ear listening for the welcome sound of Trigg opening the skylight and stepping onto the roof. With every nerve on edge, he waited for what seemed to him an hour, when he heard the skylight

creak and the sound of footsteps on the roof. The boy sighed, and was relaxing with a feeling of mixed relief and disappointment, but, before he had decided whether he was glad or sorry, something happened which sent a chill through his whole body, and his heart rushed toward his throat as if to choke him. He had heard a man scream in terror, a splintering crash of glass, and the thud of something striking the stairs.

It was Trigg's voice that had cried out in the darkness. He had lost his footing on the rain-wet roof, had pitched backward through the skylight, and, cut and bleeding, had fallen to the landing twelve feet below, where he lay unconscious.

Peter knew in a flash what had happened, for he had often noticed how easy it would be to fall through that skylight. His first impulse was to rush to his friend's assistance, but, as he lifted his hand to remove the wireless receiver, he knew that he could not leave his chair. He had been



"HE PLACED THE HEAD-PIECE OVER PETER'S TOUSLED HAIR, AND TURNED TOWARD THE DOOR."

were dry now, and he gazed hungrily at the glistening head-clip with its black, button-like receiver at the end, through which the wireless operator hears the dots and dashes from the air.

"Sure!" said Trigg, slapping him on the back. "You're as good a man as I am now. Get your ear behind this, and maybe the *Gigantic* won't be so stingy with her messages."

With a laugh, he placed the head-piece over Peter's tousled hair, and turned toward the door. "You are in charge, Peter," he said, with playful seriousness. "I'm going to the fifteenth floor landing just a minute to get my lunch. The elevator man brings it up." And, before Peter could realize what had happened, the door had closed, and he was left alone in the wireless room.

As you all probably know, the dots and dashes used in wireless telegraphy are the same as those in ordinary telegraphy, and, because they come through the air, they are sent much slower than those which go over the wires. For this reason,

left in charge as a joke, but now, if a message came from the *Gigantic*, it was he who *must* receive it.

The boy's mind worked swiftly. "I'll telephone down-stairs," he thought. "They will send help." He lifted the telephone receiver at his side, and when there was a response from the boy below—the boy who had his job—he said firmly and clearly:

"This is Peter. I am in the wireless room on the roof. Mr. Trigg, I think, has been badly hurt. Tell Mr. Brander or some one to come up quick!"

The boy down-stairs gasped, and Peter slammed the telephone back into place. For a moment, he had forgotten the wireless, but, as he straightened himself in his chair, something went through him like an electric shock, tingling from the tips of his ears to the tips of his toes. He leaned forward and clenched his hands. There was no mistaking it—there was a distinct buzzing in the receiver. The wireless had spoken! Some one was calling "AP-AP!" the call of the Amalgamated Press. And the letters at the end of the call were "GK."

Peter had found the *Gigantic*!

Mechanically, and in a daze, the boy opened the key beside him, and, with a series of blinding flashes, answered the steamship's call. "OK-OK," he spelled, in dots and dashes, and finished with his own call—"AP."

"We have a message for you," said the *Gigantic*, through the air. "Are you ready?"

"Yes," flashed back Peter. "Let her come!" he added aloud to himself. He was as calm as a veteran now, and, pencil in hand, head bent far forward, and eyes close to a message blank before him, he slowly wrote down the words that came from the ship. This is what he wrote:

On board S. S. *Gigantic*, Sept. 22.

AMALGAMATED PRESS, N. Y.

Held up by storm off outer bar. Will dock to-morrow morning. Superstructure somewhat damaged by wind. Wireless for a time out of commission. R. S. Beverling died on board at 9:15 P.M.

(Signed) RANSOM, *Commander*.

The last word recorded, Peter tore the receiving instrument from his head as if it were a thing of fire. He was only fourteen years old, but, as a newspaper boy, he knew that Beverling's death was news for which the whole world was waiting. Clutching the message in his hand, he was across the little room in one bound, nerves thrilling, eyes flashing with excitement. He grabbed for the door-knob as if he would tear it from its place, but in his haste, he missed it, and, at that instant,

the door opened in his face. Brander, the manager, stood before him.

Checked in his flight, Peter almost fell over backward. He clutched a chair for support, and waved the message in front of him.

"He's dead, Mr. Brander!" he panted. "He died to-night!"

"He's not dead," said the manager. "He's



"READ IT! READ IT!" IMPLORED PETER."

badly cut and bruised, but he will be all right in a few days."

"I don't mean Trigg!" yelled Peter. "It's Beverling—Beverling, the millionaire! Here's the message! It just came by wireless—from the *Gigantic*!"

The shrill voice filled the room. Brander grabbed the boy roughly by the arm.

"What do you mean?" he cried.

"Read it! Read it!" implored Peter, thrusting the crumpled message into Brander's hand.

If Peter appeared stunned when discharged from the switchboard, the man who stood before him now was in a trance. He raised the message to his eyes and blinked rapidly several times as if to clear his sight. Then his lips spelled slowly, in a queer, hoarse whisper: "R. S. Beverling died on board at 9:15 P.M." In an instant he was at the telephone shouting orders to an assistant below.

"Send a flash on every wire!" he cried. "Beverling is dead!"

Trembling like a scared boy, the manager turned from the telephone and looked at Peter, with a strange light in his eyes. The boy stood swaying by the chair, and would have fallen, had not Brander caught him. "Peter, my boy," he

said, with a choke in his voice as he drew him to his side; "Peter, my boy, you have saved the day, and we have scooped the whole country on the biggest piece of news in years! I wonder what good fairy made me discharge you from the telephone!"

"If you 'll just give me another chance," said Peter, "I 'll promise—"

"From now on," said the manager, interrupting sternly, "you are the assistant wireless operator of the Amalgamated Press. Do you think you can stay in your chair?"

"Yes, sir," said Peter, with a gulp.

"Good!" said the manager. "Now let 's go down and get a real good supper."

"All right, sir," said Peter. "Wait till I get my lunch pail."



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"WILL HE COME?"

THE SPRING-LEG CASSOWARY

by D. K. Stevens



THE Be-Ba-Boes, as perhaps you knew
Before I began my story,
Maintain a regular public zoo,
With elephants, elk, and eagles, too,
And specimens piscatory.
(It may be news,
But the regular zoos
Have specimens piscatory.)

But the one rare bird which they
could n't find
To complete their aviary,
Was a tropical one of a curious
kind,

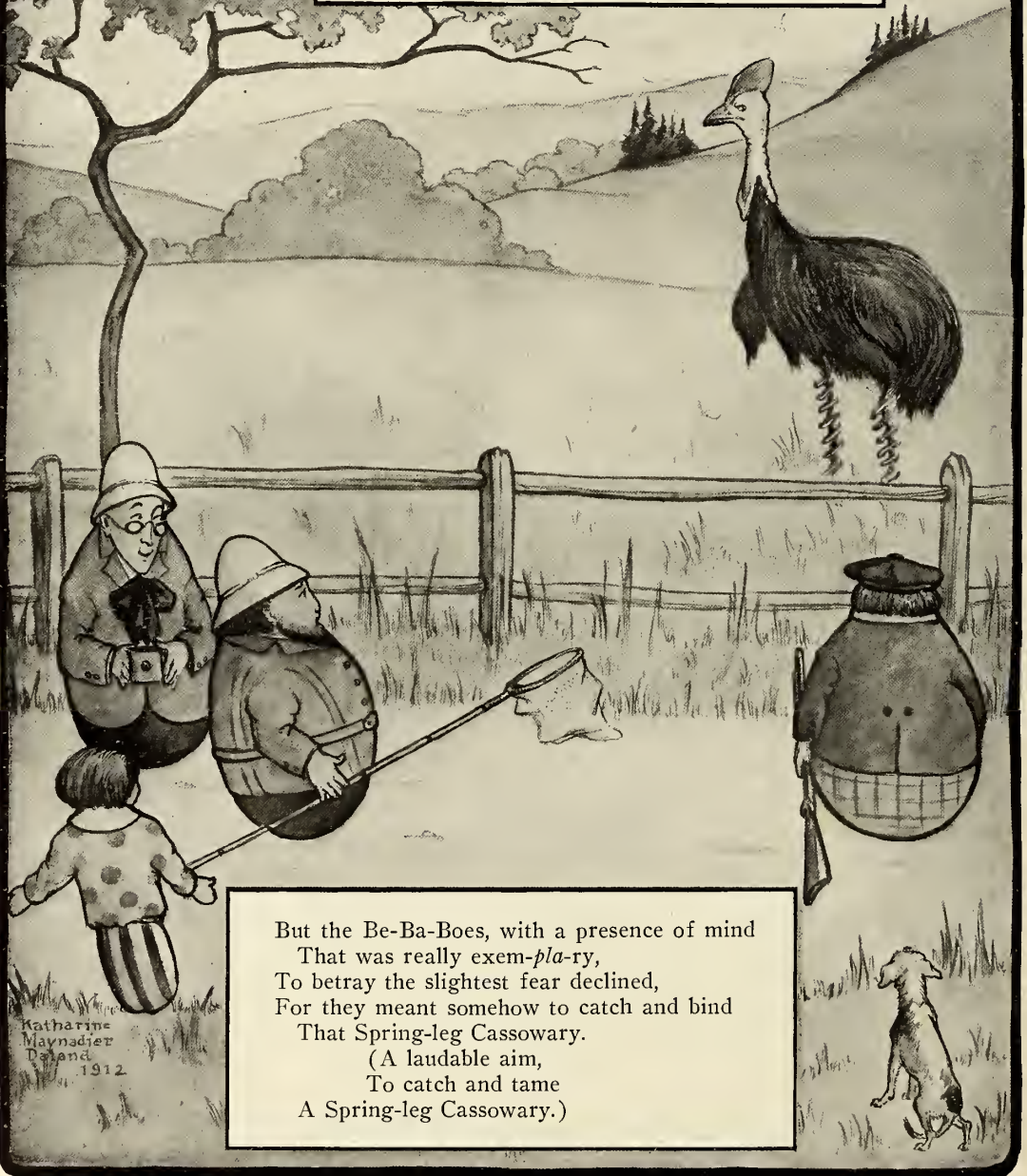
A sort of a bird and a freak
combined—
The Spring-leg Cassowary.
(Of course you 've heard
Of that struthious bird,
The Spring-leg Cassowary.)

He 's a harmless bird, but extremely shy,—
For diffidence you can't match him;
For he jumps in the air if you come too nigh,
And with springs in his legs, he can jump so high,
It is very hard work to catch him.
(To spring with a spring
Is the *easiest* thing!
And so it is hard to catch him.)

Katharine
Maynardier
DeLand 1912



But one fine day when the Be-Ba-Boes
 Were out on an expedition,
 From a neighboring field where the long grass
 grows,
 A Spring-leg Cassowary rose—
 An alarming apparition!
 (Imagine, *do*,
 The case if *you*
 Were to meet such an apparition!)



But the Be-Ba-Boes, with a presence of mind
 That was really exem-*pla*-ry,
 To betray the slightest fear declined,
 For they meant somehow to catch and bind
 That Spring-leg Cassowary.
 (A laudable aim,
 To catch and tame
 A Spring-leg Cassowary.)

So they said to the bird: "It is often claimed
 By those who know about it,
 That for lofty jumps you are justly famed;
 But until that 's proved, we can't be blamed
 If we beg leave to doubt it!"
 (You see, they tried
 To sting his pride
 By begging leave to doubt it.)



Katharine
 Maynardier
 Daland
 1912

Well, sure enough, he was quite distressed
 Of his fame to be defrauded,
 And began to jump like a bird possessed,
 Right up in the air as per request,
 While the Be-Ba-Boes applauded.
 (Their plan was deep,
 For of course he 'd leap
 As long as they applauded.)

This loud applause was a joy to the ear,
 And the bird worked hard to win it;
 But he put such a strain on his jumping gear,
 That at last, as perhaps you'll regret to hear,
 There was n't a jump left in it!
 (With a spring, you must guard
 Against working it hard,
 Or there won't be a jump left in it.)



Katharine
 Maynardier
 Daland
 1912.

So the bird their lawful prey became
 As a natural corollary;
 To the zoo he was led with great acclaim—
 And that's one way to catch and tame
 A Spring-leg Cassowary.
 (And you cannot pose
 The Be-Ba-Boes
 With a Spring-leg Cassowary.)

JATAKA TALES

RE-TOLD BY ELLEN C. BABBITT

(From "The Jatakas," published by the Cambridge University Press, England)

THE FOOLISH, TIMID RABBIT

ONCE upon a time, a Rabbit was asleep under a palm-tree.

All at once he woke up, and thought: "What if the world should break up! What then would become of me?"

At that moment, some Monkeys dropped a cocoanut. It fell down on the ground just back of the Rabbit.

Hearing the noise, the Rabbit said to himself: "The earth is all breaking up!"

And he jumped up and ran just as fast as he could, without even looking back to see what made the noise.

Another Rabbit saw him running, and called after him, "What are you running so fast for?"

"Don't ask me!" he cried.

But the other Rabbit ran after him, begging to know what was the matter.

Then the first Rabbit said: "Don't you know? The earth is all breaking up!"

And on he ran, and the second Rabbit ran with him.

The next Rabbit they met ran with them when he heard that the earth was all breaking up.

One Rabbit after another joined them, until there were hundreds of Rabbits running as fast as they could go.

They passed a Deer, calling out to him that the earth was all breaking up. The Deer then ran with them.

The Deer called to a Fox to come along because the earth was all breaking up.

On and on they ran, and an Elephant joined them.

"Oh, King Lion," they answered him, "the earth is all breaking up!"

"Who saw it breaking up?" asked the Lion.

"I did n't," said the Elephant. "Ask the Fox—he told me about it."



At last the Lion saw the animals running, and heard their cry that the earth was all breaking up.

He thought there must be some mistake, so he ran to the foot of a hill in front of them and roared three times.

This stopped them, for they knew the voice of the King of Beasts, and they feared him.

"Why are you running so fast?" asked the Lion.

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"SOME MONKEYS DROPPED A COCOANUT."

"I did n't," said the Fox.

"The Rabbits told me about it," said the Deer.

One after another of the Rabbits said: "I did not see it, but another Rabbit told me about it."

At last the Lion came to the Rabbit who had first said that the earth was all breaking up.



"THE LION RAN IN FRONT OF THEM AND ROARED THREE TIMES."

"Is it true that the earth is all breaking up?" the Lion asked the foolish, timid Rabbit.



"AWAY THEY WENT LIKE THE WIND."

"Yes, O Lion, it is," said the Rabbit. "I was asleep under a palm-tree. I woke up and thought,

'what would become of me if the earth should all break up?' At that very moment, I heard the sound of the earth breaking up, and I ran away."

"Then," said the Lion, "you and I will go back to the place where the earth began to break up, and see what is the matter."

So the Lion put the little Rabbit on his back, and away they went like the wind. The other animals waited for them at the foot of the hill.

The Rabbit told the Lion when they were near the place where he slept, and the Lion saw just where the Rabbit had been sleeping.

He saw, too, the coconut that had fallen to the ground near by. Then the Lion said to the Rabbit, "It must have been the sound of the coconut falling to the ground that you heard. You foolish Rabbit!"

And the Lion ran back to the other animals, and told them all about it.

If it had not been for a wise King of Beasts, they might be running still.

THE HELPFUL ELEPHANT

ONCE upon a time, a number of carpenters lived on a river-bank near a large forest. Every day the carpenters went in boats to the forest to cut down the trees and make them into lumber.

One day while they were at work, an Elephant came limping on three feet to them. He held up one foot, and the carpenters saw that it was swollen and sore. Then the Elephant lay down, and the men saw that there was a great splinter in the sore foot. They pulled it out and washed the sore carefully, so that in a short time it would be well again.

Grateful for the cure, the Elephant thought, "These carpenters have done so much for me, I must be useful to them."

So after that the Elephant used to pull up trees

for the carpenters. Sometimes, when the trees were chopped down, he would roll the logs down to the river. Other times he brought their tools for them. And the carpenters used to feed him well, morning, noon, and night.

Now this Elephant had a son of whom he was proud—a beautiful, strong, young one. Said the old Elephant to himself, "I will take my son to the place in the forest where I go to work each day, so that he may learn to help the carpenters, for I am no longer young and strong."

So the old Elephant told his son how the carpenters had taken good care of him when he was badly hurt, and took him to them. The young Elephant did as his father told him to do, and helped the carpenters, and they fed him well.

When the work was done at night, the young Elephant went to play in the river. The carpenters saw this beautiful young Elephant working for the King at once wanted the



ters' children played with him, in the water and on the bank. He liked to pick them up in his trunk and set them on the high branches of the trees, and then let them climb down on his back.

Elephant for his own, and paid the carpenters a great price for him. Then, with a last look at his playmates, the children, the beautiful young Elephant went on with the King.

The King was proud of his new Elephant, and took the best care of him as long as he lived.

One day the King came down the river, and



THE LUCKY SIXPENCE

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

CHAPTER VII

I TURN PATRIOT

ON that long voyage to the Americas aboard the *Bouncing Bet*, one day was quite like another as we flew along before a heavy gale. Nevertheless, the time passed quickly, for there was much for me to see, and when I got my sea-legs, I went from one end of the vessel to the other, asking questions, begging for stories of foreign lands (of which the sailors had an endless store), and, on the whole, happy and contented in these strange surroundings.

Of course, being the only woman-thing on board the vessel, I was made a great pet of by all, from the captain down to the cabin-boy, and though they were rough men who smelled strongly of tar, and were not, I thought, very tidy, there were none who, at one time or other on that long voyage, did not perform some act of kindness to the little maid who had come among them.

I have with me now, and shall always treasure, a tiny doll's tea-set which Jim Tasker, the boat-swain, carved for me out of bone. He did it all with his knife, and it was most wonderful to me how his great, stubby fingers could manage such small objects.

We passed several vessels on their way to England, and as each came up out of the sea, there were a few moments of anxiety, until the captain made certain they were not war-ships. These, I noticed, carried shortened sail, while all the *Betsey's* canvas was set, and Captain Timmons grumbled that he had no more.

But I had much time on my hands, so that I found comfort in my little book of maxims, and put therein long accounts of the days aboard the *Bouncing Betsey*. It was through this that I had my first serious conversation with the captain about the land to which I was going.

He came into the cabin one morning, and found me writing, as was my wont.

"What is it you write in that book so diligently, Mistress Beatrice?" he asked, seating himself on the opposite side of the table. "It seems to me that you are ever sharpening a pen, and I have a great curiosity to see it."

Now this was many days after I had come aboard, and in that time I had grown to love the captain, and all the things I had written of him and the ship of late were such as I might show

him without shame; so that there was no objection to his looking at it if he wished, though I could not see why he should be interested in the doings of a little girl.

"'T is naught but my own thoughts that I write, Captain Timmons," I answered; "but if you wish to read them, you may," and I pushed the book across the table to him.

He picked it up, and looked first at the wrought binding that Granny had put on it.

"That is fine work," he murmured admiringly. "'T was a loving hand that set those stitches."

"'T was Granny made it," I answered, and straightway my thoughts went out to her and to the boys as they had many times before; and I lost myself for a little, wondering how they fared, and if now and then they thought of me. Often my heart ached with longing for my home folk, but I do not mean to talk of that, and I have said this much for fear it should be thought I had forgotten them.

I was brought back to my surroundings by an exclamation of surprise from the captain, and looked up to find him glaring at me.

"So, miss!" he said, with apparent anger, slapping the book roundly with an open hand. "So! This is a pirate ship, is it? And Captain Timmons is not courteous to his sailors."

"Oh!" I cried, reaching for the book. "Oh! I had forgotten that!"

"Nay," he answered, "if I have the name, I shall have the game; and if I am a pirate, I shall act like one, and keep the book. There is much entertaining reading in it."

He looked at me so fiercely, that I must have gone pale, for his face changed instantly, and he leaned across the table and patted my hand.

"Nay, lass," he said, in his usual kindly tone, "I did not mean to fright you, only to tease a little. But 't is no compliment to be thought a pirate."

"Yet," I replied, feeling that I must defend myself, "what else could I think, seeing that I saw you first running from the officers of the law, and later snapping your fingers at the king? Then there was the affair of the *Good Will*, and even now you fear to be overtaken, and are followed, so you believe. 'T is only robbers that are afraid of the law; and on the sea robbers are pirates."

The captain looked at me solemnly, shaking his head up and down, as if agreeing with me.

"Aye, it is a good case you make against me, lass," he said; "no wonder you wrote us down pirates. But there is another word that comes nearer the truth of it, and it is in this prophecy of yours in the very front of the book," and turning over the leaves he read, "And her star is the star of war."

"War?" I echoed.

"Aye," he answered, rather fiercely, "war! We are not pirates, but," and he raised his voice as if he were proud of something, "you may call us rebels, an it please you."

Then for the first time I learned of the revolt of the colonies in America, and I remembered that this was what Captain Timmons and Mr. Green had been talking of that first day while I sat forgotten by the mast and overheard them. It was war between England and America that the captain meant when he said, "The fat is in the fire," and we were a rebel ship that any British vessel might seize and search.

Now that was the first of many talks the captain and I had about the war. I know not whether it was his intention to make a rebel of me, but he told me stories of the oppression the English king had inflicted upon the colonies. He told me, too, of the minute-men at Lexington; described the breakneck ride of one named Paul Revere; he recounted the story of the battle of Bunker Hill with such fervor that I e'en wondered if, perhaps, he had been there himself; and he spoke of General Washington as though he were more than a man.

He laughed derisively over the tea spilled in Boston Harbor, and had so many tales of wrong to tell, that I soon found that, instead of the loyal English maid I thought myself, I sympathized heartily with those to whom I was going, and was as ready as the captain to say, "Down with King George!"

"He 's no real Englishman, after all," I cried. "He 's naught but a Hanoverian who knows little and cares less for the English."

That will show how my feelings had changed, and scarce a day went by that the captain and I did not pass some hours in the cabin, he seated on one side of the table, and I on the other, denouncing kings and queens to our hearts' content. For with him liberty had become a passion, and I, a child, caught his enthusiasm, and raised my little voice in a cause that was, as the Egyptian had said, "to take from England a land greater than England!"

All this time we were drawing nearer to the end of our journey, and, although I could see little reason for it, the captain and Mr. Green grew more and more anxious, and kept watching the horizon line that stretched behind us.

There had been a great change in the weather, the wind having decreased steadily and the sea turned from a grayish-green to a deep blue. Flying-fish appeared in great abundance, which puzzled me till one came aboard us, and I saw that it was not a bird but a true fish.

Many pieces of strange seaweed floated about us, and there was a balmy feeling in the air, as if we were near the coast, as in reality we were, though we yet could not see it.

The *Betsey* was crowded with sail, and the crew "whistled for a wind," as they say, but it dropped little by little, though we still went through the water at a good rate.

And, as the captain explained to me, we were a small ship, and without a heavy wind could not hope to sail as fast as the greater vessels, one of which he was convinced would have followed us.

And he was right, although we had not seen a sign of it as yet.

Late in the afternoon of a beautiful and cloudless day, she hove in sight. The captain, the mate, and I were standing on the after-deck, when suddenly the former shouted for his glass, at the same time pointing to the horizon behind us.

"There she is!" he cried. "See her topmasts just coming over the edge?" and the mate looked and nodded.

The sailor having brought the spy-glass, the captain ran into the rigging like a cat, and at the very top of the mizzen, looked back at our pursuer.

Presently he came down with a troubled face. "I knew it," he said; "I felt it in my bones. 'T is the *Good Will*. They must see us, too, for there is a lookout in the foretop. Now what 's to do, for without wind, we 're lost," and he turned on his heel and went into the cabin, leaving us silent and apprehensive.

CHAPTER VIII

A NEW FLAG

SOON after our discovery of the king's ship above the horizon, night came down, blotting out her tall masts from our sight, but we knew always that she was there, following us steadily and mercilessly. I could n't help wondering why such a huge ship should be coming after us, and why it was important to England that we should be overhauled; so after dinner that night, I asked the captain.

"'T is for what we carry, lass," he replied gravely.

"And what is that?"

"Powder for the guns at home," he told me;

"they 'll need it sorely ere long, I doubt not, and I must save it, if I can."

"And will she catch us?" I questioned anxiously, thinking of the *Good Will*.

"Sooner or later, I fear she will," replied the captain, bitterly.

"And then?"

"Nay, lass, let 's not borrow trouble. She can scarce have us for a day or two yet, and 't will be longer if the wind holds. Then 't will be time enough to say what we will do."

"But you will not let us be taken?" I cried.

"Nay, do not fear that, child. I will blow up the *Bet* before I let anybody take her. But I must save her cargo an 't is possible," and, with that, he bade me turn in, and went on deck.

Next morning I ran eagerly to see if, by any chance, we had escaped our pursuer; but no, she was still there, not entirely risen above the horizon, to be sure, but her masts seemed higher out of the water than they had the previous evening, and we knew by that that she had gained during the night.

And so it went for three days. At night we would lose sight of her, and the captain, putting out all lights and altering our course again and again, hoping in this way to befool them in the darkness, tried to escape. But all in vain. The daylight would show the great ship behind us, her position a little altered perhaps, but always she was there, rising higher day by day. On the third morning after we had first sighted her, we could see the whole of her bulk, and the captain shook his head dubiously; but there was another change as well. Before us, lying low and indistinct, was a gray shore-line, and I had my first view of America.

But I had little time to think of that. All our eyes were fastened on the king's ship, and the crew, huddled forward, and we on the after-deck, looked back and wondered what would be the outcome.

Of course all sail was crowded on the *Bouncing Betsey*, but little by little the wind had decreased, until now the sea was almost as calm as a pond, and what breeze there was came fitfully. This, to be sure, did not serve the British ship any better than it did us, except for the fact that, having larger sails, she caught more of the wind, and so went faster, though by this time we were both scarce more than drifting.

By noon, however, we had gone an appreciable distance, so that the shore was now quite distinct, and I could see high, rocky bluffs above which scrub trees made a fringe of green.

The captain now turned his attention landward, and searched the coast with his glass, till, seem-

ingly, he found what he wanted, for he gave an order, and, after some changes in the sails, we headed directly shoreward.

All the while the *Good Will* was closing in gradually. It seemed now but a question of a few hours when she would be upon us, and the excitement aboard the *Bet* was becoming more and more tense.

Suddenly, as we looked toward the oncoming vessel, a puff of white smoke issued from her side, and a moment later we heard the muffled report of a cannon.

At the sound of it, Captain Timmons sprang into action, and his eyes shone with a light I had never seen there before.

"Mr. Green," he called, in a loud voice, "pipe all hands aft. I have something to say to them," and he ran for the companion and disappeared into his quarters below.

While the men were assembling, he returned with a bundle under his arm, which he placed on the deck, and then faced the sailors before him.

"My lads," he began, "the mate may have let it out that war has come!" A cheer interrupted him, and he paused until it had subsided. "I 'm glad to hear that from you, but it is more than cheers that is needed. 'T is those who are willing to die for a cause that win it. Well, my lads, I 'm not here to talk politics. There 's a king's ship following us, as you may see, and she means to catch us soon or late, so, although, for the sake of the cargo, I might be willing to sail under a false flag, I don't mean to do it for nothing. Now this it is, lads. There 's war on, and this ship is against the British; but if there 's any among you who is for King George, he can put off in one of the boats and join the *Good Will*; for, by thunder, the *Betsey* will fly her true colors for all to see, and I 'll sink her before I let her fall into their hands. Think well of it, my lads. 'T is war, as I said, but it has come upon you of a sudden, and the man who wants to go to where there 's safety can go. Those who stand by their colors may have naught but a watery grave before nightfall."

He paused, and looked at the men before him, expecting that some of them would wish to take his offer; but for a time no one stirred, and then Jim Tasker, the boatswain, stepped forward, knocking his forehead to the captain.

"Ye 'll excuse me, sir," he said, in a gruff voice, "but we 've talked it over among ourselves afore ye give the word, and there ain't a man among us as won't stand by ye, sir, come weal or woe. But, sir, if so by yer leave I might be drop-pin' a hint, we 'd be glad, sir, very glad, if ye would e'en give us a chance to fight 'em!"

There were murmurs of approval at Jim Tasher's speech, and the captain lifted his head as he looked at the men before him.

"I'm proud of you, my lads," he cried, his eyes flashing; "and now we'll show them!"

Then he stooped and took up the bundle at his feet.

"Mr. Green," he shouted excitedly, "hereafter the *Betsey* carries the flag of the States of America, and may God bless them."

With that he opened the bundle he held, and flung out a flag the colors and design of which I had never seen before, nor had the others, for they crowded forward and looked at it eagerly. It was striped red and white alternately, and in the corner was a blue square with figures upon it. It was not exactly the flag that was later chosen by the thirteen States, but was somewhat the same.

In the meantime, Mr. Green was busy with the halyards, and then, as if by magic, for many hands were eager to set it flying, our strange emblem sped aloft; and as it arose, a heavier puff of wind opened it wide for all the world to see.

"There!" shouted Captain Timmons, facing the *Good Will*; "there are our colors!"

At that, the men cheered and cheered again, throwing up their caps and waving their arms wildly, and I too, carried away by the enthusiasm, my heart beating with excitement and my head in a whirl, added my small voice to the patriotic clamor.

But in the midst of our cheers came again the muffled report of a cannon, and we dropped our eyes from the new flag and saw a splash in the water close to our stern.

"Solid shot!" cried the captain; "and we will get more of it. Now to your stations, lads," he went on to the crew. "We have raised a new flag on the *Betsey*, and, please God, it will stay there till she sinks."

That afternoon was a time of great anxiety on board. As we expected, the *Good Will* fired two or three shots at us, but they fell short, and thinking, as the captain explained to me, that we were in their clutches and could not escape, they were content to wait.

Meanwhile, however, we were making gradually for the shore, and though the wind came in puffs, some scarce filling our sails, others were harder, and often we made fair headway. As the hours wore on, and the sun got lower and lower in the west, Captain Timmons paced the after-deck, looking from the shore to the *Good Will*, and talking to himself the while in short, jerky sentences that gave the key to his thoughts.

"We'll fool them yet!" he muttered more than

once. "'T is like they're content to delay, thinking they have us tight. A few more breaths of wind and a little luck—"

He broke off abruptly, and, looking shoreward for a moment, ordered the line heaved to take a sounding, and when the lead came up, he scanned eagerly the sand sticking to the tallowed end, and straightway took the wheel himself, heading the *Bet* for a cove or basin that presently opened on our right.

"What I can't make out is why they don't send their boats to take us and have done with it," he said to the mate. "Do they mean to let us run ashore and get off scot-free?"

"I've been thinking of that, sir," said Mr. Green, "and it seems to me that they expect their troops to have us if we go ashore."

"Aye, man, you've hit it!" cried the captain, slapping his thigh; "they've got us betwixt them in a trap; like as not they would rather we went ashore to fall into the hands of their land forces, and so save them the trouble of caring for prisoners. No doubt their ship is overcrowded as it is. And now what's to do?" he muttered, and gripped hard at the spokes of the wheel, staring ahead of him at the coast.

"'T is a sin to lose the powder," murmured Mr. Green.

"Nay, we'll not lose that," replied the captain, confidently. "I was n't born and bred on this shore for nothing. There's a cave I know of that will take the cargo, and, my life on it, 't will never be found. When I was a boy, we played at smugglers in this same cave, but I little thought then what a use it would be put to. Nay, I'm not worrying about the cargo if they but give us a little time. 'T is the letter puzzles me. What's to do with that? And 't is more important than the ship or the cargo or the men aboard her. How to get that through to Mr. Travers sticks me."

"Aye," agreed the mate, "that's a hard nut to crack. None of us will be able to hide so much as a pin, afloat or ashore," and he went off shaking his head.

Meanwhile the *Betsey* had entered into the little bay, and rested quietly on its unruffled surface. There was no need to anchor, for there was not a breath of wind, and the sails hung motionless on the masts. Some two or three miles outside, within plain sight, the *Good Will* lay becalmed also, and it seemed to me that we were safe enough, but when I spoke of this to the captain, he shook his head.

"Nay, lass," he explained, "to-morrow, at the latest, they will send out their small boats and board us. They have many armed men, and we

have barely so much as a few rusty muskets to defend ourselves with. They have the best of us when it comes to fighting, only when the morning dawns there will be no *Betsey* to board."

"No *Betsey!*" I exclaimed, in surprise.

He shook his head sorrowfully.

"'T will be the hardest thing I ever did in my life," he said, "but it must be done. To-night we will hide the powder, and at sunrise, after I've made sure they've had a good look at her, I'll blow up the ship with all hands."

"Oh, Captain," I cried, in consternation, "must we all die?"

"There, there, lass," he said, seeing that I was taking his words in earnest. "That is what I wish our pursuers to think. The men will be safe ashore, and, although they are like to fall into British hands, ere they've gone a mile, they'll be exchanged sooner or later. But 't is as well that those aboard the *Good Will* should believe all hands are lost, and that the crazy rebel captain of the *Bouncing Betsey* would rather blow up his ship and his men than fall prize to them."

"But what will become of me?" I asked.

"If you knew how that same question has been puzzling me," he answered, wrinkling his forehead. "I see no other way for it but that you should come with us and be captured by the first redcoat that sights us. They'll not treat a child hardly. They're not as bad as that, but I would that you were with Mr. Travers, in German-town."

CHAPTER IX

I AM TAKEN PRISONER

It being settled that I should go with them, the captain bade me make up a bundle of clothes, and I went to my little cabin. I was not there very long, however, when I heard him call me from the adjoining saloon, where I found him and the mate seated opposite each other at the table, both very grave indeed.

My heart jumped, for I thought some new misfortune had happened us, nor was I reassured when the captain, motioning me to sit, took my hand in his, patting it a moment or two before he spoke.

"Lass," he began kindly, "the mate has thought of a plan by which a certain paper I have here may be delivered into good hands. We need your help."

"Oh, I should be glad to help!" I interrupted eagerly; "I thought something had happened."

"Nay, my child, be not in too great haste to decide the matter," he went on. "It is not work for a maid of your years, but I am at my wits' end to know what to do, and I must e'en take

what means are at hand; for the stake is not the life of one man or an hundred, but the life of a nation, mayhap, and a month or two of delay might be fatal."

His tone was so solemn, that I knew that this was a most serious matter, and, moreover, I had heard before of a mysterious paper he carried, and began to realize how great a value he put upon it.

"Captain Timmons," I answered, as earnestly as I knew how, "I know not what you wish of me, but if there is aught that I can do, you have but to try me. Perhaps such a service to the country will make Mr. Travers think the better of me, and not turn me away because I am a girl when he looked for a boy."

"Lass," said the captain, "should you put these papers into his hand, 't will be a greater service than you can know, but I wish there was some other way."

"The maid will come to no harm," the mate broke in; "these English sailors are men, and will not war on a child. I cannot help but think that, if we are captured, she will be safer with them than with us, and that we will be caught is almost certain. Moreover, she will be sent to New York at once. The only question is can she hide the paper?"

There was quite a long silence. The captain sat with wrinkled brows, staring hard at the table as if he could not make up his mind, but at last he lifted his head and spoke.

"I doubt not you are right, Green," he said, and then turned to me. "Can you row a boat at all, lass?"

"Yes," I answered readily, "I can row as well as my brothers, though I have never been upon the ocean."

"Good!" he cried, "good! Unless all signs fail, the sea will be like a pond to-morrow, so now for the plan. At sunrise I shall blow up the *Betsey*; but before that, I will set you adrift in one of the small boats, and you will row to the *Good Will*. Belike they will send a boat out for you, but under any circumstances, it will be ebb-tide, and the currents will take you to them without much work on your part."

"And am I to go all alone?" I asked; a little anxiously, for it seemed a perilous undertaking for a small maid.

"Aye, lass, all alone," replied the captain; "for the rest of us will be supposed to be blown up with the *Bet*. But fear not; if the weather is bad you shall stay with us; and if you go, I am sure no hurt will come to you. Had I a thought that the British would harm you, I should never agree to the plan; but I doubt not of your safety."

"It was not that I was afraid exactly," I tried to explain, "only—only I was just surprised."

"Well spoken, lass!" the captain went on. "Now listen. I know that the *Good Will*, having disposed of us, will hurry to join the other warships that are to assemble at New York. There

"That 's the puzzle," said the mate, "though they 're not so like to annoy a maid."

"Now let us think," murmured the captain. "Where shall we put it?"

And for a while we all sat silent, racking our brains to find an answer to that question.



"WE ARE NOT PIRATES, BUT YOU MAY CALL US REBELS!" (SEE PAGE 509.)

was great talk in England of what Howe's ships would do here. You have only to tell the Englishmen why you were aboard the *Bet*, and I am sure they will find the means to communicate with Mr. Travers, who will come and take you home."

"And in that way, you see," the mate added, "you will be able to get the paper to Mr. Travers weeks ahead of us, who will have to hide by day, and can travel but slowly, even if we are not captured."

"But the best of it would be," I cried, rather excited at the thought that had come to me, "that the English will be carrying the papers for the colonies without knowing it."

"That 's right!" exclaimed the captain, slapping the table with his great hand. "That caps it fine. To think of them carrying that paper to New York for us! Only, how shall we hide the paper, for I believe they have an inkling of it, and may search you and your boxes thoroughly?"

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"How big is it?" I asked, and the captain took out of his pocket a very thin paper folded longways through the center once.

"Why, I know the very place!" I exclaimed, as I saw it. "I can slip it under the cover of my little book of Moral Maxims. Think you they would look there?"

"Why, lass, you 've hit it, I do believe!" cried the captain.

"The very place!" said the mate. "No one would look under the cover of such a book."

On this we were agreed, and the captain asked me to get the book; and then we hid the paper. After I had sewed up the cover again, the captain gave it into my keeping.

"'T is more of a responsibility than I like to see a child shoulder," he said, "but you are brave, I know, and you will do your best. Treasure it as you would the most precious thing in the world, and, when you come at last to Mr. Trav-

ers, give it to him as soon as you can, and he will know what to do with it. Now, come!" he ended, rising to his feet, "we have much to do before morning."

It was dark by then, and the captain ordered the hatches off. In a twinkling the whole crew were working like mad at the task of unloading the powder and putting it into one of the long-boats. This had all to be done in the dark, for we feared to excite the suspicion of the *Good Will*, nor could we make any unnecessary noise, for it might be, as the captain explained, that they would send a boat near us to keep an eye, or rather an ear, upon our doings. So every one was quiet, and spoke in whispers.

It was needful to go back and forth many times with muffled oars before all the powder in the vessel was taken out, and it was long after I had gone to bed, that the work was finished. But before that, and after I had teased a little, the captain took me on one of the trips that I might see the cave.

It was most exciting, and dangerous, too, I think, for the sea beat upon the rocks, and we should have been swamped had we missed the opening. Once inside, the cave opened wide, and the men lit torches. We rowed forward a long way, until we came to a sandy little beach, where they landed and piled the boxes above the high-water mark, out of all danger from tides. I thought what fun the captain must have had when he was a boy, and how Horrie and Hal would have loved it if they could have been there with such a place to play in.

On our way back, I asked the captain if others knew of it, and he said that many of those brought up upon that coast did, but he was sure they were loyal to the colonies.

"And would it be easy to find?" I asked, for to me, who had no idea where we were, it seemed impossible that they could ever come at the spot again.

The captain chuckled.

"Aye, 't is easy to find, being just ten miles north-northeast from the Candlestick, and that is a big rock from which all sailormen on this coast take their bearings. Now you know exactly how to reach it," he added, with a laugh.

"Ten miles north-northeast from the Candlestick," I repeated aimlessly once or twice, for it stuck in my head.

It was just turning gray in the east when the captain woke me the next morning. I dressed hurriedly, and a little tremblingly too, I fear; though I put on a brave face, and meant to go through with whatever came, I could not hide from myself that I dreaded what was before me.

"And yet," I chided myself, "they are Englishmen who would not hurt a child. Before you sailed for the Americas, you would not have been frightened." But then came the thought, "It is war now, and I am an American," which sounded funny enough, considering that, as yet, I had never set foot upon American soil. Yet the truth is that my eight weeks aboard the *Bouncing Betsey* had made a rebel of me, and Captain Timmons had no more loyal patriot under his command.

"Where have you stowed the book?" asked he, anxiously, as I dragged my portmanteau into the cabin.

"'T is safely hid under all my linen," I assured him.

"Nay, now, that will not do," he answered. "If you hide it, you invite suspicion. Throw it in careless-like, on top, as 't was of little value."

So I searched it out, and did as he advised. I could see that it was wise, though I would never have thought of the plan.

There was some breakfast waiting, and then I went on deck, ready to begin the adventure; but as I looked about me, there was no one else in sight.

"Where are the others?" I asked.

"There are none aboard but you and me, lass," he answered.

And I noted that, save for the boat that was prepared for me, all were in their places on the deck.

"How—" I began, but he, seeing what was in my mind, interrupted.

"Do not fear for the others," he said; "we wish the English to believe we have all been blown up with the *Betsey*, and you need not tell them otherwise."

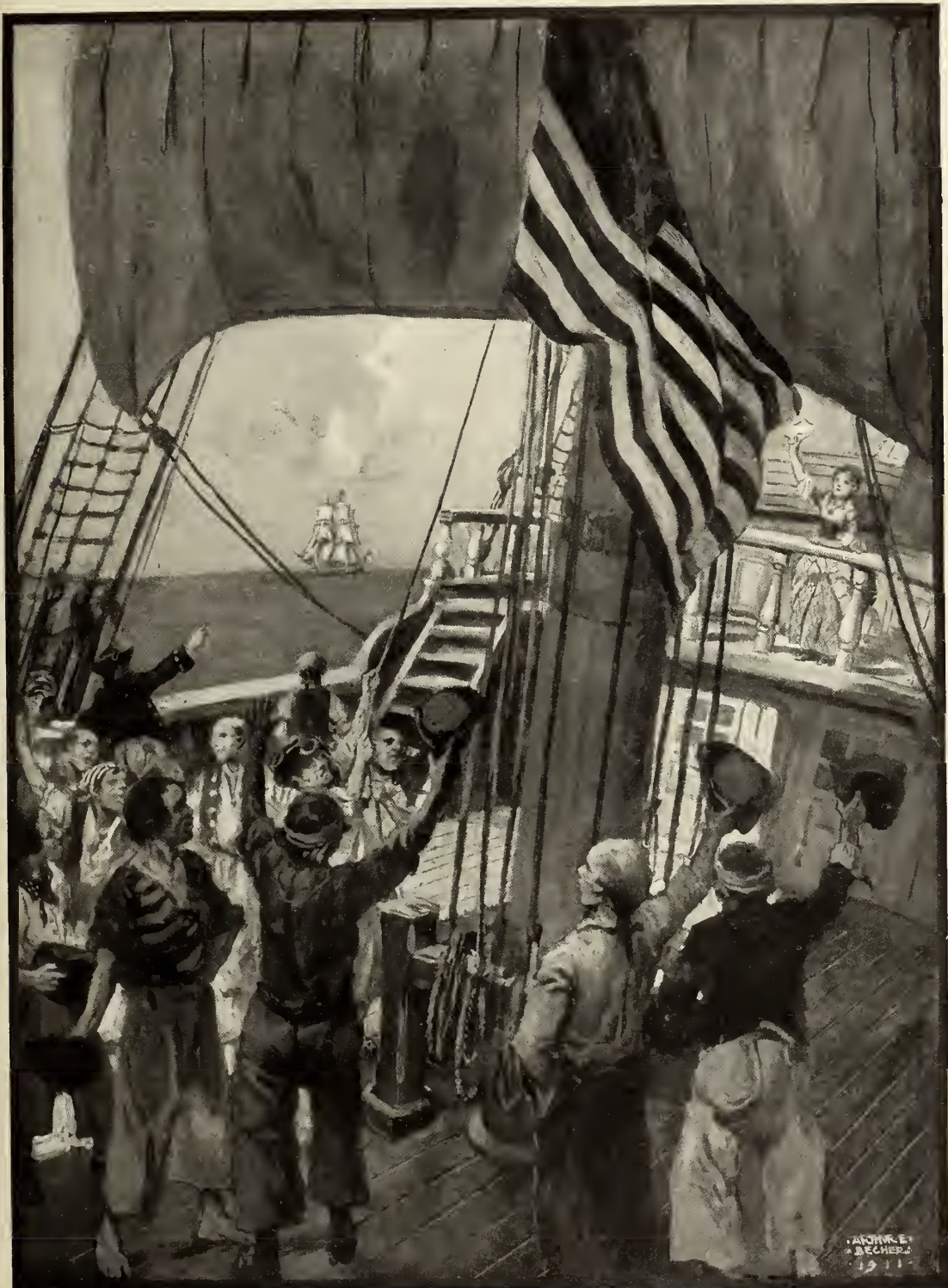
"But you, Captain?" I cried; "will you be blown up really?"

"Nay, I shall swim for it," he answered, with a smile. "That will be no feat. Now get to your place, for it is time."

When we came to the side, my sorrow at leaving the captain overcame me a little, and before I knew quite what I was doing, I had my arms about him.

"Good-by!" I sobbed, "you have been so kind to a little maid."

"There, there, lass," he said, a little huskily, "you 've made a warm place for yourself in my old heart, and if Mr. Travers won't have you, you shall find a home with me. And now, one thing more before we part. Should you, by any chance, after you have found Mr. Travers, wish to speak privately to him, e'en whisper that 'tea has gone up thruppence a pound.' 'T is a signal



"AS IF BY MAGIC, OUR STRANGE EMBLEM SPED ALOFT." (SEE PAGE 511.)

we have among us, and he will understand. Now be off, and good luck to you for a brave lass. Some day, God willing, we will meet in—ah—Mr. Travers's wigwim, ha-ha!" and he laughed aloud, which I think was meant to cheer me.

He helped me into the boat, where I was surprised to see all my boxes ready, threw in my portmanteau, and as I took up the oars, gave a push with his foot that sent me out into the little bay. He waved a hand to me as I pulled away, and then clambered back on the deck and stood looking at me, his face growing fainter and fainter as the distance increased.

Although the oars were large and clumsy for me, I managed well enough, for the sea was like Swyckham pond at home, and I was not afraid. Moreover, there was a strong tide, so that I made fair progress.

I was about a quarter of a mile away from the *Betsey* when the captain's face disappeared from the bow, and I knew that he had gone about his work of destruction.

I rowed a little farther, and then waited with a sinking heart.

After what seemed a long time, the *Betsey* appeared to sway a moment, then her deck lifted up, and a sheet of flame rose to her masthead, followed by a loud report. Almost at once the fire subsided, and she began to sink, till her hull was lost under the water and her masts dropped lower and lower. At length I could see only the strange flag fluttering above the ripples. At that moment the sun rose, and a beam of blood-red light fell upon the flag for an instant before it sank forever.

The *Bouncing Betsey* had gone down with flying colors, and I remembered the words of the captain on the day he had first raised the flag.

I looked out upon the now radiant waters, and I thought I saw a hand raised from the surface and waved in my direction, and, although I could not be certain, it heartened me for the ordeal that was before me.

But the sinking of the *Betsey* left me with an unhappy feeling of being all alone in the world, for there was nothing before me but the water and the rocky shore. There was no sign of anything living, and it was with somewhat of relief that I turned my head to look at the *Good Will*. There, at least, were human beings, and I plied my oars vigorously in her direction.

I had pulled steadily for some ten minutes, when I was startled by a rough hail close to me. Looking over my shoulder, I found two boats full of men making toward me, and so fast did they come, that they were alongside before I realized it.

Standing in the stern of the foremost was a young officer, very neatly and beautifully dressed, with much gold braid upon his coat.

"Sink me!" he exclaimed. "'T is a chit!" and there was a murmur of astonishment from the men who were rowing.

At the same time, a second boat came up with another young officer in command, who seemed just as much astonished, and for a moment or two we lay quiet, staring at each other.

Finally one of the gentlemen spoke.

"Where are the others?" he demanded, in no gentle voice.

"I know not," I answered tremulously, for he looked at me in anything but a kindly way.

"How came you here then?" he went on.

"Captain Timmons made me row away before he blew up the *Bet*," I replied.

"This is too much for me!" said the officer, after a moment's thought. "We 'll take you aboard the ship, and let you tell your story to Sir John. Trelawney," he went on, addressing the officer in the other boat, "row over and see what you can make of it."

At that he ordered his boat laid alongside, and, giving me a hand, helped me to a place next him in the stern. Then, fastening a rope to the boat I had just quitted, the sailors fell to, and we were soon under the huge side of the *Good Will*.

When I had climbed up the long ladder to her deck, I was greeted with many exclamations of surprise; and a number of young men in bright uniforms crowded forward, and began questioning me so rapidly that I was nigh dazed. But their faces were friendly, and many of them looked scarce older than my brother Horrie, so that I was in no way frightened.

I was saved all embarrassment of answering, because the officer who had taken me from the boat commanded me to keep my tale for Sir John, whom I rightly took to be the commander.

"We do not want a dozen versions of it," he said, with some haughtiness, addressing his fellow officers.

"Oh, but, Bedford," one of them exclaimed, "'t will be noon before Sir John rises from the downy. Let the maid tell the tale. Sure, we 're dying to know how she comes to be the only capture after an eight weeks' chase. Sink me! 'T is a good joke on Sir John!"

"And be sure some will pay for it," put in another, laughing; "still, I care little. I won my bet that 't was a maid in the boat."

This brought their attention back to me, and I stood silent among the gay, laughing crowd of young officers who looked down at me curiously.

(To be continued.)



From a Copley print, copyright, 1907, by Curtis and Cameron.

"THE FIRST MUSIC LESSON." FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANCIS DAY.

CROFTON CHUMS

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "Kingsford, Quarter," "Team-Mates," etc.

CHAPTER XI

THE SWORD FALLS!

JIM broke into the first team on Wednesday. That night there was a celebration at Sunnywood. Jeffrey began it with two bottles of ginger-ale, which he produced after study hour. They drank Jim's health in that enticing beverage, and then Poke suggested that some cake would n't be half bad. So Hope was summoned and Mrs. Hazard was appealed to, and the party adjourned to the dining-room, where a spread worthy of the occasion was speedily forthcoming. Every one was very merry save Jim. Jim was wondering when the sword would fall, for he had flunked badly that morning in mathematics, and had barely scraped through in Latin.

Although Jim tumbled into bed early that night, he did n't go right to sleep. Instead, he lay awake for quite a while, wondering how long, if he did n't make a much better showing in class, the faculty would allow him to enjoy his new honors. And when sleep did come to him finally, it was because he had comforted his conscience with the firm resolve to buckle down to-morrow and study as never before.

But, alas, how many of our good resolutions survive the night? The next day was filled with new experiences for Jim, and much hard, grueling work on the field, and a blackboard lecture after dinner. And so, when study time came, he was tired and nervous, and his thoughts absolutely refused to concern themselves with studies. And the following day Mr. Groff, the mathematics instructor, lectured him in front of the whole class, which did n't improve Jim's state of mind a bit, and Mr. Hanks viewed him sadly but forbore to reprimand him. In his other studies he was still doing fairly well.

In the Merton contest, the last before the "big game," Crofton showed flashes of first-rate football. Although he did n't say so, Johnny was well satisfied, for he knew that, barring accidents, his team would play at least twenty per cent. better, a week from that day. Crofton was still "coming," and a team that is coming is better than one that has reached the zenith of its development. Merton went down in defeat, 17 to 8, after a hard-fought battle. Best of all, Crofton emerged from the fray with scarcely a scratch; at all events, with no real injuries to any

of her players. Jim played well in that game. For four fifteen-minute periods he forgot all about Latin and mathematics, and thought and lived foot-ball. And Johnny confided to Captain Sargent after the game, that "That fellow Hazard is the best find of the season."

And then, on Monday, the sword fell!

He was summoned to the office at noon. What Mr. Gordon said, and what excuses Jim offered, are of small consequence. We are interested in results. The result in this case was that Jim emerged from Academy Hall feeling that life was, indeed, a very tragic thing. That afternoon Parker played at left tackle on the eleven, and all the school knew that Hazard was "in wrong with the office."

Practice went badly that day, just as it 's likely to on the Monday after a hard game, and there was a general air of discouragement about coach and players alike. The second team, grumbling over the loss of another lineman, smashed vengefully at their opponents, and tied the score in the second half of the scrimmage. And so it stayed, and the second credited themselves with what was virtually a victory. Gil, Poke, and Jeffrey walked home together after practice, and talked over Jim's predicament.

"Success," said Gil, "was too much for him."

"That 's not fair!" remonstrated Poke. "Jim got on the team late, and has had to learn a whole lot in a short time. Hang it, Gil, I have n't been doing any too well at studies myself, and I 've been playing foot-ball long enough to know the ropes. I don't wonder that Jim fell behind. The question now is, can he catch up and square himself with the office? Is there anything we can do to pull Jim out of his hole? There are five days yet before the game. Something might be done."

"I don't believe Johnny would let him play after being laid off," said Poke, gloomily. "Dun 's got a grouch against him, too."

"Well, the first thing to do is to find him," said Jeffrey. "I have n't seen him since physics."

"I suppose he 's feeling so mean he 's hiding somewhere," Poke suggested. "I don't blame him for being cut up about it."

Jim, however, was n't very far off when the trio entered the gate. He was sitting at the table in his room, with his books spread before him, looking disconsolately out of the window. "No

more athletics, Hazard, until your marks are considerably better in all studies, Latin and mathematics especially," had been Mr. Gordon's ultimatum. Jim had spent the dinner-hour sitting on a spile near the bridge, gazing into the water and

latter could have done was to have been a little more lenient with Jim Hazard. He wished he had never gone in for foot-ball; wished he had never come to Crofton. Then the bell rang, and he dragged himself back along the river to Acad-



"BEING A RATHER WISE YOUNG LADY, HOPE RETURNED WITH A TRAY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

wondering on the lack of gratitude displayed by Mr. Hanks. For Mr. Gordon had distinctly said that it had been the Latin instructor who had made complaint. Jim was through with the team, and would n't have shown up at training table for anything. Nor did he want to go home and face his chums at Sunnywood just then. Besides, he was much too disappointed and miserable to want anything to eat. Of course, he had reflected, it was all his own fault; but that knowledge did n't seem to make the situation any easier. It seemed to him that after the way they had come to Nancy's assistance with advice, the least the

emy Hall and a French recitation. After that, there had been physics, and then, when most of the fellows were setting their faces toward the field, he had hurried home and shut himself in his room. His mother had sought entrance, and he had put her off with the plea that he was busy studying; but, as a matter of fact, there had been very little studying done that afternoon. His thoughts simply refused to stay on his books. It was almost dark now in the room, and through the window the western sky was paling from orange to gray. He heard the gate click, and then came the sound of footsteps on

the stairs. Some one knocked imperatively at his door.

"Hello! who is it?" he growled.

"We want to come in, Jim." It was Poke's voice. And the tone told Jim that Poke had heard of the calamity that had befallen him.

"I 'm working," replied Jim, more gruffly.

"It 's time to quit. Open up, like a good fellow."

"Too busy," replied Jim. There was a whispered conference beyond the door, and footsteps died out along the hall. Jim felt more lonely than ever then, and wished he had let them in. But pride kept him there behind the locked door until after the supper bell rang and Hope came up to find why he was n't down. Hope had to beg her hardest before she was admitted. Then Jim said he was n't hungry and wanted no supper. All he wanted was to be let alone. So Hope went out quietly, closing the door after her, and being a rather wise young lady, prepared a tray. After she had taken her departure for the second time, Jim sat and looked at the tray for a long time; to be exact, just as long as his courage lasted. Then he gave in, and ate everything in sight. After that, life did n't look quite so dark, and when, presently, Poke came knocking at the door again, Jim bade him enter.

They talked it all over then, Gil and Jeffrey "happening in," and Poke was highly incensed at Mr. Hanks's conduct.

"After what we did to help him!" he said disgustedly.

"He has only followed the advice we gave him," observed Gil, dryly. "What goes for one goes for all, Poke."

"He has n't a grain of—of gratitude," spluttered Poke. "I 'd like to tell him so, too."

"If you talk so loud you won't have to," said Jeffrey. "For he will hear every word you say."

"Stop complaining, Poke, and let 's see what 's to be done," Gil counseled. "Think you can catch up by Friday, Jim?"

"Oh, I don't know. I can't seem to get down to studying. I 've been trying to all the afternoon, but I 've about concluded it 's no use."



"'WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT SEND HIM A TELEGRAM,' SAID GARY, BOLDLY." (SEE PAGE 523.)

"Well, I can't promise that Johnny will take you on again even if you get square with the office," said Gil; "but seems to me it 's worth trying. Get your books and go over to Jeff's room. Maybe between us all we can coach you up, Jim. I 'm not much of a Latin student myself, but Poke gets on pretty well in that; so does

Jeff. As for math, why, I 'll do what I can for you there. What do you say?"

Jim thought a moment. He was still inclined to feel hurt and imposed upon. But the offer was too good to be refused, and so,

"All right," he muttered. "I 'll try it."

Jim's showing in class the next day was not much better, but on Wednesday there was a marked improvement. Every night Gil, Poke, and Jeffrey took him in hand and put him through his paces. Jim was not stupid, and now that he had more time and constant encouragement, he went ahead in good shape. If Mr. Hanks suspected the meaning of the sudden coolness exhibited toward him by Jim and Poke, he made no sign. Personally, I don't believe that he gave it a thought. He had done what his duty required of him in Jim's case, and that was all. That his action had cost Jim his position on the foot-ball team and deprived the team of a good player, he did not know. He went his way serenely unconscious of the trouble he had caused.

Meanwhile foot-ball enthusiasm and excitement grew to fever heat, and Thursday dawned. Thursday was the last day of practice. The whole school marched to the field at four o'clock, cheering and singing. There was nothing spectacular about practice that afternoon. After the preliminary work, the rest of the time was spent in a hard signal drill and one fifteen-minute period of scrimmaging, the latter being halted for minutes at a time while one or other of the coaches, who had grown quite numerous by now, criticized and lectured, begged and threatened. Around the field, outside the ropes which were already in place for Saturday's game, all Crofton cheered and sang. Then the final whistle sounded, the second team gathered together and cheered the first, the first wearily returned the compliment, and players, coaches, and onlookers trailed back to the gymnasium.

Poke, a faded blanket hanging about him, found Jim on the way out.

"I spoke to Sargent about you, Jim," he panted, "and he says if you can get square with the office by Saturday, he 's willing to give you a chance in the game if he can. That is, of course, if Johnny says so. I have n't talked with him yet, but I will. Of course, Jim, you won't get in at the beginning. You see, Parker 's doing pretty well, and it would n't be fair to throw him out at the last moment, would it? Besides, you might be a bit stale, you know."

Jim nodded gloomily. "Much obliged, Poke, but what 's the use! I don't even know that J. G. will give me leave to play yet. I 'm square in mathematics, but Nancy does n't love me much."

"Oh, you 'll be all right!" responded Poke, heartily. "Just do the best you can, and go and have a talk with J. G. to-morrow. Why, supposing you don't get in for the whole game, Jim; even a couple of periods is better than nothing at all! And you 'll get your C if you only play two minutes. Brace up, and never say die, old chap!"

Jim nodded again, and Poke, clapping him on the shoulder, hurried into the gymnasium. They were cheering again now, cheering each member of the team in turn, from Sargent down to the last substitute. There was no cheer for Hazard, though, and presently Jim edged his way out of the gathering and strode forlornly home through the twilight.

CHAPTER XII

FRIDAY—AND ILL LUCK

ON Friday, events transpired so rapidly that it is difficult to tell of them in order. First of all, though, just before noon it was known that Curtis, formerly of the second and now playing right tackle on the first team, had been summoned home because of sickness in the family. Consternation prevailed. At two o'clock, Curtis went off, bag in hand, torn between anxiety and disappointment. Before that, Duncan Sargent and Johnny Connell had spent a troubled hour trying to rearrange their line of battle. At dinner-time, Johnny peddled up the road, jumped from his wheel in front of Sunnywood Cottage, rang the bell impatiently, and demanded Jim.

"Look here, Hazard," he began when Jim reached the porch, napkin in hand; "we 've lost Curtis. He 's gone home. Some of his folks ill. We 've got to have another lineman. There 's no one on the second heavy enough to stand up in front of Hawthorne. Either you or Gary must come back! I don't care which, but the first of you to report to me, all square with the office, starts the game to-morrow. I 've seen Gary and told him the same thing. Now you have a talk with Mr. Gordon right away, understand? And let me know what he says. Come to me after school. If he lets you play, you 'll have to learn the new signals this evening. Now hurry up and finish your dinner. Then see Mr. Gordon at once."

"All right!" replied Jim, his heart thumping hard at the thought of getting back to the team. "I 'll see him in fifteen minutes. Where shall I find you, later?"

"I 'll be in the gym at two. Tell Mr. Gordon you 've got to play; tell him we 've got to have you!"

And Johnny hurried through the gate, jumped

on his bicycle, and tore back to school. Fifteen minutes later, Jim, breathless and anxious, ran up the steps of Academy Hall, hurried down the corridor, and entered the office.

"Can I see Mr. Gordon, please?"

"Mr. Gordon has gone to Boston," replied the secretary in his best official voice. "He left at twelve o'clock."

Jim's heart sank. "When will he be back, please, sir?" he asked. The secretary frowned.

"He is not in the habit of informing me very closely as to his plans. I believe, however, that he expects to return sometime to-morrow forenoon."

"To-morrow forenoon!" gasped Jim.

"Exactly." The trouble in the boy's face softened the secretary's manner. "What was it you wanted? Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, sir, thank you," answered Jim. He went out, closed the heavy oak door softly, and dragged his feet along the corridor. At the corner, he drew aside, and Brandon Gary hurried by him in the direction of the office. Jim smiled wanly. Gary and he were in the same boat.

On the front steps he paused, hands thrust deep in his pockets, and tried to think what to do. It still lacked twenty minutes of recitation time, and he had the sunlit entrance to himself. But he could see no way out of his quandary. Only Mr. Gordon could lift the ban, and Mr. Gordon had gone away. Jim seated himself on the top step and stared unseeingly at the wooded slope beyond the river. Footsteps echoed in the corridor, and Brandon Gary came out. He saw Jim, hesitated, and then leaned against the doorway. Jim looked up and their eyes met. Gary nodded.

"Hello," said Jim, morosely.

"Say, Hazard, you and I are both up against it, are n't we?" said Gary. "I'd like to know what business J. G. has going away at a time like this."

"I suppose to-morrow morning will be too late," responded Jim, solemnly.

"Oh, he won't be back until noon! He'll come on the express that gets in just before dinner. Glory, Hazard, but I'd like to play to-morrow! I've been thinking he might let me off before this, but he did n't, and I made up my mind I would n't ask. But now it's serious. With Curtis gone, the old team's in hard luck. No doubt of that."

Jim nodded. Gary seated himself on the other side of the steps. Silence held for a minute. Then Jim sighed.

"Well," he said, "I must look up Johnny and tell him. I promised to let him know."

"So did I," said Gary. "Look here, Hazard,

do you think it would do any good to talk to Nancy?"

Jim considered a moment.

"I don't see what he could do, Gary."

"He might telegraph to J. G. and ask him to let us off."

"I don't believe Nancy would do that," replied Jim, doubtfully. "Besides, we don't know where J. G. is, do we?"

"Mrs. Gordon can tell us. Look here, will you go to see Nancy with me? Maybe we can talk him into it. I'll apologize to him, if he wants me to. I'll do anything to help the team out."

"Yes, I'll go," answered Jim, after a moment's consideration.

They sprang up, and hurried off side by side. They had n't far to go. As they walked around the curve behind the principal's residence, Mr. Hanks came into sight.

"You start it," whispered Gary. "You know him better. I'll dig in afterward."

"Mr. Hanks, may we speak to you a minute, sir?" asked Jim, as the instructor met them. Mr. Hanks dropped the hand holding the book he had been reading, and brought his thoughts back with a visible effort.

"Er—certainly."

"Gary and I, sir, are both 'in wrong' at the office, as you know. Now Curtis has gone home, and the team's in a bad way for a fellow to take his place in the line. We've been to see Mr. Gordon, but he's gone away, and may not be back until to-morrow noon. That will be too late, sir. Would n't you be willing to say a good word for us, sir, to Mr. Gordon? Tell him we—we're sorry, and—and all that, and ask him if we can't play on the team to-morrow?"

Mr. Hanks looked blank. "I—I don't quite understand," he said. "You want me to intercede for you with Mr. Gordon?"

"Yes, sir," answered Gary. "I deserved what I got, Mr. Hanks, but I've been on probation for nearly a month now. I'm sorry for what I did, and I—I beg pardon, sir. I would n't have asked any favors for myself, sir, but the team's in a mess now that Curtis can't play, and it needs me badly; needs both of us."

"I—I'm afraid I don't quite get your meaning about this—this team. What sort of a team is it, Gary?"

"Why, the foot-ball team, sir! To-morrow's the big game of the season, you know; with Hawthorne! And we're going to get licked as sure as shooting if neither Hazard nor I get back."

"Am I to understand," asked Mr. Hanks, in puzzled tones, "that Mr. Gordon has forbidden you to play in the—er—the foot-ball game?"

"Why, of course," replied Gary, a trifle impatiently. "I have n't played since he put me on probation. And Hazard here had to give up last Monday. You can't play if you don't keep up with your studies."

"Really! I did n't know that. I fear I am not sufficiently conversant with the customs here. I understand, then, that you want to take part in this—this contest to-morrow. Is that it?"

"Yes, sir," chorused Gary and Jim, eagerly.

"Why—why—yes, I shall be glad to say a good word for you both. Your work in class has been very satisfactory since—since the occasion we both, I am sure, regret, Gary. As for Hazard, he seems to have taken hold earnestly with his studies of late. But—but if Mr. Gordon is away, I don't just see how—that is—"

"We thought you might send him a telegram," said Gary, boldly. "Tell him we 're needed on the team, and that you 're willing we should play, and ask him to give us permission."

"Do you think," asked Mr. Hanks, doubtfully, "I should be within my—er—authority? It—it has the appearance of interference with the principal's affairs."

"It would be all right, sir. It 's been done lots of times. You see, Mr. Hanks, you had us punished, and you have a right to ask for pardon. And, besides, sir, it is n't just for us personally; it 's for the whole school! If we don't play, we 'll be licked by Hawthorne! And you don't want that to happen!"

"Er—no, I suppose not. Naturally a victory is much to be desired. But—but a telegram? Would n't a letter do?"

"He would n't get it in time, sir. We 'll have to know right off; to-night or to-morrow morning at the latest. Please say you will, Mr. Hanks!"

"We—ell, yes, Gary, I 'll do as you ask. Now what is the address?"

"We don't know yet, sir. We 'll ask Mrs. Gordon for it. If you will just write out the telegram now, sir, I 'll get the address and take the message down-town right after school."

"Very well. If you will accompany me to the hall, I will—er—attend to it."

At a few minutes before four o'clock, Gary sent the message at the telegraph office in the village, and there was nothing to do but wait. Johnny was far from satisfied, but told Gary and Jim to report that evening for instructions in signals. At Sunnywood excitement reigned supreme. Supper was a perfunctory meal, for every one was busy listening for the footsteps of

a messenger boy. Even Mr. Hanks, suddenly drawn into the swirl of school affairs, displayed a mild interest in events. At eight o'clock no reply had been received, and Hope put forward the explanation that Mr. Gordon, who was stopping at an hotel, had gone out to dinner with friends.

"He will find the telegram when he gets back to the hotel this evening," she declared cheerfully. "There 's no use getting worried, Jim. It will be all right. You see if it is n't."

Right or wrong, Jim was forced to leave the house at twenty minutes past eight, and hurry to the locker room in the gymnasium, where Sargent, Johnny, and Arnold, the quarter-back, were awaiting him and Gary. For a solid hour and ten minutes, the two boys were coached in the new signals, and not until they were letter-perfect were they allowed to depart. By that time, Jim's head was in a whirl. He and Gary walked back together through the frosty darkness, discussing the chances of the telegram coming that night, and speculating as to what its tenor would be when it did come.

"Like as not," said Jim, who was tired and low-spirited by this time, "he will refuse to let us off."

"I have a feeling it 's going to be all right," answered Gary, cheerfully. "I 'll walk on to your place, and see if it 's come."

And it had. Hope met them at the door with the news, and they went up-stairs to Mr. Hanks's room. The instructor fumbled around on his desk, and finally found the message. He handed it to Gary. Gary read it with a broad smile, that faded toward the end, and handed it to Jim. This was the message:

Mr. Artemus Hanks,

Care Mrs. Hazard, Crofton, Mass.

Gary's probation lifted. Please inform him. Hazard must pass examination in Latin before he can take part in athletics.

John Gordon.

Jim reread the telegram, and laid it back on the desk. "That lets me out," he said quietly. "I 'm glad you 're all right, though, Gary. If you play, they won't need me, anyway. Thank you, Mr. Hanks."

"You 're very welcome. Jim, I—I regret that the result in your case is so disappointing."

Jim went down to the door with Gary, and bade him good night. "I 'm glad you can play, Gary," he said. "And I hope we win."

"We will if I can bring it about," replied Gary, warmly. "I wish you were going in, too, though!"

(To be continued.)

THE KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN SPUR

BY RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

Author of "Historic Boyhoods," "Historic Girlhoods," etc.

CHAPTER X

A TRAITOR'S MESSAGE

THE first frost had come, and the country was getting ready for winter; but about the middle of November, there fell a day that was almost as warm as summer. It came on a Saturday, when Roger was free to do as he pleased. He sat on the front steps for some time after breakfast, trying to decide whether he would go over to Eric's house, or start up the creek to finish building the dam. He must finish that soon if he was to have any pond for skating, but it was very pleasant to sit still in the warm sun, and there was no hurry, so he leaned back against the stone step and rested his head in his interlocked hands.

"'T is a rare fine day for the time o' year," said a voice at the other side of the steps; "as sweet as a wine from Spain, and eke as balmy."

Roger turned around quickly. A young man stood looking at him, a smile in his eyes. He was a very handsome man, with brown, curling hair. His doublet was of purple velvet, fastened in front with a row of tiny, gilded buttons. His stockings and shoes were purple also, but just below each knee was a bow of rose-colored ribbon, and on the front of each shoe was a big red rosette. On his head was a flat, purple cap, and at its side a glistening gem and a stiff white cockade. A long gold chain hung about his neck, and his left hand rested on the hilt of a sword cased in a sheath sparkling with brilliants. At his throat was a great white ruff like a pasteboard frame. It was easy to see that he was a very dashing gentleman.

"Heigh-ho, Roger," said he, "we must be moving. Her Majesty expects us, and one's head sits but loosely on its shoulders an he disappoint our good Queen Bess. 'T is well thou didst don thy court clothes, for Elizabeth would rather trust a peacock than a parson."

Even as this sprightly gentleman had been speaking, Roger had moved his head and felt something very stiff about his neck. He looked to see what it was, and found that a very wide, fluted ruff now took the place of his collar. There was no doubt but that he was in court clothes, for his suit was of a rich, dark red satin, and the ribbons at his knees and the rosettes on his shoes were gold. Lace ruffles fell over his wrists, and at his side hung a slender rapier with a jeweled

hilt. He was so much pleased with his costume that he jumped up and strode across the lawn. He found that the stiff ruff made him hold his head very high.

The courtier watched him with laughter in his eyes. "As certain as my name is Philip Sidney, thou art a very cockerel for pride!" cried he. "I 'll wager thou couldst fling a cloak before Queen Bess as deftly as Sir Walter Raleigh. Howbeit the sun is high, and we must not keep our royal lady waiting. We go by barge to Hampton."

"By barge?" Roger repeated.

"Aye, up the Thames," and Philip Sidney waved his hand to the right.

Then Roger saw that his father's lawn had shrunk, and, instead of running to the road, stopped at the bank of a broad river, and that in front of them was a landing-stage with a large barge lying by it and half a dozen rowers resting on their oars.

"On, to see Queen Bess!" said Philip Sidney. He and Roger walked to the float. A man in gorgeous red-and-yellow livery bowed to them. "To Hampton Court, Captain," said Sidney.

"Aye, Sir Philip," the man answered.

Roger took his seat with Sir Philip in the stern, and the captain, following them on board, gave the order to his men to row. The barge swept away from the float and headed up-stream, kept on an even keel by the expert oarsmen.

They went several miles up the Thames. Now and then they passed other barges going down-stream, with ladies and gallants sitting in the sterns under gay awnings. Some of the ladies waved to Sir Philip, and some of the men called greetings to him. To all these he bowed and sent back some laughing message.

At last the barge headed toward shore, and Roger saw a great building with many towers and long, battlemented walls. Sir Philip and Roger landed, and went up a broad, graveled path to the palace.

Every one seemed to know Sir Philip. The halberdiers at the great gate saluted him, and the gentlemen in the courtyard smiled and nodded to him. He led the way through a wing of the palace, and came out onto a great lawn. Roger stopped in surprise. There were a great many people here, dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, and strutting about like so many peacocks.

Sir Philip saw the wonder and amazement in Roger's eyes. "Faith, and 't is a wonderful sight," said he. "This is the court of great Elizabeth, and there is none other like it in the world." Then his face clouded. "But, Roger, all Eng-

fore a wonderfully dressed woman. "Rise, good friends," said she. "Philip, thou dost grow more comely every day."

"'T is but the reflection of my queen's waxing beauty," answered the gallant.



"'WHOSE ARE THEY, BOY?' CALLED SIDNEY." (SEE PAGE 527.)

land's glory may be swept into the sea. Philip of Spain is greedy, and he makes ready a fleet to conquer us. Worse than that, there are traitors here, and 't is on that score that thou and I have come." He stopped a page, and bade him take a message to the queen. In a little time a servant led them across the court to a tent at the upper end. The flag of England flew from the peak of the tent, and two beef-eaters stood on guard before it.

A moment more, and Roger found himself, with Sir Philip, inside the tent, and kneeling be-

The queen smiled, and Roger could see that Elizabeth dearly loved a compliment. She was not beautiful, but very stately. Her face was pale, her eyes bright and searching, her nose and chin long and pointed. Her golden-red hair was curled high up over her forehead, and a little circlet of diamonds sat upon it. Her gown was stiff with gold embroidery and gems, and her lace ruff was like two great fans, stretching on either side of her head, from her bodice to the topmost wave of her hair.

"Roger Miltoun and I have come to learn what

false carrier-pigeons are bearing messages to Spain," said Sir Philip. "He is new to court, but I would trust him as I would myself."

Elizabeth looked at Roger, and he saw the smile of the coquette vanish before the great seriousness of the queen. "There are traitors even here at Hampton Court, Roger," said she, "and they are sending messages to Philip of Spain which may help his great Armada to destroy our England." She turned to Sidney. "Dost thou know Francis Pym?"

"Aye, a dapper little man, all eyes and ears and a big, hooked nose."

"'T is he. He prowls about, listening at cracks and doors. Word comes to me he is a Spanish spy. If so, he should be very busy now. Run him down, Philip, and stop his tongue for me."

Sidney bowed. "So I will, madam."

"And thou," she said, turning again to Roger, "remember 't is not only bravery that counts. Be shrewd in this, and cunning. Strike not until thou hast his secret safe."

Again they knelt to the queen, and then left her tent. Outside, Sir Philip stopped, looking for some one. At last he seized Roger's arm. "See yon man in the silver cloak and bonnet. That 's Francis Pym. Watch him like a hawk, and follow when he goes."

Then Roger and the young nobleman slipped into the crowd, and Sir Philip stopped now to pay a compliment to some lady, now to hear a bit of news from some man. But all the time Roger kept his eyes on the man in the silver bonnet. He watched him as Sir Philip chatted, and presently he saw a youth twitch Francis Pym's cloak and slide something into his hand. Then Pym, without looking at the messenger, stole away through the throng, heading for the gate at the lower end of the garden.

Sir Philip and Roger trailed the man in silver through the gate and down a country road. Pym walked rapidly and without looking back, and they had to strike a fast pace to keep him in view. He turned in at the gate of a small, two-storied cottage. Sir Philip and Roger went on past the house without looking at it. A little farther on they came to a grove of trees, and here Sidney broke his way through a hedge. "We must see what happens in that house," said he. "That 's the first nut to crack."

They doubled back the way they had come, keeping some distance from the road. This brought them to the rear of the house into which Pym had gone. Sir Philip looked at the place carefully. "We must risk it," he said briefly. "I 'll look in at the lower windows. Those ivy vines make a ladder for thee to the upper floor."

There was no one about to see them approach the house. Sir Philip, crouching, stole around one side of it. Roger put one foot in a loop of the clinging vines. It bore his weight, and he climbed nimbly up to a window at the back.

The two casements of the window had been opened because of the warmth of the day. A yellow curtain, made of some soft stuff, partly covered the opening, and now and then bellied out in the breeze. At one side of the window the ivy had thrown out green sprays that had grown partly across it, so that it made a screen. Roger raised his head carefully behind this shelter, and found that he could look into the room.

This apartment was evidently the business room of the house. At a table near the center of it sat Francis Pym, and across the table sat a man in a brown suit, a broad-brimmed hat partly covering his face. Pym had a pile of little slips of paper lying in front of him, and he was reading messages from them to the other man, who seemed to be making marks with a quill pen on a roll of parchment.

Roger listened very intently, and finally succeeded in making out a little of what Pym was saying. He heard him murmur, "The *Golden Hind*, sixty men, Devonport," then, "The *Corsair*, ninety, off Harwich," and after some other words too low for him to hear, he caught, "The *Gloriana*, eighty-five, in Portsmouth Harbor."

The yellow curtain flapped in the wind at the window, and Pym turned his head. Roger ducked, and held his breath as he clutched at the vines and waited to see what would happen. But no one came to the window, and after a few minutes, he dared to look in again. The two men had evidently finished making out their list. The man in brown was rolling up his parchment, and Pym had pushed his chair back from the table.

"Thou knowest the route this eve, Toynbee?" said Pym. "The east road by Rochester to Dover. Change of post at 'The Green Dragon,' and the little tube on by Gilbert Fox."

The other man nodded. Roger saw him pick up a small gilded tube that lay on the table, unscrew one end of it, slide the tight-rolled parchment into it, and screw on the cap-piece again. Then he saw him open his doublet at the throat and draw out a cord tied about his neck. He fastened a ring at the end of the little tube to this cord, and then thrust both back beneath his doublet. He rose, and Roger saw that he was booted for riding. As he pulled on his gloves, he smiled across the table at Pym. "Welladay, Francis," said he, "if all goes well thou shalt be Duke of Something at Philip's court, and I a grandee of Spain. Our services merit no lesser rewards."

"Aye," answered Pym, "but off to Dover, Toynbee, while the light holds fair."

Roger had seen all that he wanted; so he swung down by the netting of vines to the ground. A soft whistle from behind a neighboring hedge caught his ear. Running there, he found Sir Philip Sidney. "What luck, Roger?" he whispered. Briefly Roger told what he had seen.

Crouching behind the hedge, they could just see the front door of Pym's house. In a minute the man in brown came out. "Hola, Jacques, my horse!" they heard him call. Shortly a boy had brought up a curveting roan. Toynbee leaped into the saddle, and set off to the east.

"By the east road to Rochester," muttered Sidney. "We know his route, but we must follow while the trail is hot. We must have mounts in-stanter!"

He ran back through the trees to the road. "There should be an inn just beyond," said he. So there was, not a hundred yards farther on.

Three horses were cropping grass near the inn door, and a small boy sat on the step watching them. They were clean-limbed, well-groomed beasts. "Whose are they, boy?" called Sidney.

"Sir Walter Raleigh and two other gentlemen rode them here," said the boy. "They're supping indoors now."

"Then tell Sir Walter," cried Sidney, "that his good friend Sir Philip Sidney has need of two of them, and need at once. On England's business, tell him." He drew a coin from his wallet, and sent it spinning into the boy's lap. "Now, Roger, take the best thou canst, and wait for no one."

Before the startled stable-boy could rise, Sir Philip had mounted one horse and Roger another. "Stop! stop!" cried the frightened lad. "Wait till I tell the gentles!"

But the two stopped for nothing, and were already galloping down the east road in a cloud of dust.

CHAPTER XI

HOW SIR PHILIP AND ROGER HUNTED THE GILDED TUBE

THE horses were fresh and eager to cover ground. Sir Philip and Roger shot by Hampton Court and caught the red gleam of the sun reflected in the countless windows. Then they left palace and river on the right, and gave heed only to the hard road-bed and the fine steeds under them. But when they had spurred so for about twenty minutes, Sir Philip drew rein a bit. "Let us keep track of this fellow, but not too closely," said he. "If he thought we were hunting him, he might make way with the tube, throw it into a bush for an ally to find, or some such matter. I have a

plan whereby we may get him and his secrets at the Green Dragon."

So Roger and Sir Philip found the flying Toynbee and lost him again. They sighted him as they rounded a curve and had a wide sweep far over the road before them. Then they let him alone, only now and again spurring faster to make sure that he was still in front of them.

Night had come before they reached the little village of Rochester. Roger and the knight rode close enough behind the messenger to see him slow up as he neared the door of the Green Dragon. His horse had been led away, and he himself had disappeared through the front door before they reined in, and, dismounting, fastened their horses to a post as if they only intended to stop for a few minutes.

They entered the tavern and looked in at the tap-room. Toynbee was not there. They crossed the hall and looked into the dining-room. Toynbee sat at a little table near a window, and was giving orders to a waiter. Sir Philip walked over to a table in the center of the room and pulled out a chair. Roger took the seat across from him.

A sudden change seemed to have come over Sir Philip. Heretofore he had been amiable and suave, bright of face and manner. Now he stamped loudly on the floor and called for a waiter. When a man came running, he asked him angrily why he had been so slow, and ordered him to fetch two candles at once to light the table. "Gentlemen cannot sup in darkness, even if others may," said he, with a glance at Toynbee, whose table held no candle. When the servant brought the candles, Sir Philip asked him why he had not brought the supper also, and when the man protested that it had not yet been ordered, Sir Philip bade him not answer back, or he would carve him like a roast of mutton.

Then, when supper came, the knight spoke thuswise to Roger: "'T is an outrage, indeed, that gentlemen should have to eat in a public room with any groom or porter who may be traveling. Such fellows should eat with their mates. We'll need a bath of musk after supping here." Roger sat where he could see the man in brown, and he noted how his cheeks were growing redder and his eyes more angry as he listened to Sir Philip's loud, contemptuous words.

Then the knight pounded on the table with his tankard. "Waiter," he commanded, "close the outer shutters at the windows. Any wandering beggar can see me at my food. I'll not be spied on." The waiter glanced timidly at the man who sat alone by the window. "Close the shutters, I say!" roared Sir Philip, half starting from his chair. The waiter ran like a frightened jack-

rabbit, and a moment later, the outer shutters of the supper-room were closed.

As the last pair of shutters creaked together, Toynbee turned in his chair to frown at Sir Philip. Roger could read in his face that he felt that more contempt had been put upon him than he could endure. "Closing those shutters has cut off the little light I had at my table," said he.

Sidney looked at him in amused surprise, as if he noted for the first time that another person was in the room. "The candles on my table give sufficient light," he answered. "I can see well enough."

"But I cannot see well enough," rejoined Toynbee, his voice growing more angry.

"Then rest thy eyes by shutting them," answered Sidney.

"One would think thou wert the Earl of Leicester himself, or some other swaggering braggart," sneered Toynbee, trying to imitate Sidney's contemptuous bearing.

"Now, by heaven, Lord Leicester is my cousin!" cried Sir Philip. "And thou art a very pot-house varlet to speak so of one as high above thee as the moon is above the earth!" Before Roger knew what he was about, Sidney had crossed the room, and with one hand swept Toynbee's hat from his head, while with the other he struck him fairly across the cheek with his glove. "Hast thou courage enough to fight?"

"Aye, that I have," said Toynbee, "and right quickly, too."

"Roger, stand by the door so that none may disturb our little meeting," said Sir Philip. "There's space enough here between the tables, and the candles light us well. Come, man, to it! My arm aches for play."

Toynbee was very angry. His face was flushed a deep brick-red where Sir Philip's glove had struck it. He drew his rapier, and took his stand opposite one end of the table with the candles. Sir Philip faced him opposite the other end. His long, slender sword already gleamed in his hand. Each stood on guard, and then, as suddenly as a flash of lightning, the rapiers had crossed, shivered against each other, and the fight was on.

Suddenly there was a rapping at the window nearest the door. Roger paid it no heed, but when the rapping came the second time, Toynbee threw up his free hand and said: "Hold a moment." Then he slipped by Sir Philip, who had dropped his rapier's point through courtesy, and reached the window. He raised the sash, and pushed open one shutter, as if for air. "Is it thou, Gilbert?" Roger heard him murmur.

"Aye, 't is Gilbert Fox," came the answer from some one outside the inn whom Roger could not see.

Toynbee thrust his hand into his doublet, pulled out a cord, and cut it with the point of his sword. Roger saw him hand the little gilded tube to the one outside, and saw the latter's fingers grasp it. Then instantly Toynbee had sprung back to his place before Sir Philip. "On guard!" cried he, and his rapier leaped forth like a living thing. Sidney warded and lunged, and the duel began again in redoubled earnest.

Roger thought quickly. If Sir Philip should get Toynbee at his mercy now, it would be of little use, for the gilded tube was speeding on its way while they were fighting. He made up his mind at once. Then he opened the door and left the supper-room, closing the door as noiselessly as he could. He hurried out of the inn to his horse, that still stood hitched at the post. Night had come, but the starshine made the road and fields fairly clear. He knew that Gilbert Fox must have had a horse to ride, and that he must have taken the east road if he were bound for Dover. Roger made sure that his rapier was free in its scabbard, and put his foot in the stirrup. Mounted, he bent over his horse's neck and whispered in his ear, "Now, after him! after him! We've got to get that little tube, old boy."

Roger was off, leaving Rochester a group of dark shadows to the left. The road was winding, bending into hollows and up over hills, and every now and again plunging through woods that were like close, black walls. It was not a night on which many men would ride abroad, and so Roger decided that the first person he should find riding east would probably be the Spanish messenger. Before long he heard a distant rat-a-tat on the hard road beyond him. Soon he saw the shadowy form of a horse and rider ahead.

Roger was sure this must be the messenger, because he was riding as if afraid of being overtaken. And when he knew there was some one racing behind him, he doubled his speed. But Roger's horse fought gamely, wearing down the distance that divided them. So they dashed on for over a mile, and Roger knew that he would be up with the messenger in five minutes more at this rate.

Roger was only some fifty yards behind when the unexpected happened. He saw the other horse stumble, and then, in a flash, the rider was shot over his head, and fell in a heap in the road. His horse missed striking him by a miracle. Roger swerved to the right as he tore past, trying to rein in his steed. He stopped him a moment later, leaped to the ground, and dashed back. He saw the man sitting up in the road. He sprang at him, and hurled him back again before the messenger knew what was happening.

Roger's knees were on the man's chest and his left hand at his throat. His right drew his rapier and held it like a dagger, ready to stab. He knew that he must fasten the man first, and then get the tube. He laid the rapier at his side, where he could seize it instantly, and took off the gold

In the supper-room of the Green Dragon stood the tavern-keeper and a crowd of servants. Sir Philip had run his rapier into Toynbee's sword-arm, and the man in brown was sitting in a chair while a waiter bound up his wound. Sir Philip was telling the waiter how it should be done.



"SUDDENLY AS A FLASH OF LIGHTNING, THE RAPIERS HAD CROSSED." (SEE PAGE 528.)

chain that hung about his neck. Throwing the whole weight of his body on the man's breast, he ran the chain round each of the messenger's arms and bound them tight together. Then he knotted the loose end to the man's own belt. Picking up his rapier, he got up slowly. He saw that the messenger could not move his arms, for the chain held them fast.

Roger found the tube in a bag fastened at the man's belt. He thrust it into his own doublet. Then stripping off the messenger's corded belt, he bound it tightly about his legs.

Fox looked very helpless in the dim light. "I'll drag you over to the bank and leave you there," said Roger. He propped the man up with his back against a tree. Fox's horse had disappeared. Roger found his own steed poking his nose among some fallen leaves. He mounted, and, with a touch of his heel, he was riding back to Rochester.

Toynbee did not seem much downcast, and Roger, as he came in, heard him say, "I thought I was a good swordsman, but I'll grant, sir, that thou art my match. But was it really worth it, thinkest thou? To fight over nothing at all?"

Roger pushed past the landlord and joined the knight. Sir Philip's eyes lighted as he saw him. "All is well, Roger?" he asked.

"Very well," Roger answered.

"Then to horse," said Sidney, "for a good day's work is done."

Sidney drew the landlord aside and whispered to him. After that they rode back, and Roger told how he had dealt with Gilbert Fox. "But if his horse had n't stumbled and pitched him off, I don't know what I should have done," he said. Sir Philip laughed. "Thou wouldst have had him somehow; I make no doubt of that, my lad. I knew thy mettle when I set out with thee."

Hampton Court was shut for the night when they reached it. But at a word from Sir Philip, the sentry let them in, and a gentleman in waiting told the knight that Queen Elizabeth had given orders that they should be shown to her at whatever hour they came. So, very shortly, they saw the queen. Roger handed her the gilded tube, and she took off the top-piece and drew out the scroll of parchment. She held it to a candle and studied it. At last she said, "Here runs the list of all my ships and men, where they are stationed, and items telling of the defenses of the harbors. Spies in the seaports gathered this for Philip of Spain and his Armada. We must scotch these vipers, or we are undone."

"One at least is scotched, madam," answered Sidney. "This man Toynbee is the chief con-

spirator, and I left word with the landlord of the Green Dragon that he should hold him fast till soldiers came to take him, on pain of losing his inn, and eke his head."

"Well done, Sir Philip." The queen held the scroll of parchment to the candle flame and burned it. Then she turned to the two.

Her face softened, and she held out one hand to Sir Philip and one to Roger. "I have two friends here who did not fail me. I love thee both for this. A thousand thanks, good friends."

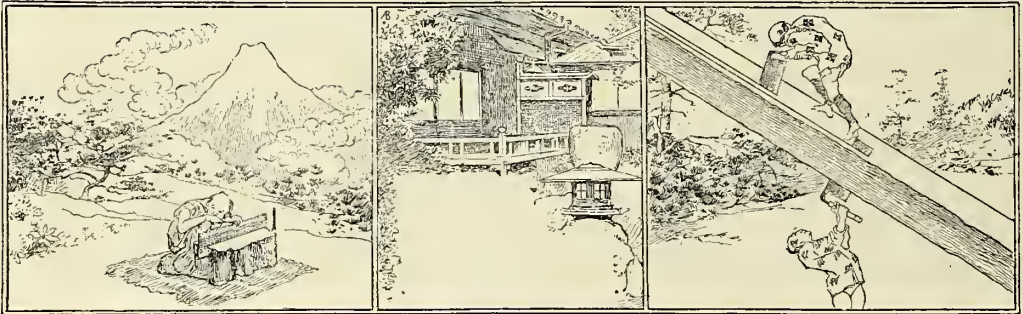
Sir Philip touched his lips to the queen's hand, and Roger copied him. Then they both bowed and walked backward to the door. The queen's wonderful eyes were still fixed on Roger. He was wishing that he might fight for such a woman all his life.

(To be continued.)

THE BOASTFUL JIROBEI

(A Japanese Story)

BY ETHEL MORSE



JIROBEI-SAN was a weaver, peaceful his lot in life;
 He knew a good deal about weaving, but nothing of war and strife;
 And what he cared for, mostly, was to sit and bask in the sun
 On the gravel walk in the garden, after his work was done.
 The fame of the weaver's garden had spread through the country-side,
 For, next to his skill in weaving, it was all his joy and pride,
 And it used to amuse the neighbors to note how much time he spent
 Pruning the trees and bushes, or, over the shrubbery bent,
 Catching the slugs and insects that fed on his lovely flowers.
 Round and round in the bushes he went for hours and hours,
 Till O-Kama, a caustic person who was rather inclined to rail,
 Declared he was hardly better than a great, slow garden-snail!

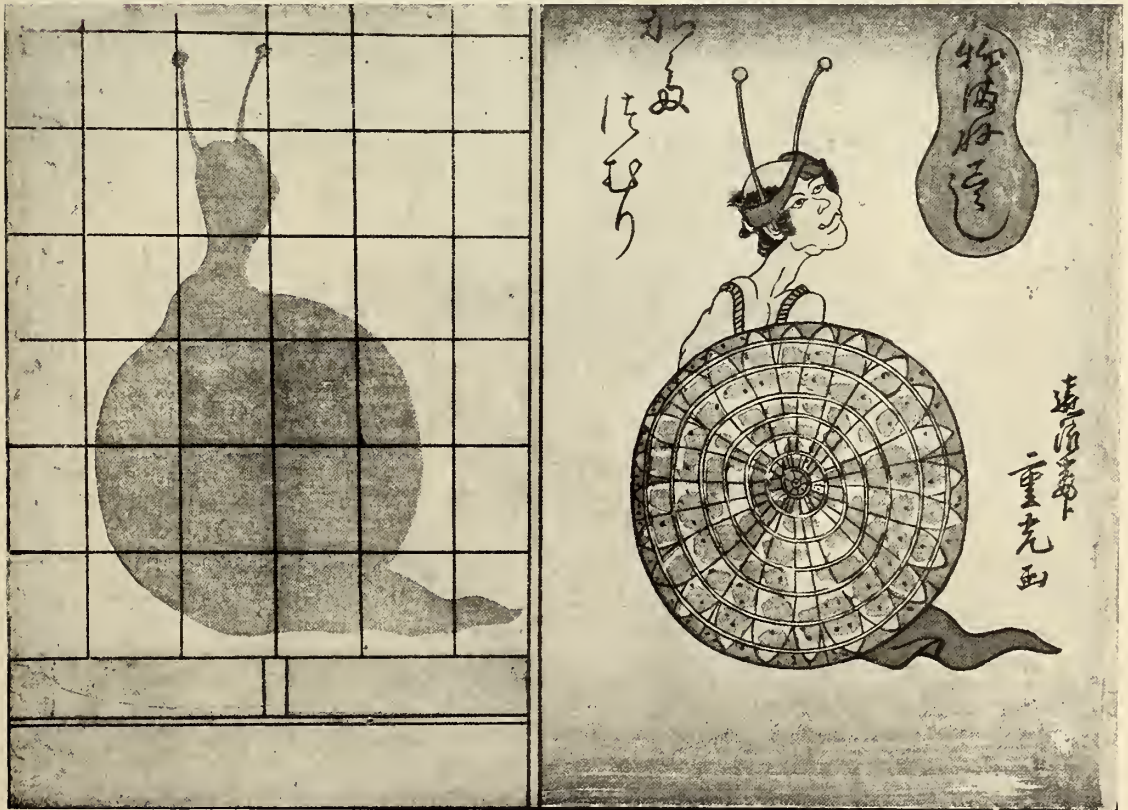
One day the island of Sado was roused by a rumor of war:
 'T was said the august Shogun had sent word to the governor
 That the people must all make ready to follow their feudal lord,
 From the peasant lad with his bill-hook to the samurai with his sword.
 Nobody knew what the fight was about, but every one to a man
 Armed himself as well as he could, like a loyal son of Japan.

Not to be least of the patriots, Jirobei-San dragged out
 The ancient shield of his grandsire, which was scarred by many a bout ;
 And Jirobei sat in his garden and cried to all who passed :
 "Behold how I am rigged, my friends ! Like a valiant knight, at last !
 On my head I have bound two hair-pins, of my noble house the crest,
 And in flowing robes of azure my powerful form is dressed ;
 While hung from my stalwart shoulders is my big and sturdy shield.
 This is the way I 'll look, my friends, when I rush on the battle-field !"

He shook his head, and the hair-pins rattled ferociously,
 And Jirobei-San in his war-togs was a fearsome sight to see.
 "When reports of all my startling deeds shall come to the Shogun's ears,
 He will say : 'This splendid soldier is the best I 've seen in years ;
 Bring gold and robes of honor, and lavish on Jirobei
 Unstinted praise, for his fighting has certainly saved the day !"

Though the afternoon was waning, and the shadows were growing long,
 The neighbors listened wonderingly to the weaver's battle-song,
 Till O-Kama suddenly shouted, with a giggle of huge delight :
 "Oh, look at the paper window on the valiant Jirobei's right !
 It is thus, my friends, our warrior will appear on the battle-field,
 Decked with the family crest, you see, and armed with his grandsire's shield."

They looked,—and their hearty laughter interrupted the weaver's tale,
 For Jirobei cast the shadow of a great, slow garden-snail !





"IS N'T THAT FOR US?"
FROM A PAINTING BY EUPHEMIE MURATON.

THE LADY OF THE LANE

BY FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

Author of "The Forest Castaways"

CHAPTER IX

AN INVITATION

By the end of that week, the little house by the lane was every whit as spotless as The Towers, with its corps of servants. The woodwork had been scrubbed, the closets cleared out, all the china taken down, washed, and put back again, and the windows polished both inside and out. Martin had been allowed to help in this work, by special permission of Mr. Churchill, and Mrs. Trumbull had helped without his permission. She

told him frankly that she just could n't sit still, with her hands folded, when anything like this was going on. During this campaign, Elizabeth also attended to her regular duties. A week before, this would have seemed to her an utter impossibility; and yet, though she had gone to bed every night at half-past seven thoroughly tired out, she was not conscious of having made any great effort. She always slept soundly until daylight, and, before she knew it, bedtime had come again. The days had never sped so swiftly. It was as though the twenty-four hours had sud-

denly been shortened to twelve. She had no time to pause and ask herself whether she was working hard or not. She had no time to pause and wonder what the Brookfield girls would think of her. And, strange to say, she had never in her life felt more light-hearted, and often found herself singing as she went about the house.

On Sunday morning, her father took both her and Mrs. Trumbull to church. After the service, he surprised them with an invitation to dinner, but this did not excite Elizabeth as much as one might have expected. She had already planned her own dinner, and, in fact, had set the table that morning before leaving.

A certain amount of pride entered into the matter also. She refused to allow her father to consider such an invitation as an especial favor.

She held her head a little higher than usual as she answered, "Thank you, Daddy, but I don't think I shall be able to come to-day."

It was Mr. Churchill's turn to be surprised. He glanced at her swiftly with something like a frown. Elizabeth flushed. Mrs. Trumbull watched the two with interest. The latter had realized clearly enough during this last week, that in rousing the mother's energy in the daughter, the father was also awakening some of her other traits.

Mr. Churchill studied his daughter keenly for a second, and then he could not help but smile, while his eyes twinkled.

"Very well, if you think it best," he answered quietly.

Elizabeth hesitated a moment, in fear now that she had hurt him. Then she said gently slipping her hand in his.

"When I am settled, Daddy, I will come to dinner."

Her father turned to Mrs. Trumbull, whose eyes were sparkling with interest. Once again the shadow came over Mr. Churchill's tense lips.

During the week, the girls were glad and harrowed and dressed. Mr. Churchill announced that he ought to go to the city that morning.

"Mr. Churchill has sent

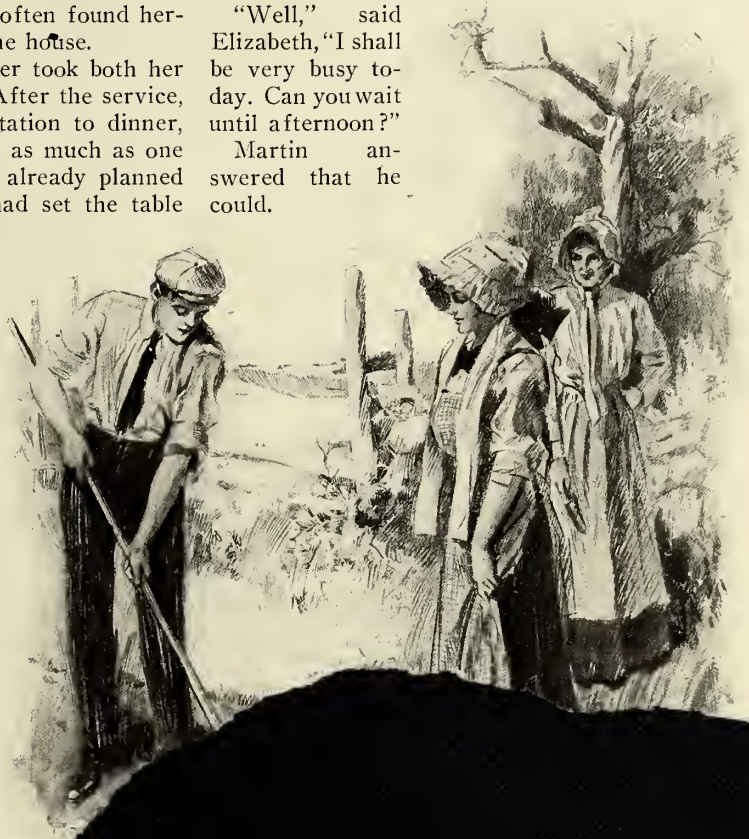
Miss," he explained, "but he said you would tell me what we should plant."

"Plant them all," Elizabeth decided instantly.

"Lor, it would take a ten-acre field to do that," answered Martin.

"Well," said Elizabeth, "I shall be very busy to-day. Can you wait until afternoon?"

Martin answered that he could.



book," she commented. "They don't really come out this way, you know."

"The land is very rich," put in Martin, who, with greater experience, had more faith than she.



"Of course! I ought to have thought of that!"

"Then you can save one corner for garden sass."

"What is 'garden sass'?" inquired Elizabeth.

"Peas and beans and lettuce and radishes and such stuff."

And so, in less than ten minutes, Mrs. Trumbull had the field all planned out, and Martin, with his hoe, had gone to the farther side to make the hills for the corn.

"Why don't you plant the garden sass yourself, and have it for all your own?" asked Mrs. Trumbull.

"I don't know how," confessed Elizabeth, who was beginning to feel ashamed at the number of times she had to admit her ignorance to Mrs. Trumbull. This new idea rather pleased her. She had always been fond of caring for the flowers in the conservatory, though about all she ever did was to pick off the dead leaves and notify the gardener when she found any bugs.

"Lor, child! it's easy enough," said Mrs. Trumbull. "Pick up that rake and trowel, and we'll do it now."

Elizabeth took the rake, and, while Martin busied himself upon the farther end of the field, they prepared the ground in the corner. She raked it smooth, and then, with the handle, made little furrows, not over an inch deep, and about three feet long. Mrs. Trumbull tore off an end of the radish envelop and sprinkled the tiny seeds lightly into one of the open furrows.

"There!" exclaimed Elizabeth, as she caught one of the hard specks which were not much larger than pinheads, "I told you the pictures

do you mean, child?" inquired Mrs.

"The radish on the outside, and then the seeds," said Elizabeth.

"I expect to find the envelop full of seeds, didn't you?" demanded Mrs. Trumbull. "They are seeds."

"But you expect they'll grow as

well. Now cover them up. Rake them in hard, but just cover them with the soil sown lightly."

Mrs. Trumbull had just finished one of the furrows with her voice.

"What for, as well as cook?"

Her cheeks instantly turned red, and she stood Roy Thornton,

as usual. And she was wearing her old dress and was wear-

ing a dress soiled with dirt. Furrows were made with a comfortable feeling that,

in brushing back her hair, she had smudged her face.

"Howdy, Roy," Mrs. Trumbull greeted him.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Trumbull," he said, smiling back at her.

Elizabeth sprang to her feet, and looked about to see if the Brookfield girls were in sight. If she saw them, she made up her mind, she would run. But apparently Roy was alone. He stood hat in hand, his sandy hair looking almost golden in the sunlight. It was in far better order than her own.

"I was planting some radishes," she informed him.

"I s'pose *your* garden is all planted?" said Mrs. Trumbull.

"I have n't any," he answered.

He was uncomfortable at being forced to make the confession. Mrs. Trumbull stared at him in a way that made him realize he had dropped a peg in her estimation. She looked at these old-fashioned duties of a man as so much a matter of course, that it seemed like an admission of weakness not to live up to them. Moreover, he seemed to care more for her good opinion than that of any woman he had met for a long time.

"You see," he explained, "we have n't any place for a garden at our house."

Mrs. Trumbull instantly grew sympathetic. She had very often heard about city people who were so poor that a dozen or more families had to live cooped up in one house, and she pitied them.

"Well, I'm sorry for you," declared Mrs. Trumbull.

"It makes me sorry for myself when I see all the fun you and Beth are having here," answered Roy.

Elizabeth made a motion as though to return to the house.

"Are you all through?" he asked wistfully.

"Martin is to do the rest," answered Elizabeth; "we were only planting the garden sauce."

"Are you all through with that?"

"I think so. See, there is a row of radishes."

"Lor, child!" broke in Mrs. Trumbull, "you have only begun! You have n't touched your lettuce and beets and turnips and squash."

"Good! Would you let me help a little?" he pleaded.

"I thought we might go back to the house," suggested Elizabeth, uncertainly.

She knew her front room was immaculate, and, after having received him in the kitchen, she wished to show him that. But he insisted that



AT THE BASE-BALL GAME.
(SEE PAGE 538.)

it was too fair a day to go indoors, and that he would never dare to call if he felt that he always interrupted her. Besides, he wished to learn something about making a garden.

"You know," he explained to Mrs. Trumbull, "if ever I make any money, I'm going to live on a farm. I'm tired of apartments. I want elbow room."

"That's a good idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Trum-

bull, heartily. "I 'm glad to show a boy who talks that way how to do things. Now you just take hold of that rake, and we 'll have these seeds planted in a jiffy."

Roy eagerly seized the rake, and, while Elizabeth looked on, made the rest of the furrows. He worked for an hour, apparently enjoying every minute of the time. He chattered on about one thing and another, and kept both Elizabeth and Mrs. Trumbull laughing at his remarks. He covered himself with dirt from head to foot, which had the effect of making Elizabeth feel decidedly more comfortable. When, finally, he acquired a broad smudge on one cheek, she felt quite at ease about her own appearance. She protested once or twice that it was n't fair to allow him to plant everything, but he refused to stop until the last seed was in the ground.

When Martin came back from his end of the field, he was amazed at what had been accomplished.

"If I may say it," he remarked, "you are a very fast worker, Miss."

"Oh," she laughed, "I don't deserve the credit for this. Mr. Thornton did it."

"But the ladies deserve the credit for it, just the same," answered Thornton, gallantly. "I only obeyed orders."

Martin quite agreed, but he only bowed deferentially.

"I dare say he would like a chance to wash his hands and brush his clothes," said Mrs. Trumbull. "Maybe, too, he could eat a doughnut."

"Doughnut!" exclaimed Thornton. "I guess I could!"

Elizabeth escorted him to the front of the house and into the immaculate sitting-room, but they had no sooner entered it, than Mrs. Trumbull bade him follow her into the kitchen, where he could wash his hands. Before Elizabeth could protest, he was out of the room, and the next minute was splashing in the tin wash-basin in the sink. He dried his face and hands unconcernedly on the roller-towel. Elizabeth was vexed that he had found his way to the kitchen again. She had planned to serve his doughnuts on a china plate with a napkin, in the sitting-room. Instead of that, Mrs. Trumbull calmly handed him the doughnut jar, and bade him help himself. He did not appear to be at all disturbed, but Elizabeth bit her lips with vexation. The next second, however, he startled her with an invitation that drove everything else from her thoughts.

"I almost forgot what I came down here for," he said. "I want you and Mrs. Trumbull to be my guests at the Donnington game."

Elizabeth caught her breath. If there was one

honor more prized than another by the girls of Miss Grimshawe's school, it was to receive an invitation to this, the chief base-ball game of the season. It was a still greater honor to be asked by a member of the team, and to be asked by the captain, conferred distinction for the rest of the year. It had come to be an unwritten law that the captain should ask but one girl outside his own family, and Elizabeth knew that Helen Brookfield confidently expected the invitation. She remembered hearing her discuss what she should wear to the game.

As this last fact flashed through her mind, it brought her up with a sharp pang. *She* had nothing to wear. Her father might make a concession on such an occasion as this, but she would never ask him. She brought her lips together. She determined instantly to thrust the whole matter from her mind.

"It is very kind of you," she answered with an effort, "but I—I can't accept."

"Oh, look here, Beth!" protested Roy.

"I can't," she stammered. "Really I—I can't."

Roy turned to Mrs. Trumbull.

"May n't she?" he asked.

"Lor, I don't see any reason why she should n't go!" answered Mrs. Trumbull.

"There," said Roy, turning again to Elizabeth. "Of course you 'll come. Mother will call in the machine and pick you up. You *must* come, Beth."

Elizabeth did not dare trust herself to open her mouth, but she resolutely shook her head.

"Why do you do that, Beth?" he asked anxiously.

"Because—oh, please don't ask me anything more."

Her eyes were beginning to fill in spite of herself. Roy picked up his hat and turned to leave.

"Don't decide now," he pleaded. "I 'll come around in a day or two and see you again."

Elizabeth did not answer, and he hurried out, completely mystified. As soon as the door closed behind him, Elizabeth hid her face in her hands and began to sob. Mrs. Trumbull stole up and placed her arms about the girl.

"What is it, deary?" she asked.

"Oh, I—I want to go!" sobbed Elizabeth.

"Then why in the world *don't* you go?"

"I c-can't. I have n't any new gown to wear!"

"Is that all?" answered Mrs. Trumbull in relief. "Well, I guess your father will tend to that."

Elizabeth drew herself free.

"No," she declared. "I won't ask him!"

Mrs. Trumbull thought a moment.

"When is this game?" she inquired.

"Next Saturday," answered Elizabeth.

"Why, then we 've plenty of time. We 'll *make* something for you to wear."

"*Make* a dress? What in the world will we make it of?" asked Elizabeth. "My last gown cost sixty dollars."

"Sixty dollars!" exclaimed Mrs. Trumbull, with a gasp. Then, suddenly, she seemed to have an inspiration. She thought a moment and asked,

"Beth, have you been up in the attic yet?"

Elizabeth shook her head.

"Do you know, I believe some of your mother's dresses are packed away there?"

"What of it?" asked Elizabeth, indifferently.

"You 're just about your ma's size."

"But—"

"I 'll go up there and see. If they are what I remember, I reckon you 'll go to that game!"

Elizabeth watched Mrs. Trumbull disappear up the attic stairs without daring to believe that any such good fortune awaited her. She feared that a costume that Mrs. Trumbull herself might consider suitable would, as a matter of fact, turn out to be impossible. It did not seem probable that clothes of fifteen years ago could be altered to conform to the style of to-day.

And yet she had come to have a tremendous amount of faith in Mrs. Trumbull.

In an attempt to forget the whole incident, Elizabeth busied herself about the room until she heard Mrs. Trumbull coming down the stairs again. When the latter appeared, she was carrying over her arm a gown of dainty lawn covered with a delicate rose pattern. In delight, tempered with reverence, Elizabeth took it to the window. The sleeves were short and small. The skirt, a little full, had an overskirt trimmed with a broad band of pink.

"Why," exclaimed Elizabeth, "this is exactly the way Helen said she was going to have her new dress made! It is what people are wearing now."

Mrs. Trumbull laughed.

"I 've often said that so long as I did n't change the cut of my clothes, I was bound to be in style once in a quarter of a century anyhow."

Elizabeth shook out the wrinkles and held the skirt to her waist. It just cleared the floor. If it had been made for her, the length could have been no better. The waist measure, too, seemed to be her own.

"If you were twins, you could n't be more of a size," commented Mrs. Trumbull.

"Oh, it 's really lovely!" Elizabeth cried excitedly. "It 's all hand-made! And look at this lace!"

"It 's real old lace!" Mrs. Trumbull assured her. "Your grandmother gave it to her, I remember."

"And they are wearing the sleeves small and short, and—do you think it will really fit me?"

"Slip it on," suggested Mrs. Trumbull.

Elizabeth was out of her waist in no time and into the other.

"Land sakes!" gasped Mrs. Trumbull, as Elizabeth buttoned the dress. "I 'm glad your father is n't here now."

"Why?"

"He would n't believe his eyes! It 's your ma, to the life, standing there."

"Does n't it fit nicely?"

Mrs. Trumbull examined the costume critically. With a few slight alterations, it would fit Elizabeth as though made for her. It was close enough to the prevailing fashion not to appear odd, and, besides, it had a quaint, old-fashioned air which distinguished both the gown and the wearer.

Mrs. Trumbull started again toward the attic, as though with a fresh inspiration.

"Stand where you are!" she called back.

She returned at once with a poke-bonnet trimmed with pink, which looked for all the world like one of the very latest automobile bonnets. Elizabeth put on this, and tied the ribbons beneath her chin.

She certainly made a pretty picture, and Mrs. Trumbull was enthusiastic.

"My dear," she exclaimed, "I never did think I 'd ride in an automobile at my age, or look on at a base-ball game, but I declare I will, just to sit beside you!"

CHAPTER X

THE DONNINGTON GAME

ELIZABETH at once wrote her acceptance, and the next day Roy called to express his delight and to hand her a very cordial note from his mother.

Elizabeth passed the rest of the week in happy confusion. With the assistance of a local dress-maker, the gown was let out here and taken in there, until it fitted perfectly. When this was finally completed, it seemed to Elizabeth that Saturday would never come in spite of the many things about the house she had to occupy her. She could n't explain her present excitement, because this was not the first time she had been to the Donnington game. Nor could she account for her eagerness altogether in the fact that she was going as the guest of the captain. Neither did her gown account for it. She felt rather as though she were some new Elizabeth going out for the first time. Before now she had always been Elizabeth of The Towers, who was only Mr. Spencer Churchill's daughter. But she who was going this afternoon was Elizabeth Churchill. She was going from her own home, in her own

gown, and on her own merits. This gave her a sense of responsibility and of importance, too.

On Saturday morning, she flew around and finished her cooking, and called Martin to tell him that he must watch the baked beans while she was gone. The latter fidgeted uneasily at this announcement.

"I don't know much about that work, as you might say," he warned her.

"Why, there is n't anything you have to know," answered Elizabeth, lightly. "You must just keep the fire going, and see that the water does n't dry out. You must fill up the pot about every half hour."

Martin took out his watch.

"Every thirty minutes, Miss?" He nodded as seriously as though he felt if he ran over a second, the world would come to an end.

"About every thirty minutes," answered Elizabeth. "But you won't have to sit there watch in hand."

"Very well, Miss," answered Martin, with a deep sigh.

By one o'clock, Elizabeth was all dressed, and was fussing over Mrs. Trumbull, trying to make her look as nice as possible. The latter had refused flatly to have her hair curled, or to wear a bit of ribbon around her throat, so that, after all, there was n't very much Elizabeth could do. However, Mrs. Trumbull was very neat and trim, even if she did n't look stylish.

At two o'clock promptly, the big touring-car drove into the yard, and Elizabeth, with her heart in her mouth, stepped out to meet Mrs. Thornton. She felt that the latter's kindly eyes would decide instantly the success or failure of her new costume. She did not have to wait long for a verdict. Mrs. Thornton leaned forward, with her hand outstretched.

"Why, you picture!" she exclaimed smilingly.

The warm blood rushed to Elizabeth's cheeks.

"This is my mother's gown," she explained simply.

"It is so beautiful! And the bonnet—you 'll forgive me for commenting so? But Elizabeth—you look like a combination of Paris and Plymouth Rock. It 's the quaintest and prettiest dress I 've seen this year! Do stand off a little, and let me look at you.

"Are n't you proud of her, Mrs. Trumbull?" she demanded, as Elizabeth obeyed.

"She looks exactly like her mother," answered Mrs. Trumbull.

As they reached the grounds and made their way to their seats in the grand stand, Mrs. Thornton overheard many a suppressed exclamation of pleasure as her young companion passed. And as Elizabeth took her place and looked about her,

she found herself responding to nods and greetings here and there as she recognized one or another of her schoolmates. Roy came running across the field from where he was directing his men in preliminary practice. Every one watched him as he advanced to the grand stand to greet his guests, but no one more sharply than the Brookfield girls, who sat near.

"As this is your first game, Mrs. Trumbull," Roy said, as he shook hands with the latter, "we 'll have to play our best for you."

Then he turned to Elizabeth with frank enthusiasm.

"Why, Beth!" he exclaimed. "You look so stunning, that we 'll have to *win* for you!"

She felt curiously at her ease as he stood before her.

"Of course you 'll win," she smiled.

"Don't forget that Harden is in the box for the Donningtons," he answered seriously; "and that Wenham is a wonder at the bat."

With a few more words he left, and went back to the field. The game was soon called, and then all other matters, except the contest itself, were forgotten—at least by Elizabeth. She lost herself at once, as she always did, in the nip-and-tuck battle which was being waged on the green diamond in front of her.

For three innings neither side scored, and then Wenham knocked a grounder between second and third. He was famous for those. He never struck hard at a ball, but he had the knack of "placing" it quite often. He made first, and at the next pitch stole second. Then Harden made a two-base hit, which brought Wenham home. So the score stood until the eighth inning.

Harden was pitching a magnificent game, and though Thornton's pitcher was not doing so well, his team, by fast fielding, was able to offset this weakness.

In the first half of the eighth, Thornton saw one of his men land on second after a two-base hit. A sacrifice hit sent the man to third, and then he himself came to the bat. He realized that here was his opportunity. Half unconsciously as he stepped to the plate, he glanced toward his mother. He was always sure of finding her eyes upon him. This time he caught an encouraging wave of her hand. He saw not only this, but the slight figure of the girl next to her leaning forward expectantly. There was something about the tilt of the little poke-bonnet that made him wish very much to bring in that run.

He faced Harden with every line in his face expressing determination. But every line in Harden's face also expressed determination. Chums though they were at home, on the ball-field they

were grim antagonists. Thornton caught the yell of his schoolmates, who rose to their feet to spur him on to make the most of this chance, but the yell was interrupted by an equally noisy cry from the Donnington supporters. So far as Thornton was concerned, he was playing now to the earnest, quiet eyes of his mother, and to a little poke-bonnet.

Harden pitched his first ball high and wide. Thornton allowed it to pass, but it clipped the corner of the plate, and the umpire called one strike. Because of this, Thornton swung at the second, though it came in a still wider curve. He missed it. He kept his head, however, and did not offer at the next two. The fifth ball was a swift inshoot, but Thornton saw it break in time to swing. It shot from his bat like a bullet, in a low-line drive between first and second. With the roar of five hundred people in his ears, he made first and swung around in time to see his man sliding safely for home.

The score was now tied. But Thornton knew that the men following him were weak at the bat. He stole a dangerously long distance off first. Harden swung suddenly and sent the ball to the first baseman. At the motion, Thornton sprang for second. As he neared it, he saw that the ball had beaten him. He was trapped. He turned, and Harden's whole team seemed to close in upon him. Still he did not give up hope, but darted back and forth in the hope that an error might give him his opportunity. And that is just what happened. The short-stop, becoming excited, made a wild throw to Harden, and though the latter jumped high for it, he could not hold the ball. It rolled from his glove to the ground, and gave Thornton time to get safely to second. The next man at the bat drove a deep fly to center, which the fielder failed to capture. Thornton, who had paused close to third, made a dash for home as he saw the muff, and by a clever slide, beat out the ball at the plate by a fraction of a second.

As he rose, covered with dust, he heard a chorus of ringing cheers ending with his name. He raised his eyes to the grand stand, and saw Elizabeth standing up, with Mrs. Trumbull beside her, both waving handkerchiefs wildly. He smiled, and took his place on the players' bench.

This was practically the end of the game, and the score ended two to one. As the crowd in the grand stand began to break up, a number of Elizabeth's school friends came to greet her, among them the Brookfield girls.

"You gave yourself an afternoon off?" asked Helen, sweetly, at the first pause that occurred.

"Yes," answered Elizabeth. "Though I don't know what has happened to my dinner in the meanwhile."

"It must be very hard to be maid and mistress too, must n't it, Helen?" asked Jane.

"It 's simpler in some ways than having maids," replied Elizabeth, good-naturedly. "If things go wrong, you have only yourself to blame."

Mrs. Thornton, who had been nodding to some of her friends, caught this sentence.

"I quite agree with you, Elizabeth," she put in.

Both Helen and Jane lingered a few moments longer, but soon found themselves, in some way, on the outside of the general talk, and, with a half-hearted smile, rejoined their friends. They were all moving toward the exit, and here they were met by Roy, who brought with him Nance Barton and her mother, whom he had chanced upon as they were leaving.

There was a moment of embarrassment after greetings were exchanged, and Nance and Elizabeth were left together. Each girl was a little uncertain as to just what attitude the other intended to assume, for they had not met since the tennis game. For a second, Elizabeth was swept back to that day, and forgot many things she had learned since then. She tossed up her head aggressively in the old way that was almost a challenge. The effect of this was to rouse in Nance an equally defiant mood, and so they stood, inwardly friends, but outwardly constrained.

Roy turned, and seemed at a glance to understand the situation. He spoke to Nance.

"You ought to taste some of Beth's doughnuts," he laughed. "You don't know what a fine cook she is getting to be."

"Beth—a cook?" exclaimed Nance.

The exclamation came with such frank surprise that Elizabeth herself laughed.

"And so is Roy," she nodded.

"Oh, I 'm only the first assistant," replied Roy.

He turned back to Mrs. Trumbull, and left the two together again. Nance impulsively placed her hand on Elizabeth's arm.

"Beth," she said, "may I call and see you—soon? I ought to be ashamed to ask it, but I 'd be more ashamed if I waited any longer."

"You need n't feel ashamed for calling or—for not calling," Elizabeth answered quietly.

"Then I may come?"

"I wish you would, Nance! I would love to see you!"

With a smile and a wave of her hand, Nance, with her mother, turned away as the group broke up, and a few minutes later, Beth and her own party were also on their way home.

(To be continued.)

FOLK-SONGS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY MABEL LYON STURGIS

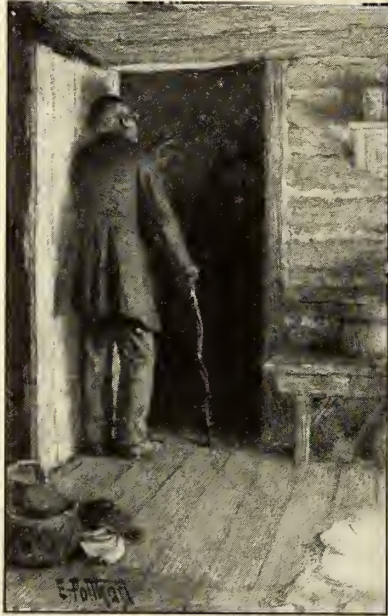
OLD FOLKS AT HOME

WE should all feel great pride in this "people's song." It is one of the best known and loved of all the world's songs of home.

The name of Stephen Collins Foster should be held in high honor by all Americans, for his compositions are a unique and lasting contribution to the music of our country. He has been termed "the great American folk-song writer."

It is not difficult to discover why this song has a quality that is so universally moving. It is a direct, sincere, and lovely expression of the feeling for home that throbs in the eternal heart of humanity.

Words and Music by STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER
Arrangement by MABEL LYON STURGIS



1. Way down up-on the Swa-nee riv-er, Far, far a -
2. All up and down the whole cre-a-tion, Sad - ly I
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong the bushes, One that I
4. When I was playing with my brother, Hap - py was

way; There's where my heart is turn-ing ev - er, There's where the old folks stay.
roam, Still long-ing for the old plan - ta-tion, And for the old folks at home.
love, Still sad - ly to my mem-ry rush-es, No mat - ter where I rove.
I, Oh, take me to my kind, old moth-er, There let me live and die.

CHORUS.

All the world is sad and drear - y, Ev - 'ry - where I roam.

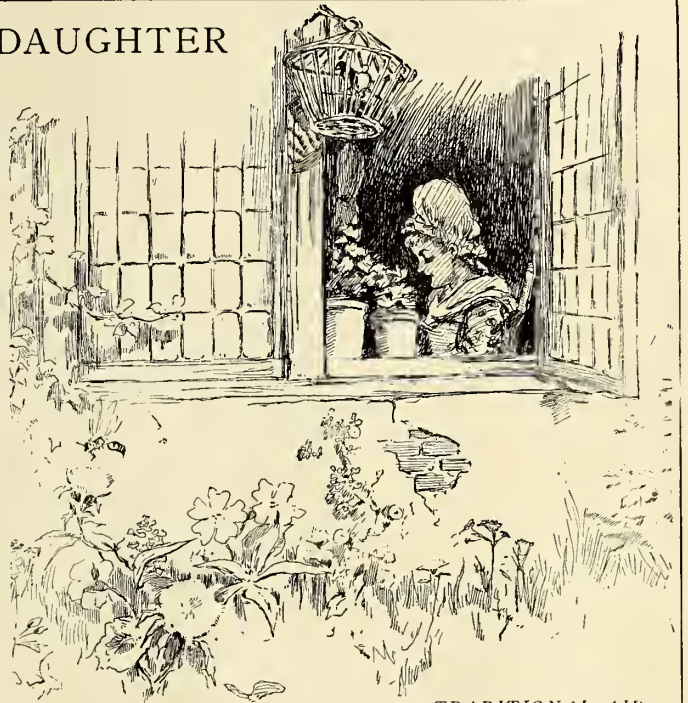
Oh, dark - ies, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from the old folks at home.

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER

ENGLAND has bequeathed to us fine, joyous songs, like the "Jolly Miller," beautiful old carols, and many dances, such as "Jockey to the Fair." This is one of the famous ballads, or narrative songs, for which English folk music is especially distinguished.

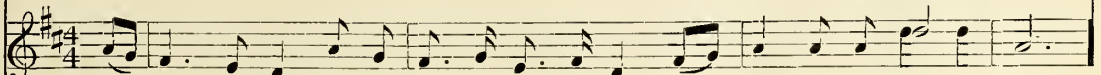
The story is charming and gives us interesting glimpses of England in the old days. In that country great stress was laid on social rank. A squire had a position almost equal to that of a lord, and a bailiff was usually an under-steward on his estate. So when the squire's son in our song falls in love with the bailiff's daughter, he is promptly sent away. It was a common practice for many English youths to be apprenticed, or bound out in service, for a number of years, to a man who would teach them his trade. The squire's son was thus dealt with.

An effective and enjoyable way to render the dialogue is for a boy and a girl to sing the two parts as solos.

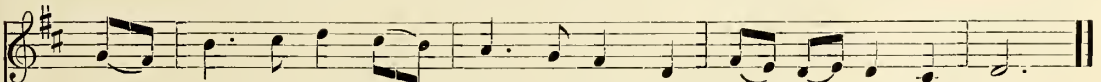


OLD BALLAD

TRADITIONAL AIR
Arrangement by MABEL LYON STURGIS



1. There was a youth, and a well - be - lov - ed youth, And he was a squire's son.
2. But when his friends did... un - der - stand His fond and... fool - ish mind,
3. And there he toil'd for... sev - en long... years, But nev - er his love did see,
4. She start - ed up with a col - or so.... red, Catching hold of his bri - dle - rein,



He... lov'd the bail - iff's.. daugh - ter fair, Who liv'd in.. Is - ling - ton.
They sent him up to ... Lon - don Town, Ap - pren - tice for to bind,
Till it chanc'd one day that.. he rode by, Where she sate in the shade of a tree.
"One penny, one pen - ny, kind sir," she said, "Will ease me of much pain."



5
(HE) "Before I give you a penny, fair maid,
Pray tell me where you were born."
(SHE) "At Islington, kind sir," she said,
"Where I have had many a scorn."

7
(HE) "If she is dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also,
For I will to some far countrie
Where no man shall me know."

6
(HE) "I prithee, maiden, tell to me,
Oh, tell me if you know
The bailiff's daughter of Islington."
(SHE) "She is dead, sir, long ago."

8
(SHE) "Oh stay, oh stay, thou goodly youth!
She standeth by thy side, —
She is here alive, she is not dead, —
But ready to be thy bride!"

THE TOWNSEND TWINS—CAMP DIRECTORS

BY WARREN L. ELDRED

CHAPTER III

CONCERNING COUSIN WILLIE AND OTHERS

"WHY, Mother!" Tad exclaimed, striving to express himself politely, yet honestly. "The fellows would make all kinds of fun of Willie. Of course, we 'd try to be nice to him, but he 's so different from the others! - Why, if he saw a spider, a great, big, fat, crawly, fuzzy-wuzzy spider, with pop-eyes—" Mrs. Townsend looked apprehensive—"I believe he 'd yell."

"I know *I* should," laughed his mother. "You have wonderful powers of description, Tad. I can-almost feel a spider crawling on me now!"

"Let me knock off the imaginary creature," Tad begged, making frantic efforts to discover the offender. "But, really, Mother, you know what a perfect baby Willie is. More than that, he 's a spoiled baby. Why, I can hear the fellows calling him Willie Bite if we took him up there with us."

"He is spoiled, Tad," Mrs. Townsend admitted, "and not as manly and courageous as—as my boys are. But he is younger than you, and sometimes, as I have watched him, it has seemed to me that some experience which would compel him to depend upon his own resources would make a different boy of Will. I feel anxious about him, boys, because he is the only boy in my family, you know, except a certain pair not far away. If he should grow up to be a weak, effeminate man, it would be a great disappointment to all of us."

"Well, would he want to go, Mother?" Tom asked, as Mrs. Townsend paused. "I should think he 'd be afraid of that rough sort of life. A fellow has to take what 's coming to him in camp, and if he kicks, he soon finds that he 's teased worse than ever."

"He wanted to go to camp this last summer," was the reply, "but did not say so until the plans of the family were made. Then, too, his mother could not bear the thought of sending him among strangers. If you have your camp next summer, I think he will want to be with you, and it will be a relief to his mother to know that he is with his own cousins."

"H-m-m! Would he be willing to do what he was told after he got there?" asked Tad. "We could n't humor the kid the way they do at home, and it seems to me that he would n't be happy unless he could have his own way. I believe he 'd

want to run back to Mama the first night. A fellow who needs a nurse is awfully out of place at a camp."

Mrs. Townsend smiled a little. "If he should go, Tad, he would be obliged to obey all the rules of the camp. That is the sort of discipline Will needs. He might not enjoy it, but I believe his pride would keep him from complaining."

"We 'll talk it over with the fellows, Mother," Tom promised, striving to end the matter in a diplomatic way. "If they 're willing to take Willie, I suppose he can tag on."

"Of course I should n't want Will to be a burden to you, or in any way spoil the pleasure of this outing, either for you or for your friends," Mrs. Townsend quietly remarked. "I cannot hope that you will take quite the same view of this matter that I do.

"It seems to me that the way to get the most happiness out of any form of recreation is to help some one else at the same time. Perhaps there is not as much selfish pleasure in this kind of fun, but I have found that it brings more happiness and a sort of contented, satisfied feeling that does not soon pass away.

"Take this matter that we are discussing, for instance. If you boys go off with your friends to camp, you will have a good time, no doubt, and will come back to us larger, stronger, and better able to do the work that future months may bring. This is worth while, and I ought not to call this way of spending a vacation selfish.

"Yet it seems to me that I should feel better satisfied with my vacation if I came back to the city knowing that I had helped a boy to become manly and self-reliant.

"Well, well! what a long sermon I 've preached! I won't say any more about this, boys, because I know that I can trust you to do what is right and fair to everybody interested in the plan."

Conversation gradually was turned into other channels, and, in half an hour, the boys went upstairs to spend a little more time on the lessons for the next day.

"If ever I need anybody to plead for me, I 'll send for Mother," Tad declared. "She 's great at making you *want* to do the things you *did* n't want to do before she tackled you."

"Surest thing you know! I suppose we 'll have to take the kid; but if he gets to cutting up any monkey-shines—" Tom stopped suddenly and made a gesture, which, had he seen it, would

surely have struck terror into the heart of the youthful William Langley Ainsworth, Jr.

THE days that followed were full of duties at school and elsewhere, but the "camp trust" made daily gains in wealth and importance. Jack Winslow and Edgar Sherman were added to the charter members before the trust was a week old, but more than a month passed before another member was admitted.

The twins were eager to enroll Bert Halsey, having distinctly in mind the older brother who seemed so well qualified to act as camp director, and one day he was proposed to Jack and Edgar, who gave a whole-hearted assent to the admission of Halsey into their fellowship.

Tom interviewed the candidate, told him all their hopes and ambitions, and won his enthusiastic allegiance to the camp trust.

Then Jack proposed his friend Walter Cornwall—a quiet, well-bred boy who had entered high school at the beginning of the term—and he was unanimously voted in.

The entire company wanted Alexander Beckley (who always was called "Lefty" by the boys, partly because he was a left-handed pitcher, and partly, as Tad explained, because he "got left" so often), and he won the consent of his parents after the trust called upon them en masse.

He was a noisy, jolly, happy-go-lucky fellow, full of mischief, irrepressibly cheerful, and unusually kind-hearted—a quality which he sometimes tried to hide with a sort of gruffness, which never deceived any one who knew him at all intimately.

Lefty discovered that a classmate, Eliot Fernard by name, was laboring under the handicap of poor health (he seemed by instinct to discover any one in trouble within a mile of him) and had been advised to get out into the country as soon as warm weather returned. This seemed entirely beyond the resources of the family, so Lefty gave the trust no peace until Eliot was made unspeakably happy by being admitted to the fellowship. The others were thankful many times during the weeks that followed that he was in their company, because he had a vast store of practical knowledge, and, as Jack once said, "No matter what you want to do—anything, from making ginger-tea to building a house—Eliot always knows seventeen ways to do it, and they 're all right, too!"

Charles Hayes was added to the trust just before the Christmas holidays, after Walter Cornwall had worked quietly and tactfully for some weeks to accomplish this end. Charlie was small for his age, but what he lacked in stature, he

made up in activity. He was a bright, lively fellow, wholesome and friendly, cool-headed and sensible, and his fellow-campers-to-be liked him better and better the more they associated with him.

Wilbur Halsey (he was n't "Doctor" yet, though his friends took delight in giving him the honorary title) came home from medical college to spend the Christmas holidays. Bert told him about the proposed camp before he had spent twenty-four hours under the parental roof, and after the young man had received answers to all his questions and had been given a careful description of each proposed camper, he agreed to meet with them and talk things over.

As a result of this meeting, he took so strong a liking to this company of merry, wholesome, sturdy fellows that he agreed to manage the camp if, at the beginning of vacation time, it were possible for him so to do.

The boys, on the other hand, were strongly drawn toward this genial, sensible, thoughtful young man, and ardently hoped that no unfortunate circumstances would prevent him from going with them to camp.

The weeks passed, and still the party consisted of nine boys and the camp leader. Remembering Cousin Willie, the twins believed it wiser to have a vacancy in the trust, in case it should become possible to add him to the party without serious danger to his "life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness."

The passing days were filled with many duties, for most of the boys had to earn and save a large part, if not the entire amount, of their summer expenses. All manner of errands and odd jobs, all sorts of after-school enterprises and Saturday employments, were used as means of swelling the fund which grew steadily larger in a way which might have smitten even the mightiest of trusts with envy.

Then, one night—as the next chapter will explain—the tenth camper was added to the party, making it complete.

CHAPTER IV

THE TENTH CAMPER

"WHAT shall we call our camp?" Tad asked one evening, when the trust was in session.

"Camp Townsend," Jack suggested promptly. "You two fellows started the thing going. If it had n't been for you, the rest of us would most likely be thinking of staying right in this quiet village all summer."

"No, that would n't do," Tom hastily interposed. "We don't want to have things named

after us just yet. Let 's take all our initials and see if we can't work out a good combination."

"Glorious start!" muttered Lefty Beckley. "Four T's, two W's, a G, and a J. We 'd better call it Camp Consonant."

They toiled over the problem for some minutes, but no happy solution was reached. The initials of the several boys furnished so few vowels that it was hard to make any combination that did not look like the name of a Welsh village.

"There 's no use talking," Tad announced finally. "Some of you fellows will have to change your names. The best I can do with such a job lot of initials is Hestabeth."

"Who is she, Tad?" Lefty wanted to know.

"Camp Hestabeth would n't be so bad," Charlie Hayes remarked. "How do you spell 'it, Tad?"

"I-t."

"You don't say! You 're a good speller, are n't you? I meant, how do you spell Hestabeth?"

"H-e-s-t-a-b-e-t-h."

"H-m-m! That has only nine initials in it. Here 's one with eleven—Whattebechs. W-h-a-t-t-e-b-e-c-h-s."

"Eureka!" Edgar Sherman cried. "Camp Whattebechs! Do you put a question mark after it?"

"Camp Whattebechs is a pretty name," Lefty commented, "but somehow it seems to smite the ear unpleasantly. We want a name with lots of music in it—one that does n't sound like drawing a stick along a picket-fence. Now I flatter myself that I have found just what we want—Camp Fatgesbewt. F-a-t-g-e-s-b-e-w-t. How does that strike you?"

"It strikes me all over at once," Edgar Sherman grunted. "I don't believe we 'll be able to make anything out of this jumble of letters. I see, though, that we have four T's in the collection—Tad Townsend and Tom Townsend. Why not call it Camp Four T?"

"Mixed tea would be better," Tad objected. "What we want is a good Indian name."

"That 's what I think," Lefty added. "Camp Snake-in-the-Grass, or something like that."

"Is n't there some mountain up there?" Eliot Fernard wanted to know. "We might use that for a camp name."

"Split Rock Mountain and Coon Mountain are the nearest."

"Not much promise there. Did n't you say it was near Beaver Creek?"

"Yes—a few miles above it."

"Well, what 's the Indian name for beaver?"

"Ask any of the Indians present."

"There 's an Indian in front of that cigar-store up the block," Tad suggested, reaching for his hat. "He 'll tell us. I 'll go and ask *him*."

"You need n't bother," replied Tom, who was looking in the bookcase. "We have a copy of 'Hiawatha' here, and there 's a list, in the appendix, of all kinds of animals and things with their Indian names. I 'll run across it in a minute. Here it is!"

"He 's so handy to have around," Lefty murmured. "'Simple helps for little learners' is n't needed when—"

"There you are!" Tom interrupted. "Beaver—Ahmeek. A-h-m-e-e-k."

"That 's a good name," Tad said promptly. "Ahmeek. 'The meek shall inherit the earth.'"

"I 'd rather have a simple, pretty name like Fatgesbewt," Lefty remarked, "but I have a sweet disposition, gentlemen, and I 'll not insist on my suggestion. However, it seems to me that Ahmeek has a sort of Arabic sound, I might even say, gum Arabic."

"Sounds like a Persian rug," Gilbert Halsey grunted. "Why not talk English and call our place Camp Beaver?"

"A good idea!" Jack exclaimed. "Bee—beaver—beefsteak. We 've been working like busy bees and busy beavers. The beefsteak awaits us."

"I hope so," Tom remarked dolefully, "but I 'm afraid we won't have anything but bean soup and prunes if we don't raise some more money."

"Are n't we going to make it?" Jack asked in dismay.

"It 's a big thing, of course, to raise so much money," Tom went on, drawing a memorandum-book from his pocket. "We 've worked hard, every one of us, and saved all we could; yet we 're quite a bit behind. We figured on ten fellows when we began to make plans, and there 's been only nine. That makes the total amount saved less than what it would have been if ten fellows had worked for it. Then again, our expenses at camp will be about the same for nine fellows as for ten, yet it makes the amount that each has to raise that much greater, because you 're dividing by nine instead of by ten."

"Tom talks just like an arithmetic," Lefty observed. "Why not divide by ten, anyhow? It 's much easier than nine!"

"How can we?" Tom demanded in some exasperation. "We have only nine fellows."

"Get another," Lefty suggested laconically.

"I know of somebody," Tom responded slowly, and with some embarrassment. "He 'd help out our cash balance, all right, but I don't know whether you fellows would want him. He 's a kid cousin of ours—an awful baby, and spoiled, too, but his folks have barrels of money, and they 'd be glad to pay us for taking him."

"He 's a kid—one point against him," Lefty announced. "He 's a baby—two points. He 's spoiled—three points. But he has money, and we need it—six points in his favor, leaving him three to the good. I'm inclined to gather in the cousin."

There were exclamations of surprise from the boys, who thus were brought face to face with a financial crisis in the affairs of the trust.

"We did'n't realize what a big job we 'd tackled," Jack observed, in a disappointed tone.

"We thought if we all hustled, the money would come somehow."

"Of course there 'll be more coming in," Tom remarked consolingly. "At the rate we 've been piling up money lately, we 'll have about five hundred dollars when school closes. Then, some of you fellows are getting money from your folks to help out your expenses. There 's a hundred and seventy-five dollars that I know of promised from different ones. Maybe we can get a little more. We have some interest, too, on the money we 've deposited, so, altogether we won't be shy much over a hundred and fifty dollars."

"What makes it cost so like thunder, Tom?" Charlie Hayes asked. "We 're not running a stylish place. I should think we could worry along on less."

"We might, Charlie, but I would n't like to take a chance of getting up there and having our cash run out. Suppose we have ten fellows and Doctor Halsey. We 'd need two hundred dollars for rent and about a hundred and ten for traveling expenses. We 'd need to buy some supplies, dishes, cooking things, and such stuff, and food for the crowd for the whole season.

This would average not less than five dollars a week for each one, or fifty-five for the crowd. Multiply that by the number of weeks, and you get five hundred and fifty dollars for the season; and this plus rent and traveling expenses equals eight hundred and sixty dollars. That 's the way it works out. You see, it would n't be safe to figure on less. Of course we 'll pay Doctor Halsey's expenses. I was afraid we 'd have to hire some one to run



LANDING AT THE CAMP. (SEE PAGE 547.)

"How much money do we need, Tom?" Ed asked.

Tom consulted his note-book. "Well, altogether, we have four hundred and thirty-nine dollars and sixteen cents on deposit. That 's doing well, and I don't see how we could have earned more. Yet it is n't enough. It 's the last of May now, and there are only a few weeks left to increase that to eight hundred and sixty dollars."

the camp, but as long as he 's been kind enough to do the work for nothing, it 's up to us to take care of him."

"Then—what did you say his name was—that kid cousin of yours?"

"Ainsworth, Lefty. William Langley Ainsworth, Jr."

"Then your proposition is that we annex Cousin Willie and incidentally some of his dad's cash?"

Tom nodded. "If he went anywhere to camp, it would cost his father at least a hundred and fifty dollars. He may as well pay that to us as to some outsider. And we need the money. In fact, we can't run our camp for more than six weeks unless we get it."

"You see, it 's a question whether our longing for Willie's cash is greater than our longing to get along without Willie," Tad explained.

"How old is the kid?" Gilbert Halsey asked.

"About twelve."

"He 's bigger than Charlie, is n't he?"

"Go on!" protested the affronted Charlie. "If he is, he must be a wonder! I 'm growing like a weed. Everybody says so."

"What kind of a weed?" Lefty asked impressively.

"A—a—milkweed."

"Good! Keep it up, and you 'll grow to be a milkman."

"Does your cousin want to come with us, Tom?" Walter Cornwall asked.

"Oh, yes! He 's crazy to go to camp, and he 'd rather go with our crowd than to one of these private camps where he would n't know anybody."

"By which we perceive that Cousin Willie is a wise youth," Lefty solemnly announced. "Even a child is known by the company he keeps. Where could he find—er—more inspiring fellowship, more agreeable society, more—more—ah!—words cannot do justice to my feelings."

"Let him come," Halsey suggested. "We need the money for camp expenses, and his father will be glad to pay it for the sake of having the kid with somebody he knows instead of with strangers. Of course, he 's paying more than the rest of us, but we 'll earn that money, I 'm thinking, before the summer is over. The youngster will be more or less of a nuisance, but we don't need to be afraid of taking him. It will be a pity if the nine of us can't handle him."

"He 's not to have any favors, you know, or any special privileges, on account of being related to us," Tad observed.

"Don't worry! He won't have!" Lefty declared, with a wink at the others.

"He 's not a bad kid, way down under all the

rubbish that you 'll notice," Tom urged in defense of his cousin. "He 's an only child, and, as I said, his father has lots of money, so the kid has been spoiled. He 's had his own way so much that he expects everybody to give in to him, just as they do at home."

"We 'll soon take that out of him," Halsey muttered.

"That 's what he needs," Tom went on. "I think when once he finds out that he can't rule the roost, he 'll settle down and really be one of us. He 's been coddled so he 's really never had half a chance. I believe the summer will be the making of him."

"Or the breaking of him," Lefty added. "Now, dear children, all those who want to be missionaries and help poor little Willie, hold up their hands. One—two—that 's it, dear, put it 'way up!—three, four, five, six, seven, eight, and your dear teacher does, too. That makes nine, does n't it? Why, we *all* want to be kind to poor little Willie! Yes, yes, no cross words for little Willie—never, never! Now let us sing the new hymn that we learned last week, 'Kind words can never die.'"

The boys howled with laughter as Lefty commenced to sing the ancient melody, and the trust adjourned in hilarious spirits.

Thus was William Langley Ainsworth, Jr., unanimously voted into the party of campers, which now was complete.

THE last busy days came hurrying on soon after Cousin Willie was admitted to the trust. Examinations came with all their vague menace, but the boys met them bravely, and managed to win passing marks in the various subjects. True, some of the percentages might have been higher, but, as Tad philosophically remarked, "What 's the dif whether we jumped through or crawled through or were hauled through? We got through, did n't we? And it looks just the same on the other side."

Finally the last bag was packed, the last farewell spoken, and the moment of departure arrived—that moment to which the boys had looked forward so eagerly during the months of toil and self-denial and rigorous economy.

They were to proceed by night boat to Troy, then by train to Westport, there taking a small boat which would convey the party to the camp wharf.

It was a merry company. School-days, work days, days of limitation and sacrifice were behind, and before them stretched the long vacation and days which their several imaginations filled with all manner of fun and happy, outdoor life.

CHAPTER V

SETTING UP HOUSEKEEPING

WARNING! DO NOT LAND HERE!

THIS sign in oily, sticky black paint presented a hospitable welcome to the boys as they stepped from the little launch which had brought them across the lake to the camp landing. The words were painted upon a rough board which previously had been whitewashed, and this was nailed to a tree close by the landing.

"See that, Tom?" Jack cried, stopping short and staring at the sign. "It says we must n't land here."

"Does it? Well, we don't believe in signs. Yank it down, Jacko!"

"The paint is n't dry yet," he announced. "Now who the dickens put that thing up?"

"There 's one dark deed that you can't blame on me," Tad reminded them. "I never set eyes on the place until just now."

"Never mind! I 'm hungry!" Lefty exclaimed impatiently. "Let 's eat first and find out later what dub stuck up the sign."

"Anything in the house to eat, Tom?" sighed Ed, changing his suitcase to his left hand and gazing sorrowfully at the long path that wound among the trees from the landing in the direction of the bungalow.

"Why, yes! I think so. There 's a man up here—Samuelson, his name is—and he lives about a mile up the road. He agreed to haul our stuff over from the station and stow it in the bungalow. He has the keys to the place. Mr. Raymond, the owner, left 'em with him."

"Wow!" groaned Bert. "Do we have to go a whole mile to get 'em?"

"Glory! I hope not!" Tom gasped, dropping his blanket roll as the horrible thought crossed his mind. "I should think the old geezer would have sense enough to leave 'em around here somewhere."

"How do you know he 's an old geezer?" Walter demanded. "Maybe he 's as young and handsome as a big sunflower."

"Maybe," Tom agreed. "I 'll call him blessed if only he left those keys in sight."

The party had reached the bungalow now—a long, one-story structure with a shingled roof. Olive-green paint, with trimmings of a darker

shade, adorned the walls and spacious piazza, and a hardy rosebush climbed over an arched trellis by the steps.

When the house was sighted, Jack dropped his baggage and ran forward with eager haste. Taking the two steps at a bound, he dashed across the piazza and halted before the door. To this en-



"'I DON'T WANT TO STAY HERE ALL ALONE,' WHINED COUSIN WILLIE." (SEE PAGE 549.)

trance, a scrap of paper was tacked, and Jack glanced at it, then turned quickly.

"Hurrah!" he shouted. "The keys are under the mat."

"That 's all very well," Eliot retorted close behind him, "but where 's the mat?"

"That 's so!" Jack acknowledged. "Where is it? Alas that we should reach the border of the promised land only to perish with hunger!"

"Hunger!" echoed Bert. "I don't believe I ever was so hungry. I have n't eaten a thing since we left the boat, and that 's hours and hours ago!"

The boys crowded around the door and examined the little piece of paper which bore the ancient and much-ridiculed sentence, "The keys are under the mat."

Charlie walked over to a window and peered within, shading his eyes with one hand.

"Ah! I see beefsteaks, watermelons, pies, ice-cream—" he began to mutter.

"Poor Charlie!" murmured Lefty. "Hunger has affected his brain. He's batty."

"Will we have to go 'way up to that man's house to get the keys?" Cousin Willie queried plaintively.

"It looks that way," Tad responded gloomily, kicking an inoffensive post. "Unless we can break a window and crawl in, so-fashion."

Doctor Halsey appeared on the scene then, having been detained to settle with the boatmen.

"Well, well,—what 's the matter?" he exclaimed. "Is every one trying to avoid the honor of being the first to enter our manse? Never mind! I'll settle it by going in myself."

He walked up to the door, turned the handle, and pushed it open. It creaked a bit as the hinges performed an unaccustomed duty, but swung open with no further resistance. A piece of rag carpet lay in the hall, and he raised one end and took from beneath a small bunch of keys tied together with string.

"Well, did you ever see such a pack of chumps!" gasped Tom. "Here we've been standing around taking it for granted that the bloomin' door was locked, and never so much as turning the knob to find out!"

"I thought Jack tried it in the first place and found it locked," Eliot stated, "so I did n't bother. Anyhow, we're in! Well, this is the class, all right! We seem to have struck a swell place."

"But where is all our truck?" Tom cried in dismay. "All our food, the cots, our trunks and baggage—I don't see a thing!"

They made a hasty trip through the rooms, peering into closets and upon shelves, but not a box or a barrel rewarded their efforts.

"Maybe they're in the ice-house," the doctor suggested. "Perhaps Neighbor Samuelson thought they would keep better on ice."

The boys dashed across the clearing and unlocked the door of the square building, nearly full of ice and sawdust. Nothing had been put in there since the ice was packed, so they descended in force upon a small three-room cabin on the camp property. Dust and cobwebs adorned the interior, and there were the two boats that were leased with the place—but nothing more.

"Well, would n't that bump you?" Lefty de-

manded, sitting down helplessly and looking around.

Probably it would and did, for no one entered a denial.

It was not surprising that the boys felt depressed and perplexed. They had traveled all night on one of the great Hudson River steamboats that connect the metropolis with the capital city and its across-the-river neighbor, Troy. This trip had been delightful, but novel to most of the boys, and the excitement of the journey, combined with the unaccustomed experience of trying to sleep in state-rooms, kept the mythical sand man at bay, and none of them had slept much.

They had carried light luncheons from home to save the expense of an evening meal on board the boat, and had eaten a simple breakfast while the steamer slowly made its way between Albany and Troy.

Then came a ride of several hours in a hot railway coach, and finally a sail in a puffing motorboat that left them "right at their front gate," as Charlie remarked.

Their various articles of equipment and the provisions ordered had been shipped nearly two weeks before, and their personal baggage, which went by express, had been sent early enough to insure delivery before their arrival.

Evidently Neighbor Samuelson had been on the premises, for the note on the door and the keys under the mat betrayed his presence. Then, too, there were ruts made by wagon wheels in front of the bungalow, but where—oh, where!—were their possessions?

"Why, oh, why, did I come out here in the wilderness to starve?" Tad wailed. "I could have starved at home and saved traveling expenses."

"You could, but you would n't," Tom retorted. "I see you starving with a refrigerator and a cake-box handy."

"Why, Thomas Townsend! Your insinuations are unworthy! You know I never eat cake or pastry, and never touch food between meals. I'm on the training-table."

"Yes, you are! If you did n't say so, nobody'd ever notice it!"

"Your conversation is very interesting, gentlemen," Jack observed; "but it does n't bring us any nearer to a dinner."

"I think we shall have to forage on our neighbors," Doctor Halsey announced. "It's not at all likely that any one around here could feed eleven of us without previous notice; but perhaps we can buy some bread and butter to keep us going until we can do better."

"'T is well said!" responded Eliot. "Let us get on the trail of these tempting articles."

"I 'm not going," Cousin Willie announced. "I feel tired."

"All right, kid, you stay here and keep the bungalow from running away," Lefty said good-naturedly; "but don't wander off, because a crocodile might get you. They have affectionate dispositions, and are especially fond of small boys."

"I don't want to stay here all alone," whined Cousin Willie.

"'Man wants but little here below,' Sweetness," Lefty quoted cheerily, "and that little he does n't get. Come along, you fellows! We ought to have been there and back by this time."

They started for the road that wound back through the woods, connecting the camp property with the main highway. Cousin Willie was left behind, sulking in pettish discontent on the piazza of the bungalow.

"How far is it to our nearest neighbor's?" Charlie asked, as they neared the road.

"Oh, about three miles or so, I guess," Tom responded with cheerful exaggeration.

"What? Three miles! O-o-o-oh!" said the boys, in a chorus of dismal groans.

"I 'm so hungry I could eat the bark of a tree," Ed declared.

"Don't do that because most likely it would spoil the tree," Tad warned him. "I heard a dog bark a little while ago. Why not start on that?"

They had reached the highway now, and halted in perplexity, not knowing which way to turn.

Just then, a carriage drawn by a well-groomed team appeared in the distance. As it came nearer, the boys discovered that it was a comfortable phaëton driven by a woman whose pleasant face was crowned with an aureole of white hair. With her was a young girl of fourteen or fifteen, who tried to appear unconscious of the group by the roadside, although it was evident that her curiosity was deeply stirred.

(To be continued.)

BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

EVEN TO-DAY

A WHILE ago I came across a story in a newspaper that seemed to me unusually interesting. It was one of those minor events that are n't much in themselves, perhaps, but that link past and present together, and show how different things are now, as to opportunity, for most of us, and also how alike we are to people who lived hundreds of years since, and how, under the same circumstances, we act pretty much as they would have done.

The story that interested me was told of a boy of twelve, living in a small, middle-western town where the only library was a traveling one, coming, as it were, like a circus, staying for a while, and then moving on to the next town or village in its circuit. So that the chance to see a new book only came infrequently, and you had to return any books you borrowed in good season for them to be taken away. The people in the town did not have money to spend for books, or, at least, not enough to make a bookshop pay; the few who could buy sending to the publishers direct.

Now this boy was very fond of reading, and

made good use of the library when it came to town; he took books home to read in the evening, but he did not have much spare time, so that often he had to return a volume before finishing it. One such book was a work on natural history and the out-of-doors generally, whose title was not given. This book he became so much attached to that he wanted to possess it, and the librarian, who had an extra copy, agreed to sell it to him for twenty-five cents when he returned next time, having completed the circuit. The boy started in to earn the money, and had it saved when the library came back; but, unluckily, the librarian had forgotten his promise, and had sold the extra copy to some one else. The best he could do was to leave the book with the youngster while he made his next round.

Then what do you suppose that boy did?

He began copying the volume page by page, working every evening and on Sundays; by the time he had to return the library copy, he had his manuscript complete, and probably knew the book by heart in addition.

As I read this story, a vision of the olden days came to me. I saw the walls of an old monastery

room, furnished with big wooden, slanting tables. Before one of them sat a monk working over sheets of parchment, inscribing in clear and beautiful letters the text of a bound manuscript above him. The light fell on his eager face, and, as he worked, he murmured an occasional phrase from the story he was transcribing. It was easy to see that he loved his labor, and, though he straightened himself a little wearily on his low stool now and then, he appeared not to mind his fatigue. He was nearing the end of his task, his copy would soon be complete. Just then another monk came to the door of the library.

"How goes the work, brother?" he inquired.

"Well! Well, indeed! In an hour or two more I shall have completed another copy of this glorious book," replied the worker, looking up with a light in his eyes.

"I have labored almost a year, and the result is as perfect as my poor skill can make it. To-morrow I can begin another. It is, indeed, a wonderful privilege to copy such thoughts couched in such glorious words, and to send them forth for the greater happiness of mankind. This copy is to go to a university in Italy, where it will be read and loved by many for years to come."

POSSIBLY some of you will feel sorry for the little boy of whom I have spoken, and think it a pity he could not have got what he wanted more easily. But I'm not so sure. I should n't wonder if he had gained more happiness out of that book, more realization of all a book can mean, than many of us get out of a whole library, or the power of buying any volume that strikes our fancy.

Think of all the books you have found pleasure in reading, and decide whether you would take all that trouble to preserve any of them, in case you were threatened with their loss! Yet a good

book is worth that trouble, and more. The difficulty is, that you are not able to realize actually being without reading-matter, for you have it all about, and can go to a library or a bookshop as easily as to the grocer's. And so most of us lose the sense of what a book ought to mean to us, of how precious it would become were we to have none, and of our good fortune in having all we need at hand.

But this boy understood the full value of his



IN THE LIBRARY OF THE MONASTERY.

book, and must have loved it as one loves a friend; enough to sacrifice time and work for it, and to persevere past disheartening obstacles in order to possess it. Certainly he must have wanted it very badly. And one of the big joys of life is to want something very badly and to gain it by good, honest striving. That joy belongs to the lad in the far western town. In addition, he will not miss anything worth while in the book; he will know it as well as does the author, and love it as much, possibly more. For most writers find each of their books something of a failure; they are not quite what they hoped to make them; something has been left out, try as they may to get it all in. So they are disappointed. But the reader who delights in a book usually finds more and more in it the longer he studies it, and so far

from feeling disappointed, grows to love it better. Thus scholars who have spent their existence studying Dante or Shakspeare continue to find fresh beauties and new wisdom in their beloved authors, and, like Nathan Hale, end by regretting that they have but one life to give to their cause.

To thoroughly know and enjoy one book is better than to read a hundred from a grim sense of duty, for precious little good you 'll get out of that. The books you love become part of your life, adding immensely to its richness; and the books you read should be worthy of love.

A book that gives a very good idea of how manuscripts were copied in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when printing, although it had been discovered, was as yet hardly used, is the little volume by Evaleen Stein called "Gabriel and the Hour Book." It is just a simple story about a small lad and a few monks. In those days it was impossible to buy colors ready for use, as we do to-day; they had to be ground and mixed as they were needed by the painter or his assistant. Gabriel went to the monastery each morning to do this work for the monks, who were famous for the beautiful manuscripts they copied from the records of ancient learning in their possession. For these monks used colors in the initial letters and decorations of the work they did, as was the beautiful custom of that time.

Not only in monasteries was this copying done, but in the palaces of kings and emperors, who made collections of these exquisite books and employed their own writers and artists. Most of these books were written in Greek and Latin, and besides the ornamental initial letters there were often lovely pictures, like miniatures, painted in brilliant blues and reds and gold, drawn so exquisitely that they remain to this day a delight, and are treasured in museums now, as they were in past ages in the houses and castles of the great.

Often it took years to make a single copy of one of these manuscripts, so you can imagine that not many were made, and practically the entire world was in the same boat with the little western boy I have been telling you of. They might go and look at one of those splendid books, some of which were kept chained, and all under lock and key, to be shown only by special favor; but if they wanted to possess one, they must either copy it themselves, or pay some scholar to do it for them.

Another book that will give you a more general notion of the mode of life in the Dark, or Middle, Ages is Howard Pyle's "Otto of the Silver

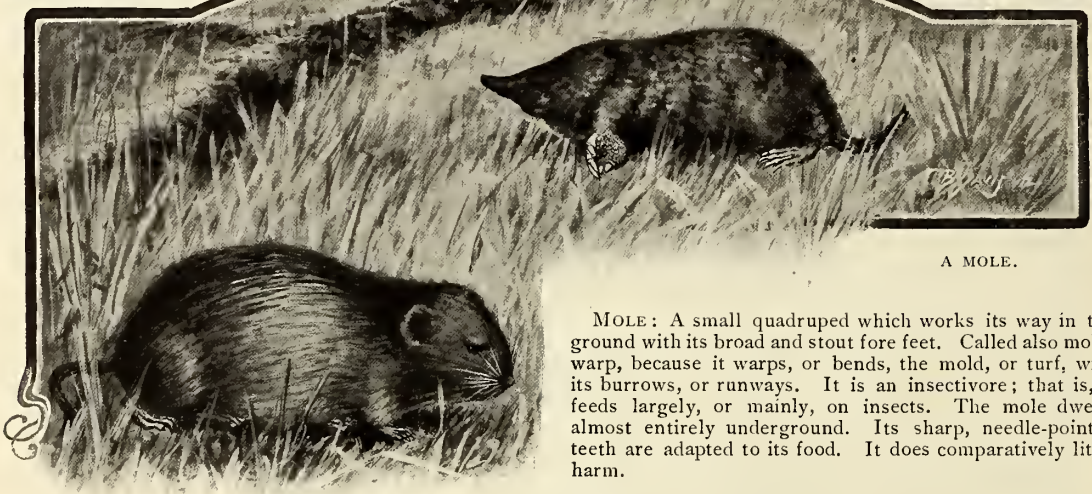
Hand." The Dark Ages were so named because of the misery and ignorance that darkened them, and since they lay midway between the bright glory of ancient times, when Greek and Roman and Egyptian culture and learning flourished so magnificently, and our own day, with its light of reason and freedom, they are also called the Middle Ages.

It was a cruel and terrible period, yet it had its nobility, its hope and high endeavor. In Pyle's story you are given a vivid picture both of the brighter and somberer aspects. Otto is a boy you will be glad to know; one of those friends in books who will last for all time. He suffered rather grimly from the rough ferocity of the evil men who were so powerful in the world then. But he has some lovely years in the fine old monastery first; and in the end he wins to a high place and much happiness, and does much good. He wins by his gentleness and honor and steadfast sincerity, for it is these qualities that have always won whatever has proved of true and permanent value to the world.

If you read these two books, you will feel that the world is as remarkable as any enchanted country told of in fairy lore, filled with astonishing transformations. Only they have taken centuries of toil and suffering and devotion to accomplish. You will see the present more clearly after this look into the past, see how men have been struggling with the forces of nature, and against the evil things in themselves, toward a better and better state of affairs. People in those hard old times possessed scarce anything of all that seems necessary to us to-day. None the less many among them loved art and literature with passion, and were willing to make the biggest sacrifices for the sake of seeing or reading or hearing a beautiful thing, or else of engaging in the most strenuous labor for the delight of making something truly fine and worth while.

And it is this same spirit that caused the little western boy to work so hard in order to possess the book he loved.

Not that it would be a good thing to have books or lovely things generally so difficult to get as in old times. No, indeed! One of the best things about our modern world is that we have made literature cheap enough to be within reach of almost everybody. But we want to keep our realization of its worth, and not to hold it lightly because it is easy to obtain. Think sometimes, when you read, of all the trouble and toil a book in past times used to cost those who wanted it; and remember that even to-day a boy was ready to give up hours and hours of freedom, and to sit writing night after night for the sake of possessing one.



A MOLE.

A VOLE.

VOLE: Any one of the many species of short-tailed field-mice. All are rodents, with cutting teeth similar in design to those of the squirrel, rat, and rabbit. Rodent is from *rodo*, to gnaw. (Moles cannot gnaw.) The voles make holes in the ground, especially in autumn and winter. They also make tunnels in or under the snow. In summer they live mostly above the surface of the ground, among the grass roots, or in the grass itself. Their food is almost entirely vegetable. The vole is a serious menace to agriculture.

MOLE WORK, VOLE WORK, AND MOUSE PLAGUES

MOLES are in ill favor with gardeners and lawn-makers, but it may be doubted whether the tunneling and warping of the turf, or top soil, is as great an evil as it seems. If a mole's burrow, or runway, is, from end to end, a well-watched trap for worms, larvæ, and beetles, the animal is entitled to no small amount of credit. But, because the mole's handiwork (it is all done with the animal's hands) is not neat, there will ever exist a

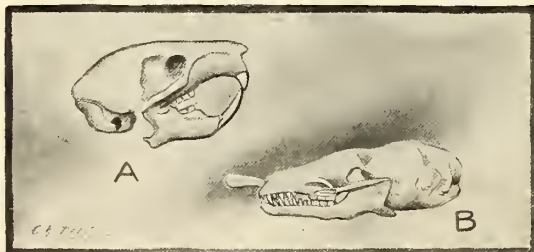
MOLE: A small quadruped which works its way in the ground with its broad and stout fore feet. Called also mold-warp, because it warps, or bends, the mold, or turf, with its burrows, or runways. It is an insectivore; that is, it feeds largely, or mainly, on insects. The mole dwells almost entirely underground. Its sharp, needle-pointed teeth are adapted to its food. It does comparatively little harm.

state of war between this creature and the human worker of the soil.

As to the work of the vole, who can speak a favorable word? Melons have round holes cut through their juicy sides; potatoes and apples in storage are bitten, chipped, and spoiled; carrots, parsnips, and beets in the ground are eaten from the top downward into the earth; garden seeds are eaten; alfalfa is ruined; young trees are gnawed near the root; grass fields are injured, and even households are invaded.

The vole, indefinitely multiplied, becomes a mouse plague. History records many such plagues. The worst one that ever occurred in this country is known as the Nevada outbreak. It occurred in 1907-8, and affected thousands of acres. The crops destroyed included alfalfa, potatoes, beets, carrots, etc., and even fruit- and shade-trees. Government observers estimated that, in certain districts, there were eight thousand to twelve thousand mice per acre. The total financial loss was large.

It is believed that mouse plagues cannot occur



A, SKULL OF VOLE, SHOWING CUTTING TEETH; B, SKULL OF MOLE, SHOWING "NEEDLE" TEETH.



NOSE OF STAR-NOSED MOLE.
A, under side; B, end; C, side.

more frequently than once in eight or ten years. Europe and Asia have often suffered from excessive numbers of short-tailed field-mice, or voles.

Two causes are responsible for the undue multiplication of these animals. One is the absence of natural enemies, including diseases. The other is the presence of unusual amounts of food. Mouse plagues can be checked, and perhaps controlled, by the proper use of poisons, and it is wise for humanity to forestall mouse plagues by prompt action of this kind; but nature, or the so-called natural agencies, if one can wait for them, will always find a way, in due time, to restore the balance, without the aid of man.

German legends tell of men devoured by rats and mice, as a retribution for evil deeds. It is not impossible that some or all of these stories rest upon actual occurrences, or that there was, at least, a real plague of mice or rats in each instance.

A mole met a vole in a hole.
Said the mole, "In this hole I charge toll;
A worm or a slug,
A beetle or bug,
Ere you pass on the way to your goal."

Said the vole to the mole in the hole.
"I control but a dole that I stole;
My taste is for roots,
For shoots and for fruits,
Not fit for the teeth of a mole."

Said the needle-toothed, bug-eating mole
To the chisel-toothed, tree-biting vole,
"You enter my burrow
And fill it with sorrow,
For folks lay your deeds on the mole."

S. EDWARD PASCHALL.

FLOWERS ANCHORED TO THE LAKE BOTTOM

EVERYBODY KNOWS the yellow water-lilies of lakes and ponds, but very few who enjoy seeing the great leaves float on a quiet lake have ever suspected the remarkable contrivance by which these flowers are protected against being uprooted and thrown on shore by the rolling waves and breakers aroused by every storm.

The leaves and flowers of each season grow from a creeping rootstock, as thick as a man's arm, and this stock is so firmly anchored to the bottom that the lifting power of the water, and the pull of the waves, cannot dislodge it.

From the rootstock grow tufts of smaller roots, that look like binder twine. About a hundred of

these twine-like roots, from a few inches to more than two feet long, grow from a foot of rootstock. Down into the dark, solid bottom they feel their way, and each root is provided with innumerable small hair-roots, which increase the hold of the plant and also furnish food. So great is



ROOTSTOCK OF THE YELLOW WATER-LILY.

the collective strength of the twine-roots, that each foot of the creeping stock can resist a pull of about 1000 pounds.

Sometimes, in years of very low water, the soil of the lake bottom freezes solid, and the high water of spring floats the frozen mud in great chunks, like cakes of ice; and then the big rootstocks are brought up too. During the summer, they drift about here and there, but it is the last summer they produce leaves and flowers. While the weather is warm they continue to struggle against starvation and decay; but, in late fall, they are killed by frost.

However, if no such catastrophe befalls them, they live to a great age, and, year after year, from the dark muck, they send up the long-stemmed leaves and flowers to float in the ripples and the sunshine, and to send the oxygen and carbon of the air down to the tens of thousands of small roots that must work and build in the dark.

The lily which the laughing little girl is picking now, may have started from a tiny seed, when Grandmother was a little girl. Very likely some of the lilies now floating on the lake grew from rootstocks that are as old as the big pines and oaks on the shore.—D. LANGE,



A GROUP OF MUSK-OXEN IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

THE MUSK-OX CALVES AT THE NEW YORK ZOO

THE musk-ox calves shown in the inclosed illustration were captured in Ellesmere Land, in the summer of 1910, by Mr. Paul Rainey and Mr. Harry Whitney, for the New York Zoölogical Park. In obtaining these specimens, it was absolutely necessary to shoot the grown-up ones, because of their fierceness in defending their young. Otherwise, the capture would have been quite impossible. The six musk-ox calves reached the Zoölogical Park on September 10, 1910. One of the specimens was suffering severely from an old wound, and from the effects of this died in about two weeks. The remaining five are still in excellent health, and have developed rapidly. There has been no illness in the herd, and, strange to say, these arctic animals did not suffer particularly during the extremely hot weather of last August. Their food consists of clover hay, crushed oats, and green grass. One point which is essential in the care of musk-ox in captivity is that they shall not be rained upon in cold weather.

Whenever there is a hard rain, the herd is driven into its shelter, and kept there until the rain is over.—W. T. H.

BURNING A SNOWBALL

To set fire to a snowball and have it slowly burn until only a shell is left, is sure to astonish and mystify the spectator, until he learns how to do it. Make the ball hard and solid in the usual way, and pass it about among the spectators, so that they may know that the snow is the real article. When it is returned to you, or before it leaves you, if you wish, push a lump of camphor into the ball. This will not be noticed, as it is white, and since even the most curious person will not long hold a snowball in his hand in a warm room. When you receive it, light a match with a great flourish, like any other magician, and touch the flame to the camphor, which will burn until only a snow shell is left. Ice may be burned in a similar way, by putting the camphor between two pieces, or among broken fragments in a dish.



THE GROWN-UP MUSK-OXEN SACRIFICED THEIR LIVES IN DEFENSE OF THEIR YOUNG.

HONEY-BEES IN WOODPECKER HOLE

WILD honey-bees, as most young folks know, make their homes in hollow trees, but this picture shows the combs and bees in the open air,



HONEY-BEES BUILDING THEIR COMBS IN AND AROUND
A HOLE IN A TREE.

because the bees made a mistake in the selection of a new home. They started in a small hole made in a tree by a woodpecker for its nest. The cavity was too small for them, and they continued to make their comb up and down the tree on the outside. The hole is behind the upper part of the comb and is not visible in the photo-

graph, which was sent to St. NICHOLAS by Mr. Phil B. Keeler, Palo Alto, California.

This is a good argument for those bee-keepers who believe that bees are not so wise as they are generally said to be.

ARCTIC HARES

THROUGH the courtesy of Mr. Harry Whitney of New Haven, Connecticut, we here show a remarkable photograph of hares that he took with a kodak in the arctic regions. This is not only of interest as a photograph of animal life and scenery in the polar regions, but is an excellent example of an animal that in coloring, or rather in the lack of coloring, is adapted to its colorless surroundings.

Mr. Whitney writes to us:

The photographs of the arctic hare were taken in Ellesmere Land, latitude about 79°, where they were plentiful; and, though they had never seen man before, they showed no signs of fear.

The arctic hare I consider the best food that one can get in the arctic region. The skins are carefully saved, as the Eskimos use them for stockings, and I found them to be the warmest things that I could get. By no means are all arctic hares as tame as those we found in Ellesmere Land. There are great numbers around Anartoch and Etah, but one has to work hard to capture them, as they have been hunted a great deal and are very wild. The Eskimos snare great numbers by making low fences of ice and rocks, leaving a small hole around which is placed a noose of very fine seal line. The hares are caught by the neck as they run through. They are a dark, dirty brown in color, changing to white when the ground is covered with snow. They are then very hard to see. I caught a number of young hares that got very tame and made fine pets. As you will see by the photographs, they have each ear tipped with black. Their eyes are also black. They live on grass and moss, and at all times are very fat. How they live through the long, dark, winter night and the terrible blizzards is something that I cannot understand. A full-grown male will weigh from ten to twelve pounds. A very large one that was weighed on the *Roosevelt* reached thirteen and one half pounds. When frightened, they take long jumps and can get over the ground very rapidly.



AN EXCELLENT PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY OF ARCTIC HARES.

FLUFFING ITS FEATHERS TO PRODUCE A WARMER COAT

MANY of our birds have the habit of fluffing, or puffing out, their feathers. It is believed that



A PET HAWK MAKING ITS COAT OF FEATHERS THICKER.

they do this to increase their warmth, by making, among their feathers, innumerable, small air-

spaces, which are quickly warmed by the heat of the body. Since warm air is a poor conductor of heat, these air-spaces then prevent the warmth of the body from passing off as rapidly as it otherwise would, and also keep the cold air from penetrating the feathered coat. They are much better preservers of heat than a solid mass of feathers would be.

Mr. Frank L. Burns sends the accompanying photograph of a pet broad-winged hawk thus holding its feathers firmly fluffed to protect its body from a cold wind.

VERY LARGE CHRYSANTHEMUMS

THE chrysanthemums which I exhibited at the Museum of Natural History were cultivated on my place at Ardsley, New York, and were the largest ever grown, each plant measuring about ten feet in diameter. Aside from their great size, their chief peculiarity and beauty was that the flowers on each plant were very regular, and uniform in color, which gave them a particularly fine appearance. The plant which bore the white flowers was especially beautiful, and happened to be fully matured at the time of the exhibition; the other two plants, the pink and the yellow, were also very fine and interesting, but were not quite fully matured at that time. I have been very successful in raising not only these plants but single chrysanthemums, and have some very beautiful specimens in my greenhouses. The single specimens, which I have exhibited at Tarrytown and other places, were also finer than those grown anywhere else, except, perhaps, in London, where there were some that equaled mine.

ADOLPH LEWISOHN.



THE VERY LARGE CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

TAKING PHOTOGRAPHS BETWEEN TWO MIRRORS

INTERESTING results may be secured in reflection photography by setting two mirrors edgewise on a table so as to form a letter V, with the object to be photographed placed on the inside of the V and near the point. If the mirrors are arranged at a certain angle, which can be readily done by a little experimenting, the object will be several times reflected. Thus may be made a fairy circle. The accompanying illustration shows such a photograph touched up slightly with an ordinary water-color brush. Here is pictured a fairy circle of a turtle, a frog, and a toad.

Sometimes, when the frog or toad stands against the glass and presses a fore foot against it, the effect is that of a fairy circle in which the



TURTLE, FROG, AND TOAD PHOTOGRAPHED IN MIRRORS ARRANGED IN THE FORM OF A V.

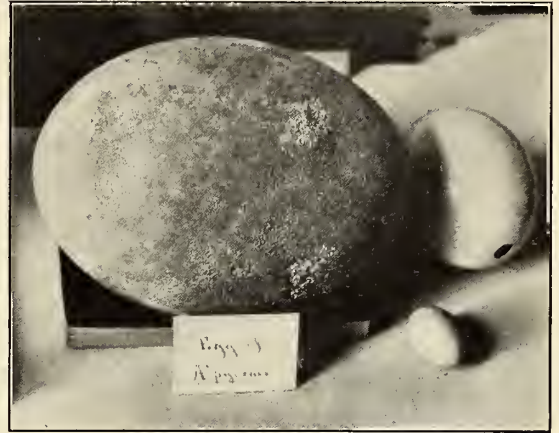
animals have joined hands, and are dancing about a centerpiece, which may be a bit of stone or wood. We hope, from this suggestion, that our readers may be able to work out this novel method of photography.

Although there may be no frame around the mirrors—and this is the preferable form—a line will appear between each side of the reflection, formed by the place of meeting of the two mirrors, but this may be easily touched out on the photograph by using a small brush and water-color.

AN EGG COST ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

At the present time there are no birds without wings, but in ages past such were not rare. Geologists have found some of their bones among other fossils in New Zealand and in Madagascar, where they grew to an enormous size, the natives of Madagascar having a tradition of such birds that were twelve feet in height and strong enough to carry off an ox. One of these, the *Æpyornis*, which had very short wings, laid eggs thirty-two inches around lengthwise. A half-bushel measure might serve as an egg-cup

for such a monster! The first *Æpyornis* egg was discovered in 1850, in the bed of a torrent in Madagascar; seventeen years later broken pieces of others were found. A perfect egg is in

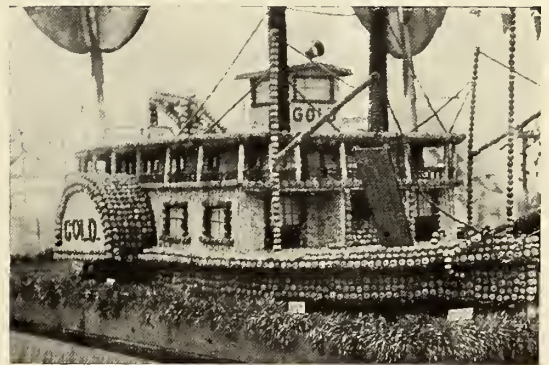


EGG OF *ÆPYORNIS*, OF OSTRICH, AND OF DUCK.

the American Museum of Natural History in New York City, and is the original of the photograph here shown, which I was allowed to make through the kindness of Mr. F. M. Chapman, the curator. The museum has no specimen of the extinct *Æpyornis*, but several of its relatives from New Zealand are in the Geological Hall. For this egg the museum paid one hundred dollars.

A STEAMBOAT MADE OF APPLES

THE steamboat composed of apples that was exhibited at the Sebastopol (California) apple show, was twenty-four feet long, eight feet wide, and



THE STEAMBOAT MADE OF APPLES.

sixteen feet high. Fifty boxes of apples were used in covering the boat.

A large, artificial pond held the boat, and the paddle-wheel revolved, being turned by a hidden motor.

O. F. STATON.

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

St. Nicholas
Union Square,
New York

WHY THE HAND IS HALF CLOSED

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would be very much obliged to you if you would please tell me why, when marching, it is so much more natural to let the fingers curl a little as they hang at your sides than to have them hang perfectly straight.

BETTY S. DAVIS.

The fingers are naturally held at the “point of rest”—about half-way between clasped and extreme extension. You may note the same thing in the elbow. When a knee-joint is inflamed, the doctor often places it in position at the “point of rest,” that is, about at right angles.—R. T. M.

STANDING ON OUR HEADS

PORT-OF-SPAIN, TRINIDAD, B. W. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me in “Nature and Science” why it is that we never feel that we are upside down when the earth is in such a position that our heads are downward, and why, although we do not feel it, the effect on us is not as if we were standing on our heads? This seems very puzzling to me, and I am very anxious to understand it.

Your interested reader,
ROWENA LAMY.

We *seem* to be living all the time on *top* of the earth, and our minds picture the direction called *downward* as not stopping at the center of the earth, but running all the way through it, and beyond. And knowing as we do that the earth rolls around, we are prone to *imagine* that, as we travel around on it, we reach a line directly opposite our starting-point, where our heads would be pointing *downward*. But, of course, the direction, downward, for all on the earth, means the direction *toward the center of the earth*.

ICE IN A GLASS OF WATER

LOUISVILLE, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a question to ask you. Why is it that if I take a glass of water, and put a piece of ice in it, and let it stay in for a few seconds, if I drink the water, the top is warmer than the bottom? Can you tell me why?

Yours truly,
WELLER BLUE.

Many things are expanded by heat and contracted by cold. The expansion of water by heat or the contraction of water by cold makes hot water lighter and cold water falls. For this reason, heated water rises and cold water falls. To heat a room, a stove or a radiator is placed near the floor. The heated air rises toward the ceiling, and gradually warms the air of the room. To cool an

ice-box, the best method is to place the ice at the top. In large refrigerators in the markets, the ice is put at the top and the air, thus cooled, falls. The ice cools the water around it and makes it heavier, and the heavier water descends to the bottom of the tumbler, so, if the water has not been stirred, that at the top will, for a while, be warmer than that at the bottom.

WHY WATER COMES UP IN ARTESIAN WELLS

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Would you kindly tell me why it is that the water comes up in artesian wells, and if by internal pressure, what causes this pressure?

Your reader,
HAROLD P. TALLMADGE.

The cause for the rising of water in artesian wells is the pressure of the water in the rocks. If

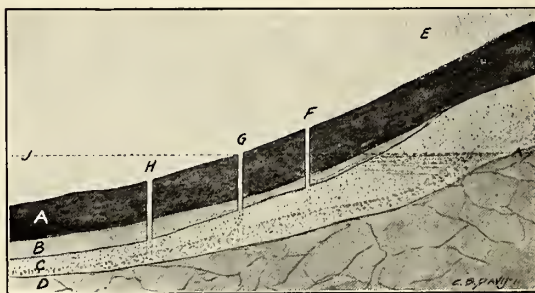


DIAGRAM TO SHOW HOW WATER RISES IN ARTESIAN WELLS.

This represents a section of the earth's crust, showing porous soil (A), a layer of clay (B), a porous, sandy, and water-bearing layer (C), and a layer of rock (D). Rain falls at E, or farther up the hill, soaks through the porous part (A), and collects in the sandy layer (C), between the layer of clay (B) and the layer of rock (D). Suppose the level of the water rises to the line J-K. Now, if three wells are driven at F, G, and H, the water in G will come just to the top, in F it will rise only as far as the line J-K, the height of the water in the water-bearing layer (C), and in H, as its opening is below the water-level, the water will run over the top.—C. B. D.

a well is bored to a water-bearing layer, the water in it will rise to a height approaching that at which the water entered this layer. If the point of entrance lies above the level of the well mouth, the water will flow out.—PROFESSOR R. S. TARR, Cornell University, Ithaca, New York.

GLASS CASTS A SHADOW

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me whether glass throws a shadow? On one of the arc-lights in our street, the glass globe throws a shadow. I thought glass was transparent.

Your loving reader,
WILLIAM SMITH.

A shadow is made by the absence of light from any place in which the surrounding space is bright. This may be caused by the entire obstruction of the light by an opaque object, or by the turning aside of the light by any object that has the power to refract or to bend the rays

toward the sides. A glass globe or a lens has this power to turn away the light, and thus to make the space immediately in front of it darker than the space at the sides.

If you will hold an ordinary reading-glass, which is a lens, between the light and a white surface, you will see that the lens will cast a shadow, because a part of the glass turns the light rays away from that part of the field immediately in front of it.

WHY AN APPLE CHANGES COLOR WHEN CUT

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me why the inside of an apple gets brown when exposed to the air?

Your loving reader,

CHARLOTTE K. DEMOREST (age 9).

The process is a chemical one, and is caused by a change in what are known as enzymes, or ferments, in the apple. The brown color is the effect of this chemical action, as the color of iron-rust is the effect of the action of the air on wet iron. The air acts on wet iron, or steel, in such a way that the oxygen in the air unites with the metal, and forms what we know as rust. Although a slice of apple is not much like a strip of wet metal, still, in a similar way, the oxygen of the air acts on these enzymes in the juicy fruit, and forms what we may be allowed to call the "rust" of the apple.

DREAMS PROTECT OUR SLEEP

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you please tell me what causes one to dream?

Your most interested reader,

LILLIAN ROSS.

Dreams seem a mere play of imagination without any value,—the more as every serious student has recognized that it is absurd to think that dreams have any prophetic character. But, in recent times, science has discovered the probable purpose of the dreams, and has found in this case again that nature does not give to us anything which is superfluous. In the present view of science, dreams fulfil the purpose of *protecting our sleep*, and this end is reached by those apparently meaningless flights of the imagination. Most dreams start from some disturbance or excitement of our organism. Something may press on us, or touch us, or we may hear a sound, or we may have some digestive trouble, or we may lie in an uncomfortable position, and so on. Any such disturbance would excite the mind, and would easily lead to a breaking up of the sleep which is necessary for us in order to be fresh for the next day's work. The dream provides the solution. In creating a fantastic background for

that disturbance, by which that inner excitement becomes adapted to a whole situation into which it fits well, our efforts to remove it become sidetracked, and the sleep can go on without interruption. We may have thrown off a blanket and feel cold. Our dream brings us to a snowy winter landscape in the midst of the cold winter day where we begin to skate, and all the coldness is then so natural and well adjusted to the whole illusory experience, that our mind moves on without destroying the sleep.—HUGO MÜNSTERBERG.

A CHAIR MADE FROM THE BONES OF A WHALE

MISS M. O'ROURKE, a photographer of San Pedro, California, sends to "Nature and Science" the two accompanying photographs of a chair made from the bones of a whale. The boy sitting in the chair writes a letter under the signature of "Bud," but does not give the full name. He says:



"BUD" IN THE CHAIR.

I remember having my picture taken in that chair. It is down the line below where I live. It is rather rickety, and a lady from the post-office with a camera helped me into it. I think it is a good picture of me, and it is surely fine of the chair, which is a very queer one.



A NEARER VIEW OF THE CHAIR.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

FINGERS AND TOES

SUCH funny songs my grandma sings!
She plays such funny games.
And, oh! she calls a lot of things
Such awful funny names!
She raps my fingers, one by one,
And says, "Now hear me tell
Who picked the currants from the bun,
And pinched the cat, as well!
'T was,

Tom Thumper,
Ben Bumper,
Long Larum,
Billy Barum,
And little Oker-bell!"



And when, at night, I've taken off
My shoes, and stockings, too,
She'll pat my feet, and frown, and cough,
And say, "It was n't *you*
That kicked the pantry door, I s'pose,
And scarred and scratched it so?"
And then she'll laugh, and tweak my toes,
And say, "I guess *I* know!"

'T was,
Toetipe,
Pennywipe,
Tommy Thistle,
Jimmie Whistle,
And Baby Trippingo!"
Arthur Guiterman.

COUNTING THE SHEEP

How many sheep jumped over the stile?
One, two, three, four, five;
Count them quick, or they'll get away,
For they're all very much alive.
Four were white and one was black
(I'm sure there were so many),
But certain I am, my dear little lamb,
That you are not counting any!



Did you catch sight of little Bo-Peep?
 And did the sheep have tails?
 They lost them one day as they scampered away
 Over the hills and dales. . . .
 There were only five? Well, as I'm alive,
 I'm sure there ought to be ten.
 While the Dustman lingers, just give me your fingers,
 And we'll count them all over again.

One, two, three, that's all I see,
 Four, and five, and six;
 Seven and eight are very late,
 And you have to be up to their tricks.
 Here comes another, and there's his brother,
 They're all accounted for, then.
 Now, *my* little Bo-Peep, you must go to sleep,
 For we've counted 'way up to ten.

Frederic B. Hodgins.



TO LULLABY TOWN

READY for bed in her long, white nightgown,
 Betty is starting for Lullaby Town.
 Sweet is the music she hears on the way,—
 Ready for lullabies, tired of play,
 Soft is her carriage, on rockers it goes,
 As Grandmother counts all the pink, little toes.

Each little toe in a vision she'll see,
 Safe on her journey on Grandmother's knee:—
 "This is a robin asleep in a tree,
 This is a butterfly, this is a bee,
 This is a pig, with a lovely, pink nose,
 And this last little one is a tiny white rose."

Ready for bed in her long, white nightgown,
 Safely goes Betty to Lullaby Town.
 Soft is her carriage, on rockers it goes,
 As Grandmother counts all the dear, little toes,
 Each one as soft and as pink as a rose.

Alice Turner Curtis.

Finger Play

Reprinted, by permission, from "Father and Baby Plays."

BY EMILIE POULSSON



BABY'S FINGERS

THUMBKIN says, "I'm stout and strong";
 Pointer says, "I'm nimble";
 Tall-man says, "I'm very long,
 I shall wear a thimble";
 Feeble-man says, "I come next,
 With a ring on, maybe";
 Little-man says, "I'm so small,
 I'm the finger baby!"

FINGER FRIENDS

FIVE good friends together stand
Side by side on Baby's hand.
Baby soon will know them all;
Listen while their names we call:

Thumbo great,
Pointer straight,
Longman Jim,
Feeble Tim,
And spry little Pretty-man
Next to him.



THE FIVE DANCERS

THUMBIKIN, Thumbikin says "Good-day."
Pinnikin, Pinnikin points the way.
Middle-man says, "I'll be the king!"
Feeble-man says, "I'll wear the ring!"
Little-man says, "We'll all stand here
Ready to dance for Baby dear."



"THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET."



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY E. THEODORE NELSON, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

WITH the advent of spring, the accepted "poet's season," it is quite appropriate that our young rhymesters should carry off the honors this month with a sum total of six badges to their credit—three gold and three silver—a rather unusual record, of which they may justly be proud, as it pleasantly reflects the excellent character of their offerings. And crowding the young poets closely for first place in the medal class come the young artists, with many admirable drawings; ingenious and well-arranged suggestions for April headings; and several really serious efforts at illustrating, clever in treatment and technique, and with a humorous vein in some of them which is most enjoyable. Judging from the showing they have made in many of our recent issues, our young artists and

poets may be depended upon to keep the League well supplied with admirable material at all times. Certainly their fellow-members will agree that their success has been well earned this month.

But our young authors and photographers have also helped to fill the League's April program of good things. Indeed, with many well-told stories of holiday happenings and adventure, and with several exquisite bits of winter landscape—snow-covered vistas where we can almost hear the "sleigh-bells ring"—they have rounded out the League's pages to a most satisfactory completion.

Again we extend our thanks to all our young poets, authors, artists, and photographers for the earnest efforts which have made possible this remarkably good display.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 146

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

PROSE. Silver badges, **William Deering Davis** (age 14), Chicago, Ill.; **Elizabeth Boyd White** (age 8), Atlantic City, N. J.; **Rebecca Hubbard Wilder** (age 13), Denver, Col.; **Herbert C. Philpott** (age 14), Arlington, Mass.; **Mary Van Fossen** (age 17), Washington, D. C.

VERSE. Gold badges, **Winifred Sackville Stoner, Jr.** (age 9), Pittsburg, Pa.; **Irma A. Hill** (age 14), New York City, N. Y.; **Mary Horne** (age 17), Rye, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Emily T. Burke** (age 12), Palo Alto, Cal.; **Bernice Lesbia Kenyon** (age 14), Smithtown Branch, N. Y.; **Marian Thanouser** (age 12), Milwaukee, Wis.

DRAWINGS. Gold badge, **Louise F. Dantzebecher** (age 16), West Philadelphia, Pa.

Silver badges, **E. Theodore Nelson** (age 14), Brooklyn, N. Y.; **Evangeline Clark** (age 12), Orange, N. J.; **Dorothy E. Handsaker** (age 13), Tacoma, Wash.; **Beatrice Howard-Robinson** (age 17), Watford, Eng.; **Alison M. Kingsbury** (age 13), Pittsburg, Pa.; **Howard Sherman** (age 11), New York City.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver badges, **Elizabeth Phillips** (age 12), Goshen, N. Y.; **Margaret Condict** (age 14), Plainfield, N. J.; **Anita Delafield** (age 13), Lenox, Mass.

WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY. Class "B" prize, **Frederick A. Richter** (age 16), Missoula, Mont.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver badge, **Cecily Bovaird** (age 11), New York City, N. Y.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Gold badge, **Philip Franklin** (age 13), Williamsbridge, N. Y.

Silver badge, **Constance Wilcox** (age 16), New York City, N. Y.

THE WINDS OF MARCH

BY IRMA A. HILL (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge)

OUTSIDE, where all is bitter cold,
 And everywhere lies frosty snow,
 A ragged beggar, gray and old,
 Knocks at the door and will not go.
 No one will let him in: he scowls,
 And blows great storm-blasts far and near,
 And shakes the windows, wails, and howls,
 Till all the earth is chill and drear.

Just then, with laugh and shout, skips by
 A jester, blustering and gay;
 Afraid, the beggar tries to fly,
 But now he cannot get away!
 The jester's grasp has proved too tight,
 And, struggling hotly more and more,
 The two foes long and fiercely fight,
 With many blows and much uproar.

"Ye sons of March, cease now your fray!"
 A soft, sweet voice rings through the air;
 A girl, fair as a summer's day,
 Stands in the path before them there.
 And at her word, the storm is past,
 The whole glad earth begins to sing;
 The winds are vanquished, and, at last,
 They bow before the breeze of Spring.



"WHERE THE SLEIGH-BELLS RING." BY JOSEPHINE ROOT, AGE 13.

A HOLIDAY ADVENTURE

BY WILLIAM DEERING DAVIS (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

ALL was quiet in the salon of the *Lorraine*, for the musicians had just finished the evening's program. Suddenly a shrill scream was heard, and a moment later, as if by magic, every one appeared on deck, and there was a babble of voices, because French, English, and Spanish were all being spoken at once. Then the sailors came running out and added to the confusion. Soon a life-boat was launched. On the port side a signal light of distress was seen. Almost at the same instant that our life-boat touched the sea, the dim outline of a red dory was seen emerging from the dense fog. An excited parley occurred between our captain and the man in the boat. In a short time, our boat came alongside, bringing three men clad in oilskins and hip boots. The men came up the ladder, which was hanging from our lowest deck. After several more trips, our life-boat was drawn up, and the excitement lessened. Soon two dories with another behind them were dimly seen in the fog, but these quickly grew more distinct as they

approached. Their occupants climbed the ladder to our deck. In the space of about twenty minutes, four more boats arrived, and then our engines began to throb, and we moved on our course.

This thrilling scene was caused by our running down a very large, French, fishing schooner. Although the



"WHERE THE SLEIGH-BELLS RING." BY ELIZABETH PHILLIPS, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

fishing vessel was three hundred feet long, our steamer was so stanch that no one except those in the forward part felt the shock of the collision.

We rescued the crew of the fisherman, and in doing so had to wait until those scattered over the fishing grounds had come to us in response to the danger signal of the disabled schooner.

A HOLIDAY ADVENTURE

BY MARY VAN FOSSEN (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

It was New Year's night, and I was having a masquerade party. The boys were clowns, foot-ball heroes,



"WHERE THE SLEIGH-BELLS RING." BY MARGARET CONDUCT, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

Indians, and cowboys, while the girls appeared as Martha Washingtons, Pierrettes, and Mary Stuarts. We had been dancing so hard all the evening, that

some one suggested that we rest for a few minutes and tell stories.

I had hardly gotten started on mine, when my mother came to the door, and in a very excited voice asked us

back at the crucial point were now very brave, and explained many times that they had known all along it was only "Gonny," but the girls, the rest of the evening, gave their attentions to the two heroes and the burglar.



"WHERE THE SLEIGH-BELLS RING." BY BETTY COMSTOCK, AGE 14.

to keep quiet, and listen to a noise in the basement. I must say we all looked delighted, and hoped it would prove thrilling. We heard a bang down-stairs, a seuffle of feet, and then silence. That was enough for the boys; brandishing their pistols and tomahawks, they led the way down-stairs, followed by the girls.

There, right before our eyes, we saw a burglar! His clothes were old and ragged, a dirty cap completely covered his face, and, horrible to tell, he was clutching a revolver! The brave ones of our party were quickly discovered, as only two of the boys kept on. The figure



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY EVANGELINE CLARK, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

never moved until almost hit by the boy in the lead, and then—he giggled!

"The burglar" was one of the guests, who had succeeded in fooling us all. The boys who had fallen

THE MARCH WIND

BY JOSEPHINE FELTS (AGE 12)

Oh, he's a jolly fellow,
This roguish friend of ours!
He laughs and leaps and whistles
All through the long night hours.

He whistles through the pine-trees,
Seeds o'er the leafless plain,
And climbing yonder mountain,
He whirls the clouds to rain.

After you've blown out your candle,
He begins to moan and sigh;
But he stops his boisterous laughter,
When he's far up in the sky.

A HOLIDAY ADVENTURE

BY ELIZABETH BOYD WHITE (AGE 8)

(Silver Badge)

We were in a little Indian town, February 3, 1910, their feast-day of the turkey. When a band of Indian men and boys came down the street, the two leaders



"WHERE THE SLEIGH-BELLS RING." BY ANITA DELAFIELD, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

were dressed as turkeys, with wings on their arms and feathers on their legs, heads, and bodies. For two solid hours they kept up a steady dance, and one never did any different step from the other. The other Indians blew horns, and every now and then they would fire off a gun; the leaders beat tomtoms, or drums beaten with the hands. It was worth seeing. The medicine-man shook rattles, and a chorus of men chanted all the time. All the women and children, girls, I mean, were on the housetops, watching, wrapped in their best blankets.

It was the pueblo of Santo Domingo, New Mexico, and there were about eight hundred Indians, and Father, Mother, and I were the only white people there.



"WHERE THE SLEIGH-BELLS RING." BY PAUL JACOB, AGE 17.

THE WINDS OF MARCH

BY WINIFRED SACKVILLE STONER, JR. (AGE 9)

(Gold Badge)

LAST March, "Imp March Winds" teased me so, I had no peace of mind,

For when I took a little walk, these imps came close behind,

And plucked my hat from off my head and hurled it to the ground,

Or blew my handkerchief so far it never could be found.

So, thinking of the Tangu rug, I asked it to appear
And carry me away to Mars, where I need have no fear
Of being tortured by these imps who love to tease and tease,

And never let the big or small feel perfectly at ease.
Then on the magic rug I flew away up in the air,
And landed on the planet Mars. Alas, the imps were there!

And working greater havoc far than they have done on earth,

For 't was indeed the warlike Mars that gave these bad imps birth.

A HOLIDAY ADVENTURE

BY DOROTHY QUINCY SMITH (AGE 16)

THERE are five overnight stops in the Yellowstone Park arranged to form a circuit, enabling one to enter and leave at the same place. But the facilities for the forwarding of mail and packages are not yet perfected, a fact which often leads to queer complications. The mail stages run every two days, and only go one way, so that if the people are one stop in the rear of the coach, their mail must go all the way around the circuit before reaching them, even if originally it were only a matter of a very few miles.

On entering the park, we were told that no laundry could be done except at one place, so we arranged to leave it in Salt Lake City and have it forwarded to us at "Old Faithful Inn."

During our three-days' stay there, no news was heard of that laundry package, although Father patiently telephoned throughout the entire park. By this time, every

hotel manager and clerk had heard of that laundry, and was on the lookout for it. Once we nearly got it! They telegraphed that it was at the Norris Basin, but before we could catch it, it was off again on its travels. Several times we heard of it as arriving or leaving



"JUST GONE BY." BY LOUISE F. DANTZEBECKER, AGE 16.
(GOLD BADGE.)

some place, but never succeeded in finally halting it until our last night, at the Norris Basin. The manager of the hotel there joyfully telegraphed us that it was in his office for the third time, and to keep it there until our arrival had it chained to the leg of his chair, where we captured it that night—much to our delight.

THE WINDS OF MARCH

BY EMILY T. BURKE (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

The winds of March blow fiercely
O'er all the country side,
O'er lake and plain and mountain,
And o'er the ocean wide.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY DOROTHY E. HANDSAKER, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

The winds of March blow loudly
O'er melting ice and snow;
But I know that springtime follows them,
No matter how they blow.

The winds of March blow briskly
Over the fields and wood;
And many a shy anemone
Peeps out 'neath its wee, green hood.

The winds of March blow gently
Over the wide, green plain
Where crocuses and violets show
That Spring has come again.

A HOLIDAY ADVENTURE

BY HERBERT C. PHILPOTT (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

ONE Fourth of July, young Wo-Chang, a Chinese lad of about ten years, was strolling along the streets of San Francisco, wondering why there was so much noise going on. As he turned a corner, he very nearly collided with a group of boys who were duly celebrating the Glorious Fourth.

When the American lads noticed the young Chinaman, they thought it would be a good joke to make the

Oriental lad celebrate. So they seized and bound a package of fire-crackers to his queue.

After touching off the explosives, they watched the amazed lad jumping around. To add to the excitement, a few of the boys threw cannon-crackers under him.

Just then something happened which surprised the whole crowd.

A young lady passer-by burst through the circle of boys to the side of Wo-Chang.

"You should be ashamed of yourselves!" exclaimed the young lady, "for treating this boy so."

"Aw, we was only having some fun with the Chink," replied the ringleader.

"Well, hereafter you had better find another form of amusement, young man."

By that time, the fire-crackers had all exploded, and a silence settled over the crowd. The boys began to slink away as the lady assisted Wo-Chang to repair his tattered clothes, and otherwise restore himself to his natural appearance.

Wo-Chang recognized the lady as Miss Frost, a lady who did missionary work among the Chinese in San Francisco. Miss Frost went with him to his home, and explained to his parents the cause of his bad appearance. They were very grateful to her for the aid she had given their son, and thanked her most profusely.

After this kind deed of Miss Frost, Wo-Chang, in payment, attended the mission, and soon he became a Christian.

THE DAYS ARE GROWING LONGER

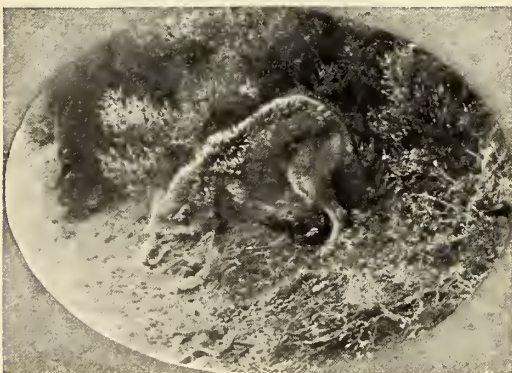
BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 13)

(Honor Member)

The days are growing longer,
For Spring is coming, dear,
And every budding flower
And bird will soon appear.

Then over field and hillside,
Where winter fairies flew,
Will bloom a fragrant carpet
Of violets so blue.

The sun will shine so brightly,
A message of good cheer,
As the days are growing longer,—
For Spring is coming, dear!



"A COYOTE." BY FREDERICK A. RICHTER, AGE 16. (PRIZE, CLASS "B," WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)



AN APRIL HEADING

"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY MARGARET A. FOSTER, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

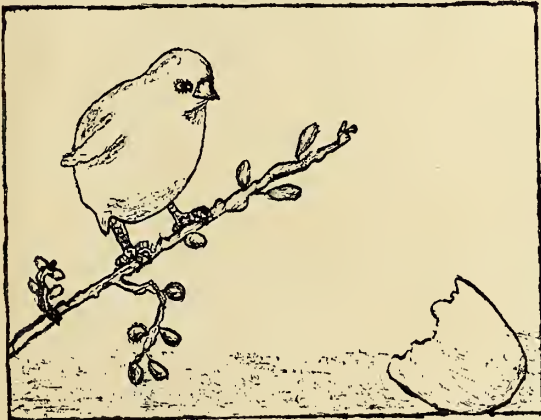
THE WINDS OF MARCH

BY MARY HORNE (AGE 17)

(Gold Badge)

I COME with a rush and I come with a roar;
I rattle the windows and shake every door;
I swirl round the corners, I howl in the night,
I shriek, and I whistle with all of my might.

For I am the Wind of the North that blows
In the mad, merry month of March!



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY PAULVNE F. MAY, AGE 15.

I come with a spatter and come with a dash;
I come with a downpour, and come with a splash;
I come with the cold, and I come with the rain,
And every one's sorry to see me again.

For I am the Wind of the East that blows
In the mad, merry month of March!

I come with a hint of the birds that are singing,
With news of the flowers that soon will be springing;
I tell of the brooks running free in the sun,
And bring the Spring's message to every one.

For I am the Wind of the West that blows
In the mad, merry month of March!

I come with soft kisses and promise of roses,
And bearing the breath of the sweet Southern posies;
With whispers of love I would woo you forever,
To charm and delight you is all my endeavor.

For I am the Wind of the South that blows
In the mad, merry month of March!

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A HOLIDAY ADVENTURE

BY JOAN WATERLOW (AGE 14)

ABOUT five years ago, I had a rather startling adventure in the Christmas holidays. It occurred on a Saturday night, and Christmas Day was on the following Tuesday.

My sister and I had been in bed some time, when we were startled by a violent ringing of a bell, and soon after this, we heard people coming up-stairs. My mother and several servants came into our bedroom, Mother telling us to get out of bed quickly, and not to be frightened, because we were in no danger. We were wrapped in dressing-gowns and blankets, and taken down-stairs to the hall, where my father was waiting for us. There was a strong smell of smoke, and in the porch was a red glare, and red-hot cinders floating about, while the lead panes of the dining-room windows



"JUST GONE BY." BY DORA GUY, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

were popping out like pistol-shots, and big flames were coming from the basement window. In the street a crowd was gathering, and in the front of it a baby was howling. As we were hurried along, Mother heard some people ask "where they were hurrying those poor little things to at that time of night." The "poor little things" were being hurried to the house of some friends a few doors off, where they spent the night and part of

the next day. We were taken up to our friend's nursery, from where we heard the fire-engines dashing along.

The fire was put out, but a room and a half were burned, as was the dining-room windows, and a hole



"JUST GONE BY." BY BEATRICE HOWARD-ROBINSON, AGE 17.
(SILVER BADGE.)

was made in the dining-room floor, while the whole of the basement was absolutely black.

As a result of this fire, we had to have our meals out for some days to come, including Christmas dinner.

THE NIGHT WINDS OF MARCH

BY BERNICE LESBIA KENYON (AGE 14)
(Silver Badge)

NIGHT winds through the clear air ring
With a swing,
While they sing,
And the flying snow they bring.

There 's a white cloud floating by,
Floating high
In the sky,
While the cool night breezes sigh.

Moonbeams falling, falling slow
On the snow,
Here below,
While the breezes come and go.

On the night winds, still, we hear
Through the clear
Atmosphere,
Snow a-drifting, flying near.

Yet the night winds onward blow,
Blowing snow
As they go,
Piling it in drifts below.

Winds have gone so far away
Ne'er to stay,
In their play
On they go, away, away.

THE WINDS OF MARCH

BY BRUCE T. SIMONDS (AGE 16)
(Honor Member)

THE winds of March are here again!
Those wrinkled, weird, and witch-like dames
Who whistle shrilly round the eaves,
And call each other ghostly names;
Who gather up the last year's leaves
Which, every autumn, earth receives;
Who veer the trembling weather-vane;
The winds of March are here again!

The winds of March are here again!
They come to sweep the earth for spring;
They brush away the dirty snow,
The dust, the sticks which, stubborn, cling;
They clean the fields and woods; below,
Flowers, encouraged, start to grow;
And Nature sings a joyful strain;—
The winds of March are here again!

HOLIDAYS AT HOME

BY REBECCA HUBBARD WILDER (AGE 13)
(Silver Badge)

HOLIDAYS! what a dreadful picture that brings to my mind! I remember in particular the first vacation after I came to Dover.

My mistress kept two horrid creatures called boys, but why is more than I can comprehend. When I first came, they were away at school. My mistress used to take me in her lap, and as she stroked me, tell me about them.

One morning she told me that they would be at home for two whole delightful weeks. In answer I only purred, but I was pleased.

That afternoon, as I lay before the fire, there was a cold gust of wind and a dreadful noise. My mistress jumped up to greet her pets. I could not imagine who made the noise, but, turning around to see, I beheld two common creatures instead of pet boys. I expected



"JUST GONE BY." BY ALISON M. KINGSBURY, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

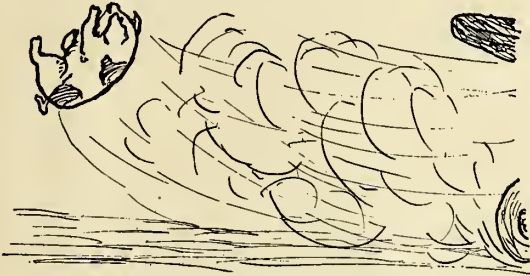
my mistress to turn them out directly, but she welcomed them fondly as her own dear sons!

They made such a dreadful noise that I stole away into the kitchen, where I could lie in peace behind the

stove. Nora was mopping, but as she never mopped where I slept, this did not disturb me.

Just then the noise came nearer, and the objects of my hatred came out to see Nora. They asked her if she still knew how to make this and that kind of horrid cake. Jack, the younger boy, becoming excited, stepped back and upset the pail, and a flood of hot, soapy water rushed in upon me.

The next two delightful weeks were full of all kinds of terrors for me, and hereafter I hope the boys will spend their holidays at school.



"JUST GONE BY." BY HOWARD SHERMAN, AGE 11.
(SILVER BADGE.)

WHEN THE DAYS ARE GROWING LONGER

BY ELSA B. C. CLARK (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

WHEN the days are growing longer, and the wakened world seems new,
When the sun's pale beams grow stronger, and the skies are clear and blue,
And the aged, patient specters that the winter vexeth sore
Have forgot their senile sorrows, and become as babes once more,
Then we 'll wander through the meadows, where the earth's young, budding green,
Like a free and glad spirit, breathes its life through all the scene.

When the days were growing longer in the far-off years gone by,
Hand in hand we roamed the meadows, little children, you and I.
Then the Spirit of the Springtime made our childish hearts beat gay,—
How we loved the world around us! How we sang the livelong day!
And we climbed the broken hedge-rows and the stiles that looked so high,
With a courage never daunted, though they seemed to touch the sky!

There 's a Springtime yet, my comrade, though our childhood's years are gone,
And in heart we 'll aye be children as the dawning days roll on;
In the Spring of life's unfolding, we will wander hand in hand,
With a blithesome hope and courage through a yet untraversed land.
Though we meet with thorns of sorrow, joy, undaunted, conquering, strives,
When the days are growing longer in the Springtime of our lives!

WHEN THE DAYS GROW LONGER

BY MARIAN THANHOUSER (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

THROUGH the air, like spirits stealing, softly comes the breath of Spring.
Warm the verdant earth, and warmer hearts of birds that lightly sing.

Velvet mosses, starred with wild buds, is the forest carpet sweet,
Where the fays on moonlit evenings brightly trip with airy feet.

Each bud swelling on the bushes slowly sheds its dusky wrap
When it feels within its heart-beat fresh and youthful throbbing sap.

Zephyrs from the south are blowing, bearing scents of flowers new.
Every spring they 'll blow with music; long ago they also blew.

Long ago, ere Eden perished, they brought pleasure on their wings,
Cooled the burning brow of fever, brought the hope of better things.

Every year, and hundreds coming, Spring will smile, and send the wind,
Bringing health and strength of purpose to the body and the mind.



"JUST GONE BY." BY EDITH B. PRICE, AGE 14.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1	Weare Holbrook Margaret L. Shields Gwynne A. Abbott Lucile Frank Mary White Jessie M. Thompson Katherine E. Albert Doris F. Halman Ruth Starr Virginia Sledge Tawfik I. Zureik Ruth Stromme Lillie G. Menary Vista Clayton Lucie Struller	DRAWINGS, 2	Esther A. Keane Margaret L. Munn Pearl Miller Elizabeth C. Sypher Constance M. Foster Helen Bolles Harry Medwin S. Dorothy Bell Henry A. Chaney Louise S. May Robert C. Moore Leo Swift Helen Cowell Dorothy Walter
Muriel Avery Janet Brouse Elliott Goldmark Hattie Wulke J. Norman Klein Elsie L. Lustig Estelle M. Perham Ethel M. Feuerlicht Edith M. Levy Dorothy M. Rogers Betty Humphrey Althea R. Kimberley Marion V. Hendrickson Frederick V. Hebard Josephine Schöff Ethel N. Pendleton Charlotte L. Bixby Dorothy Talbot Elizabeth Hahn Mildred Weissner Gladys B. Furst Arthur Nethercot Gwendolen Hampson Alice Keenholtz Marguerite Sisson Mac L. Casey Corinne Cassard Irma L. McMahon Joseph Kaufman F. Marie Brown Leland Hume Nancy A. Fleming Rudolph Diethelm Nathaniel Dorfman Julia H. Viall Mildred Thorp Gertrude Harden Henrietta Miller Ruth Wineland	VERSE, 2	PHOTOGRAPHS, 1	
PROSE, 2	DRAWINGS, 1	PUZZLES, 1	PHOTOGRAPHS, 2
Dorothy A. Fessenden Marion Hersey Marion F. Anderson Helen Anderson Allene Herring Virginia C. Wilder Mary Frank Goldie Zucker Ethel R. Van Steenberg Duncan Mellor Clarke Wertebaker Helen B. Bennett	Norman A. Kelly Fred W. Reich Casper van Breugel Douglas Helen A. Baker Earl Garard Copeland Hovey Harry Till Austin R. Gordon Edward R. Page Welthea B. Thoday Henrietta H. Henning Jessie Wilson W. M. Shaw Frances H. Burt Janet Hubbard Julia Hepburn Beryl Morse Harry Dworkin Lucy F. Rogers Kathryn K. MacMahan Rosella M. Hartmann Julia M. Herget Louise Hogshead Elizabeth Martindale Irwin Eppstein Vivian Hall Walter J. Baëza Lawrencia Vradenburg Frances Eliot Marjorie L. McKillop Ellsworth Jaeger Louise Child Jennie E. Everden	Duane R. Everson Sam Bronsky Margaret Billingham Anthony Fabbri George J. Hecht William Waller Edith Pierpont Stickney Malcolm B. Carroll Carl A. Giese Eleanor Hampton Verner Eugene Scott Eleanor King Newell Marjorie F. Wait "Minuta" Louisa G. Wells Phoebe Schreiber Lambe Wilmarth W. Thompson Isidore Helfand	Esther R. Harrington Esther Detmer Dickson Green Katharine Thompson Loyala B. Lee
Helen D. Baker Dorothy Ward Lucie Morton Lettie Kinne Florence Towle Bertha E. Walker Vera F. Keevers Elizabeth Page James Marion F. Hayden	VERSE, 1	PUZZLES, 2	ESTHER R. HARRINGTON ESTHER DETMER DICKSON GREEN KATHARINE THOMPSON LOYALA B. LEE
		Henry B. Van Fleet Fannie Ruley Katherine Clark William J. Ehrich, Jr.	

ROLL OF THE CARELESS

A LIST of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be properly entered for the competition:

NOT INDORSED. Hildegard E. Wood, Marion Rawson, Bertha Vaughan, James R. Gordon, Fannie Lowerre, Edith Townsend, Paul C. Rogers, Barbara Crebbin, Mary V. Farmer, William Vieira, Claire Hepner, Thankful Bickmore.

NO AGE. Eugene Havemann, Edmond S. Roberts, Russell Hawkins, William C. Kalning, Harry B. Dresser, Harry Savage, Marion McDonald, Florence L. Smith.

NO ADDRESS GIVEN. Carl Fichandler, Anne Townsend, Eleanor Fish, Margaret Cuddy, Frank Meyst, Jr., Elinor G. Smith, Doris Silbert, Max Lewis.

LATE. Louise van B. Douglas, Olive Kimbell, Marian Walzer, Bodil Hornemann, Jean B. Rogers, Cleo Damianakes, John Hilzinger, Natalie Plough, Donald C. Dorian, Georgian Leadbetter, Carl Herzog.

WRONG SUBJECT. Anna L. Porter.

WRITTEN ON BOTH SIDES. Ethel Delb, James Sheehan, Henry F. Merrill, Marion Hunter, Samuel L. Matthia, Grace Grimes, Walter Bateman, Florence Cohen.

WRITTEN IN PENCIL. B. Cresswell, Dorothy Slocum.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 150

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 150 will close April 10 (for foreign members April 15).—Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for August.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "In Meadows Green," or "To-Day and—Tomorrow."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "My Favorite Recreation—and Why," or "An Unusual Experience."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "At Work," or "Through Fields and Lanes."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "At the Gate," or "Something Funny," or a Heading for August.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

OAK PARK, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been a Christmas present to me for five years, and you are one of my nicest ones, for you come every month, so that you are really twelve presents.

We have two canary-birds, named "Fritzi" and "Chester." They are both fine singers, and have duets which are very pretty.

I think "The Lady of the Lane," "Crofton Chums," and "The Knights of the Golden Spur" are fine, and am so eager to read more of them.

Your devoted reader,

JOSEPHINE G. TAYLOR (age 13).

We gladly give place in the Letter-Box this month to brief contributions by two young readers of St. NICHOLAS, Margaret Dunham, of Scarsdale, New York, and her brother Jim; and we are sure all our readers will enjoy these quaint and charming little stories, which are very praiseworthy, indeed, as the work of a girl of nine and a boy of seven.

THE STORY OF ELIZABETH AND HER BROTHER WALTER

BY MARGARET DUNHAM (AGE 9)

ONCE there was a little girl who was reading a book about knights who went about the country doing good. They went to places called castles, and rescued the princesses who lived in them; or fought tournaments, when each knight wore the colors of some princess. While she was reading, she thought how nice it would be if there could be such things in America.

So Elizabeth told her brother Walter to go to the President of the United States and ask him if he would consent to having princesses and knights in the land; and if he would consent to it, his sister Elizabeth had arranged to be a princess, and he was to be a knight.

Walter went right away to the President, and the President consented. Walter went back to Elizabeth and told her the joyful news. So then they went away, taking Elizabeth's two dogs, "Dobbin" and "Toby," and as they rode on, Elizabeth asked Walter where she would have her castle. Walter answered: "I think you could go to the castle of St. Lawrence." "I will, Sir Walter; I will go to the castle of St. Lawrence," said Elizabeth.

Just then they came to where the roads branched, and there they said good-by. Elizabeth took the road to the castle, and Walter kept straight on.

Now Elizabeth and her two dogs suddenly met a lion. Dobbin began to bark, but Elizabeth said: "Dobbin, Dobbin, stop, stop! Do not bark again. No, no, Dobbin; no, no!" The lion came to her, and licked her hands and face. Elizabeth was not a bit frightened. She only petted the lion, and said: "Will you come with me, lion; will you?" The lion growled a little, as if to say, "I will, I will." So with Dobbin, and Toby, and the lion, Elizabeth made her way to the castle of St. Lawrence.

When Elizabeth got to the castle, she first of all thought of a name for her lion. It was "Maska." Elizabeth then looked for her books (for she had brought them with her), to see what she was to do now that she

was a princess. Then she went to work to straighten up the castle and dust it. When she had finished, she went out of the castle, and walked about the place a little. Suddenly she heard howls, and running to where they came from, she saw her lion fighting with a wolf. She watched the fight until it was ended, then she went back to the castle; and just then she heard a horn blow outside. There she saw her brother and three other knights. She was glad to see them, but she ran to them and told them the castle was not ready for them yet, and that they must get more knights; and so they went away.

And Elizabeth became a very famous princess, and got a lot of princesses around her; and Walter became a very famous knight, and got a lot of knights around him. And thus the story ends.

THE STORY OF THE SEASONS

BY JIM DUNHAM (AGE 7)

ONCE the earth had no seasons. It was always summer, and the birds were always singing in the trees, and the grass was always green, and the flowers were always blooming, and the children were always children.

But one day it became colder and colder, and the children had to go indoors; then the leaves began to fall, and so they called it fall. So that is how fall came about to be.

After three months had passed, it was colder and colder, and finally it began to snow, and they called it winter. Then after three months had passed, it was warmer and warmer, and the plants, which had been all winter under the earth, were springing, and so they called it spring. Then it was summer again.

And now I have told you a full history of the seasons, and I hope you will like it; and now I have finished the Story of the Seasons. AMEN.

LANDLOCK, ALASKA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have lived in Alaska for nearly ten years, and like it very much. Contrary to the popular idea, we do not live in snow houses, nor wear skin clothing, and, I think, live very much like anybody in a civilized country.

The summer here is much like camping in the States, but the winters are very dark and dreary. In this little bay in which we live, we do not see the sun for two months in the winter, but for six weeks in the summer it is light all night long. Personally, I like these light nights very much, but they bother some people's sleeping.

The scenery in Prince William Sound is very beautiful, and the tourist trade is growing yearly. One of the principal attractions is the Copper River and Northwestern Railroad, which is being built up the Copper River valley from Cordova; and another is the Columbia Glacier, which is one of the largest and probably the most beautiful on this continent. It is about twenty-five miles from here, and we try to take a trip there every summer.

Last summer we went on a trip to Unakwik Inlet, about seventy miles from here, on the other side of the sound. The first night we slept on the beach in a little bay on Glacier Island, opposite Columbia Glacier. We

could see and hear the glacier booming all night long, and the beach was strewn with icebergs.

The wind from it blew very cold, and, as our bedding was scarce, we were glad to get up very early, and I think that the sunrise over the glacier and snow-covered mountains behind it was one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen, although I was too nearly frozen to properly enjoy it.

Your interested reader,

DOROTHY I. DICKEY.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been reading with a great deal of pleasure and interest the story written by Mr. Rupert Sargent Holland that has been running in *ST. NICHOLAS* for some time.

I am going to be an author myself when I have finished school and college, so I am reading *ST. NICHOLAS* all the time, with that end in view.

Your everlasting reader,

SERING DUNHAM WILSON, JR.

ATLANTA, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This will be the fifth year I have read you, and I enjoy you very much. The town in which I live has a population of about 1400. About four miles and one half from town is a water-mill sixty-nine years old, which is run by friends of mine whom I frequently visit. One day when I was there, I was down at the mill, watching the owner grind. He poured some corn into the hopper, and was starting to pick out some cobs that happened to be in the corn, when I saw one that looked quite different from the rest. I showed it to him, and he took it out. It proved to be a stick of dynamite about four inches long. If it had been ground up with the corn, I would not be writing this letter now.

I enjoy reading the letters in the Letter-Box every month. There was a letter in the February number, written by Theo Hewes, that interested me very much. He said in his letter that his great-great-grandfather signed the Declaration of Independence. My great-great-grandfather was with Washington at Valley Forge.

Your interested reader,

HAROLD H. HAWES (age 11).

DENVER, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think all the stories in *ST. NICHOLAS* are just fine. I wish the stories would never end. I liked "Dorothy, the Motor-Girl," awfully well. I got the *ST. NICHOLAS* for a Christmas present.

I remain,

Your most interested reader,

ELIZABETH SPARHAWK (age 9).

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sorry I can't write to you from some far-away place, yet I have not seen many letters from Washington.

I have had quite a few experiences for a girl my age, but I suppose it is partly due to having two brothers older than myself. Here is one of them:

Last summer we started for an interesting trip on the *Lady Maud*, a cabin cruiser fifty feet long and twelve feet beam.

We started from here, and went up the Potomac River, Chesapeake Bay, where we encountered an awful squall, up Delaware Bay, through three canals,

New York harbor, up the Hudson River, and up to Lake Champlain. We were right across the lake from Fort Ticonderoga, where Ethan Allen and the "Green Mountain Boys" had such a victory.

Going up there and back was about two thousand miles, and a pretty long trip for a boat that size.

When we got "up North," the people would say, "Are you all the way from Washington?"

We had many spare minutes on the boat, and I could n't have gotten along without you.

I have you given me every Christmas, bound, and I intend to save you for my children to read, when I grow up, and I am sure they will enjoy them; but *not* as much as I do. **THEY COULD N'T!**

I am your interested reader,

LINDEN PATTISON (age 11).

FLORENCE, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We had here in Tuscany (Siena), on the thirteenth of September, a severe earthquake. The shock was rather strong, and accompanied by a sort of loud thunder. Every one in this part of the country was much frightened. It was about one o'clock in the night. The peasants were all out of the houses and lit great fires. It was a strange sight we had from our place on the hill to see the whole country spread with fires. The next day we felt some more shocks, but less strong. This was my first earthquake experience, and it was very unpleasant.

With best love to *ST. NICHOLAS*,

MARIA LUISA RICASOLI.

TIPTON, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have ever written to you, and I have taken you for a year; I am going to take you again this year.

ST. NICHOLAS has afforded me much pleasure, because my little brother is asleep most of the time, and I have to find something quiet to do. But I like you anyway.

Your affectionate reader,

GEORGEANNE GIFFORD (age 10).

TAI-KU, KOREA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am the daughter of a medical missionary in Korea.

I have taken you for a year, and like you very much.

My mother sends me to an English school in China. Last fall, while I was there, the Revolutionists were capturing cities and having a great war. One Sunday night, when we were all asleep, the Revolutionists took the city, but it was done so peacefully, that we did n't know about it till morning.

Then we were told, next day, that forty soldiers had been sent to guard the schools.

I have two brothers and one sister.

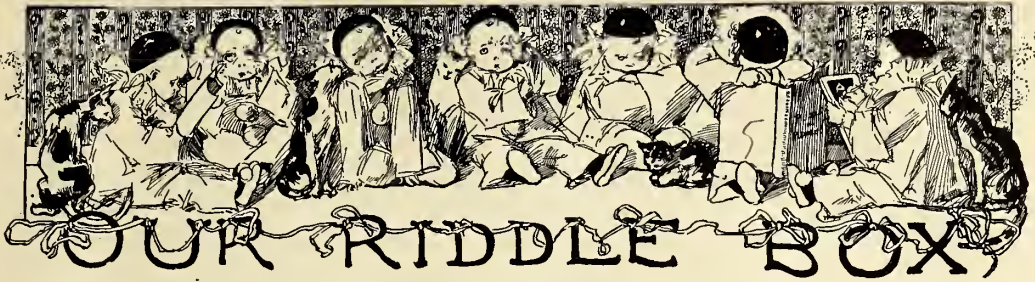
We have a lot of pets: a monkey, named "Jacko," which our grandmother bought near Java, from some Portuguese sailors, two white mice, two cats, and a dog, named "Pat."

We keep Jacko in an old ice-house, when it is very cold. And we have a hard time to keep our cats from eating his food up. He is such a foolish little monkey, that when he goes to bed, he leaves his tail outside, so it gets frozen.

The stories I liked best were: "Young Crusoes of the Sky" and "The Forest Castaways."

Your interested reader,

MARY PARKER JOHNSON.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Primals: Demosthenes; third row: Hippocrates. Cross-words: 1. Dahlia. 2. Elicit 3. Mopish. 4. Oppose. 5. Sloven. 6. Tackle. 7. Harbor. 8. Enamel. 9. Nettle. 10. Evenly. 11. Sister.

QUADRUPLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. Alfred Tennyson. 1. Unqu-ali-fied, ail. 2. Cand-ela-brum, lea. 3. Supe-ri-fi-cial, fir. 4. Unfo-rtu-nate, rut. 5. Batt-lem-ents, elm. 6. Gorm-and-izer, Dan. 7. Frus-tra-tion, tar. 8. Temp-era-ment, ear. 9. Envi-ron-ment, nor. 10. Indi-gna-tion, nag. 11. Penn-yw-ight, yew. 12. Circ-ums-pect, sum. 13. Evap-ora-tion, oar. 14. Main-ten-ance, net.

CONNECTED HOUR-GLASSES. I. Cross-words: 1. Parasol. 2. Midas. 3. Ode. 4. I. 5. Ask. 6. Moose. 7. Connote. Centrals: Addition. II. Cross-words: 1. Lockers. 2. Spike. 3. Ape. 4. L. 5. Aim. 6. Donor. 7. Elegant. Centrals: Kipling. III. Cross-words: 1. Seismic. 2. Caper. 3. Peg. 4. N. 5. Ice. 6. Spear. 7. Torrent. Centrals: Spencer.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Lover. 2. Olive. 3. Vices. 4. Event. 5. Rests.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received before January 10 from Agnes L. Thomson—Frances B. Gardiner—Charles and Stiles—Theodore H. Ames—Frank Black—Constance Wilcox—"Marcapan"—Jean S. Peck—Harmon B., James O., and Glen T. Vedder—Philip Franklin—E. H. O. and M. O. S.—Claire Hepner—Malcolm B. Carroll—Thankful Bickmore—H. L. N. Schmalging.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received before January 10 from Angeline H. Loveland, 8—Dorothy Bowman, 7—"Queenscourt," 10—Bessie T. Keene, 10—Cecil Willis and Elizabeth Goldbeck, 10—Belle Humphrey, 9—Judith A. Marsland, 9—Gladys Naramore, 9—Minette Stroock, 9—Jack Hopkins, 10—Isabelle M. Craig, 10—Helen L. Prendergast, 9—Reginald G. Hammond, 10—Janet B. Fine, 9—Eugene Scott, 9—Eleanor Manning, 10—Henry Seligsohn, 8—Mary O'Connor, 10—Margery E. Beck, 9—Margaret M. Burney, 10—Marion L. Ringer, 10—Elaine A. Blackman, 10—Ruth S. McNaughton, 8—Valerie Raas, 8—Edna R. Meyle, 7—Margaret L. Bateman, 5—Martha L. Porter, 5—Margaret C. Baker, 6—George O. Lines, 4—Eleanor Shaw, 4—Evelyn Russell, 4—Frederick Ingram and Dorothy Pettit, 3—Eleanor F. Tobin, 3—May Gunn, 3—Pauline E. Gee, 3—Grace McLaughlin, 3—Beatrice Wineland, 3—Isabel McConway, 2—Sophie E. Woods, 2—Edward Goodnow, 2—Ruth Dorchester, 2—Mary V. R. Lorillard, 2—Marion J. Benedict, 2—Grace Freese, 2—Elizabeth D. Taylor, 2—Aline S. Buchman, 2—Edna Arnstein, 2—Germaine A. Guntzer, 2—Bessie Shinton, 2—Olga Barabini, 2—Helen Wightman, 2.

ANSWERS TO ONE PUZZLE were received from D. S. W., Jr.—M. H. P.—J. C.—J. O.—W. H.—J. S. E.—H. N.—O. C.—C. V.—T. D.—P. B.—d'A. H.—R. M.—A. G. B.—A. L. M.—M. M.—G. P. H., Jr.—B. B.—C. O.—D. L. T.—H. M.—B. M. W.—K. W. K.—P. M.—C. L.—B. H. K.—L. S.—H. F.—R. C.—S. J.—E. D.—H. B.—R. G.—H. R.—A. M.—C. D.—G. E. R.—L. B.—V. L.—R. O. E.—W. H. W.—A. H.—B. B.—B. W.—E. G. B.—E. W.—K. T.—A. F. H.—R. W.—M. B.—J. A. F.—I. B. D.—C. A.—M. L.—B. S.—S. E. J. R.—J. F.—A. M.—N. C. B.—M. C.—H. B. W.—C. R.—M. S.—H. Y.—B. L. S.—D. F. D.—M. O. C.—G. E. D.—H. B.—M. H.—G. K.—I. S.—F. S.—F. R.—F. T.—M. A. W.—H. R.—E. P.—K. H.—B. N.—G. M.—E. B.—K. McH.—R. E. C.—M. D.—M. B.—W. K.—M. P. H.—G. G.—L. H. T.—A. S.—J. P. McC.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG

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THE zigzag of stars spells the name of a famous poet and novelist; the zigzag of circles, the letters indicated by the numbers 1 through 8, and 9 through 15 spell the names of three of his works.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Heaviness. 2. Terrestrial. 3. To give way. 4. Courage. 5. To roam. 6. To linger. 7. The end. 8. To save. 9. Extremely minute. 10. A current of water. 11. An inn.

CARL A. GIESE (age 17), Honor Member.

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 celebrated writer, born in April.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Easily impressed. 2. A timepiece. 3. An error in chronology. 4. Apostates. 5. Committed. 6. A presumption. 7. A difference. 8. Supreme power. 9. To kill by surprise or secret assault. 10. Ancestors. 11. Not to be recalled.

MARJORIE K. GIBBONS (age 15), League Member.

WORD-SQUARES

I. 1. BEASTS of burden. 2. To perfume. 3. Meaning. 4. To follow. 5. Precipitous.

II. 1. A fruit. 2. A bird of prey. 3. Shining with intense heat. 4. A spice. 5. Chopped.

HARRIET HENRY (age 13), League Member.

When You are on a Tramp

You need some light, nourishing food as you stop to rest.

Peter's Milk Chocolate

never cloy — does not create thirst, and is the most wholesome luncheon in the most convenient form.

¶ From the smallest store in the village to the biggest candy store in the city, remember you are always safeguarded when you buy **Peter's**, because the Peter Process and the Peter Package will always guarantee to you fresh, pure, and wholesome chocolate candy.

*"High as the Alps
in Quality."*



No Darning for Six Months Guaranteed



Buy six pairs of genuine Holeproof Hose today for your children and yourself and they will wear without holes, tears, or any necessity of darning until six months from today, or we will give you new hose free. The dealer from whom you buy will give you a signed-in-ink guarantee and coupons to send back should any hose wear out.

Dealers are now showing the new Spring colors.

Genuine Holeproof Hose, the original guaranteed hose, have been sold this way for the past twelve years. Last year 95% of our entire output outlasted that guarantee—wore longer than six months.

Yet "Holeproof" are not heavy or coarse, like other guaranteed hose. They are made from Egyptian and Sea Island cotton yarn, costing an average of seventy cents per pound. There is no better cotton yarn to be had. No one can pay any more for it, for that is the top market price. Common yarn sells for thirty cents a pound—less than half what we pay for ours.

We use in the silk goods only pure thread silk from northern Japan.

It is this quality in Holeproof Hose that makes them wear, makes them soft, light in weight, and stylish. Hose made from heavy yarn may wear six months, but nobody wants to wear them. There is only one genuine "Holeproof"—only one guaranteed hosiery made with seventy-cent yarn. It is

6 Pairs
Guaranteed
6 Months

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

There are twelve colors, ten weights and five grades for men—seven colors, three weights and three grades for women—and two colors, two weights and three grades for children. Prices are \$1.50 up to \$3 for six pairs, according to finish and weight.

The silk "Holeproof" cost \$2 for three pairs of men's, guaranteed three months, and \$3 for three pairs of women's, guaranteed three months.

Carl Freschl



The "Holeproof" trade-mark and the signature above are found on the toe of each pair of genuine "Holeproof." We have had thirty-eight years of hose-making experience. There are hundreds of imitations of the genuine, but you can avoid them by looking for the signature.

The genuine is sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request or ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. Try

"Holeproof." You'll never wear another kind of hosiery once you do.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

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Agents for Republic of Mexico. (302)

Are Your Hose Insured?

and according to the degree of natural strength of the individual, there comes a time when ill results are surely felt.

Then, it is well to heed Nature's warning.

Every member of the family can drink

POSTUM

with certainty of benefit.

A change from coffee and tea to Postum has proven a revelation of comfort to thousands, and the delightful flavour of this wholesome food-drink makes the change easy and pleasant.

“There's a Reason”

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada



“That’s All Right.”

Seeing the picture in the finder is easy and so is everything else with a

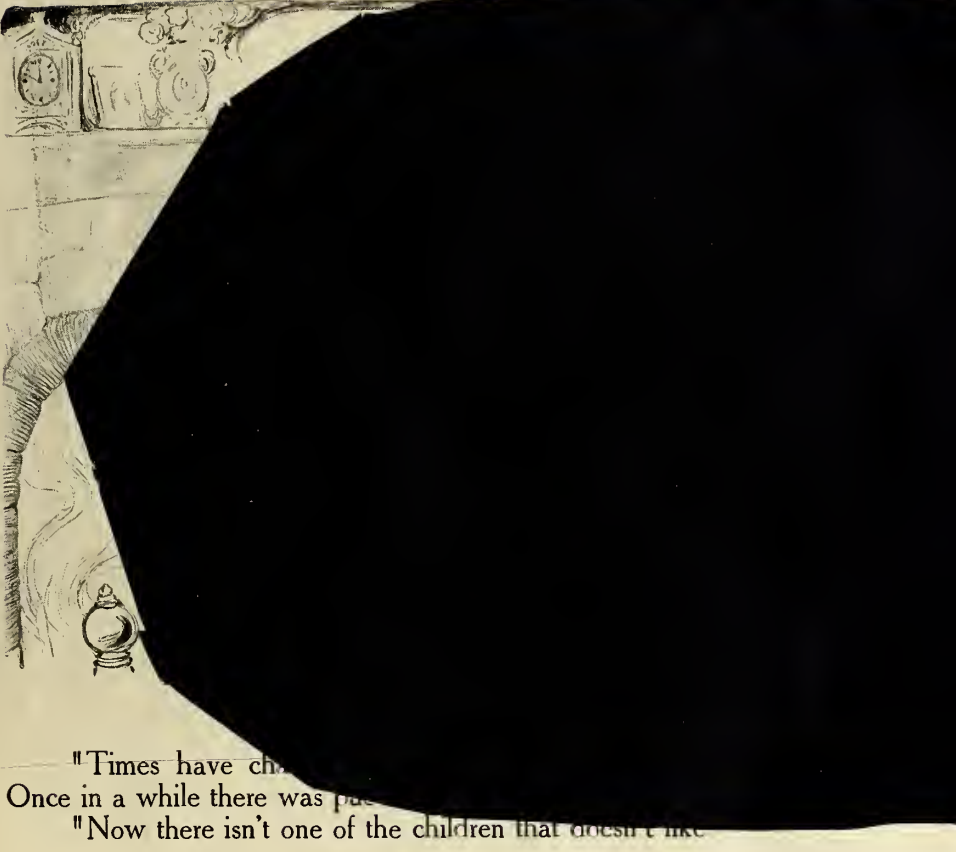
BROWNIE

It is just as easy as flying a kite or skipping rope and more fun than those things. For there is fun taking the pictures and more fun having them in a real picture book of real people and places you know.

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Your dealer will give, or we will send free copy of Brownie Book.

Eastman Kodak Company,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*



"Times have changed
Once in a while there was pie
"Now there isn't one of the children that doesn't like

JELL-O

better than pie, and I must say I'm glad of it. Pie is dreadful hard on stomachs."

There is something worth thinking about. Pies and heavy puddings disturb digestion. Jell-O desserts are wholesome and healthful as well as delicious.

A big Jell-O dessert costs only ten cents and can be made in a minute by anybody.

Seven delightful Jell-O flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

At all grocers', 10 cents a package.

Send us your name and address and we will send you the famous recipe book, "DESSERTS OF THE WORLD," illustrated in ten colors and gold.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,

Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.



The name JELL-O is on every package in big red letters. If it isn't there, it isn't JELL-O.



One
St. Louis
Kansas City

Visit Yellowstone Park

This summer, on your way through the Storied Northwest to the North Pacific Coast, Puget Sound region, Columbia River country and Alaska. The great SEEING AMERICA trip.

Very Low Fares

To Yellowstone Park and to the Coast. Special Convention Fares effective on dates in April, May, June, July and August. Go with the Elks to Portland via "Northern Pacific." Write for full particulars. Enclose 6 cents in stamps for "Through Wonderland." Ask also for "The Fertile Northwest."

A. M. CLELAND, General Passenger Agent
ST. PAUL, MINN.

Annual Rose Festival, Portland: June 10-15, 1912. Montemara Fests, Tacoma: July 2-4, 1912. Elks' Grand Lodge Meeting, Portland: July 9-13, 1912. Golden Potlatch Carnival, Seattle: July 15-20, 1912. Panama Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco: 1915.

Northern Pacific Ry.

Direct and Only Line to Gardiner Gateway, Official
Yellowstone Park Entrance

SEE AMERICA FIRST



Any Time
O' Day



Post Toasties

With cream and sugar or fruits are wholesome and please the palate.

Crisp bits of Indian corn, cooked and toasted to an appetizing golden brown.

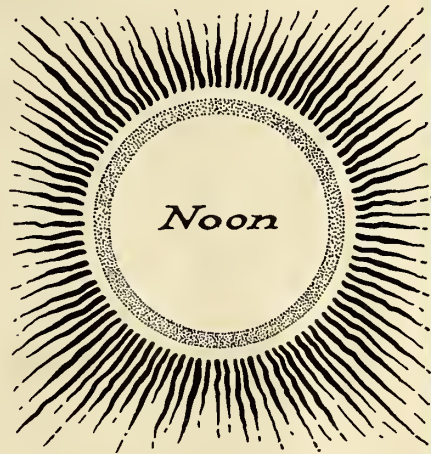
Ready to serve direct from the package.

A Minnesota woman writes:

"I use Post Toasties because they are liked by all my family, making a convenient food to serve on any occasion.

"I use it for a breakfast food; then again with canned fruit or preserves, as a most delicious dessert for dinner or supper—each one desiring more.

"My experience is, all who taste want more."



Post Toasties

"The Memory Lingers"



Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A. Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd. Windsor, Ontario



“Got a Sore Throat?”

“Well, Sonny, you can thank your stars you’re not in for the dosings I used to get as a boy. You have an easier time of it these days.

“Just rub that Capsicum Vaseline well into your chest—it’s the best thing in the world for a cold or sore throat—and swallow a teaspoonful of plain White Vaseline. In the morning you’ll feel fine—soreness all gone.”

Vaseline

Capsicum Vaseline is splendid for all pains in the chest, rheumatism, neuralgia, gouty complaints, etc. More efficient than the old mustard plaster; easier to apply and cleaner; *will not blister the skin.*

Apply externally only.

There are other “Vaseline” preparations that should be in every home—each specially made for its particular uses. Ask your druggist to show you them.

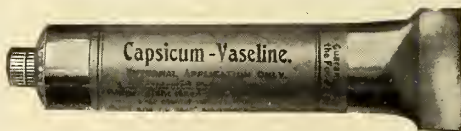
Each member of the family will find something to interest him in our free “Vaseline” booklet. Your copy will be mailed you on receipt of your address.

NOTE: Refuse to accept substitutes. Insist on “Vaseline”—made only by the

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO.
(Consolidated)

18½ STATE ST., NEW YORK

Branch Offices - - - London—Montreal



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.*

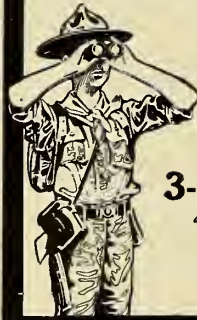
Write *today* for a generous free sample and the valuable free 3-in-One Dictionary. 3-in-One has been for over 17 years the leading bicycle oil. It makes all bearings run much easier and prevents wear—cuts out all dirt and never gums or clogs. It cleans and polishes, prevents rust on all metal parts.

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 does 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.)

Write for the free sample *today.*



3-in-One Oil Co.

42 Q. M. Broadway,
New York



MENNEN'S “FOR MINE”



Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder

keeps my skin in healthy condition.

Sample Box for 4c. stamp.

GERHARD MENNEN CO.

Newark, N. J.



Trade Mark



CRYSTAL *Domino* SUGAR

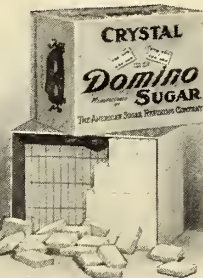
Beauty goes below the surface with Crystal Domino Sugar. Goodness and purity are in its every sparkling grain.

Each step of its refining and crystalizing is guarded by modern methods of scrupulous cleanliness. It almost makes itself in a wonderful web of glistening machinery that leaves no chance for impurity or contamination.

And this high standard of wholesomeness obtains with every other "Quality Product" of

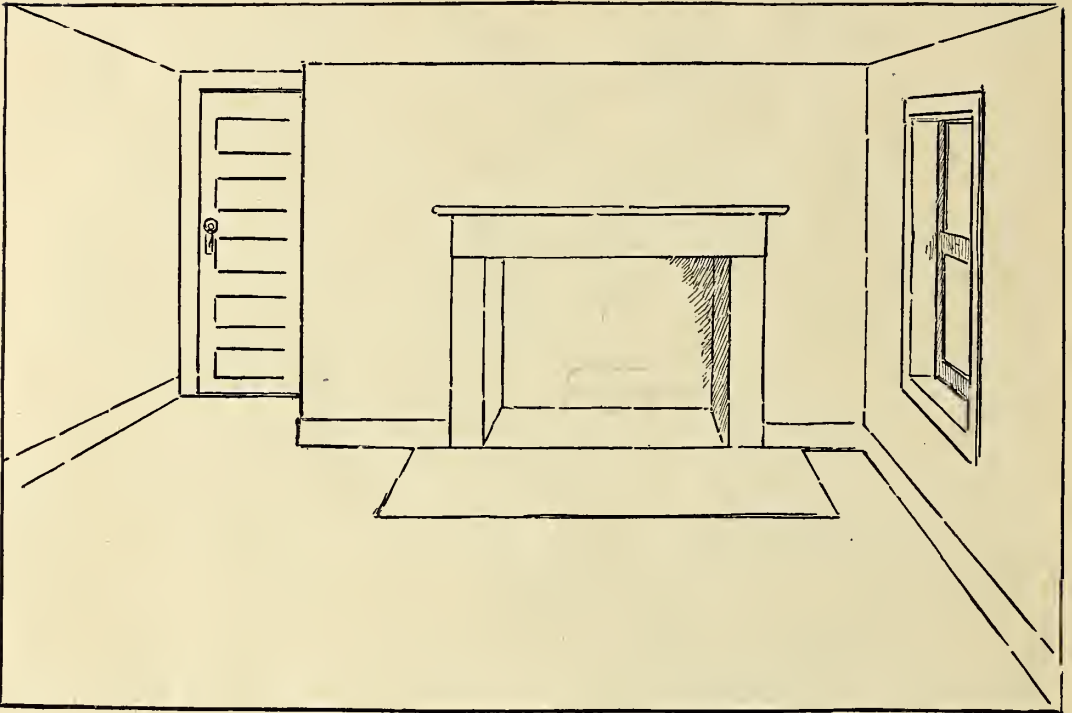
The American Sugar Refining Co.
117 Wall Street, New York

Read the story of its making in our splendidly illustrated booklet, sent on request. Address Dept. L.



St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 124.

Time to hand in answers is up April 10. Prize winners announced in June number.



ALEXANDRUS PARVUS, FECIT. 1912

Above you will see a drawing that has been made by our young friend Alexander the Little. In fact, you will notice that he has put his name at the lower margin on the right, and he was kind enough to tell you that he had signed it in Latin, "just as the Old Masters used to do." We told him it was *not* a very fine piece of work, but he said that critics always found fault "with the pictures of even the greatest geniuses." So we imagine Alexander has a fairly good opinion of himself.

"But it is such a bare, bleak room!" we objected.

"Kindly give me your attention," he said, "and I will explain. When I was a little boy" [he has now reached the advanced age of—well, no matter], "I used to see in the ST. NICHOLAS pictures like this, and you would let the readers complete them by cutting pictures of people and things out of advertisements, and pasting them on a copy of the drawing which they had enlarged to about twelve inches wide by eight inches deep. I thought it was time you had another competition of the same kind. This is it."

"And what kind of a room shall they make?" we asked.

"Well, it occurred to me," said Alexander, "that a den would make a very interesting sort of room to find good things for."

"With people in it?"

"Either with or without," Alexander replied. "Whatever looks best."

So that is what we give you to do. Make a room into which the things you put will appear to *belong*. Cut them from any magazine advertisement, and remember it is better to have good results, rather than to put in a great crowd of articles that are not the right sizes for one another, or that will make the room look like what

our grandparents called a "Hurrah's Nest." You may also put in people if they seem to help the effect.

Attach to your picture a list of the things pasted in and tell from whose advertisement and in what magazine each is taken. The articles should be listed in alphabetical order and numbered.

Do not fold or roll your competition paper, as the paste dries in that shape and then the figures fall off when it is spread out flat. This means you will not win the prize. It is better to send them between cardboards, but be sure to fully prepay the postage.

The prizes will be given for the best pictures. Both accuracy of the firms' names and the general neatness of your work will count in awarding the prizes, which are as follows:

One First Prize, \$5.00 to the one who submits the best picture.
Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each to those who submit the next best pictures.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each to those who submit the next best pictures.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each to those who submit the next best pictures.

Here are the rules and regulations:

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (124).

3. Submit answers by April 10, 1912. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 124, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, Union Square, New York.

(See also page 20.)

Let Your Judgment Show in Your Table Silver



A table with beautiful decorations should have attractive silver - or there is a lack of harmony. Knives, forks, spoons, etc., - rich in quality and beauty, should grace your dining-table.

Articles of table silver bearing the trade mark

1847 ROGERS BROS.  XS TRIPLE

are recognized as the highest grade of silver plate. Our process of finishing closes the pores of the silver so that it is worked into a firm, hard surface that will stand years of the hardest kind of wear. This process has given 1847 ROGERS BROS. silverware the well earned title of "Silver Plate that Wears."

Gifts of Silver

Its unvarying quality and richness of design make it especially favored for presentation purposes. For sale by leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue "R-5"

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY
(International Silver Company, Successor)
Meriden, Conn.

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO HAMILTON, CANADA



REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION NO. 122

From the many good essays received on "The Value of a Dictionary," the Judges feel certain that a great many of you boys and girls really found the dictionary a very useful book, particularly in looking up words like "Stylish-Hinders" and finding they represented "Chiclets" and not "Class Pins" as some of you thought.

We are inclined to think that those who worked on this competition are the best sort of boys and girls because they were not discouraged just because the work looked difficult. It did require much thought to solve these riddles and a great many of you gave the correct answers; but there were some who did n't apply to themselves what they wrote about the value of a dictionary. Some of you were not careful to write correctly the name of the advertised articles. Here they are:

Educator Animal Crackers
 Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon
 Keen Kutter Tool Cabinets
 Pond's Extract
 Northern Pacific Ry.
 U. S. Skates
 Jell-O
 Flexible Flyer
 Fairy Soap
 Crystal Domino Sugar
 Chiclets
 The Coward Shoe
 Post Toasties
 Baker's Cocoa
 Spencerian Steel Pens
 Velvet Grip Hose Supporter
 St. Nicholas
 The Century Magazine
 Maillard's Breakfast Cocoa
 Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream

One thing pleases the Judges immensely, and that is the originality and artistic taste some of you show in preparing your answers. Your drawing and paste work is remarkably good, and while according to the rules this does not entitle you to a prize if your answers are not correct, we feel your work deserves commendation, which will explain the Roll of Honor that has been prepared. The names of these young artists follow immediately after the prize winners, who this month are as follows:

One First Prize, \$5.00:

Gladys Gordon, age 14, Michigan

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

Fred Torsch, age 12, Maryland
 Patrina M. Colis, age 14, New York

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:

Pollack Boyd, age 11, Tennessee
 Genevieve G. Earle, age 14, New York
 Faye H. Mix, age 15, Connecticut

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

George B. Summers, age 9, Iowa
 Julian Vance, age 13, New York
 May Coggins, age 13, Arizona
 Elizabeth Young, age 13, Ottawa
 Edna Milliman, age 13, New York
 Raymond Rich, age 12, Massachusetts
 Laurence K. Peabody, age 10, New York
 Anna B. Stearns, age 16, Massachusetts
 Ailsie Stevenson, age 15, Illinois
 Ellen T. Greely, age 13, New Hampshire

Honorable Mention

Louise Gram Hansen, Norway
 Amram Scheinfeld, Wisconsin
 Lois R. Fowler, New Jersey
 Arthur Nethercot, Illinois
 Harriot A. Parsons, New York
 H. Wearle Holbrook, Iowa
 Harry R. Till, Pennsylvania
 Emily Loman, Pennsylvania

(See also page 18:)



Band! Come on Boys!

If Sousa's Band came marching down the street you'd be out and after it in half a minute. The chances are that Sousa's band *won't* come down your street, but you can hear it just the same—as often as you like—on your

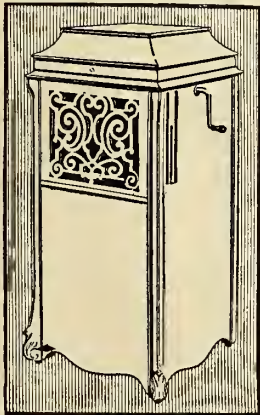
EDISON PHONOGRAPH

— not only Sousa's, but other great bands, such as the Garde Republicaine Band, U. S. Marine Band, and New York Military Band. And band music is only one of the many kinds of entertainment that the Edison has in store for you.

Think of hearing Harry Lauder in one of his droll Scotch songs, Victor Herbert and his orchestra playing one of the pieces for which they are famous, Nat M. Wills telling a funny story, Slezak singing a great aria from opera, and all the other best artists in every line, *whenever you want them*. And think of the fun of making records yourself. That's what it means to own an Edison Phonograph—entertainment for every member of the family—entertainment that you never tire of and that never tires.

Write us, to-day, for a catalogue and complete information.

Edison Phonographs from \$15 to \$200; sold at the same prices everywhere in the United States. Edison Standard Records 35c; Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long) 50c; Edison Grand Opera Records 75c to \$2.00. We have a large, handsomely illustrated catalogue showing all types of Edison Phonographs, with descriptions and prices, which we will send free to any boy or girl who will write for it.



Thomas A. Edison
INCORPORATED

81 Lakeside Avenue
Orange, N. J.

The Day's News

What is an Aeroplane?

TEMPERATURE
 Thermometer.
 C. 21, 1911

AEROPLANE FIRM WANTS DAMAGES

Says Machine Wouldn't Fly with Engine Bought Here.

PROBLEM IN AERONAUTICS

Claimants Admit That the Engine Answered Purpose When Tried in Aeroplane of a Different Make—Decision Is Reserved

A question calling for expert testimony perplexed the referee and attorneys when the Elbridge Engine Company's bankruptcy case came before George B. Draper yesterday afternoon. The Rose Aeroplane Company presented

MOND TUES) WEDN THUR FRID/ SATU

Total STATE C

Wester I Democh sworn, craft al during daily l

Swor cember,

STEB

aéroplane a' e-rô-plan, n. [Gr. *âpô* (*asp-*), air, + *E. pta-*.] 1. A plane or curved (see *aéro- (which see).

[*aéroplane* + *mes* or flying-sonian Rep.,

2. [As *aéroplane* the atmosphere, balloons, but *mes* or *aéro-* P. Langley, *âp*, air, + *l*.

reference to "flying-ported machine, 1910, p. 286. *âp*, air, + *E. ing* surface), *ation*, p. 224. *âp*, air, + *p* transmitted "announced by *est*, in N. Y.

âp, air, + *usmit* or send (*ography*; *as*, *ey-market* to *vertiser*, Jan.

Wright Brothers' Aeroplane (biplane).
A, rudder; *B*, dipping-planes.

Bleriot's Aeroplane (monoplane).
A, engine; *B*, rudder; *C*, dipping-plane.

curve) surface, used to sustain a flying-machine or a gliding-machine in the air, or in aerodynamical experiments. As the machine moves through

and the Century Dictionary

When you read your morning paper do you not find an allusion which you do not fully comprehend? There is war in Persia. Where is that town at which the battle was fought? A picture is stolen from the Louvre. Who painted it and what is its history? The President's message alludes to the decision in the American Tobacco Company's case. What is that decision? You speak glibly of "radium." What is "radium"? Can you define it? You are speaking of your new suit. Do you say the "sit" or the "set" of the suit?

Do not think of The Century as a set of books to round out your library. Think of it as a daily help in reading your newspaper, in following your vocation, in enjoying your hobby, or sport, or recreation.

The Century as an Atlas

<p>IFE.</p> <p>” Road edgegear. cks of the line at the Brooklyn.</p> <p>Park row of the sta- caught his s. A train n evidently to save the arm in time s miscalcu- l, however, ocked him ng back to d.</p> <p>motorman op when he t the appli- it a second first car most sever-</p>	<p>RUSSIA PLANS TO HOLD TABRIZ</p> <p>PERSIAN PROBLEM DIFFICULT</p> <p>“Novoe Vremya” Outlines Intentions of Czar’s Government.</p> <p>St. PETERSBURG, Dec. 28.—In to-day’s Issue, the <i>Novoe Vremya</i>, which is recog- nized as an influential semi-official journal foreshadows a provisional administration at Tahriz, with a Russian governor, a Russian chief of police, financial con- trol and exclusively Russian tribunals.</p>	<p>VE</p> <p>Says</p> <p>Chuca lleged eking w stand. trial heg when the Accord tavis P. to merge \$923,000.0 “When pointed ment cou “Some the writn “By w “The p done in day.” “Wher “In m</p>
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Where is Tabriz?



The Atlas contains 123 maps and an index of 180,000 place names with latest populations

Cyclopedia & Atlas

The new and enlarged edition of The Century Dictionary, Cyclopedia and Atlas has required nearly one-third new matter to bring it up to date. In the twenty years since its first publication this world has developed so rapidly, so many discoveries, inventions, explorations and investigations have gone forward, that the sum of the world’s knowledge has increased one-third. This is the real world. While you live, work and have your being in it you need this knowledge to help you to understand it better. Education is largely the understanding of such things as The Century explains.

This work is so great that no advertisement can begin to give an idea of its scope. A mere description of what The Century is occupies a good sized book. No one should finish reading this advertisement without having arrived at the determination to send for this book which, with its complete list of general subjects, its specimen pages of illustration in black and white and in color, its list of the names of the noted editors who have made The Century possible, and with its sample pages taken from different parts of The Century, will give you some idea why the purchase of The Century is the next most important step that you can take.

Use
this
Coupon
to ask for
information

THE CENTURY Co.
Union Square
New York City

Send me today full infor-
mation about the new
edition of The Century Dic-
tionary, Cyclopedia and Atlas,
with the understanding that this
request incurs no obligation or ex-
pense on my part.

TEAR OFF THIS COUPON AND MAIL TODAY.

Name _____

Street _____

Town _____ State _____

For full information about The Century detach this coupon and send it to-day.

THE CENTURY CO.
Union Square, New York City

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

SCREW-PINE

FOR such of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS as collect only stamps which show fruits, or plants, or trees, we illustrate this month the new stamp of the Gilbert and Ellice Islands Protectorate. These two groups of coral islands lie northeast of Australia, and almost directly north of the Fiji group of islands. The population is mainly Malay, and the principal products are cocoanuts and the pandanus, or screw-pine, a picture of which appears upon the stamp. The name pine is derived from the resemblance to the pineapple and not to the ordinary pine-tree. The first issue of stamps for this group of islands was surcharged upon the ordinary king's head issue of Fiji stamps. These are already rare. The issue illustrated is the first regular issue for the islands, and consists of four values.



HOW TO BEGIN

WE have before us a letter from the mother of a little boy, asking how he shall begin a stamp collection. We often have letters of a similar nature, and they are difficult to answer because no two boys have the same opportunities. Each city boy and each country boy must work along his own lines. No general words cover the field. If the boy has some money to spend for stamps, the best way would be for him to buy a packet from some one of our advertisers. Buy either a large packet, or one from a series of what are called "non-duplicating" packets. But if you do not care to spend money, the problem is more difficult. We all, however, have access to the more common stamps of the United States. The foreign stamps one must search for. Perhaps the family cook gets letters from Sweden or Germany, or Father knows some firm with foreign correspondents. The inquiry before us comes from southeastern Massachusetts. This section holds many immigrants from the "Western Islands," and stamps from the Azores can be had from them. In a small town a boy can usually learn who in the immediate vicinity receives foreign mail, and so secure some stamps. The writer has gotten some interesting things from a Chinese laundryman. It is only by looking around and asking questions here and there that each new collector picks up his stamps. Indeed this is part of the fun of collecting.

Having secured a few stamps, two questions arise: how can you learn something about them, and how shall you provide a home for them? The novice soon learns that all the more important nations have issued many series of stamps. He at once wants to know in what year, or series, each stamp he has issued, so that he may arrange them properly; he wants to know what scene or whose face is depicted upon each stamp. There is no one book which will give so much information about stamps as the Standard Catalogue, published in New York City, and which may be had from any one of our advertising stamp dealers. This catalogue gives a picture

of all foreign stamps; it does not give those of our own country, because the United States Government forbids the picturing of its stamps; it also gives the date of issue, the currency of each country, and many little bits of interesting information. Our own stamps, while not illustrated, are described so well that one can classify most of them very readily. This book will answer many questions; other questions can be referred to the family grown-ups, or perhaps some fellow-collector can be found who is further advanced in the study of stamps. This is always a joy, for it means exchanging duplicates, as well as exchanging information. Moreover, the ST. NICHOLAS Stamp Page is always glad to be of service in solving any difficulties.

The glory of a collection is in displaying it. For this purpose it must have a home—an album. This may be as expensive or as inexpensive as one desires. For the beginner, perhaps a blank-book will do. If he develops enthusiasm, he can be promoted later from this to the International Album, which has spaces ruled off for each stamp, and which illustrates many of them. It is a very good home for the stamps, but when one has only a few they are lost in its many pages. Keep them in a blank-book until you have collected quite a number, then transfer them to a printed album. There is a regular, prescribed way in which to fasten the stamps into your book. This is by the use of what are known as "stamp hinges." These should be of the "peelable" kind. They are made of thin, tissue-like paper, coated with several layers of gum. They will hold the stamp securely, yet are readily detached either from the album or from the stamp itself. This is an advantage when the stamp has been accidentally placed in the wrong space, or when transferring to a larger book. Also, the hinges preserve the stamp from injury. They cost only a few cents per thousand. To apply them, crease the hinge, gum-side out, having one end about twice as long as the other. Moisten the shorter end *very slightly* and apply it, well up to the top of the stamp; the other and longer end is then moistened and applied to the album. In the space underneath the stamp may be written in small letters some item of information about it. "Found in the attic," or "Exchanged with Fred,"—giving dates, and price if purchased. Some collectors prefer to note the name of the portrait, or the scene depicted, or the animal or bird represented. Such little notes become exceedingly interesting as the years go by and the collection grows.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

IN 1866 Prince Charles ascended the throne of the principality of Rumania, and in 1881 the principality became a kingdom. The two issues of 1896 are commemorative of these events. The issue with the pictures is commemorative of the forty years' reign of Charles as prince and king, and the issue bearing the king's head is commemorative of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the kingdom. There are two designs of the two-cent United States stamp bearing the words, "Series of 1902." The design bearing the draped flags, to which you allude, was the first of these. The second, issued a year or more later, is described in the album as having a shield-shaped background.

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., NEW YORK CITY
127 MADISON AVE.,

INDIAN NATIVE STATES 25 varieties for 25 cents.

20th CENTURY DIME SETS

3 Bavaria 1911	6 Bosnia 1906	7 Brazil 1906
3 Canal Zone 1906	4 Chili 1911	5 Costa Rica 1910-11
5 Ecuador 1907	5 Fr. Gabon 1911	5 Iceland 1907-08
5 Peru 1909	5 Philippines 1906	6 Switzerland 1907-9

12 Sets for \$1.00. 1912 Price List free.

New approval sheets at 50% discount

NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO.

43 WASHINGTON BLDG. BOSTON, MASS.



STAMP ALBUM and 1000 foreign mixed, 10c. 1000 Old U. S., 25c. 25 rare So. and Cent. Am., 10c. 25 diff. unused, Cuba, Nic., Saly., Phil., etc., 10c. 25 diff. rare (Catal. \$2.50), only 25c. 15 diff. China, 10c. 7 Siam, 12c. 10 Finland, 4c. 3 Soudan Camel, 5c. 8 beautiful Borneo, Labuan, etc., pictures, 10c. 25 Persia, 25c. 25 Japan, 5c. 150 all diff., 6c. 200 all diff., 9c. 8 Java, 5c. 5 Crete, 5c. 1000 best hinges, 5c. 100 all diff. free for names of two active Stamp Collectors and 2c. postage! Finest Approval sheets in America at 50% to 80% discount. Try them! Large 112 pp. Bargain Lists. \$3.00 worth of Coupons, etc., free! We give valuable stamps free to our agents! WE BUY STAMPS and Large Collections. C. E. HUSSIAN STAMP CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

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.; 150 Africa, 24c.; 5 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

FREE! 3 DIFFERENT SOUDAN, 5 DIFFERENT TUNIS, or Nicaragua 1878 5c., cat. 25c. One of these sets, big lists, and details of \$1000 prize stamp contest for 2c. postage. Fine 50% approvals. W. C. PHILLIPS & CO., GLASTONBURY, 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! CHEAP! 333 GENUINE FOREIGN Missionary stamps, 5c. 100 foreign, no two alike, incl. India, Newfoundland, etc., only 5c. 100 U. S. all diff., scarce lot, only 30c. 1000 fine mixed, 15c. Agts. wtd., 50%. List free. 1 buy stamps. L. B. DOVER, D-6, ST. LOUIS, MO.

STAMPS 108 ALL DIFFERENT.

Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cape G. H., Mexico, Natal, Java, etc., and Album, 10c. 1000 Finely Mixed, 20c. 65 different U. S., 25c. 1000 hinges, 5c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. List Free. I buy stamps. C. STEGMAN, 5941 COTE BRILLIANTE AV., ST. LOUIS, MO.



100 DIFFERENT FOREIGN STAMPS 2c.

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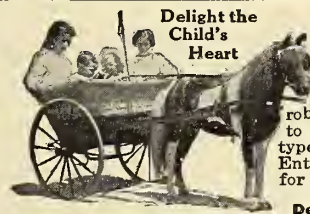
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And now I'm seven and eat a lot of other Educator Crackers every day.

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"I'm awfully glad, Dorothy Barbour, that your grandpa, Dr. Johnson, 'riginated

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The Cracker of Character and Economy 'cause I like them better'n candy or bread and butter."

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